ANOTHER WORLD

By

Ida May Ammen

A Story for the Descendants
Of Durst Ammen

Manuscript Scanned and Reproduced
By
William Roger Harshbarger
Arcola, Illinois

April 2016

PROLOGUE

You are about to meet a remarkable woman, and hear the voice of Ida May Ammen *Swick*. She tells a delightful story for her many descendants, which include the children and grand-children of her, now-deceased daughters: Alma Grace *Swick* Harshbarger, whose children are Charles Edward Harshbarger, Jr., William Roger Harshbarger, and Robert Swick Harshbarger; Miranda Elizabeth "Anna Belle" *Swick* Davis, whose children are Dianne and David; Frances M. *Swick* Polk, whose daughter is Rebecca; and Mary M. *Swick* Samson, whose son is Jeff. Durst Ammen came to America in 1749. His son, Daniel was the father of Noah, who was the father of Edwin, who was the father of Ida May Ammen. You will encounter Edwin and Ida here.

In this first-person narrative, Ida Ammen *Swick* tells you about life's unpredictable circumstances and how they changed her. The story about going into "Another World" should inspire you to make the most of your own life and should help you to appreciate your remarkable ancestor.

This story begins in Tuscola, Illinois when she was eleven years old. She was born in 1891. Ten years later, her mother, Frances "Fanny" *Bixby* Ammen, died giving birth to twins. You will see how dramatically the loss of her mother changed her life. You will travel with her: first to Montana, then to Tacoma, Washington, and feel her adjustments to a new family of her mother's sister, share her frustration with a new school, enjoy her growth and development as a young lady, and experience the cultural and social conditions of a turn-of-the-20th-Century environment. She tells the story with astoundingly vivid detail. Her tone is calm, matter-of-fact, almost innocent, and irresistible.

While you will be charmed by the intelligence of the young child, you should also be impressed with the quality of an old woman's memory: she wrote this document in 1976 and 1977 when she was 85 and 86 years old. Her husband, Earl D. Swick, died in 1970. When she wrote this story by hand with pen-and-ink, she was living in her last home with her daughter, Mary *Swick* Samson, the wife of Keith Samson, in Tolono, Illinois. In 1977, Mary typed the document on a manual typewriter.

In April 2016, William Roger Harshbarger, Ida's grandson and the son of Alma Grace *Swick* Harshbarger, Ida's oldest daughter, scanned, corrected the scans, and added some photographs to Mary Samson's typed document. The Samson document had few errors. The scanning process, however, did not faithfully reproduce that document, and now there may be errors in the digital edition.

To improve the quality of the document, I made some minor grammatical corrections, added some words for clarification where necessary, and inserted bits of information. I altered a few of the many run-on sentences, but kept most of them to preserve the "voice" of the author. Any errors are mine.

The page numbers of the modern, digital version do not match the original document. I retained the original page numbers in the text of the digital document. Mary included the month and year when Ida finished a section of the manuscript. I kept those also. The addendum contains some history notes related to Ida's story, including information about Great Falls, Montana, the town to which she traveled. It was the site of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company and the world's tallest smokestack.

Alma Grace *Swick* Harshbarger died at the age of 102 on 19 February 2016. Both the original, hand-written manuscript and the typed document were found among her papers.

William R. Harshbarger, April 2016.

ANOTHER WORLD

by

Ida Ammen Swick

Written in the summer of 1977
at Eighty SixYears of Age
as remembered from the years
of 1902-1904.

Contents

PREFACE

I was born June 10, 1891, the child of Edwin Ammen and Frances Bixby Ammen, in Tuscola, Illinois. When I was fourteen months old a sister was born to our family, unfortunately, my little sister [Caroline Ammen 1892-1893] lived just over a year. So I grew up, the only small child in a family of adults.

My grandmother, several aunts, uncles and cousins, all so much older than I, made me quite observant. Yet, Ida May Ammen was a very natural little girl.
When I was ten years and six months old my mother passed away after just a few days illness. [She gave birth to twins. All three died at the same time]. I was taken to Montana by my mother's sister for her to care for me for a while, and, later, when joined by my father, I went to Washington State for two months. The events that took place, the remarkable things I saw, the people I met and knew for a while, remained through the years the most vivid memories of my life. I am now eighty six years old.

My daughter, [Mary], with whom I live, suggested that I make a record of those things I could remember for my children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren. So after all these years, I have recorded just a few things that might be of interest and might help explain the changes and value of the past to later generations.

2. It seems to me that the minds of many children and no doubt many adults have sort of a photographic quality. The memory produces pictures of people and places that are permanent in the minds of such people. They accept the things that happen to them and many never even ask "why?" or give them another thought. Some, however, may encounter an extraordinary pressure or shock that arouses their emotions to the point where they seek to understand what has happened.

Ida May *Ammen* Swick, 24, and Alma Grace *Swick* Harshbarger, 2. Photograph made about 1915.

After the death of my mother on Dec. 1, 1901, my father and I were unable to go on living in our home. My curiosity began to work overtime. The events that took place in my life during the next two years and three or four months have stayed very vivid on my mind. As to the 'Why" –I could answer some, but after seventy-five years, I am still finding and seeking answers.

As I relate these events, some of the answers were simple, but, as I discovered, I coupled the explanation with the event. Many years passed before I could explain some of them, and there are still some things to learn about many things in those years.

My mother's sister, Margaret *Bixby* Demond, had been living in Boston, while her husband (on a special grant from the Anaconda Copper Company) had been attending the M. I. T. – Massachusetts Institute of Technology—studying the most improved methods of Copper production, especially smelting. He planned to finish his work there in Boston before Christmas. Then, he and Aunt Margaret and their little, year-old daughter, Edith, were coming to our home in Tuscola, Illinois for the Christmas weekend to visit us.

They could come no sooner for my mother's funeral when they learned of my mother's unexpected death, so they came later—a few days just before Christmas. My father and I had been staying just across the street at my grandmother's house.

Grandma [Mary *Williams* Ammen, Noah Ammen's wife] was now past eighty-five years old, bedfast and in very critical condition. Two of my aunts and a regular nurse were caring for her. My father helped, too. So when my mother's sister arrived and she and her husband saw how everything was, they asked to take me on to Montana with them, as the ten-year-old girl named Ida May certainly needed a normal home and care that Aunt Margaret was eager to give. After

thinking it over, both families decided it was the best thing to do. So very hurried preparations for them to take me with them were made and, in less than a week, I left my dear home and houseful of my lovely mother's things, my grandmother and aunts, friends, neighbors, schoolmates, to go with the Demonds, whom I had only been with once before in my life—just a few days—into “Another World".

3. The first step into the Illinois Central passenger car was the first step in a long journey. The crowded car was noisy; confusion seemed everywhere to me. It was early in the morning, but still dark. It was daylight when my Uncle Will Ammen [brother of Ida’s father, Edwin Ammen] met us at the huge depot in Chicago. As soon as Uncle Charles could see about his tickets to Montana and the disposal of our baggage, we went on the streetcar to Edgewater, a suburb on the north edge of Chicago, where Uncle Will and Aunt Mollie Ammen lived. He had to walk to a few blocks and I was thrilled to see that we were only half a block from the shore of Lake Michigan. The whole eastern world from there was just water and the small waves that kept rolling toward us on the shore. We had stopped by a large, bare tree to look at the lake, and I saw the bark was white with darker markings. They told me it was a birch tree. I had heard of the birch tree, but never had seen one before.

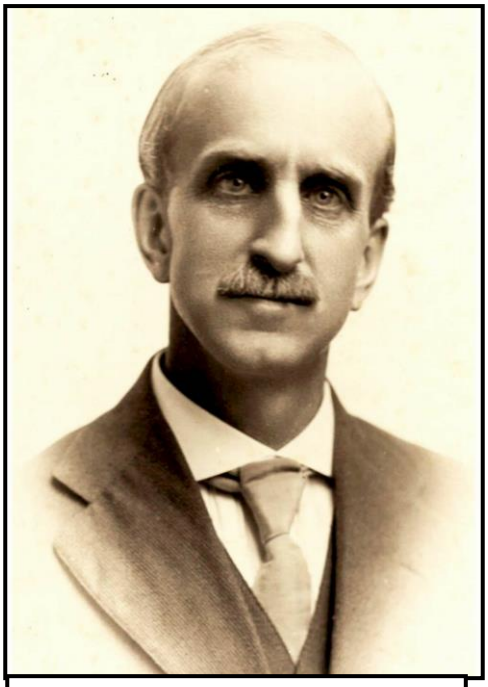
Margaret *Bixby* Demond, sister of Frances “Fanny” Bixby, who was the mother of Ida May *Ammen* Swick. After her mother died, Ida lived with Margaret and her husband, Charles, in Great Falls, Montana at the Anaconda Copper Mining Company for more than two years starting in 1902.

We had a nice meal there and rested and Aunt Margaret cared for the beautiful little baby with golden hair and blue eyes. I believe I slept and that gave my Aunts a chance to become better acquainted and no doubt to talk about my mother's illness and death.

That day was Saturday and we took to the passenger cars again in late afternoon, so we could reach St. Paul. Minnesota before the Sabbath Day started. That was the first time I realized I was going to find many differences in our ways of living. Uncle Charles thought it was wicked to travel on the train on the Sabbath. So we must have reached St. Paul late Saturday night. I probably was walking in my sleep by now and my next memory is of eating breakfast in a very large dining room of the hotel where we were staying and we were the only people there at that hour.

Our windows looked out on one of the down town streets and the horse-drawn vehicles were a show to watch. All kinds of horses, buggies, carriages and cabs went by. In the afternoon Uncle Charles took me for a walk to the State Capitol building. Of course it was closed, but we made the circle around it, and noted that there were seven or eight streets stretching out from it, like the

spokes of a wheel. Then we walked some more and came to the bridge that crossed the Mississippi River. We just stood and looked out over the scene.
Sometime in the night we took the train for Montana. My first night in a Pullman berth was very confusing and very hard to calm down enough to sleep. We also ate our meals in the dining car, and it was hard to eat as there was so much to see. We were on the train two or three days and so many people came and left. I had a chance to get better acquainted with my little Edith, who was not a year old yet. There was nothing but snow to look at outside seemed there were not even many small towns and very few people to be seen. Just a world of deep, white snow, with a few specks here and there that had to be houses or barns, I was very tired and had a cold. The second day there appeared a thin ragged grey line along the western horizon. They told me that was the Rocky Mountains. The third morning early we reached Great Falls, Montana and Uncle Charles bid us good-bye, as he had to go on to Anaconda. We were to follow in March.



Charles Demond, husband of Margaret *Bixby* Demond. He brought Ida to Montana in 1902.

4. Their very dear friend, Miss Garafelia Gilchrist met us at the station and a cab of some sort must have taken us to the house. I simply had to go to bed and that is where I stayed for several days.
The Gilchrist family had been the kind friends and neighbors of the Bixby family in Cedar Falls, Iowa during the long illness and death of my grandmother Bixby. Aunt Margaret, her brother John Bixby and sister May (quite young) had been there in the home and took what care was possible for their mother. Mr. Gilchrist was a photographer and had his studio in a paint and paper and interior decorating supply store, which he owned there. His wife would go help with the sick patient in the afternoons and Aunt Margaret would go to the store and help with the photographic work. Mr. Gilchrist paid her a salary. Altogether, it was a help to all of them.
Then Uncle John Bixby married and brought Aunt Alice there and she also helped.
After grandmother's death, Aunt Margaret was very exhausted and her older sister who lived in Los Angeles, California, wrote for her to come out there and recuperate. She went out there for a year or two. Uncle John and his wife made a home for Aunt May and she graduated from Iowa Teachers' College, there.
My mother had lived for several years with the Miller family near Cedar Falls. They had treated her as their own daughter, and she also had graduated from the Teachers' College and went to

Tuscola, Illinois to teach in the High School there. She later married my father, Edwin W. Ammen, and I had been born in Tuscola, Illinois—June 10, 1891.

In the meantime, Mr. Gilchrist had disposed of his store and the family had moved to Great Falls, Montana where he again started a photographic business, also selling paints and paper and all interior decorating materials and all sorts of artist's supplies. The Anaconda Copper Mining Company had a large smelter there and it seemed to be a growing town. The Gilchrists wrote Aunt Margaret begging her to come to them and to live in their home and to assist in the store and the photography. By this time they had a little son and the young lady daughter, Gara, as she was called, worked on the Great Falls Newspaper staff. Aunt Margaret again became a part of their family for a few years, and there, in their house, she was married to Charles Demond of Boston, Massachusetts.

Uncle Charles had been sent to Chili, South America, Mexico and to copper mines in U.S.A. to inspect the methods used both in mining and smelting copper and worked in the laboratories at Great Falls. That is when he met Aunt Margaret, attending the Presbyterian Church in Great Falls. When he found that he next was going to be sent back to Boston to study and prepare a manual to show the most modern methods of production, this is when they were married.

He had been born and grew up in his family home in Boston and still had a bachelor brother living in their home, there.

Aunt May had finished her teacher college training and had come out to Great Falls to visit the Gilchrists, so she went back to Boston with the Demonds and had no trouble finding a position as an elementary teacher in Boston. She lived in a rooming house. Aunt Margaret and Uncle Charles lived closer to his work in a cottage they rented, as they did not find it convenient to live in the Demond house. They had been in Boston almost five years before they took me with them to Montana.

Edith Demond, daughter of Charles and Margaret *Bixby* Demond. She was a baby who traveled with Ida May Ammen *Swick* to Montana. She and her mother kept contact with Ida throughout the years.

5. That first night in Great Falls, occurred the greatest display of "Northern Lights" ever recorded. Almost everyone in the Northwest was up and witnessing the beautiful sight. Sick and exhausted as I was, I slept through the whole night. Aunt Margaret did not waken me as she knew I needed the rest. But what she could not know was that I had seen artists' pictures of the "Lights" and heard about them and hoped I could see them some time. It would be the greatest thing in my life. When I heard the next morning what had taken place and I had missed it all, I was crushed, and really was sick [for other reasons] for several days. The doctor said it was partly from the change in altitude. It did not seem to affect the others, but I had nose bleeds, every day for about two weeks.

Mrs. Gilchrist's aged mother in Iowa had become very ill and Mrs. Gilchrist had gone out there and Mr. Gilchrist's sister and family, who lived just next door, had been helping out until Aunt Margaret was to come. These people had a boy, two years older than I and a girl a year younger, Carter and Anna Rubottom—very nice children. When I finally got going, I got acquainted with these youngsters and liked them very much. When I started back to school, they went to school with me, so I wasn't so lonely. But I had another jolt in a couple of weeks. Carter and Anna took the Scarlet Fever and were quarantined, a big red Scarlet Fever sign on their house. When they improved and were up and around their house, we could see them and wave to them from our windows. Another hard fact of life to learn about Quarantine.

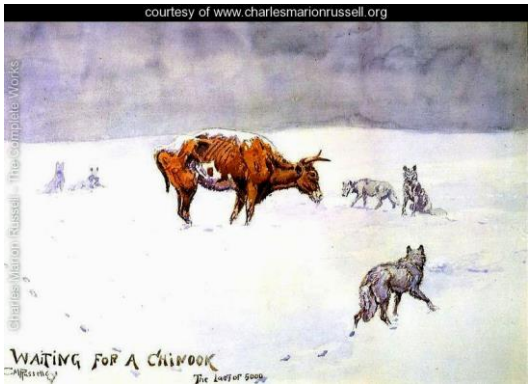
I had been absent from school over two weeks. Also the books were all different and the school system was, too, so they had a time trying to find a place to fit me in. The rest of the time in Great Fall, schools were sort of a dream—like riding in a balloon, just touching the ground once in a while.

6. When we arrived at Great Falls, the ragged, grey line we had seen on the horizon was now a string of grey and white hills and mountains, but still so far away. The town itself was laid out on a gently rolling, almost flat plain that was all marked out with streets and even had street lights on the corners. Now this was January, 1902 and some blocks in the residential area were still vacant. Many blocks just had one, two or three houses, usually all close together. Toward the business part of town it was built up more.

Aunt Margaret had Edith's sturdy, warm, baby carriage [making it possible for her to pack up and walk outside] and, when I finally got to feeling better, we went about the business of getting me back into school and also going to see the Gilchrist store on the Main Street. The several blocks of "Town" were paved with a cobble-stone pavement, which was another new sight for me. The cobble stones were like various sized balls, stones washed to that shape by the rushing waters of the river where they were obtained. Placed in a bed of sand and small gravel, they formed a hard but rough surface for horse drawn freight wagons and coaches.

The only memories I have of the business portion are very vague. The few times we went that far from home we spent at the Gilchrist store. There were always interesting things to be seen, especially the wonderful paintings of the western artists, Charles Russell, who was a close friend of Mr. Gilchrist and sort of made his headquarters there in the store, where he could buy any artists supplies he needed and where he displayed many of his paintings. At that time his picture of the "Last of the Herd," a lonely steer, straying to death in a snow drift where the snow covered bones of his fellow victims lay all about him, was on display in the front window. The real title of this painting is "Waiting for a Chinook." That great blizzard, where so many people and cattle had perished had just been the year before or not long before. That picture I never could forget—it is the one that is shown in the book about Montana that Miss Margaret Roy of the Tolono, Illinois library sent for me to read. Russell did not live in, or have his studio in, the store, but somewhere close. He was one of America greatest artists and there is a Museum of his work in Montana's State Capitol of Helena, Montana. The weather had moderated some. The snow was not quite so deep and it was not so bitter cold. When it was decent enough on Saturday afternoons, Aunt Margaret would take me to see some of the places she had known when she lived there, like the few schools and churches. One day we walked to the bridges over the Missouri River. There was a railroad bridge with many tracks and also a wagon and pedestrian bridge, both leading to the Anaconda Copper Company's big smelter.

Charles M. Russell (1864-1926) famous western artist, lived in Great Falls, Montana when Ida May Ammen was there. His house was not in town, but he lived nearby.

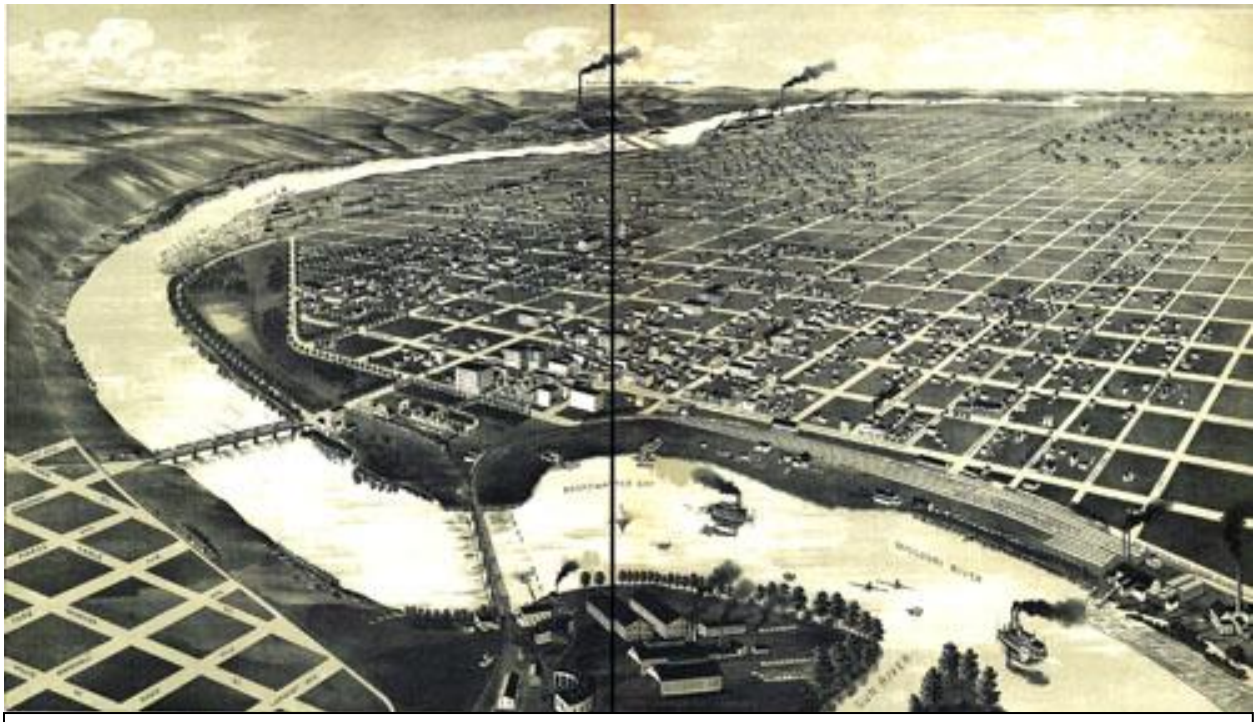


Beneath these bridges was the "Great Falls," the water fall in the Missouri river that furnished both water and power to operate the small mountain of buildings and smoke stacks that stood on the other side of the river. There was so much noise and such a wild tumble of water and large rocks in the stream bed as far as we could see. It was such a surprise to see and my young mind could not begin to understand it all. [For a young person, who knew nothing but the flat-lands of Central Illinois, this sight must have been astonishing, indeed.]

March 15, 1977

7. There were workmen in some smaller, one-story buildings beside the street where we were. We did not venture on the bridge, just stood and gazed in awe. Later, I learned the city water plant and electric plant were in the small buildings. I also learned, during my latter years, that those rapids extend north from Great Falls to Fort Benton, Montana, eighteen miles, and that the Missouri river rises many miles south, east of Helena, among the high hills that make part of the Continental Divide.

I also learned the Missouri flows north to Great Falls, encircling the town before coming to the Falls, makes a great arc north almost to Canada, then east, southeast until it reaches Kansas City, near where it turns east and flows to the Mississippi river near St. Louis [in Alton, Illinois]. It makes a great arc, whose course lacks just thirty-five miles of being as long as the entire length of the Mississippi.



Birdseye view of Great Falls, Montana, 1891. The artist shows how the Missouri River curves around the city. It appears from the smokestacks that the Smelter for the Anaconda Copper Mining Company are in the background.

The weather kept moderating and then we had another miracle of this new world. They had a very warm wind that came over night, melting all the snow. They called it the “Chinook" or big thaw—it was all at once spring. On the last Saturday we were in Great Falls many people, both old and young walked out to the big bend in the river. It becomes very wide and smooth as it makes the big half circle around Great Falls. It seemed a huge river to me and it was not full to the banks. People here walking between the water and the big clay and sand banks that stood like big walls, to protect the town, people had carved names and pictures in these banks of clay and

they told us two or three boys had dug out small caves to hide in, but they had been buried alive in them when the roofs caved in—so it was a thing very dangerous to try.
The Gilchrist home itself was very interesting. It was a modest house, heated by coal and wood stoves. They had prepared their guest bedroom for us, adjoining their living room. They had borrowed a nice baby crib from friends for Edith. Aunt Margaret, Edith and I slept in the double bed. There were many nice books that I would have loved to read.
They had a piano, which Aunt Margaret played some by ear, for their friends to sing with. Several friends that Aunt Margaret had known before she was married came to see her and the baby. There were several very pleasant times. They also had many fine photographs on display. What I liked best were pictures of camping trips they had all taken into the Rocky Mountains. Camping was one of their most popular vacation activities.
They drove horses and regular, western covered-wagons like we have seen in movies. I heard many amusing and interesting stories about their trips.
The Gilchrist boy, who was about thirteen years old, had been there with us and he seemed to think highly of Aunt Margaret and she had no trouble with him, but his sister and cousins warned her that he was a very bad boy. In February Mrs. Gilchrist's mother passed away and she came back to Great Falls. That boy must have saved all the wickedness for those two months and let it all loose to welcome his mother. I never saw any boy so obnoxious as he was as soon as she got home. We never knew what to expect from him. Mrs. Gilchrist, of course, was tired and had been through a hard time and was herself very irritable, even to the rest of her family. We had just heard that my grandmother in Illinois had passed away and I was again very deeply grieved and couldn't do much but weep for a few days. This woman even thought that was wrong. I wonder now if she was not a little disturbed mentally, as her actions were certainly different from what we had expected.
March 16, 1977.

9 [There is no page 8]

ANACONDA

Here we were in this nice hotel. We had two adjoining rooms and ate our meals in the big dining room with many other people, at small tables. Everything was so clean and shiny and very good food. One evening we had roast duck with raisin stuffing, an item of food I had never eaten before.
There were so many new people to see and, each way we looked, something new and different to see. Uncle Charles's book he had written for the smelter people was now almost ready to be printed and Aunt Margaret was helping him to proof-read it, to correct any errors in printing. I was amazed at so many loose pages of the book and the intricate, mechanical drawings that were an important part of it.
When Uncle Charles arrived in Anaconda, he was met and sponsored by important people from the smelter. They saw to it that the hotel people were to help him in every way to make a new

home there. The first Sunday he asked the manager about the location of the Presbyterian Church and Mrs. Marshal invited him to go with her, as she taught a class of young girls in the Sunday school. When they met the pastor, the Reverend Gwynne, they were all happy and amazed to find Uncle Charles and Aunt Margaret had attended the Boston church were Rev. Gwynne was pastor, four years before, when the Demonds were first married. They had not realized he had preceded them to the Anaconda church.

So Aunt Margaret found she had some lovely old friends eager to meet her, the first time we went to church. Mrs. Marshall was a wonderful person, too, and made me feel welcome when I went with her. The church was a very nice building and the pastor's house was connected to the church by a covered passage way. His wife and three young lady daughters remembered the Demonds and made them welcome.

The second week we were there, the shipment of furniture from the Demond home in Boston, arrived by freight train. Uncle Charles's brother had seen about having it packed and shipped and it had been a long time on the way. They had to have a place to put it, on arrival, and that had been a problem for Uncle Charles. The town was full and the only house he could rent, he did not really want us to live in, but that was all that was available, so we moved. It was the very last house on the west edge of town on the main wagon road [East Park Street] that went through that part of the country.

The house itself was not too bad, but the location was all wrong; it was over three miles from the smelter, on the opposite end of town. So they unpacked only the most needed articles. They were going to have to buy a few extra things, so they had one room for the things they did not have to have at once. They unpacked the beautiful, old, walnut "Secretary," or combination bookcase, desk and chest of drawers, and the contents of all of it.

There were many books of many kinds. Many were technical and scientific books Uncle Charles used in his work, but there were Shakespeare, Tennyson, Longfellow, Bryant and other classics. There were histories, one of them "History of the Salem Witchcraft" which Uncle Charles told me at once was forbidden for me. There were other histories and, best of all, there was "Little Women." There were various other sorts of books. March 17, 1977

10. The bookcase had glass doors and, on one whole shelf were the wonderful curios and specimens of coins (ancient) and all kinds of mineral ores and exciting things he had found on trips. Other things had been given to him by friends, some brought from foreign countries. The two, most interesting to a child of my age were a very wriggly paper snake from Japan that gave me a chill to look at and a souvenir cut of wood from the "Charter Oak" where that historical New England event took place. [This is probably the legend from Connecticut where colonists hid their "charter" in an oak tree to keep it out of the hands of a royal governor—wrh]. The drawers of that "Secretary" were filled with their business papers and his writings and reference papers.

They also unpacked their bedroom suite, which was much like those in my father's house in Illinois, and the dining table and chairs. They bought a coal-and-wood-heating stove and a single bed for me. There were several crates and boxes they left unopened until they could find a house that was more satisfactory. We had city water in the house, a kitchen sink, ugly iron, bathroom stool and tub. The tub was built with the house, evidently, wooden sides, and the tub inside was strips of zinc cut to fit and soldered together. Aunt Margaret bought a washtub and washboard which she used to do what laundry was necessary for the baby. It seems to me a woman came and helped her once in a while. The kitchen range belonged in the house.

Uncle Charles carried his noon meal in a lunch box with him to work on the streetcar. There was a boarding house, run by two Irish ladies about two blocks from us. We took our evening meal there after Uncle Charles came home and, sometimes, we three girls (big and little) ate a noon lunch there. Those Irish ladies delighted to tell us tales of their western lives, to entertain us. One such tale I remember very well, how they went on a blue-berry picking trip up into the mountains and found such a large beautiful patch of blueberries. When they started to get organized and were talking and laughing with each other, two large black bears stood up, and, after gazing at the people, hurried off into the hills.

It was spring now and almost all the soil to be seen was totally bare, grey gravel and sand soil. All the green to be seen was in a few yards where they must have watered everything often. Even all the surrounding hills looked bare and ugly. What few scrawny shrubs and trees we could see were almost black in color.

At church Aunt Margaret, was very cordially greeted by a very tall, rather elderly Scotch woman, whose husband also attended church. Not too long afterwards I looked out and saw an odd couple approaching the house. This chubby, short, little, white-haired man was accompanied by a very tall thin lady—the Rev. Gwynne and the Scotch lady. I cannot now recall her name, but it was very Scotch. Of course Aunt Margaret was glad to have them call and the Scotch lady told us she felt she had come from a country close to Boston—Nova Scotia—where she and her husband had grown up and where their only relatives still lived. She evidently fell in love with Aunt Margaret and turned to her for help and sympathy in the next year—many times.

Among the books they owned was a World Atlas and Aunt Margaret had shown me the route's we had taken in their trip from Boston and then our trip from Illinois to Anaconda. So then we found where Nova Scotia was. From then on I had much pleasure finding the places those many people with such strange names had come from.

March 18, 1977

11. The place where we lived was just across the road from the Anaconda Water Plant. There was a long strip of land, enclosed by a high, solid fence. It had gates that people could enter but were supposed to keep cattle and horses out. The first gate was close to us. So on a nice day we all took a walk to see what was there. We could see green grass and bare trees that looked as though they would have leaves on them later. Sure enough, that was true. There was a small

stream of clear water running east through this strip of land and grass and wild plants, which I had never seen before, growing all along the banks.
We followed the stream west and found the water works buildings and several large tanks or reservoirs full of water. The keeper talked to Uncle Charles, but I was only interested in the green things that were growing there. We saw an interesting thing that I still don't quite understand. A half-rotted out tree stump about a foot high had a few big toads sitting in it, surrounded by dozens of little toads of different sizes from the size of a nickel to a half-dollar. I was never allowed to go back over there without Aunt Margaret with me. We all enjoyed the green things there and went several times.
That wagon road was another source of interest for all of us. Cowboys and ranchers on horseback were common. On certain days there was a "stage"—more like an Amish covered wagon—that went west to the little villages up in the hills and to the pumping stations and reservoirs that belonged to the Smelter Company. This stage carried passengers, mail and supplies to the people who lived up there. This road went on for miles over the mountain divide and was the only way one could reach these mountain villages.
One Saturday afternoon before Uncle Charles came home, we heard horses coming at a terrible pace and men yelling. Just as they got in front of our house, one rider turned and went toward the brewery. The rest of them followed and began to fire guns. Aunt Margaret said, "Lie down, quickly, now, and we did. They did not fire toward the house, but who could tell? We never heard any more about it.
Another time we saw another sight that I remember well. There was a small Indian reservation up in the hills. The young chief had just been married and he and his bride and several of his tribesmen were going to Helena, the state capitol, to parley with the governor about some difficulty the Indians were not pleased with. They were making a festive occasion out of the trip. They were the first Indians I had seen. They had beautiful clothing, beads, and feathers, etc. Their riding horses were also beautiful. They had pack ponies carrying and pulling their baggage. They had long tent poles fastened to each side of the pack ponies, with the loose ends dragging on the ground, making a "V". These ends were lashed together and their tents folded up and lying on these poles. They also had their kettles and blankets and all on those queer trailers. There was an Indian name for these outfits, but I can't remember. Any way, it was pretty and exciting to see them.
Our little Edith was learning to walk now and we had lots of pleasure encouraging her and trying to teach her other things every day.
March 19, 1977

12. The street car barns and the tracks were just two blocks south of the street we lived on. When the car came in the evening, we would watch to see Uncle Charles get off and come toward home. Edith would be so happy. That was the end of the line and rather convenient for Uncle Charles. But it was really a very lonely neighborhood. The boarding house ladies were the only

people that we got acquainted with. The school house where I attended was three or four blocks closer to town, but still on this main road.

Again school was a problem. I had lost so many days, changed text books once and now I had to change again. There was really only one book I was interested in at all. It was a child's history

Central Avenue, Great Falls, Montana. About 1900, when Ida was there. This street had the tracks for the street car. The images of Great Falls shown here are the property of the Episcopal Diocese of Eastern Oregon. One must get permission to publish them.

of New England, large print and many really pretty illustrations and stories about things I had heard about before. Of course, I tried to do the best I could, but it was all so different. They had a system of two sections in each school year's work: A and B grades. It was plain to see, I was not going to pass the A grade work and would have to start again in 4A. My teacher was very kind and very beautiful young woman named Ida Marchion. She had a sister named Ora. They both sang in the Presbyterian choir. Miss Ida had golden hair and brown eyes and Ora had black hair and brown eyes.

Of course, I played with the other children and tried to get acquainted. The school yard like the rest of this part of town was just bare, gravelly soil. We were just preparing to go out to play one day, when the children in the next room began to scream and run out of their room. Our teacher made us all sit down in our seats. There was a poor boy in the next room having what they called "fits". He was suffering an epileptic seizure. He was down on the floor, rolling around, thrashing his arms and legs about and powerless to stop. It was shocking for the rest of the children and terrible for him. He did not have these often, but they were terrible for him. I never saw him again for almost two years and he was living in a wheel chair and no longer attended public school.

There were two very nice, friendly little girls, whose last name was Howe. I had known people in Illinois by that name, so I asked these little, new friends if they were related to the Howes that I knew. They were notCharles's, it was a familiar name. They said they went to the Christian church, which was just two blocks south of our school. They invited me to come to a Sunday afternoon meeting for children, called the Christian Endeavor Society. I told Aunt Margaret about these girls and their C. E. meeting. So, on Sunday afternoon, Aunt Margaret, Edith and I attended their meeting. It was a pleasant meeting for children in their pretty cheerful church and Mrs. Howe was there and talked with Aunt Margaret. She invited me to go home with them for a little while, so I could see where they lived. So, with Aunt Margaret's consent, I went.
It was not far to the hill behind their house was invisible from town. We walked up this little valley and, in a little nook behind that edge of the big hill was their small house. It was just like a small shelf, cut into the hills, large enough for the house and a small garden. Behind the house was a small ravine, where a spring of clear water gushed out of the hillside. That was the water they drank and used. Surrounding the spring was a cluster of small trees. The father worked somewhere in town and they had a horse and small road wagon, which he drove on a road that followed the side and downward slope of the hill. On a later trip up there, these little trees were covered with shiny green leaves that trembled all the time, quaking Aspen Trees. There were many beautiful flowers that I encountered when I walked those once bare hills. I remember the dainty blue harebells that I had never seen before. Other wild flowers and small plants of many kinds grew on those bare looking hills.

Blue Harebells

13. Small shrubs, like sage-brush, etc. grew. But from a distance they still looked bare and brown, no grass.
About the time school was out, Uncle Charles found a house for us. Now there were many things to be started that had just been waiting for this move. There were almost no stores on the part of town that extended west from the north and south Main Street. The most important business places were on Main Street and on the wagon road that extended both directions from Main Street. We had to learn so many new things about the town now we were to move to Cedar Street, the third north and south street east of Main.

We would be about the same distance from church but only two blocks from the school that I would attend. Most of the stores that would be new to us would be three blocks downhill to the Wagon Road and then east to the edge of town. There were grocery stores, dry goods stores, photographers, millinery and dress shop, shoe shops, shops of several kinds, small rooming and boarding houses, residences, here and there, and the big, beautiful Catholic Church. These small stores, etc., were mostly privately owned, but some still either partly owned or operated by

Great Falls, Montana, about 1900 when Ida Ammen was there.

people connected with the smelter. It was still a real Company Town.

We were to live in a better house in a much better neighborhood. It was on a corner, had city water, a water heater that was a series of pipes built into the kitchen range, an enamel bath tub, an indoor toilet, and kitchen sink.

It was time to describe the town of Anaconda [Great Falls, Montana] more fully. As that great Wagon Road [Park Street] rolled down from the north through Montana, passing Great Falls, Helena and Butte, between the many great hills, it crossed a big level valley about thirty miles wide and turned west, finally finding a portal to another pathway across the Great Divide. This new gate was between two ranges of steep hills. At the entrance it must have been over two miles wide. On the north, the wall of hills ran almost straight west for four or five miles, with a small mountain stream flowing down that side of the valley eastward.

The south side of the valley was more irregular with several small gulches between higher hills, and pushing these small shoulders of hills out into the valley, thus making the valley narrower as

it stretched to the west. About three miles into the valley was Main Street of Anaconda where the distance between the walls of hills was a little over one mile. At the south end of Main Street was another gulch that ran south between two big hills, forming another place for a wagon road south.

The water supply for the smelters was brought down from snow covered mountains in huge "flumes." These were four-sided wooden troughs made of heavy lumber, water-tight and so carefully built and erected that there was a constant and regular slant, taking advantage of the force of gravity to deliver the water at the smelter just exactly at the spot they began to use it. These flumes were six or seven feet wide and deep and the tops were just as strong as any part. There were doors where they could be inspected, if necessary. The whole system was built on great strong trestles, like bridges. In some places, where they crossed gulches, these structures were quite high.

Flume, French Gulch, Montana. Photograph was made in 1906. Ida saw flumes very similar to this. This flume was connected with Butte mines and the Anaconda Smelter in Great Falls, Montana.
http://content.lib.umt.edu/cdm/singleitem/collection/pharchives/id/2072/rec/13

The flue on the south side of the valley extended five or six miles west along the valley. There were storage reservoirs and pumping stations of several camps in the mountains, which really were small villages. Two or three people could walk side-by-side on the tops of the flumes and here and there were ladders that you could climb on to get on top. On the south side of the town, the flumes were twenty or more feet up along the hillside, so it was really an exciting and interesting place to walk. Many people took advantage of this. We often all went several miles on Sunday afternoons but I never did see what sort of an arrangement they had at these reservoirs where the flumes were first filled.

14. There was also a flume along the north side, leading to the buildings there, but not as many miles of it.

The smelter buildings were just at the portals of the valley, both north and south. The main smelter was at the south east edge of the valley, built on the slope of the hill, like giant steps, from high up, to the valley floor.

The railroads came in from Butte. I have no idea how many tracks there were, but many. Some tracks led on west through the valley many miles to bring in loads of lumber from the logging camps in the mountains. It was like a huge spider web, with the town, a captive spider.
When we came into Anaconda, we got off at the very nice station. There were many tracks running east and west on both sides of the station. That was the north end of Main Street and there were side walk crossings for people and street crossings for horse drawn vehicles. The first block of Main Street, as I said, had several tracks to cross first, and then on the west side of the street was the Company Store. This comprised a grocery store, dry goods and clothing, books and stationery, school books, office supplies, and a show room where Indians brought beautiful leather, bead-and-feather work, fur rugs, and many curious things to sell.
In that block at the corner of Main Street and the Wagon Road [Park Street] was some Real Estate Office or other business house. On the east side of that block, next to the railroad tracks was the market. Here they had all kinds of meats, eggs, fruit, and many other things to eat. Next to the market were a furniture store, another business office, and then the bank.
On the west corner of the second block stood the large Anaconda Hotel [Montana Hotel], where we stayed a while when we first came. Next to it was a smaller family hotel. On the east side of that block was a drug store with a doctor's office on the second floor. Next were the post office, a dentist's office, and a large building where the *Anaconda Standard* newspaper was printed and the printing company where Uncle Charles's book was being printed.
The third block on the west side of Main Street was a big vacant lot. This was used for ballgames, other athletic events, traveling shows, and other public meetings. On the east side of that street was the Anaconda Theater. Like the hotel, this was a very fine building, where the best of actors, musicians, etc. of the entertainment world made well-advertised stops. The big bill boards stood along the street there, where really wonderful pictures were displayed of famous people of that day who were to appear there. I never got tired of them. It was also used for public school events.
At the other end of that block was the Presbyterian Church and parsonage. The west side of the fourth block there was the big High School building and the Business Men's Club House. On the east side stood the fine red sandstone Public Library. Later I had my own library card. The only trouble with the library was I wanted to read every book there. Another large building stood beside the library, but I no longer remember what it was for.
The west side of the fifth block contained four very prosperous looking dwellings, which were the family homes of the Superintendent of the Anaconda Smelter, the publisher of Anaconda Newspaper, a prominent lawyer and the City Mayor, whose families I became acquainted with.
15. On the east side of that block, a large new grade school was being constructed. I was privileged to be a pupil there for several weeks the second year I was in Anaconda.
The west side of the sixth block was another vacant corner lot, but just across the alley west was the only real mansion in Anaconda, built for Marcus Daly [He built it for his sister], the hero and

moving force behind the Anaconda Smelter and Mining Company. It was a very impressive residence, with beautiful grounds and a fine coach house and stables.
The rest of the west side of Main Street was a residence street, clear south to the hills. The west side of that sixth block, on the corner was the beautiful stone Episcopalian Church. Just east across the alley was the Anaconda Hospital. Like the other side of the street, there were residences clear up to the south side of the valley. Here stood the imposing public building that was the Court House.
South Main Street crossed the valley and the town from north to south representing most of the most important activities of the people. It passed the Court House building on the west side and continued south as a smaller wagon road, winding between the hills and over another divide. Here, it reached another large range of ranching land among high hills and mountains. This valley where this south-bound road commenced was too wide to bridge with a flume. They had built underground, a huge conduit, or siphon, I want to call it, but it may not be the right word. When the flume came to the edge of that hill, it emptied into this huge pipe, or siphon, and the force of the down falling water drove the flood across this small valley and up that pipe. Here it could enter another flume and be carried on to the exact place in the smelter where they started to use it.

The knowledge and scientific skill and planning that this project required is amazing. I've thought about these things for many years and still can't fully express my awe of God's universe and all His works and His gift of knowledge to man.
March 26, 19

16. CEDAR STREET

School was out and we were moved. They began to unpack all those things I was so curious about and arrange the house for living. There were these rooms: a bathroom, living room, dining room and a kitchen on the north of the house; Aunt Margaret' s bedroom, were the three Demonds slept, my small bedroom and another small room, entered from the kitchen. The bath opened off of this small room on the south side. I still wonder how they heated the bathroom.
The house faced east and the front door opened on Cedar Street. It was on the corner. The east and west street was a direct wagon road to the smelter. The spring wagon road and team that was the town's ambulance, often went by carrying sick and sometimes accident cases from the smelter to the hospital, just the second corner west of us.
Those things that came from Boston were antiques. There were two tables, a beautiful mahogany table for the living room, the other a small writing table, with a double top, the upper part hinged. When it was laid back it made a very nice writing table with two drawers for writing materials below the left hand section. Then there were four beautiful straight chairs that had been brought from France to Boston in the late 1700's before the French Revolution, at a time of so much strife over religion. These chairs were light, but very strong. I have never seen any like them, nor could I even guess what kind of wood or finishing they had. They almost looked like enameled metal,

but they were not metal. They were light tan in color and the seats were almost like fluted wood, but with the same finish as the rest of the chair.

Uncle Charles fastened a set of hanging shelves on the dining room wall. There was a beautiful, gilded-metal candelabra that held five candles on the top shelf. Beautiful pieces of hand painted china were displayed on the other shelves, with cups hanging from small hooks.

There were six or eight-hand painted pictures, both oils and watercolors, either painted by Aunt Margaret's sister, Edith, who had died of heart trouble at the age of sixteen, or by friends. I thought they were all very beautiful and I believe I was correct about that.

The two things I was most interested in were placed in the small entrance hall at the front door. The first was a large leather bucket of dark grey or black, with Uncle Charles's father's name and the words "North Church Fire Brigade, Boston, Mass." printed in red and yellow letters on it. It was light weight, about 3/8 of an inch thick, had a thick bail handle like a basket or "tote-bag," was oval in shape and would probably have held five gallons.

The other object that also was used in the famous North Church was a foot warmer. It was a zinc box about ten inches square and eight inches deep with a wooden frame on each edge. It also had a metal and wood bail to carry it with. One end had a door that opened. Inside was the heavy metal tray on which the charcoal was placed to burn. Churches did not have any central heating and each family had to carry their own heat with them.

This was the famous church of "Paul Revere's Ride," and was the church that the early Demonds attended. I've probably forgotten some of the Boston things. I do remember the curious iron cooking ware and especially a muffin iron that corn muffins were baked in—each looking like an ear of corn when turned out. And I recall the stone bean pot that held those Saturday night baked beans that we always had. There were more unusual dishes and Aunt Margaret's nice modern sewing machine. It was put to work at once.

17. Before Aunt Margaret left Boston, she went to visit some elderly cousins of her fathers. One old gentleman had a cloth factory. Among other fabrics he made were woven fabrics for window curtains. When he heard the Demonds were moving to a different home, he gave Aunt Margaret a large bundle of remnants from the part of his factory where they rolled the fabrics onto the bolts for the shelves of dry goods stores. It was all very nice material and I was so proud that Aunt Margaret let me help by folding the hems to make them ready for the machine and by tying the threads, so that the hems would not ravel out. We had enough for all the windows and they looked very nice.

Uncle Charles's book had been in the Anaconda Printing Shop and was now ready for distribution. During these months he had become friends with the publisher, Mr. Sam Salsbury. They had never said much about their families or homes. From talk about these things, they at last discovered that Mrs. Salsbury and Aunt Margaret had been friends and neighbors in Cedar Falls, Iowa. When they told their wives about this, Mrs. Salsbury brought her little daughter, Claire to see Aunt Margaret. Of course it was a happy meeting, each having a child to show.

Claire was a year or so older than I and little Edith was just running about and beginning to talk. They had many things to tell each other about mutual friends and their families. Mrs. Salsbury noticed the antique things from Boston and was very interested to hear about them.
Then she told us that they had the chair that George Washington sat in when he was helping Rufus Putnam's Surveying party in 1748 or 1749. They were preparing roads in the central part of Pennsylvania, with their headquarters in Sunbury, Pennsylvania, Mrs. Salsbury then went on to tell how the surveyors met to record their findings, in the large office room of Samuel Salsbury. He was an official of the Colonial government at that time.
She went on to tell how the Salsbury family came to treasure that chair that the young George liked to sit in so well. They kept it as their prized possession through so many years and generations and finally gave it to her husband when they were moving to Anaconda, Montana.
Then Aunt Margaret told her how my father and I had grown up, under the guarding eyes of Grandmother Ammen's portrait of George Washington. They said at once that I must come to see the chair. I will quote from my article about the Washington Chair and picture, "When we went in the street door, we were in a large hallway with an open stairway half way up and then another flight of steps at right angles. At the top of the first flight was a large landing with a window. By the window was this beautiful, sturdy, Windsor chair of polished walnut. It was in the corner, safely out of traffic, and people sat in it by invitation only. I was invited to sit in it. I would have been happy, just to see it. To sit in it and lay my hands on the arms, where the great George Washington had rested his hands so long ago, was about the biggest thrill of my young life."
The Salsbury's had many very interesting things to show us, but that day I was not looking for anything that would take my attention away from the Washington Chair. We became friends and the daughter Claire and I visited several times. I will tell about those trips later.
April 1, 1977

18. Across the street from us, on the same side of Cedar Street was another girl, Hazel Harrison, about my age. We made friends and I visited her every few days. Her father worked at the Smelter. Her parents were both born in Kentucky. Her mother had come to Anaconda when only fifteen years old while her father was helping build the big smelter. She had all sorts of things to tell about those pioneer days, some very interesting, but she was rather a strange person and still held a lot of hatred and prejudice toward the Union States or Northerners. She seemed to think because we were "Out West," that we were not Northern. She hardly ever went away from home and I never knew of anyone going there. But the girl, Hazel was very likable and friendly and like all children, she loved Aunt Margaret at once. So, she had a friend in me and I liked her, especially as she had a piano and played quite well for a youngster.
Mr. Harrison was friendly to Uncle Charles. He was a great hunter. Every time he could, he went hunting in the mountains with other hunters. He always gave Uncle Charles some venison or bear meat or whatever they brought in. So, I could say I had eaten several kinds of wild game.

Aunt Margaret had much work to do and she found a cheerful little French woman in the next block that came and helped her, mostly with the laundry. Most everyone used the washboard and tubs. That small kitchen was the utility room. The laundry things were in there, the ironing board and a wooden drying rack. We had the first ice-box refrigerator I had ever been used to. [I think Ida means that the family bought their very first ice-box refrigerator, and it was like the kind with which she was familiar]. A man hauled great blocks of ice on a spring wagon covered with a big heavy waterproof blanket. He just came when he could, like the Chinaman who hauled fresh vegetables down from the mountain gulches where he made garden.

In this utility room also were two trunks: one, the Demond trunk, and the other, my mother's trunk, which they brought from Illinois. Aunt Margaret had packed all my mother's clothing that she thought could be made into clothing for me.

I was now eleven years old, June 10, 1902, and had grown until I hardly had any clothes I could wear. They found a very talented sewing lady who came to the house and did wonders with my mother's pretty coats and underwear and gowns. She finally made me two, very pretty dresses out of two of momma's summer dresses, a pink dimity and a soft yellow printed with dainty flowers of rose, blue and green. I think Aunt Margaret must have bought some calico for everyday dresses, too. Anyway, I began to look much better and feel better, too.

I was supposed to write to my father quite often. At first I found it very difficult to do, but, after a few months, I began to enjoy it. We went to Sunday school and Church every Sunday. Either Aunt Margaret or Uncle Charles took me with them to Wednesday night services while the other one stayed with Edith. We often had family worship before bedtime, reading from the Bible. They offered prayer for us all. These ways of living I had always been used to in Illinois.

Uncle Charles took the *Boston Transcript*, one of the best newspapers printed in the whole country. We also had the *Anaconda Standard*. One or the other of these had a weekly cartoon section, the first I had ever seen. I always was very interested in this and sometimes it was funny.

19. On Sunday afternoons we joined the many people who went to walk on the smelter flumes. The flume on the south side of the valley was closer to our house, so we would go to the place across from the Court House where it poured into the siphon. There, the steps were not as high, since the flume was right on the side of the big hill that sloped down into the town. We could have walked five or six miles west from there, but we never went that far.

We could see across to the other side of the town, the hills on the north. It was interesting to look out over the houses, schools, etc. There, on that shoulder of the south hills was the town cemetery. About a mile west was the little gulch where I had visited the little Howe girls. About another mile-and-a-half was another little valley back into the hills. Here, a small stream of water coming down from the snow-covered mountain crossed under the flume, crossed the big valley, and joined the stream that ran across the north side of the valley clear down past the town. Back in this little valley was a level meadow and a small house. That small meadow was between us and the house and it was the most beautiful, blue-green spot I had ever seen. It was covered with

plants about a foot or more high. Uncle Charles said it was alfalfa, just beginning to bloom. The people had irrigated it with the water from the little creek. Against all those dry grey hills it was certainly beautiful. I did not see alfalfa growing again for many, many years, and never any that was as beautiful as that little spot.

Another Sunday afternoon we walked north across the town to the flume that ran along the north side of the valley. The hills along this side were not nearly as high on the north side. It seemed that there was a great wall of stone all the way along here, and the soil of the hills had slowly come down and tried to cover this wall, but it was still there. Here and there it cropped out in a rocky ledge for a ways. Not far west from town there was a little valley reaching north through a big break in the stone wall. A road extended north over those hills. We climbed down and then up onto those great-big rocks, where there were a few, scrubby-looking, small, pine trees that were almost black instead of green. They grew in some of the big cracks in that stone wall.

We were surprised to see some beautiful, small, green plants a lot like crocus plants growing out of cracks in the stone. They had clusters of fleshy, green, finger-like leaves growing up and a lovely, chiffon, daisy-like pink flower in the center of each plant. The Demonds had seen them before. They were the famous Bitterroot, the state flower of Montana. You could have covered a plant, flower and all with a coffee cup, but they were beautiful and grew right in the cracks of those big rocks. Out in the loose soil were the first real cactus of green leaves all covered with small thorns, but very beautiful, bright, yellow flowers. Many of these grew there.

At the bottom of these hills, below the flume was that lovely, mountain creek, the overflow from the lake and reservoirs and pumping stations that controlled the water for the smelter and water works. There was so much always coming from the snow melting on the high mountains that this small stream was always running.

The fourth of July was coming up right away and we talked about it. I let it be known that firecrackers were a necessary part of the day. So Aunt Margaret got me a small bunch of small firecrackers and a stick of (punk?) to light them on. I planned to make myself heard. The great day came and we got up to find a light fall of snow over everything and it was cold.

20. We had a board walk from the kitchen door to the yard fence. I got the broom and swept, a place to fire my crackers, but it just didn't seem right at all. It was so cold and windy it was good to just stay in the house and play with little Edith.

Our house was on the corner lot of that block and there were three smaller houses, just alike, filling the rest of the lot, with just room enough for a team and wagon to drive between the houses to the back of the lot, where there were coal and wood houses. They were called “row houses” and many corner lots were arranged like that to make the town more compact, I suppose, and who wanted to have a lawn or big yard to care for and irrigate and so on?

They were talking about a Sunday school picnic soon. We were to go to the Smelter Company's Park six or seven miles west into the valley. They attached passenger cars on the train that went

far back up the valley along the wagon Road and mountain stream. The Park was at the location of the big reservoir (the first of several).
This reservoir was where the water first flowed into the flume, but the building where that took place was on the other side of the water. It was quite a large body of water, several row boats were out on it, people were having fun, and there was a nice office building and boat house on the side in the Park. There was a building for sports events, like basketball or boxing, another building with a restaurant and a dance hall opening into it.
There were a few people dancing to the music of a Player Piano. I did not think the Demonds would approve of my being in the dance hall, but I just had to listen to that music. Most interesting of all that I saw was my first moving picture. There was a small theatre building with a stage and seats for the audience. There were two short movie skits shown, but I only remember one. It showed a bedroom with three beds and six or seven small boys being put to bed by their mother and a lady helper. It all took place in the one room. All the boys safely in bed, the ladies left. Right away one of the largest boys attacked another boy with a pillow. More boys and pillows got into the fight and before it was over that room and its contents were a total wreck. The last thing we saw was the shocked face of the mother who came through the door.
There were a few other buildings in the park, a small store and a wagon road that led from the place where the Railway train stopped, all around in the park. The whole place was a beautiful, green wilderness of trees, shrubs, and grass, with little brooks running out into the valley to join the larger stream, making a large wet marsh. That marsh was covered with a solid growth of grasses, wild flowers of different colors, but, especially, the brilliant, Red Indian Paintbrush. The big children just ran wild in all this greenery and the mosquitos had a feast while we didn't even notice, at the time.

Indian Paintbrush Flower

Aunt Margaret did not go, but entrusted me to the care of other adults who were in charge of the affair. I don't even remember eating anything, but I suppose I did. When I got home I was a sight to behold with mosquito bites and it took me two or three days to recover. Poor Aunt Margaret suffered right along with me, trying to help my misery. No doubt I caused her much worry and care, for I was still just a kid and had been the only one in the family so long, had many crazy ideas about things, and had my own way so much. She was an angel.

April 6, 1977
21. MUSIC AND SCHOOL
When they packed my mother's trunk, in Illinois, they put my violin among the clothes. It was my father's great desire that I would play the violin. I had several lessons during the two years before I came to Montana. I had learned to read music very well and had a natural ear for music,

learning to whistle and sing when I was just a little child. However, I did not like the sound of the violin and was not getting along very well. They had to make me practice and I did not want to play it.

My father had told Aunt Margaret to have me take lessons, if she could find a violin teacher in Anaconda. She asked the Rev. Gwynne about it, and he told her that the church organist, Prof. Fischer, was a teacher of organ, piano, violin, and cello and only lived two blocks from the church. So, we went to see him. He agreed to teach me, and, much against my wishes, I started again. He lived in a four or five room house that had been built so that the room facing the street could be used for a business office with a large window in front overlooking that vacant lot on Main Street, that was reserved for sports, etc. From that room there was a wonderful view of the hills on the south of town.

Prof. Fischer was born in Germany. His father was a musician at one of the royal castles in Germany. At the age of four, the little Gustave Fischer had started his lessons on the violin, with his father as a very stern instructor. When Prof. Fischer was in his late teens, he had become a very good musician, but he was almost old enough to have to start service in the German Army. He ran away and came to America. He was a stow-a-way and had a very bad trip across and was quite ill when he was put off the ship.

He sent word to some German friends in America to meet him, and fortunately they did. They took him home with them and nursed him back to health, helping him to get going in America. In time, he married their daughter and was making his living teaching and playing music. When we first knew him, his old mother-in-law, his wife, and their two little children lived in the rest of that house. The women could not speak English and Prof. Fischer spoke with a very strong, German accent, so it was very hard to understand him at first, but I finally got so I could understand him. We almost had to start with the beginning, as from the first; he insisted I did not hold my violin and also the bow the way that I should to make a good sound. So, it was really hard at first, but he would show me how with his violin and I really tried. It did sound better when I held them like he wanted. In a month he was accompanying me either on his violin or the piano, and I began to enjoy it. So many small things he taught me that made it sound so much better. He was very pleased that I was doing so well.

An old prospector from back in the hills had brought a violin to Prof. Fischer that spring. He said it had belonged to his family for ninety years and he was unable to play it for several years. It was in need of repair. He would sell it for whatever Prof. Fischer would give him. After looking it over he bought it and had sent it away to someone he knew could repair it. Late that summer it was sent to him and, when he played it, he found it to be wonderfully toned, as he had hoped it would be. He talked to Aunt Margaret and told her about it, and told her he thought I would get to be a very good violinist, if I had such an instrument to play on. She wrote my father, and he sent money to buy the violin. I never did know what it cost.

April 15. 1977

22. I was really amazed, how differently it sounded from my fiddle that I had been trying to get music out of. The first day I went for my lesson using the new violin, we went through all my exercises and then Prof. Fischer had me play songs and melodies with him, accompanying me on the piano. Right away here came his wife, slipping in the door and sitting there to listen. We were all so pleased and excited and I no longer had to be scolded to get me to practice. Aunt Margaret was happy, too, and I went over to Hazel Harrisons with my violin and played the melody with her piano music. That was really nice, too.

Uncle Charles had brought a mandolin from Boston. He did not even touch it for weeks at a time and then he only played a country love song, "Little Naggie May," just for Aunt Margaret. I was as usual, wanting to see, if I could get any music out of it. I had seen and heard a neighbor boy in Illinois play a mandolin, but I had never even touched one.

I knew the notes were just the same as the violin, but it had to be held differently. Instead of a bow, a pick was used to strike the strings. He finally let me try it and of course I could not get much music out of it, and he was not too happy about me touching it, so I gave that idea up. After I got the new violin I didn't even want to try the mandolin. So the summer was about over and school was the next thing on the calendar. It was only two blocks to the school building, and I started in the 4A room. I had the same books this time, but every pupil was new to me and all the teachers. The teacher was a very good teacher and took a great interest in all her pupils. Her name was Miss Grace Wisner, and I've always wondered if the teacher who I had in the other school didn't send her my history. Anyway, I began to do much better this year and Miss Wisner encouraged me so much. There were children with so many names I'd never heard. I would tell the Demonds about these new children and Uncle Charles often could tell me where their parents or grandparents had come from.

There were three boys with names I had never heard, Hector, Bader, Horatio, Poindextor, and Lionell something or other. There were children whose parents had come from Ireland, Scotland, France, Italy, Germany, and even a family from Armenia, close by Turkey. There were gangs of boys shouting, "Ugo, I go, little yellow Dago" and "Here's the Mick, that threw the brick, at the Battle of the Boyne." That was not allowed in the school yard, but on the street they had a lot of battle cries and a few battles.

As the school year went on, I was in the 5B grade and still doing well. In the early fall we went for another Sunday afternoon walk, this time to the Court House and followed the road south into the hills, as it gradually went to another ridge. There was one, good-sized gulch that branched off and up between hills east toward the smelter for about a mile or mile-and-a- half. There, the little mountain stream that ran down the east side of the road had come under a bridge and come down from another gulch. At that spot we could see that there was a road from the west coming down it. There must have been some ranch or perhaps homesteaders in that direction. The road that led out of town went on south, over the ridge to another big valley. Not far along this branch of the road there was a small building of very large heavy timbers, like railroad ties, a door with heavy, metal strips up and down and a big, heavy, iron bar across with a large padlock on it.

There were large signs painted on this building, but I only remember the word "explosives". Uncle Charles said it was one place the Smelter Co. kept dynamite and other explosives that had to be used at times to blast roadways or mine passages and many uses like that. They were stored out there, so that there was no danger to the town.

23. There were a few small trees and bushes in this valley. The frost had already painted them red, gold, and all the autumn shades. High up on the east wall you could see a bunch of large, pine trees and large rocks. Fall weather was warning us of winter and that meant more warm clothing. The sewing lady came again and made me a "Sunday dress" out of a dark green wool dress of my mother's. Also Aunt Margaret bought material for a really nice warm winter coat. It was brown astrakhan material with double linings and there was a nice warm wooly, brown and white "Tam--O'Shanter". The Gwynne young ladies also gave us some of their out-grown dresses, so I had skirts and blouses for school. I was very happy about the new clothes, as I had continued to grow almost as tall as I ever got to be. I had to have a pair of knitted, black, wool tights to wear over my hose and underpants, as it really got cold out there.

Along in the fall, I went to visit the Salsbury family again. This time they had more interesting things to show me. At the foot of the stairs that led to Washington's Chair was a window and the light from it shone on a rather large, wooden, plaque of "burnt wood art," which I had not seen or heard of before. It was a beautiful picture of a Dutch Haiden's sweet face, crowned with the typical Dutch bonnet and collar, etc. Next, they brought out a fairly large, leather-bound book that was a tulip bulb catalogue. It had come to America in the days of Henry Hudson and the first Dutch settlers in New York and the Hudson River Valley. This book had heavy, stiff pages, held together with metal rings. Each page had a hand-drawn and painted variety of tulip, with name of the variety, price, and so-on. All the printing was in the Holland Dutch language. The pictures were each one beautiful.

There was a chest of drawers filled with samples of different kinds of ores, gold, copper, silver, asbestos, "Fool's Gold" and several pieces of uncut, precious jewels: sapphire, opal, turquois, topaz , amethyst and several others that I can see, but cannot recall the names. There were curios from many, many places.

Then, they asked me to come into the dining room. They seemed to be full of laughter about what we were to see. There was a glass front china closet filled with all kinds of beautiful dishes. On top was the largest glass bowl I ever had seen. Then, they began to giggle, and said, "Here is Toddy in the punch bowl." In that bowl laid large white cat called "Toddy". He rose up and looked at us out of the largest bright, blue eyes. It was unusual, but I could not understand what was so funny. Raised as I had been among very strict temperance families, I had never heard of "Toddy" or a "punch bowl". I can't remember whether they enlightened me, or whether Aunt Margaret told me the straight of it, when I went home. Anyway, someone must have really had a laugh about it.

Mr. Salsbury had snow shoes and skis, too, for me to examine. They were kind and friendly

people and invited us to attend their Christmas Choir Service at their church, which was the Episcopalian Church close by on Main Street. Aunt Margaret, Edith and I did go. It was an early evening Vesper Service. I had never seen a robed choir march in and take their places in a choir loft. They also had a pipe organ, and their whole musical program was very enjoyable.

25. It was approaching Christmas time, and Aunt Margaret brought out the doll that she and all the Bixby girls had played with many years before, for Edith to play with now, as she was about two years old now. It had a stuffed, white, muslin body with a metal, painted head sewed on to the body. Aunt Margaret had the clothes that had been made for it many years before. There were little panties, petticoat, and a pink calico dress. They had subscribed for the "Youth's Companion" and the "Christian Endeavor World," both small papers for young people, which they knew I would enjoy. These publications were about the most pleasing things for me and really were very good. Aunt Margaret kept on receiving the "Christian World" until Edith grew up.

As Christmas Day came very close, Uncle Charles made one of his exploring trips to the Company Market to see what unusual food he could find for Christmas, and it was! He came home proud as an emperor, carrying a large package. It was a dressed, ready-to-roast "suckling pig," head still on it. It was about the size of a large chicken or small turkey.

Its little, white skin, four little, legs and little head, looked too much like a human baby that I thought Aunt Margaret was going to collapse, and I was not much better. Nothing was said, but poor Uncle Charles had no trouble understanding that he had made a bad mistake. But as usual, Aunt Margaret got her balance and made the best of it, trying not to spoil Uncle Charles's pleasure in the event. Of course, she thought she should give it a good washing before cooking it, but the bath was a sad affair for both of us and after she roasted it for Christmas dinner with all the other good things, we still had a difficult time trying to eat it.

So, Christmas came again, and, with all the Church events and nice music, it was a pleasant time. Uncle Charles had bought a very nice sled, just the size of Edith's baby carriage bed, and had a cabinet maker build a wooden bed about the size and depth of the carriage bed. This had metal clamps or fasteners to fasten it on the sled, and we could pull it, as the snow got too deep for the carriage to push right. When this bed was unhooked from the sled, I could use the sled for sliding, but I didn't go sliding much that winter, as I did not get very well acquainted with many children that soon.

School work kept me very busy. We had a vocal teacher at school who was very interesting. She was a Scotch lady- Miss Ida MacDougall. She was the broadest woman I had ever seen, very wide chest and bosom, a crown of the brightest red hair and the strongest voice to go with it all. She was a fine singer and leader. We always enjoyed the time she spent with us in the school room.

Along in the winter, the tall Scotch lady from Nova Scotia came into our lives again. Her husband had been very badly injured while working in the smelter. She would come to our house

and get Aunt Margaret to go to the hospital with her. She often came to our house to rest between trips to see her husband. I went with them once to the hospital. It was operated by the Catholic sisters. I had never seen Catholic nuns in their robes before. They were very kind and good to all of us. Once, one of them took me on a short tour of the building, showing me their chapel and different rooms and out onto the long porch that ran the full length of the building, both on the first and second floors.

The poor injured man got worse all the time and finally died there. When the doctors found there was no more they could do to save his life they told her, so she could get her business affairs ready. She had told them she was going to take him back to Nova Scotia for burial, and she was going to stay out there. So, she had to dispose of her household goods and be ready to go when her husband died.

Her friends and neighbors helped her, but she spent several nights and many hours at the Demonds during that last week. There was a strange mistake made by a florist on one of those last days. When I came home from school, there was a very large wreath of evergreens tied to our front door with a card addressed to her. I suppose it was brought when there was no one at home. They left it with us instead of taking it to the undertakers.

I practiced on my violin with great pleasure, and my teacher was pleased with my progress. As winter went on Prof. Fischer was having all his pupils prepare a special number for the recital we were to give in March or April.

He was having his older pupils play in a group and I was to be in that. There were two or three older boys and myself. One of his pupils' parents lived in the famous Marcus Daly house I mentioned before.

Marcus Daly had died the year before, but someone had been renting this fine mansion [It was actually his sister's mansion]. It had a very large parlor, with marvelous, big windows and was a good place for a recital. The parents and other guests were invited.

There was plenty room for all. There were several younger pupils and then our group played a beautiful, classical number and closed the program by playing "The Star Spangled Banner". It seemed to please all and was a very happy occasion.

Then Prof. Fischer told Aunt Margaret that he wanted me to play with this group for the Sunday school Services and also to play the hymns at those services. The young lady who played the piano for Sunday school was the older sister of one of those boys and a piano pupil of Prof. Fischer.

I really was proud to be playing in the church. I played in churches here and there for over thirty-five years, and would have played several more years, if I had not cut my left hand very badly and never could make it sound right again. But I loved it all.

I never had been in a Catholic church and had never heard of St. Patrick's Day. I heard the school children talking about this, so I asked Aunt Margaret about it. The young couple that lived in the next house on that lot were Catholics and very nice people. Aunt Margaret told this Mrs. Lindquest about me wanting to know about St. Patrick's Day, so this kind young lady invited me

to go to mass with her that day. I had always looked in awe at the beautiful Catholic Church that stood on the side of the great Wagon Road that went east and west through Anaconda.
The interior of the church was so astonishing, with the color, pictures and statues. The music was different, but beautiful. The priest gave a very interesting sermon about St. Patrick and the history of it all. Another barrier of prejudice came down that day in my life.
There was another young Catholic family living in the second house on that lot. They had a little boy about Edith's age. When the weather was nice, he would come over in our yard where there was a little more room to run around in, and he and Edith ran around on that gravel lot. So Uncle Charles decided he would try to grow something green for them to walk on.

26. He tried to scrape enough soil loose to start some grass and Dutch (dwarf) Clover. He also dug a row and planted some Sweet Peas. Then he had to water every few days, and we did have some green and a few flowers, thanks to his efforts. I finally finished my school work in the 4A grade and the second part of the year was in 5B grade. I was getting along very well. We began to prepare for a musical program to be presented by the vocal department at the Anaconda Theater. All the grades were to take part and our vocal teacher, Miss MacDougall had prepared a fine program. At last the first rehearsal was held in the Theater, and, then, the next night, the Musical. I had been so anxious to see the inside of the theater. I was a little disappointed, and finally decided that what appeared on the stage, the performers, singers, or whatever was said or done on the stage must be what made it so interesting.
Our program was good, and we enjoyed putting it on. I was most happy when Uncle Charles joined Aunt Margaret and Edith in attending, as he had really not intended to be there. He had this idea that the Theater was one of the bad things in the world. He admitted that he found nothing bad in the program.
Young as I was, I knew practically nothing about the political or financial world. But I knew all the grown-ups seemed to be worried and anxious about something. Sure enough, the latter part of March the public schools were closed. They said they had run out of money. I was really worried, as it would keep me from passing into 5A grade.
Four of the teachers in our building made arrangements with the school board to hold a private school in one large room on the south side of the building that could be heated with little expense. It was up to the parents, if they wanted their children to finish that year's work enough to pay a small fee. The Demonds knew I was anxious to go on, and my regular teacher would be my teacher in this plan, so I went to private school. Each teacher had just a small group, so they could spend more time with each pupil. I got along so rapidly this way that I soon finished my 5B work and was plunging along on 5A work. My teacher helped me so much and made arrangements with the 6B teacher to let me work, as much as I could, toward being in 6B when school started in the fall. Some time they gave me tests, and I did pass, and was in the 6B in the fall.
My father kept writing Uncle Charles to take me out to see the smelter, so I could write and tell

him all about it. My poor father hadn't the faintest idea about it, and even with what I had heard about it all, I realized it was just too complicated a project for an ordinary person to begin to understand.
Uncle Charles did make arrangements for me to come out to the smelter on the street car on a Saturday afternoon, and he tried to show me what I was able to see with my eyes.
April 19, 1977

THE SMELTER AND SUMMER

27. From *MONTANA, An Uncommon Land* by Kenneth Ross Toole: "In1880 Nate Lenengood' s Meadow, where Anaconda now stands, was a lush and quiet place. As far as the eye could see in all directions, there was nothing but the valley, the swelling foothills and the mountain ramparts.

"Four years later the meadow was gone, blighted by arsenic fumes from the largest copper smelter in the world. First there was nothing, and then all of a sudden, there was the world's largest copper smelter, and around it a raw new city."

Ever since we came to Anaconda [Great Falls] we had heard people talking about the tallest smokestack in the world that they were going to build to carry the smoke up so high that the winds could scatter the smoke out and blow it away so it would not kill all the grass and blight everything else that grew around there. They said that was why the grass was gone and the trees all turned black on the hills. Uncle Charles told us they had been building that "Smokestack" for several months.

On that day I went out to see the Smelter, he met me at the streetcar and we went to the Main Office and to the Laboratory where his headquarters were. He checked in those places and evidently had to leave some information about me and as to where he was going to take me. He carried a note book and pencil, and everywhere we went, he wrote some information down, as though he was a regular inspector, and that was probably part of his work.

The Smelter was built on a huge hillside, seven or more large buildings, on descending levels, like a monstrous staircase. Each building had smoke stacks and other pipes sticking up in the air. It was a city in itself. There was a small railroad system, with small tracks and open cars about the size of wagon beds, to haul materials, tools, or whatever they needed from building to building. They said it was powered by compressed air, and they also had a plant there where that process was taken care of.

We started up this road clear to the top building, where the cars of ore were unloaded. From this place we could look on up the hill to the place the Great Stack was being built. It was a large building at its base and it looked very high to me then.
There was an elevator system hauling men and materials up to work on the stack and bringing them down to reload. From each smelter building they had built great tunnels or pipes, some along the surface of the ground and some underground to carryall the smoke and fumes to the big stack, when it was completed. It must have been a marvelous sight, but I never got to see it, as the curve of the hillside hid the Smelter from the town. Here, where the ore was delivered to the smelter, were the big open cars of ore, big and little chunks of stone. The railroad switched these ore trains until the car that they were using could be slowly dumped into these big crushing machines that looked like huge jaws opening and closing on this ore.
There were three or four men at work around each crusher prodding these big chunks of ore, so that they went on down into the machine and did not get all clogged up. It was a hard and dangerous job. Each man had a pole of wood or metal eight or ten feet long. Often pieces of ore broke loose and flew out, and those men did not have safety masks. There was a huge iron or steel screen in the bottom of each crusher. The pieces of ore had to be less than an inch in size before they could go through, dropping into a conveyor that carried them to the big screens that were in these great sluices of water.

April 20, 1977

28. The water from the mountains came down in the flumes and poured into these sluices. The crushed ore was constantly being washed. The screens, where the ore first was placed, were like large screen doors partly over-lapping one another and each about a foot lower and two or three feet down hill, so that the ore was being sorted into different sizes as it passed from one screen to another. And the whole thing was being propelled by a back-and-forth shaking all down the length of the building,
The walks between the sluices were in great wide steps to accommodate the workmen that were watching all this. Evidently the ore was sorted into sizes for different processes by all this screening. The whole process was under a roof from the railroad cars, the crushers, and the water supply. The noise and constant motion of everything was just terrible for anyone that was not prepared for it. I sure was glad to get out of there.
The next place we went looked like a group of giants—iron silos. I don't know how high they were. There were many metal stairs we climbed untill we reached a large walkway that went all around the top part of this place. There were doors that they opened to inspect the contents. Inside, a great mass of those inch-or less-pieces of ore were being constantly moved by great beaters that moved around-and-around, like the beaters in our old time ice cream freezers. Uncle Charles opened these great containers and again made a record of each place. The whole mass was glowing red hot with blue, green, and purple vapor flickering over it all.

It was all very beautiful, but, also, very dangerous and frightening. Always noise, too ! The next place we went was to the blast furnaces. We could not approach these great tanks built mostly down in the ground, very closely. It was here that the ores were reduced to liquid form and finally drained off to be molded into great ingots. This, too, was a very dangerous place to work, and the workmen here wore masks and fireproof clothing. From this blast furnace building the liquid ore was drained off into huge kettles that were lifted and moved by great cranes, and always, beneath each move that was made, the men placed strips of flooring to catch any spills or prevent accidents. These cranes carried these great kettles to another building, and were operated from a gallery several feet above the largest horizontal wheel you could imagine. This great wheel had a rim of large, flat, molding pans that rotated slowly around, bringing each mold to a spot directly underneath that gallery, where the big kettle of liquid copper was waiting to be poured. It was all so well-controlled that it seemed to move and stop, like breathing, and never spilled or had a mishap.

It was fascinating to see that big kettle tilt and allow the red hot ore to pour out. We had just about used our afternoon, and Uncle Charles took me to the laboratory to rest, while he finished up his book work for the day, and then went home with me. Many of the workmen also went home. Sometime later, he told Aunt Margaret about the time scheduled for us to go down to the Anaconda Depot.

We got to see a carload of those beautiful copper ingots shipped out of Anaconda. They were on an open freight car with sides about, two or three feet high. The great slabs of copper were stacked side by side on end. They looked to be about two feet high and had that beautiful copper color and gloss. There were four, armed guards on the car.

In the early summer, some men from the smelter had to go out west by stage on the Wagon Road to the lake where the Smelter water system started. They had to do some special work at the first pumping station. The young man, who lived there, arranged for the stage to bring his wife back to Anaconda for the duration of time that these extra men were to be out at the lake and to bring her back to their home when he went out after the smelter men.

April 21, 1977

29. The wife of the young man had friends in Anaconda and she had attended the Anaconda Presbyterian Church. She brought with her, for the church, a large container with a huge bunch of "Bear Grass", a species of the lily plant. They had stems two to three feet long, with very small green foliage along the stem, but at the top of each stem, like the flames of a large torch, was a large cluster of small rose, pink and white flowers—very beautiful and very rare.

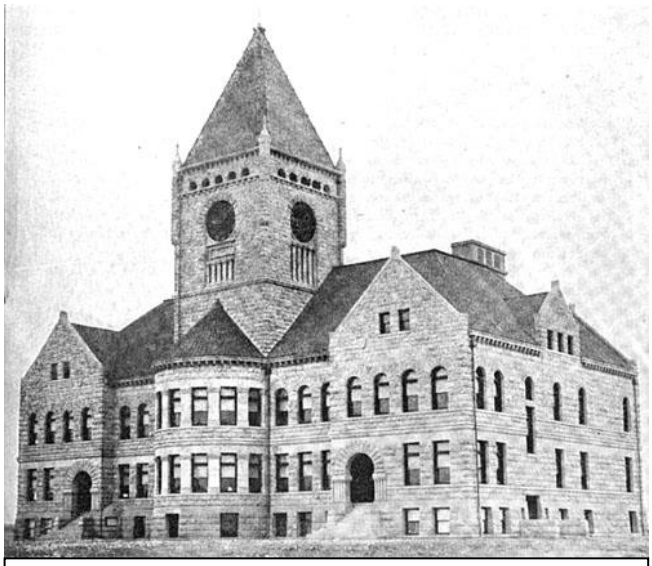
When we went to church that Sunday, there they were in front of the pulpit. Another "once in a life time" sight- for me. Uncle Charles received word that his dear friends, the man who was president of Massachusetts Institute of Technology and his wife, were touring the west that summer and wanted to spend the 4th of July in Anaconda with the Demonds. The gentleman wanted especially to tour the Smelter. So there were joyful preparations made for this big day. I

can't recall their names, but they had been so interested in the special work Uncle Charles had done at M.I.T. and the book he had written. Like so many others, the lady had fallen in love with Aunt Margaret and come to feel that they were a mother and daughter pair. They came in on the train from Butte before noon.

We had a lovely dinner, including a large roast of red salmon (another of Uncle Charles treasures from the Company Market), fresh green peas and other things to make a delicious meal.

Aunt Margaret had arranged for Hazel Harrison and me to go with the Anaconda High School Girls' Basketball team on the train to the Company park sports gymnasium, where a team of girls from the Butte High School were to play against them. Hazel and I rushed off to the Depot and left Aunt Margaret and Edith to entertain their Boston guests. Getting to go with these older girls and their friends to the park was exciting, and so was the game. I had never seen a basketball game and enjoyed it so much. The Boston people seemed to have had a happy time, too.

I was now twelve years old and had been in very good health for me, all through that year. I had been given a very nice Bible at church for a year's perfect attendance and was very proud of it. I had also been studying the Catechism, in preparation for becoming a church member. Aunt Margaret had had a very nice white dress made for me to wear and when that Sunday came, she stood up with me as I took my first Communion. I knew my mother and father would have been pleased, too, if they could have been there.



Central High School in Great Falls, Montana opened in 1896. Ida was in this building, but she was too young to attend school there. Eventually from the 1930s to the 1970s this became the "Paris Gibson Junior High" Then, in 1977 it became the "Paris Gibson Square Museum of Art."

The Salsbury's invited me to join in their small group neighborhood plan to give a play at one of their homes. It was also interesting to go there. The neighbors on their north were the family of Mr. Mathewson, who was Superintendent of the Smelter. They had four children, one born in Chile, South America, one in Mexico, one in Canada and the little baby there in Anaconda.

The neighbors on the south had one girl our age. Her father was County Judge, Winston, and the fourth neighbor on the block was Dr. Stevens, who was also City Mayor. They had five girls and one little boy and a young Aunt who was the same age as the older Stevens girl.

So they chose a simple little play and we all learned our parts. One of the Stevens girls was one of Prof. Fischer's violin pupils. She and I played our violins and one girl played the piano. It was fun anyway and someone took our pictures. The whole program was enacted in the large living

room in the Steven's home and the mothers and a few friends were the audience.

30. I did not finish telling about that 4th of July, when the President of M.I.T. and his wife visited the Demonds. When they all lived in Boston, Booker T. Washington, the Negro educator who did so much to help the Negros of U.S.A. get a chance to get an education and improve their lives after the Civil War, was a guest at M.I.T. The Demonds had met this great man, shaken hands with him, and talked with him. This 4th of July, Theodore Roosevelt was in Butte, Montana to deliver a speech. Roosevelt had had Booker T. Washington as a dinner guest at the White House, while Roosevelt was President. Hazel Harrison and I were talking about all this. Her mother listened to us, and then said," Roosevelt ought to be tarred-and-feathered and ridden out of town on a rail for having had a nigger at the White House table." Of course, I was shocked. When I told Aunt Margaret she tried to make me understand that there were people like Mrs. Harrison, and nothing much could be done about them, but try to live peaceably with them and ignore their ignorant cruelty.

The Sunday school was having an excursion to the City Park at Butte, and some of the adults of the church were chaperoning those who made the trip. I was one that got to go. It wasn't a very long trip on a passenger car hooked up to one of the work-trains that made many trips to Anaconda and back every day. All the area of Butte that we could see was bare grey hills, mining buildings, and the hilly, drab, business part of town. The park out on the edge of town was bare and gravelly like the rest. But there were all kinds of play equipment, slides, swings and merry-go-rounds. There were a few Park Buildings, among them a small Museum. My companion and I found it and spent some time looking at the show cases containing samples of all kinds of ores and samples of different kinds of stone.

Between the playground and the museum was a long wooden bed about two feet wide and at least a half a block long. It had been filled with rich looking black soil, imported from some other place, about six inches deep and the whole thing set with all colors of pansies in full bloom. It was very beautiful and almost unbelievable. Of course they had to irrigate it all the time. On the trip home the train had to wait for some time at a junction. Beside the track was a sluggish stream of water among many stones, just slowly flowing along. It seemed to be colored green, blue and yellow in places. Uncle Charles told me later it was a mineral water spring coming up through the soil that was full of minerals there.

Not many days later, we had the heaviest rain we had ever had. There was a ditch along our side of the street about two feet deep. The water soon had the ditch full, rushing down from the hills. At our corner there was a culvert under the street and a ditch went on east down the valley past the smelter. That was the only time we saw so much rain while I was there.

There was the community's only automobile on the street that summer, too. It was a pleasure car belonging to the young man who worked in the office at the smelter. It looked like the family carriage, with the top removed and a steering wheel between the dash board and the front seat. This young man and his lady friends went chugging around town, having fun. There was another

thing I forgot to mention. I never had seen gold coins used over the counter in everyday business. Gold coins were used instead of paper money and also silver coins for smaller change.
Uncle Charles wanted to see those reservoirs and lakes that made the first part of the Company's water system for the smelter, so he planned a family picnic trip of his own.

April 22, 1977
31. Aunt Margaret gathered up what she could on short notice for a picnic lunch and Uncle Charles went down to the livery stable and soon came back driving a fine team of horses hitched to a nice carriage, two seats and a top. It was a nice day and it was eight o'clock or shortly after, we went driving west on the main wagon road toward the mountains. The road followed the base of the hills that were along the north side of the valley and the mountain stream that was always sparkling along was on the south side of the road. We had seen all this from our walks on the flumes, but now there was a wide valley opened up on the north side of the road and a single track road extended back to a large, two-story building with forest trees behind it.
They wanted to let the horses rest awhile, so we decided to eat our lunch and walked around a little. I really didn't know if Uncle Charles knew enough about horses to be going on this trip, but I did not mention my doubts.
There had been a telephone line all along this road from this town and I could see it went on beside the big road, but did not branch off to this building that we could see. When we got loaded up to go, Uncle Charles started to drive back to this building. I said we ought to follow the telephone line, but he just drove on, saying he wanted to see what was back there and he would turn around then. So we went back there to find an empty building with no signs of anyone being there recently. The way the building was placed against the hill there was no place to turn around, unless the driver was rather expert at handling horses.
That one track road led on into the forest, which was dense enough, and still was no place to turn around. So we went on into the forest. Not very far along, we met the Chinese garden-truck man, who was driving his one, small horse hitched to his small, spring-wagon, that he delivered vegetables with. They were face-to-face and no room to turn. Neither one could understand the other. The poor Chinaman was excited and upset. At last Uncle Charles got those brains to working and tied our team to a tree. Then, he held the reins on the Chinaman's horse, and, finally, by motioning and pointing, got the little horse unhitched from the little wagon. Then, he tied that horse to another tree and found a place where they could back the small wagon off the road, far enough for us to pass. When he started to roll the wagon back into this space, he almost had to fight the Chinaman to make him help him. They partly carried and partly rolled that wagon out of the way and drove our carriage past that spot. Then, we had to tie up again, while Uncle Charles tried to help that poor guy get his outfit together again and started on his way.
We were all pretty nervous and upset by now and had spent quite a bit of time. We were very fortunate we did not meet anyone else, but we drove several miles in this beautiful forest. Evidently the Smelter smoke did not get back of those hills, so there were green things

everywhere. We at last found the Wagon Road and a large body of water and some buildings where some men came out and talked to Uncle Charles. They started us back to Anaconda on the main road and poor Uncle Charles did not get to investigate any of the things he really wanted to see. We were all so tired and so afraid we might have more trouble that we just went back to town as soon as the horses could take us.
I think Edith and I were both asleep before we got home, as I don't remember anything about that evening. One day later Uncle Charles said, "I should have listened to Ida May and followed the telephone line," but it was an experience.
The time just flew by that summer. Violin lessons and practice, church, and every day brought something else to do and think about.
April 22, 1977

32. The Demonds had been receiving several letters from my father and were writing him in return. The latter part of July, my father came to Anaconda and spent several days there at their house, resting from the trip, and they were all in consultation with him, about his future plans.

AUTUMN AND MY FATHER
Summer was still with us and I failed to tell about another thing that happened on that 4th of July. Our little friend, Jimmy Collins, who went to our church and Sunday school, was firing fire-crackers with some older neighbor boys. One boy lit a large firecracker and gave it to Jimmy to hold till it was ready to explode, but Jimmy didn't throw it away soon enough. It exploded in his hand. The shock and the pain were so bad, the little fellow could only think of getting to his father, who was a department supervisor at the smelter two-and-a-half miles down the street car tracks and no car running at that time. So he ran as fast as he could clear to the smelter. Some man who recognized him got him to his father, and they gave him first aid. It was a terrible experience for all, but he got well with no serious consequences.
My father had kept the Demonds informed about events back in Illinois, so they were prepared for his coming. After my grandmother died, the estate had to be settled and the house sold. Also my father had to give up his home. He and my Aunt, who had cared for grandmother so many years, decided to keep in storage their most prized possessions, and, if they wanted to again make a home, they could still use and enjoy these things. So everything else was sold. By the time all the financial problems were solved, there was not much left. My Aunt Lou was simply worn out and she went to live in a boarding house. After disposing of his little home, my father had hoped he could come to Anaconda and find work in the smelter, so he could be close to me.
My father, the last born of twelve children, had been the family "chore-boy" for years. He finished the eight years of grade school and did take some business and bookkeeping courses through a correspondent school. He had always been a very industrious person from early childhood, doing whatever needed to be done for his father and mother. He had helped on the farm a lot; he was a wonderful gardener and yard man. He could carpenter, work with livestock,

break and drive horses, repair and mend all sorts of things, especially furniture and things made of wood. When he got old enough, he had been a partner in an undertaking and furniture establishment. On the side, he had done police work and so on. But he had never even been in such a place as a Smelter and the only opening there, at that time, was up there on the hill, where the ore was dumped into the crusher. It was hard and somewhat dangerous work, but after taking a look at all of it, he started in on the job.

He took a room at a small hotel on the Wagon Road [Park Street], but went to church with us and spent all the time he could with me. Of course, he was surprised and pleased to find me a rather grown up girl and also happy about my violin and how well I could play after a year's training with Prof. Fischer. Of course I was happy to be with him once more, but still it wasn't the same. Time had changed us both in several ways. Uncle Charles and my father were much alike in many ways. Both were very dignified, devout Christian Gentleman, but Uncle Charles's scientific pursuits, his advanced University Education and his very important position with the Smelter Co., left many thoughts and ways of living that these two men could not meet on common ground.

April 23, 1977.

33. There were many things they simply could not understand about one another's ways. My father managed to adjust to things and was a naturally kind and courteous person. Of course there were many new and interesting things for him to see and learn about. He had us eat Sunday dinner with him at the little hotel and see where he lived, so Aunt Margaret and I would know he was in a suitable place.

Several times he came and stayed with Edith and I in the evenings when the Demonds had to attend meetings of one kind or another. He loved all children and he liked to take me and to take Edith in her carriage and walk about Anaconda and have me tell him about the different buildings.

It was school time again. I was to be in the 6A grade and the teacher was new to me and also many of the pupils, but just across the hall in the same building, so I still saw many school mates from the year before. We were to move to the new school building on Main Street, as soon as it was ready for use. About the first week in October we moved. It was about five blocks from the old building to the other. The 6th grade pupils seemed to be the only ones to move from our school. We walked two by two, each one carrying our books. We were in the first floor, and had to go down six or seven steps to reach the big hallway. There were two or three other class rooms, the heating plant, and all sorts of utilities down there. We really had a nice room on the corner of the building. The windows were high in the walls, to be above ground, but that made the light in the room very good, and we could not stare out doors to see what was going on in the street.

Our teacher was not very beautiful, but she knew her work, and I liked her very much. There was one end of this room that had extra-large seats in it. It seemed to be for over-grown youngsters

and a few older pupils that had not kept up with their grade or were slightly retarded. There were about a dozen in this section. I was very fortunate to have a very nice, clean, well-mannered boy sitting just in front of me. He also had made a quick growth the latter two years and was even taller than I was. His name was Earl and he lived not very far from us. Mrs. Harrison told me his parents were Mormons. At that time there was a great hullabaloo over the Mormons in the papers and general conversation, but this boy Earl was the most agreeable and civilized school mate for a boy that I had ever met, and I still remember him. My private opinion was that if he was a fair sample of Mormons, it was too bad there were not more of them.

The two children of the Methodist Minister were also in the 6th grade and very friendly children, a boy and girl. There was to be an evening Song Service there and I wanted to go, as I had never been in a Methodist Church, so Aunt Margaret and I went. It also was a beautiful church and such a crowd and such wonderful singing and piano music. Shortly before this, my father had a painful accident at work in the Smelter. A large piece of rock flew out of the crusher, hitting him in the face, cutting both lips and damaging some teeth. He was off work a day or two, but right back at it, as soon as possible. All the grown up people seemed very worried about affairs at the Smelter and financial and political conditions. It was all beyond my understanding, but the third week in October, the Smelter was closed, along with the affiliated Smelters in Butte, Helena and Great Falls. Ten thousand workers were out of jobs. It was a tragedy.

Methodist Church in Great Falls, Montana. From a 1910 post card. Ida went to the Presbyterian Church, but visited here.

April 24, 1977

34. My mother and her sisters had grown up in Cedar Falls, Iowa with a lovely girlfriend, another Fanny by name, like my mother. This girl had married quite young and gone to Tacoma, Washington to live. Aunt Margaret and my mother had corresponded with this Mrs. Fanny Denman all through those years.

Aunt Margaret had written to the Denman's, about my mother's death and that I was living with the Demonds in Anaconda. Later she had written about my father coming out there to work in the Smelter. Of course the news of the Smelter closing went through the west like wild-fire. Mr. Denman rode to the city business district of Tacoma on the street car with other business men.

Among these was a neighbor and friend who was an undertaker. He had a large establishment and employed several men and needed another man then.

He asked about my father, and Mr. Denman remembered that my father had been an undertaker, so between them they sent a letter to the Demonds, wanting to contact my father. It took .a couple of weeks to make arrangements, but it was decided my father would go out to Tacoma and try for the position.

In the meantime, my father gave up his place at that small hotel and took a small room where a widow lady was renting the second story rooms over a large store for lodging. She needed someone to do janitor and cleaning work for a while, and she heard of my father and offered him the job. He was to work for his bedroom and one main meal a day, and could do the necessary work at his own time. Of course that did help him save some money, and helped him occupy his time.

When he was working in the Smelter, he heard some men talk about going out on the South Wagon Road, past the Court House a couple of miles or more to pick "Oregon Grapes," a wild berry that they brought home to their wives to make jelly. The first Saturday after the Smelter closed he made arrangements with his new land lady for the afternoon off, and he arranged with Aunt Margaret for me to go with him to pick "Oregon Grapes". I knew the way, as the Demonds and I had been almost to this place once before. So we took a small basket and started out after an early lunch. It was still nice sunny fall weather, not too cold. We went south along this road, passing the first deep gulch that led back between steep hills, east toward the Smelter, then, onward for about a mile between these high hills to the place the road that had a fork going west between more hills. At this fork there was a small bridge where the small stream, that ran beside the road, came from the west, crossing the road and running down the slope to the town and the Smelter.

At this place there were some small trees, and a man and woman were sitting by the stream eating a lunch. They had been driving a big strong horse, pulling a small covered wagon. The man and my father talked a short while. He had a shot gun and said that he carried it to shoot whatever game he found to eat, especially Jack Rabbits. My father had been a great rabbit hunter ever since he was large enough to carry a shotgun. After a short rest we went on south up the slope to the building where the Smelter stored the explosives.

Just on the other side of this building, the road led over the ridge where a small level valley opened out. The first thing we saw were four or five of the largest rabbits we had ever seen. We stood still, not wanting to scare them, but no doubt they saw us while they were eating something there.

My father said we would go back to where those people were and he would borrow the gun and come back and shoot a rabbit. So we went back and the man let him take the gun, and I stayed there with those people until he came back, but with no game. The man said it had been a family of Jack Rabbits probably eating "Oregon grapes," and that the rabbits had no doubt noticed us and were probably down in Yellowstone Park by the time my father got back with the gun.

We all had a laugh about it and all went our ways then.

April 25, 1977

35. We found the "Oregon Grapes." These plants grew spread out on the ground like strawberry plants, glossy, green leaves, a little like holly, with clusters of small, dark blueberries, like small bunches of grapes. We had to be careful of the small thorns that were on the edge of all the leaves. We soon had our basket full and went back to where the road forked and sat there by the little brook and rested awhile.

My father kept looking up there on the east side of the gulch, where we could see those big rocks and the tall pine trees, quite a way up the steep hillside. Finally he said he'd like to go up there and see what it was really like, so we started to climb. I could not have made it, without his help. When we finally got up there, there was this great pile of stones from the size of washtubs to baseballs, for as far as we could see, and tall pine trees growing up through this great pile of rock. When we looked back down we were stunned to see how far down the road was and it looked much more difficult to get safely down than it had to climb up. We knew that other gulch that cut into the side of the hill was less than a mile from us, so we decided to go on, hoping to find a better place to get back down. It really was a problem, stepping and jumping from one big rock to another. My father was carrying the basket of grapes with one hand and hanging onto me with the other.

We had to stop and get our breath often, but finally we could see the hill on the other side of that gulch. When we got to the edge of the great rocks, there was a ledge of white stone all along a very steep cliff. This white stone was a foot or two thick and it had millions of small sea shells imbedded in it. It was as though it had once been the floor of a great body of water. Ages ago, when some great upheaval of the inner fires of the earth had pushed this mountain range up, this sea bottom had been pushed up and split into hills and valleys. At last there was an edge we could walk on to try to find a way to the other side of the gulch. Not too far away we found where this rocky ledge was buried in the higher hills that formed the other side of this valley, and there was a pathway to follow back to the wagon road.

We were certainly surprised to see a middle-aged man there in the pathway. My father was glad to meet him, and let him know how we had arrived in such a place. The man seemed pleased that we had come, and said he had seen us trying to find our way out, and that we had taken the only safe way there was to get out. He said he had a small claim there, and he lived there and wanted us to come to his home and rest a bit. So we went along with him. We soon came to a very large heap of reddish-brown dirt that had been dug out of something and piled up there. He said he had started to dig a copper mine and that was the first ore he had dug out.

Then we came to a tunnel that led straight back into the hillside. He had the one wall and ceiling braced with timbers. Perhaps twenty feet into the tunnel he had found a solid quartz wall and he showed us small veins of some shiny metal running through this quartz. It was beautiful. His home was partly dug out of the hill, too. There was one, fair-sized room. The rear wall was the

hillside, and it was braced and lined with lumber. The rest of the room was built of lumber and extended out from the hill several feet. There was a nice window in the west toward the valley, where the wagon road led to town. The door also had a glass in it. It faced south and opened onto that pathway which was a single-track road from his door to the main road. He had a stove for cooking and heating, a bed, table, two chairs and a rocking chair. He was so glad to have someone to talk to. He brought out a newspaper from somewhere in Kansas, where had had a brother living and running a small grocery store, and there was a picture of the brother and the store building. He said he had been trying to get some advice about his mine from the Smelter people. The pile of red ore he had dug out, they only would pay $8.00 a ton for and he would have to hire it hauled to them.

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April 26, 1977

36. He was hoping that the vein that he had found in the quartz wall would bring him more. But now that the Smelters were all closed, that left him not knowing what he could do. We felt sorry for him, and he was one of the thousands. We could hardly get away from him, but we finally did and got home with the "Oregon Grapes". Aunt Margaret made a few glasses of jelly out of them. I never forgot that trip. I found I did not have the courage that my father had.

A few days later, we had our first real snow, four or five inches deep. It was Saturday, so in the afternoon Aunt Margaret helped me take the bed off the sled, and I went to the street three blocks east of us, where several sleds were being used. This street began back on the sloping shoulder of the big hill, and you could coast straight down for five blocks. I watched the others to see how they controlled their sleds—it was mostly footwork, both guiding and braking. So I tried it, and, after the first little scare, I got along just fine and was ready to go back up and try it again. After two trips up that long hill and two flights downhill, time was creeping up on me, and I decided I'd better go home, but it was thrilling and the only time in my life I ever had a chance to slide by myself.

The rest of the year was so full of problems for everyone that it is confused in my memory. My father did go out to Washington State and took a place with an undertaking firm. Of course, I hated to see him go, but it couldn't be helped. The most important thing in my mind now was to stay with Aunt Margaret.

When the Smelter was shut down there were some things that could not be stopped without great loss to the whole process, so there had to be people kept on to save these things and to guard everything in general. As Uncle Charles had charge of much of the laboratory work and there were experiments being done there that simply could not be stopped, they asked Uncle Charles if he would stay on at a reduced salary and manage the laboratory. Of course, he was glad to do it. I believe he would have tried to find money to pay the Company to let him stay and go on with those experiments, as it was so much a part of his life.

He went to see the man he rented the house from wanting his rent reduced. It would have been profitable for that man to cut the rent down, just to keep the water system going, but the man couldn't understand that, so his nice house stood empty, and we had to move.
Our neighbors, the Harrisons, had the two-room house, that they had first lived in, back of their present, nice brick house, in their back yard. There was a good well with a pump in the yard and a two section wood and storage building. They were glad to rent it to the Demonds, and Mr. Harrison did all he could to help them move. We had to store many things in this out building and sell a few things and buy different pieces of furniture that suited our different way of living. We kept the big secretary and the two beautiful tables and the chairs that came from France. We had to have a cooking stove that could also give us heat. The Demonds had their big bed and Edith's small bed in the largest room, and I slept on a cot in the kitchen, where we also ate and took our sponge baths. It was quite a change, but we all went on as best we could and were soon adjusted to it all. School, church, music and work kept us all from worrying too much. People left Anaconda by the train loads, moving their belongings and the families in freight cars. No one knew when the work would ever start again and people, who could, went back to the places they had come from. It was a struggle for financial and political power, between these very rich and powerful "Copper Kings" as some called them.
The names of Augustus Heinze, Joseph Toole, the state governor, the Standard Oil Company, the Amalgamated Company, all were constantly in the papers and conversation. Most of us youngsters were unable to understand it all, but at last a compromise was reached and word was sent out that the smelters would commence work again. Finally, one side sold out to the Anaconda Company for $10,000,000. It took some time for everything to get back to normal.
April 27, 1977

37. In the meantime, life had to go on and Thanksgiving approached. Once more Uncle Charles visited the market, this time bringing home buffalo steak. The wild herds had been exterminated and just a few, small, privately-owned herds were left to keep the species from totally disappearing. Once in a while they would butcher a buffalo and put the meat in the market. Uncle Charles was really pleased that we would have such a treat. Again Aunt Margaret did her best, working with a new product. She fried the steak, just as she always did beef steak. We could hardly cut the meat, let alone chew it. Of course, Uncle Charles made a brave attempt to eat and he did get some of it down his throat. So Aunt Margaret said she would try roasting it, the next time stewing it, and finally got the big wooden bowl and chopping knife out and made hash. We decided that the Great-Grandfather [by which she means the oldest and toughest animal] of the herd had been chosen to make the supreme sacrifice for the honor of his herd.
In the meantime, my father wrote very favorably of his work in Tacoma and told the Demonds he wanted them to send me out there to him. He said he had found a very nice place for the two of us to live. He had visited the Denman family and with their advice, thought he and I could make a home out there. He went on to tell how beautiful it was and so many wonderful things to

see and enjoy. Aunt Margaret did not tell me all this, until he finally sent money for my trip and directions for it all. At first I thought I just could not go and leave Aunt Margaret. Yet, I knew I had to go, if my father demanded it. I thought perhaps later, I could come back. In the meantime, I could see all those interesting things he wrote about. Of course, since there was no way out, we began to get my belongings once more packed in my mother's trunk. It was a very confused time for me and it must have been hard for the Demonds.

I realize now, they knew it was a mistake and that my father could not understand why we could not all rejoice. It was now real winter with snow about two feet deep. All the walks were plowed out and all vehicles were on sleds.

It was at Christmas time and it must have been about the last two days before school was out for the holidays. Aunt Margaret had told Prof. Fischer I was going to leave, and he asked her to bring me to his house to tell them goodbye that evening. Aunt Margaret, Edith and I went before supper time, as we were now running out of time. The Professor and his wife and family insisted we come in and eat "Apple-Kuchen" with them, so we went in for a short visit and ate a serving of their special Christmas cake—it was more like apple dumplings than cake, but it was seasoned with love. We were really touched by their goodbyes. The next day I went to school especially to tell my teacher and schoolmates I was going away. By now it was become hard to say "Goodbye." My Mormon friend, Earl, left the room with me and walked the length of the hallway shaking his head, and shook hands like an adult when we reached the door. I never forgot his blue eyes, red cheeks and dark hair, so many years later I married another young man named Earl, with beautiful, blue eyes, red cheeks and brown hair.

Then I went across the street to tell Mrs. Salsbury goodbye. Claire was in school so I didn't get to talk with her. I was to leave early in the evening, and Uncle Charles was going to go with me to the junction, where the Anaconda Railroad joined the Union Pacific for the west coast. We bid the Harrisons goodbye at the house, and I knew I was going to miss Hazel Harrison. Then, onward to the depot. Uncle Charles pushed my trunk on a wheelbarrow. It had to be loaded into the baggage car. Finally, I had to kiss Aunt Margaret and Edith, and Uncle Charles and I boarded the passenger car. We had a seat where we could wave at our dear ones, as we started out.

April 27, 1977

39. Just as we began to move, here came Claire Salsbury around the end of the depot, but at least we got to wave at one another. We went to this junction back in the west end of the big valley and there was no town, just a little depot and the big lantern that the agent left for Uncle Charles to flag the train down with. The agent lived close by, but he went home, leaving the depot open, so Uncle Charles could go in there to wait for the train that would pick him up later to go back to Anaconda on.

I had no idea how long he would have to wait that night. At last my train arrived, stopped by the waving lantern. The baggage car opened for the trunk, and Uncle Charles gave the conductor

my ticket and some money to buy my meals for the next day. We hugged each other and they helped me on the train and that was farewell, indeed!

I had thought that, when we went out of the valley past the Smelter building, I would look out the window and see it, "The tallest Smoke Stack in the world," as you could not see it from town. When it was complete [in 1919], before they turned all the smoke into it, they had a dedication program and a big reception for the officers and distinguished guests of the Smelter Company, and Uncle Charles and Aunt Margaret were guests. But I was too moved by all the good-byes, and it had grown dark so one couldn't see what we were passing, and I never did see it. In fact, I never saw any of those places again and none of the people, except little Edith Demond. Before Edith finished High School they had moved to California. When she graduated from High School, she went to Chambersburg, Pennsylvania to a Presbyterian College, especially to train for librarian's work. Her first summer vacation she spent in Florida with my Aunt May Bixby. So when she started back to California she came to see us in Illinois for three days. She was a lovely person, resembling both parents.

I failed to tell about the forest fire that occurred in the late summer. The Smelter Company also owned large tracts of timber, which they processed for fuel and also for lumber to build with. Everything was very dry. A fire started in the forest, miles north and west from Anaconda. Men from the town and also from the smelter volunteered to go fight the fire. There was a work train that carried the men back to the first lumber camp and then they went by horse drawn stage to the places where they were needed. Every day a train-load of tired and exhausted men was hauled back to town, and a train of new volunteers went to the mountains. There was no forest close to Anaconda, but we could not forget the struggle that was going on out there.

We lived in a sort of twilight for five or six days. The whole north-and-west skies were covered with dirty looking yellow smoke, and the sun trying to shine through it was a dull purple. They got it under control in a week, but it was another thing I never forgot.

April 28, 1977
WESTWARD, HO

40. When the conductor started to help me on the train, he told Uncle Charles that he would take good care of me and that he had two girls about my age that were going to meet him at the end of his run, and they would ride home with him. So I started on my trip again on a Pullman car, with a berth all to myself. I was so excited and chilly, I only took my shoes off at first and sat on my bed and looked out on the snowy hills and forest. I just kept watching, as we rushed along, just a few small stations and almost everything dark. It was very late when we came to the city of Missoula, Montana, where the State University was located. The train stopped there for a while, but there was not much to see in the night. Sometime after we got to travelling again, I lay down and slept. When I woke, it was broad daylight and the train was not moving. All I could see was deep snow and hills. I put my shoes on, and found the ladies room, and washed my face and hands. Then, I went back and sat on my berth, untill the conductor came along. He took me

to the dining car to a table where a small boy was sitting alone. The conductor told us that we were his charges and told each of us who the other one was and where we were going.

Then breakfast came for both of us, and it was nice to have someone to eat with. The boy had been travelling for a day and a night before I got on. He was going to see his father in Red Bluff, California. The conductor sat there with us and told us the reason we were not moving along. There had been a bad wreck with a freight train several miles west in the mountains on the Idaho border, and the tracks had to be cleared before any trains could go through. We were stopped at a "Division," where there was a round house with a turn-table and extra engines, tools, etc. to help at such times as these. He said he had put a table up for us to sit by, and that we could write or draw pictures, if we wanted to, and when he got a chance he would take us out for a walk, if we had to wait too long. He gave us paper and pencils.

So we looked around to see what the other people in the car were like. There was a mother with three small boys in one berth, and she had her hands full caring for them, but they really were not bad children. They had been on the train for a couple of days and were going to their grand-fathers in Washington State. There were eight or ten men travelling alone, and they also had a couple of tables set up between their seats, and were having a great time playing card games, laughing and talking. There also was a sweet looking lady, who smiled and spoke to us when she went by to the dining car. The conductor knew her and said she was a School Teacher going to California. She had beautiful, red hair and such a nice looking green dress.

There were other people, too, but I don't remember about them. Again we went to the dining car to eat, and that afternoon the conductor took us for a walk. Snow was two or more feet deep only where the R.R. snow plow had cleared the tracks. There was just room enough to walk along beside the cars until we got onto the track itself. Then, we could see the "round- house." There were three or four small houses where the extra railroad workers lived, and across a wagon road was a Chinese Laundry and Restaurant.

There were some saddled horses tied at a hitch-rack, so there probably were some customers at the Chinese place. Other than these things, there were only the hills and a few scattered forest trees. It was not very cold or stormy. So, the whole day went by, and we were still not moving when we went to bed that night, and I wondered how my father would know what had happened, and what I would do if he was not there to meet me. But I finally went to sleep and really rested.

April 28, 1977

40. We were travelling again when I awoke. It was a beautiful clear day, and we were in the most beautiful Christmas tree world of mountains, trees, snow and frost on everything—more sparkling than any picture could have been. The tracks wound around the sides of the Cascade Mountains. When I got up, I could really see. I could see both the front end and the back end of our train. We had one engine pulling the train and one pushing.

I just was not hungry that morning and did not go to eat. The little boy that was travelling with us had a box of Vanilla Wafers that he insisted I share with him the day before, and we probably

ate too many. But who could eat anyway, when all of the beautiful scene was going by. By noon we were over the mountain ridge and seemed to be going down faster and faster. Now the snow was no longer on the ground and trees. The trees were green, and green growth of different kinds was on the ground.

My kind conductor left us and another took his place. I didn't realize that I should not have looked out the window so constantly and began to get car-sick. I probably got very pale and looked sick. The lady schoolteacher had been watching me, and she came to me and took me to the ladies room, where I was really sick and vomited a lot. When I got some better, she took me back to my seat and told me that I must get ready to leave the train, as we would soon be at Tacoma. My conductor friend had asked her to see that I found my father, or notify the depot people, so they could look after me. There was my father, waiting, and was I really glad to see him this time! My lady friend told him how sick I had been, and then told me good- bye and got back on the train again.

When we turned to leave the station, I could hardly believe what I saw. The grounds around the station were covered with green grass, and right there, almost close enough to touch, was a large rose bush with a big, pink rose and many buds. We had to cross this very busy street that wound along at the foot of steep hills. We passed two or three blocks of very large houses and finally stopped and turned into the yard, going to a side door. It was on the ground level and we had to go down five or six steps.

Tacoma, Washington waterfront 1901

We were evidently expected. A lady asked us to be seated at a table, and she brought me a sauce dish of canned pears and a slice of bread and butter, and she gave my father a cup of coffee. I was able to eat what she had served me and felt better. We seemed to be in a large kitchen that had several tables, many cupboards, and two, very large, cook stoves. The three ladies we saw were busy preparing food. This was one of those very large, three-story houses, like others we had passed. When we finished eating, we went up a full flight of stairs to a large hallway and were met by a friendly little girl, and went with her to a room where her mother, her grandmother and two other children were. My father had boarded and roomed there when he first came to Tacoma, and he had asked these ladies to take me in and care for me that night, while he made final arrangements for me to stay at the house where he had moved to.

The Denmans had sent my father to this place when he came to Tacoma, as they knew these ladies. and knew they would help him make any further changes. if he decided to do so. After a week or so. he found a room much closer to the establishment where he was to work, and now this new land- lady was preparing a room for me, so we could be together as much as possible.

These ladies and children were kind and friendly. and I was glad to be able to see the inside of this big house. I later heard that many of these newly-rich "Lumber Barons" seemed to think size made a palace. This was an example. It was a nice house, but not really beautiful or luxurious. The family lived in four or five rooms on the first floor, about like an ordinary house would have been.

May 2, 1977

41. ANOTHER WORLD

Then there was a very large hallway and stairs to the upper floor. Across this hallway was a very large room that had been built for a ball-room, but was now used for the big dining tables where the roomers that lived in the two upper floors took their meals, and perhaps other people, too. I only know there were many people who sat down to dinner there that evening,and those ladies were very busy. I was very tired and glad to go to bed when it was possible. Shortly after breakfast, the next day, my father came for me, and we went to the place where he was living at the time.

When I was growing up, before my mother died, it was the custom for children to call their parents "Papa" and "Mama". Now we seemed to be just the two of us among so many strangers. I unconsciously started to call him "Papa". It seemed very natural and seemed to please him, so from that day on it was "Papa and I".

The people who ran this rooming house had a German name “Jaeger”—pronounced “Yaeger." The lady was the manager of the rooming house, and she was a very kind and pleasant person. She came with us to Papa's room, and showed us the room she had prepared for me. It was a small room with a door opening into Papa's room. It had an outside window, a single bed, small dresser and chair. My trunk had been delivered and was also in my room. This house was built along the side of a hill. It was a rather long and narrow building, reaching from the street, back quite a way into that lot.

Facing the street was the part the family lived in, a group of five pleasant rooms like an ordinary small house. Joining this part of the building and connected to it by a hallway, were two large bathrooms side by side, the first for the family and the next for the roomers. The hallway went on into what I will call “the lobby,” a long room about ten feet wide reaching from the bathrooms the length of the building, with all five of the rented rooms having a door opening into this lobby, where a large, wood-burning stove furnished the heat for all these rooms. There was a front family-entrance from the street and the lobby entrance was on the side, for everyone. The lobby was rather a pleasant room with several windows and a few chairs.

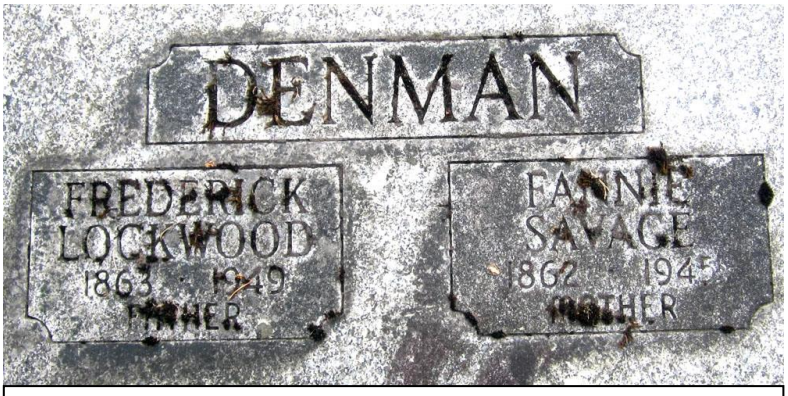
Mrs. Jaeger took me to her family bathroom and explained all about everything there, and told me that anytime I needed any help with my bathing or anything else she would be glad to help me, and her kitchen door was always open for me, close to the bathroom. All the roomers were men and the other bathroom was for them.

Then Papa took me out for our noon meal at a nearby restaurant. He had to go to the grocery store, where he bought prepared cereal, corn flakes or grape-nuts, milk, coffee and fresh fruit, oranges and apples. Then when we got back with our supplies, he explained his every day program for living. For breakfast he made himself coffee on the big stove in the lobby and we had cereal, milk and sugar and fruit. Mrs. Jaeger had furnished him with the small coffee-pot and our necessary dishes. We ate on the small table in his room. We could go out for our noon (?) meal, whatever hour he could get away from his work. I forgot we bought molasses cookies, especially for evening snacks, which was often our supper. After all the excitement and commotion of the past week or ten days I was ready for bed at an early hour.

The next day was Sunday, and we went to church. The Presbyterian Church was not far away. Again it was all strange, and I really don't remember much about it. We went to a different restaurant for our meal that day, and after looking around at the buildings and town a while we went back to our rooms. I decided there were two kinds of streets in Tacoma "up and down" and "around". The "up and down" streets often had stair-steps for the sidewalks, all built of lumber. When we went back to the house, we opened my trunk and found the precious violin safe and sound.

The Jaeger family consisted of the father and mother, two High School boys, and a boy about ten years old, who was taking violin lessons. I can't remember much about the two older boys and the father, but the younger boy and his violin joined me with my violin and his mother, who played the piano very well, for many happy hours of music. Mrs. Jaeger had several books of the very best music in the world, which was arranged to be played or sung by everyday people who loved music. I still would really be thrilled, just to look inside those musical collections and remember what a joy it was to play that music, and I thought how much Prof. Fischer of Anaconda would have loved it, too.

The Denmans had told my father they were expecting Papa and me to come to their house for New Year's Dinner, and he was to call them by telephone and let them know if we were really coming. He called them, and then we boarded the street car for at least a half-hours ride. That electric line ran from downtown, Tacoma to Point Defiance Park, which was a U.S. Forest Preserve park, where Tacoma Harbor entered Puget Sound. We passed many more of those big houses and the High School building. For quite a ways the houses were crowded together, but they began to be scattered out and, in the neighborhood where we stopped, there were many vacant lots. We had



Tombstone of Frederick and Fanny Denman. Tacoma Cemetery, Pierce County, Washington.

to walk a couple of blocks, and, when we rang the doorbell, Mrs. Denman met us with open arms. I felt as though it was Aunt Margaret. She had been my mother's dearest childhood friend in Cedar Falls, Iowa. They were both named Fanny: Fanny Bixby and Fanny Savage.

Fanny Savage and Frederick Denman married quite young in the 1880's and went to Tacoma, Washington to live and to make a home for their four children. There was a fifteen-year-old boy Craig, a thirteen-year-old girl Edith, an eleven-year-old girl Grace and a nine-year-old boy Douglas. Mr. Denman and Edith had both been bedfast with rheumatism for two or three weeks, but both were better and wanted to start the New Year of 1904 by eating dinner with the family and their guests. They both had to have assistance to reach the dining table.

They served us a delicious dinner. The only unusual food on the table was a big roast of red salmon, which was really delicious. As usual I could hardly eat. I was so busy looking at this beautiful family and their comfortable home. I helped Aunt Fanny—as I learned to call her--clear up the dishes and food from the dining room. When we stood by the kitchen sink, we could see out over the great Harbor and many hills and islands around it and in it. It had been cold and unusually wet and foggy that fall, so we could not see too far. Time seemed to fly by and soon it was time to take the late afternoon car back to town. When we went out, Aunt Fanny and the children who were not sick went with us, and had us go to the corner of their lovely green yard, where the edge of the great cliff that formed one side of the harbor cut across the yard.

When you stood on that ragged edge and looked far down to the edge of the water, there was a wagon road with a team of horses pulling a large wagon along. It was so far down that it looked like a big bug crawling along. But it was not straight down at all. There were stretches of wooden side-walks and flights of stairs, zig-zagging down the big hillside instead of a street.

It is almost impossible to describe this area in words. Puget Sound is a vast maze of water that is filled with islands and there are lakes on the islands. One could see strips and points of land of every shape all surrounded and divided by water.

May 3, 1977

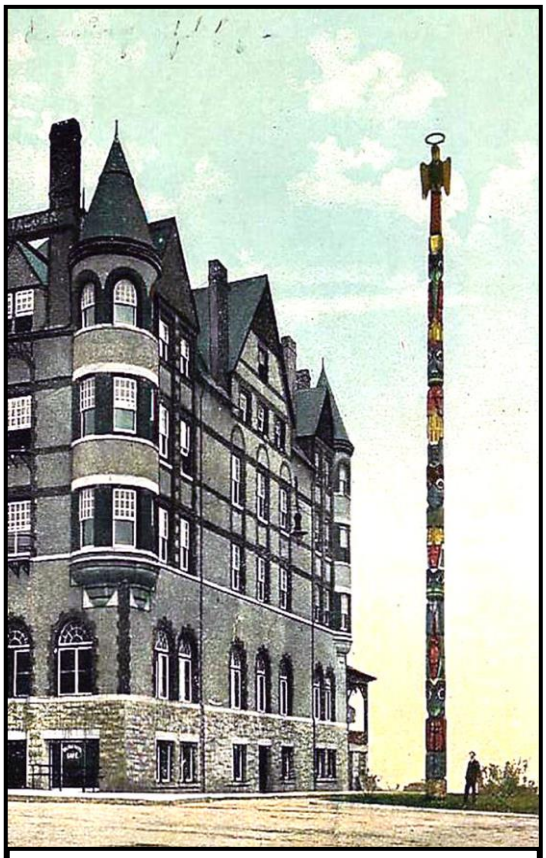
43. Only after studying a good map can one begin to understand how it really is. This promontory called Point Defiance stretches out into the Sound like a welcoming, protective hand and arm, holding back the rush of wind and water, so the seafarer can reach the harbor in safety. The original town of Tacoma was built on the innermost end of this great ridge of hills, on a gently sloping edge. From that small, safe spot stretched a level valley for two or three miles with a small river emptying into the Sound. This was the Puyallup River, and a few miles inland lay a small Reservation for the Puyallup Indians. On the far side of this valley rose the other side of this body of water, another ridge of hills, but not extending as far as the one Tacoma was built on.

Papa and I made a walk down to the "Old Town," as it was called. There was an old church and cemetery and a Totem Pole that had been brought from Alaska. Very interesting and I regret that I could not remember all the facts about these things. There was a wharf, where the ships of

different kinds loaded and unloaded merchandise. There still was a small town there at the side of the harbor. We walked along the harbor watching the small ships that were busy there. We were very fortunate to see an Indian family in a long dug-out canoe, the family, their possessions and even their dogs, going on a trip. The canoe was made from the trunk of one of those tall trees hollowed out by hand.

There were three or four people paddling the canoe. I really am not sure about this, but I believe the wharf of the Old Town and the big wharf of the New Tacoma were connected, at least by wagon roads.

On our way back from the Old Town, we stopped at a Japanese restaurant for our main meal. It was not far from our rooming house. These Japanese people served such good fish of different kinds and halibut steak was our favorite. I never had seen any Japanese people and never even heard of halibut steak. It was served in a nice thick juicy white slice and the bones—which always worried me—were large enough I did not have to fear I would choke on one. They always had good vegetables, too, and we ate there several times. I don't remember ever going to the establishment where Papa worked, and we never knew just when he would have to work or how long it would be.



Totem Pole and Tacoma Hotel. 1908 Post Card. It's almost exactly what Ida saw on her walk to "old town," Tacoma, Washington in 1903.

This was still the first week in January, and there was no school yet, and I had another change in schools before me—new books, new teachers and all new children, again. That week I spent several hours with Mrs. Jaeger and her boy playing more of that delightful music. Every time I went away from the house with Papa, there was always something new and interesting to see. When Sunday came we went to church again and probably walked around the town more after our dinner.

It was not very cold, but so damp and foggy and drizzled some every day that my coat and overshoes and Tam I wore in Montana felt just right in Tacoma. It was always very foggy at first in the morning, gradually clearing enough that we could see the Harbor by noon, but not much farther away. I was in Tacoma eight weeks, and just twice in that time it really cleared away enough to see Mt. Rainier, and that was less than one hundred miles away. The first time, the sun did break through for a few hours,and we could see the upper part of Mt. Rainier with the great white bank of fog between the mountain and the harbor. The other

time I was out at the Denman home. The sun actually came out and clouds cleared away one Sunday afternoon. We could see everywhere.
May 5. 1977

The huge Mt. Rainier, standing all alone like a great Pyramid, top and sides white with snow, and in exactly the other direction were the range of the Olympic Mountains, also covered with snow. They were on the other side of the Sound to the north and west. It was almost impossible to realize these places were always there, just hidden by the fog. It was to be the first week of school in Tacoma for me. We had to get the new text books and make another start. I simply don't seem to remember anything about school in Tacoma, only I did seem to be doing all right with my lessons. That first week there was no one I knew. It was just about all I could manage to find the right room and seat. But some way I managed. I had some studying to do at night, especially after finding the differences between the books I had used in Montana and these new books.

Friday afternoon when I came into the rooming house lobby, I was surprised to meet a policeman, and there were five or six men walking about and talking to each other. All the room doors were open. Mrs. Jaeger came out of Papa's room carrying a piece of Papa's luggage and Papa came out after her with my violin case and some letters or papers. They took me with them into the Jaeger's house. Then Papa told me the man in the next room had shot himself, trying to kill himself and there was so much confusion there that they thought it would be better, if I went out to the Denman's home [4419 N. 44th, Tacoma, Washington] until things got straightened out. He had phoned Aunt Fanny, and she had said to bring me and my clothes and violin, and she would take care of me for a while.

It seems this poor man and one of the lady teachers in Tacoma were planning to marry and start a home about five years before. The famous Klondike Gold Rush was going on, and men were rushing up to the Yukon to get rich. This lady had a modest sum of money in the bank, her whole life savings, and the man had more than she did. She proposed that he take her money along with his, and they would gamble on his “winning a fortune." So he went to the Klondike. It was a gamble. Like so many others, he followed one lead and then another. Like other people who try projects they know nothing about and follow stranger’s advice, like thousands of others, he suffered hardships and losses he had never dreamed of, and kept losing money instead of winning. So he had come back to break the terrible news to the woman who was still waiting for him, and then shot himself. The year before my mother died, two brothers from Arcola, Illinois had tried the same venture and came back almost without a dollar and one had lost a leg in the deal, so I could believe what they were talking about. I don't remember if the poor man died or how it turned out for them.

Papa took the luggage, my clothing, and the school books. I carried the violin, and he took me out to Aunt Fanny's house, and gave me into her hands to keep for a while.

45.

AUNT FANNY'S FAMILY

I could see my father hurrying back to the street car track to catch the car, as it went back to town, but with Aunt Fanny's arm around me, I felt as if I were back with Aunt Margaret. The girls had come out with their mother to meet me, so we took my belongings in and they went on getting the evening meal on the table. They, too, were Christian people and offered thanks at the table. After they had cleared the table and carried everything to the kitchen, we washed the dishes and put everything away. Then Aunt Fanny went upstairs with us to show me where to put my belongings and where I was to sleep.

She said she thought a nice warm bath and all clean clothing would help me rest better. She laid out my clothes for the morning and went to help me with the bath. She really helped me, like Aunt Margaret always had done—even combed my hair. I looked like a young woman, but was really just an overgrown child. I was to share the double bed with Edith, the older girl. After a good night's rest, I got up ready to learn about this new place I was to live in.

The house was really not large, but very comfortable and situated in this wonderful place. On the first floor was the entrance hall and open stairway, a fairly large living room, where the wood-burning heating stove stood; that was the source of heat for the upstairs, too. In the living room was a very good upright piano, two single beds or couches, a desk for Uncle Fred, and large table. There was a glass-front cabinet for curios, etc. and many bookshelves built into an inner wall. There were windows in each direction. The corner overlooking the Harbor was really an alcove with windows all around it. The dining room had a large archway entrance from the living room, and doors from the front hallway and kitchen, and windows. The kitchen completed the square shape of the house. Here again were built-in cupboards for dishes and supplies, a nice, wood-and-coal kitchen stove, and sinks, with running water, and big windows over the sinks. There was an outside entrance with a small portico over it. Also there was a door into the "laundry," a good-sized, one-room building just back of the kitchen. Among many things stored there were tubs and laundry utensils, wash boiler, and an ironing board. Overhead they had fastened many clotheslines to dry laundry in that "misty, moisty" climate. Here also was a wood-burning stove to heat water. Outside, behind the laundry, were the woodshed and tool house and a bin for "coke," the small, slow-burning coal that they sometimes put on top of the wood in the stoves when they needed extra heat.

Upstairs, there were four bedrooms, clothes-closets and a bathroom, bowl, and stool. Edith and I were to share this one room. Grace and Douglas (10 yrs. and 8 yrs.) shared one room where there were two single beds. Aunt Fanny and Uncle Fred slept in the room that overlooked the "Harbor". Craig, the older boy, fifteen years old, had the fourth room. He was in High School but planning, above all, to be an architect. He had a desk and good-sized work-table, which were always loaded with drawings of building and other things he was interested in. The rest of us

were to be admitted "by invitation only," but sometimes he did invite us in to see something he was proud of.
May 6, 1977

46. Uncle Fred was the manager of the Pacific Cold Storage Co. with establishments in Tacoma and in Juneau, Alaska. They had their own ice plants and freezers. They furnished ice for refrigeration and also frozen meats, etc. for ocean going ships along the northern and western Pacific. Uncle Fred was a very courteous and intelligent person. He suffered with rheumatic troubles every winter, but was much improved and going back to work now.
Edith was thirteen years old and she seemed to have inherited her father's rheumatic heart disease, which always kept her from any very active pursuits, but she was a very attractive and pleasant girl and quite an accomplished young pianist. We soon came to enjoy playing together. The family enjoyed it, too, and often sang with us. Grace was a darling, little, curly-haired girl, just running over with mischief and energy.
Douglas, the eight year old boy was a lovable little boy. He had a hair-lip, which did disfigure him some and did cause quite a speech defect, but at that age, he did not let it spoil things for him. He had a beautiful little boy's voice and did love to sing the Christmas hymns.
Also, there were Uncle Fred's widowed sister and boy and girl who lived across the street, Richard and Faith Bartlett, both very nice children. There was a small barn toward the back of their yard. Uncle Fred owned a milk cow, keeping it in Mrs. Bartlett's barn. The two boys, Craig and Richard were supposed to care for and milk the cow, thus furnishing the milk for the two households—sort of a company affair. Then there was Uncle Holmes Denman, a lawyer, who called on them once in a while and had great fun with the children.
Just across the property line from Aunt Fanny's home were the grounds of a small college. Some called it the Christian College, but I can't recall its real name. The main building was farther back on the great hill, separated from us by some very large and beautiful trees. It had been built by one of those early rich men for a castle home, to begin with. It was built of beautiful stone, a very imposing building. It sat along the edge of the cliff, too, separated from the edge by a wide, stone-paved yard with a low, protective, stone wall around it. This pavement joined those big, wooden walks and stairs that led down to the shore of the harbor. This big castle had well-built lumber barns, a carriage house, and several other out-buildings. When it was turned over to a Christian Association for a college, these buildings had been remodeled to fill the needs of the students. Not far from Aunt Fanny's house was a large, two-story house that had been intended for the stable. It was a very nice, large building and was serving as the boys' dormitory.
When Craig Denman was a small boy, the manager of the Alaskan plant of the Pacific Cold Storage Company had come to Tacoma and visited the Denmans. He had been to their home once before and loved the little, curly-headed boy. So when he came this time he brought Craig an Alaskan dog sled that was at least six feet long. All the grown-ups laughed at the thought of anyone ever being able to use it in Tacoma, but the man told them they might be surprised. The

second week I was there, we woke one morning, to find four or five inches of snow everywhere. There had been no snow in Tacoma for over fifteen years. All the children went wild, trying to invent sleds out of all sorts of things and those that had sleds, or could get one, were sliding everywhere on those city streets.
May 6, 1977

47. Of course, there were no automobiles, and very few horse-drawn rigs on the streets, but the street cars were a hazard that people did not think too much about. Two little boys came shooting down one of those "up and down streets," just in time to slide under a street car and be killed. Too bad such a thing had to happen, when so many people were having so much pleasure in the snow.
Craig got his dog sled out and the College boys next door just went wild about the coasting. The street-car street in town had a nice slope about five blocks long parallel to the tracks where they could slide. Edith was not able to be playing out in the snow, so she did not get to go, but Craig took Grace and me and little brother and the Bartletts down the hill twice. It was fun, just like Anaconda, Montana. We had promised to go home after two rides, all six of us at once on the sled.
The College boys had to be in at an early hour and Craig was to bring the sled in when their time was up. That snow stayed on for three days. Those youngsters really had fun.
During the daytime, we had to go to school, of course. I was wearing my wooly astrakhan coat, and, when we four little girls started to walk home the first noon, three boys who lived in our neighborhood started to follow us and bombard us with snowballs. They discovered that when the snow ball hit my woolly, coat, it just left a big patch of wet snow. Also, I was a new girl there and taller than the other girls, so they picked me for a target. But I had had several years of snow ball play, and I knew how to make them in a hurry and also how to throw them and hit the mark, so, I began to defend myself. There were three boys who went home that noon with snow in their ears and down their necks and wherever I could hit them. And they really pasted me. I looked like a white bear. There was one good thing about it, though, the three, little girls ran on ahead and did not get in such a bad shape.
They told Aunt Fanny, and when I came to the door a few minutes later, she had me take my coat off, and we shook all the snow we could off of it, and hung it behind the kitchen stove to dry as much as possible while we ate our lunch. That day, after school, and, also the next day, they did not bother us much with snowballs. The snow was on for three days, and many people contracted colds. My Papa, who was subject to asthma anyway, was one that had quite a time with a cold that hung on.
After the snow melted away, the weather began to get better, it became a little warmer day by day, and we had a glimpse of the sun once in a while. The roses and other plants that had been retarded, if not injured by the cold, revived, and the grass was really growing. One evening after

school, Edith took me over to the beautiful College building. She knew many of the teachers and others that worked there and several who lived there, as it also contained the girls' dormitory. One lady led us around, showing us the different rooms and telling us their use. I was interested in the several, sound-proof, practice rooms for the musical students. We came out the big doors that opened toward the Harbor. There was this large, paved yard and the wide, wooden sidewalk that led along the side of the cliff toward the Denman home. This big walk was supported by large posts set into ground, and it was like a porch or gallery along the cliff. The outer edge was high enough that people could walk underneath. Under there were many wild sword fern plants and other green growth. Edith and I looked at all this, and, when we reached the house, she told her mother how pretty the ferns were. On Saturday morning , Aunt Fanny had me take little Douglas for a guide, and we went back to the big walk and picked a large armful of fern fronds that were placed in a large bowl of water on top of the piano. They kept for over a week and were very beautiful.

May 9, 1977

48. That weekend Uncle Fred brought home a "treat" for the dinner table that I had never heard of. It was a bucket of "smelt". Smelt is a very small fish native to those waters. They were two and three inches long, had been cleaned, but no heads or tails removed. They dropped them into deep boiling fat and fried them golden brown, like French Fried Potatoes. They were crisp and very good to eat.

School seemed to go along, with no trouble, but I just seem to have no special memories of it. There was one event that happened to me one day, but was not due to school itself. One day I evidently picked up a sand flea, while walking to school. I had never heard of such an insect and just before noon, a terrible itching started under my belt. I got permission to leave the room, and when I reached the girl's room I began to undress, as I knew something was biting me. I was lucky to capture the little black insect and kill it, but it had left several very painful welts on me. When we reached home, Aunt Fannie had a first aid job on her hands. Then they told me about these fleas that lived just most anywhere out of doors. One night later, one of them was in our bed, probably came in on our stockings and got in the bed. Edith and I had a time finding it, but finally got it, and killed it and pinned its body on a piece of paper to show the rest of the family.

Big Deal:

The Denmans belonged to the Episcopal Church. The main church was down town, but they had Sabbath School in a small frame church not far from their home, and we children attended there. The adults also attended most of the time. The services were very nice for the young and adults alike. I was learning the most important things right there in Aunt Fanny's busy household. Like every other home, there was always housework. A lady came once a week and helped with the laundry and whatever Aunt Fanny needed extra help with. One of the first rules in her home was cleanliness—of body, clothing, and house. Everything in the house was very simple, no fancy

trimmings or decorations. There were doors on cupboards and cabinets to help keep order, and there were routines of work that we were to try to observe. Our personal behavior was very important. Having been the only child in the group of families that I belonged to, I had probably committed a lot of small offences all along the way, while appearing to be staying within the rules.

More than anything, we were being taught kindness, love and consideration for all of us, especially not to interfere with each others' important projects. I soon found that in spite of all our differences, there were nearly always things we all enjoyed. Also I learned that what really hurt one of us caused us all to be sad. It was "Love thy brother, as thyself". When Uncle Fred had been so sick in the winter there had been several weeks he had not been able to get out of the house. For some time, after he did get out, he had only gone and done just what was necessary. He had told the boy, Craig and his cousin just exactly how they should manage about the cow and the stable work.

He thought they understood. When he at last made a trip out to the stables, he found they had not done as he had told them. He was furious and took a strap and gave Craig a thorough strapping. Little Douglas had gone out there, too, and he came running home, tears running down his cheeks and reported the tragic news. We were all there and not knowing all the circumstances, all of us kept silent. When we sat down to supper, Craig was not there, and there was not a word said about the trouble or hardly a word about anything. The whole bunch of us was just crushed. When Craig did come in, he went to his room without a word to anyone. Everyone was trying to be just as usual the next morning, but it was hard to do.

May 9, 1977

49. When Uncle Fred had been so sick, an old friend of the family had come every evening and helped care for Uncle Fred. This man had a nice little girl in Craig's class at High School. They had known each other and the families had been friends for years. There was going to be a school party and Uncle Fred told Craig he should ask this girl to go to the party with him. Craig said he was not going to do that at all. So, in a day or two, Uncle Fred told Craig to call the girl on the phone and make arrangements to take her to the party, or he would really punish him, and to be a polite gentleman when asking her, and also, when they were on the cars going and coming and at the party. We all very nearly were frozen, dreading what might be said or done, but at last Craig went to the phone and made the call as his father had asked him to do. It seems that it all worked out pleasantly, but there was one last word.

Uncle Fred and these two boys had to take the same street car every morning. When the boys went into town to High School, Uncle Fred went to work. A week or two later at the supper table, Craig asked his father who the beautiful young lady was that Uncle Fred was eating lunch with at noon that day in a down town restaurant. I don't remember what was said by anyone. I only think of the shocked expression on the faces of Aunt Fanny and Edith—and Uncle Fred. I

suppose Craig felt he had had a small amount of revenge. But that had to blow over like other clouds that come to us in life.
Aunt Fanny and Uncle Fred tried to have something for their children to share in or do every week that would make us happy or would be interesting. One night the College students gave a recital and short play in their small hall they used for such things. Aunt Fanny took Edith, Grace, Douglas and me. There were two or three violin players, some mandolin and guitar students, and a pianist.
We enjoyed all of it, but, what pleased us most of all, was Aunt Fanny's statement when we were back home and telling Uncle Fred about it. She said, "It was good, but I'd rather hear our girls play the piano and violin!"
Then one afternoon Edith took me to visit one of Uncle Holmes friends, a lady who was an artist and an art instructor at her studio, where she painted and also taught her pupils. It was interesting to see all these easels with canvas, partly done, showing different things, but mostly scenery. The paints and palettes and different tools they used in their work were interesting.
One Saturday Aunt Fanny took me and Grace and Douglas downtown. We got off the street car at the Cable Car Station. The Cable Car System was a separate system from the Street Car outfit. It was too complicated for me to understand just how it really operated, but I did understand that the force of gravity, which I had seen used in so many ways in Anaconda, was the main source of power for the Cable Car system, which extended up one of those very streets in Tacoma for eight or ten blocks or perhaps more. There were two cars always in use, one going up and one down. There were two tracks parallel with a loop at each end for turning around. One could pay the regular fare and go as far up the hill or down the hill as you needed to go. They surely had to use some electric power to help and to furnish lights and stopping and starting control. I almost forgot to tell you the main principal of the cable car. The weight of the car going down was lifting the up going car. We all made the round trip on the cable car, and, when we got back to the street car line, instead of taking the street car down to the Harbor, we walked, looking at many interesting things in store windows and along that busy street.
May 10, 1977

50. When we reached the big wharf that edged the Harbor, there were many steam ships tied up there, loading and unloading cargo of many kinds. The methods used in all this kept many men and some remarkable machinery in use for many hours each day. The Cold storage Company was also built right out to this wharf.
When we arrived at the office, Uncle Fred met us and went with us to show us everything there. The other children had been there many times before, and even were welcomed by the other men who worked there as longtime friends. There was an ice plant where ice was produced by their scientific chemical process, frozen in different size blocks to accommodate different refrigerators. What was most pleasing was the refrigerated foods—many different cuts of different meats and beautiful dressed fish of several different kinds and many other things that I

no longer can remember. We had a happy time there and I was so glad that I had the chance to see all these wonderful things.

After the evening meal, when the kitchen work was done, we children often went upstairs to talk and sometimes play dominoes or checkers on a small table that was in the room that Edith and I shared. Sometimes we just talked. One evening the girls opened the clothes closet in our room and showed me all their dresses, especially their summer dresses that they had not worn since cold weather started. They especially wanted to show me their lovely white dresses that they had worn when they served as the bride's attendants at the wedding of some friends of their parents. These dresses were of a thin, white, wool material, with full, accordion-pleated skirts, trimmed with white, satin ribbons. I had never seen a wedding service, and never seen such beautiful dresses. We were so occupied with all this girl talk that we had not paid much attention to the noise going on in Douglas' room.

He was not supposed to jump on the beds, but my father was in the living room talking with Uncle Fred and Aunt Fanny, and we girls were chattering, so he thought he would be safe to do some jumping. All of a sudden, we heard a crash and a few soft groans. Here came Aunt Fanny upstairs to see what had happened, just as we girls got there, too. Douglas said, "I was playing Washington crossing the Delaware, but this time I missed the boat." He had been jumping from one bed to the other. There he lay sprawled out on the floor, but no injuries, but a few bruises.

Papa came out at least twice a week to see me, whenever he could be spared as funeral director at the undertakers where he worked. If there was anything he could do to help while he was out there he was eager to help.

He had never recovered from the severe cold he took when the snow was on and still had the asthma, also was bothered with rheumatic troubles, too. He looked sick and also worried about something. I had never seen him looking so ill, only when momma died. He and the Denmans seemed to be talking together a lot. Among other things, he seemed to be homesick for his sisters in Illinois and his other friends there. Of course, I knew he was disappointed that he had not been able to make a suitable home for the two of us, and had to leave me with strangers so much. I knew he was writing to my Aunt Lou Ammen in Illinois almost every week, and she was writing to him. My Aunt Lou had been twenty-two years old when Papa was born—the twelfth child in the family. My grandmother had been very ill for some time after Papa's birth, and Aunt Lou had given him good care from then on through the years, and he had lived in his parent's home until he married, and still lived just across the street until my mother died.

May 11, 1977

51. After my grandma died and they sold those two homes, my Aunt went to live in a boarding house, until she rested from her long period of caring for grandma. When she recovered, she was dissatisfied with life in boarding houses, and wanted Papa to bring me back to Illinois, and we three would make a home together.

She even was planning to buy a small house for us to live in. It would be a little like our lives had been before, as we had known each other all our lives. No one told me about any of this. The Denmans and Papa all looked so worried, and Papa came out for that evening talk with them three nights running. The morning after that third talk, they told me Papa had left his work in the undertaking establishment, and we might go back to Illinois. I believe the older boy, Craig, knew all this, as he went everyday on the streetcar to High School with his father and other neighbor men, and could hear all of them talking about things that were going on around town. We children did not know why he no longer worked there, and I did not understand it myself at the time. But it will be easier to understand everything, if I tell what I later learned about the situation.

There was an Indian Reservation a few miles inland from Tacoma Harbor along the Puyallup River. They were a tribe called the Puyallups. The Indian Agency that ran this tribe had made a contract with the Hoska Undertaking Establishment to conduct funerals and burials on this reservation. The Hoska Establishment was located in down town Tacoma and part of the business was their equipment of all sorts used in this work. One department was the stables where the hearse and covered wagon with burial tools, etc. and two teams of horses were kept. There were three men whose work was burials and transportation to and from burials. Most funeral services were conducted in private homes or churches. Papa had been an embalmer and Funeral Director, as Mr. Hoska and another helper were. There was an ugly scandal being whispered through Tacoma, that the Hoska burial unit had been robbing the Indian graves of the beautiful burial garments and ornaments, and selling them to dealers who handled Indian handicraft wares.

Papa had heard all this and gone to the employer, who denied any knowledge of it all. So Papa kept his eyes and ears open and went all through the Establishment and became convinced that the scandal was true, so he told Mr. Hoska he could not work with people who were committing such crimes. Mr. Hoska paid him, and he was now free to do what seemed best. Aunt Fanny and Uncle Fred were very sorry about it all, but they agreed with Papa's decision. So we were to go back to Illinois, and it would take a week to make the necessary arrangements for our trip. I did not go to school anymore, as there were too many other things to do.

Aunt Fanny wanted me to see all of this beautiful country that I could and to do as many things to accomplish that as possible; I never had been out in a steamboat, so she took me down to the harbor, and we boarded a small steamboat that made daily trips across this arm of Puget Sound to a village on the opposite shore. The old man who ran this boat had been a friend of the Denmans for many years. He carried the mail to this village, any supplies they had ordered, and generally a few passengers. This village was the source of a large crop of holly branches, cut and shipped out for holiday season decorations.

It was said to be the largest planting of holly anywhere around. We did not get off the boat, just stood on the deck and looked at several interesting things that Aunt Fanny knew about.

One was a large, two-story house, near the shore-line. It had been constructed in Tacoma and, for a time, used there as a residence. Then a man bought it and had a large raft built and anchored at the Tacoma shore.
May 11, 1977

52. He had this house moved down onto the raft and towed across this big stretch of water, safely unloaded and situated there by the Sound, making a pleasant home for him and his family. When we went back, the Captain—as they called the owner—took us into the engine room and rolled back the big window that was close to the water. I could almost touch it, and it was thrilling to feel the throb of the engine and see the water rushing by us.
I believe it was the next morning we saw the only sailing vessel that I had ever seen. It had taken on a cargo of freight down at the Harbor the day before. Uncle Fred had seen it, and we thought he said it carried a cargo of wheat for China. Of course it was a long way down from our yard where we watched it. It had quite a large cabin on the deck and rectangular light brown sails on tall masts. I can't remember if it was being towed out into the sound by a steamer. It might have been, as the sailing ships had to depend on the wind to push them.
The next project was to be a visit to Point Defiance Park. It was hard to judge distance out there, but probably the park was eight or ten miles from downtown Tacoma. I expect the Denmans were two or three miles from the park. Little Grace was going with Papa and me, as she had been there many times and knew where we should go and she was free to go with us. Papa had come out early, and we were all ready to get on the second car that was going out there. When we reached the end of the line there was a small station and the house where the Park Superintendent lived. There also was a small building housing the small zoo of little animals and birds native to the park. Close to the station stood the largest and tallest tree trunk I had ever seen. At the top were a circle of big branches of green foliage, like a huge umbrella. They told us it was ninety feet up to the branches. The tree had been struck by lightning many years before and so badly burnt that the top died up and finally fell off. This park was a Forest Preserve of Douglas Fir Natural Forest covering a few square miles on the large promontory that bordered Puget Sound. The Point itself was the place where Tacoma Harbor entered the Sound. This beautiful forest was crossed by wagon roads in several directions. We followed the one that started there at the Station.
The great height and beauty of these trees was unbelievable, and to go on the roads in the silence of the morning gave me a feeling of awe and reverence for the Creator and His works, that I have never experienced any other time or place in my life. At last we had to leave the trees. Going back to where we had entered, we then found the pathway that led down to the water on the side of the point bordering Puget Sound. There was a long stairway cut out of the rock and soil that made this hill of great stones, blue clay and other deposits in layers like a pyramid. There was the wide shore, cluttered with great rocks of all sizes, lying in the shore of sand, with the water ever moving back and forth, in and out, among all this. We walked out until we could see the very end

of the great Point. There was a wide shore there, and we walked out until we could see back into the Harbor. My venturesome Papa then said it would be great to walk back home along the shore of the Harbor, so we did. Every foot of the scenery was beautiful, the rocks, green bushes and plants, all different as we went along. We knew about the tide and had been warned about it before we left the house, but we did not realize how fast it could change the shore line. Grace was the first to remind us, telling us we had better hurry and find a place to climb the hill and get away from the shore. The space we walked in kept getting narrower all the time.
May 12, 1977

53. At last we could see a group of buildings ahead and Grace said it was a saw mill and that there was a big ladder we could climb up to the wharf that was there. She was right, but before we all could climb the ladder, we all had wet shoes. There was a saw mill located on an old wagon road along the edge of the harbor—the same road we could see from Aunt Fanny's yard. There was no one at the saw mill. It was Sunday. So, after we rested a while, we walked another long stretch and climbed the zig-zag stairs and walks into the yard where we belonged. It was a trip I can never forget !
When we had eaten the lunch that Aunt Fanny had saved for us, we girls were glad to go upstairs and lie down. Papa and Uncle Fred seemed to be having a long and serious talk. Uncle Fred knew that Papa's money problem was a big one, and he had thought of a way he might help Papa. There was an office in Seattle that he called a "Scalper's Office". It was just one part of a business firm that furnished information about railroad and steamship trips, arranging trips, their routes, prices, accommodations, and made reservations for people.
Sometimes people came from the Atlantic coast on a round-trip ticket and decided to stay on the Pacific coast or, for some of many different reasons, could not use the tickets they had bought. Then they would come to the "Scalper's Office" and try to return those tickets. They were repurchased, but at a greatly reduced price and resold at that lower price. Uncle Fred told Papa to take me and go to that place in Seattle, and see what kind of a bargain he could make on our transportation to Illinois. So we planned to go to Seattle the next day. That would be the second steamboat trip for me.
One evening the week before, when we all got home from school, Aunt Fanny took me and Douglas to see the saw mill. We went down that zig-zag walk and stairway to the wagon road along the shore. About a half-mile along the road toward town was a saw-mill building and wharf for loading and unloading logs and lumber. The operator knew the Denmans. Aunt Fanny told him I had never seen a saw mill like this, and we just wanted to watch them at work, so he told us where to go so we could see it all, and not get hurt. These great big logs were cut crosswise into the lengths they wanted the lumber to be. There was a huge circular saw, six feet in diameter. It was stationary, set in an upright position, with long tables of frames to hold the logs and move back and forth when the lumber was being sawed. The whole outfit was powered by a steam engine, and there were several men to handle the logs and the lumber.

When they were ready to go, the big logs were put on this frame or table with the end of a log against the saw. When it started to rotate, cutting into the wood, the table kept moving it along, until they reached the end of the log. The men were busy tending it all, and everything had to be just right to make the lumber the right thickness. That saw made the most terrible whining noise, but it did a remarkably true job on every board. It was all very interesting, and another action I had never seen.

We were to go to Seattle that day after Uncle Fred and Papa made plans for Papa to try the "Scalpers." Uncle Fred was to take me into town, where Papa met us at the street car station, and we all changed to the car that went down to the Harbor. Uncle Fred took us to the office of the steamboat company, and we boarded the boat for Seattle. It was a larger boat than the one Aunt Fanny had taken me on. This boat carried several passengers on a regular schedule, laying over two or three hours, allowing people to tend to whatever business they had come about. It was not too long a trip, with beautiful hills, islands and small necks of water on every side. They tied up at a wharf built out into the Sound, where the ocean going ships come in from the Pacific Ocean, through the Strait of Juan de Fuca. These wharfs are built up high enough to be out of the water even at high tide.

54. They are connected with the streets of Seattle. We started walking toward the city. The first boat tied up next to ours was quite a large steamboat and we were astonished to see what was taking place right beside the boat. There were several men busy putting up a huge canvas, like the sides of a large tent, to enclose the largest fish I ever saw, that was fastened with a large chain to the wharf. Several people, like us, were watching and one of the men working there was telling about the fish. I did not understand all of it, but will try to repeat what I remember. He said the men on the boat saw this fish, which they said was eighteen feet long, floating on the ocean's surface. It was dead, but it was such a remarkable sight, they hooked onto it and pulled it into the harbor. They were planning to exhibit it to the public (for a fee), as long as the authorities permitted.

We just stood there and watched for a while, then went on up to that wide busy street that ran between the harbor and first row of buildings, built on the steep hills of Seattle. It looked very much like Tacoma’s "up and down" streets, with stairs for walks and terraced streets that "went around".

We found the office we were looking for, and they were able to help Papa find tickets for our return to Illinois. I was so busy looking at everything out doors that I could not pay much attention to the business that went on there. We had some time to spare before we had to return to Tacoma. Aunt Fannie had given Papa directions to find one of her old friends from early days in Iowa, who had also been a girl friend of my mother's. Aunt Fanny wanted Papa to call on her so she could meet the husband and daughter of my mother. We found there was a small local steamboat that made such short trips, operating from the same wharf, where the Tacoma boat

was tied. So we went this short trip to a small island in the Sound, where this lady lived, but no one was home.
Then he had the address of the wonderful school teacher in Anaconda, Montana who had helped me so much. Aunt Margaret had sent him the business address of her husband there in Seattle Harbor, so we went there next, and did find the gentleman we were looking for, but my dear teacher was visiting her parents in Anaconda, so we went back, and boarded our boat for Tacoma. It was not long before we were back in Tacoma. Papa and I went to the Cold Storage Plant to tell Uncle Fred what results Papa had had. Then Papa left me with Uncle Fred to go home with him on the streetcar, and Papa went back to the rooming house to make ready for our trip to Illinois. That evening meal was the last time all of Aunt Fannie's family was together at the table.
After the dishes were finished, we all went to the living room and Edith and I played all our favorite songs. We finally went up to bed. Grace and Douglas were in their beds when Edith and I went in to see if they were alright. I gave each one a very special pat on the shoulder and a "good-night" kiss, which was really a "Good-bye". We could not even talk to each other, but we went to sleep holding hands. The next day was to be the last day there. The children all went to school and I helped Aunt Fanny what I could in the house. My father came out on the Street Car about the middle of the morning and finished splitting wood and stacking it in the woodshed. All that winter, when a load of wood had been delivered, there had been several large chunks of wood too large to go into either stove. There was a large pile of chunks when Papa started spending a few spare minutes on it, but he had finally finished it all. Then he went across the street to the cow-barn and did a few things to improve conditions there.
May 13, 1977

55. We ate a bite with the children at noon. After the dishes were done, Papa and Aunt Fanny had a long talk. I wandered out in the yard to look at the Harbor, the ships, hills, and trees again. Aunt Fanny was preparing a sack lunch for us to take on the train, so Papa joined me out of doors. It was not too long until the children came home from school, and Papa told them all good-bye. He took the street car back to town with a bundle of my clothes that he wanted to pack in the trunk with the rest of my things and also his clothing, too. He had to get this done and the trunk hauled to the depot that evening. Then, there were the good people at the rooming house to visit with for the last time. So many different people had been so kind to us.
We were to leave Tacoma rather early in the morning. Grace and Douglas were still asleep when Aunt Fannie, Uncle Fred, Edith and Craig and I sat down to the breakfast table. Grace was said and there was not much talking done. They did tell me to watch for the flower gardens as we got close to Portland, Oregon, where we were to change trains after a two hour wait. They told us that, while we were waiting, we should go out on the Portland streets and see the beautiful roses that were already in bloom there. Uncle Fred was to take me into town to the Railway Station

where we were to meet Papa. We were to go on the very first street car that came through toward town.
I packed my nightgown and the few very small toilet articles I had left there, in my big wooden violin case around the violin. This case had strong metal hooks to fasten it and a handle to carry it with. Aunt Fanny had our lunch in a heavy brown paper sack. It was very hard to embrace Edith and Aunt Fanny and kiss them good-bye, but it had to be done. I did want to be with Papa. Uncle Fred, Craig, and I went over to the place where we boarded the street car just in time. Then that big brother, Craig, gave me such an embrace and kiss that I could hardly get up the steps. On the way to town I noticed in many yards, pretty, pink flowers in bloom in the grass of the lawns. Uncle Fred said they were English daisies that grew like dandelions did in Iowa and Illinois and were a pest in the lawns. Papa was waiting for us in the Railway Station. He and Uncle Fred talked together until the train arrived, and, then, even Uncle Fred kissed me goodbye. During these many years, I've never known such a lovable family, living in such a beautiful place. Both Aunt Fanny Denman and her daughter, Edith, and Aunt Margaret Demond and her Edith wrote me such interesting things about their families for many years. They were like the rest of God's children, many things happened to them, both good and not too good. And we were all living in that same world all the time, just the people and circumstances changed. It was many months before I could stop longing for those happy days I spent in Montana and Tacoma, Washington.

56. HOMEWARD BOUND

We boarded the train to Portland and expected to see some more interesting scenery as we went south from Tacoma, but all we saw was a heavy rain and fog. So we took time to get settled for that four or five day trip. I really can't remember which it was to be. We were in a "Chair Car". It looked like an ordinary passenger car, but the chairs could be adjusted, so that one reclined, with a rest for the head and one for the feet. Not bad for one night. The car was full of passengers that came and left, as we reached different towns, always noise and talking.
I had my violin case and Papa had a very large and heavy piece of luggage. We had our sack lunch Aunt Fanny had prepared for us—roast beef sandwiches wrapped in paper napkins and a delicious fruit cake, already sliced to eat, also in paper napkins. Papa had brought a sack of small sweet oranges, which helped a lot. We had collapsible metal cups to drink out of. It looked quite tempting the first day.
It was so damp and chilly, we kept our wraps on. I was wearing the famous brown astrakhan coat and tam and my overshoes. It never did warm up. In fact, the farther east we went, the colder it became. I only took my coat off when I went to the lady's room. When we arrived at Portland we had to wait two hours in the beautiful big station to change to a train. We walked around, hoping to see some of those lovely roses that we had heard about, but it continued a down pour all that time.

When we changed to a different train, we found we had the same sort of arrangements—a chair car. Our route was now east, along the north shore of the Columbia River until late in the afternoon. We left the rain behind, and now the scenery was beautiful and green, with occasional views of the great river, rolling along. At last we headed straight for the river. There was no bridge. The tracks went directly to the edge of the river, where a huge ferry boat was locked to the shore, so that the tracks exactly fitted one another. Slowly the train pulled onto the ferry boat and the locks released. On each side of the ferry was a steam tugboat, pulling and guiding the ferry until it was safely locked to the tracks on the other shore. In that place the river was a wild mass of tumbling water. It made one wonder if it were possible to do all this without disaster. We were now approaching mountains again and moving toward the south and east. We were coming toward snow-covered mountains by dark and saw no more scenery that night.

The next day it was snowy mountains and hills, but none of the huge forests like we had seen in Washington. I can't even remember the states we crossed, but now we were in Wild West Cowboy Country. If no other way, we could tell by the style of the new passengers that came aboard. That evening a group of wild characters came into our car, shouting, swearing and laughing. In a little while one of them began to fire a hand gun. Papa shoved me over next to the window and said to stay down. He got up ready to do whatever he had to. The train men came rushing in. In a moment they led that "probably drunk" guy away. No one was hurt, just some holes in the top of the car.

We finally settled down for the night, and, by the next day, it was just hills and not so much snow. Someway we got through those days, but our delicious lunch got tiresome. It all tasted like fruit cake. To this day I don't like roast beef sandwiches or fruit cake, which had always been my favorite.

May 20, 1977

57. We were both getting very tired. When we came into the state of Nebraska, I thought we had come to the end of everything. The snow was gone now, but it got colder all the time. There was nothing to see now but bare brown flat plains with a windmill beside every one of the few scattered sets of farm buildings. The trees were so dead looking. It was hard to believe they had ever been green. Late in the afternoon we reached Omaha, Nebraska. Everyone left the car we were on; it was switched to another track. At last a conductor came in and told us our car would be picked up by a train for Chicago in a little over an hour. He said that if we wanted to get a hot meal, there was a place close by and plenty of time. Papa left me in the car and went to eat and have some hot coffee. Then he brought me a plate of good fresh food. Eating that hot food is the last thing I can remember, until I awoke in Chicago the next day.

It was broad daylight in Chicago. We were in the Union Depot, one mile from the Illinois Central Depot, where we were to take the train for Tuscola, Illinois. It was down to zero, but no snow. We decided to walk the mile to the other depot and then eat our breakfast and rest. So we did—me with the violin and Papa with the big bag of luggage. It really did not seem that far.

We were so cold and anxious to rest again. We had a good breakfast, and then, after looking around in the big waiting room, went up into the alcove, where we could look out onto Lake Michigan. How it could be so cold and all that great body of water tossing and rolling made me realize again how little we understand and appreciate the places where we live.

We boarded the train again, going south toward Tuscola. Papa said the railroad company would transfer our trunk from one line to the other, and we would receive it. Once again we looked out on bare, brown or black prairies. I could not believe that it had been so flat when we lived here before. When we did reach Tuscola and looked around, I felt as though there had been some great calamity hitting everything. The depot looked the same and the hotel and some of the other buildings, but 1 didn't feel the same.

We had a mile or more to walk to Aunt Lou Ammen's boarding house in southeast Tuscola. A few people that we met gave Papa friendly greetings, and a few houses I remembered. The house we were going to had been built while I was in the west. At last we reached our destination and Aunt Lou, who did look just as I had remembered. How good it felt to get my overshoes off and my coat and tam. We just rested until supper time.

These people who owned the house had been farmers from Garrett. Goodson was their name. Mr. Goodson owned a farm there, but they had two young sons in High School and Garrett only had two years of High School, so they rented their farm out and came to Tuscola to send their boys to Tuscola School.

Aunt Lou had been living there for several months and had made arrangements for Papa and me to stay there, too, until we could get moved into part of a large house right there in the next block. A young man and his wife from Villa Grove had the four rooms on the north side of the house and a young lady from Villa Grove was boarding with them while she completed her senior year of High School in Tuscola. They had a living room, combined kitchen and dining room downstairs and two bedrooms upstairs. We had a living room, combined kitchen and dining room and a general storage room downstairs and one bedroom upstairs. This Mr. Heaton had an interest in a new grocery store in Tuscola. They were nice, friendly people and several young people came to visit the young lady, Miss Emma DeWitt.

Papa had to manage the business of having the furniture and other belongings that he and Aunt Lou had kept in storage after my mother and my grandmother had died. It took two or three days to get things so we could live there. It was finally done and we moved in.

May 21, 1977

58. Aunt Lou and I slept on the folding couch from Grandma's living room in our living room. Papa and I were to try to do the housework under Aunt Lou's management. We were to hire the laundry done. We went to church the first Sunday. The beautiful church had been built after I went to Montana, so it was a very interesting place to admire and explore. Many of the people, I had known all my younger life. The elderly people seemed much the same but the young people had changed so much, it was puzzling for me to learn who everyone was.

Then the next day was school for me. Again, there were different text books, a different teacher whom I had never known, several new pupils and those, whom I had known over two years before, had changed, like I had. Fortunately, I was still in the sixth grade and had no trouble with my class room work. There had been a new Public Library built while I was gone, too. It was a joy to find the lovely lady that was the librarian was the same lady who had been librarian when I was so very young. My mother and I went there in the old library rooms above the grocery store in the Reat Building.

Aunt Lou had been exploring her plans to buy a five-room cottage in our neighborhood. It was going to need extensive repairs and alterations. My father was offered his same job back, as bookkeeper for the Tuscola Telephone Co., so he took the work. They bought the house and Papa planned to use all his spare time helping the contractors at the little house. They were planning to raise the house and put a whole new concrete block foundation under it. There were to be all new gutters and rain pipes, arranged to run the rainwater to a brick and concrete cistern, to be built close to the outside kitchen wall. There was to be a sink and cistern pump inside the kitchen. There was a small one room building not far from the kitchen—the "Summer Kitchen"—and between the two kitchens was the drinking water well and pump. The summer kitchen was to be raised to the same level as the house, and a brick walled "cellar" for storing canned fruit and vegetables, with a stairway going down from inside the Summer Room.

Then, to top it all, there was to be a porch floor to cover all the space between the two kitchens and around the well. It was to be roofed and screened, with screen doors opening from the street side on the north and the back yard side on the south. Also a nice, front porch, large enough for a hammock and a few chairs and wooden walks, both front and back, and around the east side of the house. The contractors went to work at once. This was the latter part of March. Papa's job as bookkeeper at the Telephone Company did not keep him there all day all the time. Any spare time he could get he helped to prepare this new place for us to live.

We were living on the same block where my grandmother had lived for almost forty years. Three elderly people had bought her house and were now living there. The people who were running this new grocery store in Tuscola—Thornsbrue was the name—newcomers in town, had bought the place Papa and Momma and I had lived until Momma's death. They had our little house moved away and a new house built there. The little house where our very best friends and neighbors lived was just the second house from ours. The love and help that mother and little girl friend of mine gave Papa and me during my mother's sickness and death could never be repaid. Alas, the whole family had moved to Michigan while I was in Montana. I was sad about that.

May 22, 1977

59. But Aunt Lou's house was close, and we had known all the people who would be our new neighbors. Several of them Papa had known ever since they came to Tuscola in 1863. By the latter part of May, they decided we could move. Not all the building was done, but we could live there,and Papa and Aunt Lou thought we could not live without a garden and flowers. Papa had

already spaded the back yard for a garden, trimmed up some old grape vines that were there, and kept helping and cleaning up where the carpenters and masons got through with their work. By the end of May, we had everything moved, except George Washington's portrait that had been left at the Presbyterian minister's house, while Papa was out west.

Papa took his trusty wheelbarrow and I went with him. It was only three blocks to the minister's house. There was the big picture and two or three boxes of family papers and letters that Rev. Carmichael had kept for us. The minister had been serving as pastor before my mother died. He and his wife visited with us a while, and then we took our precious load to Aunt Lou's house. Papa hung the Portrait in the place we had decided was just right for it, and he put Aunt Lou's little sofa under it, just like it had been for so many years in grandmother's house. It really did seem more like home now, especially when Aunt Lou sat there, leaning against one high-arm, reading or writing with her feet resting the length of the seat. She was such a small person; it was a perfect resting place for her.

I was slowly getting to know the other children at school and liked the teacher very much. Our neighbors, the Hunts on the next lot west, had been good friends to the Ammens for all those years since the Ammens first came to Illinois. It was the same with the people next to them and across the street all four houses held old friends. Straight across from us was the McKee family, who had helped Papa start me with the violin playing. One of the five violin playing men in the family had given me my first lessons, and the boy, Paul McKee, four years older than me, had been the well-loved comrade that urged and encouraged me to keep trying to learn to play.

The first time I took my violin out and tuned it and practiced on it, playing so many good songs and new music, was a warm day with the doors and windows open. After a while, here came Paul and wanted to see my violin and my music books. He told me it surely made him happy that I could now play so well and had such a good instrument. His mother then came over and visited with Aunt Lou and asked us all to come over after supper, so I could play with Paul and his father and practice playing for the church services. Paul had been playing with his father at Sunday school and church for two years. Papa and I went there that evening, and Mr. McKee was so pleased that I could play the church music right along with them. He said that from then on, all three of us would be there at the Sunday services to play. That was the way it was, and after that, if there were services at the Baptist Church or the Christian and none at our Presbyterian Church, there was some one waiting to take me to these other churches. Later, when I reached High School, we had an orchestra. It was nothing wonderful, but I certainly enjoyed it, and it always pleased Papa.

The McKees always wanted me to go with them, if they were invited to some home or friends to play. There were many times I was on programs at school. I belonged to the Music Club of Tuscola. The year when we moved to Decatur, I also played every Sunday at the Grace Methodist Church which was on our block in Decatur. The pastor had known the Ammen family in Tuscola years before. In fact, I played that violin at churches for over thirty-five years; until I

cut my left hand, crippling it so I could no longer play right. I hope the people who had to listen to my playing enjoyed it almost as much as I did.
May 23, 1977

60. All this pleasure I owed in a way to Prof. Gustave Fischer of Anaconda, Montana, who taught me so much and helped me get that wonderful violin. Through my Aunt Margaret I later learned that Prof. Fischer had been chosen to be an instructor and orchestra leader in the Department of Music in the University of Montana at Missoula, and was able to have his family where he could educate and care for them as he wanted to.
Aunt Margaret wrote me such good letters for so many years. Thus, I learned many things about people I had known out West. Aunt Margaret and Uncle Charles went to Redlands, California when he retired from his work at the smelter. Edith graduated from High School in California and attended College at Chambersburg, Pennsylvania, becoming a librarian in Redlands, California where Aunt Margaret and Uncle Charles and Edith had a home together. Edith looked after them and cared for them as long as they lived. A few years later Edith was killed in an automobile accident.
After all these years, I am convinced, "Home is where your heart is". It is all one world, with many different places and conditions. Each one of us has his problems, and blessings, and how we can meet and treat other people, and how they meet us, is each one's way of life. When I was a very little girl and slept with my grandmother one winter, when my mother was sick, my grandmother would have me join her in prayer, out loud, before we slept.
It was, "May the words of my mouth and the meditations of my heart, be acceptable in Thy sight, 0, Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer.” At that time I did not understand what it meant, but I never forgot it, and it is a wonderful prayer for anyone living in God's world today or at any time in life.

World's Largest Copper Smelter and Stack Here

Anaconda, Montana, is the site of the world's largest copper smelter with the world's largest stack.

The Anaconda Company smelter plant covers 261 acres of land, and it uses 65-million gallons of water per day in its processing. It requires 4,800,000 cubic feet of gas per day in its heating processes.

The mines located in Butte, "richest hill on earth," lie 25 miles to the east. Anaconda was chosen as the smelting site because of the availability of water and timber.

The fantastic smelter stack's exact height is 585 feet 1 ½ inches. The outside diameter at the base is 86 feet, and the inside diameter 75 feet and 4 inches, the walls being 5 feet and 4 inches thick at this point.

The inside diameter at the top is 60 feet. The inside volume of the stack is 2,131,224 cubic feet. The concrete base of the stack built in the form of a truncated octagonal pyramid, contains 5,000 cubic feet, for which 20,491 sacks of cement were used.

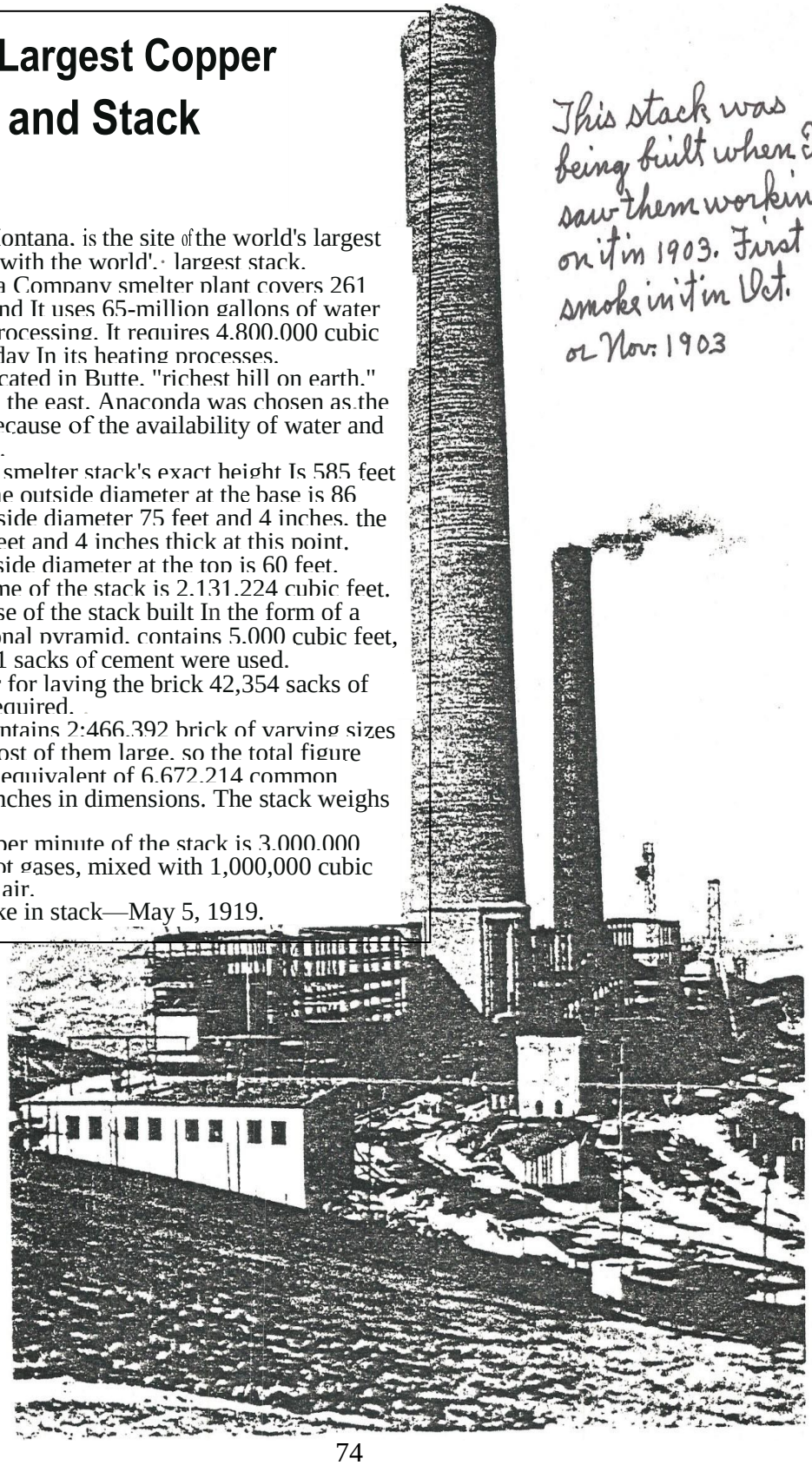
In the mortar for laying the brick 42,354 sacks of cement were required.

The stack contains 2:466,392 brick of varying sizes and shapes, most of them large, so the total figure represents the equivalent of 6,672,214 common brick—2-4-8 inches in dimensions. The stack weighs 23,810 tons.

The capacity per minute of the stack is 3,000,000 cubic feet of hot gases, mixed with 1,000,000 cubic feet of cooling air.

The first smoke in stack—May 5, 1919.

This stack was being built when I saw them working on it in 1903. First smoke in it in Oct. or Nov. 1903



ADDENDUM

When I had finished writing “Another World,” I began to wonder how many times my memory had been wrong. So I wrote to the Anaconda Public Library and explained my problem. The answer came from Miss Marian Geil, assistant librarian of the Hearst Free Library, of Anaconda, Montana. Miss Geil very generously answered many things I asked and sent me maps, pictures, and articles that helped me understand so much about the area and the history of that part of the world that I had not known.

My first error had been calling the main East and West road the “Big Wagon Road,” when it was Park Street. Then I called the large hotel the “Anaconda Hotel,” when it was really the “Montana Hotel.” I said the large house where we had our violin recital was the Marcus Daly home, but it was a house Daly has built for one of his sisters.

The time my Uncle Charles Demond took me on a tour of the Smelter and we saw the big Smoke Stack being built, I was amazed at the size of it and so proud that my Uncle and Aunt were guests at the reception held in the bottom of the flue before the smoke was turned through it—in October 1903. I had not realized that the very famous “Tallest Smoke Stack in the World” had been completed and put to use in 1919. This stack was more than twice as large and tall as the one I saw.

Ida Swick.

Some history notes of interest. The Anaconda Copper Mine Smelter was located at Great Falls, Montana. The history note says:

“History of Great Falls, Montana

Founded in 1883 by Paris Gibson and railroad magnate James J. Hill, Great Falls began as a planned power city, situated to take advantage of the hydroelectric power of the waterfalls of the Missouri River. Historian William J. Furdell described it as "a businessman's town" and it was said that the city "couldn't point to a boot hill or a hangin' tree."

In 1884, the Great Falls post office was recognized by the United States Postal Service. In 1889, construction on the Black Eagle Dam began, which would provide the city with hydroelectric power by the following year.

Great Falls quickly became a thriving industrial and supply center and, by the early 1900's, was enroute to becoming one of Montana's largest cities. The rustic studio of famed Western artist Charles Marion Russell was a popular attraction, as were the famed "great falls," after which the city was named. A structure billed as the "world's tallest smokestack" was completed in 1908 by the city's largest employer, the Anaconda Copper Mining Company's smelter, measuring 508 feet tall. The Big Stack immediately became a landmark for the community.

Great Falls prospered further with the opening of a nearby military base in the 1940's, but as rail transportation and freight slowed in the later part of the century, outlying farming areas lost population, and with the closure of the smelter and cutbacks at the airbase, its population has plateau-ed." http://www.greatfallshistory.com/

Note on Charles M. Russell:

"Charles Marion Russell (1864–1926) was many things: consummate Westerner, historian, advocate of the Northern Plains Indians, cowboy, writer, outdoorsman, philosopher, environmentalist, conservationist, and not least, artist. Born in St. Louis, Missouri, Russell dreamed of becoming a cowboy and living the exciting life of men on the range. In 1880, Russell came to the Judith Basin of central Montana a few days after his 16th birthday to try his hand as a cowpuncher. After a brief, unsuccessful stint on a sheep ranch, Jake Hoover, a hunter and trader, took Russell under his wing and taught him the ways of the wilderness. Russell spent two years as Hoover's apprentice, working with and living in Hoover's cabin on the South Fork of the Judith River.

….

In 1896, Russell married Nancy Cooper, and she quickly assumed the role of business manager and promoter of her husband's career. In 1900, the couple built a modest frame house in Great Falls and, three years a later, a log studio that Russell filled with his collection of Indian clothing, utilitarian objects, weapons, cowboy gear, "horse jewelry," and other Western props useful in depicting scenes of the Old West. Russell completed the majority of his significant works in the studio. In 1916, Charlie and Nancy adopted their son, Jack. Russell died of congestive heart failure in his Great Falls home on October 24, 1926." https://www.cmrussell.org/charles-m-russell

Note on the Great Falls High School: "Central High School in Great Falls opened in 1896. It took a creative community three years to build it. To prepare the uneven ground, sheepherders drove a herd of sheep around the site one hundred times trampling down the dirt. Huge logs floated to Great Falls on the Missouri River were shaved flat on all four sides and became the beams for the floor supports, attic framework, and stairways. The massive blocks of sandstone that form the walls came from a quarry near Helena and rest on a foundation sixteen feet thick in some places. Great Falls judged Central the best school west of the Mississippi. Its crowning feature, a huge Norman-style clock tower, arose out of the central part of the building. However, it was so heavy that it finally became unsafe, and the school took it down in 1916. According to locals, the custodian and his family lived in the school's attic. A sink with running water and wallpaper on the walls made the apartment quite homey. The daughter, however, was embarrassed to live in the school's attic. She would leave home early in the morning, walk away from the building before the other students began to arrive, and then walk to school with her

classmates." See more at: Montana Moments, from the Montana Historical Society, http://ellenbaumler.blogspot.com/2012/04/paris-gibson-junior-high-blows-up.html#sthash.CaHCVQqF.dpuf

Photograph of the "Great Falls," located at Great Falls, Montana. This image comes from a postcard dated 1908. The actual card can be purchased from CardCow.com.