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ONE AMERICAN.

An Autobiography Dedicated

to

My Beloved Children

Spencer, Barbara and Rey

by

Percy Spencer Barnhart.

Scripps Institution of Oceanography

La Jolla, California.

April 15, 1936.

NOTE

Percy Spencer Barnhart (1881-1951) wrote his autobiography for his three children, Dana Spencer Barnhart, Barbara Barnhart Strickland and Rey Ickerson Barnhart. This copy was made from Mrs. Strickland's original copy of her father's autobiography. She loaned her copy to the Archives in April, 1984 and granted permission for us to photocopy it and add it to the archival collection.

--Deborah Day,
SIO Archivist
April 24, 1984

It has always been a great regret to me that my father, Purdy Dickenson Barnhart, left no autobiography of his life, which was quite eventful, as were so many of the lives of the pioneers, who left no record for their descendents.

My own life has not been very eventful, if at all so, but I would like to have my children know something of their father's life before, and for a few years after, they came into that life and shared it with him. For this reason I am writing this brief biography, with the hope that you, Spencer, Barbara and Rey, may know something of the life which your father lived after I am gone "to a better Land, I hope".

Your grandfather Purdy was born at Mount Zion, near Marlborough, New York in 1831 on the old Barnhart Homestead. Of his early life and education I have absolutely no record and have no means now by which it could be obtained as all his brothers and sisters have died. His brother Will lived in Buffalo for many years and was a Methodist preacher as well as in real estate. His brother Jerry (Jerimiah) remained on the old homestead and farmed it until he died. John was also a Methodist preacher and lived at Tarrytown-on-the-Hudson until his death. Sidney was a veteran of the Civil War and settled at Cold Springs-on-the-Hudson where he died. Elizabeth married Theodore Westlake and their old farm at Middle Hope is still farmed by her grandchildren. Cussie married William Fencher who was a dentist and practiced at Sing-Sing (now Ossining) all his life. Loretta married Benjamin Sherrow and they also lived at Sing-Sing. George was a farmer and later had a meat market at Harverstraw. Melville was a medical missionary to India and on his return had an orange grove

in Florida. Catherine was the grand old lady of the family, a school teacher at whose knees I learned my a b c's.

The genealogies of all these, my aunts and uncles you will find in the sketch of the family of Jerimiah Barnhart, son of Jurian and Jemyme Barnhart, born at a farm in Dutchess county, New York Nov. 5, 1758.

My father, your Grandfather Purdy, was a Methodist minister, an educator and a metallurgist and mining engineer. He married August 26, 1863, at Hartford, Connecticut, Mary Emma King who was a daughter of Henry Augustus and Roxanna Freeman (Spencer) King, born at Hartford May 14, 1843.

Father was a teacher and minister all his life. I know that he had a seminary at Forestville, New York along about 1877 to 1879, which was destroyed by fire. I was born at Berkeley Heights, New Jersey September 17, 1881.

My first recollection comes as I stand back of a big moving van that was backing up to unload our furniture at the wide verandah of a large colonial house which father had purchased at 1166 Cedar Avenue, Cleveland, Ohio. Just how old I was at this time I do not know, two or three years I guess, two years old would be very near it.

This home was, as I have said, a large colonial house, surrounded by several acres of ground laid out in lawns, gardens, fruit trees and a large barn in which was kept our horses and carriages. There was a wide drive leading up to the house and an iron picket fence entirely across the front. At each front corner of the house there were very high cedar trees in groups, in the tops of which innumerable starlings, English Sparrows, had their nests.

Then followed five happy years of childhood, little of

which I remember. But certain things stand out in my mind and such as they are I will jot down in a rather heterogenous manner. One of the very large rooms on the ground floor was lined with book cases and the very large collection of minerals and Indian relics which father had brought from the far west. Ores and crystals of every conceivable kind, bows and arrows, Indian baskets, beautifully beaded buckskin suits and Indian wearing apparel etc. etc. even an old Chinese opium pipe from San Francisco (which I still have).

Next door there lived a family by the name of Holden the youngest son of which was Rollie, who was my own age. We were inseperable playmates thru these years and together with the Grossenbacher twins, two lovely little girls who lived a few blocks away, we spent many happy days playing in our and their yards. We wore Little Lord Faunteleroys suits in our best dress, long curls and black velvet jackets and knee pants, white shirts with wide flowing collars, and big bow neckties.

Aunt Katie (Catherine) Barnhart lived with us for some years and we had a school room on the third or attic floor in which she taught my brother Clarence, sisters Marion and myself. From her I learned my first piece:

It is a sin to steal a pin.

It is a greater to steal a'tater,

And he who steals a copper

Is guilty of a whopper.

Another of our frequent visitors was lovely Cousin Mary Spencer, a beautiful young lady to me, who read stories and took me for walks. Another visitor was Mother's cousin Annie Cutter, who at this writing is still living,

the mother of Annie Cutter Morrow (Mrs. Dwight Morrow), and the grandmother of Annie Morrow Lindberg (Mrs. Charles Lindberg).

I remember the church down at the corner of Euclid Avenue, where I learned the Ten Commandments. The snow-white pigeon which hung down from the immense chandelier in the auditorium and kept moving round and round. There are only parts of one sermon that I heard during those years which has stuck in my memory. The text was "The Valley of Dried Bones" and the description of that valley with its white/ning bones, and their resurrection to life has always been quite vivid.

One day an older boy who was mad at me for some reason threw a big rock at me which struck the corner of my right eye just on the edge of the bone knocking me senseless and cutting a deep gash in the flesh, the scar of which I carry to this day. Another time I was riding my new velocipede down Euclid Avenue and Clarence was standing on the back axle. We rode under a tree which was being chopped down and just as we got under it down it came, a large branch broke thru my wide straw hat and struck me just above the right eye cutting a deep gash and Clarence was knocked senseless. They carried us home and for days afterward the man who was chopping down the tree came in to find out how we were getting along.

Rollie and I used to hook rides on the horse-drawn street car which passed down Cedar Avenue and it was a great day for us when they began to electrify the line and we later watched the first electric street car come past. How fast we ran to see if we could keep up with it, and how joyful we were when we found that ~~we~~ it went slow enough for us to hook rides.

When my youngest sister Elizabeth was born we were chased out of the house and told to go out in the grape arbor and play. When she was about 2 years old she fell out of the hammock which was strung under the cedar trees, striking on the back of her head and I remember someone running to the drug store to get some oiled silk to tie round her head.

Father was home very little during those years being away sometimes for a year or more. But when he did come home he told us many stories of his adventures in the far west, and always there were fascinating boxes of minerals and relics to be unpacked. One story was about his encounter with some outlaws when he was a sheriff of Tucson, Arizona. Another was about a trip into old Mexico on muleback and one morning when he went to pick up his saddle he was bitten by a black scorpion, and nearly died. The third knuckle or end joint of the ring finger of his right hand was permanently crippled from that bite and the sight of it always gave me a creepy feeling even when I was twenty or more years old.

In 1887, I believe, Father returned from one of his long trips, the beautiful home was sold and most of the things in it were auctioned off. A large collection of minerals he gave to the Women's College of Baltimore and the family was moved to Sing-Sing (now Ossining), on the Hudson River. There we went to live with my Uncle Will Fancher, Aunt Gussie, Father's sister, and their family of girls and boys. Uncle Will had leased a large stone mansion on the outskirts of Sing-Sing, known as the Ferris Place. This was an old place with many acres of lawns, gardens, orchards and berries. The farm house and barn were combined and were about a quarter mile from the house down a road that winded thru the orchard and trees. The

most fascinating thing about the place to me, and the rest of the children for that matter, was the lovely babbling brook which flowed thru the back of the place.

There were five children in Uncle Will's family: Willetha, Eugenia, Pearl, Vivian and one boy Francis. On our side of the house there were brother Clarence, my two sisters Marion and Betty and myself; nine children in all in that wonderful place and my what a joyful time we had during the following two or three years.

I might stop right here to say that my older brother Harry left home with father for the far west before I was born and I never did see him until I was about 12 years old, after we moved to Denver. Bert followed in his track soon after we moved to Cleveland and I never saw him again until we moved to Denver.

Uncle Will Fancher was a dentist with his office in Sing-Sing, and he was often called to Sing-Sing Prison to do work for the convicts and the officers. However, early every morning and when he returned home at night he went down to the old farm house-bard to take care of the chickens, pigs, and cows which he kept to help out the family food and income. Often I went with him for it was my first taste or contact with farm animals, which have always since had a fascination to me.

There was a big basement to the Ferris Place, divided into a number of rooms all of which were paved with big flag-stones. In the middle of the large laundry room was a deep stone-lined well. The furnace was an immense thing and my the tons and tons of coal it took to keep it going thru the winter. The main floor was divided by an immense hall and Mother had

her suit of rooms off one side of this hall while my brother, sisters and myself had rooms on the second floor. The third floor had a very large attic where we all played on rainy days, also in it the clothes were dried in wet weather. In one corner has a very large, lead-lined cistern which caught the rain water run-off from the roof. On this floor there were also two large rooms one used for storage and the other as a school room in which Aunt Catherine taught all of us children. Her favorite punishment for Cousin Pearl and myself for non-attention or for misdemeanors was to make us stand at one of the rear windows or out in the hall within reach of the sound of our voices and repeat the multiplication tables fifteen minutes or half an hour at a time out loud. Or we had to fill each side of our large slates by writing them out time after time. Believe me we learned them and learned them well.

The road in front of the house was one with a fairly steep slope which extended from the middle of the village way back into the country. In the winter time we could go half a mile or more up this road and coast on our sleds or bob-sled all the way down to the village. That was the best coasting I ever did have and Oh my was it fun?. Then we built a dam across the brook and made quite a large pond for skating in the winter and swimming in the summer. There was an immense flat rock side of the brook under a large wide-spreading butternut tree and here we had many clam-bakes and picnics.

The woods began but a short distance away and back in them was an old abandoned saw mill and dam. A fascinating place where we had many picnics and adventures. Jack-in-the-pulpit grew all along the mill run and many other wild flowers in abundance. Skunk cabbage that stank when you smashed it and

beautiful long stemmed violets, Johnny-jump-ups in profusion.

There was skating on the Hudson river in the winter and ice-boat sailing; swimming and boating in the summer, indeed there was no lack of sports to be had the year round.

One night when Uncle Will went to the barn he found a skunk in the chicken coop. When he came back to the house Aunt Gussie made him go out in the orchard and change his clothes.

Methodist Camp-meeting was held every year not far from our home and of course we all attended these meetings.

At one of them I received a small bible from the hands of that grand old man of Methodism, Stephen Merrit, for reciting the First Psalm, the same little bible that I gave to you Spencer when you went to Sunday School in Coula Vista some forty years later.

All of the Barnhart families were strict Methodists and intensely religious. Aunt Gussie was one of the most spiritually minded women that I have ever met and she was always in the heart of any religious meetings. It was she that led me to the altar in the Methodist Church at Sing-Sing where I had my first conversion and accepted Christ as my Saviour, an experience which has come with me all thru the years in spite of my many back-slidings.

Once a year, at Thanksgiving time, there was a grand meeting of all the Barnhart Circle at one of their homes. Generally either at the Westlake farm at Middle Hope or at our big place at Sing-Sing where there was lots of room for everyone. Uncle Theodore Westlake and Aunt Elizabeth with their large family of children, Uncle Sidney and Aunt Jane from Cold Springs, Uncle George and Aunt Sarah and their children from Harverstraw, Uncle John and Aunt Ellen and

their son John from Tarrytown and others which I have forgotten. But we were an hilarious bunch when we all got together and had one grand time of the year.

Christmas was also a happy time of course. Then I would go back in the woods with Uncle Will who would select and cut down a big fir tree to go in that big front room of the Ferris house. Then the trimming of the tree, stringing long ropes of popcorn and cutting out fancy things from colored papers, we did not have in those days all the tinsel and gagets that you get now, they were made trimmings and lovely colored candles that had to be lighted with a tapir which was a long waked or tallow-dipped cord that fitted down in a brass tube and you shoved it up as it burned down. Stocking were hung up of course and they were always filled to overflowing with little presents, candy, nuts and fruit. All the final trimming of the tree was done by the elder people after all the children had been chased away to bed. Then Christmas morning what a running and shouting there was all over that old house, everyone trying to be first to wish Merry Christmas, the gathering together before the wide folding doors which finally opened to a wonderful vision of Christmas Fary Land with candle lights twinkling all over the room. and the great pile of presents under the tree, which had been sprinkled with alum water to make it sparkle.

Every night after supper, it was supper in those days not dinner, we all gathered together in the front room for devotions, bible reading, prayer and hymn singing, a wonderful and peacefull ending to a busy day. Nothing was allowed to interfere with devotions at which all in the house were required to be present, even the immegrant cook from the kitchen.

I think it was early in 1890 that we made another move. This time we went to live with Uncle Charley and Aunt Elizabeth Hunter, at 56 Lansdowne Avenue, Philadelphia. Aunt Elizabeth was Mother's sister. They lived in a large brown stone house three stories high, and a little way down the avenue there were two houses built almost in duplicate in which Hunters lived, brothers of Uncle Charley.

There followed two or more years of happy childhood. A short way up the street lived Marshall Kinney and John Lord, and we three boys of about the same age were constantly together except for the short periods when we took a notion to "get mad at each other" when we passed with heads turned and did not speak. Those were short periods however and we soon "made up again".

Here I had my first real taste of public school but the only thing about it that I remember real well was the bible reading which opened each morning session, when the principal, a fine elderly woman, stood in the doorway that opened on three or four rooms and read a chapter from the bible.

During the summer vacations we boys spent most of our time hunting bullfrogs along Indian Creek and roasting their legs over campfires in the woods. We also hunted turtles and snakes and flying squirrels and always had a lot of such pets on hand. One time I stuck my hand into a blind hole after a large sewer rat which had entered it and had my hand well scratched and bitten, but I got the rat. We also had white rats and white mice in cages and fishes and turtles in tubs. Those were the days of mounted policemen who patrolled all the streets and as John Lord's father was in the police department we often went to the stables to watch them mount. It was a

proud John when his father bought him a fine big billy-goat with harness and a shiny red go-cart. with which we all had lots of fun.

In the winter we would go over to Fairmont Park Lake to skate or when it snowed we got out our sleds and toboggans and coasted down the fine hills back of the house, or played Hare and Hounds over the country side with Clarence and the Hunter boys who lived in the other houses.

Across the road from Uncle Charley's home was the broad estate of John Field, sometime Postmaster General of the United States. I always called him Uncle John because he was some relation to Uncle Charley, just what the relationship was I do not know. However he was a wealthy man and his grown sons and daughters spent much time in Paris. There was an immense barn on his estate always full of fine horses and carriages. The large hay mows above were always full of hay and we boys had wonderful times playing over the barn or jumping from the high rafters into the hay below, playing hide-and-go-seek and run-sheep-run. In the basement of his home were to be found many fascinating things among which were barrels full of stamps from all parts of the world. When I say barrels full I mean barrels, big barrels, but I knew little of the value of such things in those days and they were but a passing fancy.

Next to Uncle Charley's place was another big estate called the Lucas place. On it were long stretches of greenhouses and underground nurseries for the propagation of plants, and of course, the large boiler room for heating. At this time however the place was practically abandoned except for a caretaker who kept a pretty sharp look-out for us boys for we loved to play in these underground greenhouses, it saved us the trouble

of digging caves.

Cousin Everett Hunter, one of the other Hunters, spent a large part of his time in one section of the green-houses and one day when I happened to be with him he said:

"Percy how far apart can you stretch your legs?"

"I don't know. I never tried it." I replied.

"Well just see how far down you can sit by spreading your legs out at each side".

So I sat down, all the way down, a perfect split. He laughed and said "I thought so". And that was the beginning of my double jointed acrobatic career, for he would not stop at that but had to show me off to all the folks and show me all sorts of other tricks; throwing my hips out of joint, folding my legs across my shoulders over my head, bending backward until my head touched my heels etc. etc., just a natural born, double-jointed fool who was always willing to show off at all the parties and gatherings, and you may be sure that they were always after me to do my tricks. I think the one man however who seemed to take the most delight in my contortions was the Methodist minister who live with us at Uncle Charley's, Dr. Adamson.

Uncle Charley and Aunt Elizabeth had two daughters, Gertrude and Bessy, both grown young ladies. Bessy had a tame monkey, Cocoa, who was kept chained in the cellar during the winter and chained to a tree during the summer. He did not like me at all, and once when I got too close to him he made a quick jump and happened to grab the tip of my middle finger on my left hand and nearly bit it off. Two this day that scar still bothers me when manicuring that finger, so I can never forget Cocoa.

At one time the Hunter brothers had operated a textile mill which was a short distance from their homes. These mills had long been closed and were a mass of tumble down ruins and we boys had lots of fun playing thru them and finding all sorts of things. Big sample books of calico prints, dyes in bottles jugs and large vats, weaving spindles, immense wooden spools, weaving machinery of all kinds etc. etc. We made many a penny by collecting iron parts and selling them to the junk man.

I do not remember that Father came back east at all during the time we were in Philadelphia but in the winter of ¹⁸⁹² 1892-1893 we received a large booklet from him, a souvineer book of Helena, Montana, with many photographs of the fine homes of residents. The caption below one of them was Residence of Prof. P. D. Barnhart. However we never saw that home for the panic was on and Father had to shut down all of his silver mines. In fact he had kept them running so long with the hope that silver price would go up, that he lost practically all of his money, as so many other silver mine owners did in those awful years.

In March, ¹⁸⁹³ 1893 we received word from him to pack up and take the train for Denver. So we did and the first week in April saw us on the train to Denver. At Chicago we had to change trains and had several hours to wait. When we finally went to get on the train some part of the ticket was missing and Mother was at her wits end much distracted. Finally she happened to put her hand in her pocket, Women had pockets to their dresses in those days, and pulled out a little square of paper which, fortunately, was the missing part. In my minds eye I can still see her doing it and hear her remark to the

station agent " Why I thought that was no good and was going to throw it away". Fortunately she didn't for I do not believe she had enough money to replace it.

I remember the long ride over the prairie and the first glimpse of the snow-capped mountains in the distance, which we were informed was Pikes Peak, the joy with which Mother met Father after the long separation, and the ride in the closed coach to our new home.

Now it must be remembered that we had always lived in large houses and had lots of room all round. So the type of home that Father took us to in Denver was a terrible "come down", especially for Mother and the sisters. In fact in after years they would never allow it to be even mentioned. But poor Father was in pretty hard straits because of the demonitization of silver, the closure of his mines and the loss of all his money, and was doing his best to keep his family together and adequately clothed and fed. I know now that he had a very hard struggle during those years of the ¹⁸⁹³ ~~1903~~ panic and believe that if it had not been for the liberal credit extended to him by the tradesmen among whom he had many real friends we should have been in real want.

There was one outstanding trait of Father's character and that was the great faith that he had in his undertakings and the ability that he had to make others believe in him and in his mining ventures. I believe that he had real faith that the various mines which he promoted would turn out to be bonanzas! and it was his own faith in them that was responsible for the faith of the stockholders who he persuaded to invest in them.

That first home that he took us to in Denver was in the middle of a "Terris" at the end of Glenarm ^{Street} ~~Avenue~~ where it

ran into Colfax Avenue. The rooms were small and the furniture showed the effects of much wear. There were eight rooms however and a small basement laundry. The small yard in back was partitioned off from the yards on each side by a high-board fence and there was a coal shed in the rear. Each small yard in front had a picket fence round it and there was only ten or fifteen feet between the front door and the street.

Back east Mother had always had lots of help and never had to do the hard work of housekeeping or cooking and the sudden change to the task of caring for the home and taking care of her husband and four children was a real hardship for her. But she came thru with flying colors and proved that she was a real helpmeet to her husband. We all had to pitch in and do our allotted tasks however and one of mine was to keep the woodbox and coal scuttle full.

Well, we lived in that house for two or three years and of course it did not take me long to get acquainted with the boys of the neighborhood. Across the street was a carriage factory and the son of the owner was one boy friend, and I learned many things in that factory. Up the street a little way was a large veterinary hospital and the son of the owner was another playmate. Across on Colfax Avenue was a bakery and the son of the owner was another playmate. We four boys were together almost all the time and had grand times.

The veterinary surgeon was very fond of his Roquefort and Limberger cheese and always had lots of them on hand. He was also partial to ginger ale and always had a case on hand. Believe me, we boys had our share of cheeses and ginger ale. Whether he knew it or not I do not know. Probably he wondered why it disappeared so fast. From the bakery boy we had an occas-

ional pie or cakes. or when any of the other boys had a nickle we bought a pie and divided it in four parts. Pie was our great treat, especially mince pie.

When we left Sing-Sing I was in the fifth grade of grammar school, and when we went I entered school in Philadelphia I was put back in the fourth grade. When we left Philadelphia I was in the seventh grade but when I entered the Longfellow school in Denver I was put back in the sixth grade. Now that got to be a very discouraging thing to me and from that time on I had no love for school and did everything I could think of to keep away from the school house. Sometimes I faked an ear ache, something that I was really addicted to and which caused me many days of real suffering. Sometimes I just played "hookey" and went to the public library instead to read all morning, then back home for dinner and to the library again for the afternoon. One time I faked a case of mumps for about two weeks, when there was an epidemic. When I could sneak out of the house I would go round the corner, take off the bandage and beat it for the library to sink my nose in a book by Henty or Trobridge. I had no interest whatever in school studies and until 1896 never got further than the seventh grade.

In one of the houses of the Terrace there lived an elderly woman who was much taken with me and called me her boy. She had a claim out on the prairie about 16 miles east of Denver on which there was a makeshift shack, where her old father lived. Every few weeks Mrs. West would load a one horse wagon full of supplies and drive out to her claim to stay for a few days. She was a lovely woman and became a close friend of Mothers'. She got to taking me on these trips for company

and soon I became acquainted with the ranchers and fascinated with the life of the parairie. Rattle-snakes, rabbits (cotton-tail and Jacks), parairie dogs, chipmunks, lizzards, horned - toads and desert mice. I always had a good supply of them on hand or in cages.

During these first years in Denver father had an office down by the city hall where he had on display a large amalgamating machine for placer mining of his own invention. Brother Bert was with him and had his rooms in back of the office. One day when I was there a mob of Coxyites or unemployed stormed the City Hall. It was quite exciting while it lasted, but they turned the fire-hose on them and they were soon dispersed. One day father drew a lot of money from a bank to take somewhere to make a payment on a mine. As he was on his way to the depot that night he was held up and robbed. No one was safe on the streets after dark in those days and a woman dared not even walk a block alone.

We heard from brother Harry once in a while. He was then superentendent of the Mammoth Gold Mines in southern part of Arizona and had married Margaret Wallace. Her brothers lived in Denver and the younger one John soon became one of my best playmates. During the summer vacations we spent most of our time at the Leonard ranch near Mrs. Wests place, and then I learned to ride horse back. Mr. Leonard had two big Danish Bloodhounds and we many times hunted cyotes or jackrabbits. We both became experts with a twenty-two rifle and shot many a rabbit from our racing horses. We hunted quail and turtle-doves along the dry washes, even shooting the poor doves out of their nests. Mr. Leonard often scolded us for doing this awful thing but I noticed that they were always glad to have a mess of doves for dinner so we did not pay much attention.

One summer we drowned out a lot of parairie-dogs, lugging water from a near by buffalo-wallow. We took them home to Denver and kept them in cages for some time, despite the protestations of my mother.

A weekly visitor to our house on Glenarm Street was a man driving a one horse wagon and selling Shredded Wheat Biscuits which he had just invented. The same thing which we buy now at the grocery store in packages. They were invented in Denver and we were among the first customers to eat them.

In 1895 we moved to a nice house on Lincoln Avenue close to Cherry Creek which runs right thru the middle of Denver. Generally, in the summer, there was only a trickle of water running but in the winter it was a good sized stream and sometimes a raging torrent. This move also meant another change in my school and I was moved back again to the same sixth grade. No school for me, thank you, and I just would not go but spent my time playing in Cherry Creek and gathering petrified wood of which I soon had boxes and boxes full. I got acquainted with a man who owned a cattle ranch and went out to stay with him. Then I became a real cow-boy, with emphasis on the "boy". But I soon became an expert on horse back, rounding up horses and cattle, lassoing and branding, or helping at any rate, and learned to drink raw whiskey. The owner often showed me off to visiting cow-boys as his kid who could drink whickey straight and like it. But he never let me have more than one drink so I never had enough to more than make me feel good. That is how I came to like alcoholic liquors. But I want to say right here that in all the years that followed, even up to the present time, the horror for drunks which had be^{en} instilled in me from my earliest recollection, has always prevented me from taking enough liquor

at any one time to make me even tipsy. I have always had a fear of what the liquor habit might do.

One summer evening as I was driving some cows across the prairie one of them jumped over something and when I went to see what it was I found a large mother rattlesnake with a lot of tiny babies. They were making for a hole, but I got down from the horse and stuffed my hat into the hole. Then I shot the head off of the big snake, took off one shoe and put all the babies in it and took them to the house. Come to think of it this was along the first part of September. That week end I went home to Denver and carried the little rattlers with me to show to the family. That night there came a cold snap and in the morning all the little snakes were frozen stiff, for which mother was thankful. I dumped them in the garbage can. The sun came up and thawed them out and when the cook went out to put stuff in the can she found a lot of lively rattlers. She let out one yell and scurried for the house. I gathered them all up, put them in a small box and the following week took them back to the ranch and turned them loose down a prairie-dog's burrow.

Another time when I was rounding up some horses my saddle turned. Unable to get my feet out of the stirrups I was dragged for some distance thru cactus bend. All one side of my back, shoulders and head was a mass of cactus thorns. For weeks and weeks I was a sore baby as many places fested.

That winter the rancher went into Denver to run some business and sent out a big negro man to look after things. I worked under him that fall and winter and found him a fine fellow in every way. That experience certainly took out of me the race-superiority complex and ever since I have always had a liking, in fact, for colored people.

Father had a few choice mineral specimens left from his large collection. One of these was a large cluster of quartz crystals, sixteen or more inches square. Another was a large piece of Vanadinite which I believe came from the Mammoth Mines in Arizona. These specimens were placed on display in a large gem and curio store in the Brown Palace Hotel from which place they very mysteriously disappeared. It was claimed that they had been stolen. The large piece of quartz crystals, I came across some years later as will be seen. The Vanadinite was quite valuable and I now know that it was broken up piece-a-meal and sold to collectors by the man who had the curio store.

When we first went to Denver I saw my first live horned toad in the window of the above mentioned gem store. I wanted this horned toad so bad that Bert finally gave me the twenty-five cents with which to buy it. As it was the only pet we had at this time we all became much attached to it. The following winter I shoved the box in which I kept it, under the stove one cold night to keep it warm. I forgot it was there the next morning and when the fire was made the poor horned toad was baked. I cried a long time over this; made a little coffin, sealed the dead toad up tight in it and covered it with a thick coating of plaster of Paris. This little white coffin was among my "treasures" for some years. I collected many horned toads in the years that followed and used to carry them round on my head under my hat but the first one ~~was~~ was the only one to which I became much attached.

During these years brother Bert had gone to Prescott, Arizona, to take over an assay office and father was away on mining business most of the time. Life was rather easy in our family and we children did pretty near as we pleased. Father was never home to meet out punishment and Mother was one of these gentle minded women who hated any sort of a fuss or quarrel or harsh words. That was the reason by which I was enabled to keep out of school. Brother Harry had left the Mammoth Mines as they were worked out and came to Denver with his wife Margaret and their two children, Midge (Marion), and Roy (LeRoy). After a stay of some years they went to Ymir, British Columbia as he was made Manager of the Ymir Mines.

We moved to a house on York Street near City Park.

Here I came down with scarlet fever and was laid up for some time.

In September of 1896 or 1897 brother Clarence and myself were sent by father to the Goss Military Institute at Albuquerque, New Mexico. Mainly I guess to get us out of mischief. Clarence staid here and graduated but as usual my studies had been so much upset that I was "dead against them". So I played that I was very sick and weak from the effects of scarlet fever. Father did not want to take me back to the influence of my Denver habits and associates so he stopped of at Albuquerque on his way thru and took me with him over to Hackberry, Arizona where he had some mining interests.

At this time Father was operating some placer mines over on the Colorado River just below the Black Canyon. All the machinery and supplies for the camp had to be freighted by four-horse teams and wagon over the mountains to the camp, a two days trip. He took me with him on one of these trips and it was a wonderful experience to me.

The main camp was situated on a high bluff above the river-bed. The kitchen and dining room were all enclosed by screening as the flies were terrible. This had been a dry year and hundreds of ~~set~~ dead cattle layed around, consequently the flies. The placer mining machinery was on a big sand-bar out in the middle of the river. There was a big upright boiler and with its smokestack, must have been 18 or 20 feet high, several of father's amalgamating machines, piles of lumber, cordwood and accessories, suction pumps and dredge machinery.

About a week after I arrived at the camp, about 4 o'clock one afternoon, the water in the river began to rise and by evening every last thing on that sand bar had been swept away. The last thing we saw was about a foot of the smoke stack stick-
above the water, and then it too was gone. The results of many months of hard work and many thousands of dollars wiped out in a few hours.

This was a very bad setback for father just as he had begun to get returns, for they had been wiping off a good bunch of amalgam every evening, but a few days afterward father took me back to Hackberry.

I had made a number of friend^s in Hackberry among which were Mrs. and Mr. Fielding who had the general store and trading post, The Nobmans who had a large boarding house. Mr. Nobman and Mr. Fielding also had large cattle interests round-a-bout. I had attended in a desulatory manner "the little red schoolhouse" and thought myself in love with the young lovely school-teacher. Also had made several trips to some wonderful mountain ranches and gathered Pinion nuts and ^{spruce} gum and visited the Indian schools about Hackberry.

That was a Presidential election year and election

night I spent carrying the returns from the railroad station, which was half a mile or more from the town, to Nobmans, where they were all waiting to hear the news.

Shortly after we returned to Hackberry from the river I had a bad attack of homesickness and begged father to send me home. After making me promise to be a good boy, reform my habits and go to school, he put me on the train for Denver.

When I arrived home I found that the family had moved way out on Second Street (I believe) near Broadway and sister Marion was attending the Denver University. I did not want to go back to grammar school but tried it for a short time, then started in the Preparatory School at the University, and stuck in out for about a year.

Then the war with Spain came along and I joined the Denver City Troop^B of the National Guards, but first had to get consent, written, from my parents before I was permitted to join. Father was willing enough to let me but Mother was very reluctant about it. They signed the paper with my age given as 17. I turned the 7 into an 8 and was accepted for enlistment.

You will remember that we were Methodists and both Father and Mother were very strict in their beliefs. Father still carried his preacher's license and was often called on especially in the mining camps. Mother made me give her one promise, and that was not to play cards, before she would sign the enlistment paper, and that was not to play cards. She was terribly afraid I would get to gambling. That is one reason why I have never learned to play cards even to this day. One promise kept to the letter: thru all these years. I am proud of it.

That winter we were camped out on the prairie east of City Park and thoroughly drilled. Because of my age and size I had been enlisted as a musician, that is a bugler so had to learn to blow the calls, but as there were older boys

who were far better buglers than I, I was seldom called on.

In those days we had the big Sibley tents and I believe there were fourteen troopers to a tent. We wore the old blue uniforms and had the old type cavalry capes lined with orange-yellow and, when going to town, always pinned the corners up on our shoulders to show the beautiful color, in other words, to "show off". And, of course, we used the old cavalry sabers, in the use of which we drilled both on and off our horses. At first we had the heavy 45 Colt revolvers which were later exchanged for 38 I believe. With these we had to practice shooting at a target from our running horses.

A few times while we were camped at this place I was able to get leave-of-absence and rode my horse home or to see my girl friends. Which reminds me that I have not as yet mentioned any girls and will have to digress a little.

Of course I had girl friends. When in the Longfellow School there was Mary whom I played with a great deal and took skating on City Park Lake. Then there was Mae when we lived on York Street and to whom I wrote love-letters while I was in Hackberry. When we moved to Second Street I fell violently in love with Ette and for about a year hardly a day passed that we were not together, either together or with our crowd which consisted of six, three couples. Long bicycle rides in good weather, skating in winter; parties and just good times together.

I believe that it was the last of February or first of March when we were moved to Fort Russel, near Cheyenne, Wyoming, to join our regiment, and became Troop B, 8th Regiment, United States Volunteer Cavalry, but were commonly known as Torrey's Rough Riders. And believe me we were a bunch of rough riders,

for a goodly part of the regiment was made up of ex-cowboys.

At Fort Russell we received our full equipment, all new, even down to the little sewing-kits which the kind ladies of Cheyenne presented to us. All thru the years that followed I carried that sewing-kit and have it yet, the case of course, needles and thread have been replaced many times. Our old horses, or most of them had been left at Denver and we received an entirely new lot, most of which were still unbroken. I was the smallest boy in the troop, nicknamed Babe, and when we drew lots for the horses I drew the largest one, a big animal who had a terrible hard trot. On the other hand the largest man in the troop drew the smallest horse, and looked like a giant on a pony. We were both glad to exchange with each other after getting the Captain's permission to do so. We made many friends in Cheyenne who treated us royally. I might add that the big Sibley tents were also left behind and at the new camp we had the smaller tents, four men to a tent.

I believe it was the first of May that we broke camp and entrained for Jacksonville, Florida. That was an exciting time of course, as was also the long ride south. Our main rations going down were canned corned beef andhardtack. So much issued to each man per day. There were frequent stops at stations along the route for hot, black coffee. Of course there were always crowds at the stations, and the girls were a pest for they wanted souvenirs, mostly buttons off our uniforms. I think it was while going thru Tennessee that one of our sections ran into the one ahead of it and Colenl Torrey had his legs injured.

At Jacksonville, Florida we became part of the Seventh Army Corps, and the camp was called Camp Cuba Libre, for wern't we going to liberate Cuba? Of course we were.

The sight of our camp was on high ground (that is, high ground for Florida) not far from the St. Johns River among the big pine trees. Really an ideal spot.

Soon after we got settled in camp we had our first parade thru the streets of Jacksonville. Of course it was known that our regiment was mostly made up of " wild and wooly cow-boys from the far west" as one paper stated it, and everybody was curious to see Torrey's Rough Riders. Well sir, just as we arrived on the streets of the city rain came down in torrents and by the time we arrived back in camp we were soaked to the skin in spite of our "ponchos" (rubber capes).

Now I am not going to spend much time dwelling upon our camp life. At first it was all new and exciting and we were kept pretty busy with drilling, target practice and guard duty, expecting daily to receive orders to entrain for Cuba. The fourth of July we received the news of the victory of Roosevelt's Rough Riders, (I believe I am right in the date, but if not it does not matter much as far as this writing is concerned) but while we were glad we were also a bit jealous of course. Nor am I going to say much about camp conditions, bad sanitation and bad food. The sort of provisions which were furnished to the Spanish war soldiers is one of the high scandals of those times. The stench from a carload of spuds when the door of the freight car was opened was enough to knock you down. We could always knock the weavels out of our hard tack, and for "sweetenin" in our coffee there was a keg of black jack molasses, take it or leave it, Mostly I left it.

Then we began to get dysentery, jaundice and fever and to feel the effects of the change from the high, dry plains to the lowlands of the far south. Of course most of the boys

ate too much tropical fruit and melons and drank too much beer which only aggravated the dysentery. To counteract this, as many a boy said " I ate about a pound of cheese and I bet that will tighten me up some anyway." May it did and maybe it didn't I don't know for I never tried this remedy.

Now I was terribly lonesome for good company of the feminine sex and one Sunday when I had leave of absence for the day I went to one of the parks and while walking around came upon a party of folks who were sitting under the shade of the trees, on the grass. They were not young people and one of them was an elderly woman. However I went over to them and introduced myself, told them who I was and where I came from and showed them pictures of my father and mother and my sisters. And so I became acquainted with Mr. and Mrs. Farrell and, later, with many of their relatives.

The debt that I owe to this day to these two lovely people can never be repaid. They took me into their lovely home by the park and treated me as a son. When I got sick they got permission to take me to their home and cared for me. They visited me at camp and brought amny a basket of good food. God bless them for all they did for me during those trying times and for many months after.

One day when I was riding thru one of the streets of Jacksonville it began to rain, the stones of the street became rather slippery and as I was turning a corner my horse slipped and went down under me. Of course I just spread out my legs but retained my seat in the saddle and the horse got up all right. But to the onlookers that was a wonderful feat of horsemanship and in the Jacksonville newspaper the next day there was quite a piece about the people being treated

to a fine exhibit of expert riding by one of the Rough Riders. Another time we were ordered out to ~~the~~ have a moving picture taken of a cavalry charge which was later shown in Denver and, as I happened to be in the front line, Mother had a good view of her son in action.

Along in September the sickness in camp became pretty bad. Many of the boys had gone home on sick leave and many more were in hospital and others were unable to do their work because of the effects of the dysentery. At one time there were much less than half of the boys in our troop able to report for duty. Indeed one day there were only 18 fit for work. Of course those who could had to assume all the duties of those who couldn't; camp guard, troop guard, kitchen duty and the care of the 84 or more horses. At one time I was on guard duty for three days in succession.

The dysentery was having a peculiar effect on me by leaving me awfully sleepy all the time. Many times while drilling one of the officers would shout at me "Wake up there Barnhart or you will fall off your horse." I was terribly afraid to go on guard duty for fear that I would be caught asleep at my post. One night I was on duty at the guard tent and went to sleep leaning up against a tree. Luckily for me the officer of the guard tripped over one of the ropes of the tent when he was quite close, and woke me up. I did not realize in those days that this was the beginning of a long years of struggle against a form of sleeping sickness which changed the whole course of my life as you will see.

The fight in the camp indeed had been of more telling effect on the soldiers than the fight at the front, and there was the rub. For we knew that we would never have the credit

for our long, hard fight of months in a fever and dysentery ridden camp while those who had gone thru the short fight of San Juan Hill would go down in the memorable events of the Spanish-American War.

Well along toward the last of September orders were received for the "muster out" of the regiment, and were we glad? Then came the last day in camp when each of us received our discharge together with ration and travel pay, and the last night when each troop had its good-bye bonfire about which the ex-United States Volunteer Cavalrymen gathered to sing their last songs together.

I had about \$130.00 in my pocket and felt like a millionaire as far as money went, and believe me I was not going to use it to pay my fare back to Denver. No indeed, I was in the country of Trowbridge's "Canoe Mates" and meant to see more of it while there. Mrs. Farrell (Mother Farrell, as I began to call her) insisted that I come to visit them and stay just as long as possible. So I did and they were very good to me. I met Cliff Snyder and he went for a week's hunting some miles from Jacksonville and had a wonderful trip.

It was along in November that I learned that I had an Aunt Mattie at Palatka (she was the widow of Uncle Melville), so I wrote to her and received her invitation to come and see her.

When I arrived at Palatka I found that Aunt Mattie was running a small hotel and that she had three children, Mazie, a girl of about 17, and two small boys. She immediately put me in charge of the hotel commissary, buying the provisions and doling them out to the cook, who was a big fat negro.

All of the kitchen and dining room help were colored people and the food supplies had to be watched pretty carefully.

In the condition I was in this was a pretty good job for even if I did drop off to sleep now and then there was no harm done.

About a week after I arrived Mazie brought a friend of theirs in to meet me. He was a doctor and a large man. When he shook hands with me he gave my arm a slight jerk and to show him I was no weakling I returned the jerk with a sharp pull which nearly sent him on his nose. Too late I realized that he was under the influence of drink and right then and there I earned his enmity by an action on my part ^{which} was only intended for fun. A little while after I met him outside and attempted to apologize, but he pulled a long, slender scapell (surgeons knife) out of his pocket and said "You take a good look at that for before the night is over I'm going to stick it in your ribs." Of course I was scared but I happened to have my big 45 Colts under my coat and pulled it out and said "If that's the way you feel you can take a look at that. Its my army gun and I know how to use it." He never did bother me after that but you may be sure that I was careful to lock my room door every night as long as he staid at the hotel.

Now you must remember that I was only a kid, still in my 18th year and with a brain full of adventuress notions and ideas acquired from the many boy's books of adventure which I had read as well as "Diamond Dick", "Nick Carter", "Jessie James" and that type of dime novels. But at this time I did not smoke, drink or play cards. In fact my morals were above reproach mainly due to the influences of my lovely mother and a home life where kindness predominated. I hated, as I still

do, harsh words, quarreling and swearing. To take the name of the Lord my God in vain was, and always has been, an unthinkable thing, to me. Many times I have quit a job because the boss cussed me for some little thing.

I think it was sometime in March that a man from the north bought a part interest in the Graham Hotel. He also was running an hotel at Gainsville and sent me over there to look after things. But Spring was on the way and I was getting restless so I quit the job and went back to Palatka. I bought a sixteen foot, double end, clinker built boat, fitted it up with a little sail, built provision boxes and places to carry my guns and fishing tackle and the first of April found me headed up the river up the St. Johns River and down thru Florida,

Now the St. Johns River, as I remember it, is a wonderful stream, peculiar in the fact that it rises in the south and flows north, incidently it flows in every other conceivable direction. It winds and twists through forests of pines, palms, hoary cypresses, and rank undergrowths of semi-tropical plants, occasionally widening out into a beautiful lake and then narrowing down to sluggish channels with the trees from each bank mingling their branches overhead. Many bayous flow into it and at this time of year the upper reaches flood out over the whole country so that it was sometimes impossible to follow a channel. For many miles ~~abov~~ below Palatka I came across abandoned wharfs and many a time camped for the night in large, rambling deserted houses set in the midst of old orange groves, building my fire and cooking my evening meal in the old fireplace.

Many times when evening came there were no camping places to be found and I had to tie up to some overhanging

branch and sleep in my boat.

Animal life was abundant. Snakes of many species were coiled up in the branches of the bushes overhanging the water, especially abundant were big black snakes. Birds were everywhere, herons of many species wading along the banks and many of bright plumage flying about. I shot many a squirrel and a number of raccoons from my boat and always had fresh meat. The river and lakes were teeming with fish and I had many a one to eat, ether cooked in a pan or wrapped in palm leaves, buried in the sand and baked by building a fire on top.

On the far upper part of the river I became lost a number of times and wandered around among the bayous. I finally came back down the river to a point opposite Titusville, got lost again and was rescued by a man who was farming one of the river islands or knolls who showed me the way out of the maize of bayous, to the main channel of the river. He put my outfit on his wagon and hauled it over to Titusville for me.

From Titusville I sailed down the Indian River and finally arrived at Jupiter Inlet. Here I stopped for the month of June and worked for a man who had a pineapple plantation, he was also the Purser on one of the steamers running between Miami, Key West and Havana, Cuba. Of course I met some fine young people and had a lot of fun swimming and fishing round Jupiter Inlet. On some moonlight nights we went across to the Inlet to "turn turtles", one of the methods of securing fresh meat. These immense Loggerhead Turtles would come up out of the water, crawl up the beach above the high tide line, dig a deep hole with one hind flipper, deposit her eggs in the hole and then cover it up. We generally waited until the turtle

was thru laying her eggs, then would turn her over on her back and cut her head off, going~~ing~~ back the next morning to get the meat.

Along about the first of July I went on down thru the canals and lakes to Miami.

At this time Miami was only a small town and was just beginning its rise to fame as a winter resort. There was ~~not~~ one large pier at the north edge of the town, which was also used as a place to pack the shiploads of pineapples which came in from the south.

There were a number of small houseboats tied up along the water front and as there was no other place or pier I asked permission to tie up at one of them which was granted. There people living on it were a woman with her two sons about 18 and 20 years old and one daughter. They were very hospitable and, as I was plumb busted and told them so, they invited me to stay with them until I found something to do. But this was mid summer and there was nothing going on except the fruit packing, at the pier sheds, and I helped to load on a lot of pineapples.

I staid in Miami about three weeks and explored the country round-a-bouts and sailed some distance down the coast. I met a tall, blond German who was doing photographic work and he tried to get me to go in with him on a land scheme. It seems he had almost closed a deal for a lot of territory at the tip of Florida, around Cape Sable and was going to grow pineapples, coconuts and other tropical fruits. He wanted me to go down there and live and help develop the property. I almost accepted his offer but just then I got news of something going on in Havana and as Cuba was the place I had started for from Denver I decided to go on over.

I sold my sixty dollar boat and my thirty dollar shot-gun for fifteen dollars and gave away the rest of my stuff that I did not need. The Purser on the boat, the man I had worked for at Jupiter, gave me free passage, so the latter part of August found me on the way to Havana.

On the steamer there was a lovely woman with her baby from somewhere in the mid west. Her husband was in Cuba near Havana in some sort of business and she was on the way to join him. When we arrived in Havana I helped her with her luggage etc. to the hotel and the next morning put her on the train for a place called Quemados (I think). I spent the day in looking around Havana and taking in the sights.

As I was returning to my room that night I met this woman on the balcony. Instead of being the happy person that I put on the train that morning, her whole attitude was full of sorrow and her eyes red from weeping. I asked her if she had found her husband and what was the matter. She broke out crying and said:

"Oh Mr. Barnhart I found my husband and he is in a terrible business and I am going right back home."

On further inquiry I found that her husband was running a liquor place and also handling a lot of "chippies" for the use of the soldiers camped at Quemados. She was so ashamed and all broken up over it. He had always been such a good man and she had known him for years before they were married and he had been such a good husband. Oh how was it possible for such a good man to change so soon and get in to such a terrible business, etc. Poor woman. I guess it was a relief to her to unburden her mind to someone who would sympathize with her. I put her on the boat the next day. A broken hearted woman.

For several days I wandered round Havana and then, as the little money I had was rapidly disappearing, and as there did not seem to be any hope for work, I took the train for Quemados (?), where the American soldiers were camped, for I had heard that one of my campmates had joined the 7th Cavalry and, if there was nothing else to do I could at least reenlist.

I found Paul and told him that I had come down not only to see him but to reenlist because I was broke and did not think it was possible for me to get a job in Havana.

"Have you seen Ed. Rigney?" he asked.

"Why no" I replied. "Is he in Havana?"

"Sure. He has the government contract for all the plumbing in the government buildings".

That indeed was good news and I took the next train back to Havana and that afternoon found Rigney, at work in the postoffice building. Of course he was glad to see me and when he found out I needed work he hunted up the man (Shafer) who had the contract for all the electrical installations in the government buildings. Shafer put me to work as electricians helper and the next two and a half months I helped to put in all the wiring in the postoffice, the Governor-Generals Palace and some other buildings.

I got room and board in a typical Spanish hotel run by an ex-Spanish officer. Just a small place. The room itself was not much to speak of, just a small cubbyhole under a balcony partitioned off from other rooms by plain boards. The front of the place was all restaurant and I had to go thru this to get to the courtyard and my room.

Now I am not going to go into detail of my short stay in Havana. I enjoyed it very much but my sleepiness

kept getting worse and worse. Several times I came near falling off of high ladders because I went to sleep while drilling the holes thru the concrete for the electric wires. In fact I was just tired out and sleepy almost all the time, just at the age when I should have been full of pepp and learning things. I finally came to the conclusion that I better get back home or to the States at least, among my own people.

After spending most of the money I had saved in a farewell good time to all the boys I got free transportation back to New York on a transport.

The few months in Havana ~~##~~ changed some of my habits, for the worse, I am afraid, for I got to smoking strong tobacco, and drinking more wine and aguadiente than was good for me. I found that a glass of aguadiente took away, for a short time at least, the awful ^Slatitude, and gave me some stimulus. Also a good strong cigar helped me out some. A bottle of wine with every meal was the only liquid fit to drink. I have been glad many times that I quit Havana when I did.

The only baggage that I had was a battered satchel and ~~an~~ small wooden chest which I had made from old wood out of the governors palace. (I have lugged that chest around all these years and it is the same one that we now keep tools in at Chula Vista). Most of the space in it was taken up with old relics. Spanish machetes, old brass locks and immense brass keys etc. etc. There were also six or eight boxes of strong Havana cigars, tobacco clippings and bundles of cigars wrapped up in corn husks, as they ~~are~~ ^{were} made up by the natives.

The transport arrived in New York Thanksgiving week and I took the evening train for Ossining (the Sing-Sing that used to be), and on arrival there went right out to Uncle Will

Fancher's home where my entrance caused quite a flurry, as you can imagine. The little Percy grown up, and a returned Spanish War veteran, and from Cuba. Oh my; Oh My; I was "some pumpkins" (for a little while at least).

Thanksgiving that year was celebrated at Cousin John Hendley Barnhart's home at Tarrytown. I do not remember how many were there, but it was a good crowd and we had lots of fun. I stayed with Cousin John for a couple of days but it was rather lonesome in that big house and I went back to Ossining.

Now Aunt Gussie, bless her heart, was very much shocked at my backsliding and got the Methodist minister to come and talk with me. And who was the minister but Dr. McDowell who had been Chancellor of Denver University When I was there. The talk did me a lot of good however and as they were holding revival meetings at the church, I went to the alter and cleared my soul, of some burdens.

I wish to say right here that from the time I left Havana until many years after I never took a drop of liquor. Tobacco I gave up, more to please Aunt Gussie I guess, than for any other reason.

I had a lovely visit with the relatives at Ossining and in December went to Buffalo to meet Father who was east on business and at the same time paid a short visit with Uncle Will Barnhart and his family. I got a job in a lithographic company in Buffalo, but this did not last long for I could not sit down to work drawing without going to sleep. Father was not in the best of financial condition just then and we decided that the best thing for me to do was to go back to the farm on the Hudson River.

First I went to see Uncle Jerry at the old Barnhart place on Mt. Zion (Golden Ridge), back of Marlborough and spent about a month with him. Of course we always drove into church on Sunday, generally taking our lunch and spending the day there. The preacher was an old timer in the eastern conference and had known many of the Barnharts. In talking with him I found that and behold he was the same minister that had preached the sermon on The Valley of Dried Bones at the church in Cleveland when I was a little tot.

Sometime along in January 1900 I went to Middle Hope to Uncle Theodore Westlake's farm and started to work for him for \$15. a month and keep.

There was Uncle The and Aunt Lizzie (Elizabeth, Father's sister), Their son Walton and his wife Minnie and their four young boys. Believe me they were all hard workers. From four or five o'clock in the morning until all the barn work was done after supper the farm was a beehive of activity. Before breakfast we went to the barn and fed all the animals, made up the stalls and curried the horses, (there were a half a dozen or more), milked a lot of cows and fed the chickens and did a lot of other chores before going to the house for breakfast. Cousin Walton ran a meat route through the surrounding country and they raised all their own meat and butchered it themselves. There was a large ice-house and we went to the lake and cut the ice, hauled it to the farm and filled the ice-house. I can not remember all the things that were done on that big farm during that winter. I do remember however that I had a big boil on my right cheek-bone and oh my how it throbbed those cold days on the ice-pond.

You have no idea of the work that had to be carried on on one of these large old fashioned farms and it would be useless for me to try to enumerate them. The things that I learned to do have stood by me in good stead all my life so far and will continue for many years more, I hope.

There are a few things however that I wish to present so that you may get some idea of the struggle which was beginning and which has lasted even down to the present time. I refer to the great fight against lassitude and sleep which I inherited from my army life. I wish to say right here that I firmly believe that either God or his appointed Guardian Angel has been by my side all thru these years and has kept me from disaster or death.

It was a standing joke of the whole family on the farm to watch me go to sleep while carrying a spoonful or forkful of food from the plate to my mouth and perhaps try to push it into an eye. It was a joke to them but have you any idea what it did to my consciousness? To be continually laughed at for something which was beyond my control? When picking fruit in the tops of trees, cherries, apples, pears, the only thing which kept me from falling was the fact that I had learned to fasten myself tight so that when I did go off I would be held in place. When hoeing corn or potatoes it was a common thing to have someone holler at me "Wake up there Percy, you are chopping the corn (or potatoes) all to pieces" for I could or would keep up the motions. In fact I would doze off under any conditions, sitting, walking, or working or talking. So much for that.

One of the big, fat sows had a litter of 8 or more

piglets and died in the act, or shortly after. It was my job to feed those piglets from a bottle several times a day. Visitors had lots of fun watching me play nurse.

Sunday of course was a day of rest. Maybe they thought they rested. I have often wondered. Of course all the stock had to be taken care of; stalls made up, horses curried, cows milked, chickens and pigs fed etc. etc. The women folks put up huge lunches (after feeding the family and cleaning up the kitchen). The horses were hitched up and the whole family loaded in the wagons or carriages, when we drove the three miles or more to the Methodist church in Newburg where we spent the rest of the day, lunching in the church parlors. Preaching service in the morning, then lunch. Sunday School in the afternoon after which some of us drove back to take care of the evening chores while the rest staid to evening services.

Then there was the harvest and the time of reaping; fields of Timothy, oats, wheat (I did not stay long enough for the corn) cut and hauled to the barn and stowed away in the immense haymows. That year we stowed the oats before they were fully dried and they began to sweat and heat in the barn. So we had to dig all those thousands or bundles out so that they would not cause spontaneous combustion. That was a job.

Cousin Walton was a big, strong man but one time I made fun of him for resting while pushing a wheelbarrow full of ice to the slaughter house.

"I'll bet you can't lift it, let alone push it"
he said.

You should have seen his expression when I took hold and rolled it the rest of the way. I guess he had a little more respect for me after that, I thought so anyway.

Along the last of July I got a bad case of the "itching foot" as well as an attack of the "blues" and left the farm going down to Cold Springs to visit Uncle Sidney and Aunt Jennie. Uncle Sidney got me a job in a steel factory where I worked for about a month operating punching machines, punching holes in sheet steel and keeping ~~the~~ some other workers supplied with the things they needed, sheet steel and rivets etc. Many a time I came near having my finger cut off by the punches when I dozed off. Finally I came to the conclusion that the job among all that whirring machinery was a very risky one for me and was about to quit when I had a letter from Father inclosing a money order and telling me to meet the family in Deleware, Ohio, as they were going there so that sister Marion and myself could attend the Ohio Wesleyan University.

So I took the train and stopped off at Philadelphia over one night in order to visit my old playmates Marshall and John. (The Hunters had sold their house and moved away and I believe at this time both Uncle Charles and Aunt Lizzie had passed to the "better land".) Marshall insisted that I spend the night with him and go to see one of the girls that we used to play with. So I did and had a wonderful visit/ with him and Margaret Devins. John Lord was away at school and so I did not see him but had a little visit with his family.

At Deleware I had a joyful reunion with Father, Mother and the sisters. Of course they were asha/med of the clothes I had so I was refitted with more clothes than I had ever possessed. Father also bought me an Egin watch (the same silver watch which you, Spencer and Rey carried in later years and which I have just taken from my pocket to see the time. It has seen a lot of hard usage and is still going fine).

So the school year 1900- 1901 found me at Ohio Wesleyan University in the 1st year Preparatory School, the same stage I had left two years before at Denver U. I was not a brilliant student that year. Some studies, as Algebra, and English came easily, others as Latin and Geometry I managed to pull thru, Mostly I went to sleep over everything and it was hard to make anything stick in a brain that was drowsy most of the time. I took real joy in my art school work under Miss Vedar and really showed a talent for drawing. A lot of rather crude pen drawings I made for the college annual, the Bijou, for that year. You may see them in my copy if you have curiosity enough to look. * had *

I had a room in a boarding house that took only boy or men students and we had many midnight feasts of raw oysters, oyster stews during the winter; wieners and sour kraut and black coffee. I soon had a lovely girl friend and we had lots of sport on the ice. The first time we went boating on the river in the spring, we managed to upset the boat and both of us went head first into the river. Luckily it was rather close to shore, but it was a cold day and we sneaked thru the by-streets to a friend's house where we dried out.

Toward the last of the second semester there was some sort of a festival at Monette Hall (the girls hall). All of the art students made posters for this event and one of the girls made a beautiful water-color. ~~The~~ At the height of the festival the posters were auctioned off and I bid for this water-color poster against the girl's boy friend, and it was finally knocked down to me for \$18. What a fool I was. How terribly disappointed the young fellow must have been.

At my earnest request Father paid for a correspondence course in architecture from the Scranton Schools. I worked at it a little while now and then, but did not have enough "push" to keep it up.

Mother got real worried about my sleepyness and made me go to a doctor to see if something could not be done for it. In those days however nothing was known about the causes of dysentery and ^{its} ~~their~~ effects on the human system. The doctor gave me a strychnine treatment but of course it did me no good. Of course that gave me the feeling that my trouble was beyond the cure of a doctor and I never went to another until after many years had passed.

By the end of the school year I had a real "art bug" and Father gave me the money to go to New York to study art. So July 1901 found me in New York, rooming at the Y.M.C.A. and attending Chase's Art Studio.

The "initiation" required of a new student by the others was a "feed." So I had to pass over five dollars and a couple of the fellows went out and came back with sacks full of good things; more beer, pretzels and baloney than anything else, but it was a joyous lot of good fellows and girls and I got quite a "kick" out of it.

I met a draughtsman who had a studio room on the upper floor of the "Y" and I spent some time with him and worked on my architectural drawings. At that time he was draughting plans of a new type of automobile in which the engine was in front instead of in the rear of the car. I remember that there was a great deal of secrecy about it.

I was having a wonderful time in the art school but the students soon got on to my "bad Habit" and would watch to see what kind of "crow tracks" I would make on my life drawing when I dozed off but kept the pencil moving. Of course they thought it was a great joke but it made me feel like h---. I had awful attacks of the blues and several times had my revolver ready to end the continual strife. Once I had the muzzel up to my temple but could not bring myself to pull the trigger. God's Guardian Angel must have been there.

The last of August I gave it up, for I could not bear any more of the ridicule, and took the train for home.

Home at this time was in Syracuse for the family had moved there as there were some studies which Marion wanted that she could not get at Delaware.

At this time we were living in an apartment house on Beech Street, about a mile from the University, and our next door neighbor was the owner, a Dr. Pierce, and the brother of Dr. R. V. Pierce of Golden Medical Discovery, and Woman's Favorite Prescription fame, of Buffalo.

In the apartment above us there lived an elderly couple. The man was a retired photographer and I learned from him how to develop and print pictures. Father gave me a good Poco camera and I was soon taking pictures.

When the University opened in September I entered the class in arcitecture at the Crouse College of Fine Arts: and that school year, 1901-1902 began another struggle to try to make something out of myself and my opportunities.

I found that when I started to get drousy if I stuck the point of a pin in a certain place side of my knee it

would give me enough of a thrill to rouse me up a little.

was

That ~~is~~ the reason for those red spots that dotted the outside of my legs just above the knees (if you could have seen them) for many years after this; pin pricks to force myself awake, and many times they drew blood. I bought a little box of blue steel pins with bead heads and always carried some of them with me. Other methods of hurting myself, such as violent punches on tender place, I developed as the years passed.

I have always had a real talent for art work of any sort, as you well know, and might have attained to some high place if it had not been for the fact that I generally ruined a drawing, sketch or whatnot before I could finish it. Laughable, is it not? That's what everyone thought, but the effect was even then causing me to shun people and places, sort of a withdrawal from social contacts.

That year at Syracuse University however I enjoyed very much. There was the "Salt Rush" when the Sophs tried to salt us Freshies down. And the "Fake Show" that the students of the Crouse College put on for the rest of the University, dressing in outlandish costumes and exhibiting pictures made of real materials. The picture "Facial Expression Produced by Gorns" where the face was built up of different colored corn, white, red, yellow and black, pasted on cardboard to produce a very pained expression. That year the picture "Maid of the Mist" took the grand prize; a picture ~~made~~ of a sail boat made of articles which were often missing, pencils, erasers, paint brushes, daubers etc. etc. And many other such fool things from the imaginative brains of students.

I used to make sketches with pen and ink on omd

collars for exchange souvenirs among the students. One girl whom I visited frequently called them "rubber stretches" because the figures were drawn out to fill the long, narrow space. But they were not much worse than the costume figures which appear of late years in the fashion sections of women's magazines. I was just a few years ahead of ~~my~~ ^{the} times.

Then there was a certain "Rush Night" when the Freshies, at the instigations of Sophs, put a cow in the Chancellor's office and by some means or other hung an old carriage on the steeple of one of the buildings, and did some other outrageous things. The next day there was a called meeting in the assembly room to which all Freshies were requested to be present and if Chancellor Day did not give them a "tongue lashing". Oh my. We were hoodlums, and destructive beasts and every other thing he could think of. He was certainly an angry man, but he made the mistake of railing at the Freshmen for something which should have been blamed on the Sophmores.

Also there was the "Charcoal Rush" when the Sophs rubbed soot and charcoal into the hair and skin of the Freshmen; rubbed it in with lard and grease so that we were a mess, and by the time they got thru they were just as bad.

Along the last of the year I was again famous as the "sleepy head" of the class, but as there were only eight or ten in that class I got along all right. However it took me longer to finish the assigned drawings and I had to get most of my lectures from the note books of my classmates. As usual I was terribly discouraged and when the examinations came along I just failed to go and take them. You know it was an awful feeling to go to the blackboard to demonstrate a problem in Descriptive Geometry or Projection and go to sleep while

drawing my figures. I would also make utterly irrelevant remarks, that had nothing to do with the demonstration.

The summer of 1902 I spent most of my time in sketching, taking pictures and having a good time. Come to think of it I took the summer school course in Geology and Crystallography, most of which was field work with the class and teacher. We tramped to many interesting places, studied limestone formations, collected rocks and crystals and studied their composition and form. And then I got the idea that I wanted to be a mining engineer and follow in the footsteps of Dad, Bert and Harry.

Along in September Dr. R. V. Pierce was visiting his brother, whom, as I have stated, lived next door to us. He found out that I had been to Florida (of course according to my telling I was familiar with the east coast), asked me if I would care to go down and spend the fall and winter on his house-boat, the Whim-Wham, as assistant engineer and of course I jumped at the chance.

You know Father was beginning to get the idea that I was just naturally lazy and a sleepy head, thru inclination, and because the doctors could find nothing wrong with me. At this time also I had begun to have violent headaches now and then. I found out later these were due to eye-strain.

The fourth^{teenth} of October I received a letter from Dr. Pierce inclosing the money for my passage and instructions as follows:

Dear Sir:

I am in receipt of your favor of 13th inst. I send you herewith draft on New York for \$50. to pay your fare to Miami, Florida.

I think you best sail on the Mallory steamer leaving

New York on the 25th inst.. You can engage a stateroom by writing to C. H. Mallory & Co. 16 Burling Slip, New York. They are not generally crowded at all, but perhaps it might be as well for you to drop a note and engage a stateroom for that date. The steamer starts from a position, in the East River, almost under the Brooklyn Bridge. This steamer will land you in Key West on Wednesday. You may have to wait until Thursday at Key West, before you can get the steamer to Miami. At Miami you will report on board the "Whim-Wham", which lies in the Miami River just above the bridge, and I will give you herewith a note to the young man who will act as engineer of the boat.

I am writing the captin, or pilot, of my boat, Captain Santini, to leave Miami on the 1st day of November, if possible, and get to Key West as soon as he can and get the "Whim-Wham" hauled out and her bottom scraped and painted with copper paint. You should reach there in time to assist in making this trip.

I am pleased to know you can operate a typewriter to some extent, and no doubt with a little practice you will get along with it all right. If not, I notice that you right a very good hand and you can do some of my correspondence and help me considerably in that way.

The steamers of the Mallory Line which run to Galveston, Texas, and touch at Key West are all good, large seaworthy boats.

Trusting you will get through all right I am

Yours truly,

Signed. R. V. Pierce.

Dictated to and Transcribed from
the New Graphophone.

My good penmanship had been acquired in Denver. During the time that I refused to go to public school I spent some weeks taking a course in business arithmetic and penmanship. In the school contest I took first prize in handwriting.

So I went to New York and went aboard the boat some hours before sailing time. A large, rather prosperously dressed man followed me up the gangplank and a short time after I met him on deck and he began to talk with me about the trip which he was taking south to look after some business interests. After a while he suggested that we take a walk up town as there were some things he wanted to buy before the boat sailed. We walked a few blocks and then he stopped before a clothing store and asked by advice about the shirt display in the window. Did I suppose he should buy the lighter material for winter wear in Florida? I told him that would be all right but that some of the days were fairly cold. He reached in his pocket and brought out his pocketbook to get some money, gave a little laugh, and said he had forgotten that he was out of change and only had a couple of checks that he must cash before sailing. Would I be so kind as to let him have fifteen or twenty dollars until we got to the bank? So he thought I was a rube and an easy mark. I had him spotted right there and said I had spent all my money for my ticket. Well he would get the checks cashed and meet me later on the steamer. That's the last I saw of him. My eyes are naturally greenish.

In the way down I became acquainted with a young fellow who was going to Key West to install and organ in the Methodist Church. We had a lovely sail down the coast and when we got to Key West I went ashore with him and we took a room together. I missed a couple of the boats on purpose and helped him a

little with the organ before sailing for Miami.

We became acquainted with some of the young folks of the church and one night were invited to a "social evening" at and one of the homes. We had a pleasant time of course at the meeting or party but a funny thing happened which showed the undercurrent of jealousy ~~to~~ and childishness present.

One of the young men was asked to sing "The Palms" which he did rather reluctantly and made a botch of the high notes. Then another young man, at the request of some of the girls, sang the same song and did it very well, making the first fellow feel awfully cheap. I can still see the smile of superiority and self satisfaction on the lips of the second young man for the humiliation he had conferred on the first, and hear the giggles of the girls. Nothing like that could occur in an atmosphere of good breeding.

Well I took the boat for Miami and upon arrival there reported on the "Whim-Wham". It was a large and luxuriously furnished boat with twin propellers and soon after I arrived we sailed down to Key West and had the work, which had Dr. Pierce ordered, done.

Sometime in November Dr. R. V. Pierce, his wife, maid, and cook arrived with their bags and baggage. Also two fine hunting dogs.

The first part of the season we spent up and down the east coast hunting and fishing. Once we tried to go up the canal to Palm Beach but the water was too shallow and we had to turn back.

The crew consisted of Captain Santini, Collie (the engineer), Sam Finder, an Islander or "Conch", who was the all round deck hand and myself. Then there was Carrie, the cook,

and the maid, Mrs. Meanly.

The "whim-Wham" although quite a large boat was of very shallow draft, just a large scow with lower and upper decks. This made her somewhat topheavy and accordingly we had to stay inside of the Keys in smooth water (the Keys are just a chain of small islands).

Dr. Pierse was one of the most enthusiastic sportsmen I have ever met and counted most days as lost that he was not either hunting quail on the main land or fishing for Tarpon in the Inlets between the islands. The favorite method of fishing for Tarpon was to wrap a piece of the rind from salt pork round the hook and row back and forth in the current of an Inlet. The rowing was rather hard work for we had to row against the current which sometimes flowed quite rapidly.

The first Tarpon which Dr. Pierse caught was the first one I had ever seen, ^{an} immense silver fish. They were of no use for eating however and as soon as one was caught it was hauled up on a beach and left for the crabs and buzzards. They had very large scales and I used to take these scales and make pen and ink sketches on them.

When Dr. Pierse and Captain Santini went hunting they always got an early start and took their lunches with them and, of course, the two dogs. I only had a chance to go with them once or twice. One of these times the dogs flushed a skunk and what a time we had to get them off of it for they certainly chewed it up. Another time Dr. Pierse shot some quail and one of them fell in a patch of Palmetto Palms. As the dogs started to retrieve it Captain Santini suddenly called them back and said "There's a rattler in there". Sure enough there was, a big rattler, a Diamond Back. How the

Captain knew it was always a mystery to me for we surely did not hear it rattle. His sense of direction was also always a marvel to me. We would walk for miles thru these dense forests wandering back and forth hunting but when it came time to return to the boat he could almost make a dead line for it.

When they were hunting I generally took the small boat and went ashore walking up and down the beaches and collecting all sorts of things, shells, corals, sponges, sea-fans and what not. Or I would fish from the boat using hermit-crabs for bait. The waters were always teeming with fishes of many bright colors, and as the water was as clear as crystal we could watch the fishes come for the bait. The fish that we caught were cooked up with "hominy grits" for the dogs.

In those days Pyrography was all the rage and I wrote home to have Mother send my Pyrographic outfit to me. When it came I burned many pictures using the thin wood that ~~some~~ some of our supplies came in. Mrs. Pierce bought one from me for five dollars and later I burned one for a woman who visited on the boat for some weeks.

Once Dr. Pierce shot a big eagle and I skinned it and he sent the skin to a Buffalo museum, It was the first big bird I had ever tried to skin and maybe I made a botch of it.

Along in the middle of the winter we started around for the west coast. We had ^{To} choose a very calm day to round the cape, and even at that the boat rolled like the dickens. We finally anchored in the lee of an island for the night and I went out with Sam Pinder and his cast net to catch mullet. We landed on the beach and it was literally covered with Horse-shoe Crabs. The first ones I had ever seen.

The next morning we sailed on up to Ft. Myers and anchored here for several days while the Pierces entertained and visited ashore. Then we went on up the Caloosahatchie River for some distance, and staid on the River for some weeks. I certainly fell in love with the Caloosahatchie River. It was rather narrow in some places and wound back and forth thru a luxuriant forest. Immense Cypress trees with their festoons of hoary moss overhanging the banks, dense thickets of palms and palmettos (Scrub Palms) and an occasional wild sour orange. There were also some wonderful orange groves along this river and we could buy a whole sack full of oranges for one dollar, and then I had my first taste of grapefruit. My weren't they good after they had soaked all night in sugar.

The water of this river was quite brown in color caused probably by rotting vegetation and the river was full of catfish, great big brown ones, almost black, but they were no good for eating purposes.

From here we went up to Charlotte Harbor and at one place on the way up we anchored to get some clams. We put on our bathing suits and went to some mud flats and by wallowing our feet down in the mud located the clams. I could not believe that clamms could be so big. They were immense things and I saved some of the shells and sketched scenes on the inside of them. We went up Charlotte Harbor to the Miakka River and it was here, I believe, that Dr. Pierce bagged his two thousandths quail for the season. Think of eating two thousand quail in a season, but remember there were eight of us to enjoy them.

I had noticed a little old shack across the river and one day went over to get acquainted. I found ^{two} old gentle folks and they told me a ~~***~~ tale about how they had traded

their lovely home in or near Chicago on the misrepresentation of a real estate agent who had told them a glowing story of a wonderful home and easy living on the Miakka River in Florida. And there they were, these two old people, in the last years of their lives trying to eke out a living from an acre or two of sandy soil. They said their little flock of chickens laid lots of eggs because of the many crabs they caught along the banks of the river. However the raccoons and the possums took their toal from time to time. Their nearest neighbor was miles away but stopped sometimes and brought them a little something. It was a pitiful thing, and right then and there I got an awful grudge against real estate agents which is with me yet, although I have found since then that they are not all as bad as that scallawag must have been.

Well we had a wonderful time on the Miakka River. Once I took a small boat and rowed in amongst the tall grass, which I should have known better to do from my former experiences on the St John's River, and in a short time was completely lost. All afternoon I rowed back and forth trying to find a way out of the maize and when the hunters returned Captain Santini had to climb a tall pine tree, I could just see him over the tops of the reeds, and motion to me which direction to ~~the~~ take to get out.

Another time when I went ashore I came across an alligator slide, which is a matted down reedy place beside the water where the alligators come out to lay in the sun, and I hid myself along the bank. In a few minutes I heard a peculiar grunting noise just under the place where I was hidden. I looked over the bank and there were a lot of little baby

alligators that were coming out of a large hole in the bank. I tried to catch one but they were too quick for me and dodged back in the hole. I waited a little while thinking they would come out again but I guess they were more patient than I was.

Every few days we would take a small seine and draw it up on the bank full of fishes, food for the dogs, and there were always a lot of young sawfishes in the net besides a lot of big "drums", a kind of fish which made a drumming noise. We had quite a time getting out the sawfishes which tangled their saws up in the net.

We got back to Miami about the last of March and Dr. Pierce gave me my money plus the amount to pay my passage back home. I stayed a little while in Miami and then took the train for Jacksonville where I spent a couple of weeks with "Mother" Farrell, and visiting some of my old friends. Mr. Farrell had died and left her with a little daughter who at this time was about three years old. (I corresponded with Mother Farrell and later with "Sister Will" for many years, or up to the time of "Mother's" death in 1934). I took the steamer from Jacksonville along toward the last of April and arrived back home in Syracuse in May.

The summer of 1903 I spent in Buffalo working in a surveyor's office, but finally had to give this up because of my sleepiness. This had not been noticed very much by the people on the houseboat because I could always take a "nap" as my duties were such as to leave me much free time.

At this time I was still in the notion that I wanted to be a mining engineer so Father gave me the money to go to Golden, Colorado, to the School of Mines, and the last of August I was on my way back to Denver, the old camping grounds.

I stopped over at Cleveland two days and had very pleasant visits with Rollie Holden and the Grossenbacher twins, Clair, and Elsa, with whom I had recently had some correspondence. Rollie had turned actor and the two girls were grown into very lovely young ladies. I had a delightful visit with them and we had a great time talking over our childhood. I had also expected to see the home of my childhood but alas and alack the old place had been torn down and the property subdivided. Even the beautiful big fir trees had been cut down to make room for small houses.

Arrived in Denver the only boy friend I had had and could find was George, the baker's son. All the others were scattered and could not be located. Mary and Ethe were married but I had a nice visit with Mae who informed me that she still had those old love letters which I had written her when I was seventeen. I tried to get them back but could not.

Going on to the Golden I get settled for my entrance to the Golden School of Mines which I entered when it opened in September.

The first thing which I saw when I entered the hall of the main building was Father's immense cluster of quartz crystals which had disappeared years before. It was on a table covered by a large glass case. (It may be there yet for all I know). I found out that one of the teachers had presented it to the school and asked him where he got it. He said he bought ^{it} ~~no~~ in Denver, and I then told him it had been stolen from my father.

So I became a student at the school of mines and wore the traditional uniform, Stetson hat, blue wool shirt, caude-roy trousers and high leather boots. Wasn't I proud.

Here I got down to real hard study and for awhile the only relaxation that I had was the week end tramps over the mountains. I joined the Methodist Church and took part in every service of Sunday. As the cold days came on the church could find no janitor to take care of things and see that the furnace was furnishing heat to the church. I finally volunteered to act as janitor and took over the cleaning of the church and the furnace.

Now I really tried awfully hard to make a go of things but my old sleepiness got the better of me and it was an awful struggle to keep up with my studies. Then too I had frequent raging headaches.

At Thanksgiving time Father and Mother were in Denver and I had Thanksgiving dinner with them. I told them my troubles and Father took me to an eye specialist who found both of my eyes in pretty bad shape and fitted me with glasses. That fixed my headaches all right and they became of less and less intensity.

In December I had a talk with Father and told him that I could not keep on with the mining course. My increased sleepiness he blamed to natural laziness and said:

"Now Percy you can do one of three things, continue with your work at the school of mines, go back home and go to Syracuse University or do as you want and go to Bert's Assay Office in Prescott and learn assaying. You must realize that this is the fourth time I have tried to get you interested in some sort of school education and have done all I possibly could for you. If you decide to go to Prescott I will give you one hundred dollars and pay your fare, but it must be understood that from now on you can expect no more help from me".

I knew that I could not keep up with my studies and also that it would be the same thing over again if I went back home. Any other thing would be better than the school work so I told Father to give me the hundred dollars and I would not bother him any more.

So I took the train for Prescott. Bert of course was glad to see me but could not understand why I had not remained at Golden where I had such a good chance.

Well he started to teach me the Assay business but most of the time I lay around the office with a great lassitude, dropping off to sleep while helping him crush the many samples of ore which came in to be assayed, in fact I seemed to take no interest in the work.

Now Bert was one of the "socialites" of the town and held a high office in the Shriners. With his musical abilities he was always in demand at social functions, many of which I attended with him that winter (that is until he got tired of having me drouzing around, he also thought it was a case of natural lazyness with me).

Of course I went to the Methodist Church and became identified with its services. Dr. E. O. MacIntyre was the minister and he and his family soon became my very good friends, and I was at his house frequently.

After awhile Bert would not stand for my loafing round and suggested that I get out to the mines and acquire some mining experience, and I did.

My first job was at a small mine about a day's trip over the mountains by stage coach. The work was at the bottom of a two or three hundred foot shaft. First I had all the "mucking" to do, that is filling the big steel bucket with the ore

which was hauled up the shaft. All the drilling was done with steel drills and four pound hammers and I soon started to do this, and for days my arms, or my right arm, was mighty sore. Sometimes I would drop to sleep and the hammer would come down on my left hand, which was holding the drill, and wake me up with an "ouch". My thumb and knuckles were black and blue and so sore that I could hardly use that hand. I worked here about three weeks when they laid me off while they were timbering so I went back to Prescott and then got a job at Mayer in a oil smelter. This was the first oil smelter put up in Arizona and it was sort of an experiment. First I had the job of dumping the ore into the chute which carried it down to the furnace. Later I had to fill the iron dump cart with the melted slag and wheel it out on the dump. I staid at this place only a few weeks and then went to the Crown King Mines.

These mines were old workings and it was a long trip down the shaft and there were many tunnels at different levels. Here I had another "mucking" job and had to fill one car while the other was being emptied. If the car was not filled by the time the empty car came back it was just too bad and the foreman came back to see what was holding things up. Believe me that was a man's size job and took all the muscular energy I had. When the miners came up the shaft after their shift they had to strip and take a hot and cold shower bath. Generally our clothes were yet wet ^{from sweat} when we put them on, and sometimes our shoes were frozen stiff. After several weeks of this I asked the foreman for easier work on top but he would not give it to me so I quit, put my pack on my back and started to walk back to Prescott. The pack was pretty heavy as it had my old 44 Winchester Rifle and some books besides my blankets and

a lot of other things, in it, and that was a hard climb over the steep mountains and cold camping under the pine trees.

Two nights I camped out and the third day came to another mine and stamp mill where I got a job. This was a small mine but they were working free gold, that is ore that had free gold in it which could be caught on amalgamating machines, and did not have to be smelted out. There was an eight or ten stamp mill, (a stamp is just a big round hammer which is worked by machinery to crush the ore into powder after which it works out with water onto the quicksilver-covered copper plates which catch the gold). My first job here was feeding the ore into the stamps. After working at this some time I was put on as fireman and had to keep the furnace full of wood and the steam up to a certain pressure. That meant that between times I sat down to watch the pressure and invariably went to sleep with the result that the steam pressure would fall far below what it should and the stamps would slow up. Then the foreman would come hustling in to find out what was the matter and cuss to beat the band. One night the stamps almost stopped working and he was so mad that he fired me. So that was that and the end of my mining experiences in Arizona.

I went back to Prescott and to make Bert think I was hunting another job, would leave the office early in the morning, tramp around the country or visit some of my friends and come back at night.

That was a cold winter in Prescott and a small pond just outside of town froze over so I got out my skates and another boy and myself went skating. He had no skates but we went thru all the second hand stores and finally came across

an old pair of Dutch skates with wooden soles and the runners curled up in front. How they ever got to Prescott is a mystery for they should have been in some museum. The stage road ran past the pond and we had quite an audience some days.

Along the first of April 1904 Dr. MacIntyre was transferred to Los Angeles because of ill health and I took the train with him and his wife and daughter.

Arrived in Los Angeles he took a cottage on Avenue 52 in Highland Park and insisted that I board and room with them. As there were no preaching vacancies he was given the task of organizing a Methodist church in Highland Park and I helped him with this and became secretary, treasurer and superintendent of the Sunday School. I also got a job as stock clerk in a stationery store, Stoll and Thayer Company, which some years later became Cunningham, Eurtis and Welsh, at 352 Spring Street.

So during part of April, May, June and part of July my headquarters were in the large basement of this stationery store taking care of the stock, unpacking shipments, packing shipments, furnishing supplies when needed to the upper floors, and learning about papers of all grades. Luckily, being in the basement my sleepiness was not noticed as generally a bell or a speaking tube carried the message from the upper floor. When I felt the awful lassitude creeping up I would go near the bell, take my few winks and be good for another short period of time. I learned a great deal about the stationery business and a lot about down-town Los Angeles during those months and, of course, all of my time on Sundays was devoted entirely to church work, especially to the young peoples meetings, Sunday School and Epworth League.

Along the first part of July I got another bad case of the "itching feet" and the long, summer days in that hot basement were getting "under my skin". So I quit, took my blanket roll and my 22 rifle on my back and set off afoot down the coast headed for San Diego.

At Newport Beach I waded across the bay (it was then just a mud slough) taking off my pants so that they would not get all muddy. On the top of the bank back of Newport some surveyors were just laying out a new town (which is now some city). As the evenings came on I would shoot a couple of rabbits, of which there were plenty) and camp down in an Arroyo near the beach for the night, building my campfire and broiling the rabbits and make my pot of coffee.

I just loafed along (sleeping often as I walked) and taking a swim in the surf morning, noon and night. It was nearly all barren, rolling country then, no houses, roads and but few tracks, mostly cow tracks. At San Juan Capistrano I spent one night in the old Spanish Inn, there was not much else there except a few houses and a small store where I bought some supplies to take me on to San Diego.

I think I was on the road about two weeks but finally arrived in San Diego where I put up at a little old hotel down the lower end of Broadway (this has long since been torn down and I do not even remember the name of it). San Diego at that time was just a "dead town" with dusty roads and the main business district grouped round the Plaza. The shore round the bay front was mostly mud and the main pier was Spreckels Wharf. As the town did not impress me very favorably, as I could not find work and as my money was gone I decided to

go back to Los Angeles.

I did not have enough money to pay my fare back to Los Angeles so went to the Methodist minister, who happened to be Rev. E. Inwood, an old friend of Dr. MacIntyre's; and borrowed from him enough money to pay my fare back to Los Angeles.

Now dear old Dr. MacIntyre and his dear wife were as a father and mother to me (their daughter had married and left home) and he treated me as a son. He started persuading me that the best thing to do was to finish my education by going to the University of Southern California if I could possibly do it. He had the secretary of the Y.M.C.A. come over and talk with me. This was Corless Thornton and we were close friends for many years after.

Finally I went over to the University and had a talk with the President Dr. Boyard about the possibility of my being able to work my way through. He gave me a very kind letter of recommendation which I took to a corner grocery store owned by a George Williams. At first Mr. Williams did not think he could give me a job but then asked me if I would be willing to live in the back room of a little old empty store (his first store) as part payment for looking after his delivery horses. I could take the rest of the payment out in food supplies. I agreed to that and a short time after paid an express man my last silver dollar to haul my trunk from Highland Park.

I made arrangements for paying my tuition at the University by working in the Department of Biology (which was the beginning of my final vocation).

I wish I could give you some idea of the struggle I went thru in the next few years. It was hard, handicapped as I was, and I lived on meagre rations. I came near giving

up in despair many, many times. I think the only thing that kept me going from week to week was my contact with church work, my increasing faith in God and His saying that "All things worked out for good to those who trusted in Him."

I would get up early in the morning and take care of the two horses and have them hitched up to the wagons, milk the cow and take the milk to Mr. Williams' house, then go to my morning classes (generally sleeping thru part of them and getting my notes from my classmates). In the afternoon I would get the laboratory of biology ready for the students and then clean it up afterwards. In the evening I again took care of the horses and the cow (and chickens), studied, (or tried to) an hour or so, went to bed, got up at midnight and studied a couple of hours more, went to bed and then started the day over again.

All of my classmates were much younger than I (this was in the Academy or Preparatory School, of the same grade as High School) and their brains were more active than mine which had been dulled by too much sleep, and I had to resort to many devices to appear as smart as the other students. Added to that was the fact that my clothes were somewhat shabby to say the least, but I soon came to disregard this and act as if I was unconscious of it. Thru all these things in those years I learned patience, and it took a vast amount of it.

Mr. Williams came to see that I was a very handy man, or boy to have round and began to call on me for various odd jobs around his store and home: taking care of his yard and gardens, driving the delivery wagons etc. etc. He never paid me in money for any of this work, in fact I never had

any money in those days. A careful account was kept of everything I used from the store and at the end of the week I might owe him something which he took out in more work, or if he owed me something I took it in groceries.

I took very little part in the social activities of the University that first year as you can readily guess. Dr. Bovard had a Bible Class on Sunday mornings and I attended that. Generally I went to church in the mornings, I could listen to the lovely music and drowse thru the sermon and get an hour of real rest. Epworth League in the evenings and then back to study.

With the school credits which I had from Ohio Wesleyan and Syracuse Universities I was able to be classed with the Second Year students. I also joined the Webster Literary Society.

During the summer of 1905 I again got work at the book or stationery store in the shipping department and general errand boy and in that way earned enough to buy some decent clothes by the time school opened, ^{and} ~~at~~ also had a little money left over for extras, of which there were many.

That year I was able to take a little greater part in the social life of the University and maybe could take a girl to a class party or a reception, for I had some decent duds to wear. However I spent as much time as I could in the department of Zoology for animal life had a fascination for me. Thank goodness I had at last found something that I could really take a great interest in, and I did a lot of collecting, hydras, flatworms, grasshoppers, toads etc., etc.

That year Mr. Williams rented the front part of the old store to the city for a branch library. Corlis Thornton and myself became acquainted with the librarian, a charming

young lady. Every once in a while we would go to visit her, taking her to her rooms after library hours, when we would talk about books and things and she would make a batch of fudge in her chaffing dish. Those were delightful evenings.

In the English class the student were often required to hand in "Themes", as you know. I would always select something having to do with my southern experiences or life on the prairies. Of course these things were out of the ordinary experiences of the students as well as the teacher. My papers were always selected out of the bunch and read and criticized in the class. Some of them were so good that they were published in the little University weekly. And so I got a little fame, which was satisfying to me.

Physical Education was required but I got out of it because of my outside work, however I joined the class in "Tumbling" and it soon became noised abroad that I was a contortionist, with the result that I was called on every once in a while to put on a "stunt" on the platform of the Assembly Hall or in the gymnasium. One year the students gave a regular vaudeville show in one of the down town theatres, and the advertising committee had placards printed and posted all over Los Angeles, "See the greatest American Contortionist". I got about half thru with my "act" when my trunks split wide open and I had to back off of the stage. So my part was not as good as it might have been and there was, I felt, some disappointment.

The summer of 1906 I got a job at Alamitos Bay where they were building bulkheads and dredging out and filling in for what became Naples, a resort. At one time the bunkhouse became alive with fleas and all the workers began to move out, putting up their own tents or camping outside, until the place

became empty and abandoned. One day the Superentendant of the work came round and wanted to know why all the men were camping outside. They told him the bunkhouse was full of fleas and he pooh poohed at it and walked in the place. He came out in a hurry for he was one mass of crawling fleas, covered so bad that he went and jumped in the canal. So he had the steam hose from the dredger turned in and scalded the whole place, after which most of the men went back.

The school year 1906-07 went along in the same old way: lots of hard work, the continual fight against dysentery, lassitude and sleepiness, and study if and when I could. I was never a brilliant student but managed by the "skin of my teeth" to pass.

Ben Scott, one of my classmates, and I were close friends and were rabid anti-fraternity minded, and debated the wrongness of fraternities in college life whenever we got the chance. He and his family were the best friends I had all thru college years and I frequently was at his home.

Because of my artistic training and, perhaps, ability I was called on frequently for signs and posters. For the Webster Literary Society I made a large sketch of Webster burned with my pyrographic outfit in soft pine, a large burned and colored enamel sign for the Y.M.C.A. and many other things.

That year I decided that if the doctors could not find out what was the matter with me and cure me I would take a course in medicine and try to do something for myself, or find out what the trouble was. I also joined the Student Volunteers and made up my mind to go to South America as a medical missionary. (The well laid plans of mice and men gang aft a-glae).

Shortly after school closed that year Father came to

see me as he was out on some mining business connected with the Grass Valley Mines. I think that it was a great satisfaction to him to find out that I was at last settled down. When I told him of my plans he was very well pleased and when he left, gave me fifty dollars in gold pieces. We went to visit the Fieldings and the Nobmans, our old Hackberry friends who had come to Los Angeles to live. Mrs. Fielding introduced him at her bank and he deposited twenty thousand dollars.

Maybe you think that he should have given me more money but he was wise to the fact that it might have a bad effect. He did promise me however that if I went to medical college he would see me through and said that he was planning to bring Mother out to Los Angeles for a visit in the fall.

About the first of July one of my classmates, Longshore, and myself went over to Searchlight, Nevada, to work in the mines after which we planned to take a boat down the Colorado River to Yuma. We worked hard that summer for about five weeks in one of the mines at Searchlight and saved some money. Along in August we got acquainted with a rancher who had a place on the banks of the Colorado River below the Black Canyon and came to Searchlight for his supplies. He thought the trip we had planned was rather a risky proposition but agreed to haul our lumber and supplies over to his place and kindly offered us the use of his shop on the bank of the river.

So we bought our lumber and supplies, we already had our shotguns, rifles ammunition and fishing tackle, left Searchlight early one morning and arrived at the river late in the afternoon. We remained here about two weeks and built a twenty foot skiff. In the early mornings we would go hunting for our food for the day. Cottontails, Jackrabbits and quail were

abundant, especially so round the edges of the alfalfa fields and it never took us very long to get enough for the day.

When we were ready to leave a friend of Longshores come over from Los Angeles to make the trip with us. He was a little older than we were, a draughtsman in an architect's office and had never been camping before. I want to say right here that he ruined the comradeship of the whole trip for us. Nothing was right. Why didn't we do this and why didn't we do that? He wouldn't do so and so, etc., etc. Just made things miserable all the way thru. But in spite of all this Longshore and myself had a wonderful time.

Of course we camped every night and the hunting was wonderful. Doves, quail rabbits, ducks, geese and many other game birds. We always had all the game we could eat. The water of the river was awfully muddy and we always had to let it settle in a can over night before it was fit to use. We had several rather thrilling experiences. Sometimes the river was rather broad and the current sluggish. At other places it ran in a narrow channel between high mountains where it was very swift. Once we ran out into an immense whirlpool and it took all our strength at the four oars to keep away from the middle of it where it sucked down with an awful force and noise. Sometimes we would hear a roaring noise which grew louder and louder, then could see the rapids boiling and sending spray into the air. We were going so fast and there were no banks so all we could do was to keep right on and shoot them, but it was thrilling and breath taking while it lasted and we got thru all right. Another time we were going at racing speed between high cliffs and saw that the river ran right into the wall of the mountain bubbling and boiling in madness.

Again it took all the strength we had to turn the boat and clear the wall but we just managed to do it. If we had hit that wall at the speed we were going it would have been just to bad for us and the end of the trip by boat and thru life. I know Longshore and the other fellow were scared to death for they were as white as a sheet and I guess I was the same. The other fellow was surely "up in the air". What a d-- fool he was to take such a d - - risky trip with a couple of kids. Never again for him. etc., etc. Mad and crazy as the Hatter.

Well we finally got to Yuma one scorching hot day, tied our good boat up at the float and left it.

We went into a resturant at Yuma and the negro^w waiter kept looking and looking at me in a funny way until finally I said:

"What's the matter brother, something wrong with me?"

"No Sah Boss. No Sah. I was jus wonderin if you was the same man what came from Denver three, four years back on the same train I was Porter on".

Sure enough, it turned out that I was that "man". I asked him how he could remember me so long and he said it was because I was the "liberalist" passenger on the train and gave him more in tipps than any other passenger. Can you beat it? My, what money will do.

We staid in Yuma one day looking round and then took the train for Los Angeles. We would probably have staid longer and gone down the river a ways further. Longshore and I wanted to but the other fellow was so glad to get off of that D - - river and wanted to hustle back to his job, that we decide to give it up.

I believe it was about the tenth of September when we arrived back in Los Angeles and about time for college to open. I had a little money but not much, enough however to get me started at the Medical College of the University of Southern California. I was banking on Father to keep his promise and help me out later in the fall. The entrance fees and the expensive books which were required depleted my little cash reserve to an alarming extent. I was able to rent an inexpensive room near the college but had to cut out the restaurant eating as much as possible so got most of my meals in my room.

In my "Prep" years at the University I had taken Chemistry under Dr. Stabler and had paid for my laboratory fees by assisting in the chemical supply room. Dr. Stabler was also the Professor of Chemistry at the Medical College and to pay my laboratory fees here he put me in charge of the supply room. Of all the studies at the medical college I enjoyed the dissection work on the human cadaver the most. Tracing out the nerves, the bloodvessels and the muscles was fascinating work.

Along about the first of November I got word from home saying that Father and Mother were leaving for the west but were going by way of Nelson, British Columbia, in order to visit brother Harry and his family (Harry was then superintendent of the Ymir Gold Mines). I was of course glad to hear that they were on the way for my funds were near the vanishing point.

Now I am going to relate to you a little experience that came to me which is in the realm of Spiritualism. It was a very vivid experience and gave me a very positive and lasting belief in psychic phenomena.

The night of the 24th of November I had a dream.

I was in a large room which was hung with curtains which were softly waving to and fro as from a slight draft of air and the room was in twilight. There was no noise anywhere, everything was hushed and gave me a feeling of aloneness. Gradually thru the air came soft music different than anything I had ever heard and I can not describe it. There were mournfull strains which seemed to blend with joyful strains but gave me a feeling of intense sadness. In the center of the room was a black coffin which I walked toward as if pulled by some unknown force and on locking down in the coffin I saw the face of my Father. At this moment the music swelled into a crashing end and I awoke up all of a tremble.

That evening sitting by the fireside with the family with which I was rooming I told them the dream I had had. Shortly after I went to my room to study and had just begun when a messenger boy came with a telegram which read:

Father died early this morning. Am writing you particulars. Mother.

Of course I was crying and evidently the landlady heard me and knocked on the door asking if I had bad news.

Now I had not known that Father was even sick and was expecting to hear at any time that they had left Nelson for Los Angeles, and to have this joyful expectancy turned so suddenly into sadness was, to say the least, a hard blow.

I had spent nearly my last cent and needed money badly. Just how things happened in those days I do not remember. However that same day I received a check from somebody for fifty dollars which was certainly a relief to me.

Those were also the days of the 1907 panic and money

was hard to get. In fact the only money in circulation in Los Angeles was "Scrip", paper money issued by the banks. I tried and tried to get that check cashed. I even went to a cashier of a bank whom I had known for a long time, Morehouse, and who had been superintendent of the Highland Park Church, but even he would not give me the money for it. As a last resort I went to the bank in which Father had placed that twenty thousand dollars. They would not cash it at first but when I told them that Father had twenty thousand dollars deposited there and that I was with him when he deposited it, they went and looked up the record and finally cashed the check, in "Scrip". (I think that that check must have been signed by Father and mailed to me a few days before his death).

Well a few days later I heard from Mother and it seems that Father's death was very sudden. He was taken sick one day and died the next.

Then there was a period of waiting but finally, in January I believe, Mother, Harry, Bert and Betty came to Los Angeles. Bert had been east to Syracuse, and taken Father's body back to be buried in the Barnhart family plot in the cemetery near Newburg. He had then settled up the estate and brought Betty out to join Mother.

Mother rented a little cottage in Highland Park, next door to the one in which I had lived with Dr. MacIntyre. I moved out to be with her and Betty, and for a few months we had a happy, if a little sad, time together.

Father had left all of us children one thousand dollars apiece and the rest of the estate, including the large home in Syracuse went to Mother of course.

As the school year 1907-08 drew to a close I began to realize that there were many studies which I needed before continuing with my medical studies. For one thing I wanted more biological work, advanced zoology, physiology, bacteriology and a number of other things. Then too the old sleep demon interfered with my studies more than ever for it seemed the rather sedentary life of indoor studies after the years of superactivity aggravated him to greater efforts to keep me down. In those days my legs were covered with pinpricks and black and blue spots from hard pinching. When the final examinations came along and I had such a bad attack of the depressions and blues that I again skipped the examinations, which left me with no credits for transferring on ^{the the} to University course.

Mother and Betty went back to Syracuse that summer. Mother hated to go, for life in California, especially during the winter, was so delightful that she wanted to stay. But the home in Syracuse needed her attention so she had to go, with the promise however that she would try to sell the place and come to Los Angeles to live.

Well I had eight or nine hundred dollars to go back to the University with which, by careful use, should have lasted me some time, but didn't, for it went like water thru a sieve. I had been living so many years without any money that the sudden accession to wealth went to my head.

There was an Orange Wood Novelty Company in Los Angeles and I bought a lot of orange wood boxes of all shapes and sizes and spent most of the summer of 1908 in artistically decorating them, mostly with pyrographic sketches of the University buildings and enamel colored monograms. Some of these I sold when

college opened in the fall and during the year, lots of them I gave away to friends, especially girl friends.

I think it was this summer that I also spent some weeks with Walter (Zarah) Pritchard, an artist of some fame who had a studio-home in Pasadena. He had been thru the San Francisco earthquake of 1906 and was a nervous wreck. He came over to the University to try to find some one to take care of him and his studio. He also wanted that some one to have some artistic ability which he might be able to develop. Well I went with him and found that my job was to get his meals and take care of the house, sort of a house-boy. What time I had left over I could spend in art work, which was not much. But I enjoyed the work and on Sundays we took long walks up into the hills thru the arroyos. However, as I have said, he was very eccentric and emotional and was trying to recover from the nerve racking experiences of the earthquake. After lunch one day I went to my room and sprawled out on the bed for a nap, he came looking for me and saw me stretched out, face down on the bed and imagined I was dead. That upset him so much ("Every time he saw me he would think of a dead man") that we both agreed it would be better for me to leave him.

When college opened I went to share a small bungalow with the University photographer, Bowser. I knew something about photographic work as all thru the years since leaving Syracuse I had been ~~tk~~ taking pictures with my camera for pleasure and for profit, for I made some money in this way.

This bungalow was rented to us by Mrs. Dickinson and was almost under the old original Dickinson Avocado tree the seed of which had been brought from Panama by George Williams

(the groceryman I had worked for) many, many years before. I guess it was the first avocado planted in Los Angeles. In those days avocados were not yet grown for commercial purposes, in fact the fruit from this tree was left to rot on the ground until a few years later when they became quite valuable.

That year I helped Bowser a lot in taking and developing pictures and earned some money that way. I also started making penants in University colors, out of felt, also cushion covers out of felt and leather with S.C. monograms on them.

I think that some of the designs I made in those days are still in use.

I entered college that year as a Freshman but was able to get some credits for my medical college work and, by taking summer school work the following year, was able to skip the Sophomore year.

All the different things I did that year, ^{1908-09,} I do not remember. I was an assistant in the Biological Laboratories, earned meals by waiting on table and writing menus for the University lunchroom and worked in the grocery store (this time for pay), earned my tuition by doing the janitor work in the laboratories and in other ways kept myself busy. I also found out that I could control my sleepiness to some extent by taking a wink of sleep at stated intervals, but I always had that great lassitude of body and limbs and it took all my effort to keep going. I became more and more shy of public lectures or meetings where I had to sit down and listen to people talk for I invariably dozed off. I always took the back seats in class lectures and generally had to get the last part of a lecture from one of my classmates. I worked various schemes to make the professors think I was smart, but the only place that I really did good

work was in the biological labs.

Here I want to stop long enough to pay tribute to Albert B. Ulrey who was the Professor in charge of the Biological Laboratories. The great debt that I owe to him can never be repaid. He taught me, mostly by example, and many times by "heart to heart" talks, many things that were not included in the regular biological courses. I think of all the things that I studied, and the contacts which were made during those nine or ten college years, those years of association with him did me more good than any other one thing. It is hard to tell you just what those things were, or to put them in words as they had more to do with psych^holog^h or psych^hological attitudes than with anything else. One thing was the use of "tact" or an appreciation of a proper or right way of approaching any subject or person when some problem was involved which you wanted to swing to your side of the question. Another thing was to have a great respect for other peoples ideas whether or not they coincided with your own. Respect for other peoples ways of doing things and other things along this same line.

You must remember that in those years the University of Southern California was a rather small institution, and while nonsectarian the whole atmosphere of the the college was that rather strict Methodism. We had our every morning period for devotions in the assembly hall to which all students were required to attend. This period was devoted to the singing of hymns, prayer, announcements and generally a short talk on Christian character building. Most of the students were from Methodist families and had had Christian training. All of the ^{were} teachers, ^{were} professing Christians, others would not have been tolerated. All in all it was an atmosphere of brotherly love

and Christian fellowship.

What a pity that in the process of growth, bigness, these things have been left behind and at present play such a small part in University life. I know they would resent me saying so but never-the-less it is true. In the Alumni Review which I now receive I read warnings against bringing liquor on the University Campus, or deploring the fact that so many students drink. Why in my day such a thing would not have been tolerated on or off of the campus. We always had good times at our social functions without resort to tobacco, cards, dancing or drinking.

I remember that one time we had a Halloween Party in the large basement dining room. The students wanted a barrel of apple cider and finally got it on condition that it was to be strictly fresh. There was some left over in the barrel and stood for several days when it started to ferment. There was a string of us boys who got on to this fact and made frequent visits to the basement but when the professors heard of it what a commotion it produced and how quick that cider was poured down the sink spout. It was a costume party and I dressed as a pseudo-Mephistopheles and ^{what} ~~want~~ a commotion I produced. Even Dr. Bovard called me down afterwards for appearing in such a costume at a University function.

Ben Scott and myself were frequently called upon to act out "The Charge of the Light Brigade." He would speak the piece and I would act the part riding a broomstick and waving a large butcher knife. It was an act which always "brought down the house".

In June 1909 Mother, Marion and Betty came out to Los Angeles to live and we spent many weeks looking round for a house to buy, and finally Mother purchased the house at 1640 West 25th Street and as soon as her furniture and household goods arrived from Syracuse we moved in. Bert came over from Prescott and Clarence and his wife Ruth and their baby girl came over from El Paso, Texas. So we had a lovely reunion while we were getting settled.

Well I again had my lovely home to live in and did not have to rustle for my board and room or keep bachelor's hall. But of course during the next two years I did all of the man's work around the home which Mother insisted fully paid for my keep.

The college year 1909-1910 was however as busy as ever for me for all of my spare time was spent in the biological laboratories as an assistant, incidently earning my tuition. This work together with my home work kept me pretty busy and the year passed very quickly.

I have spoken about how Ben Scott and myself were rabid anti-fraternityites. However the year that I was at the medical college was Ben's freshman year at Liberal Arts and he was persuaded into joining a fraternity. When I came back the following year he immediately was after me, with some ^t others of his fraternity. But I would not pledge myself. I still believed and always have believed that Fraternities are bad social institutions, especially in college life. For me there is only one brotherhood and that is the brotherhood of man. It is one of the great regrets that I have that the fraternity came between Ben and myself as it surely did for, while we were always friends, there was never the close friendship we had ~~formerly~~

formally enjoyed.

The summer of 1910 I took summer school work in order to bring my credits up to the Junior Class standing.

I do not know just how it came about that that summer the Kinney Company of Venice offered the use of their aquarium and laboratory to the University and Prof. Ulrey was quite enthusiastic about it for we had been talking about something of the sort for some years and to have this actually "fall in our laps" was an act of providence.

I was placed in charge of the fitting up and care of the laboratory and ~~the~~ during that college year did a good deal of commuting between the University and Venice and did a lot of collecting of marine animals for the University collections and for class use.

At this time Prof. Ulrey was working on the development of the spine or "sting" of the Round Sting Ray and I spent much time around San Pedro hunting "Stingarees." Fishing for them with hook and line and later spearing them as I found I could get more in this way. One day I took one of the boys and a couple of the girls with me and we went to what is known as West Basin, then a vast expanse of shallow water and mud flats which in later years was all dredged out and at present is a deep water harbor. Well we had a lot of fun and did not pay much attention to the tides and the first thing we knew the water ~~was~~ was very low. We got stuck on a mud flat, in fact several of them and had to get out of the boat and push and pull in mud nearly up to our knees until we finally worked the boat into deeper water.

That year I also did a lot of Biological Survey work from Point Dume on the north to Alamitos Bay on the south,

locating and collecting all sorts of marine animals, preserving and classifying them. In October I even took a trip to Avalon Island on the excursion steamer and spent two days in collecting around there. We bought a 20 foot skiff at Venice and I spent some time in fitting it up with a center board and sails for trawling work. The old Italian, Joe Salapigno, who had charge of the aquarium for the Kinney Company showed me how to nit a seine net and I made a trawl bag to use from the boat (I could not do it now on a bet).

Mother and the girls joined the West Adams M. E. Church of which George Henry was pastor but I still kept my membership in the University Church. One night in November two of us from the University Church Epworth League went over to the West Adams Church to conduct the League meeting as Student Volunteers. As we were sitting on the platform waiting to open the meeting a young lady and her escort came in the door under the balcony and right then and there I fell in love with a pair of dark brown eyes. I knew who she was all right for both Marion and Betty had been raving about her and her eyes but that was my first glimpse of them, and I was sunk in the depths of the eyes. You children know who she was, Ruth King, who afterward became my wife and your Mother.

After that I joined the West Adams Church and during that winter and the spring of 1911 I devoted much time to the wooing of Ruth King, and that June I won her "Yes".

That summer Dr. Charles Lincoln Edwards joined the staff of the Biological Department. I got my A. B. degree from the University and the following September was made Assistant Professor of Marine Biology. Prof. Edwards was really my senior and was supposed to have charge of the Marine Laboratory, but

his visits were few and far between, so everything fell on my shoulders.

Come to think of it I was only an Instructor in Zoology that ~~that~~ year and was made Assistant Professor the following year.

On the fourteenth of September ^{1911,} your Mother and I were married and went to live in a cottage at Venice, which the Kinney Company had placed at my disposal free of rent. My salary was only \$40.00 a month, but as we did not have to pay rent we got along very nicely on that small amount, and had a wonderful honeymoon.

Twice a week, Tuesdays and Thursdays, I had to go to the University to take care of the classes and laboratory Zoology, physiology, bacteriology, embryology etc. I collected most of the material used in the zoology laboratory, corrected examination papers and did a lot of other things too numerous to mention.

Through Prof. Ulrey and Dr. Edwards' efforts an appropriation was secured for the building of a small boat and on November 8th, 1911, this was launched and christened the Anton Dohrn and that gave me a lot of other work to do for the whole responsibility of care and equipment of the boat was turned over to me.

Fortunately that year a young man, J. Ross Beck, entered college to take a premedical course, apparently forced to do it by his parents. However he was "bugs" about the ocean and fishing and I soon got him working with me at things which he enjoyed immensely, especially the boat work. From that time up to December 1914 he spent most of his time with me at the

Venice Marine Station or on the Anton Dohrn. Together we made all sorts of apparatus for dredging and trawling for use on the boat. We built a small skiff on the back platform of the Station and later on a live bait tank. The Kinney Company did every thing they could for us, especially young Ennis Kinney who had more or less the running of the Venice Pier, and took a lot of interest in my work.

The Thanksgiving period we made our first trip to Catalina Island mainly for the purpose of collecting abalones for Dr. Edwards who was doing some experimental work with them. During the Christmas vacation Dr. Edwards and myself went to San Diego and spent several days on the Alexander Agassiz, the large boat belonging to the Scripps Biological Institution, to study methods used in their marine work. From the time the Anton Dohrn was launched up to August 1912 we made over twenty-four trips up and down the coast, collecting, dredging, trawling etc. June twenty-first we went to Catalina Island with a diving suit which Dr. Edwards had borrowed and I had my first experience of going down in about 50 feet of water in a diving suit and it was wonderful to see all the seaweeds and animals on that bottom. August 29th we went over to an Japanese abalone camp on the west coast of Clamete Island. Dr. Edwards went down here in about 60 feet of water. The first dive he made he came floating to the top head down as the air had by some means gotten into the suit and blew it up like a balloon. We hauled him aboard fixed his suit and he went down again. Then I went down and found that I was facing an immense cliff to which thousands of abalones were clinging. That also was wonderful.

The cove we anchored in at this place was only a small place not much protected from the ocean swells and we

had to keep watch all night. When we started to leave the next day we had a hard time getting the anchor out as it was caught among the rocks and we came pretty close to being washed ashore on the rocks.

On August 13th, 1912 you, Spencer, came to join my family and how happy and proud your Father and Mother were and how much more interesting our lives became. Were we happy? Oh my yes.

Those years however were pretty strenuous ones what with all the various many things I had to do and the studying for my Masters Degree I was kept on the jump. My salary during 1912-1913 was raised to \$75. a month and that gave us a little relief but in October 1913 you, Barbara appeared on the scene and added to the joy, as well as other things, of your family. However that year, 1913-1914 my salary was raised to \$95. a month as Assistant Professor of Marine Biology. Joe Salapigno got sick and the Kinney Company wanted me to take charge of the aquarium so I did. This work took about two hours of my day but added \$25. a month to my money which helped a lot.

Prof. W. E. Allen was at this time a teacher in the Venice High School and it was thru him I think, that Dr. W. E. Ritter, Director of the Scripps Biological Laboratory at La Jolla, came to give a lecture in the High School. After the lecture I met him and invited him out to see the Venice Marine Station and the next day he came and we had a lovely visit, I did anyway. In the course of our talk he said something like this:

"Well Mr. Barnhart I am sorry that I did not know about you and the type of work you are doing. We needed just such a man at the Scripps Biological Laboratory and wrote to the New York Aquarium who recommended one of their men and he has

accepted the appointment. I really am sorry because we would have much preferred someone familiar with our west coast forms".

Later on he informed me that the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries was looking for someone to study the Albacore and he wanted to know if I knew of anyone who would be capable of doing this work. I told him that I knew of no one except myself. Then he asked me if I would be willing to undertake it and I said sure I would. And I thought that was the end of it.

Now I do not want to leave this part of the tale without mentioning one or two experiences which we had with the Anton Dohrn.

One day we sailed down and anchored off of the Anaheim Inlet. There were two of my students with me. Elmer Higgins, who at the present writing is Chief, Division of Scientific Inquiry, U. S. Bureau of Fisheries, and Wahrenbrock. We put a lot of apparatus in the skiff for the purpose of catching stingarees and then rowed toward the inlet, leaving Beck on board. The waves were not very high and of course we had to find the small channel between the breakers. We got pretty close in looking for it when a big breaker suddenly swept in on us and rolled the boat completely over. Of course we attempted to swim but suddenly found that we were standing on a sand bar just above our waists in the water. We lost most of the apparatus except the small seine and finally managed to beach the skiff and get it bailed out, went back to the Anton Dohrn and headed for San Pedro and home. One fishing expedition that ended badly.

One Christmas ^{vacation} Beck and myself went over to Catalina Harbor to do some collecting intending to get back for Christmas day. We did our collecting and the late afternoon the wind

came up as we were heading for San Pedro. When we got out of the lee of the island we found that we were in the midst of a real hard blow. Instead of turning back as we should have done we kept on. Out in the middle of the channel the waves were rolling high, the wind blowing like the dickens but luckily we were running before it and not bucking it. Sometime after dark the engine failed on us and we had to hustle and get enough of the sail up to keep us headed before the wind, just the small jib-sail, the way the wind was blowing I do not believe we would have been able to hoist the main-sail, it wasn't safe to try it anyway. Well I stood on deck steering, the wheel was just outside the engine-room door on the aft deck, while Beck was trying to fix the engine and get it running again. I would look back and see the immense waves creeping up and wonder if they would break over the deck and wash me off. But the old Anton Dohrn was a seaworthy boat and she rode like a duck. Beck finally got the engine going again after about an hours work, we left the sail up and fairly flew over the water getting into San Pedro about eleven o'clock. It was then so late that we anchored back of the breakwater and bunked down for the night. The next morning we found that all of the big steamers had staid in port that had been due to sail the day before, because of the gale and the storm warnings that had been posted.

Another time we had planned a trip to Catalina Island to do some collecting. Higgins and myself left San Pedro for Venice at one o'clock in the morning. About three o'clock we were nearing Pt. Vincente when I noticed that our row boat, which we were towing astern, was missing. So we shut down the engine and drifted until it started to get light when we started to ⁿhut for the skiff. Well we sailed back and forth,

searching all the coves, for we thought of course it had drifted ashore. There was a light off-shore wind blowing and we finally made up our minds that the boat had drifted to sea instead of ashore, so we ran out some distance. Just as the sun came up and we were about to give up the search, I caught the flash of the sun on the white side of the boat way out to sea, almost in mid-channel. It was eight o'clock when we finally picked up the boat and headed for Venice where we were to meet Ross Beck and Wahrenbrock. We arrived at Venice at twelve and found Wahrenbrock but no Beck who had sent word that he could not go with us. I did not like to leave without Beck, he was too good an engineer. However Wahrenbrock said he would run the engine and I knew if he couldn't I could so decided to go ahead.

As we were getting out of Santa Monica Bay and a little way off Pt. Vincente the wind started to blow pretty hard and the rollers got pretty high. Both Higgins and Wahrenbrock got so seasick that they were helpless. I did not pay much attention to that for the engine could go right on and I could do the steering. Then about a mile off Pt. Vincente the engine decided to quit, and we began to drift toward shore.

Wahrenbrock had come on deck and along with Higgins laid, stretched out on deck, and do you suppose I could get him to go down in that fumey engine room? Not on a bet. Both of them would rather go ashore and be smashed on the rocks than to lift a head or hand.

How I ever managed in that wind and sea to get the sail up I do not know, but I did. Now of course the Anton Dohrn had no sailing keel and all I could hope for was that the sail would help us past the point before we got too close to it.

I finally got Higgins to take hold of the wheel while I ducked down in the engine room to see if I could get the engine going. It took me only a few minutes to locate the trouble, water in the carburettor, and all it needed was draining out. In a few minutes the engine was going again and I heaved a big sigh of relief but was all-of-a-tremble from the exertion and nerve strain or pure fright, for we were almost in the breakers off Point Vincente. Thank God we pulled clear just in time.

Well, taking the condition of the boys and the high wind and sea into consideration, I decided that the best thing to do was to head for San Pedro and get behind the breakwater as soon as possible. It was after dark when we finally cast anchor.

The next morning the wind had gone down and the boys insisted they were all O.K. so we went on over to Catalina Harbor and did a lot of work before returning.

I think it was about 1912 that Harry and his family came to Los Angeles. Roy entered a military school, Midge went east to Smith College and Harry and Margaret went to Ouray, Colorado, where Harry became manager of the famous Camp Bird Mines.

It was in May 1914 that I received the appointment as Scientific Assistant in the U. S. Bureau of Fisheries to study the Albacore and the Albacore Fisheries Industry. It seemed that this was one of the results of Dr. Ritter's visit as he had recommended me for the work. It was a very welcome job as I was getting "fed up" on the work I was doing and was beginning to wonder what I could get into to break away.

So the first of June found me working for the Bureau of Fisheries. On the 11th of June however I went to the Univer-

sity Commencement Exercises and was given my Master Degree.

I soon found out that in order to carry on the Albacore work it would be necessary to rent a boat. After talking the matter over with Prof. Ulrey and Dr. Bovard they consented to let me rent the Anton Dohrn for this work. I also persuaded Ross Beck to work with me as engineer and assistant.

Now I am not going to go into detail of the Albacore work. Suffice it to say that from the middle of June to the first of December we sailed the high seas, hunting Albacore, chasing Albacore, catching Albacore and marking Albacore, from the Santa Barbara Islands out to Santa Cruz Island and on down to San Diego and the Coronado Islands. First of course, I had to make a study of the methods of the fishermen and spent many days on other fishing boats running out of San Pedro. I went out with Italian, Portuguese, Japanese and American fishermen and learned how to set the nets for bait (sardines and anchovies), how to take care of the live bait, how to chum for them, how to hunt for the schools of albacore etc. etc.

Then Beck and I made our live bait tank, blanket net and all the other gear necessary in fishing for albacore. We also had to put a salt water pump on the engine to supply the bait tank with water.

The usual daily procedure was about as follows: If we were going to Redondo for our bait we left San Pedro about two o'clock in the morning, if we were going to Catalina Island we left about 10 o'clock at night. Anyway we had to get our supply of live bait just at dawn at whichever place we were going. On the way we had to chop up our "chum" for the sardines. This was made by chopping up a few albacore just as

fine as we could get it. Arrived at the bait grounds we had to locate a school of sardines, set our blanket net, which was hung on outriggers from the boat and then throw the "chum" in the water between the net and the boat. When a school of littæ fishes came into the net after the "chum" we hauled in the net and transferred the sardines with a dip-net to our live bait tank. Then we headed out into the channel to locate the schools of albacore.

At the beginning of the work we would catch a lot of the fishes and then measure and weigh them, then open them up to see which were males and which females and find out the condition of the ovaries (whether they were full of eggs or not).

About mid-afternoon we would head back for San Pedro to a cannery, sell our fish (this money was Beck's in lieu of salary), tie up for a few hours rest and sleep and then start all over again.

As soon as the marking buttons came from the Bureau of Fisheries, instead of keeping the albacore we would catch, weigh, measure and fix the buttons in the gill-covers of the fish and then throw them back in the water. If you think it was no job to do this work with 15, 30 or 60 pounds of live wriggling, jumping, flapping, slippery fish, you have another guess coming. One of the big fellows took all the strength we had to handle it.

The Bureau of Fisheries made a mistake however in sending me first buttons, or eyelets, made of aluminum as they should have known these would soon dissolve in sea water and would give us no returns for our work. It was only late in the season, when the run was about over, that I finally received the silver buttons, but only was able to mark only mark

a few fish with these.

Altogether this period was one of hard work, long hours, but fascinating work and of course I fell in love with fishing.

I think that it was along toward the last of September that I had a letter from Dr. Ritter saying that the man whom he had expected to take the position at the Scripps Institution had written asking to be released from his acceptance of the position and that the place was now open for me if I wished to accept it. Of course I accepted it and the 14th of December, 1914 found me and my family installed in Cottage No. 8 at the Scripps Institution of Biological Research (as it was then called, but in 1924 the name was changed to the Scripps Institution of Oceanography).

Of my work here at the Scripps Institution you all know.

On April 2nd, 1916 you Rey, came to join our family being the born in Cottage No. 8. The first baby to be born on the grounds of the Scripps Institution.

That year Mr. E. W. Scripps, hearing that I was figuring on buying some land near the Institution, offered to give me an acre of ground and to loan me \$1500 if I would build a house on the property. Of course I took the offer gladly and we built and lived on this place, Homeacre, for four years.

In 1917 Mrs. Ritter took quite an interest in my "sleepiness" and insisted that I take my case to Dr. Truman Parker of La Jolla. I did this and thru Dr. Parker found out what was the matter with me, Protozoans or Amoeba in my intestinal tract. Then I took a long course of treatment which practically cured my sleepiness. But the old habit acquired thru 16 years was not easily or entirely gotten rid of as you know.

In 1916 I had to start driving a car for collecting purposes and I was always fearful of going to sleep while driving. Now since leaving Ossining in 1900 I had not used tobacco and now I remembered that a stong cigar used to keep me awake, so I began again to smoke a cigar while driving, and, gradually to smoke at other times to keep myself awake until, finally, as the yeard went by, I got back into the habit of smoking. I will never forget how disappointed you were Spencer, when you at last learned that your father smoked and how terribly guilty I felt at the time because, as you remember, I had pretty thoroughly imbued your mind with the nastiness of the habit thru ridicule of smoking advertisements in magazines.

In 1920 I had some differences of opinion with Dr. Ritter and because of this I felt it better to sell "Homeacre", which I did/ We then moved to Chula Vista.

You all will remember that in June 1922 I was one of the members of an exploring expedition that went to all the Mexican Islands off the west coast of Lower California. This expedition was sponsered by the Mexican Government, the California Academy of Sciences, the San Diego Natural History Society and the Scripps Institution. The party sailed on the Fisheries Patrol boat Tecate of the Mexican Government and most of the expenses were paid by the Mexican Government.

We went first to Guadaloupe Island. While anchored there a party of us made the arduous trip to the top of the island. On the way up we shot a little kid and roasted it over a bonfire. On the very top of the island there was a forest of immense Cypress trees and from them I collected some seeds and on our return planted them (to Chula Vista). Those two beautiful big trees in our yard came ^h from those seeds.

We then went on down the coast and visited all the other islands as far south as the Santa Margarita Island at Magdalena Bay. On the way back we landed on the main land at many places.

On this trip I made a number of good Mexican friends, in fact we were all treated royally by the Mexican officials.

One of the results of this trip was another one I made in April of 1931. This time I went by the invitation of Captain Angulo (who was the Captain of the Tecate on the 1928 trip), on the much larger patrol boat R.F.C. No.1.

On this trip, as on the former, I took plankton samples and water samples every running hour throughout the trip, night and day. Sometimes we ran for two 24 hour days in succession and I had to make those hourly hauls and sleep between hauls. This was one time when my ability to drop to sleep in a minute (and wake by the alarm clock) came in mighty handy.

We had on board a Mexican Fisheries Inspector, Senior Cos, whose business it was to inspect every fishing boat's papers in Mexican waters. We went first to Guadalupe Island then to the Bonito Islands, then to Magdalena Bay, on down to Cape San Lucas, across to Secorro Island, back up the Gulf of California to La Paz at which place we anchored for four days.

At La Paz I was given a reception by some of the Mexican officials who rented the largest Casino and gave a private dance in my honor, at which the elite of the town were present. What a pity that I had never learned to dance and had to sit on the side lines and watch and accept or refuse the many invitations to "drink". The Mayor himself was the most persistent in treating me and this was the one time in my life that I had a hard time keeping sober. But dont forget that I kept sober.

Sunday, April 26, 1931, we arrived at San Jose del Cabo, a place where many tomatoes, watermelons, sugar-cane and other produce is grown. The town is a mile or more up the very fertile valley. Word had been sent ahead that we were coming and to meet us with autos. Evidently the message had not arrived so we had to walk to the town and it was a very hot walk.

I had brought from Chula Vista a couple of 5 gallon kits with a lot of Gambusias, Mosquito Fish, to plant in the Rio San Jose as malaria is prevalent at this place.

Well we arrived at the town, I was presented to the Mayor, the Chief of the Health Department and some others. Capt. Angulo gave the letters we had from the Governor explaining our visit to plant the Mosquito Fishes and then we went out to a favorable place and turned the fishes loose. With the help of one of the Mexicans I collected a lot of little fishes that were in the river and then was driven back to the beach, as I wanted to get my catch in some barrels of water on board the boat before they died.

The next day we sailed for Cape San Lucas and stopped there a couple of days. Naturally I took a walk over to the settlement which consisted of only a few old adobe houses, a general store but a brand new concrete "little red schoolhouse", only it was white. There were a lot of cattle browsing round. I noticed that many of them had large warty protuberances, especially round the head. At first I thought it was some sort of disease but closer inspection showed that it was just a lot of cactus nodes that were stuck in the hidees. Around almost every animal there was a bunch of chickens employed in jumping up and pecking something from the legs and bodies. At first I thought the chickens were after flies but discovered that they

were after the ticks which were thickly attached to the skin of the cattle. Apparently the cattle seemed to enjoy the de-ticking.

From here we sailed for Magdaléna Bay and anchored at the landing which is quite a ways up the bay. Here I enjoyed a turtle barbaque. The breast bone of the turtle with its thick white meat roasted before a bonfire. Then you cut it off in strips, put it on tortillas, season with chili sauce, roll it up and eat it, sipping sour wine between bites. It was delicious. In the evening there was a dance in the old packing shed and everyone had a very good time.

Now at the dance given at La Paz the Senoritas were all of Spanish stock, as white of skin as you or I. Also they were all dressed in the latest ~~sp~~ French dancing gowns. At the dance at Magdalena all the Senoritas were of Mexican Indian stock, ~~and~~ very dark skinned and in short skirts. So you see I was at dances representing the two extremes of Mexican society. I must say that the latter seemed to have a lot more real fun in their dancing.

From Magdalena Bay ^{we} went headed for San Diego but stoped ^p at Cerros Island and Ensenada on the way back.

And so I come to the end of this little autobiography which I have written for you, my children, so that you will not be entirely ignorant of your father's early life, or up to the time of your remembrance. May you take some pleasure in reading about it is the sincere wish of

Your Loving Father.

Percy Spencer Barnhart