

THE GRIGGS FAMILY MEMOIRS

Joe's Introduction

Rosalind Goforth Luther has asked for the sake of her posterity that we make a record of our memories of our parents, Dr. Joseph and Alice Griggs of Tacoma, Washington. We feel it is very fortunate that the four oldest children of this pair are living within a few blocks of each other in Claremont, California, and are therefore able to get together and record their memories of our parents and the kind of childhood we had with them and together with each other. I am prepared to start by giving a brief sketch of our family in America and then the other siblings will take their turns giving you their account of how they remember their parents to have performed as the family that gave rise to all this.

Our earliest Griggs ancestor, Thomas Griggs, came from England to Roxbury, Massachusetts, in the spring of 1639 with his wife Mary and their two sons, John and Joseph. He was apparently not the father of Dr. Griggs who testified against the witches in the infamous Salem witchcraft trials and hangings. Whether those other Griggses who came to America four years earlier were related at all to us, is unknown. It is not stated whether our first ancestor, Thomas Griggs, was an indentured servant as so many immigrants were; but his son, Joseph, our second ancestor, definitely was. He freed himself of debt and became a free man at the age of 23.

The name Griggs apparently means "crickets". It is an imitation of the sound they make. Shakespeare says, "as merry as a grig." After seven generations, our father, Joseph Franklin Griggs, Jr., was born in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, August 27, 1871. He was the eighth Griggs in direct line. The third should also be noted. He was the first Ichabod Griggs. He married very well from the standpoint of brains, and had nine children. The eighth child was our ancestor, Thomas Griggs, and the ninth child was Ichabod, Jr. It is from this second Ichabod that the St. Paul-Tacoma Lumber Company Griggses of Tacoma and Dr. Edward Howard Griggs and many other notable Griggses that you will hear of have descended; so our relationship to them goes back to 1717 and the Ichabods.

Our father's grandfather was John Griggs, the blacksmith of Sutton, Massachusetts. He and his wife, Mary Thurston, had eleven children and also brought up two granddaughters whose mother had died, so there were seven sons and six girls. Our cousin, Tom Griggs, in Pittsburgh had a collection of our great grandfather's excellent handmade iron tools and household and farm implements. John Griggs had to take over his father's blacksmith shop when he was only fifteen years of age to support himself and his mother and younger brother. He managed somehow to give all thirteen children some superior education and two sons went to college. One was our grandfather, the first Joseph Franklin Griggs, who was graduated from Yale. The other was Thurston Griggs who went to Harvard Medical College. Two other sons went west with the Gold Rush about 1849. George Griggs went to

California and became a merchant to the miners; he came home to Massachusetts once with expensive presents for everyone; he returned to California and lost everything when a partner absconded with the profits and a fire destroyed his store. He was never heard of again. Nathan Griggs followed the Gold Rush to Australia and New Zealand. He never made enough money to return home but wrote very interesting letters to his mother which are in our family archives. Neither George nor Nathan ever married. Grandfather Joseph Franklin Griggs of Sutton, Massachusetts, migrated after college to Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania. There he established a prep school for boys which then merged with the Western University of Pennsylvania, later the University of Pittsburgh. He was Professor of Latin and Greek for thirty-one years, then Professor Emeritus and Secretary-Treasurer of the University.

During the war between the states, when he was forty one years old, he married Eliza Buchanan Brooks, whose father was Jeremiah Brooks, M.D. She was already thirty three, but they raised a daughter, our Auntie, Aunt Martha, and three sons; Tom, Jerry, and Joseph. Martha tells this story about Jerry as a little boy.

Apparently, the children were to have a trip across the mountains to visit the grandparents in Massachusetts. Jerry sat on the front doorstep crowing, "goin' to Massachusetts, goin' to Massachusetts." A neighbor boy came up to him and said "where the hell is Massachusetts?" Jerry didn't know so he made a face at the boy, turned, and went into the house. In Massachusetts they were known as "those Allegheny Mountain boys from way out West."

Another story is that Professor Griggs was the typical absent-minded professor, deep in thought and quite shy. Jerry got on a street car, found his father already aboard with an empty seat beside him. Jerry sat down beside him and addressed him as Professor Griggs, carried on a conversation with him and got off the streetcar before grandfather realized that he had been talking to his own son.

The boys and their friends inhabited vacant lots where they built little fires to keep warm and to roast potatoes. I asked my father one time if he had ever been in jail. He surprised me by saying no, he had not, but that his brothers had been. One day the police surrounded the boys, surprised and caught them, and locked them up in a cell for a few hours. The boys had very fancy names for those cops.

Finances did not permit the older children in the family to go to college but our father, Joseph Franklin Griggs, Jr., got his B.A. and M.A. at Western University of Pennsylvania there in Pittsburgh, and his M.D. Degree at the University of Pennsylvania Medical School in Philadelphia. On one vacation he joined classmates in a camping trip on a part of the Cheat River which disappears underground in some places, is narrow and swift in some, and wide and quiet in other places. One boy, a good swimmer, ran into the river and swam across while the others basked on the shore. They heard the boy yell

something and saw him wave his arm at them. Dad was the only one who thought he might be in trouble, so when he yelled again Dad said, "I don't think he's just fooling!" The other boys said, "Oh, he's an excellent swimmer, he's all right." But Dad went in after him and found him all tied up in cramps, and drowning. He managed somehow to keep him up and to get him up current to shore where the other boys helped rub his cramps out and get him warm. Dad was so exhausted that he lay on the beach for two hours. The Cheat River nearly cheated us all out of our existence.

After college and medical school our father had four trips to Europe. The first was with two college friends and was a gift from a Mrs. C. J. Clarke. Two other trips to -Antwerp he took as ship's surgeon. He was also able to take a post-graduate course in Germany by means of a gift from Ben Thaw a grateful patient. It is said that during one of these voyages, he lost the sweetheart he had left behind. Her name was Bessie. She stood in front of a fireplace fire in her nightgown and was burned to death. Had this accident not occurred, probably none of us would have ever had life.

He set up practice in Pittsburgh, riding a bicycle to make his house calls. One of the MacElroy girls remarked, "Alice Van Gorder must be awfully sick. Dr. Griggs' bicycle has been standing in front of their house for two hours." Alice was seventeen years old, very beautiful and vivacious, with long black curls and she played the piano divinely. But she was in poor health with chlorosis, a peculiarly stubborn form of anemia of those days. Her parents were terribly afraid that she would get tuberculosis because two of her aunts died of it while very young. Whenever she or her mother became at all ill, her father would order them to rest. He went out and did all the shopping and secured servants and nurses as needed. Alice had a younger brother and sister. The latter, Dorothy Van Gorder Workman, is still alive and well, the last survivor of that generation of our direct ancestors. Her brother was Dr. George Van Gorder, a most beloved professor of orthopedic surgery at Peking Union Medical College and Harvard University Medical School. George married the beautiful and charming nurse, Helen Goforth of China. Our sister, Harriet Rebecca, married Paul Goforth, one of Helen's brothers, from which union came our incomparable Rosalind Goforth Luther, who initiated this genealogical review.

Less than a month before Alice Van Gorder was eighteen years old, Dr. Griggs had taken permanent charge of this lovely patient of his through marriage. Her father, Frank O. Van Gorder is said to have gone about the house and yard grumbling and muttering, "Joe Griggs the old robber!" The doctor's tender, loving care apparently never faltered.

She went to China with him in the mission field for three years and bore him seven children in twenty years. She lived to take an interest in all the big extended family until, at the age of eighty-five, she died of a ruptured appendix in 1969.

As we study the Griggs family genealogy, three

characteristics command our attention. The first and most important is that our male ancestors had the wisdom or good taste to marry women from rather notable families. The second is that longevity has been quite good in our lineage. The third is that the men tend to marry considerably later in life than has been the usual custom with our contemporaries.

Now, we come to the Van Gorder family. Our mother, Alice, and her brother George, and sister Dorothy, on their father's side, came from pioneer stock in America. The first ancestor came from Holland to Fort Orange (or Albany, New York) about 1650. I am told that in Holland the name would not be spelled with a G or pronounced as we pronounce a G, but would probably be found to be Van Hjorder--Hj in place of G. The H is sounded and the j is like y. He was Albert Gisbert Van Gorder. His son of the same name had thirteen children by Rachel Rosecrans. For five generations the marriages were all to Dutch-Americans. Then, Abraham Van Gorder married Elizabeth Love and had nine children. The oldest, a boy named James L. Van Gorder, moved to Warren, Ohio at age 20. He started an extensive flour milling business; built two dams and four locks in the canal; owned a wagon-making and blacksmith shop; was an extensive contractor on the Ohio and Pennsylvania Canal on which he employed 150 men. He also purchased a leading hotel and started a chain of hotels in Ohio and Pennsylvania. An accident made him a partial cripple but he worked until his death at the age of 72. He married Elizabeth Spear, who bore him thirteen children and lived to be ninety-three years old herself. Their eleventh child was Isaac Frank Van Gorder, who was Alice's paternal grandfather. He is said to have been able to skate backwards up the Allegheny River faster than any man in Pittsburgh could skate forwards or backwards. He also could stand on his head on' a horse. Her father, Frank Oakman Van Gorder had a successful business in real estate and insurance in Pittsburgh. He was the ninth generation of Van Gorders in America. Alice's mother was born Harriet Rebecca Wilson. Her father was the honorable George Wilson, a member of the Pennsylvania State Legislature and Mayor of Pittsburgh at the outbreak of the war between the states. When Abe Lincoln, newly elected President of the United States, was on his way to Washington, D.C., he was greeted and hosted by Mayor Wilson, who also introduced him for his address to the citizens of Pittsburgh. Family lore gives him credit for a part in the famous refusal of Pittsburghers to send munitions from the Federal Arsenal down the Ohio/Mississippi Rivers to the states who were about to secede. He was first president of the society of the prevention of cruelty to animals and children. He refused to sell his land when it was wanted for a new brewery. George Wilson was a recent immigrant to the United States having come from Northern Ireland of Scottish decent.

THIS IS MARTHA SPEAKING

At the age of three, I came to know our grandmother Griggs. It was when Auntie was taking care of both of us, first at a cottage in Long Beach. When mother was in a sanitarium, then

in a house they owned in Belleview, a north side suburb of Pittsburgh. Two occasions remain in my memory: the first of walking hand in hand with grandmother around the cottage garden in Long Beach where we were surrounded by the smell of sweet alyssum. That fragrance still brings the scene back to my mind. The second was when I was allowed to go into the bedroom in Belleview where grandmother, having died of pneumonia at the age of 77, was laid out for burial. It was to say goodbye to her and I seem to remember taking her hand with very little feeling of strangeness. She was a woman of independent spirit and considerable accomplishment. Alice Greenwood, the niece of Aunt Adelaide, was Uncle Jerry's wife, knew the family well. She later, herself, became Uncle Tom's second wife. She told me that in spite of our grandmother's deafness, she found her more interesting than Aunt Janie, the youngest of grandmother's four sisters. Aunt Janie was considered the beauty of the family. She had never married after having lost her fiancée in the Civil War, and had been given great consideration by the rest of the family. I never thought to ask where our Grandmother Eliza got her education, but as a young woman before the Civil War, she spent time as a governess teaching French in some southern household. Years later, Alice Greenwood said she remembered our grandmother reading her Bible in the evening in Italian. Auntie said that when she was seventy Grandmother started to learn Spanish. She was fifty when she learned to swim, as I remember it, and I think she learned to ride a bicycle somewhere along the line. When I knew her she was using one of the old, long, black trumpet hearing aids for carrying on a conversation. She had been quite deaf since Daddy was a little boy.

He told the story of his great embarrassment when, at the age of eight, he accompanied her to a revival meeting. They sat near the front, but strain as she would, she could not hear. Towards the end of the meeting when the evangelist came along the aisle and asked people for commitment, he worked quite a while on Grandmother but she kept shaking her head. Finally, little Joe screwed up his courage and said, "My mother is deaf and can't hear a word you say."

Her father, Jeremiah Brooks, the head of this family of five girls was a physician in Pittsburgh. I heard someone tell about how in his youth he had delivered mail over long distances on horseback. In the wintertime when the snow was deep he would have to be tied somehow to his horse to prevent his falling off if he fell asleep. The other thing Auntie told me about him was that he was one of the earliest doctors to be careful about washing his hands when taking care of patients. I think she was referring particularly to maternity cases.

At the age of 35, our Grandmother Brooks married Grandfather Griggs who was already 40. There followed a family of five: two girls and three boys. Little Mary died in childhood, which left our Aunt Martha to carry on responsibilities that belonged to women in those days.

If I remember correctly, she said that Grandmother, as Christmas time approached, would bake twenty or so mince

pies to give to friends and needy families. But more and more the cooking and household duties fell to Auntie. The men were all big eaters and set considerable store by their meals as she did herself. No air conditioning, no insulated stoves, no electric fans in those days. In mid-summer as jelly and jam-making time came, when the days were hot and humid, she waited until the middle of the night to carry out the preserving jobs, for she was stout and felt the heat greatly.

She was a woman of keen intelligence. She had a faculty for asking questions in friendly discourse with people that elicited an astonishing amount of information, without making them feel that their privacy had been invaded. She would have loved to have had an education to engage her intellectual interests. The best she could do under the circumstances was to read and travel when the opportunity came. She told me she would have liked to study nursing but we can see that her family would have floundered without her. The nearest public service she took on was serving on the board of the orphanage for colored children in Pittsburgh. Our Grandfather had several strokes before he died and she did all the nursing. He doted on her. At one point she and her pother left home to go to Philadelphia where our father was graduating from medical school. The trip was quite an undertaking, he would hardly be expecting them and they wanted to surprise him at his commencement. They left Jerry and Tom to carry on with the care of their father while they were gone. In the meantime. Daddy had been given the allotted two tickets for family attendance at the graduation ceremony, something his womenfolk knew nothing about. When they arrived flushed with excitement, it was to find that having no hope of seeing them, he had just given his tickets away to someone else! Too bad I don't remember hearing how it came out, surely some exception must have been made under the circumstances so that they were allowed to see Daddy graduate with honors, which he did. (This reminds me that our mother told me that when he decided to settle in Tacoma some years later and took the state medical examination as required, he came out at the head of that particular group of examinees.) Shortly before that I believe he had taken time for a six-weeks refresher course in bacteriology at John Hopkins Medical School.

When Auntie and Grandmother returned. to Pittsburgh, Grandfather told Auntie how much he had missed her, and that must never leave him again. Jerry and Tom had been "like a couple of elephants!"

After her father was gone she took care of her mother and me, then kept house for Aunt Janie. Later, Aunt Janie spent summers with her old friend. Miss Denny in Pittsburgh, while Auntie took care of us children for at least six years, mostly at Sylvan, on Fox Island in Puget Sound. This arrangement served the two ends of giving our mother a rest from the hubbub while the children reveled in the joys of living at Sylvan.

Auntie enjoyed it too for she had no cooking ,to do and found the adult company was good. She had a hearty laugh and large, warm dark-brown eyes, with an attitude and presence that

invited young and old to call her Auntie, even some older than herself. She somehow managed to get in several trips to Europe with friends, and once with Aunt Janie. An avid sight-seer, especially interested in the British Isles from whence came her forebears she told me once that one of the greatest pleasures she experienced wherever she went was looking into the beautiful faces of the little children they met along the way. She did some of her work on the genealogy she compiled in England and Scotland, I believe.

Our Griggs Grandparents and Van Gorder Grandparents lived near each other in Pittsburgh's east end, not far from the Third Presbyterian Church, which both families attended at the time that Daddy first became acquainted with Mother as his patient. He was twelve years older than she, but she was already a young lady. At home they called her "Lady". I don't know why except that she behaved like one perhaps. Anyway, Daddy's nickname for her was "Lay" for many years. When she was married at such a tender age, despite Grandfather Van Gorder's anguished cry of "Joe Griggs, the old robber," the Grandparents were well enough pleased to give their little girl into the keeping of someone they trusted who knew how to take care of her.

When the new couple settled down in the same neighborhood, where a good medical practice was already established, there was little to upset them. It was when Joe, with Alice in agreement, decided to take in earnest the pleadings of Charlie Lewis, Joe's old medical school chum, to join him in North China as a medical missionary under the Presbyterian Board that the Van Gorders really were upset. They did not stand in the way, however, and within a year after they were married, the couple were commissioned in 1902, from the Third Presbyterian Church by the Board for a seven-year term in Peking.

Beside language studies for both of them, although Mother didn't attempt to take an active part in the mission work. Daddy had his hands full getting acquainted with medical practice under much more primitive conditions. He oversaw the drilling of an artesian well, and the building of the Dow Hospital before long. I have heard that he had to supervise the building of our own house on the compound as well. A letter from him speaks of his performing cataract operations among the gamut of medical services required there. Within a couple of years he was able to deliver a Gospel message in Mandarin, as was expected of him.

I was born in January, 1905; and in July, 1904, Rebecca was born. Mother's health, disappointedly, became worse rather than better, and it was decided that she should go back to a sanitarium in California in order to gain back her strength. At this juncture, our Van Gorder Grandparents must have made the trip to the Orient to see for themselves how things were and to lend their support to the move. They brought their 16-year-old son, George, with them. It was doubtless the interest and realization of need that were aroused in him by the sights he saw there that later led to his own commitment to teaching and practicing orthopedic surgery at Peking Medical College in later

years. (There remain a couple of old doctors there at Peking Union Medical College, in their eighties, who still remember our Uncle George. His daughter, born there, and his son-in-law, the Don Minklers, met them this summer of 1978, on their trip to China - a great thrill for them.)

The upshot of the family situation was that Mother and I took ship with the grandparents and Uncle George for the return trip to America - the same ship that carried, in the first-class, Theodore Roosevelt's daughter, Alice, who had quite a reputation as a women's libber, even in those days.

Rebecca remained behind to stay with Doctor Lewis and his wife. Cord, who was a trained nurse. They had no children of their own and wanted her in their home. Daddy was thus left freer for his work and also nearby, of course. The hope was that Mother would get well enough to return, but the Board's medical examiners would not pass her, so Daddy and Becca returned at the end of the fourth year. It was pretty much heartbreak, but nothing to do but make a new beginning.

Daddy, having sold his practice in Pittsburgh, could not return there. He was determined to settle in the best possible climate for Mother anyway, and after investigating various possibilities, decided on Tacoma, which was at that time presumed to become the terminus of the east-west railroads that would bring growth to the city. In the end, Tacoma was by-passed by Seattle, though they never regretted the choice of Tacoma which they came to love.

During their rather brief visit to the Orient, Grandpa Van Gorder had the misfortune to pick up an eye infection that destroyed the sight in one of his eyes. In the ensuing years. Daddy suffered a somewhat similar misfortune. He had already lost the sight of one eye through an accident in his youth during a game the boys used to play with sharpened sticks. One of the sticks struck his eye and, for the rest of his life, he managed remarkably well with only one. During the last year in China the lens of his bad eye became opaque and turned white. He had neglected to mention this in letters to Mother. Consequently, she suffered a shock on his return to see him with one eye brown, the other white. So one of the things he had done was to have an ophthalmologist friend in Seattle restore the color to brown, using a kind of tattooing technique. The next thing, deciding to live in Tacoma, was to take the Medical Board Examinations for Washington State, which he passed at the head of the list, as Mother once told me.

He had a few letters of introduction to Tacoma people from old Pittsburgh friends. In the main, he had to build up a practice of his own, however--at first, without a car--a practice which eventually grew too large to keep up with as his strength ebbed. He would have liked to serve in World War I, but with six children to support that was out of the question. Instead, in 1918, he hired a young assistant during the great flu epidemic, and the two of them worked themselves nearly to death. Dinner was kept hot until eight o'clock for them on the chance that they

would get home by that time. Often it was to find the living room full of people waiting for shots. It was a more or less accepted rule that they quit work, no matter what, by 2:00 a.m., night after night. I remember this period well.

To return to the early days, one of the first houses we lived in was on Division Avenue, and now comes the fire. Joseph was newborn. Mother had not yet come downstairs after his birth. The cold weather of early February set the scene. The maid, Pauline, bundled Rebecca and me into our warm woolen coats and sent us out to play in the yard. We were five and three and one-half. There wasn't much to do outdoors, so when we were at the back of the house we opened the basement door and went in where the furnace was. My eye lit on a box of matches and I remembered hearing grown-ups discussing the flammability of various fabrics. They had said that wool did not burn easily. I told Rebecca that, since this was the case, we could just prove it by holding a match up against her coat for a minute. She was not as much taken with the idea as I, but was persuaded to stand still while I lit a match and held it against her lapel. It went out before any damage was done, so we moved on to more interesting things. In another section of the basement there was a large amount of excelsior piled in a corner. It had come in the crated household goods and was doubtless being used up gradually for starting the furnace fire. A few straggling curls were lying around the base of the pile and a broom stood against the wall. It would be fun to light one of these bits at the edge and then beat the flame up with the broom. I did, and almost instantly there was a flash toward the main pile. I waved the broom futilely a few times before we ran up, as fast as we could and around the front door to tell Pauline the house was on fire. Already she had smelled the smoke. Immediately she ran upstairs to get Mother and the baby downstairs and outdoors. She was brave for she had not managed to avoid some smoke inhalation herself. The galloping horses of the fire department must have arrived pretty promptly though for the fire hoses, trained through the downstairs windows, soaking all the furnishings including the piano, saved the house from being gutted.

The neighbors on either side of us were very kind, taking our family into their homes for supper and the night. I remember screaming wildly when I found I had to sleep in the same bed with a woman I hardly knew. Not a peep out of Rebecca, bless her heart. She has always been my earliest, faithful, life-long friend through thick and thin. No one ever mentioned us as having a possible connection with the fire. We learned years later that faulty electric wiring was presumed to be the cause of it and the insurance payment was a more-than-welcome windfall in those lean times.

A year-and-a-half later the family spent the summer out on the prairie beside American Lake. Daddy commuted to his office on the inter-urban trolley-car. Alice who was later called Sally, was a small baby and Joseph, a toddler. Our parents and the babies lived in a large tent, including kitchen facilities set up on a wooden platform. Rebecca and I knew that a garter snake lived under that tent for we had seen it, but that

was a secret we shared with Daddy--never to be divulged to Mother, who was afraid of snakes. So far as I know, she never had to be upset by such fearful knowledge. Rebecca and I were housed for sleeping in a small tent, pitched on the ground, with a strip of long prairie grass between our cots. A goodly number of inch worms shared the accommodation with us. Apparently, they bothered us not at all. I remember our trying to set a couple of them at a time up for races on the inside walls of the tent. They were our friends. Yellowjackets, on the other hand, were a nuisance--always trying to eat from the same plate with us; sometimes showing up by halves, cooked in the rice and so forth. Their nests were in holes in the ground. One day that sears my memory was when I was taking Joseph for a little walk, holding his hand so he wouldn't stumble on the uneven ground. I can still see how top-heavy he was with the rolling gait of a sailor in diapers. It had to happen. He caught his foot on a tussock and sat down squarely on a yellowjackets' nest. The angry creatures buzzed menacingly about, ready to sting; and I ran away leaving the poor little fellow there howling. How he was rescued or how many bites he got I don't know. Only the craven act sticks in my memory.

This is the brother who, years later, when he was starting a medical practice of his own, rescued me from an ailment that resembled our mother's and might well have left me a semi-invalid for life, as she was. He applied the most recent knowledge on hormonal activity that he had acquired at medical school.

THIS IS NOW REBECCA SPEAKING

Soon after coming in from American Lake, we moved into a house which was to be our home until after Dad died and some of the children were away from home. That was about twenty-one years. Thurston was born in 1916, and then Van in 1917.

Van lived only two months and died of what would be now be called a crib death. Dad showed his ingenuity by having built for us an outdoor contraption called a trolley. This was a trolley head mounted on a strong wire with a wooden cross-piece for us to sit on. We climbed the ladder which stood firmly against the side of the house, mounted the cross-piece, and rode down the wire till we reached the bottom where we could stand on the ground. We went quite fast and it was lots of fun. The neighbor children all gathered round to play on it. Mother liked other children to play at our house because it kept us at home and she knew where we were.

From about 1910 to 1920, we spent happy summer days at a place called Sylvan. Our father's sister, whom we called Auntie, came out on the train from Pittsburgh to take care of us children. Auntie was a large, jolly person, but also a strict fundamentalist. She never married, and made a home for her Aunt Janie and the "widders". Aunt Janie spent summers with a friend. Auntie would spend a few days with us in Tacoma and then take us to Sylvan where our parents could occasionally visit us

on the weekend. Sylvan was a country village on Fox Island just off the coast of Tacoma, seven miles long and three miles wide. Sylvan had a dock, a store, a post office, and a church. We went faithfully to church and Sunday school. Auntie would have as many as four of us children at a time. We lived in a boarding house which was like a home. Auntie didn't have to cook but she had to do everything else for us. We were free to play and learned to row so we could go out in a boat. We also climbed the fruit trees and watched the milking. One day Auntie had to go to Tacoma on the launch to shop. We were left in care of someone, but someone who wasn't watching very closely. All four of us, ranging in age from two to twelve-, piled into a boat and rowed out into the bay. An electric storm came upon us and it soon was raining hard. We made for the shore and climbed up the steep bank. There we found a house and a kind woman took us in. She hung our clothes up to dry and gave us homemade bread. She kept us there until afternoon when it was time for the launch to return from Tacoma to Sylvan. Then she said, "The launch is coming back from Tacoma to Sylvan, and your aunt will be on it. You had better get down to the landing and get on." So we did, and when Auntie saw us her jaw dropped open. The captain of the launch took our boat behind. We were not punished, as I remember. Sylvan days are among our happiest memories.

One summer Auntie took us to Mineral Lake in the foothills of Mount Rainier. We had a large yard. Some friends of our parents came and camped in the yard for at least a week. While they were there Dad came up to visit us. The friends had a little dog which Alice and Joseph had made a great pet of. One hot Sunday while Dad was there, the dog began yelping in a wild strange cry and running around madly. Dad said the dog was mad and would have to be killed. It just happened that Joseph and Alice were taking their naps. A search of the neighborhood failed to have anyone who had a gun, so Dad and the neighbor got a rope, cornered the dog on the back porch, and strangled it. The whole affair made a great impression on Martha and me.

Life at home was happy too. We took for granted that our Mother was sick because we had never known her to be well. I think we all appreciated her beauty. I thought that a mother who wasn't pretty wasn't a real mother. She was an understanding mother but didn't interfere when Dad chose to be strict. We loved our parents and one another dearly, and made great pals of those who were close to us in age. Martha and I had pretty much the same friends and went to some of the same parties. On birthdays, we were given a party. I enjoyed my high school life. We all did well in school. Martha and I were given -some of the care of the younger children but not much. Occasionally between maids we had to pinch-hit getting meals. We went to church, Sunday school, and Christian Endeavor. Our ministers were liberal, and we accepted their teaching without argument. We made personal friends of the minister and his family.

Since these were the days before Girl Scouts, Martha and I got together with some of our friends and organized a club called the Klahanie Club, an Indian name. It was

chiefly to encourage outdoor life. We managed to find an older girl to chaperone most of our outings. About twelve girls in their teens belonged to the club. It lasted for several years. We went out for the day with picnic lunches, but the best times we had was when we camped out in the country for about a week in a house that belonged to some of the parents. This happened at least twice.

Dad tried to spend time with us on Saturday mornings. Sometimes he took us swimming in the public pool, and sometimes it was an hour on rented horses in the prairie. He wanted our lives to be rich with experiences and we did so enjoy being with him. Once Martha and I asked him to take us for a horseback ride and he said-that he would do so after we had memorized' all the verses of ten hymns. We were allowed to choose hymns we already knew. We did the memorizing, then he kept his promise. Martha and I were separated when she went away to college. It was a great wrench for me. I wanted to be a nurse, so enrolled in the nursing course at the University of British Columbia. I took two years of academic and five months of hospital training. Then, my feet gave out and I became completely exhausted, so I asked, if I could take off for a rest and was told, "no." So I gave up, fatigued, and went home. In September I enrolled at Whitman College where I prepared for teaching. I never had as good a time at college as I had had in high school. I taught school a year then went to Pittsburgh to visit my grandparents. There, I got a job with the Children's Social Agency and stayed nearly two years. I enjoyed the .work very much. Returning home, I got a job in the Washington Children's Home Society, placing children for adoption. While there, I got a chance to go out to Canton, China, to teach the American school. It was a wonderful experience. I lived in the home of Martha and Henry, and ate with the other single teachers. In two years my contract expired and I went home. There I lived with Mother as Dad had died and I was sick with exhaustion for nearly two years. I got better and, in 1937, I married Paul Goforth. Our child, Rosalind, was born in 1938. Paul died in 1962, and I married Rowland in 1970.

THIS IS JOE SPEAKING NOW

These are my memories of my parents. Dr. Joseph and Alice Griggs of Tacoma, Washington.

Many people claim to remember experiences which occurred when they were only two years old or even younger. I have always suspected that these were really memories of reports told to them by others because I have never been able to remember any farther back than my four-year-old 'birthday which was spent in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in the winter of 1912. I am not able to say when I first retained a memory of the nature of my mother and father. Whenever I was troubled in any way, I knew I could go to my parents, either one, and receive comforting consideration, assistance, instruction, and understanding. Rightness and wrongness were always made clear, and our loving Heavenly Father was always paying attention to what goes on, and was ready to hear our

prayers. There was a distinction which I have always enjoyed - He cares for us in the sense that He cares about what we do and what happens to us, but it does not mean that He takes care of us, special. That is up to us to do for ourselves and for each other.

In our home, security was never in doubt. Privation, hunger, not even inferior food were ever to be expected at home. Yet, our doors were never locked - not even the garage or the chicken coop. Dad said that no one would be fool enough to burglarize our house for two reasons: we were always about to be awakened by the doctor's telephone or a crying baby.

The devil, Satan, was represented as a corporeal entity, as Santa Claus was, but our parents were aware that any child's chosen behavior would sometimes be bad or wrong. Even one's intentions could sometimes be evil or cruel, even if only out of curiosity or lack of thoughtfulness. They believed that that kind of behavior should be followed by a discouraging, unpleasant consequence; and the surest way to know that it would be unpleasant and discouraging was to make it painful or, at least, a very unhappy consequence. Mother paddled with the back of the hair brush; Daddy with his belt, a yard stick, or a little switch; always, on the bare bottom. I did not like it a bit but sometimes I felt that it had settled a squall. I still feel that a most effective part of the procedure was the humiliation of presenting the bare bottom. It also helped to convince me that they could not have found the ceremony very congenial either. Punishment was well-balanced by praise and appreciation and show of affection whenever we were good company.

The ritual of reading the Bible aloud at the table was tried for short periods several times in my childhood. It never seemed a success in any way to me. I was always glad when it was quietly omitted. Daddy never really had time for it anyway. Every meal was interrupted by telephone calls for him; often several times per meal. At first, he got up from the table and went to the bedroom to answer it, but soon an extension telephone was put on the sideboard within a chair-slide reach of the hungry man. So, after we became a bit familiar with the language of the Bible, we became familiar with the language of bodily functions and dysfunctions and what to do about them until the doctor comes. Daddy was so busy that we never seemed to see enough of him. He made lots of house calls, was always late to supper, and he had lunch downtown. He had a large obstetrical practice so he was often very short of sleep. He read in bed until very late at night, anyway. This was necessary for him to keep up-to-date in medicine, and also for his recreation and intellectual growth. He loved to hear Mother play the piano and Thurston on the cello.

Very early in boyhood, I arranged to ride with him to make his house calls as often as possible. Here I could ask him all sorts of questions and get interesting, helpful answers. His knowledge and wisdom seemed almost boundless to me, but he would admit when he didn't know.

"Daddy, if everything was made by God for a purpose, what are flies for?" Answer: "To teach us to be clean."

"Daddy, is Satan a real person like God is? Is he really a fallen angel?"

Answer: "Satan is just the little part of you acting up when you are doing something wrong." "Daddy, why do you smoke cigars?"

Answer: "I wish I had never started to smoke and I hope you never do. It's habit-forming, and it's a bad habit."

"Daddy, what's the matter with that man over there?"

Answer: "He's drunk. He's been in a saloon and gotten poisoned by liquor. It will ruin his health, his happiness, and his whole life. Also, the life of his family."

"Why does he do it?"

Answer: "He is weak. It is too easy to get liquor. Many people do only what is easy. Only strong, wise, brave people do the things that are hard."

Dad belonged to the anti-saloon league and worked hard for prohibition and temperance. We never had any alcoholic beverages in our house, even for guests. But once, when Aunt Martha visited us in Tacoma, she found a one-ounce vial of whiskey far back in a top cupboard shelf which Dad had kept for a medicinal emergency, if needed. She brought it to him, weeping disconsolately and wailing, "Oh, Joe, you know what liquor does to our family," and there is no record or rumor of liquor having done anything to our family. But Auntie knew the genealogy better than anyone so she was pulling rank on him. Speculation was that she may have referred to their Uncle George Griggs who went to California in the Gold Rush.

Going with Dad on house calls stimulated my curiosity about what was wrong with his patients. He would tell me but would not let me know the patient's names. I realized later that I learned many practical things about the general practice of medicine. He showed me how and when leeches were used, and he showed me how to bleed a person who had just had a massive stroke from high blood pressure. He -explained to me that I would probably never see these measures used again because they are so very, very rarely needed now, but they were very common in past centuries. After bleeding the man, he carefully flushed all the blood down the toilet, and explained that if he left a basin of blood sitting around for someone else to clean up his treatment or motives might have been questioned. When the great flu epidemics of 1918 - 19 occurred. Dad was severely overworked. He believed that giving a series of cold vaccine injections might prevent the flu, so we were all given shots. When Dad finally got home for supper, he would find our living room full of families from the neighborhood, catching him for their shots. Many kids made such a fuss about the approaching needle that Dad would often have one of us come out, take a shot in front of everybody, and show that it didn't hurt enough to make a fuss about. Schools were closed during the flu

epidemic, and the hospitals were overflowing. Church basements were commandeered or volunteered as emergency hospitals. Dad asked me if I would like to learn to drive the car and be his chauffeur for his calls so that he could get some rest between visits. I already knew our city of about 70,000 population because I had a job delivering curtains for a curtain laundry and drugs for a pharmacy. Dad would tell me the next address and then he would fall asleep sitting in the back seat of the Model T Ford sedan. Upon arrival, I awakened him and he made his call. When he came out the procedure was repeated. At ten years old, I felt very important and privileged. He did, not seem to worry about contagion for any of us. He let me go into the hospitals with him, though not to the bed sides. One day I stood in the doorway of the emergency ward of the First Methodist Church basement as he came out, and I asked him about the man in the second bed on the left, who looked so bad. "Yes," he said, "it's tragic. That young man will die tonight." Such certainty of doom impressed me greatly.

It was winter, and one cold, foggy morning about 7:00 a.m. I was driving my sleeping passenger to our first call, with all windows up and frosty. A milk truck hit us broadside and Dad fell to the floor, rudely awakened. "Are you all right Dad?" "Well, I've broken my collar bone. Go into that corner house; it's Doctor McNerthney's and ask to use the phone. Call Dr. Matson and tell him what has happened and where we are." Dr. Matson was his partner, a Mayo trained surgeon. Dr. Matson knew that my father was worn out and would not rest, so he ordered him to complete bed rest on his back for three weeks, since that is one of the best ways to get a good result in fracture of the clavicle He also collected some insurance which helped to keep us going in the interval.

Our living expenses were relatively very high so Dad had to be a good provider. Our mother was a semi-invalid, spending much time in bed. It was difficult for us to understand what was wrong with her because whenever she was with us she was such good company; such an entertaining and devoted mother; so adequate to any emergency or other trouble we might have. We all loved her piano playing, which gave us a rich background in classical music of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. She read to us most expertly, even using dialect with surprising authenticity. Her sense of fun and humor was delightful. She found enough strength to do what society demanded in the way of hospitality to friends, returning missionaries, others who had entertained her and also her children's friends, but she didn't go around making beds, cooking, cleaning and washing or working in the garden. She did do some mending of clothes and she planned the meals and ordered the groceries by telephone for delivery from Roberts Brothers, the most expensive grocery in town. She also chose the servants. She could tell in a few days whether a maid or a cook would do for permanent employment in our household. It wasn't just a matter of competence, hardihood, clean habits, and intelligence. It seemed to me that the criteria was whether the girl would fall in love with her lady's charm and needs. Mother knew within a week and if that devotion was not

inevitable, a new one was promptly engaged. Whenever the perfect jewel was found, she would stay with us for years and years. Throughout our childhood we had both the cook -and the maid for the child care and housework. Laundry was enormous and everything seemed to require ironing so someone had to come in to do those chores in our big cement-floored basement. Standards were very high; too high for my taste and my sympathy for the servants. We used tablecloths and butter plates, shining sterling silver, a different clean utensil for each purpose, butter knives, individual butter patties, etc. Dad's coffee had to be so hot that it would burn anybody else. In his haste he sometimes downed a huge swallow before he found that it was too hot for his esophagus.

There was lots of fancy cooking and delectable, beautiful desserts served in expensive-looking china. We didn't live in the big house of our neighborhood for nothing. A gardener often had to be employed because I hated pulling weeds and all dirt farming. The lawn needed cutting too often for my taste. Our busy father greatly enjoyed the good food his home "provided. Somehow he found time to do some of the shopping for food, especially fresh seafood from the open markets on Market Street. Having lived in China, our parents longed for Chinese food. They decided to find a Chinese cook, but no Chinese would come to live in Tacoma in those years because, at the beginning of the century, a shameful thing had happened. Tacoma's Chinatown had been invaded by violent whites who chased all the Chinese to the city limits and burned all their homes behind them. Dad had to go all the way to Portland to hire a Chinese cook. His name was Bang. 'So that he would not be sharing our bathroom, a new toilet room was built on the back porch for him. I guess he slept there too, in Bang's room. Besides the cooking, he was to do the laundry and ironing. Bang was a Chinese and he may have been a cook, but his Chinese cooking was a disappointment. He flavored nearly everything with extract of either almond or rose. One day Mother was disturbed by a noise somewhere in the house. As it sounded again, at frequent intervals, she had a vague feeling that she had heard that noise somewhere before. In China maybe? But what was it. She got up and tried to find it. It got louder as she looked down the back stairs into the basement where Bang was working. Recognition flashed into her mind. He was ironing, and his method of moistening the linen was to spray it with a mouthful of water. Bang had to go.

It is from my own personal vantage point that the great wisdom of our parents can best be described. It comes in answer to the question, "Were they reckless about our safety?" or "Did they hedge us about with prohibitions amounting to over-protection?" or did they find a golden mean. At the age of five years, we walked a mile through the city to kindergarten and back. After we learned to swim at age five, we were taught some cautions and then expected to improve our swimming ability and take care of ourselves and each other in the water. In summers at Fox Island, I was allowed to help the farmers and their hired men at whatever they had to do. We learned to handle boats and were free to explore. I operated a motor launch from Fox Island, across the treacherous narrows, to Titlow Beach when

I was only six years old, because the owner, Kenny Edgars, had a broken arm. At age ten I had a job that took me all over the city of Tacoma, in all kinds of weather, and even at night, on my bicycle and on street cars, for a dollar per day. I had some job every year after that. We were allowed to explore the city and its environs, even on Sundays. We played in vacant lots and gulches without any adult supervision.

The summer I was eleven years old, my parents arranged for me to work for my room and board on a large apple orchard on the lower slopes of Mount Hood, along the Upper Hood River in Oregon. The ranch was owned by Billy Blake, the bachelor brother of Mrs. Marguerite Moody, old friend of my mother's. I was put on a train in Tacoma, with instructions to change trains in Portland, and to get off in the town of Hood River, on the Columbia River. There, I transferred to a one-car railroad to ride up the mountain to Parkdale, the end of the line. The one car was simply a truck-style automobile which ran on railroad tracks instead of tires. At one point, it was driven on to a turntable and everyone got out to push it around to the track going to Parkdale. Uncle Billy met me at Parkdale with the horse and cart, so I knew I was going to be happy. But, I had little time to ride the horse. I did get a chance to use her to cultivate the soil between rows of new potatoes. I worked hard - mostly at digging, cleaning, peeling, and cooking new potatoes, which we had for every meal for every day, all summer. Uncle Billy could use me, but he didn't need my company. He had an old widower living with him because the old man owned a piano somewhere nearby, which he was trying to sell. It was a good discipline for me and I remember three good adventures of that summer, in addition to the train rides to and from Parkdale.

The next summer we lived on Orcas Island in the San Juans for at least a month. There I was permitted to train a Shetland Pony whose mother was a circus horse. This pony did not buck, but he rose straight up on his hind legs to get rid of his rider, and he was untrained and scared, and not even bridle-wise. When the family prepared to go home, I managed to stay another two weeks working for room and board for a farmer. My parents let me come home alone on the boat. I was to be watched over by the daughter of the storekeeper as far as Seattle, but it was a night voyage and she found a travelling salesman, and they did not hesitate to let me see them necking in a dark corner, with their backs against a warm smokestack on top deck. Upon arriving in Seattle, she asked me if I could find my way okay. I said, "Yes." She said, "Good, 'cause we're going to a hotel."

At the end of grammar school, eighth grade. Dad advised me to take a job working for wages as a laborer in an industry or business instead of going straight to high school. He got me a job with Brown & Haley's Oriole Candy Factory in downtown Tacoma. I was so young that he had to get a special permit at the police station. The owners of the factory were devoted patients and friends of his. I worked five and one-half days each week for six dollars per week. I rode my bicycle seven miles to work and back through traffic, and often

in total darkness. I had experience in every department of the factory except the main office and the elevator. I rose to be candy maker's helper and made peanut brittle by myself. I also put the crooks in the candy canes at Christmas time.

Dad let me go to high school the following February. Stadium High School was such an exciting learning experience that I attended it for four and -one-half years. When I was fifteen, the gym teacher at Stadium High School offered me a job on Mount Rainier as apprentice guide for seventy-five dollars per month, room and board. This was 1925. My last year on Mount Rainier was 1952. It was 1924 that illustrates my point best. We had nine rescue expeditions involving the guides in 1924. There were four human fatalities, one horse over a cliff, and the rest were people lost and found. One of the human fatalities was that of a young man, an assistant guide, who was climbing with me on Unicorn Peak. He was a great, tall Swiss. There were just the two of us on our day off duty. We were too inexperienced to be attempting such a difficult rock climb, and Paul Moser my companion, wore himself out going too fast on the way over to the peak. He was very eager to show that with his unusual height and long reach, he would succeed at climbing up the final wall. I could not get him to slow down and save his strength. He fell off and I was immediately below him. If we had been roped together, I would have died too. His body was found a thousand feet below where he fell. The next day my father and mother came up to Paradise Valley to see me. We visited together about half a day, and I was very much afraid they were going to take me home. When they were ready to depart. Dad said, "Well, son, are you ready to come home with us now?" I replied that I much preferred to stay on the mountain in the guide department and learn to be a guide. He said, "Very well, take good care of yourself for us" or words to that effect, and they left me on the mountain. There was no scolding, no embarrassing questions, no detailed cautions meted out to me, but as always there was every evidence of confidence and trust in me and unwavering, loving support for whatever I might undertake.

Dad never tried to influence me to go into medicine. He did point out that, with a profession, a man could take it with him wherever he might live. When I was a little boy, -many people used to ask me if I was going to grow up to be a doctor like my daddy. I had no particular answer for them for a long time, but by the time I -got to high school I knew how to answer the question. I said, "No, I don't think I will be a doctor because, if I did, my father would want me to be better than he is and I don't think I could, and if I were I'd be too busy." I left high school unable to choose between five vocations. Halfway through my first year of college he put some pressure on me to decide what I was preparing for. He said he didn't believe in people going to college when they didn't know what they were studying for. So I did decide that I would go into medicine, and it's a good thing I did because I would have been kicked out of all the other four vocations that I had in mind.

I suppose that one of the best things about my mountain

experience was that that is where I met Jeannette Speiden. She and her sister, Evelyn, were returning from a missionary stint in China. They had climbed Mount Fuji on the way home, and now they were on Mount Rainier and I happened to be their guide to Paradise Glacier. I noticed that their questions were unusually intelligent and I was pleased when the younger of the two, Jeannette, asked me to recommend a trip for the next day. I told her that the Pinnacle Peak trip was the best all-day trip around here and she wanted to know if she could have me for her guide. I told her that I didn't think that was possible because the assignments were made in rotation, but I told her she could make a request and maybe it would be honored. The next morning when I came to work I found that I was scheduled to take the Pinnacle Peak trip and there was only one person in the party.

Seven years later Jeannette and I were married on the top of Mount Rainier, at the very summit. We have three children. The oldest is Joe, Jr. He works for the Forest Service out in the Lehman Caves area of Nevada and is building a solar heated house. The youngest one also lives out there and that's our girl, Sylvia, and she has given us four splendid grandchildren. She is married to Dean Baker, a young rancher out there, who seems to have an uncanny ability to know exactly when to sell his stock and his alfalfa seed, which is their second cash crop. The middle child is my son, David, who also studied medicine and specialized in pediatrics.

THIS IS SALLY'S CONTRIBUTION

Daddy and Mother saw to it that I took daily naps. These were the bane of my existence because my nose would itch and I would be anything but sleepy, regardless of their concern. This problem caused me to be somewhat sneaky and Joe, Marty, and Becca all scolded me by bringing to light my failings. Since I was the youngest for seven years, they were watching me closely at all times, which I often considered a compliment of sorts. I made sure that the care of the younger boys was my job. I loved playing with dolls ' by myself, and the baby boys were too good to be true. I was in heaven. Mother was generous in her talents of reading to us and in playing music, especially for Daddy, who was tired at night. I appreciated the freedom our parents gave us, trusting our own judgement and helping us grow up..

My school days were satisfying in that the school teachers treated me like an adult, to my joy. Joe and I enjoyed the year Daddy gave us permission to have two horses from Mount Rainier - Snake and Mabel. We shared with our friends and learned the care of animals. Girl Scout activities were demanding but pleasant, especially at summer camp on Puget Sound. I was chosen to give a commencement speech at high school graduation. Tired of school books, I asked if I might recite from memory a play with a moral to it. Mr. Hunt our impressive principal gave me permission. My two years in Southern California at Pomona College were 'delightful, in spite of the heat, even in winter. I finished at the University of Washington.

One exciting incident happened one day when Mother drove her Ford sedan to the top of a series of hills and her rear axle broke. She went careening down these hills in the midst of Tacoma's shopping area at a busy hour. The car was out of control, so Mother stayed in the driver's seat bravely honking the horn loudly to alert people of the danger caused by the run-away car. People scattered and ran out of her way. Fortunately, a wheel came off, tilting the car so it dragged along the street, finally stopping the run-away the car. People ran to compliment the driver and make sure she wasn't hurt.

Dad's death was accidental, in 1932. One chilly morning, Dad decided to build a fire in the fireplace, with Mother's comfort in mind. He started down the stairs to the basement but suddenly stumbled on a box at the top. He plunged head-first down the staircase and banged his head on the cement floor and lay motionless. Mother summoned one of Dad's doctor partners and he administered first-aid and found Dad was still breathing. At the hospital, he remained unconscious due to brain injuries. A brain surgeon in Seattle was summoned but nothing changed. I can remember standing at the foot of his bed watching his breathing and his useful and wonderful hands, wishing I had the courage to ask the nurse and doctors if I could only hold his hands and bring him back to consciousness. But I was too timid to ask the nurse to let me massage his hands, hoping he would revive. We left his room with all hope gone. At his funeral, the church was packed, even Catholic sisters attending and a bootblack. I went to many years teaching in one town after another. I married Colonel Charles B. Richmond. Our child is Charles B. Richmond, Junior.

THIS IS MARTHA, SECOND INSTALLMENT

Periodically, during the early growing years' since I wanted to be a boy, earnest efforts, were made to kiss one elbow or the other. This was the sure-fire cure for being the wrong sex, according to some tongue-in-cheek advisors among the older generation. Sensing a gag, I pursued life as a tomboy, or a hoyden as Mother called it. After school, baseball in Bicker's lot with the neighborhood boys was satisfying, even in the inglorious position of pigtail, which was picking up the ball the catcher missed. One can be just as late for supper, dirty, and all out-of-breath this way as any other. At the age of six, after a visit from some missionary friends on furlough, I remember announcing that my life was going to be as a medical missionary. That ambition was put on the back burner however, when other careers beckoned - there was the tight-rope walker and the bareback rider in the circus, for instance. It is interesting to think back on the' range of self-determination our parents allowed us in our imaginings. We were never told, "Oh, you can't do that." Anything might be possible. Perhaps this loose rein helped toward the conclusion reached a few years later when Auntie quoted me as saying that I'd just be "a plain mother", which is what happened in the end. In the meantime, our schooling went forward. A mile walk down to Stadium High in the morning and the same coming back after basketball practice. Good

teachers, good morale, good -friends made for something like an "our town" atmosphere in those days. Our feeling of participation in the church, from beginnings in the Sunday school through Christian Endeavor, contributed to a basic sense of belonging to the human race. When the time came to start a pre-medical course in college, it was decided to send me to the University of Pittsburgh, where there would at-least be grandparents and other relatives to offer a home base when needed. I lived in the Kappa Alpha Theta house in the university district, going to relatives occasionally on weekends. We'll give short shrift to the sad part of that year in a few short sentences.

I went full of vigor that had been promoted in our own home by rules of hygienic living, emphasizing a good diet and plenty of sleep. This was to counteract the weaknesses that might have been inherited from our mother. At college, living three girls to a room, with no prescribed bedtime, plenty of studying and horsing around, I managed to squander my reserves. Upon returning home in June, I saw that Daddy gave me a long look and turned his head away with tears in his eyes. That fall he was taking me to register at Pomona College in a more salubrious climate where there were some lights-out rules. There I finished three happy years, graduating with plenty of credits for medical school. But somehow the driving force was gone and that idea was tacitly dropped. Instead, I understudied the technician in Daddy's, clinic laboratory, took a short business course, and twelve hours of credits for teaching elementary school, followed by a year's teaching in a nearby country school.

As I had planned to be a missionary, I belonged to the group of Student Volunteers both at Pitt and Pomona. At Pitt there was a young fellow who was being, persuaded by another chemist friend to join that group. This Henry Frank was also known to me as a senior student in the chemistry department - a bright, likeable person who took enough interest to give me some pre-exam coaching after hours. In the spring, we became better acquainted through attending a weekend retreat at the Student Volunteer's meeting held in Little Washington, PA. After that, when I heard whistling coming from the lab down the hall in the chemistry department, and when the tune was "For she's mine, all mine; she's nobody else's but mine" I thought there might be some connection, but I was so far from my own goals that little impression was made. Nevertheless, at the end of the semester we had promised to write to each other at least every two weeks. I went home, and he graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree, summa cum laude, then completed work for a Master's Degree at the end of the summer. He was then offered a job through the YMCA teaching for a three year term at the Canton Christian College. Give his parents credit that they never put in a demur over their only son's hopping right off across the world for three years to an unthought of place.

With their usual hospitality, our parents suggested he stop in Tacoma on his way across the Pacific. Thus, the family had a chance to make his acquaintance, and vice versa. Three years and boxes of letters later we saw each other again. He had come home a little early because of his mother's illness,

a stroke she was not able to pull out of. I was always sorry that there had been no chance to meet her. Henry had made arrangements to study for a Ph.D. in chemistry with G. N. Lewis, whose work he greatly admired. So here he was on the west coast again where coming north for holiday visits was possible, even though he returned to Berkeley with only the price of a haircut in his pocket.

Everything was on a platonic plane until Sally, overcome by romantic excitement, passed along to Henry a rash remark she once overheard me make--that I'd marry the first man who sent me red rosebuds. Pronto!! Red Rosebuds were delivered!!! We were married in 1927, which event, in due time, was responsible for Austin, Alice, and Marion There followed twenty-two years at Canton Christian College, later called Ling Nan University, interrupted at intervals by furloughs, the Second World War, and the communist takeover, after which there came a connection with the University of Pittsburgh for twenty-three years before a blessed retirement at Pilgrim Place.

Was not the Lord's hand in this all' the time? Making an adult judgment in later years, I realized that I was never cut out to be a doctor in the first place.

THIS IS JOE, BUT I'M READING THURSTON'S CONTRIBUTION

A strong recollection for me, says Thurston, is that of meal times. The older children dominated the table conversation and I was not permitted to interrupt. At meal times we were, supposedly, on our best behavior; almost showing off. Highlights were choking on a fish bone or pretending to, giggling and spilling milk all over the table, spotting the tablecloth, teasing Mother to see her nostrils dilate, passing things at the right time, planning how to get the floor when Daddy's phone call was finished, "Have the waters broken?".

I also recall, one time when I was about five and went fishing with Daddy and Mother from Messlers. We got lost. Mother dramatically prepared a place for her and me to lie down for the night in the rushes along the river. Dad said we must have walked in a circle, because that's what supposed to happen. Then he looked along the river again and found a fisherman who told us the road was only about two hundred yards away. I remember climbers up Mount Beljaka signalling to us below with mirrors.

One of my very early recollections was from East Sound, San Juan Islands, when Lao Lao and Grandpa were visiting and their wagon or carriage was taken to the top of Mount Constitution. Lao Lao was quite nervous about the narrow road and the carriage turning around. Several years later, Grandpa was on a ladder, attending to the climbing rose bush on the chimney at the side of the house in Tacoma, when a neighbor boy, Dick Desanders, tried out his new bb gun. Then, he tried to hide behind a telephone pole. I remember pouring water on the front walk in freezing weather to make a slide. I

also remember thawing the outside spigots with warm water so we could draw water for Snake and Mabel, the two horses we had from Mount Rainier. Sundays I used to sneak over to Mrs. Olson's to read the funny papers, or I'd try to get them before Daddy could hide them. Except when we went for a drive, Sundays seemed deadly. For a child, there was nothing to do and nobody acted normal. It seemed God didn't want us to be ourselves.

A happy thing was to listen to Mother play the piano after supper or at bedtime. Her repertoire was quite advanced both in skill and in taste - Brahms, Chopin, Mozart, Schubert. I remember Joe and Alice playing their Hawaiian guitars and that was not quite so advanced. Outings are my fondest recollections as a child in the family. That begins with Sundays. At first, when I was quite young. Daddy was quite unwilling to do anything but read on Sunday. But then, some social calls began to be made and, after that, occasionally Sunday drives--usually to Puyallup, Point Defiance; the lake: Steilacoom, American, or Gravelly Lakes; or at Brown's Point or Day Island. Vacation places were especially fascinating--Messler's Inn near Mount Rainier, the mountain itself where Joe was guide and one year Daddy was doctor. Sylvan which we later rediscovered after Daddy died when the Ericsons ran the Sylvan Lodge, our lake place, The Koven and Wildaire, which have now virtually disappeared in a shopping center complex. Ponce de Leon Creek and Clover Creek were particularly magical. East Sound and the San Juans of which I remember the smell of honeysuckle and the pony. Sylvan was idyllic. The gate that one could open or shut by means of ropes and gallows on each side. The Madrona trees along the bank. The Sentinel whistling and turning and then unloading with the bags and boxes being doll eyed on and off the boat. The dust of the road. The picturesque Tanglewood Island. Also, the ferryboat rides to Gig Harbor or to Fox Island. Yes, and visits to Seabeck almost in a land by itself, seeming so much out of the way. Maybe once a year there was a visit to Hoquaim to see Aunt Lois and Uncle Dick Wilmarth. Wags would sing if you would play the piano. There was the Seattle boat, which we met on occasion, winding down under the eleventh street bridge. Trains were important. We had to wait for them going to the lake and meeting them and seeing people off were also magical occasions. I especially liked the electric engines of the Chicago, Milwaukee, & St. Paul. Riding on the train also was a special event - a delightful experience, often repeated. Visitors to our house - Mr. McCullum, the Real Silk man; old blind Dr. Shaw coming to be read to by Mother or just visiting; Sophie Preston and music; the baggage man who carried trunks, alone, on his back; people from the church congregation when we entertained; Alex Huppert waiting for Lydia and, later on, helping her with the dishes.

There is no contribution here from Phil, the sixth and youngest of the siblings. This is by his own decision and arises from the fact that what he would have to add would go off in an entirely different direction. He is seven years younger than Thurston, so was only nine years old when Dad had his fatal accident; and he

has hardly any recollections of the happy times to which all the rest of the contributions refer. He has had a distinguished career, however, having become Swami Yogeshananda in the Ramakrishna Vedanta order, and is at the present time attached to the Vivekananda Vedanta Center in Chicago and its rural retreat near Ganges, Michigan. He travels extensively as part of the order's ecumenical activities. We remain in frequent and affectionate correspondence with him.

Claremont, California July, 1979