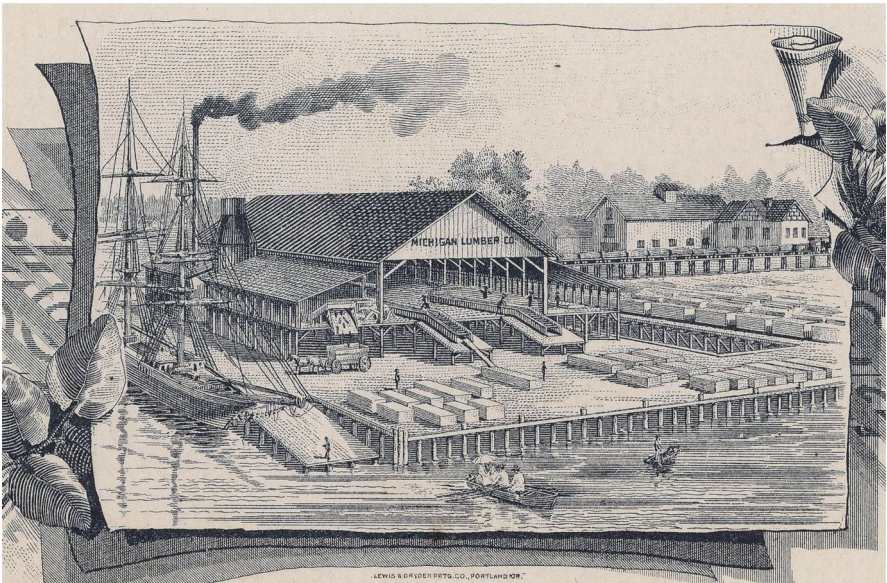


Peter Carl MacFarlane, a Logger (1848¹ – 1898)

by his son, Charles Edward MacFarlane

edited by his great-grandson,
Paul MacFarlane



1 Peter was born in North Georgetown, Beauharnois, Quebec, Canada, on August 27, 1848

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A Michigan Childhood

It was recess at a small country school in Michigan. The boys were playing *Pullaway* – one form of a tag game. The boy in the middle of the field would call, “Pom pom pullaway, come away or I will fetch you away.” Then all the other boys would run from one side of the field to the other. Any boy who was tagged by the Tagger would then join the tagger’s team, and after that, help tag the others.

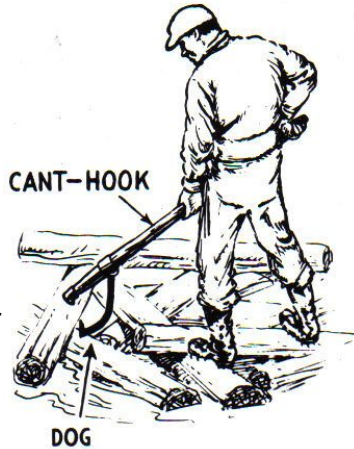
Generally all would be tagged except Peter. He had a way to get across that generally fooled the others. He would go to the extreme end of the field while the taggers scattered out in the middle. Then he started running length wise, toward the middle of the field. The taggers would all run toward him. Then suddenly, he would reverse direction, and with a burst of speed, run around the whole bunch of taggers.

This boy, who seemed to outdo all the rest, was rather large for his age. Named Peter Carl (Pete) MacFarlane, he had a joyous disposition. He could out-run, out-jump, out-wrestle or out-box any of the boys his size in school. He rather liked to show off, especially when a certain girl was watching, one whom he described afterwards as the prettiest girl in school.

This girl, Esther A. Courter², was slender with brown eyes and hair. While not very strong, she was quick, a fast

runner who could ride almost any horse. In school she generally ranked at the head of the class, while Peter stood well down near the foot.

Peter was the youngest in a large family³. The older boys generally worked in the logging camps. At that time, the loggers were nearly all Scottish, so naturally Peter would go with them to the camp. He was big and strong, and a willing worker. He was soon driving team⁴, felling timber, or performing various other jobs. The men liked him, and took pains to show him all the tricks of the trade, like how to use a cant hook⁵, or ride logs on the spring logging drive⁶.



DOG

The men were also great for tests of strength and skills, such as wrestling, boxing, stick pulling⁷, etc. They taught young Peter all they knew.

3 There were ten children. Peter's father, Andrew MacFarlane had been born on July 24, 1802 in New Kilpatrick, Dunbartonshire, Scotland. His mother, Mary Jane Bryden had been born on August 16, 1808 in New Daily, Ayr, Scotland. These two locations are both a bit south of the traditional MacFarlane clan lands. They moved from Scotland to Quebec. Then they moved from Quebec to Michigan when Peter was about five years old. Andrew died when Peter was about eleven years old.

4 Managing a team of horses

5 To cant is to turn a log or to make something lean to one side. The cant hook is a large, open hook at the end of a pole, used to turn logs, roll them over, yard-in wood logs, and do other odd jobs. The picture is from Wikimedia.

6 They generally waited until spring to float logs to the mills. There was less ice, and more water from the spring melt.

He was an apt pupil, so he grew to be a top-notch in all of the sports of that day.

The Civil War

During the Civil War, Peter's brothers all went off to war for the Union. When Peter was fifteen in 1864, he joined the Union Army under General Thomas and would serve one year before the war ended.

He had gone to join the army with another boy, a 21-year-old who was not very strongly built, so the army refused to take him. But when Peter went in and said he was 18 years old, they took him right away. He said afterwards, while they were going through the hardships of war, that he wished he had stayed home. But being young and tough, he made out all right.

One hardship that they had to endure occurred after they had marched all day in the rain. At dusk, the order came to fall out and prepare to camp for the night. They were in a large muddy field with a split rail fence around it. The men did not want to lay down in the mud, so they each went and got two fence rails, put them down in the mud, and covered them with their rain-proof cloth and blanket. Then they rolled up in them and tried to sleep. Well, morning finally came. They grabbed a light breakfast and were soon on the march again.

In a battle, the rebels captured Peter's company. All the men stacked arms. The captain took off his sword and

7 Two contestants sit on a mat, facing each other. Between them is a plank, standing on edge, extending from left to right. They both put their feet against the plank and extend their arms to grasp a two-foot-long, two-inch wide stick, held parallel to the plank. On a signal, they pull on this stick, each aiming to drag their opponent towards them and over the plank.

looped it over the stacked arms, but he kept his revolver. Peter also kept his bayonet. It was dusk, so in the confusion, Peter and the captain crawled into a brush pile and kept very quiet, while the men in grey marched the captured company away.

At the break of dawn, the next day, they crawled out of the brush pile and started to hunt for the Union lines. Soon they came upon a Negro and asked him to show them where the Union lines were located. But the Negro refused, saying that he would be shot if he showed them the way out. At that, the captain pulled out his revolver and said, "Well, I will shoot you right now, if you don't show us the way." So very reluctantly, he led them within sight of the Union lines.

When they arrived there, they were taken to General Thomas. The captain was assigned to another company, but General Thomas kept young Peter as an orderly. His main job was to carry messages to other commands. He was given a horse to ride (among other accomplishments, he was a good rider) and on many of his trips, he found himself in no-man's land, between the Northern and Southern armies.

Memorable Horses

One day, Peter was sent between the lines with a message. He passed a lot of the Southern officers' horses, which they'd tied to a fence, while they themselves were in a house, eating and having a good time. One horse was a very beautiful thoroughbred. Pete would not stop while carrying a message, but he made up his mind that if that horse was still there when he came back, he would try and capture it.

Sure enough, when he came back, the horse was still there. So he very quickly slipped up, cut the tie rope,

jumped on the horse, and was off. Just as he started he was discovered. The officers fired at him and rushed out, took their horses, and tried to catch him. But Peter had selected the fastest horse, so he got away.

When he got back to camp, all the officers admired the horse very much. One of them even offered Pete \$1000 for it, but Pete would not sell it – he said he needed a fast horse to carry messages.

Not long afterwards, he was carrying a message across open ground, on the run, of course. The enemy commenced to shoot at him. He had nearly got across the open ground into some timber and brush when his horse got shot in the neck. But the horse did not fall until he reached the timber.

Pete then pulled his revolver from the holster (his message was tucked in his belt), and he started running down the road as fast as he could (and he was a fast runner). He got around a curve in the road before the men in gray could reach the place where the horse had been shot. They thought that he was probably hiding there in the brush, so they commenced to search there.

In the meantime, Peter came across a mule in the road. He mounted the mule and started riding toward the Union lines. But the mule would go no faster than a slow canter. Peter dug his spurs into him, but the mule just turned around and went the other way.

Well, Peter finally stopped the mule, turned and started again for the Union lines. But the mule would still only go at a slow canter. He could hear the Southerners coming. When they got in sight, they commenced to shoot. Pete was pretty close to the Union line by this time. Union sentries, hearing the shooting, commenced to return fire, and Pete was back. But it was a pretty close shave.

He was kept at his job and was given another horse, but he was always thankful that he had had that fast horse, and sorry to lose him.

Logging after the War

Not long after this, the war was over and Peter came marching home. One of the first places that he went after arriving was the home of Esther Courter. And how all the Courter family (including Esther of course) admired him in his soldier's uniform!

However, he soon took that off and went to work in the logging camps nearby. He liked the excitement of the logging camps.

The Traditional Logging Method

Every fall, loggers had long hours building roads, felling trees and cutting them up into logs. They skidded⁸ the logs out to the roads with horses, and piled them up on skids⁹ (logging sleds), ready to be hauled out to a river a few months later, as soon as the snow came.

After the snow had come, they would "break out"¹⁰ the roads by driving a logging sleigh over them. Then, at night, they would haul sprinklers (huge tanks of water on

8 Hauled logs from the woods, sliding them to a collecting point (a landing), often over "skid roads," which were often covered with planks.

9 A pair of heavy timbers with cross-pieces between them. They are made of large logs specially selected to stand the strains of logging and moving; big cross timbers are hewed to fit, and bolted together to make the stout frame.

10 To open up a road which had been closed by snow or slide.

sleighs), spouting out water behind, which would freeze, turning the roads into solid ice¹¹.

Then, using the huge logging sleds, they would haul the logs to the river from the landing¹², where they had previously been skidded out, to a river, where they were “banked¹³,” waiting for the river ice to break up in the spring.

As soon as the spring breakup came, the men would break down the rollways¹⁴, rolling the logs into the running water, which was well mixed with ice.

Then the river drive was on. Some crews broke up jams at the front while other crews brought up the rear, “sacking¹⁵,” rolling the hang-ups into the water. They waded right into the water, sometimes waist deep.

Peter worked at all the various jobs and got to be an expert, especially in using cant hooks, loading the logs, breaking down the rollways, riding the logs and breaking up the log jams. Soon he was a full-fledged logger.

Also, they still had sports in camp – wrestling, boxing, stick-pulling, etc. Peter liked them so much that he had soon become tops at all the sports of that period.

Esther Courter

All of this time, Peter was keeping company with “the finest and prettiest girl in the world,” Esther Courter, who now was teaching school. And don’t think that she was a

11 Note that the solid ice mainly consisted of snow that was briefly melted by the sprinkler water and refrozen. The sprinkler water by itself wasn’t near enough to make an ice-hard road.

12 A collecting point for logs, and the center of operations on a logging show. A log dump.

13 piled up

14 A landing where logs are piled up waiting either loading or river driving. In some places a log dump is called a rollway.

15 To chase down stray logs behind the drive.

softie, even if she was not very strong. She was extra-good with horses, both riding and driving them, and she was a fast runner, beating all the girls in the neighborhood in foot races.

There was a considerable argument between her and Peter (who had won all the boys' foot races) as to which was the fastest runner. Finally, they held a race and Esther beat Peter by a step. Peter said that if he took off his heavy shoes, he would win, but Esther said that would not be fair, for she always wore her shoes. So that ended the contest between them, but there never was an end to the argument.

Esther's father had got killed when she was three or four years old, leaving her mother with a family of three boys and four girls and a 160-acre farm to run. But she was a very smart woman, and ran the farm so efficiently that she made money with it while raising and educating her family.

Peter proposed to Esther, and asked the consent of her mother, who said that she did not like the transient way that loggers lived. All of her own boys were farmers, so she said that if Peter would go into farming, she could give them a farm, and she would consent to the marriage. Peter of course agreed, for the thing he wanted most in the world was to marry Esther. So they were married. Peter was 19 and Esther 18 years of age¹⁶.

Peter was not really much of a farmer, as he did not know much about it. He was used to working with a crew of men where there was lots of excitement. He did not like working alone, like he had to do on a farm, plowing, planting, cultivating, etc. So he always had the urge to go back to logging.

16 This would have been about 1867, two years after the war.

He was, however, a very good horse trader. He kept making money at it until the time when his trade not only got him a horse, but three sheep and a pig to boot. His wife Esther put her foot down and made him give back the three sheep. She told him that a horse trader's life was not a good life, and really not honest. So that stopped the horse trading.

Peter's wife, Esther, soon realized that he was not a good farmer, so she consented for him to take a small logging contract. She moved right into the camp with him and did the cooking for the crew! Later, when they had a larger contract and could afford a cook, she kept the books and the time for the crew and helped with the scaling¹⁷.

Charles is Born

After they had been married about two years, their first son (Charles Edward MacFarlane) was born¹⁸. He was quite delicate, and a mean little brat. He cried most of the time unless his mother was holding him, so she had her hands full, taking care of him while doing the house work. That baby was so bad that to keep him quiet, she would wash clothes with one hand and hold him on her hip with the other hand.

When he got to be four years old, he liked to go and play with the neighbor children, and he would go without asking permission. His mother decided that this had to stop, so she started whipping his legs with a switch that she had cut. But Charley fought back, so she kept on switching him and talking to him for half a day. Finally he gave up and minded his mother after that.

17 To tally the number of board feet in a log. Board feet is a measure of volume. Since logs are valued in board feet, the scaling will give a log's price.

18 March 8, 1870

Meanwhile, Peter kept on logging, but at times he had a hard time keeping from going broke. So when the *Flint & Pere Marquette Railroad* was being built¹⁹, he hired another young man and they both went to work for it. To do the grading, they used two teams of horses which the railroad owned, each man driving one team.

Camp Wrestling Contests

Now, Peter had quite a reputation among the loggers as a wrestler, boxer, and fighter, though he would never fight unless he had been forced into it. So when they had first gone to the grading camp, Pete told the other teamster not to say a word about his wrestling or boxing ability, because he did not want to get into all that with a strange crew.

The railroad construction crew was all Irish (the logging crews, on the other hand, were mostly Scottish at that time). Every evening after supper, the men would hold wrestling bouts, as the daylight was long at that time of year. Peter never said a word, but just watched the contests, which finally got down to one big powerful man who had thrown all the other contestants.

Peter's teamster said to Pete, "That fellow is pretty good, isn't he?" Pete said "Yes, he is, but a little bit slow." Shortly after that, when they had finished their job and were going back home, some men kept talking about that big fellow, and what a good wrestler he was. Pete's teamster could keep still no longer. He said that, yes, he was pretty good, but a little slow, and that Pete MacFarlane could throw him.

19 The F&PM would go from Flint, Michigan west to Pere Marquette on the shore of Lake Michigan. It later merged with two other companies to form the Pere Marquette Railroad (PM), which expanded and merged throughout the Midwest and nearby Canada.

That night, just before supper, that big Irishman, the camp's champion wrestler, came up to Pete and said, "Did you say that you could throw me?" Pete said that, no, he had not said so. "Well, do you think you can?" And Pete replied "I think I can, but I am not going to wrestle anybody here."

Then the gong rang for supper. The crew started for the tables, located outdoors with chairs to sit on. Just as Peter was about to sit down, the Irish wrestler jerked the chair out from under him. But Pete did not go down to the ground. Instead, he turned as he was falling, grabbed the wrestler, and threw him to the ground with a rolling hip lock²⁰, heavy onto his back.

The crew formed a ring and called on them for a wrestling bout. The Irishman came in with a rush, intending to throw Pete with brute force, but Pete was much quicker and stepped in with a grape vine foot block²¹, and pushed the Irishman right over backwards, but it broke the Irishman's leg. The crew, which was practically all Irish, commenced to holler, "He did it on purpose. Let's hang him."

Peter, of course, was pretty scared, but he jumped up on a chair and said "I can lick any two of you, but I can't lick the whole crew. I want fair play. I did not intend to break the man's leg and this wrestling match was forced on me anyway." The crew recognized that there should be fair play. After quite a bit of grumbling they decided that it was an accident and let it go at that. Peter and his hired man took their teams and went home the next morning.

20 You hook your opponent's leg with your own legs, then grab his other ankle to pull him down.

21 You grab your opponents arm and/or upper body, then wrap your leg around his (the "grapevine"), pushing down with your arms and pulling up with your leg.

Evart, Michigan

Peter C. MacFarlane and family moved to Evart, Michigan, where the Flint and Pere Marquette Railroad crossed the Muskegon River. The town was the supply point for all the upper Muskegon River logging camps. It had about 1000 inhabitants and 12 Saloons as well as a number of stores – hardware, groceries, blacksmith shops, livery stables, etc.

MacFarlane then entered into a partnership with Jim Eldred of Chicago. They bought a tract of pine timber about two miles north of Evart, where logs would be cut. In the winter, after the snow came, they would be skidded²², then hauled²³, to the Muskegon River.

Logging near Evart

Peter always laid out (surveyed) his own roads so he could skid and haul the logs down grade. So first they built roads. Quite often, these roads would run across swamps and small lakes or ponds, but these would not be barriers, because they would freeze up in the winter when the logs would be hauled.

So, every fall, they would cut the logs, skid them out to the roads and pile them up on skids²⁴ ready to be hauled to the river when the snow came. After the snow had come, they would skid the logs on sleighs over the slippery frozen roads to a high river bank, where they would roll them onto

22 To haul logs from the woods to a landing.

23 Carried in sleighs

24 A pair of heavy timbers specially selected to stand the strains of logging and moving; big cross timbers are hewed to fit, and bolted together to make the stout frame.

the bank. There they piled up the logs, parallel to the river, into a rollway²⁵.

In the spring, when the river ice broke up, a crew of men and horses would “break down” the rollways into the river. A four-horse team would work from the opposite bank, pulling on a rope with a large swamp hook²⁶ hooked into a log in the rollway. This particular log would generally be a “key log,” so a whole tier of logs would roll down into the river when it was pulled down. Generally, a horse on the rollway side would haul the hook back. These horses got so well trained to the work that they did not need a driver.

From there, river drivers would take these logs, along with all the other loggers’ logs, down the river to the saw mills.

Peter was an expert at breaking down rollways. He generally did all the hooking-on himself. Quite frequently, he also took jobs breaking down other companies’ rollways.

It was dangerous work. Even as good as Peter was at picking out them out, key logs were situated right at the foot of the tier of logs which were being broken down. So quite often the tier of logs would break loose before Peter hooked onto what he thought was the key log. Then, with logs coming down all around him, he would run out on the loose logs and jump in the water. Then others would reach out with a pike pole²⁷ to pull him out of the water, which was ice cold and full of chunks of ice. However that did not stop

25 A landing where logs are piled up waiting loading or river driving. In some places a log dump is called a rollway.

26 A large all-purpose open hook on the end of a line or chain, used in animal skidding or on a chunk-out operation. It has a link in the head and a very sharp point to dig in a log or stump. It could be pulled free very easily when the job was done.

27 A long pole with a spike and a hook on one end, used for shoving logs around in pond or pocket.

the work. He went right back to hooking, wet clothes and all.

Log prices were not very good at that time. Hard work was necessary, but they made little money. Then they commenced to get ready for the next year's work.

1876 – The Year of No Snow

In the fall of 1875²⁸, they had built their sleigh roads, skidded out the logs and piled them on skids along the road to wait for snow. They waited and waited. They had to have snow to haul their logs to the river or else they would go broke. However, no snow came. Peter was worried and would get up in the night to see if it was snowing yet. By March, they were desperate. Jim Eldred came from Chicago to hold a conference with Peter.

Peter said that the only way out, he thought, was to buy some light railroad equipment and build a railroad to haul the logs. So that was what they decided to do. They went to Saginaw, Michigan²⁹ and bought six miles of thirty-pound rails, a twelve-ton narrow gauge Porter locomotive³⁰, and twelve light four-wheel cars to haul the logs on³¹.

When the rails and cars were delivered, they were hauled by wagon two miles up the Muskegon River to where the logs had been dumped.

28 Peter was 27 years old.

29 Saginaw, Michigan, was a thriving lumber town in the 19th century and an important industrial city and manufacturing center throughout much of the 20th century

30 H.K. Porter, Inc. (Porter) manufactured light-duty railroad locomotives in the US, starting in 1866. The company became the largest producer of industrial locomotives, and built almost eight thousand of them.

31 These small cars looked like push-carts without the pumping mechanism. They would be used in pairs, the two ends of the logs each resting on a different car.

The steam locomotive engine had come sitting on a car, and they fired it up and ran it off the car under its own power. To move it to the log dump, they used eight long stringers, hewed from logs, with rails spiked onto them. Horses moved pairs of stringers in front of the locomotive, which moved ahead from one set to the next, the horses continuing to move them ahead in front of it. The locomotive made the two-mile trip in a very short time.

Then the rush was on to build the six miles of railroad to the logs that were already on skids. It was a rush because they had a contract to fulfill. They worked night and day at it, using torches at night. They built it over the sleigh road as much as possible, building around some of the small lakes and ponds instead of going across them, as the sleigh roads did.

To cross marsh land, they laid down mud sills³². Then they flattened logs for stringers³³, which they laid onto the mud sills, fastening them together with flattened poles. They spiked the rails right onto the stringers. And on the grade they laid hewed ties.

In sixty days' time they had built the railroad and were hauling logs over it. And in all those sixty days, Peter had never gone to bed, but had just dropped down and slept where ever he got the chance.

Now one might think that, with the train, all their troubles were over, but they weren't. It was a narrow gauge, three-foot track and the high loads on the cars often caused the cars to jump the track. Frequently, a carload and all would tip right over into a ditch. Several times, the locomotive itself rolled into a ditch, so they had to get rope, blocks (pulleys) and horses to roll it back on the track again.

32 A sill is the lowest horizontal member of a structural frame. A mud sill is a sill that rests on the earth (or foundation).

33 A bridge timber.

On the other hand, they did learn how one hauls logs on a narrow gauge track. They hauled their logs out. And log prices had risen higher because of the shortage caused by the lack of winter snow, so the company made quite a lot of money. And they could keep on logging right through the summer, skidding the logs directly to the railroad, which hauled them to the river.

And this changed the entire system of logging for everybody, as they all took up railroading. Winfield Scott Gerrish³⁴ also built his first railroad to haul his logs that same winter.

After that, Peter did all his logging by rail. He would put in a good main line and throw down temporary spur lines to which the logs were skidded. Then he picked up the spur lines and laid them down someplace else.

Expanding Logging Operations

Peter did not like his railroad's narrow gauge, so when John Hurd, a grain and flour mill operator from Bridgeport, Connecticut, offered to go in with him and log on a larger scale, Peter sold out his interest in the *Eldred and MacFarlane Company* and bought out the *La Beuf Brothers Standard Gauge Railroad*, which could dump their logs right in Evert at the Big Rollway, a riverbank about fifty feet high and three quarters of a mile long. Then they bought a big tract of timber and expanded the operation to five camps, with had two locomotives and plenty of cars hauling logs day and night – twenty trips with twelve cars of logs to each trip.

34 Gerrish (1849 - 1882), also of Evert, Michigan, is usually recognized as the man who brought railroads into logging operations, when he built a seven-mile-long logging railroad from Lake George to the Muskegon River in Clare County, Michigan in 1877. It turns out that Peter MacFarlane can also lay claim to that distinction.

This company was called Hurd, MacFarlane & Co. They hired an engineer (Franz Trumbull) to lay out the roads, and had a logging superintendent (Jim Lennon) and four other foremen under Lennon. Peter was the manager. He was on the go all the time, seeing that everything was going well.

Horses and Races

Peter and Esther were both very good with horses, whether riding or driving. Esther had a gray mare named Maggie, weighing about 1,000 pounds, who was good for riding or driving. She was fast but gentle.

Esther was a good church member and the Vice President of the State W.C.T.U.³⁵ Peter liked sports, including horse racing, which in Evert was only amateur. The owners raced each other's horses.

There was a fairgrounds about a half mile from Evert. One year at the County Fair the W.C.T.U. had the dining room concession. Charles's job was to drive Maggie with a light buggy to gather things (pies, cakes, etc.) from the W.C.T.U. members for the dining room.

One day, Peter took Maggie and hitched her to a sulky³⁶ and then proceeded to win the trotting race and a \$10.00 purse.

Esther was very indignant and said she did not want her horse to race and would not take the money. Well, Peter father said they would give it to the preacher. Esther said she did not think he would accept race money, but he must have, since no more was to be heard about it.

35 Woman's Christian Temperance Union, a group who opposed alcoholic drinks.

36 a lightweight cart having two wheels and a seat for the driver only but usually without a body.

Peter was looking around to buy a pony for Charles. Jim Turner, a horse dealer and liveryman, had an Indian pony weighing about 700 pounds named Nick. He was a tough little sorrel³⁷ stallion that used to run away with most anyone who tried to ride him. He was fine going away from home, but when you turned him around to go back he would run all the way to the barn.

Peter thought he might break him of that habit. He rigged a special rope with a purchase on his nose to bring his head right down to his chest. This worked somewhat but it was a lot of trouble. One day, Peter, who weighed over 200 pounds, took Nick, while Charles took Esther's horse Maggie, and they rode out to Peter's brother David's place, about five miles out.

All was well going out, but when they started home Nick started running. He ran all the way home. Peter pulled on the reins until the horse's mouth was bleeding. Every time Charles urged Maggie to go faster to keep near them, Nick ran even faster. He ran all the way to their driveway, where he put all four feet down and stopped. However, Peter was looking for that, so he settled back and the horse slid eight or ten feet forward.

Peter had a very fine bookkeeper working for him named Walter J. Ross, who asked him if he had a horse that he could ride early in the morning before going to work. Peter said, "Sure, go right up to my house and Ed Morrison, the teamster, will saddle a horse for you."

So the next morning Mr. Ross came to the barn and told Morrison that father said he could have a horse to ride. Morrison said, "How would you like that little sorrel?" Ross said he thought that would be fine, so Morrison saddled up Nick. As usual, all went fine going away from home, but

³⁷ Sorrel is an alternative term for chestnut, a light reddish-brown, one of the most common horse colors.

when he turned back, Nick ran all the way to the barn. When he came to the barn door, which was closed, he stopped suddenly, and Ross went over his head and hit his own head against the barn door.

You would think that it would have been about enough, but the next morning Mr. Ross was on hand again and Morrison gave him the same horse and the same thing happened again, though this time Esther saw him coming home and getting thrown against the barn door, so she told Ed Morrison not to let Mr. Ross have Nick again, but to have him take her horse Maggie.

So when Ross came again the next morning Ed told him that Mrs. MacFarlane had said that he could not have Nick anymore, but could take her horse. So after that all was well and Mr. Ross enjoyed his morning rides.

Fred Is Born³⁸

And there was another addition to the family named Fred MacFarlane who was the best baby you ever saw. He never cried, and had a happy disposition (just the opposite of his brother Charles).

As he grew up he was a little mischievous and would take things off the dresser, but his mother found that he was afraid of feathers, so she put an ostrich feather on the dresser and Fred would not go near it.

Life in the Logging Camps

The company had a cook named Burns at Headquarters Camp, where more than one hundred men worked. He was a wonderful cook, but he had one bad habit. He had to go on a drinking spree every two or three months.

38 August 16, 1876

When he got the urge to go to town, he would cook up a lot of pastry, pies, etc. Then he would draw his pay and leave, and the second cook would take over. He seemed to be doing okay, so Lennon and Peter said that they would not bother with Burns anymore. But pretty soon, the pastry and pies that Burns had made would be gone and the crew would commence to complain about the cooking.

So Peter would go and hunt up Burns, get him sobered up, and take him back to camp and all were happy again.

At that time there were men who would go from camp to camp to pick a fight with the best fighter in camp, just to see which was the better man. Some of these would hear that Pete MacFarlane could not be licked, so they would come to Evart just to pick a fight with him.

In one instance, a man said, "Are you Pete MacFarlane?" Pete said, "Yes, what can I do for you?" The man said, "I came up here to lick you and I am going to do it." Pete said, "I am not doing any fighting and I don't want to be bothered with you," and he started away. The man then commenced to call Pete a coward and a lot of other names. Finally he said, "You are a son of a b—," at which Peter turned, hit the man once, and the fight was over.

Another man came to the office and store of the company. When Peter would not pay any attention to him, he began to pick on the storekeeper, who was a small man, which made Peter mad. (at that time, Peter weighed 200 pounds and was 5 feet, 10½ inches tall) He knocked the man down and threw him out the door and down the steps, which was enough for him.

At this time, the men who worked in the woods were largely Canadian French, and there were a lot of good workers among them. The loaders were a tough lot in many

ways, quite often going on strike and fighting any man who attempted to take their place.

On one occasion, two loaders had quit. When Peter went to hire one man for the job, he said that he was afraid to go, because the two men who had quit were watching him, so if he started to go to camp, they would lick him. Pete said, "I will come and get you." The man said, "All right, I will be at X's Saloon."

Late, when Peter went in the door of the saloon, he saw his man, and said, "Come on." The man started up and one of the strikers made a run for the man to hit him, at which Peter stepped in, hit the striker on the jaw, and the man went down and out for three hours with a broken jaw. Pete was so sorry that he had hurt him so seriously, that he had him sent to a hospital and paid all his doctor bills.

Another time, six men, who had been loading at the camp, had a grudge against the head brakeman. They sent word that they were going to give him a good licking when he came in with his train that night. The brakeman was scared and told Peter about it. So Pete said, "Don't be afraid. I will be there to see that you do not get hurt."

Where the train stopped at the switch, there was a ditch on each side of the track. When the brakeman stepped off the last car with his lantern that night, Peter was right there. Right away, the six men came up to the tracks. They mistook Peter for the brakeman. Pete said, "Hold up your lantern," and as the men came on single file, he knocked each one into the ditch, except for the last man, who was a light weight. He grabbed and threw him right on top of the others, and that finished that.

With two locomotives running night and day, four engineers were required. Some of them were better than others. One of the best was a hard drinker. Sometimes he

would get so intoxicated that he would fall back while his hand was on the throttle, opening it wide. The fireman would have to go over to close the throttle and stop the train. Then Peter would get on and run the locomotive until he got someone else.

They had a young fireman named Dick Comfort, who was sober, industrious, and reliable, so Pete decided to put him on as engineer. Dick was rather afraid at first and never was fast at running it, but he got to be a first class engineer and worked for MacFarlane a great many years after that.

One day, Peter had taken his supper at the headquarters camp, and intended to take the next train down for home, but the superintendent wanted to talk to him about something. So he waited for the next train, which would come one hour later. Soon after the train left with its twelve cars of logs, they heard a long whistle and a crash. They rushed down the track about a mile and found that some logs had been piled across the tracks. The locomotive had run into them, and the logs from the cars behind had crashed into the locomotive cab, killing the engineer, the fireman, and another man who was a passenger. This was the trip that Peter generally went home on, whenever he was up in the woods. So when the superintendent detained him, it probably saved his life.

One day, the cook at headquarters camp had got crazy drunk from drinking extract. For some reason, he got mad at the bull cook³⁹ and started chasing him with a butcher knife. Peter, the superintendent, and the time keeper⁴⁰ got the cook to come into the office. They were trying to quiet him, when the bull cook came and looked in the window. The cook saw him, raised his knife, and

39 a man who cuts wood and does odd jobs around the camp

40 A time keeper keeps track of how much time each employee has worked.

hollered, "Get out of my way!" (Pete was between him and the door).

Peter then kicked his wrist, knocking the knife out of his hand. Then he knocked him down, while the time keeper recovered the knife. Peter took the cook by the collar and marched him to his bunk house. Just as they got there, the cook saw an ax by the door and made a lunge to get it. But Pete also saw it, tightened his grip on the cook's collar, and marched him inside, where they put him to bed and left a man to watch him until he sobered up.

Indians in Wisconsin

All this time, the company had been making money. They had taken an option on a large tract of timber in Wisconsin, which they later bought. MacFarlane hired a cruiser⁴¹ named Jud Robinson, a small dried-up man, but a good cruiser, to go with him and look over the timber. To get there, they had to go several days journey up a river. So they hired an Indian with a canoe to take them up to the timber.

On the way, the Indian began to tell about a wonderful Indian wrestler and Peter, who had a good opinion of himself, said, "I would like to see the Indian that I can not throw." Well, the guide did not say anything more, but a couple of days later, when they stopped to camp for the night, the guide left and came back with about two hundred Indians and said, "Wrestle." The Indian wrestler was big, tall, and strong, but Pete was always willing for any contest, so the Indians formed a ring and they started to wrestle – catch as catch can⁴².

41 A cruiser is someone who assigns a monetary value to a stand of timber.

42 The British term "catch as catch can" is generally understood to mean "catch (a hold) anywhere you can". As this implies, the rules of catch wrestling were more open than the earlier Folk styles it was

The Indian got a hold and jerked Pete down to his knees and then how the Indians yelled!! This made Pete mad, which doubled his strength. He jumped to his feet, grabbed the Indian with a rolling hip lock, and threw him, slap, bang, onto his back. And that was enough. The Indian turned and walked away without a word, taking all the rest of the Indians with him.

(At this point, Pete and his cruizer completed their mission, and returned to Evert. This episode was meant to appear in the document, but was never written out)

St. Regis Falls, New York

The company had just about finished logging their timber at Evert. John Hurd, Peter's partner, asked Peter to go and look at a tract of 24,000 acres of timber and a sawmill in the Adirondacks in New York state⁴³.

Scouting the Territory

This sawmill was located at St. Regis Falls on the St. Regis River, eleven miles from Moira⁴⁴ on the O & L C Railroad⁴⁵. The elevation was a thousand feet higher than Moira. The sawmill was run by water power. Half a mile below town was a large tannery, which was the town's principal business.

There was a small hotel with a bar room, which had to serve as a sitting room. MacFarlane did not drink or

based on and its French Greco-Roman counterpart which did not allow holds below the waist.

43 Probably in 1882

44 Moira is still a small town – quite far north in New York, about 15 miles south of the St. Lawrence and Canada. St. Regis Falls is eleven miles directly south of Moira.

45 Ogdensburg and Lake Champlain Railroad

smoke, but he had to spend his evening there anyway. He generally sat near the end of the bar where he could see both sides of the room.

He noticed that, no matter what kind of a drink was ordered, it came out of the same barrel. Pete asked the hotel keeper, who was also the bartender, how he did that, and the hotel man said, "Oh, they don't know the difference."

MacFarlane hired some guides. There was quite a number of them around there, because people came from Boston and the cities of New York in the summer to hunt and fish and camp out on the numerous lakes. Then they went up the river by buckboard⁴⁶ as far as they could. Then they continued by canoe. They spent a couple of months looking at the timber, the logging conditions, and places for camps, mills, etc.

Peter had been logging by railroad for a number of years, but he found that this country had to be logged the old way, by sleighs hauling to the St. Regis River and then driving the logs in the springtime down to the sawmills. The timber was mostly spruce with some pine and quite a lot of hard wood – maple, beech and birch – though at that time there was no good market for hardwood.

It looked like it might be a good proposition. It would take a lot of money to open it up right and Peter was not very anxious to do it. He thought he would rather go to Wisconsin and log the pine timber that they had bought.

But they had a chance to sell the Wisconsin timber at a good profit. John Hurd wanted to sell so they could open up and operate the Adirondack timber. He persuaded

46 a four-wheeled wagon. The "buckboard" is the wagon's front-most board, which acts as the driver's footrest, and protects the driver from the horse's rear hooves in case it kicks or "bucks"

MacFarlane to do it. He took in a banker from Bridgeport, Connecticut, named Hoskiss and the company name became *Hurd, Hoskiss, and MacFarlane*.

Mr. Hurd promised MacFarlane to buy him out after two years if he did not like it in New York. He promised Mrs. MacFarlane, who was quite a church worker and a WCTU⁴⁷ member, that the company would furnish a place for a church and make up the preacher's salary and whatever else came up short, and he kept to his word. So they sold their Wisconsin timber and as quick as they could finish their logging, packed all their equipment, horses, etc. and shipped them to the new operation in New York state. All the equipment was first shipped to Moira, New York, and from there it was hauled to St. Regis Falls, eleven miles, with teams of horses. They would have a great many carloads.

Initial Stages

Peter had bought his son Charles a saddle horse named "Chief," weight of 800 pounds, and his son Fred a black Shetland pony named "Cub," weight of 420 pounds and a high-stepping bay horse for himself, also named "Chief," weight of 1200 pounds. These were put in a car together with a team of grays named Fan and Dan, driven by Ed Morrison, who went along to take care of the horses. He had Fred's pony "Cub" by himself. When night came and Cub laid down, Ed would put a blanket over him, lay down alongside and go to sleep.

Well, after they had finally got packed up, the MacFarlane family also took the train for New York State, going through Canada. Peter, Esther, and the brothers Fred and Charles, had a section in a sleeper. Esther had one satchel which held her jewelry and a lot of other

47 Woman's Christian Temperance Union

personal things. On one of their trips to the diner, someone took the satchel and they never heard of it again.

They went to Clark's Hotel in Moira and stayed there a couple of months until until the house that the company had bought in St. Regis Falls could be fixed up for them to move in. Mr. and Mrs. Clark and their two daughters were very fine people and they took a special liking to Fred, who was a handsome boy with a happy disposition.

Peter's partner Hodgkiss had two grown sons, Charles and William who also stopped at Clark's Hotel for while before they would come to St. Regis Falls. They seemed to like the Clark sisters pretty well and quite often would go to call on them.

Then the rush was on, surveying a railroad from Moira to St. Regis Falls, changing and enlarging the saw mill, building boarding houses, a store, office buildings, and a lot of houses to rent to the employees.

One of these houses was being built for Partlow, the mill foreman, who went up to look at it and stated at once it would not do at all, because the doors were too narrow and his wife, who weighed 420 pounds, could not get through them. So they built the next house for him with wide doors.

The saw mill was enlarged with a steam power plant, in addition to the water power that was already in. A box factory was built and at the same time, logging camps were started up on the St. Regis River, so as to have logs coming in when the mill was ready to operate.

The railroad that was being built from Moira was eventually built out further to Tupper Lake, three miles from Paul Smith's Hotel on St. Regis Lake. Paul Smith's was a summer resort accommodating a thousand guests. When the railroad was completed, the company ran a sleeping car

for tourists from New York and one from Boston each day during the summer.

At Tupper Lake⁴⁸, another saw mill was built and another one about half way between St. Regis Falls and Tupper Lake.

One incident occurred which might be of interest. Peter had hired two teams of horses from the Markum Bros, two big husky rough necks, to haul supplies from Moira to St. Regis Falls. At the company barn, they had a dispute about the hauling contract. When one of them called Peter a liar, he was knocked flat the next instant. The brother came on hollering, "Hold on!" and Peter knocked him out, also. So the natives found out that MacFarlane could not be imposed upon.

Life in St. Regis Falls.

With all the shipping, the Company gave Clark's Hotel in Moira a lot of business. Mr. and Mrs. Clark invited Will Hodgkiss for Thanksgiving not long after we had all moved to St. Regis Falls. Will was glad to go, of course, and they gave him a good time. But at the end of the month when the company bill came in, the Clarks had charged Will's hotel bill in with the rest. The company paid it and nothing was said about it except when Will was at the MacFarlane house, he said he thought it was a funny way to act – to invite him down there and then charge the hotel bill to the company.

Fred was seven years old. He was present for that conversation, but did not appear to be listening. Later, Mr. Clark came to visit in St. Regis Falls, and the MacFarlanes had him for dinner. After a pleasant meal he said he would

48 A town, a village, and a lake on the Raquette River, south of St. Regis falls, 30 miles as the crow flies.

like to take Fred down with him for a couple of weeks, as the girls and his wife were so very fond of him.

Fred said he would like to go if he had a lot of money. Mr. Clark said, "We are inviting you to come. You will not have to pay anything!" But Fred said, "You invited Will Hodgkiss and made him pay!" Everyone was terribly embarrassed and Mr. Clark said that he had not known about that and would certainly correct it. That was one of Fred's faults, telling things at the wrong time.

Fourth-of-July racing

There were several small towns within eight or ten miles of St. Regis Falls. On the 4th of July one of them would put on a celebration and the people from both towns and farms would all go. The first celebration that they went to was at Nicholville, seven miles away. A lot of them rode over there on horseback. Peter rode Old Chief, a regular show-off horse while Fred and Charles rode their ponies Chief and Cub. The two brothers rode around town a good part of the time and when the horse race was announced, they entered their two ponies. (Old Chief was not entered, since the two ponies could run all around him.)

This was to be a race with only home-owned horses. Some of the other horses were much larger than our ponies. However, they took the race, Chief first and Cub second. It rather chagrined the others to have such small ponies beat their horses.

Well, the next 4th of July celebration was held at St. Regis Falls. Peter was Marshall of the Day, riding Old Chief and Charles was a Marshall's Aide, riding Little Chief. After the foot races, egg race, sack race, and three-legged race were all over, the horse race took place on a third-mile round track which the St. Regis Falls people had built.

Charles was so sure of taking the race that he had left on his heavy saddle and his Marshall Aide clothes.

But when the race took place, they found that the Nicholville people had dug up a regular race horse, big and tall and built for racing. The race was to be the best two out of three tries. Well, on the first try that big horse ran right away from Little Chief. So Charles took off his saddle and put on Fred's saddle, which was much lighter. He also took off his coat and hat. This time, Little Chief beat the big horse.

For the next heat, Charles was placed at the pole (inside) position. At the start, that big horse cut right across and touched little Chief's shoulder. Chief, to avoid him, jumped over the inside rail and started running across lots. People inside the rails began to scatter. A boy fell down and Chief jumped over him. Charles finally got him back on the track but by that time he was too far behind to win.

The Judges decided that there had been interference by the big horse and that the race would be run over again. That horse was no doubt much faster than Little Chief, but he had a disposition that made him undependable.

On the final heat, the big horse took the lead from the start but Chief was close behind. When they got to the far side of the track, that big horse suddenly slowed down and Chief went past him in a flash and got forty or fifty feet ahead. Then the big horse really began to run. On the home stretch he was gaining fast. Charles laid right down on Chief and urged him on and they won that heat and the race.

There had been a purse of \$10.00 to the winner, so after about a week Charles said to his father Peter, "How about that prize money I won?" Peter said that the 4th of July Committee was broke and could not pay it, but Charles

said, "You would have had to pay the other fellow if he had won." "Yes," he said, "but you were obligated to win to save our reputation." Peter thought that was a pretty good joke. Charles never got the money.

Two More Children are Born

On May 9, 1883 another brother was born. Peter named him Joseph Sayles MacFarlane after a very good friend of his in Evart, Michigan, who had been his attorney, whom he admired very much. Joe was somewhat like his oldest brother, nervous and crying a lot and needing a lot of attention.

At 13 years old, Charles was the one to help take care of him. Once he was trying to rock him to sleep while Esther was out horseback riding with Miss Emma Hodgkiss. Just when Charles thought he was asleep and he put him in his bed, Joseph would wake up and cry and he'd have to do it all over again. Charles also did a lot of complaining for he wanted to be out playing.

On April 2, 1885, a daughter was born. Peter named her Clara Hurd MacFarlane. They had their niece Jennie Lennon come out from Michigan to help Esther. Jennie lived with them as long as they stayed in New York.

Clara was such a good baby that it was no trouble at all to take care of her. As she grew up, she always was a very fine girl with a happy disposition.

Logging in the Adirondacks

Logging in the Adirondacks was done in the winter, in the traditional way. In the fall they would send a crew up to fell the trees and cut them into logs. They would build logging sleigh roads and then skid the logs out to the road and put them on skids. About the middle of winter, when the

ground was frozen and iced with slippery snow, they would load the logs on big logging sleighs and haul them to the river. In the spring, when the ice in the river broke up, the logs were driven down on the river to the saw mill pond. Most of the crews were Canadian French and in some instances only the foreman and timekeeper could talk English. The foreman, Staf Gates, who had worked for the company in Michigan, had a dry sense of humor, but he was a good foreman.

In skidding out the logs each skidding crew consisted of a swamper⁴⁹, a teamster, and a rollway man⁵⁰, who put the logs piled high on skids ready to be loaded on sleighs.

Every night the swamper would tell the timekeeper the number of logs that had been skidded that day. 100 logs was considered a minimum day's work. Each day, most of the old hands would give in 100 logs. If they had actually put in any more, the extra would be counted in a "bank" to be accounted for later. Of if they struck a hard show⁵¹, they would deduct from the "bank" enough to make the day's work equal 100 logs. At the end of the skidding job they would give in all the logs that they had in the "bank", which sometimes would be 500 to 1,000 logs.

One night when the skidding crews were giving in their count, one of the crews said, 75. Staf Gates, who was standing by, said, "What is the matter?" The swamper said, "Lots of brush and windfalls." Gates said, "Well now, that is too bad, I think I will have you work in the field tomorrow

49 A logger who clears out brush; in the early days he cleaned out the roads for animal skidding.

50 In horse skidding days he pulled dogs at the landing, scaled the log, and rolled it off the dump. A "dog" was a short metal stake, sharp on one end, with an eye on the other, driven into logs to attach them together with ropes.

51 A show is a logging operation (cat show, high lead show, winter show, summer show, etc.). b. The operating conditions which affect logging, as a poor show, a good show.

where you won't be bothered with the brush." That crew never fell behind again.

The camps always fed well, but it was not always possible to get a good cook. So whenever a new cook had been ordered and sent to the camp, Peter would go to camp about a week later and ask Gates how the new cook was doing. One time, Staf said, "All right, I guess, but I wish you would send up about 30 feet of rope." Peter said, "What for?" "Well," said Gates, "I want to tie the cook in the kitchen. It is getting so greasy in there that I am afraid he will slide out." He got a new cook that time.

Another new cook had been sent up and on Peter's next trip to camp the foreman was in the woods, so he stopped in the cookhouse and asked the cook how everything was going. The cook said, "Not so good. The crew is all kicking⁵²." And Peter said, "That is nothing. They are always kicking," And the cook said, "I know but I myself just can't stand the cooking." So another cook had to be sent up.

Charles Learns Accountancy

Peter did not know very much about bookkeeping, so he wanted Charles to learn how to do it. He took bookkeeping lessons in high school, but did not like it very well and did not learn very much about it. He used to work in the company store during vacations and liked that pretty well, so this vacation Peter told Mr. Ross, the bookkeeper, to have him work on the books in addition to store work.

So the first thing he did was to put Charles to work on the payroll, a very large book with three double pages for each month's work. For each man, Charles took his time from the "time books" to figure out his wages. Then he would charge him his store bill, rent or board, and sundry

52 Complaining

other items. Then he had to make the book balance. He found this pretty hard to do, but each month it was easier until he was doing it in three days.

Next, Mr. Ross put Charles to keeping the store books, which was single entry, posted from a daybook⁵³ to a ledger. Next, Charles had to take over the post office accounts and statements. The work was getting easier all the time, though naturally he never touched the main set of books, kept by Mr. Ross.

One Sunday when Charles had gone home in St. Regis Falls Peter said, "Well, you have been working in the office about ten months now, do you think you could keep the books?" Charles said, "No, of course not, Ross would not let me touch his books and I don't understand them anyway." Peter said, "How are you going to learn?" Charles said he would have to go to business college.

Well, Esther wrote to Troy, New York⁵⁴ and made arrangements for his tuition in the Troy Business College and also for his room and board. In two weeks time Charles was on his way to Troy. With his experience working on the payroll and store books he found the lessons to be easy. He would finish up each set of college books as fast as he could write them, which were all in double entry.

Camp Entertainments

Peter was a great sport and a good mixer. He was a good story teller, being able to imitate the English dialect of most any country. He always had a bunch of men listening to his stories. He liked horse racing, boxing, wrestling, running, and various tests of strength, but did not care for

53 A ledger; an accounting journal

54 Just north of Albany on the Hudson River, about 150 miles as the crow flies from where the MacFarlanes were living.

hunting or fishing. He said he was never able to catch a fish, and he would not think of killing any animal.

One test of strength that he was extra good at was pulling sticks⁵⁵ He was always ready to pull any one who wanted to try and pull him up. When a man would come to his office and ask for a chance to pull him up, Peter would say, "Come right in," and they would both sit on the floor facing each other with their feet together, and grasping a sledge handle, which he always had handy. At a signal from one of the onlookers, both would strain to pull the other up, and of course it was always the other fellow who came up. Peter got quite a reputation as a steady puller.

One day he went to Banger, New Hampshire, to buy some horses from a dealer from whom he had bought a lot of horses. The dealer said, "There is a butcher here who is a good stick puller. Would you be willing to pull with him?" Peter said yes, of course, and the horse dealer arranged to have the contest that afternoon.

When Peter went to the place where they were to pull, he found that a big crowd had gathered. The man whom he was to pull against was the New York state champion. He weighed 320 pounds, while Peter weighed only a little over 200 pounds. The contest was best three out of five tries. This butcher was strong and certainly knew how to pull sticks. Peter was probably not as strong, but he relied on his ability to lay out his strength faster.

Well, it was a hard contest and Peter said he never pulled so hard before in his life, but he managed to pull the butcher three times out of the five tries though it took all five tries to do it.

Even years later, after Peter had moved to Vancouver, Washington, he was always ready to pull

55 Explained in a footnote on the first page.

anyone who wanted to try. One day, Bill Watkins, a big Negro who worked for the Michigan Lumber Company, came into the office and said, "Mr. MacFarlane, would you be willing to pull sticks with me?" Peter said, "Sure, come right in." He got out his sledge handle and they sat down. Peter proceeded to pull him right up. Bill said "I don't understand how you do it. I know I am a great deal stronger than you are." Peter said, "I think you are, too."

Peter had a way with men who worked for him. They liked him and would work hard for him, because if they had a hard lift, and he was around, he would always give a helping hand. He was always as one of the crew.

Life in the Resorts

The railroad that Peter had built came within three miles of Paul Smith's hotel, a summer resort on St. Regis Lake accommodating one thousand guests. Every day during the summer a sleeping car came from New York and one from Boston. Grover Cleveland, who was the President of the United States, came up over the railroad (which was called the Northern Adirondack Railroad) in his private car and went to Paul Smith's hotel where he did some fishing and hunting.

The Adirondacks was a beautiful country with many lakes and lots of summer resorts and camping places. At each resort there were many guides who would take the guests out camping, fishing or hunting. A guide was necessary because there were so many paths crisscrossing through the woods that it was easy to get lost, unless you knew the country well.

There was a small summer resort called the Blue Mountain House, run by Mr. & Mrs. Falkner, who used to cook in my father's logging camp. It was located at the foot of Blue Mountain, which was over 5,000 feet high. Quite a

number of visitors would climb the mountain to get the view of the surrounding country, and my mother also once climbed the mountain.

During the winter they had two or three guides working from the hotel. Mrs. Falkner was a very fine cook, especially her venison and trout. They generally had venison on hand at all times, whether in season or out.

One day, when venison was out of season, the game warden came up to the hotel, so Mr. Falkner was pretty frightened, knowing that they had some venison on hand. Mrs. Falkner said, "Now, Pa, you just leave it to me." As it was nearly mealtime Mrs. Falkner invited the game warden to stay for dinner. She went to the well and pulled up the venison and cooked some steaks with French fried potatoes. They were so good that he was ready for more when she came in and said, "Would you like some more lamb steaks?" He said, "Yes I believe I will take some more—lamb steaks. They certainly are good." So the game warden went away without finding any venison.

Peter Slowly Left the Adirondacks

At the end of two years, Peter had told John Hurd that he did not like the operation there, and had asked him to buy him out as promised. This had done, but Peter had to take some very long-term notes. So while waiting to get all the money from the notes, he bought a small mill on the east fork of the St. Regis River, seven miles from St. Regis Falls. He built a railroad to the mill and built a town with a store, an office and a post office, which he called Everton⁵⁶.

He built a dam a mile above the old mill. It had a one-side mill, powered by water power, composed of a

56 There is a series of river rapids called "Everton Falls" at what probably is the site mentioned. It's about six miles directly east of St. Regis Falls on the St. Regis River.

circular-head rig⁵⁷, a gang saw⁵⁸, an edger⁵⁹ and a saw trimmer (all spruce lumber was cut thirteen feet long). This was the most economical mill to run in that part of the country. He also added a clapboard mill to the old mill. He sorted out the best logs and sent them down to the lower mill for cutting into clapboards.

Wages were very low in New York state, common labor being paid \$1.25 per day. The price of lumber was also low, and going lower. All the other companies were cutting wages to \$1.00 per day, but Peter said that men could not live at those wages.

Since he had collected his money from the old company, he decided to sell out to the Patten Bros, wholesale dealers of Albany, New York, who had been buying his lumber. Then he sold all his personal belongings, including his and his sons' horses, for they did not know where they would go in the west.

Soon after they had left, Peter's niece Jennie, who had been living with them, was married to Rowell, the editor of the Adirondack News. They left most of their furniture with them.

The Move to Washington State

After selling out in New York, Peter and his family returned to Ewart, Michigan, and visited friends, such as Charles L. Gray, who had married another of Peter's nieces. He was in the business of buying and selling lumber, shingles, etc. Peter looked around for opportunities, but he could not find anything to suit him, so he decided to

57 The "head saw" that makes the initial cuts in a log at a sawmill, turning a log into cants, or planks of wood.

58 Another kind of "head saw."

59 A device with saws used to straighten and smooth rough lumber or bowed stock by making a cut along the sides of the boards.

to go to the Pacific Northwest. So Peter and his son Charles, who was then eighteen years old⁶⁰, started for Tacoma, Washington, leaving Mrs. MacFarlane, Fred, Joe and Clara in Evart with the Grays.

Peter and his son took a second class sleeper, or tourist car, from Chicago. The car had cushions, but they rented a couple of mattresses for \$1.00 each, and managed to get along all right. There was a cook stove at one end of the car, used by the tourists, but since Peter did not cook, they had to get along on cold lunches, mostly.

About a week later, they finally arrived in Tacoma, Washington, and went to a hotel near the railroad depot.

Logging in Washington State

They looked around town and looked at some saw mills sawing the big logs that they have in the Northwest. They took a trip to Seattle by boat, where everybody was crazy dealing in real estate. But Peter did not like their way of doing business, so they came back to Tacoma, where they saw a timber dealer who had some timber to sell on Puget Sound.

They went there by steam boat, arriving at the place late in the afternoon, staying there overnight. The next morning they went to look at the timber, accompanied by the owner who lived there. They spent all day in the woods. It was a fairly good show but not of the highest quality, so they thought we would look around some more. Father and Charles stood the trip fine, but the owner almost collapsed before they got back to his house. The next morning they left on the boat for Tacoma.

60 So this would be happening around 1888.

Preparing to Work in Vancouver, Washington

Peter heard about some good timber on the Skagit River, so he thought he would go up there and look at it. But that night the hotel keeper introduced him to Governor Eugene Semple, Governor of Washington Territory⁶¹. Gov. Semple was very friendly. He said he owned a saw mill at Vancouver, Washington, and suggested that Peter go to Vancouver and run the saw mill for six months, keeping half the profits. So Peter decided to go and have a look at it.

On the way down, they stopped at Tenino⁶², Washington. They took a side trip the next day out to a logging camp where they were logging with four yokes of oxen, hauling out big yellow fir logs on a skid road to the railway, where they were loaded on cars and taken to Olympia. They had never seen them log the large yellow fir logs with oxen on skid roads, so it was very interesting. They stayed overnight at Tenino and the next morning took the train for Portland, Oregon. From there they went by steam boat to Vancouver, Washington.

Governor Semple met Peter and his son in Vancouver and drove them all around Clark County, the Vancouver Barracks and the town of Vancouver. He showed them his mill, which was a pretty crude affair, in pretty bad shape. But Father liked Vancouver very much. It was a clean place of ground gently sloping to the Columbia River. Clark County was good farming and orchard country, so he thought that Esther would like to live there. So he decided that he would accept Gov. Semple's offer to run his sawmill.

But first, Peter and Charles took the train for San Francisco, where they visited some of the wholesale lumber

61 Washington became a state the following year, 1889. Oregon had been a state since 1859.

62 13 miles south of Olympia.

offices. Then they went down to Salinas, California and visited two of Esther's sisters, after which they returned to San Francisco.

After seeing them, Charles was sent back on the Union Pacific to Michigan to bring out his mother and two brothers Fred and Joe, and sister Clara, while Peter went back to Vancouver to get started at operating the sawmill, and arranging to buy logs.

Charles went back to Michigan in second class, but he had good accommodations – the berths in the sleeper were plain but good, all bedding was furnished and he ate in the diner.

He arrived all okay in Evart, Michigan. After a few days Esther, Clara, Charles, Fred and Joseph left on the Flint and Pere Marquette Railroad. At Lake Michigan, they took the railroad's boat across to Milwaukee, Wisconsin. The boat trip was rather rough and a great many were seasick, including all the MacFarlanes but for Charles. They kept to their stateroom, but he was up and around the deck watching the big waves.

At Milwaukee they took a sleeper, going first class via the Northern Pacific Railroad for Portland, Oregon. They all ate in the diner and enjoyed the trip until the day before they arrived in Portland. Then Clara came down with the chicken pox and Joe with the measles. However, they were not put off the train.

When they got to Portland, Peter met them and they all went to the St. Charles Hotel⁶³, where they stayed for a few days. Then they took the boat for Vancouver. They got rooms at Walt's Hotel and ate meals in a restaurant on the ground floor, staying there a month until they could decide

63 At Front and Morrison, on the Southwest Portland Riverfront. No longer exists.

on a place to live. Eventually, they bought a house at the corner of seventh and F Streets⁶⁴. They had to buy all new furniture, because they had left their own in St. Regis Falls. It had been given to Peter's niece, Jennie, when she had got married.

Charles had worked in the company store in Everton and then had taken a business course in Troy, New York. He immediately set to keeping the books in Vancouver, tallying the lumber, keeping track of the orders, and collecting the bills. He also paid the crew and the purchases made by *P.C. MacFarlane & Co.*, the new company which operated the Vancouver saw mill.

There was not much money to be made with such an out-of-date sawmill, but they were making some profit. Then they had a bad fire in their lumber yard that burned up one hundred thousand feet of flooring. So with that loss they were just about even, no profits.

Governor Semple thought that they should have made a lot of money, so he sent an expert accountant to go over the books. Then he sued them and Charles had to take the books into court. He was on the stand for several days, with the result that his accounts were upheld, But during that trial he learned a lot about what should be shown in a set of books.

Charles Gray, who had married Peter's niece, and W. B. Wells, an uncle of Peter's attorney in Michigan, came out to Vancouver. They decided to build a mill, which would be called the *Michigan Lumber Co.* and to build a railroad, which had already been started, called the Klickitat and Yakima Railroad⁶⁵. They formed a logging Company called

64 This is near Vancouver Barracks, a neighborhood apparently razed to build Interstate 5.

65 The Vancouver, Klickitat and Yakima Railroad, had begun in 1888, the year the MacFarlanes came out West. The original goal had

MacFarlane, Wells, & Gray, to bring in logs for the mill. They also bought a small sash-and-door factory and that company was called *MacFarlane, Gray, and Co.* They operated this factory for a couple of years and then sold it at a profit because the saw mill, railroad, and logging took too much of their time and they did not want to bother with a small factory. Mr. Gray went back to Michigan to close out his business there and move his family to Vancouver.

MacFarlane hired a mill builder and they planned out and built a double circular mill that would cut logs up to 85 feet long with a pony⁶⁶ circular saw, an edger, and two cut-off saws⁶⁷, also with a slab slasher⁶⁸ and lath mill⁶⁹ and two good planers⁷⁰. This mill would cut 75 thousand feet a day. Compared to present-day designs, it was not modern, but it was economical to operate.

Charles would keep books for the sawmill company, the logging company and the sash and door factory. By the time Mr. Gray and Mr. Wells had got moved out to Vancouver, the sawmill and railroad were just about ready to operate. Mr. Wells had two sons, Ben & Morris. Ben was given the job of scaling⁷¹ the logs hauled by the railroad. Morris was sent to help Charles keep the time⁷², make out the payroll and make up the daily report of the number of

been to connect Vancouver to the transcontinental railroad in Yakima by way of the Klickitat Pass.

66 A "pony motor" was a small gasoline motor that's used to start a larger diesel motor.

67 Like a miter saw, it's set on an arm that lowers it to make cross cuts at a predetermined angle.

68 A slab is a big chunk ripped off the side of a log by careless use of the tongs in loading.

69 A lath or slat is a thin, narrow strip of straight-grained wood used under roof shingles or tiles, on lath and plaster walls and ceilings to hold plaster, and in lattice and trellis work.

70 A woodworking machine to trim boards to a consistent thickness throughout their length and flat on both surfaces.

71 Measuring the number of board feet in a log.

thousand feet of lumber cut and the number of men working and the amount of their wages.

Charles Gray was put in as manager of the saw mill and the sash-and-door factory. W. B. Wells was the treasurer and P. C. MacFarlane was put in as manager of the railroad and the logging, because, in addition to supplying logs for their own mill, they sold logs to the Portland saw mills.

Mill Operations

In 1890 the Union Pacific Railroad started to build a bridge across the Columbia River at Vancouver. The Michigan Lumber Co. got the contract to furnish all the lumber and timbers, while *MacFarlane, Wells and Gray* furnished the piling⁷³. All was going fine and the companies were making money, when all of a sudden, the Union Pacific Railroad decided to stop building the bridge. One pier had already been finished. It was left standing for quite a number of years, Eventually, a bridge was built at the same location, using the pier that the Union Pacific Railroad had already built.

Mr. Wells, being the Treasurer of three separate companies, wasn't always too careful about keeping each company's cash separate. He would pay one company's bill with a check from one of the other companies, which made extra work for the bookkeeper. Charles called a halt to it when Wells had collected money and deposited it but had not accounted for where he had got it nor which company it belonged to. Charles told him not to put any money in the bank until he had put it on his books and made out the deposit slip. Mr. Wells, who actually liked

72 Again, the timekeeper records the hours that each worker has worked.

73 In this context, piling or piles are long, straight poles formed from trees thinner than those for lumber.

Charles pretty well, said all right, and things went better after that.

In the winter of 1889-1890 there came a big snow which lasted six weeks. They had to close down the sawmill, because the Columbia River froze over. In order to go to Portland they had to drive down in a sleigh to the mouth of the Willamette River, six miles, and take a river boat from there. Ice came down the river and jammed. Then it froze so hard that the mail carrier took the mail from Vancouver across the river with a horse. From there it was taken overland eight miles to Portland. Charles, too, made a couple of trips walking across the river on that ice.

They also had some fun, though. They got a pair of sleighs and put a wagon box on them and filled it with hay and a lot of blankets and robes. They hitched four horses onto it, and got a bunch of young people together and had an old-fashioned sleigh ride.

About 1891, C. L. Gray and W. B. Wells were not getting along very well. Gray wanted to sell out, so MacFarlane gave him his third-interest in some timber that they had bought up the Columbia River for his Michigan Lumber Co. stores. He also gave him his stock in the Railroad and his interest in the logging company. He took over the management of the Michigan Lumber Co. and hired a superintendent to run the saw mill.

The Michigan Lumber Co. had filled some lumber orders for *Lacey & Co.*, machinery dealers who also had a wholesale Lumber department. They were rather slow in paying for the lumber that they had bought, so W. B. Wells, the treasurer and P. C. MacFarlane went over to Portland, Oregon, to collect the money. MacFarlane said to Lacey, "You agreed to pay for this lumber within sixty days. Now it is over ninety days and we want our money."

Mr. Lacey, who was a big Englishman, was inclined to beat down opposition by blustering. He called MacFarlane a liar and Pete brought his fist right up to his chin with an uppercut and Lacey went right over backwards on a stationary engine which they had been showing in the warehouse. Wells grabbed MacFarlane to stop him from fighting, and that bought them enough time that they paid their bill.

An excerpt from Washington History.

Excerpts from "An Illustrated History of the State of Washington"

by Rev. H. K. Hines, D. D.

Published by The Lewis Publishing Company, Chicago, 1893

"Containing a History of the State of Washington from the Earliest Period of its Discovery to the Present Time, together with Glimpses of its Auspicious Future, Illustrations and Full-page Portraits of some of its Eminent Men and Biographical Mention of many of its Pioneers and Prominent Citizens of today."

THE MICHIGAN LUMBER COMPANY

This company, whose plant is probably the most extensive in southwestern Washington, was organized and incorporated in 1889, with the following officers: President, Louis Sohus; Vice-President and Manager, P. C. MacFarlane; Secretary, Charles E. McFarlane; Treasurer, W. B. Wells. The official corps at the present time is as follows: President and Manager, P. C. MacFarlane; Vice-President, Mrs. Charlotte M. Gray; Secretary and Treasurer, Charles E. MacFarlane. They have conducted very extensive lumbering operations in Washington and Oregon, and have a well stocked yard in Albina, the latter State. Their plant has a capacity of 70,000 feet daily, and they employ forty men about the yard, and keep seven teams constantly employed delivering lumber and replenishing the Albina yard. The mechanical equipment of the

plant is of the latest and most improved design. The engine is of 200 horsepower. Logs are floated to the mill from the Columbia river and tributary streams, and additional supplies in the line also transported from the interior of Clarke County, by the Vancouver, Klickitat and Yakima Railroad, which is owned and controlled by the stockholders of the Michigan Lumber Company. The road at this time extends twelve miles into the interior of the county, and probably at no distant day will be pushed forward to Yakima. At the present time the travel is light, the road being chiefly used for logging and timber purposes. The officers of the road are: Louis Sohus, President; Charles Brown, Vice-President; David Schule, Secretary; L. M. Hidder, Manager; the First National Bank of Vancouver, Treasurer; and Sohus, Hidden, Brown and MacFarlane, Directors. The Mill Company also own near the present terminus of the railroad a large tract of choice timber land which supplies a small percentage of material to the mill, besides giving piling and other extreme-length material to various sections of the State.

P. C. MacFarlane, who is probably the most largely interested in the company's operations, was born in Canada, August 20, 1849, a son of Andrew and Mary J. (Bryden) MacFarlane, both of Scotch birth, and now deceased. They removed from Canada to America in 1853, locating in Michigan. Our subject, the youngest in a family of ten children, was reared and educated in that State, and from early boyhood has been connected with the lumber trade. He came to Vancouver in 1888, and since that time has been closely identified with the growth, prosperity and best interest of the city and Clarke county. Mr. MacFarlane recently effected the purchase of the old Lake River mill property, and for the operation of the plant the P. C. MacFarlane Lumber Company was incorporated in January, 1893. The officers are: P. C. MacFarlane, President; Charles MacFarlane, Secretary; and W. W. McCredie, Treasurer; and the directors are the same as above mentioned, with the addition of Charlotte M. Gray. The mill has a capacity of 35,000 feet daily, is operated by an engine of 100 horsepower, and has a large amount of lumber

tributary to the mill. The company employs ten men in getting cord-wood for the Portland market, supplying from 500 to 1,000 cords monthly. The facilities for getting wood are of the best, there being a flume of one and a quarter miles, which carries wood to the tide water.

Mr. MacFarlane is a man of family. He has always taken an active interest in political matters until recently, and is a staunch advocate of the Republican party. He was elected a member of the city council of Vancouver in 1891, serving one year, and in the same year was also appointed County Commissioner, but owing to his business interests was compelled to decline the honor. Socially, he affiliates with the Masonic order, and has passed all the official chairs in the I. O. O. F.

CHARLES E. MacFARLANE, secretary of the Michigan Lumber Company, and the P. C. MacFarlane Lumber Company, was born March 8, 1870, a son of P. C. MacFarlane. Charles was reared in Osceola county, Michigan, and at the age of thirteen years removed with his parents to Franklin county, New York. Four years later he engaged in the lumber trade with his father, and in 1887 accompanied his parents to Vancouver, Washington. From March 1, 1892, to March 1, 1893, he was junior member of the firm of Jaggy & MacFarlane, carrying a full line of dry goods, millinery, ladies' and gents' furnishing goods, etc. The business was first established by John Jaggy, who conducted it successfully until our subject became a member of the firm. Although a young man in years, Mr. MacFarlane is prominently identified with the business circles of this city and Clarke county. He has now given up merchandising and devotes his whole attention to the lumber business.

May 20, 1891, in Vancouver, he was united in marriage to Miss Annie M. Wintler, a native of Washington, and a daughter of Henry Wintler of Walla Walla. To this union has been born one child, Edwin. Mr. MacFarlane is a man of industrious habits and many sterling qualities, strict and attentive in business matters, honorable in transactions with his

fellow men, and has the respect and confidence of the entire community.

The Albina Yard

Times were getting bad all the time and the mill company was losing money. The railroad and logging companies were still making money, but the lumber yard that they had in Albina⁷⁴, operated by Morris Wells, the son of W. B. Wells, was losing money fast. Wells wanted to sell out. He had also loaned the mill company some money, and he wanted that repaid. So MacFarlane borrowed the money from a Portland bank and bought him out. But Wells still owned an interest in the railroad company.

Then MacFarlane sent his son Charles to Albina to see what they should do with the lumber yard. He stayed there a week.

The lumber was shipped from the mill by barge to the Albina yard, where it was unloaded and distributed by teams and wagons to customers who built houses, roads and sidewalks.

Charles reported that it cost too much to handle the lumber through the yard. They could deliver it cheaper right from the mill by using four-horse teams and wagons. Each four-horse team would have two wagons, so they could load one while they were delivering the other load. They could save \$1.00 per thousand feet on the handling that way.

Peter agreed, so they cleared out and closed the Albina yard and delivered direct from the mill. Charles was put in charge of getting orders, delivering them and collecting the money for the lumber.

74 Albina is a neighborhood in Portland later buried under Interstate 5. It was known as an African-American neighborhood.

This worked out pretty well, but times were getting worse all the time. On top of that, the big Columbia River flood came in 1894 and almost wrecked the mill and docks.

The Great Flood

This flood was the highest on record – 34 feet above the low water mark at Vancouver. All the low lands around Vancouver and Portland flooded, from the low lands below Vancouver to Vancouver Lake and Lake River. The lower floor and the dock of the *Michigan Lumber Co.* were covered with water. Water came up within three feet of the ceiling in the office. Naturally they had all moved out of the office before that happened.

There was an oak grove just across from the office. When the water had commenced to overflow its banks and had come up to the sidewalk around the office, an “old timer” said that in 1856 the water had been up around the oak trees. He had driven a nail into one of the trees when the water had reached its highest point. He said he would show Peter and Charles where he had driven the nail, so they went over there. Sure enough, there was a nail in the tree where he said it would be. But some one said that it was a wire nail and they had not made wire nails in 1856. Still, the 1894 water had buried that nail under three feet of water, so the old timer had not exaggerated after all.

They did not lose any lumber during the flood, since they had sold off most of the yard stock before that, but the mill machinery was covered with mud, as was the dock. So they cleaned up the mill and repaired the dock after the water went back down.

But the price of lumber was so low that they could not run it at a profit. So Peter sold all the lumber left in the yard at \$6.00 per thousand feet. He also sold the horses and wagons. He paid all the labor and supply bills. He told the banks, who had a mortgage for \$40,000.00, to foreclose the mortgage and take the mill and he would not contest it, which they did, and by holding it for a few years, they sold the mill and did not lose any money on the loan.

Operations after the Vancouver Mill

After that, P. C. MacFarlane gave his son Charles a one-third interest in the logging company, as *P. C. MacFarlane & Son*. They operated one camp, had four logging contractors working for them, and did fairly well. They sold lots of piling besides the logs.

P. C. MacFarlane had lots of other interests – real estate, etc. – which he was trying to save. But it took all of *P. C. MacFarlane & Son's* profits to keep up the payments. P. C. MacFarlane had a third-interest in the V K & Y railroad⁷⁵. The freight they paid to the railroad company kept it in good financial shape. Since they were doing all the logging business, MacFarlane gave up his position as manager of the railroad in favor of Morris Wells, because W. B. Wells was a large stock holder.

Things went along pretty well for awhile. The logging company got all the piling business from the O. R & N Railroad⁷⁶ and also sold to local contractors in Portland.

California Piling

Then MacFarlane had a chance to take a big contract for “California piling,” which was much smaller in diameter than the standard Columbia River pilings. But he had to take the order at a very low price, 3½ cents per foot. It was pretty close figuring so he asked the directors of the railroad, Wells and the others, if they would be willing to reduce the freight rate by ⅛ cent per foot. After all, California pilings were thinner, so more could fit in a car, so

⁷⁵ Vancouver, Klickitat and Yakima Railroad, begun in 1888.

⁷⁶ Oregon Railroad and Navigation Company, later absorbed into the Union Pacific.

at $\frac{1}{8}$ cent less, the company would get about same amount of freight income per car as the standard piling. They said okay, go ahead and take the contract, but they never held a director's meeting to confirm the new rate.

P.C. MacFarlane & Son took the contract and when Charles went to pay the freight at the end of the month, Morris Wells said he could not accept it as a full payment, for the directors had not met yet. Charles then gave him a check on account⁷⁷ and urged Morris to call a directors meeting.

They kept putting it off so the next time, Charles paid another check on account. Finally they called the directors meeting and the directors refused to reduce the rate as each one of them had promised, which made MacFarlane awful mad. He told them that he had furnished the freight that had kept the railroad operating. After this contract was finished they could furnish their own freight. This extra $\frac{1}{8}$ cent per foot which he had to pay them took all of his profit. And a company can not operate without a profit.

Logging in British Columbia

Peter heard of a large wood contract, 100,000 cords of wood, to be cut and delivered to the smelter at Trail, British Columbia. He went up there to see about it, but he found that their idea of prices did not agree with his, so he did not take the contract.

The trip to Trail went through Rossland, British Columbia. Rossland was a regular, wide-open boom town with lots of saloons, gambling, boxing, and wrestling contests, and thousands of miners and prospectors, mining promoters, etc.

⁷⁷ "on account" means a partial payment.

While looking around Rossland, Peter met Louis Blue, who owned a sawmill two miles out of Rossland that was not doing very well. He had contracts on a large tract of timber.

When Blue heard that MacFarlane was a saw mill man and logger, he proposed that Peter take the mill and its equipment and run it on shares, Blue to receive one-third of the proceeds for furnishing the timber and outfit, and MacFarlane to receive two-thirds for operating expenses, labor, etc. This seemed a fair deal so Peter agreed to it and took over the operating at once.

He sent for a few of his key operating men and all of *P. C. MacFarlane & Son's* horses and logging equipment. His son Fred went up there with him. His son Charles finished up the business in Vancouver, Washington, and shipped the company outfit to Rossland, British Columbia. Esther remained at their house in Vancouver.

It really was too bad that MacFarlane had had that disagreement with the railroad directors, because after he left, they could not get enough freight to haul to pay expenses. Morris Wells, the secretary, had tried to get some of the logging contractors, who had been working for us, to put in logs and piling for him. But he did not understand the business well, so he could only ship a fraction of what was needed to make the railroad profitable. When Charles saw that the railroad was in trouble, he tried to interest some Portland saw mill men in it, but times were so hard that no one wanted to put money into any new venture.

So they defaulted on the interest on the bonds. Eventually the bond holders took it over. If MacFarlane had stayed there and rustled freight for the railroad by taking contracts on a very low margin, they would not have lost the railroad. And it really was worth four times what they owed

the bond holders. It was a big loss for MacFarlane also - \$20,000.00.

However, Peter was no hand to worry over what was lost, and he was confident he could make it again. He soon got the Rossland mill and logging reorganized and going well. He took a contract to furnish the mines around Rossland with a thousand cords of wood per month, on which the company made \$1.00 per cord.

This wood was cut by the cord and also hauled to the mines by the cord. Fred MacFarlane was put in charge of measuring the wood for the cutters and the haulers, but he had to make his measurement hold out for what the mines gave when they measured the wood. Fred had to be there to check the measurements that he got from them, and to be sure to get full measures. Fred was only twenty years old⁷⁸, but he did the job well.

As soon as Charles finished closing up the business at Vancouver, he also went to Rossland, where Peter set him to work checking the books. There was lots of snow in that country, but He had got the saw mill and logging well organized and they were making money.

Peter, who was always quite a sport, used to go and watch the boxing and wrestling contests in Rossland and got pretty well acquainted with some of the principal boxers and wrestlers. One of the wrestlers, a middleweight, had taken quite a liking to Peter and used to come out to the mill to visit him. This wrestler had a pretty good grip. He used to grab a man's leg and pinch it to make him holler. One day he tried that on Peter, but Peter's leg was so large and hard that he could not get hold of it.

Another time, they were talking outdoors on the snow road when he playfully grabbed Peter and tried to

78 So this would be about 1896

throw him. Wasn't he surprised when Peter used his favorite rolling hip lock to put the wrestler on his back. He said he hadn't known that Peter was a wrestler. Peter said he wasn't, but he did know a few tricks.

There was a mining boom developing at Ymir⁷⁹, British Columbia. Blue had a timber concession over there so he proposed that Peter go over there, build a mill and buy his timber by the thousand feet as it was cut. And Blue would buy out his interest in the Rosslund operation. He thought it was organized and running so well that he could keep it going.

So Peter and his two sons went to Ymir and built a mill. They took their horses and logging equipment over there, and let a contract to Joe Black, who owned an interest with them in six horses for doing the logging. Soon they were sawing lumber.

Everyone was excited, mining for gold⁸⁰. The prospectors could sell a claim very quickly if it looked at all good. The owner of a claim had to perform \$100 worth of work a year on it, so there were lots of claims that the MacFarlanes could buy very cheap – \$100 and up. Or they could obtain an interest in them for doing the assessment work, and then sell them at a profit.

One prospect, which looked pretty good, consisted of fractions of other mines that were located right on the edge of Rosslund. They were being developed, and glowing reports were being spread about them. If those mines turned out to be good, then these fractions would sell for a good price. However, the stock in those mines dropped overnight from \$1.05 per share to 5¢ per share, so then the fractions were also no good.

79 Pronounced "WHY-mir" even though it's named after "EE-mir."

80 There was also silver and copper, though these did not attract as much interest.

The boom in Ymir mining also petered out. The mill had to ship and sell its lumber in Nelson, B.C., and the prices up there were so low that there was no money to be made. So Peter sold the mill and all the outfit so he could go back to Vancouver, Washington, where his wife had lived all the time that he had been in British Columbia.

Operations north of Vancouver, Washington

In Vancouver, Peter began to look around for opportunities and contacted the Robertson Rafting Co., who had bought 5000,000 linear feet of California piling from him before he had gone to British Columbia. This company had put together a cigar-shaped raft and towed it to San Francisco, California. This time, they wanted Peter to furnish them with a million linear feet of piling. These pilings were to measure from 30 feet to 125 feet long, twelve to eighteen inches at the butt and not less than eight inches at the small end, with the bark either all on or all off. But the price was still very low, and Peter had to look around for the timber.

W. W. McCreedy, who had been Peter's attorney, had built a short railroad into some timber on Whipple Creek⁸¹, five miles from its outlet into Lake River⁸² in Washington⁸³. This rail road had closed down, because all the loggers who had hauled logs over it had quit, because they could not make any money. Times were still very tough and log prices were very low.

81 Whipple Creek flows into the Lake River from Sara

82 Lake River flows parallel to the Columbia, about a mile from it, where it passes between it and Sara.

83 This is maybe eight miles north of Vancouver, Washington.

McCreddie wanted Peter to lease the railroad, which had a lot of timber tributary that could be bought at a very low stumpage⁸⁴ rate. So they looked over the timber, and the railroad, etc. The timber was mostly red fir, but there was a lot of very fine piling that could be bought very reasonably.

Father then made arrangements with a Vancouver bank to finance the operation. He also arranged for **Crawford Marshall & Co.**, who had a large general store in Vancouver, to put in a branch store at Sara, Washington, right on the McCreddie railroad, to furnish supplies efficiently. The office of P. C. MacFarlane & Sons would also be put into the same building⁸⁵.

Their finances were pretty low by this time, with all of the expense of moving back from British Columbia and investigating opportunities. But their credit was good. After a lot of conferences with McCreddie, the bank, and the store, they leased the railroad and took the contract for 1,000,000 linear feet of California piling. They had taken the contract on January 6, which meant running a large crew from February until late in the fall.

From the Vancouver Independent: January 6, 1897:

BIG CONTRACT. – The largest log contract ever let in Clarke county was closed several weeks ago. H. R. Robertson, of the Robertson Raft Co., let to P. C. McFarlane & Sons, the contract for a million feet of piling, to be delivered at Stella, Sash. Preparations for work have already commenced and before many days about 100 men will be at work in the woods near Sara. McFarlane & Sons have leased the logging road of the Lake River Tramway Co., and will extend the line about

84 a. Standing timber, b. The price paid for timber, alive or dead.

85 The building, with a later-attached house, still stands at the corner of NW 179th Street and NW 41st Avenue.

two miles further into the timber. The contract will be filled so far as possible from the timber near Whipple Creek, and must be completed by July 4. It will be the means of bringing \$50,000 to be distributed around among the denizens of Whipple Creek. Crawford Marshall & Co. will put in a branch store at Sara, and soon the usual quietude of Whipple Creek will be displaced with all the bustle and activity of a first class logging camp.

The railroad was in poor condition. It had to be put in shape and also extended a half mile to where the first rollway would be. So Peter put a section crew to fixing the track, another crew to building the extension, and a logging crew to building log camps – cook house, bunk house and barn – as well as a skid road to haul the piling to the railroad and the rollway where the logs would be loaded on cars. All of this went on at the same time, so by working a large force of men, it did not take long (under one month) to get ready for logging.

Peter did the planning and managing. Charles kept the books, kept track of the orders, measured the piling with the buyer, did the collecting and paying of bills and payroll, and looked after the details of the business. And part of the time he would be around where the logging was going on.

Then the logging commenced, with two stock tenders, four sets of fallers⁸⁶, and two teams for each hooktender⁸⁷ at the rollway. Four men loaded the piling on cars. These loads would average a hundred feet long.

86 Fallers, otherwise known as Lumberjacks, cut down the trees.

87 A foreman in charge of the crew on a logging side. In early days he was the man in charge of skidding, and either hooked on the logs or told the teamsters what logs to hook on. Because he tended hook sometimes, the name has stuck. Known as head hooker or hooker in some camps.

There was also a scaler⁸⁸ who scaled⁸⁹ the piling hauled by each team, for most of the teams were working on piece wood or a certain amount per linear foot.

The men at the rollway measured the number and length of each pile hauled by each team, and put it down on a scaler sheet that Charles had. From this sheet he gave each team credit for what they had hauled each day. Each set of piling cutters had a gauge, showing the size in diameter that the piling had to be. Whenever they got any special orders, Charles would go out to the cutters and give them the new orders.

The pilings were then hauled on the train to Lake River where they were inspected by the buyer and put up into rafts to be towed to Stella, Washington⁹⁰, where they would be rafted into the larger cigar-shaped rafts, which would be towed to San Francisco when they were ready.

As fast as the skid roads could be built ahead, more sides⁹¹ (Hooktenders, Fallers, Teams, etc.) would be put to work, so before the contract was finished, four sides were working with ten teams.

Fred, who was then 21 years old⁹², helped with the loading and various other jobs, and then Peter sent him to Rossland B.C. to work out the assessment on the three fraction mining claims that they still owned.

88 The man who measures the scale of logs. His figures determine how much is paid for making the logs and he's always accused of beating the bushelers. On the scaler's reports depend the payments for logs delivered to the dump.

89 a. The number of board feet in a log, always a source of argument. b. Any rig for weighing log trucks, c. To tally board feet measure in logs.

90 Where Coal Creek empties into the Columbia River, about fifty miles downriver from Vancouver.

91 Hillsides

92 He would have turned 21 on August 16. 1897.

The Accident

The railroad spur that was built to the first rollway had to be built with a very sharp curve. So the long loads of piling occasionally climbed the rail and jumped the track at that point. The train crew was very careful about going around that curve with loads, running them slowly so that any damage only came from getting a derailed car back on the track.

The camps were located right close to this rollway but Peter, Fred and Charles boarded the train in the mornings at Sara, where they had their office in one end of the Crawford Marshall Co. branch store, to come the one mile up to camp.

On March 7, 1898, Peter and his son Charles were at the camp where the crew was loading the piling. It was in the forenoon. The train crew would eat their dinner (lunch) there before going with the train to the log dump. Charles wanted to take the train with them down to the boom on the Lake River to scale with the buyer's scaler. But first he would walk to Sara, eat his dinner there, and catch the train when it came through Sara on the way to Lake River.

He said to his father, "Come on down to Sara with me, for if you wait too long, the meal will be cold." Peter started down the track with his son and had gone about two hundred yards when he stopped and said, "I am going back to see that the train gets around that curve all right. I don't care about dinner, because I am going home to Vancouver after the train leaves (It was Saturday)."

Peter went back while Charles continued to Sara. He took some oily waste and commenced greasing the edge of the rails, so the wheels of the cars would slip instead of climbing the rail and derailed. Finally, he got around to the last car, which had just been loaded. He was

standing between the load and the rollway where the men were rolling the piling down to the front, and a man held the front pile with his peavy⁹³. They had also placed some blocks to hold that pile.

As they finished rolling down the piling, the man who was holding it let go and walked away, for it was dinner time. The blocks which had been put in to hold the pile came loose. Peter was bending over, greasing the rail, when the pile rolled down onto his back. He had felt the pile roll onto his back, so he strained to hold it up. He was very strong in his back, but not strong enough to hold it up. He went down.



The crew had gone in for dinner and were waiting for the dinner gong. When they saw what had happened, they rushed in and lifted the piling off his back. Peter had no use of his legs. The crew tried first aid with hot water on his feet, but to no avail.

Then they sent the locomotive down for Charles, who was in Sara at the table eating. When he heard the long whistle and the engine going fast he knew that something was wrong, so he went right out to meet them. They told him that his father had had an accident and that they had come down for him, so he got on and went back to camp.

Then Peter was taken to Sara and the doctor was sent for from Vancouver. The doctor thought it might be

93 A peavy is like a cant hook, with a free-swinging hook. But a peavy had a sharp spike point. Said to have been invented by J. H. Peavy of Bangor, Maine. The picture is from Wikimedia

temporary paralysis, but when he came back the next day, he said that Peter should be sent to the hospital in Portland.

So the next day Peter was taken to Lake River on a push car⁹⁴ and carried across Lake River to the Columbia River, about one mile, on a stretcher. He was put on a river steam boat to Portland. Will Gray, his nephew, had been put in charge of him at Sara, so he went with him to Portland.

Peter's mind was clear all the time, and his only thought was to keep the logging going. Just before he was put on the Portland boat, he told his son Charles to stay with the logging and keep it going, so Charles stayed and did his best. Peter was taken to the hospital. They found a broken vertebrae and operated on it, but there was a clot in the spinal cord and he did not recover from the operation. He passed away March 14, 1898.

His wife had been with him at the hospital. When they saw that they would have to operate, they sent for his son Charles. But by the time he arrived there, his father had already passed away.

Then Charles had the sad duty of arranging for the funeral, which was conducted at their home in Vancouver by the Masons. The Knight Templars, of which Peter had been a member, marched in uniform and the 14th Infantry Band, from the Vancouver Barracks, led the march to the cemetery and finished the Masonic rites there. It was a sad homecoming for all – Esther, Joe, Clara, Charles's wife Anna, and Charles's children Ned and Marjorie. Fred, who was in Rossland, was not able to get back in time for the funeral.

94 A push car was a small railroad car meant to be pushed along. It's like a hand car, but without the driving mechanism.

The accident had occurred on March 7, 1898. He died on March 14, 1898, age 49.

The sad ending was over. It was necessary to know what to do about the piling contract. The bank, McCreddie, and Crawford Marshall Co., decided that they would go ahead and back Charles and Fred MacFarlane to finish the contract, which they did, but that is another story.

The Obituary of Peter C. MacFarlane

Insert, from the Vancouver, Washington Independent, March 17, 1898.

DEATH OF P. C. MCFARLANE

"The Well Known Lumberman Passes Away"

The sad news of the death of P.C. McFarlane was received in Vancouver last Saturday. A few days after the accident he was taken to the hospital at Portland, and from that time it was evident to the physicians that he could not last very long, and on Saturday morning at 2 o'clock, all the life that was left in the body passed away.

P.C. McFarlane was born in Behamies county, Canada, in 1850. He came to the United States while yet a small boy, with his parents, who settled in Michigan. Through the death of his father, young McFarlane was thrown practically upon his own resources when but 11 years of age. At the age of 14 he became engaged in the lumbering business in Michigan. This business he followed with varying success all his life. He came to this city in 1888, and, with Judge W. B. Wells and Charles T. Gray, both deceased, and others, engaged extensively in the lumbering business in this city and county. They were all men of considerable means, and made large investments in the county, and, through their operations, the lumbering business

was for several years the chief industry in the county, furnishing employment for hundreds of hands. The panic of 1893, however, proved disastrous to the large enterprise started by them and resulted in the comparative bankruptcy of Mr. McFarlane. He was a man of unusual energy, possessed of a hopeful and cheerful disposition, and took reverses easily. He was understood to be in a fair way toward regaining his lost fortunes at the time of his death.

Mr. McFarlane left a widow and four children. He was one of the best known men in Clarke county.

The funeral services were held on Tuesday afternoon and were conducted under the auspices of Vancouver commandery, No. 10, Knights Templar, of which the deceased was a member. Brief religious services were held at the family residence, at 3 p.m. A large number of people followed the remains to the Masonic cemetery, where the internment took place. The long funeral procession was preceded by the Fourteenth infantry band, members of the Knights Templar organization, in uniform, and a large number of the officers and members of the Masonic orders of the city. The floral tributes were rich and profuse. The employees of the P. V. & Y. R. R., nearly all of whom had at different times been in the employ of McFarlane, attended the services in a body.

The big piling contract at Sara will be filled under the supervision of Charles McFarlane, who was associated with his father in the enterprise.