

So it came about that in the Spring of 1902 at 3 o'clock one morning my wife, who was to follow in two weeks, opened our road gate to let me pass out with our old family horse, Fred, hitched to a vehicle loaded with light settler's effects, into the highway and darkness bound for the land of my forefathers and to a place therein 250 miles distant.

It was my intention to load at Port Huron the whole outfit on a Bay City boat. There was, I found, no lake traffic between these cities. The Port Huron Customs Officer said that I could "Keep right on going with horse and rig, good direct road all the way to Bay City." I took his advice and five days later, delayed by rain storms, I and my outfit turned off Uncle Sam's highway into where was a little log house surrounded by an acre or so of a clearing. In my pocket was a deed that gave me a right to set up farming or most any other business there. My farm was on the outskirts of a cleared-up settlement and within a half mile from school and a little store, two and a half from a growing village, Bentley, on a branch of the Michigan Central Railway. I could see the Saginaw Bay twelve miles distant and a lot of the country on the settlement side. We named the purchase Clear View Farm.

If a married man gets into his head a speculation scheme, his wife is most sure to cite him to a lot of cases where disaster followed such business. Spurred on by this consideration I immediately proceeded to make our log abode as habitable as possible, for my wife was due there in a week after my arrival. I had sent on ahead by freight some house furnishings. She came as arranged and found me and old Fred hauling the scattering logs the lumbermen had left, into heaps, to await a brisk wind to fan the consuming fires.

Wild thimble berries, huckleberries and black currants were abundant. This solved the fruit problem for us. I look back upon our sojourn in Uncle Sam's country that season as being a very enjoyable experience. The majority of the people there were natives of Canada, and we soon became quite intimate with some smart and good families, neighbors.

Upon our return to our Canadian home that fall we found that our son Walter had decided to tackle the Michigan venture, and in January of that winter he and his wife moved out there and started housekeeping in the log house we had vacated the fall before. It was arranged that in the spring I would take out a carload of farm implements, live stock and other settler's effects, to them. This I did, and found him busy clearing and building a new home out of timber left by the lumber company of whom I purchased the farm. My wife arrived by train in a week after I did, for it was