

unhitched the team seventeen years before, I saw, instead of dank, stagnant tide-lands and bulrushes, hundreds of magnificent buildings; the waterfront was ablaze with thousands of lights; the furnaces lit up the heavens, and the shipyards fringing the bay looked like one great vessel with ropes and spars and with thousands of little things called men swarming about them. Some of the great hills were gone, washed away to replace the ooze of the ocean with solid land—and where were the forests? Cut down, sawed up, and in their places stood thousands of homes.

Seattle, at that time, had 400,000 people living in homes, many of which I had helped to build. For the first time in years real-estate and building were active and my business was prosperous. I knew that during the war one could amass a fortune in Seattle who knew the building business as well as I did. But our boy, our first born, was suffering from throat trouble. He was five feet nine and weighed but 109 pounds. He was not well and could not serve. I wanted to help and do my share. My parents had come to this country from Norway. They came here wanting liberty, freedom, and a greater opportunity for themselves and their children. They found this country to be good, and never tired of telling us, in broken English, what a great country this was and how different from any other land in the world. They loved the United States and so do their children, every one. Both were dead, but I knew that could I ask their advice, they would say, "Our country is at war. Others are going to the front, but you can serve at home. Do your duty!" I owed