

Americanism *versus* Bolshevism

CHAPTER I

WHY AND HOW I BECAME MAYOR OF SEATTLE

WHEN I came to Seattle in 1902, I pitched my tent on Beacon Hill, a close-in, non-settled part of the city. The first night I arrived I stood on the hill and saw the child-city spread out before me. Below me to the west were the tide-lands covered with bulrushes, with an occasional street on stilts running over them; to the north was the city ablaze with light, with small buildings, narrow streets, a station house for a depot, and hills and hills covered with forests. Around the fire that night I told the curious who had gathered to watch the strangers that we had come to Seattle to make it our home, to be a part of its growth, and that some day I would be its mayor. Of course they laughed at the idea of the red-headed stranger with his team and covered wagon becoming the mayor of their city of 100,000 people. Laughter and ridicule have never bothered me, as I have always believed that if one wants to do anything bad enough, he can do it, and that it is just as easy to fish for whales as for minnows. Man is the only animal who can laugh and