

GEORGE F. BRICE



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Arcadia friends have been notified of the death of George F. Brice, 71, a former resident of this community. A Portland and Seattle business executive, Mr. Brice died June 25 in Pasadena while on a California trip. Funeral services and burial were held in Seattle, Washington.

Born March 6, 1881 in Arcadia, Brice moved to Ridgefield, Washington, with his parents in 1890. He went to Portland in 1900 to study law and was admitted to the bar in 1903. He was one of the founders of the Multnomah County Bar association. He was one of the first mortgage loan correspondents in Oregon, founding in 1919 the Brice Mortgage company and was chairman of it's board of directors at the time of his death.

He organized and was president of the Oregon Mutual Savings bank. For many years he was a member of the council of administration for the National Association of Mutual Savings Banks. In Seattle he was president of White and Bollard, Inc., and a director of the General Insurance company. He divided his time between his Portland and Seattle offices until his son, George Brice, Jr. assumed active management of the Brice Mortgage company in 1946.

Survivors are his wife, Margaret; a daughter, Margo; a son George, Jr., and two grandchildren.

7 August 1952 Arcadia News-Leader page 8 Arcadia, Wis.

## HODGES-BRICE

The following is taken from an Oregon paper and will be of interest to many of our readers, as the young man was known to many in this vicinity when a little boy. It will be remembered he was the youngest son of W. O. Brice, who was for many years a resident of this village. We are pleased to learn that George is a leading attorney of Portland:---George Frederick Brice, a well known young attorney, and Miss Iva Myrtle Hodges were married on Wednesday evening at the home of the parents of the bride at 61 Union avenue. Rev. William E. Randall of the Central Baptist Church, officiating. Miss Clara Christiansen acted as bridesmaid and Dr. Eben D. Pierce of Wisconsin, as best man. The wedding was attended by friends and relatives of the young couple and presents were numerous. Mr. and Mrs. Brice have gone on a wedding trip to Yaquina Bay, and will be at home after August 5, 1904 at 571 East Everett Street.

Oregonian (Portland, Oregon) July 4, 1904

Independence News Wave 13 August, 1904 Saturday

## Chapter # 1

### George Frederick Brice, Sr.

I was born on a farm near the city of La Crosse, Wisconsin, (Midway) where my grand parents were the first white settlers. (Brice' Prairie) My father was William Orville Brice and my mother was Rosetta Rand Brice. I was the youngest of a family of five. Robert W., William T., Carrie E., Marie E., George F. Jr.

I contracted brain fever when I was two years of age, which left me with crossed eyes. This later caused me much embarrassment, and was the cause of my getting into many fights. This affliction kept me on the defensive, and gave me the feeling that anything that I was to obtain, I would have to go out and get all by myself. In those days there were no child psychologists, and no sympathy shown for the afflicted.

I would not say that my father was a successful business man. He really was not, but he led a life which compensated him for any lack of material gains. He actually believed that everyone was thoroughly honest, and he would never ask anyone to pay a bill. As a result, he never could take care of his own obligations. We always had enough to eat, but not too much to wear.

One of my earliest recollections is an experience I had one morning on my way to school. A well dressed young man and lady approached me in a fine buggy, drawn by a spirited horse. They stopped and the young man said, "Boy, can you tell me how far it is to rag town?" At that time, I was wearing a pair of faded overalls which had been washed and patched many times. My answer to him was, "If you stick your nose in the seat of my pants, you will be right in the heart of the town."

My mother died when I was four years of age when we were living in Independence, Wisconsin. I recall my father asking me later if I remembered my mother. I told him that I did not, but that I did remember an incident at her funeral. They evidently forgot to bring the ropes to let the casket into the grave, and they had to take the reins from the horses to use as a rope. My mother was ill for a number of years. A neighbor, Jane Bennett, nursed her and took care of the house and children. She remained with us after my mother died, and in a few years, she and my father were married. She was the only mother that I remember, and no mother could have been better to me than she was.

When I was seven years of age, we moved to Winchester, Tennessee. My father immediately started a brick yard. Evidently, the location was the site of a battle between the North and South, as we dug hundreds of bullets while getting the dirt with which to make the bricks. This little town is near the foothills of the Cumberland Mountains.

One day, a wild-eyed, poorly dressed stranger visited the brick-yard. He had two revolvers and a bad looking knife in his belt, and was pretty well intoxicated. He asked my father if anyone ever came along and pushed the rows of bricks over. My father quickly answered, "No, one ever had, but if you wish to, go ahead." This stranger, we soon found, was a moonshiner, made the liquor in the mountains and delivered it each morning. This appealed to my father, so he made arrangements for the moonshiner to leave a gallon jug in a hollow tree after removing the fifty cents that father would leave under the empty jug. Father mixed the liquor with the drinking water to avoid malaria, so he said.

One morning, when I happened to be alone at the brickyard, this chap stopped by on horseback. I asked him where he lived, and what he did for a living. He said that he lived in the mountains in a cave where they made the moonshine, and wanted to know if I wanted to go home with him. I, of course, said, "Yes." He boosted me on the horse and away we went without advising anyone. When we arrived at the cave where he and his family lived, it was necessary to go thru a small opening. He went in first, and when I started to follow him, I ran into the muzzle of a rifle. My new friend vouched for me and they let me in. They were the strangest people I have ever known. Altho I was very hungry, the dinner of pork swimming in grease, very bad corn pone and the blackest coffee one could imagine, did not appeal to me. They spent the evening talking of what took place in mountains during the day. Occasionally a Revenue Officer would visit the mountains trying to locate the moonshiners, and one of the boys had shot an Officer that day. They did not seem particularly excited nor concerned. I gathered that the main issue was to kill him before he interfered with their business. The liquor was made in the cave where they lived. The next morning, we got up bright and early to start out on the deliveries. The horse was covered with jugs of liquor, and there was not much room for me. My parents were frantic upon my return, after spending a sleepless night, but they did not care to incur the enmity of my new found friend. I was afraid to tell all of my experience, so took my punishment and was finally forgiven.

The brickyard was in the negro district, and several negroes worked there. One negro named Jake had a nephew about my age. It was not long before we were fighting. His uncle said to me, "Georgie, you must never hit a nigger on the head with your fists, kick him in the shins." With that, he picked his nephew up, put him head down in a barrel of water and walked off. I yelled to my father, and he got him out before, he drowned. After that I always wore my shoes when visiting the brickyard.

During a very severe electrical storm, one of the negroes houses was hit by lightning and started to burn. Two of the small children were frantic with fear and ran under the bed. My brother and I had quite a job getting them out. The sixteen year old daughter was hit by the lightning. It made a white streak down her side and she was unconscious. We all thot her dead and dragged her out into the yard. The rain on her face eventually brought her to, and she suffered no ill effects other than the burn.

During my father's absence from the the brick yard, a negro, who visited us each day with his wagon filled with watermelons, came by. We told him that we wanted to buy some melons. My 18 year old brother told the boys to line up and to keep going around the wagon until we had unloaded all the watermelons. About that time my father returned, and the negro was looking with consternation at his empty wagon, and all the watermelons on the ground. My father said, "What goes on here?" The poor negro said, "I told them they could have five watermelons for 10 cents, but, Boss, I can't count, and they took them all. "Father saw to it that the melons were all placed back into the wagon except the five that we had bargained for. Eighteen year old brother, no doubt Robert Brice.

One of my Fathers Uncles, (Robert Brice) after fighting with the North in the Civil War, located in the Cumberland Mountains (Cowan Tennessee) where he purchased hundreds of acres of land for a stock ranch. When he wanted fuel, he took a couple of buckets and dug the coal out of the ground. I recall his stating, "Some day, you are going to hear of this place as he read of a labor strike in the coal mines at Briceville, near Winchester, Tennessee in the Cumberland Mountains.

There was a large marble quarry situated on the Tennessee river a short distance from Winchester, owned by a widow. She refused to sell the marble nor would she allow anyone to buy the property. It was a fine black marble with streaks of what look like gold. Many years later, I purchased some marble to face the front of one of my buildings in Portland, Oregon. I was sure that I remembered this marble, and upon calling the company from which it had been purchased, I ascertained that it had come from a quarry on the banks of the Tennessee River in Winchester, Tennessee.

We moved from Tennessee to Wisconsin for a year and then to Felida, Washington, a few miles North of Vancouver, Washington. This property was nothing but forest. It took us about two years to carve out a piece of ground sufficiently to build our little home.

( A coment made by Wm. Orville Brice on returning from Tennessee, "You had to have money to live in Tennessee.) Robert Brice stayed in Tennessee and raised his brother Milton's children, died there.)

My father and two brothers preceded the rest of the family. I remained in Wisconsin with my Mother (Jane Bennett) and half-sister until they (Half sister was Elsie E. Brice.)

could send us sufficient money to go West. (A Mr. Nichols accompanied them on the way West.) Our trip by railroad was to be a big event. My mother had a ticket, but my little sister, who was two years of age, (Elsie Ellen) and I did not have one. Each day the Conductor would come thru the train and threaten to throw me off unless my mother would purchase a half ticket for me. On one occasion, he stopped the train in the "Bad Lands" of North Dakota, took ahold of me, and threatened to put me off. My mother finally agreed that when she got to Portland, she would get a half ticket for me as she did not have sufficient money with her to pay for it. Knowing that my father was poor, I worried during the entire trip, as I did not think that he would have enough money to "redeem" me, but he got me "out of hoc."

Father was a very fine violinist. He taught his three boys to play. My oldest brother (Robert) played the violin and coronet. The next brother (William T.) played the Italian Harp and a small orchestra organ, and I played the clarinet. By playing at parties, it helped us materialy to obtain sufficient money to by groceries.

I did a great deal of hunting and fishing as a boy. Washington was an outdoor paradise for all types of game and fishing. My uncle took me deer hunting one time. A storm came up and we lost our way. We found a hollow tree that was standing, built a small fire and stayed for the night. It was certainly a long and uncomfortable night Cougars were attracted by the fire and visited our camp. They, of course, did not attack us, but we could see their eyes shining in the dark.

Although my uncle was an excellent shot, I was very happy when daylight came. It was nothing unusual for him to shoot a goose on the wing with his rifle. Much to our surprise, we were only a few miles from our home.

I hunted and fished all over this country. There were not any "no trespassing" signs and only one man objected to my fishing on his place. He had a mean dog, and he tried to encourage him to chase me, so I had to wade up the creek, which was fairly deep at that spot and at the same time, watch Mr. Shimelfinney, known by us boys as "Mr. Shinglebritches." One evening, after one of my fishing excursions, "Mr. Shinglebritches" called at our home while we were having our supper, pointed his finger at me and said, "There is the crosseyed Swede". He proceeded to tell my father some of the names that I called him, such as, "Old Singlebritches, you can go to Hell." My father started to say Mr. Shimelfinney, but said, "Mr. Shinglebritches, I will see that he is punished". He told me to go into the old-fashioned parlor and Mr. Shimelfinney went home. Father came into the parlor and was almost hysterical with laughter, but finally said, "If you go over Mr. Shimelfinney's land, you must be a gentleman and stop calling him names. I didn't get punished.

One morning, while walking to school, I met an old gentleman who said he was from Ridgefield, Washington. He was loud in his praise of this little town, and said that there were great opportunities there. I was full of enthusiasm, and told my father, so we took a trip to Ridgefield. Shortly thereafter, we moved there where I lived until I was seventeen. Father, as usual, started a brick yard, and we played for dances in the various little towns in that neighborhood.

My father organized the Ridgefield Band. We did not have any uniforms and we had an invitation to play on the Fourth of July at Vancouver, Washington. The members of the band held a meeting, and decided that James Hawkins, a bass drummer, should go to Portland and purchase uniforms. None of us had much money, but we raised about \$60.00. Mr. Hawkins must have been a Scotchman. He came back with uniforms, but the box did not look very big. How he could get all of the uniforms in that little box, I was at a loss to understand. When he opened the box, and handed each of us a white cap which had in red letters "Portland Cheese Company". We wore our "uniforms", each of us wore different clothes, and the various instruments looked as if they had been brought from the East by the early pioneers, and had had a pretty tough trip. At that time, I played the solo alto. We stopped at the brewery at Vancouver, and each had several glasses of beer. Father met a little, short fellow about five feet, four inches who was in the army with him when they made the march with Sherman to the sea. Father took the snare drum away from our drummer, and gave it to his little friend. Hawkins was tall and walked faster than the rest of us, so there we were straggling up Main Street, with the kids following us saying, "Look at the hayseed band."

Our band was asked to play in the bandstand. I had worked very hard to learn how to play the "Solo Alto Quick Step". I was not very big, so Father resurrected an apple box for me to stand on. I was near the railing of the band stand. When I was about half thru the piece, the

the box broke, and I fell over the railing to the ground. I could not decide just what would be the best thing to do, to finish the piece, when I was on the ground, run around the end go up the steps or to "shinny" up the post. I finally elected to "shinny" up the post, and proceeded with my "Solo Alto Quick Step." You can imagine how the crowd laughed, and I was pretty embarrassed.

When we were finished, it was the turn of the 14th Infantry Band of Fort Vancouver to play. I will never forget the leader. He was a Major and he gave the crowd a severe lecture for laughing at me. He told them that I was destined to be a great musician. and that he was going to ask me to play with his band. He handed me a beautiful, gold and silver plated instrument. He asked me if I knew any of Sousa's marches, and I told him that I knew them all, so we played and I got quite a reception.

This occasion led to his asking me to Vancouver to play with his band, which I did several times.

Later, Mr. Sousa, who was an intimate friend of the Major's, was coming to Portland with his band, and I received an invitation from the Major to go with him to meet Mr. Sousa. We were invited to sit on the platform and after the concert, Mr. Sousa, the Major and I went out for a late supper. We had plenty of beer and crawfish. Afterwards, Mr. Sousa invited us to his suit of rooms, and much to my surprise, handed me a solo alto, and insisted upon my playing. I played several of his marches, and he asked me to join his band, I told him that I was sorry, but that I had other plans. When I told him that I was going to study law, he became very excited, and I thought that he was going to pull all of his hair out.

Whereas there was nothing vicious in my make-up, I seemed to be constantly in trouble while I lived in Ridgefield.

There was a chap who insisted upon calling on my mother's sister. None of the family cared for him, and I do not think that my Aunt cared for him either. Father said that he did not think that the man amounted to much, and that he thought that we boys should put a stop to his visiting our home. I was not very large at the time, so I could not lick him by my self, but I told Father that one of my brothers and I had a roughed him up a bit. Father said, "I would stop him some way". It was agreed that I would stop him, but I told my father that if I got into any trouble, he would have to get me out of it. I was surprised that he did not question me, as I know that he would not have been a party to the plan that I had in mind. ( This sister be Ellen Bennett?)

I borrowed a couple of bear traps which were old and rusty. Fortunately they were not as strong as they were when new. I let the chap go into the house. It was snowing. There was only one exit from the porch, so I set the traps at the bottom of the steps. About 9:30, (we will call him John) decided to leave, and of course, I was upstairs watching. All of a sudden, he stepped into a trap, and as he jumped around, he got into the other one. He took a couple of flying leaps, and I am sure he could have been hears for a half a

mile. Father came out in his long, red flannel night shirt, bare footed to see what the trouble was and found "John" on his back. Although he was not badly injured, he was cut, and my older brother had to take him home in the wagon. He was in bed for about three weeks. A representative from the District Attorney's office called on me, and it seemed that "John" wanted me to spend eight or ten years of my life in the reform school. Father was true to his word, and we visited the District Attorney, who was a good friend of youngsters. I will never forget the occasion, with the District Attorney, Father, "John and I in the office. The District Attorney had some photographs of a convict wearing stripes, showed them to "John", and said, "This resembles you". With that, "Mr. John" quickly grabbed his hat, and that was the last that we saw of him.

A salesman came to town with the first magnets that I had seen. He showed me how I could rub it on cheap knives and attract pins. He wanted a dollar for the magnet, and I paid it as I knew that I could do some real business with the boys in the German district, I did the business all right as I sold my complete stock. I had my pockets full of knives, watches, marbles and money when I returned home. Father said "Where did you get all of that junk?" I told him and he said, "Did you leave the magnet out there with the boys?" When I answered, "No", Father said, "That is where you made your mistake. Those boys will come to town some day and they will beat up on you". Sure enough, the Germans came to town and they certainly beat up on me. My eyes were both black, lips cut, nose about twice the size it should be, and I looked as if I had been in a real battle. They took everything that I had away from me. When I went home, my Mother started to cry, but Father quickly stated, "Well, I see that the Germans have come to town", and proceeded to fix me up.

I was always ambitious, and fairly resourceful. The local doctor paid me \$10.00 a month for taking care of his three horses. Every week-end, I sawed wood, and I had another income of \$10.00 a month.

The son of one of our prominent citizens was not much of a fighter. He was always getting a bloody nose. Everyone could lick him, so I suggested that if he would pay me \$10.00 a month and all the shot that I needed for my sling shot, I would do his fighting for him. It went along very well for a couple of years as I licked everyone that started to fight him, so the boys finally left him alone. He made up his mind that he did not need my services any more. I thought that he did, so I gave one of the boys 50 cents, and told him to pop Jimmy on the nose, but that when I told him to quit for him to do so. The contract was immediately renewed and continued for several years. My Father finally learned about it, and apologized to the boy's Father. The Father said, "Jimmy is not much of a fighter, is always getting beaten up, and keeps his mother constantly in tears, so I think it is a good deal for him." Therefore, Father did not interfere further.

There was one scrape that I was not in on, but which always amused me. At Vancouver, three boys pulled the little porch out from the front of the church and yelled, "Fire!" the congregation filed out in a hurry and there was no porch. The three boys were arrested and brought up for trial. After hearing the testimony, the Justice

of the Peace said, "Boys, stand up. You are as guilty as Hell, and if you ever do this again, I will fine you thousands and thousands of dollars." I am sure that the total resources of the three boys would have not exceeded a couple of dollars, but in any event, the old Justice let them off.

Our orchestra played at a dance one night in St. Helens, Oregon. In those days, the dance started about eight p.m. and lasted until about six a.m. We were very tired, and as it was necessary to wait for the steamer, Mascot to take us back home, we stopped at a local saloon and billiard parlor. I crawled on a pool table and was having a good sleep when one of the citizens by the name of "Toots" came along in an intoxicated state and rolled me from the table to the floor. I think that it scared me more than it hurt me, but I was pretty mad, so I grabbed the small end of a billiard cue, and let "Toots" have it over the head. He must have been down for a count of 30 at least. Just at that time the .....the citizens of St. Helens were about to square off for a good fight, the Sheriff came in and told the fellows from St. Helens to go on home and mind their own business.

Blackie Burns operated a saloon at Ridgefield. I think that my Father must have been his first customer. He told Blackie, "I have three sons. If they enter your saloon thru the back door, kick them out, but if they come in thru the front door, let them have a glass of beer. The Presbyterians and Methodists in the town soon had Blackie's license revoked, and to this day, there has never been another saloon in Ridgefield.

I was very much in need of clothing, and I worked all one summer getting money enough together to get myself outfitted. My Mother had agreed to go to Portland with me, but when the eventful day came, she was ill and unable to make the trip. She insisted that I go on alone, although I was not more than twelve years of age. I did not want to go alone, and when she asked me why, I said, "You know that the city people will make fun of me, and will probably get into trouble!" She said, "Go to Charley's Store on .... directly from the boat, and he will have everything that you require. After you are all dressed up, go up the street, do not look up they will ....., and mind your own business, and no one will know that you are from the country. I followed her instructions, but just as I was passing by a doorway, which was the entrance to a lodging house, someone said "Hello Rube". That was too much for me, so I went up the stairs looking for the guy who was calling me "rube". I could not find anyone, started out and again the voice said, "Hello Rube". I returned, and much to my surprise there was a large green bird in a cage which of course, was a parrot, but I had never seen nor heard of one. (About 1893)

That afternoon, when I returned home, I was quite depressed, and Father asked me what happened in Portland. I finally told him about my walking up the street, minding my own business, and that even the birds knew that I was from the country, and explained what had happened. Father was so overcome with laughter that it was some time

before he could get control of himself long enough to tell me that it was a parrot, that birds could really talk and that evidently, he had been taught to say, "Hello Rube" to everyone who passed. It was quite a relief to me.

During the various dances at which we played, it seemed that most of the men who attended had a bottle of liquor hidden near the rail fence or a stump. There was one young man who never brought any whisky, but he would watch where the others hid theirs, when they were not looking, he would help himself. It was not long before one man knew that someone was drinking his liquor. On this particular night he set a trap for the offender. He and another friend took a drink and hid another bottle that had croton oil in it. It was not long before we knew who had been stealing the liquor. This fellow left the dance floor in a hurry, left his girl standing in the middle of the floor and did not have time to excuse himself. The dance had to be halted while they look for a mop.

I was my job to take my pony out about one-half a mile to bring our cow home. I had a small dog who always went with me. One evening, I sent the dog into the woods to chase out the cow. I heard the dog yelp, saw him jump up on the bank, and right behind him was a large cougar. The pony and I took a short cut for home. My greatest worry was whether I was going to stick on the back. The dog was not far behind.

I met this cougar again. Three of us were sawing and splitting cord wood. We had just sat down to take a rest. On the same log on which we were sitting, a cougar jumped. I poked my Father and pointed to the cougar. Never did see anyone get so white. He was very frightened of wild animals, but not of any man. The cougar soon moved off. No one had a cougar dog, and they never did get him although they tried many times.

I finally did get a wild cat, but he tore my breeches nearly off of me first and left his marks. We set a trap near where we were falling trees. As one of the trees fell, I had to run back. I had forgotten about the trap. I stepped upon a log and was jumping off when the cat attacked me. He was caught in the trap and I kept right on going. I got a steel bar which was used to split the wood. After much sparring, I hit him on the head and killed him.

My Father, two brothers and I were walking home from a dance at which we had played. Father was carrying a lighted lantern. We happened to look to our side, and saw staring at us two bright eyes. It was a cougar. It was not at all afraid of us, nor do I think that he wanted to attack us. He was looking at the light, but I know that I was not very happy having the animal so close to us.

We all loved fishing and hunting. I believe that I started to fish when I was nine, (1890) and started to hunt when I was eleven (1892). I hunted with some quite famous hunters. One was Mr. Frank Troeh who undoubtedly is the most outstanding trap shooter in the world. He was equally good at shooting pheasants and ducks. Mr. Troeh and his brothers leased the hunting rights on a farm near Ridgefield. The

farm was owned by two very good friends of mine. They leased the hunting rights to Mr. Troeh and his brothers with the understanding that I was to be allowed to hunt whenever I wanted. As I walked into the "blind" in which Mr. Troeh was hunting, he said, "Good morning, George, come in and hunt". I asked him how he knew who I was. He said, "The men from whom I leased said you were about fourteen (1895) with white hair and crossed eyes, so I was sure that you were the boy." He was awfully nice to me, and taught me a great deal about shooting. He told me to leave my little, old 16 gauge shot gun at home, and that next Sunday, he would have a 16 gauge, double barrel shot gun and plenty of shells for me to shoot. He kept his word, and I seemed to always be welcome as long as he had the property.

I was shooting geese on the Jim Carty ranch. I climbed up on quite a high peak. The geese were flying over and I killed one and wounded the other. My little dog was with me, and he took after the wounded goose, who landed in the water. As the little dog would grab the goose by the tail, the goose would dive, and they would both go down together, and would stay down until the dog would have to come up for air. Shortly after the goose would come up, and the dog and I would chase him all over the lake. We finally cornered him, and I had a hard time to shoot the goose again as the dog insisted upon fighting with him. One can imagine how proud I was going thru the town with two geese on my shoulder. At least, until I met my Father and the local minister. It was a Sunday, and I was very anxious to show my geese, but Father would much rather that I had taken another route home. The minister was a good sport, and congratulated me and said that I had really done a good job.

It was at this time of year that I got into trouble at school. I took my ice skates and visited a couple of boys at their home on Bachelor's Island. The weather continued to freeze, and I continued to skate. All told, I was gone one week from school. When I did return to school, the teacher said, "Now if you boys who have been out of school for a few days can obtain a letter from your Father excusing you, I will not punish you, but you who can not obtain a letter, will have to stay after school and make up your lost time. My Father's name was William Brice, and my brothers name was William Brice, so had my brother write an excuse and sign his name. About two weeks later, the school teacher, who was boarding at our house, was down at my Father's store, and the three of us were talking about skating. I can not say that I was interested in the subject as I was not sure what the teacher was leading up to, but I soon found out. In addressing my Father, the teacher said, "Uncle Dick, it was nice of you to write that letter for George excusing him for being out of school so that he could enjoy the skating." Father said, "What did you say?" The teacher repeated his remark. That gave Father an opportunity to collect himself, and he said, "Oh yes, I had forgotten all about it." I hoped that he would forget all about it, but he did not. He followed me upstairs and asked just what had happened, and, of course, I told him the truth. He pretended to be a little angry, but I stated, "After all, no one forged your name. I have a brother whose name is William Brice. He excused me." Father said, "Don't ever let it happen again," and walked out. He was really a good, old sport. Many a time, he came to my rescue, but he would always explain later that it must not happen again.

One of the local store keepers had sold out to a man from Portland. By this time, I was getting pretty well fed up with cutting cord wood and making bricks, so I went to the new man and asked him if he did not need a boy. He said that he would like to have me work for him. This was on Friday, and I went home with much enthusiasm to tell my family about my new job. The following Monday morning, I came downstairs dressed in the only decent suit of clothes that I possessed. My Father said, "Where are you going?" I reminded him of the fact that the new storekeeper had engaged me to work. Father said, "Well, he wants your older brother." I knew that there had been some interference by my Father, and I was pretty angry.

The son of the merchant on the other corner had been ill, so I asked this merchant if he would like to have a good boy work for him on the condition that I could go about a half mile up the road at the crossroads and purchase the hogs, chickens, hay, potatoes, veal and everything that a farmer had to sell. I did this for about a week and the storekeeper for whom my brother worked could not understand why all of the business was going to the other store. During this time, I established a lot of good will for my employer, and he, appreciating what I had done for him, arranged for a job for me in the little town of Woodland, Washington.

The storekeeper, for whom I worked, paid me \$10.00 per month and room and board. Their name was Rozarth Brothers, and they really were very nice to me as were their wives. I asked them why they did not carry bicycles, 22 revolvers and 22 rifles. They said that they did not want to be bothered with them. I asked permission to carry the line and they granted it. I sold dozens of bicycles, and many guns during the next year.

I practiced riding my bicycle on a small track next to the Presbyterian Church for at least an hour every morning before breakfast. I became very skilled in riding the small track. There was an art to riding this track with speed without falling. I issued challenges to boys in Woodland and in adjacent towns, and every Sunday afternoon, we had races, of course, I always won, but refused to race the same boys on a straightaway or on a larger track.

I had been singing in the church choir, mostly because a very good looking girl wanted me to. Because of my bicycle racing on Sunday, they kicked me out.

I had not been gone from home long before my Father tried to get me to come back to visit them, and he would have my brothers write, but I would still refuse. Finally, he had my Mother write, and of course, I could not refuse her as she had no part in the quarrel between my Father and me.

In the meantime, I had made and saved considerable money out of my various financial transactions. I wrote my Mother that I would be home in a couple of weeks and spend Sunday with them.

Before going, however, I went to Portland and had an operation on my crossed eyes. The doctor agreed to perform the operation for \$35.00.

He wanted me to go to the hospital, but I did not want to do that as I did not want spend the money. He finally agreed to do it in the office. He wanted to give me an anesthetic. This I refused to have as I had a cousin (who) who had had a tooth pulled with an anesthetic, and he nearly passed out, so that was enough for me. I insisted upon the operation being done, and the doctor did it. I admit that it was quite an ordeal and shock. The doctor did a good job, and I was relieved of an affliction that had really given me a complex.

On the following Sunday, I went home. I had eyes that were not crossed, a good suit of clothes, a bicycle, and about 400.00 in 20.00 gold pieces. My Mother began to cry. I think that she tho't that I had robbed a bank. Father gave me one look and said, "Did you come by it honestly?" I assured him that I had. He answered, "That is all I want to know."

Father and I had a good talk. He explained that he had tho't that I was too young for the job at the store, and that my brother would do a better job of it. He was sorry that he had interferred. We made up and that was the only quarrel that I ever had with him. I was just as relieved as he was to have it ended. (Before 1917).

I felt that there was nothing more for me to do in Woodland which had any future, so I gave up my job at the store, and told my friends "goodbye".

I went to Portland to attend the old Portland Business College for about eight months, thinking that I would become an Accountant. I got along very well for about seven months. A young man who sat in front of me decided to take his sponge, stick it into his ink well, and throw it across the room. As he threw his arm back, the ink flew and he ruined my ledger as well as the blouses of several of the girls. The first thing that occured to me was to grab Freddie, throw him to the floor and step on his Adams apple. He came up acting like an old duck with the croup. Professor Wesco, the writing expert, heard of the incident and called Freddie and me into his office. Freddie took all the blame, and entirely exhonerated me, and we became good friends.

A little later, a tall guy with a wrinkley, skinny neck ran and jumped into the elevator and he was pretty groggy. At this time, Mr. Armstrong, who was the President of the Institution, called to the elevator boy to bring the elevator back. As he opened the elevator door, I shoved this boy into the arms of President Armstrong. President Armstrong nearly tore off his shirt. Naturally, I tho't that President Armstrong was going after me, so threw off my coat, and was all ready to go after him, when he explained to me that there was no necessity of having any trouble. However, I went into his office and advised him that I was quitting, that I would not keep books for my grandmother.

By this time, my money was all gone, so I went back to Ridgefield where I entered into a contract with a Portland concern to cut and deliver cedar telephone poles and cedar fence posts. I hired five men, and although I did not have any money to pay them I tho't that I was a big business man. At the end of the week, one of the boys became suspicious and demanded to know where and when he was to get his money. I had provided for this as I had made arrangements with my old, friend the store-

keeper to give the boys and their families merchandise and money if they required it, as I was not to get my money until the contract was fully completed. I wrote the demanding chap an order for his wages, and told him not to come back, as I asked the rest of the boys if they were worried about their money, and they all said, "No", immediately, as times were very hard, and we all had to eat.

After working all summer, I completed my contract, and after settling with the boys and the storekeeper, I had about \$600.00 left.

That Fall, I went back to Portland. My brother Bob (Robert 1871) and I took a lease on a building on the East end of the Morrison Street Bridge. I tho't that it was a good location as there were many people walking across the bridge to their business, but I found, to my sorrow, that very few of them stopped to do business with us. We operated a cigar store, had a few candies and a soda fountain. We lived in the back part of the store.

One morning, a really distinguished gentleman stopped and wanted a certain brand of cigars. I asked him if had ever tried this one. He said, "NO", and I asked him if he had tried still another brand. He said, "No" and insisted upon buying his brand of cigar. He finally became exasperated and said, "I can not understand you, You have several boxes of the cigars that I want upon your shelves, but you will not sell me any." I had to confess that all the boxes on the shelves were "dummies", and that all the cigars that we carried were in the cigar case. He got quite a laugh out of it, and told me that if I would have a dozen of the brand that he smoked, he would stop each morning and buy them from us. Each evening, I would buy a dozen of his brand, and as long as we stayed in business, he kept his word. As my brother and I played at dances once or twice a week, we were just able to keep going. We operated the store for about six months. We needed money and something had to be done about it.

One evening, my brother was over town, and after I had retired, and was sound asleep, he arrived with two friends from Ridgefield. The younger man was a school friend of mine, but my brother asked him to sleep with him, and put the other chap in bed with me. It so happened that the chap who was sleeping with me was afflicted with epilepsy. In the middle of of the night, the bed began to shake, I was thoroughly frightened. I jumped clear over him onto the floor, took the bed covers with me, proceeded to roll up in them, and finished my sleep. The next morning, when I awoke, I knew that the chap, who had scared me out of my wits, had some money, so I sold my half interest in the business to him, and I retired from the mercentile business. I used the money to pay up all the debts. They remained in business about one year and sis fairly well. When I had paid all of the obligations against the little store, I had exactly \$.35 left.

I had been attending different law suits at the Court House, listening to the various lawyers, so that I could make up my mind which law firm I wanted to go with. I finally decided that I wanted to study law in the office of Ed Mendenhall. At that time, Mr.

Mendenhall was getting along in years, but he had just finished a very brilliant trial, and I was much impressed, particularly with the way he cross-examined the witnesses.

The case was finished about 4:00 in the afternoon, and I went to call upon him. I was somewhat disappointed with the small office suite that he had in the old Commercial Block at Second and Washington Streets. His reception room was very small, and his private office was dark, with no window, with one chair, and a little, old sofa with the springs worn through the upholstery.

I congratulated him upon his trial of the case, and told him that I wanted to study law with him. He did not seem particularly impressed, told me that he had practiced law for over 50 years, and was about to retire. He said, "In about three years, you will think that you know more law than I do." I immediately replied, "If you teach me half as much law in three years as you know, I will be very grateful to you." Our conversation was giving me a little encouragement. He asked me how I was situated financially, and although I had exactly 35 cents in my pocket, I told him that I was in good condition. He asked me where I lived, and when I told him that my family lived in Ridgefield, he asked me if I knew anyone living on the Lewis River. I told him that I had an uncle who lived there. He told me that many years before, his father had a barge on the Lewis River, had a grocery store, and a little post-office, which happened to be just below my uncle's ranch. From that time on, he took more of an interest in me, and we had quite a conversation. His clients had all left, and we were enjoying our visit.

I asked him what he had under a black cover. He removed the cover but I still did not know what it was, so he explained that it was a typewriter. I asked him who operated the machine, and he stated that he had a stenographer. I told him that he could let her go in six months as I would operate it for him. I wore down his resistance, and he stated that I might start the next morning to study law.

It was necessary for me to have a place to sleep, so I asked him if I could have a key to the office. He stated, "I only have one." I said, our janitor is not doing a very good job of it, so if you will let me have a key, I will be here early in the morning, and see that your office is in good order. He let me have the key, and I slept in the office with my overcoat as a quilt. I slept there every night for the first year, and lived mostly on coffee and doughnuts at 5 cents a shot. I was not receiving any salary from him, but he allowed me to make collections for some of his clients, for which I received small commissions, and I occasionally played for dances with my brother. I continued to eat doughnuts and coffee with an old German who had a restaurant on Second and Alder Streets. I think that this was the beginning of a long struggle with stomach trouble. Now and then, a friend would come from Ridgefield, and would ask me to have dinner with him, and I never refused.

During the three years that I was studying law, I had the right to try cases in the Justice and police Courts. I never will forget my first lawsuit. When it was time for me to make my argument for my

client, who was the Plaintiff in the case, I tried to get up. I think that I got half way up. I couldn't get up any farther, could not sit down, and could not open my mouth. I was really scared to death. When I finally got started, I did not know when to stop. The Judge said, "George, I have made up my mind to give you the decision, but if you keep on talking, you are going to talk me out of it." I said, "Judge, I am quitting right now."

The attorney who appeared for the Defendant, was the famous George E. Chamberlain, who became District Attorney, Governor of the State of Oregon and later, United States Senator. He was always my friend, and although he was a Democrat, I always supported him. When I took the Bar examination at Salem, Mr. Chamberlain was then serving his first term as governor. He came into the Supreme Court Chambers where I was trying to pass my examination, and in a nice way, glanced over my paper, and very quietly said, "George, you are doing a very good job. I will be back again after lunch." He did come back, and in about two weeks, I received a telephone call from him advising me that I had successfully passed the Bar examination, and that I could now "hang out my shingle."

My second law suit was in the Police Court. I had been studying that a year at the time. There was an old gentleman who lived back of Vancouver, Washington, who called on me and stated that his son, Jimmy had been arrested for stealing a bicycle. He said, "If you get him off I will give you \$100.00, and if you do not get him off, I will not pay you anything. Well, I had nothing to lose and everything to gain, so I took the case. I interviewed the witnesses, and learned that my client took the bicycle. My client had no defence as he was guilty. He and his boy friend dressed alike, were the same size and looked so much alike that it would be hard for anyone to identify the one who stole the bicycle. I put my client and his friend in the jury room next to the Court room. I called my client out, and asked the complaining witness if he had ever seen this boy before. He said, "Yes, that is the boy who stole the bicycle. "I examined him very carefully and made him swear positively that my client was the boy who had stolen the bicycle. Then I took my client back to the jury room and brought out his friend. They were dressed exactly alike. I asked the witness to examine this boy again and state whether or not he was the boy who had stolen the bicycle. His answer was, "Certainly, are you trying to fool me. I know that this is the boy who stole my bicycle." I then took the boy back to the jury room, and brought both boys and asked the witness to identify the one who stole the bicycle. He threw up his hands and said, "Judge, I do not know!" I immediately moved for a dismissal of the case the Court allowed my motion.

But this was not all. I had not yet received my \$100.00. As the father and I left the Court room, he handed me \$20.00. I said, "What about the other \$80.00. He said, "20.00 is enough. It did not take long." I had to have that \$80.00, so grabbed him by his long whiskers, and said, "You will give me the \$80.00 or I will holler, and claim that you are attacking me, and I will be defending you." He gave me the \$80.00.

This led to a strange incident. I went out and bought myself a couple of new outfits of clothes. I then went to Watson's Restaurant on fourth near Washington Street. My new hat was a little, brown derby, and I was very proud of it. I hung it on a hat tree near my table where I could

keep my eye on it. I had no sooner started to eat, than I saw a man take my hat and leave an old, wreck of a hat. I immediately jumped up, caught up with him, took my hat, and put his old one on his head. He was glad to get out of the restaurant. I have always regretted that I did not hit him.

Out of this \$100.00 fee, I had about \$75.00 left. I rented myself a room and gave up my old bed in the office.

In the six months, I had learned to use the typewriter, and the Boss let the girl go. From that time on, I did all the typographical work in the office.

One afternoon, Mr. Mendenhall had gone to his farm near Forest Grove, Oregon, I was alone in the office, which was on the second floor. It was a nice summer day, and I was sitting near an open window. An elderly lady came in, and I could see that she was unbalanced mentally. She wanted to know where Mr. Mendenhall was, and I told her that he was out of the office. She said, "I want you to go out and get the Sheriff to stop the sale of my cattle. I said that I was not a lawyer, and she asked, "What are you doing in her then?" I told her that I was sorry, but I could not take the case. With that, she draw out a long knife from her carpet bag and ordered me to go with her. With that, I jumped out onto a ledge and walked along the ledge to the next office which was occupied by Joseph A Strowbridge. I told him to lock the door and shut the windows, and explained to him what had happened. He said, "Get out of here, I don't want any trouble in my office." I told him to call the police to get her out of Mr. Mendenhall's Office. He did so, but by the time the police arrived, she had disappeared.

One evening, Mr. Mendenhall and I had worked late at the office and I went home with him to spend the night. As we walked up on the porch, I saw something come out of the shadows, walking on all fours. It was a man, and he was mumbling, "I killed a man, I killed a man." I quickly jumped off the porch and was on my. Mr. Mendenhall called me back, and said to the old fellow, "Stand up. Whom did you kill and why." He turned to me and said, "George, this will be your first murder case. What are you going to do about it?" I asked the old chap into the house, and asked him some questions. He said that his name was Doctor Von Grunigen, he only weighed 135 pounds and was 60 years of age. His next door neighbor, who was much younger, weighed over 200 pounds would occasionally get drunk, and when he did, he nearly always beat up some of the neighbors. This day, the neighbor became drunk, threatened to kill the doctor and chased him through the house. The doctor had an old rifle which had not been fired for 35 or 40 years, which was hanging on some pegs in the kitchen. The neighbor was catching up with him, so he grabbed the rifle and hit him over the head, which resulted in immediate death. Mr. Mendenhall said, "Well George, you have a good chance, but you do not have any witnesses so what are you going to do?" I said, "We will drive down to the Doctor's place." His home was some 10 or 12 miles below Portland. We went into the house, and sure enough, where was the neighbor as dead as could be. I talked to some of the neighbors who verified

that this man was quarreling with the Doctor, and they saw the young man chase the doctor into his house. They saw the doctor come out, and leave, but they did not see the young man leave. I felt that that was all that I needed. I surrendered my client to the Sheriff's Office, I called the witnesses to talk to the sheriff, and he consented to let my client have his liberty on a reasonable bond. I asked for immediate trial. It was a simple matter as the Jury was out only a few minutes. They returned with a verdict of "Not guilty."

Altho I practiced law in Portland for seventeen years, that was my only murder case.

I visited my Father and Mother for a few days, and then returned to Portland to open my office in the Abington Building at 3rd near Washington. I formed a partnership with Judge John E. Magers. We had one fairly large office, and partitioned off a small part of this room for a private office.

Once a gentleman came to the office and succeeded in convincing the Judge that he had inherited a million dollars a number of years ago from an uncle in Philadelphia, but he had not been able to collect it. The Judge was so confident of this man's sincerity that he took the case, but did not get very far with it. After he visited the office two or three times, I was convinced that he was mentally deranged, but the Judge still insisted that his client was telling the truth.

One day, when the Judge was out of the office, this gentleman appeared with a guitar, and told me that he was a great musician, far better than any that we had in Portland. With that, he threw his head back and began to play and sing. I did everything that I could to stop him, but for a solid hour, I was a witness to the most weird noises that anyone had ever heard. He did not sing. He just opened his mouth and yelled.

The Judge was coming down the hall. He opened the door and said, "George, this is your client, not mine. You stop him." The only way that the Judge could stop him was by taking him by the back of the neck and throwing him out. This was the end of the Judge's million dollar case.

I had not been practicing long, when Judge William Reid, who was the Justice of the Peace had aspirations to become a Circuit Judge. I asked a number of my friends to a meeting in my office, among them being William (Pike) Davis. During the meeting, "Pike Davis and I decided that we should have a Bar Association in Multnomah County, so that evening, we organized the Multnomah Bar Association.

Mr. Ralph Fisher was elected Prosecutor, and I was selected as one of the Judges to hear complaints against our fellow lawyers.

It was not very long before a Mr. Finch had some trouble with two or three of his clients, and they preferred charges against him. Mr. Finch was drunk most of the time, and made a statement that there would be no trial, that he would kill both Fisher and myself. We each purchased a revolver upon hearing of this and started to practice shooting. In about a month, the case was set for trial, but the day before the trial, Finch stopped at a saloon, took two or three drinks, walked over to the Mohawk Building where Mr. Fisher had his office, shot him in the forehead and killed him instantly.

Finch was trying to get away, and some of the lawyers in the office were trying to retain him until they called the police, but Finch broke away and said, "There is one other so and so that I want to get." He mentioned my name. One of the boys in Fisher's office called me and said that Finch had just killed Fisher and was on his way to my office to kill me.

I immediately placed my revolver and shells in my pocket, and went across the hall to the office of a prominent Realtor. When he saw my gun, he became very much excited. I explained the situation to him and he said, "I do not want any shooting in my office." I said, "Will, my life is at stake so it might be well for you to leave your office for the time being." I left the door ajar so that I could see anyone approaching my office. In about five minutes, someone called my office, and one of the lawyers with whom I was associated came into the Realtor's office and stated that the police had just arrested Finch at the entrance to my office building. I could breathe again.

The trial was immediately held, and Finch was convicted, and the court ordered him hung for the murder of Ralph Fisher. Finch did not appeal the case, and was hung shortly thereafter on the site of the old court House on Fourth Street. I was invited to attend the hanging, but declined.

I was retained by a real estate man, who had his office in Roseburg, Oregon. None of the local lawyers would handle the case because the defendant was a prominent banker, and the banker's and Judge's children were inter-married. We tried the case before a jury. I think that everyone in the county owed the banker money. I used all of my challenges, and when we ended up, eleven of the jurors were doing business with his bank and were indebted to him and the twelfth juror was a first cousin of the banker's lawyer. I must admit that things did not look too bright for my client nor myself.

A man from Portland was anxious to purchase several hundred acres of land adjoining Roseburg to be developed into an orchard. My client handled the deal for the banker and some of his clients. One of them handed me a letter and a statement which I used to good effect. On cross examination, I asked the banker, "You do not think much of real estate men." He said, "No". I said, "I do not suppose that you ever charged a commission for handling real estate deals." His answer was, "No, I never did." I said, "Mr. B. all twelve of the jurors do business at your bank and one of them is a first cousin of your lawyer. If I can show that you did charge a commission, would you be willing that this jury return a verdict against you." He said, "Yes."

I then showed the banker, the bottom part of the letter and statement showing his signature. His face became very red, and I thought that he was going to have a stroke, but he admitted, finally, that the signature was his. I then asked permission to introduce the letter and statement. I showed them both to the jurors, and then I had banker admit that he loaned money to a prominent timber broker, deducted the money for the amount of the loan plus interest, and had charged a commission of \$2500.00 for handling this particular deal,

which was a part of the real estate for which my client was suing for a commission for handling the sale of this and other property.

The Judge who presided was very unfriendly and vindictive. He threatened to throw me in jail for contempt of court on several occasions, and, in fact, did everything that he could to prejudice my clients' case.

The jury returned a verdict which gave my client a judgment for the amount for which we had sued. The Judge immediately told me that unless we consented to reduce the judgment one thousand dollars, he would entertain a motion for a new trial. I told him that I would accept his proposition because I would not come down to try another case before him for \$1000.00. The Judge retired, and I went into his chambers. I will not go into details except to say that after he was out of the Court Room, I could tell him a number of things that I had wanted to tell him.

As I left the Judge, I met the Sheriff of the county in the hall. He congratulated me upon winning the case under such circumstances, and told me that I had better not "cuss" the Judge out any more or he would have a heart attack.

One morning a client of mine, who was a very good friend, came into my office and stated that the amount of the rental which he was paying on a lease on a building which he occupied on Alder Street was so excessive that he would soon have to close his hotel. He made the lease on the hotel when times were good, for a period of twenty years, and gave a mortgage on his furniture for about \$20,000.00 to guarantee the performance of the lease on his part. He offered to sell his lease and furniture for \$40,000.00, but the rental was so high that he was unable to do it.

He asked me to negotiate with the owners of the real property and try to obtain a substantial reduction in the rental. I discussed this with the owners four or five times, but was unable to obtain any relief for my client. I then threatened to close the hotel and allow them to take over the furniture, but at the same time, I told them that this was a very poor time to make a lease and that the building would either stand idle for a number of years or they would have to reduce the rental to the amount that my client was able to pay. After further negotiations, I succeeded in reducing it, I saved my client something like \$110,000.00. Later, when my client died, I sold his lease, furniture and good will for \$109,000.00.

I had another friend who had a drug store at 4th and Washington Street. It was a corporation which owned 4 or 5 drug stores. This lease also was made during good times, but when we had a depression, of course, rentals and everything else were reduced accordingly. My friend, who was an officer of the company, called on me, and my Father was visiting in the office with me.

My client explained his problems. He stated that he had had two other law firms call on the Scotchman who owned the real estate to try to obtain a reduction of the rental. When my client told me of

this face, I said, "I do not see what good I can do by calling on the Scotchman as a lawyer, as I will just not get anywhere. I think that the way to solve this problem is for me to call on him as a stockholder." I left my Father and my client in my office during the time that I was calling on the well known Scotchman. I went to him holding a Bill of Sale in my hand, and stated, "You are the owner of our drug store. We have tried to negotiate with you, but you have refused. This is a mighty poor time for you to make a new lease. I am going to the County Recorders office and file this Bill o Sale. In the meantime, we are going to send all of our creditors to you."

At that, I started to leave his office, but he called me back and said, "Isn't there some way to negotiate this matter?" I said, "No, I don't think so. We tried to negotiate with you, but you refused." I turned again and left his office, but he called me back, and offered to reduce the rental several hundred dollars per month. I told him that we could not operate because the rental was still excessive. I turned to go again, but he called me back and said, "What is the matter with you? Can't you sit down and talk this thing over?" I did, with the result that I saved my client over \$30,000.00. I dictated an instrument whereby the owner agreed to the reduction of the rental, which was properly signed.

I took this agreement with me, went back immediately to my office where my client and my Father were still waiting. My client asked me what I was able to do and I showed him what I had done. He was so happy and excited about the results that he asked me what he owed me. I replied, "How long have I been gone, and he looked at his watch and said, "Twenty seven minutes. I replied, "My charge will be \$2700.00. My client said, your charge is very reasonable", and immediately made out a check for that amount.

My Father never made very much money, and he remembered the day a few years back when I worked for 8 to 10 hours for 75 cents a day. He really tho't that the client and I were trying to play a joke on him. He offered to buy me a new suit of clothes if the check was worthless. When we presented the check at the bank for payment, the Teller handed me 27 one hundred dollar bills. We then called at a store and I asked them if they had a suit of clothes that would fit my Father. They brought out a nice suit, I paid for it, and as we were going out of the store, my Father said, "I lost, and I was supposed to buy a suit of clothes for you." I said, "Father, if you will agree with me that you will never come again to Portland and make bets with these "city slickers" I will pay for your suit."

This was an eventful trip for my Father. That night, we started to cross the street just after an automobile had passed before us. I grabbed him, as a motorcycle was following the automobile, and Father had not seen it. I said, "Look out!" Father looked at the motorcycle and said. "How did I know that the automobile had a colt following?"

I had a brother-in-law who was really quite an athlete. He was good in baseball, football, and basketball. In fact, he was a clever all-

round athlete. He weighed about 190 pounds. The boys from Ridgefield were playing a game of baseball with the boys at La Center, Washington. My brother in law was running from third to home base, and if had succeeded, it would have tied the score. The catcher from the La Center team really tried to block my brother in law from scoring. As a result, he was hit in the stomach. Altho it was an accident, and he was really not severely injured, he swore out a complaint for assault and battery before the local Justice of Peace in La Center.

I was retained to defend my brother in law. It so happened that the Justice of the Peace was also a minister. He called me on the telephone before the trial, and informed me that the feeling was great against my brother in law, and that he just could not expect a fair trial. However, he, the Justice of the Peace, was a minister of the gospel and he assured me that he would see that we did have a fair trial. I agreed to try the case before the minister, but was sorry later that I had agreed to do so because he was not only unfair and unjust, but really vindictive, and was trying to make a great hero of himself before the people of his town. When the case was about finished, I turned to the audience. I knew most everyone in the town as I had played baseball against them and had played for dances for them when I was a boy. I told them that the Justice had called me and promised a fair trial. I could see immediately that the crowd resented it. I told them that the two towns had had many games of sports together, and had been good friends for a long period of years, and that I wanted these pleasant relations to continue. I stated that the catcher was not injured, and in order to guarantee that these friendly relations would continue, I offered to pay the doctor's bill for the young man, which I thought would not exceed \$10.00, and handed the \$10.00 to the Deputy District Attorney, who was really a very nice young man, and who, incidently, was running for District Attorney that fall. When I did this, I asked every one who was in favor of dismissing the case to hold up his hand, and practically everyone in the court room did so. I asked the Deputy District Attorney how he would like to have all of these people his friends during the fall election. He stated that he tho't my proposition was very failr. I then told him that he would have to make the motion to dismiss the case. He did so, and that ended what might have resulted in a disagreeable feud.

When I was still with Mr. Mendenhall, and honest, old farmer called and stated that he had been arrested for having a vicious dog, which had killed a number of buck sheep. Mr. Mendenhall did not want to bother with such a small case, so he turned it over to me. I asked whatmy defense would be. He laughingly replied, "Enter a plea fo self-defense, for the dog. "I went to talk to some of the neighbors, and really found that the old buck sheep had chased many of the dogs out of the pasture, and that this dog was a very kindly dog, and had never had any trouble. However, when the sheep attacked him, he defended himself and killed the sheep. The Justice of the Peace dismissed the case, and when I returned to Mr. Mendenhall's office, he said, "Well, How did you come out?" I stated that I had won the case. He said, "What was your defense?" When I told him that I had entered a plea of self defense for the dog, he was very amused, and would often tell his friends of my unusual defense of the dog.

Shortly after I was admitted to practice law, I was trying a case in Police Court. George Cameron was the Police Judge and a very fine man. Four or five of us were waiting for the Judge to come to his Bench. There was an odd character there who had on a black derby hat. We started to throw it from one to another, and he was running after the hat. The window in the court room was open, and just as the Judge started to come into the Court Room, I had the hat and had to get rid of it quickly, so I tossed it out the window. It hit a Chinese on the sidewalk below. He was so angry that he stamped upon it. From that day on, this lawyers name always appeared as John "Hat" Jones.

Once I tried a case in the U. S. District Court in Portland. My client was charged with bringing liquor onto the Indian Reservation. After trying the case for three days, the jury disagreed, and I had to try the case all over again. The last time, the jury acquitted my client. I had just stuck my head into the Court room to see what the verdict was when I saw the Judge looking at me, and say, "I will appoint George ----- . I turned and left the room quickly before he finished as I had noticed a Greek standing before the Judge, and I knew that he was the man that I was supposed to defend. I knew that there would be nothing in it, and I pretended that I did not hear the Judge. However, the Judge sent his Bailiff after me. The Judge said, "George, did you hear me when I started to say that I would appoint you to defend this man?" "Yes, your Honor, but I had quite a seige in a case this week. I knew that there was nothing in it, so tho't that I had better get out." The Judge looked at me and said, "George, whenever I appoint you to defend anyone in this Court, you will defend him whether you get anything out of it or not!" I said, "Yes, your Honor."

The case started right away. The Greek had brought a man's wife, who was not very smart, from Walla Walla to Portland, and he was to be prosecuted under the Mann Act. I tried to get the Greek to plead guilty and thought that I might get him off for one year or eighteen months; but he refused to do it. After lunch, there were a number of prominent Greeks in the Court room, and I knew that they had money, so I went to the Judge and said, "Your Honor, if you would adjourn Court for a few minutes, I think that I could get some money out of these Greeks." With that, he said, "Don't let me see you passing your hat around the Court Room." I said, "Well, your Honor, if you adjourn Court, you would not see me." He hammered his gavel and announced that the Court would adjourn for fifteen minutes.

I talked to the Greeks and finally got \$75.00 from them to help pay for defending this man. When the case was over, and my client was sentenced for eight or nine years in the penitentiary, the Judge asked me to come to his chambers. He looked at me very sternly and said, "George, did you pass your hat?" I said, "yes, your Honor." He said, "What did you get?" I said, "\$75.00, your Honor." He replied, "Your did pretty d--- well."

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with the Nevada Northern Railway. This company was to furnish freight cars to deliver the railroad ties to Nevada. It developed into quite a contest as my client was unable to get the railroad company to deliver the freight cars, and my client was dealing with small saw mills near Portland. The small mills could not wait for their money so sold the ties. In the meantime, the price had gone up. We tried this case before the U.S. District Court in Portland. It was my first case in that Court. The Defendant had a Portland lawyer, one from San Francisco, and one from Nevada. The case was fully completed with the exception of my last argument.

The Portland lawyer did most of the work, and was very sarcastic and difficult to get along with. I knew that the jury had noticed this. I told the jury of a dream that I had had about the case the night before. I said that I had dreamed that both Mr. H., the Portland lawyer, and I had passed away, and that my friend, Mr. H. had knocked on the "pearly gates" and asked for permission to enter. The conversation was as follows:

St. Peter: "Where are you from?"

Mr. H.: "From Portland, Oregon."

St. Peter: "What is your business?"

Mr. H. "I am a lawyer."

St. Peter: "I am sorry but we do not permit lawyers here."

That was a little discouraging to me, but I tho't of all the names that the Portland lawyer had called me, and particularly that he had accused me of not knowing any law, so I tho't I might make it. At this time, Mr. H. said, "George, you jump on my back, and we will both get in, so I did. I knocked on the "pearly gates", and St. Peter asked me the same questions as he had asked my friend, Mr. H. I answered them and said that I was a lawyer from Portland, Oregon. St. Peter said, "That is all right Mr. Brice, you may enter, but tie your ass outside." At this, Mr. H. became so angry that he threw a law book at me. I caught it, and walked over and handed it to him, which made him all the madder. The Judge and jury were so amused that they nearly fell out of their chairs. The jury was not out long, and gave me a verdict of \$25,00.00, being the amount for which we had sued. Later, the Judge called me to his chambers and said, "George, if you ever tell another story like that and cause me to lose my dignity, I will fine you for contempt of court."

I had a client in the automobile business. He sold a man a second hand car, which was really not much of a car. A little later, the buyer sued my client for damages amounting to about \$1000.00. I really did not have any defense, but I saw that the Plaintiff was very greedy, so under cross examination, I told him that I wanted him to have all the damages that he could think of, and I thought that he had failed to mention all of the damages. He had mentioned about getting in and out of the car about a dozen or 15 times every time he attempted to start the car, so I said, "You must have worn out a pair of trousers as well as some wear on his coat." He admitted immediately that that was true. I then asked him what damage he had sustained to his shoes. He admitted that he had just about worn out one pair of shoes while crawling in and out of the car. I then argued with the jury that the Judge would advise them that

if the Plaintiff was unreasonable and lied about some items, they would have reason to disbelieve all of his testimony. The jury did just that as they brought in a verdict for costs for the Defendant.

When I had a little spare cash, I immediately bought an automobile. It was a little Rambler and cranked on the side. It seemed that every mud hole that I went through, and there were many of them in those days, the car would stop. I had a brother who had a good strong right arm. He would get out and crank the car, and at the same time, he would have to stand in the mud.

I soon traded this car for a couple of lots at St. John's to a man who lived in Hood River, Oregon. I had a difficult time getting the old Rambler down to the wharf to be shipped, but finally made it. However, I stayed out of Hood river for some time.

Another time, I owned a Winton Six automobile. It was worth from \$600.00 to \$800.00. I met a very cagey real estate man who wanted to trade his equity in about 20 acres, which were subdivided into one acre tracts. I knew that this man was a pretty sharp trader, so I interviewed the people who had purchased the acre tracts and they told me that they had resold them, and gave me the names of the people to whom they had sold. About five years later, I met this man in a little town on the Oregon coast. I think that he did not want to recognize me, but I called him by name, and he stopped to talk. I said that I hoped that he came out as well with the car as i did with the land. I told him that before I had traded I had interviewed the people, but they had resold. However, the ones who had purchased these acre tracts were all anxious to pay up, and I had collected approximately \$3500.00. He was much chagrined, and did not want to discuss the matter further.

Altho I was very anxious to become a lawyer, after I had practiced for seventeen years, I was equally happy to go into business. I learned that whenever a lawyer leaves his office, he always loses some profitable business. I believe that if a man is fairly good lawyer, but is a good business man, the legal training that he gets in his early life is a tremendous help to him. In the first place, he will learn that a bad settlement is far better than a successful law suit. When one gets through paying lawyers and court cost, even though he wins, he would have been far better off, in most cases, to have made a settlement in the first place.

I tried most everything in order to get a start in business after I had practiced law for seven or eight years. I built a number of houses, was engaged in the automobile business, the title business, and although, at first, I made a little money, later, I lost what money I had invested in these ventures, to say nothing about the money of my clients lost. They were older and could not afford to lose. I gave them my notes for what they had lost, although I was not legally liable, but I did feel a moral obligation as they were my clients. If I had not assumed these obligations and paid them, they would have lost approximately \$30,000.00. This, however, did help my credit in the community, especially with the bankers in Portland.

In January, 1919, I organized the Brice Mortgage Company of Portland. I had a capital of exactly \$200.00 and still owed \$17,000.00 to my clients. I practiced law the first year to help get started in the mortgage business. Then, I retired from the legal business and devoted my entire time to the mortgage business. The interest rates at that time in Portland were from 7 to 8 percent. My company represented the Prudential Insurance Company exclusively in Portland for a number of years.

When I started business, I really had no credit. I had to examine the property. I would then have to forward the report of two appraisers, together with the photograph of the property, to the Home Office in Newark, New Jersey. If they accepted the loan, it was necessary for me to examine the abstract as a lawyer, and forward it, together with the unexecuted note and mortgage to the Home Office. They had their attorneys examine the papers and my opinion. Then, they would send the check made out in the name of the borrower and his wife, with instructions to record the mortgage, bring the abstract to date, together with my opinion stating that the mortgage was a first lien on the premises, etc. After operating in this manner for two years, I was able to establish a credit with the U.S. National Bank in Portland, and the money was paid to the borrower immediately. I mention these facts to show that it was pretty tough to go into the mortgage business with a cash capital of \$200.00, but I proved that it could be done.

Because of the fact that our interest rates were from one to two percent less than other lenders in Portland, I did a very large business from the start.

I organized the Oregon Mutual Savings Bank in 1930, the beginning of the worse depression the country has ever known. For years the Bank did not pay any rent, but occupied a part of my building. I paid the teller his salary, and I never drew any salary until the last two years. I sold the Bank seven million dollars of mortgage business without any commission, which was a loss to me of \$140,000.00. The Bank has operated under at least three different State Superintendents of Banks. All of them have complimented the officers of the Bank on the satisfactory manner in which we have operated. Today, the Bank has a total resources of practically 15 Million dollars, and is increasing it's deposits materially each month. I feel that this Bank is the culmination of all my experience, efforts and hard work.

In May, 1931, I purchased a half interest in White and Bollard, a well known mortgage company in Seattle. Later, I bought out my partners' interests and expanded until today, it is undoubtedly, one of the leading mortgage companies in Seattle.

I had a man working for me who submitted some mortgage business on 125th Street, North. I realized, at the time, that we were pioneering, but I advised my manager that we would make 12 loans. Instead of following my instructions, I learned, much to my surprise, that we were financing 41 houses, in this tract. The contractor gave up, and we

were forced to take them over. This resulted in a loss of \$5000.00 to this little company. I immediately changed the name of this company to White and Bollard Realty Inc. I purchased a small apartment house in the Woodland Park district, and made sufficient money from this investment to pay White and Bollard, the debt that this little company owed it. I placed the real estate department, insurance department and property management department in White and Bollard, Realty, Inc. I have been operating this little company for about twelve years. I bought and sold properties, purchased Union Arms Apartments, Edgewater Park, and interest in very fine unimproved lots close in. Today, it would cost to replace Edgewater Park and Union Arms probably in excess of three million dollars. This, undoubtedly, is my greatest financial accomplishment.

In looking back, I feel that I have had a very full life. In spots, it has been a little rugged, especially as I had only a limited education, and no money. I always have felt that without the education, I had to learn the "hard way", and that it was a great handicap. However, I believe that as I grow older, I am inclined to forget the tough and bitter experiences, and remember more the humorous and pleasant ones.