THE CLARK FAMILY 9

LINWOOD LINCOLN CLARK (BORN 1867) – MARRIAGE AND CAREER

 In 1894 (note, I presume it must have been in the fall) a friend of mine, Jack Bouse, was opening up the Darling mine which was out Bear Creek way from Georgetown and he asked me to be his engineer. The mine was run by steam power and I fired the engine, a wood burner, and ran the hoist. I worked at the mine until January when it was time to get married. Your mother and I were married on January 29, 1895 in Georgetown. We went on our honeymoon to San Francisco, and while there the mine fell flat so instead of going back to work we continued on our honeymoon and went to Humboldt County. We drove to Humboldt by buggy and our horse was Bunnie. We stayed three months with Will and Dora Clark in Petrolia and then for quite a time in the American Hotel in Ferndale where we had room and board for the two of us for twenty-five dollars a month and kept Bunnie in the livery belonging to the hotel for nine dollars more. We drove to Bridgeville and stayed there for several weeks. That was where a goose chased mother and I killed a deer and caught lots of fish. Will Clark was great for race horses and he had bought a horse from some man who had been racing him, but it wasn’t fast enough for Will, so he sold him to me as mother had been riding him all summer. This horse was named Jamboree, but we called him “Jam”. He and Bunnie became such chums that we would turn him loose and he followed behind the buggy like a dog. From Petrolia we went to Eureka by way of Wilter Ridge, through Briceland and Garberville and then own the Eel River. This is the way the road goes now. When we left to drive overland to Oakland for the winter we took him with us and pastured both horses in the hills back of Berkeley.

 That winter I went to work with Jim Johnson in the lumber camp called Towles above Dutch Flat. Mother went home for the few months of the winter while we did the logging. I ran the donkey engine that snaked the logs by wire cable up to the roadway where the trucks could get at them and on Sundays built a cabin to live in during the coming summer. As soon as the snow was gone I sent for the horses and met mother

and Esther (mother’s sister) at Auburn and took them with me. We stayed there until it was time for snow to come again. I had charge of the piling of the lumber and measured it as it went out on the traction engine to the railroad. My cew were all Chinamen. Bunnie and Jam ran around in the woods and would come up to be fed and put up for the night. One night something must have scared them maybe the traction engine, because Jam came home all in a lather and no Bunnie. The next day I started out and found her tracks and traced her about thirty miles to the town of Washington above Nevada City where a liveryman had caught her. As soon as she heard my voice outside the stable she whinnied to me. The man said that she came into town on a keen run, all in a lather, and he went out and stopped her. After we got through at the mill we went to Georgetown to spend a while with the folks, that is mother’s Father and Mother.

 About that time the Watsons began begging us to go East and the next April 4, 1897, we went expecting to stay only a year or so but as you know we stayed until 1921. (Note by Linwood LeBoeuf Clark - They arrived in New York April 14, 1897. I have a note that they left California Wednesday April 7, 1897 and arrived in New York April 14, 1897.)

 I worked a short time for the Pacific Coast Borax Company under Stephen Mather for a while and then Chris Zabriskie was made manager and Mather went to the Chicago office, but there was little pay and Watson finally got into the Underwriters Protective Association, connected with the fire companies, and we traveled all over the East for them. We would start once every three months and spend two weeks in Philadelphia, one in Baltimore and two or three days in Washington, D. C. going down the Chesapeake Bay once and coming home by steamer through the Chesapeake Canal. We generally would take our tandem bicycle with us and that way we saw a lot of the country. There are many pictures in my collection. Once a year we went to Boston and while there I generally took my two weeks vacation. One time to Aroostook in the northeast corner of Maine and visited with Marion Tyler’s father and mother.

 Marion’s father was my Uncle George Tyler, my mother’s brother. Jim Dunning,

who if you remember was the hotel clerk at Lake Elsinore when I went through there on my bicycle, was going with Marion at the time. The four of us hired a team and we drove all around the area as you can see from my pictures. Marion and Jim came to Brooklyn and were married, and we stood up with them. The second time we went to Maine we stayed with Marion and Jim at the old Dunning house in Bangor, and I visited all my old childhood stomping grounds.

 On another trip to Boston we rode our tandem through Springfield, Manchester,and Concord to Franklin Notch in the White Mountains, going up to the top of Mt. Washington on the railway, then back by way of Sebago Lake and Portland and then by steamer home. When we were in Aroostook we went home by way of St. Johns in New Brunswick and steamer from there. Another time we went to Brant Lake which is a few miles west of Lake George, and spent our vacation there. This was a very delightful place. While there I hired a horse and buggy and mother and I drove all over the country visiting Lake George and taking the steamer trip around the lake. This was a favorite place of mine and in 1906 at the time of the San Francisco earthquake while mother was in California, Dole Mattison and I went up there. One time I went alone. Another summer we went to Lake Winnipesaukee and spent our two weeks there. It was very beautiful.

 After being with the Underwriters about six or seven years I went with the Hanover Fire Insurance Company and was still with them when the San Francisco fire busted them and they had to reorganize. At this time I went with the Eagle Fire Company which was the oldest fire insurance company in New York, but after a year the principle stockholder went busted in cotton and sold the company out. Then I worked for an agency for a year or so until Jim Green began coming East, and then I went to work for the California Vegetable Union. After the California Vegetable Union quit I worked for George Fish who was known as the celery king. While I was working for him I had a trip through Fulton, Syracuse, Rochester and the Finger Lakes region. Then Mr. Fish died, the World War I started, and I went to work for the quartermaster Corps.