

The
FRANCIS G. LUCAS FAMILY
of Chelan

Narrated by
MARGARET HOFFMAN and CHLORA BRUSH
(Daughters)

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Francis Gregory Lucas was born in Tournai, Belgium, on September 12, 1855. His father was a Captain in the French Cavalry and was buried with honors from Queen Victoria for bravery during the Crimean War. He had two brothers, Alphonso and Leon, as well as two sisters. His mother's name was Christine Dieuture⁷⁰. His parents died while he was young so he was raised by relatives.

Our father married while quite young, and he had one daughter, Rosa. This marriage was unhappy so he joined the Cavalry Division of the Foreign Legion and saw action in North Africa. He was wounded and lay on the desert for two days before being rescued.

This stiff knee troubled him all his life. When his service with the Legion was over, he returned to Belgium, divorced his wife, which in that era was a disgraceful action, and he left Belgium in 1880 for America.

Chlora met Rosa in 1960. She was 83 then and remembered the parting.

Rosa married Leon Mercier and lived in the village of La Bouverie near Mons. They had a daughter, Marie Henriette, and a son, Leon.

Leon, husband of Rosa, was injured in World War I and was an invalid. The Town of La Bouverie was badly shelled

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during World War II. They were evacuating him in a child's wagon and carrying what they could of their possessions. He was injured again and died. Leon II had a son about 12 or 13 years of age also named Leon (III) when he was killed during World War II. Rosa raised her grandson. Rosa, the grandmother, passed away early in 1930. (Marie Henriette was much younger than her brother, Leon - almost the same age as Leon III). Leon III is married now and lives in La Bouverie. He has a son named Eric.

Marie Henriette married Valmy Picry. Their children are Annie and Jean Luc. Valmy was a retired musician from the Belgium Army.

Our father, Francis Lucas, had a letter of introduction to Dr. Francis Clerc, of Phillipsburg, Pennsylvania, so he made that his headquarters. They spoke five languages so he lived in their home until he spoke passable English.

Our father was a Master Brick layer and stone mason, having served his five year apprenticeship in Belgium. After coming to America, he was building coke ovens for Robert Fishburn and thus met Elizabeth Fishburn, fell in love, and married her. They were married July 3, 1885, and settled in Munson, Pennsylvania.

Later, Mama, helped him to improve his reading skills. He was always an avid reader, particularly history. He knew more American History than the average American. He took out his citizenship papers as soon as possible and always took a keen interest in politics.

He was a Democrat and Mama came from a staunch Republican family so that made for some interesting arguments at home.

We called him "Papa" at his request. He thought "Dad" was disrespectful, and "Father" too formal. He was a gentle and kindly father and husband, and we all adored him. He only had occasion to whip Clerc and Anne once, and the rest of us not at all. His disapproval was enough to make us behave.

Elizabeth Fishburn was born in Darlington, near Durham, England, on January 31, 1861. She was the 9th of 13 children. Her father, Robert Calvin Fishburn, leased coal mines and operated them.

Our mother's uncle, George Fishburn, had gone to Australia in the early days and was a railroad owner. When our grandfather wanted to leave England, George offered him 5000 pounds if he would move to Australia. Grandfather made the trip to Australia but decided against it. Later George visited him several times in Pennsylvania.

Our grandmother was Anne Hall. Her brother, John, came to America with them. Naturally they settled in the coal mining district of Central Pennsylvania and continued to lease mines. Two of their sons, John and George, died in mine accidents.

At one time, Grandfather Fishburn's name was up to be shot by the Molly McGuires (an early attempt at a Union) but the men refused to carry out the order because Grandmother Fishburn had been so good to their families during strikes. He was shot at but not injured.

Mama was two years old when they immigrated from England. They went back for a visit when she was 15. She loved the ocean voyage and always hoped to repeat it, even though she never did, much to her regret.

Mama was very small, not quite 5 feet tall, but with an indomitable will and boundless courage and ambition. She always told us, "If you really want to do something, you'll find a way." She attended normal school in Bloomsburg, Pennsylvania, and became a teacher. She was 25 and Papa was 30 when they married on July 3, 1885.

They settled down in Munson, Pennsylvania in a large, rambling house. Her sister, Jennie, lived in another big house in the same yard which adjoined Jennie's husband, John's store. A fence enclosed them all and that was our boundary as children. The saloon was just up the street and the main line Railroad just across the street, a typical miner's town.

Two sons were born, John and Joseph, both dying at birth and the doctors told her never to have another child, so she went ahead and had six more. They were Anne, Margaret, Clerc (named after Dr. Clerc), Chlora, and Helen, born at Munson. Elizabeth came after the move to the State of Washington.

Aunt Jennie and Uncle John always had a counterpart of each of Mama's babies so we all had a playmate the same age.

Helen was a hydrocephelic baby and was carried on a pillow the whole of her 18 months span of life. She died in April of 1902 and Papa left for the West on a scouting trip soon afterwards.

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He thought a mining town a poor place to raise a family. His was an adventurous nature and he really wanted to go to Cuba so they compromised and moved to Washington.

Papa's coming to Washington left our mother with the task of selling our home and disposing of our furniture; also sorting out our personal effects to bring to Washington. We followed in October in 1902 by train, taking us five days and nights to make the trip. Mama had packed a basket of food for us which she heated on a flat-topped stove in the tourist car. We were thrilled with the trip the first couple of days, but the novelty soon wore off and we were so happy to hear the porter call out, "Wenatchee, next stop!"

It was a joyful reunion in Wenatchee to greet our beloved father again. We spent the night in Wenatchee at a hotel, another new experience for us. With the Columbia River being very low, a boat trip to Chelan Falls seemed very uncertain. Papa hired a Mr. Gard to come down with his four horse rig to meet us. We stopped in Entiat for lunch and a rest for the horses. It was Chlora's fifth birthday, 1902, and she still remembers Mama's disdain of the sour bread, camouflaged with chicken gravy, we were served. The floor of the restaurant was covered with wet wheat they were trying to dry after one of the river boats had had an accident. Mama took one look at the old Knapp's Hill and we all had to get out and walk. Papa carried Chlora at least part of the way up the hill.

Papa had bought four lots in Chelan on Emerson and Gibson Streets and had built a shack of one large room with

homemade furniture. We don't remember our mother's comments, perhaps she was too glad to see our father or just numb from shock and weariness. A large bedroom was added immediately.

Our neighbors there were the Boyds, Rolands, Switzers, St. Luis, and Lee families.

The Lees kept chickens and we took care of them while they were gone in return for eggs which were a real treat. Mrs. Lee also shared her sewing machine with Mama for which we were all grateful. At Christmas (1903) Grandfather Fishburn sent money to Mama to buy a sewing machine, and with three girls to clothe it was most welcome.

The next Spring our father filed on the homestead on South Butte. He chose one with springs and a whole hill of clay from which bricks could be made. While he was building the homestead cabin he became very sick and walked back to Chelan where Dr. Mitchell pronounced it typhoid. Our water was hauled to us in barrels from the lake costing 25¢ a barrel, and whether he contracted it from the water supply from the lake or from the spring we never knew. There were several cases of typhoid in Chelan that year. He was terribly sick all that long hot summer when he had planned on working; so we were very poor. Mama also contracted a milder form called walking typhoid. In spite of that she took care of Papa and by Fall he was recuperating. Money was short but Mr. Jackson of Jackson's store liked and trusted our parents and gave us credit. We all remember that as long as the Jacksons were in business they patronized them exclusively.

Dr. Mitchell and his good wife were also such a help and

comfort during this difficult period. We are sure that Dr. Mitchell's excellent care was responsible for Papa's recovery.

Christmas that year was a slim one financially and our parents made our gifts. Papa was able to make a sled for Clerc with metal runners and a wooden cradle for Chlora's doll. Mama dressed the doll and made new dresses for Anne and Margaret. We all understood and there wasn't a word of complaint. The Mitchells asked us to Christmas dinner, another demonstration of their thoughtfulness, though our father preferred Christmas at home with his family.

We move out to the homestead in the Spring of 1904. Mr. Hawley moved us and our belongings with his heavy wagon. We stopped on the hill above the homesite shack, a raw little house between two bare hills, and Papa looked down on Mama and said proudly, "How do you like it?" She drew herself up to her full 4'11" and snapped, "Did you expect me to like it?"

That was all the complaint we ever heard from her. No matter where we lived it was a home, clean, well-kept, and there was love. She had a beautiful soprano voice, clear and true, and she sang the old songs to us. One was, "I Gave My Love a Cherry." She used to tease us after Elizabeth was born that her name was Elizabeth Sarah Jane Alice Ann, named after her and her sisters. She'd sing it out and we were horrified.

The one-room cabin had three small windows and a door. A double bed on pulleys to be pulled up on the wall in the daytime, and bunks for us, provided the sleeping accommodations. It was papered with newspapers, one of them later featuring the San Francisco earthquake. We carefully read that one.

Even under these crowded conditions Mama insisted on privacy for each of us. We would bathe enclosed by a circle of chairs draped with blankets. We learned to slip our nighties over our clothes and undress beneath them.

We entered the country school that stood between the Turnbull place and the Will Bartram place. The first teacher was a Miss Brokaw and some of the pupils were Georgia, Franklin, and Donald Bartram, the George Bartrams who lived next to our farm. Kizzie, Ona, Mary, and Paul, also Harlow and Maud Turnbull. The Cunninghams, Terence, John, Mary, and Bridget, and the Wagoner girls, Alma and Elsie.

We contracted the 7-year itch while in that school, from whom we have no idea, but the cure was much harder on Mama than on us. All sheets, night clothes, and underwear had to be washed everyday. The washing was done on a washboard with water carried from the spring and heated on the stove. That and the ointment finally cured us.

The George Bartrams were our nearest neighbors. There was just a trail between our fields, but we needed a road. Papa was away working so we three, Clerc (9), Margaret (11), and Chlora (7), built it with hoes, rakes, and shovels. Of course, it was a matter of clearing out brush roots and filling in holes. It was probably 50 yards long, but we felt we had accomplished a great victory when we had finished. Our father was very proud of us and praised us when he saw it.

We had a garden that would have been very successful if we didn't have to battle the woodchucks for it. Our father shot them when he was home, but Mama wouldn't let Clerc try it.

Soon after we moved to the homestead, two cows, Buster and Daisy, were bought. Buster's milk was very welcome, but Daisy was a disappointment. She didn't freshen for a year and kicked like blazes when she was milked. They had to be staked out for a lack of fencing. The milk was kept in running water at the spring to preserve the freshness.

A team was bought about 1906 and the death of one of those horses was a major tragedy because money was so very scarce.

The youngest member of the family, our sister Elizabeth, was born December 9, 1904, at home with Mrs. Clemmer and Dr. Mitchell in attendance. Our mother had always had difficult births, but she considered Dr. Mitchell's care of her the best. Our father named our new sister Elizabeth, and she was a beautiful child with a head of dark curly hair.

Papa had plans for bigger and better buildings so in 1905 a pit was dug in the clay hills just behind those permanent buildings. Water was added--carried from one of the springs of course. It was mixed with hoes and our bare feet. That was fun at first but it turned into hard work with time.

Chlora helped with that and was general errand girl. Clerc and Margaret were taught to fill the two brick molds with the wet clay and dump them on a levelled spot to sun-dry. When a sufficient number was dry, Papa started building the brick kiln with a place for the fire, and a space between the bricks for the heat to circulate. When it was complete he baked the bricks three days and nights. We all tried to make perfectly round marbles to be baked with the bricks.

The first building to be built with these bricks was approximately 20x40 feet, one large room, plastered, warm and cosy, and served as our home for 16 years. It was eventually to become a woodshed for the big house. It was supplemented by a frame bedroom and a summer kitchen. Papa also built a cellar adjoining the house that was a marvel to our neighbors. The base walls were stone, the ceiling was a brick arch, and the milk cupboards were made of large flat bricks built into the walls.

Clerc slept in a heated tenthouse at first. Later Papa built a large root cellar of stone with a packing shed over it. This proved inconvenient as a packing shed, so it was partly a storeroom and partly Clerc's bedroom.

When we moved into the little brick house, the old homestead shack was moved up to become a barn until Papa built a new one. The real barn was a one-story stone with frame hay loft. By the time it was built our herd of cows had increased.

Each year Papa planted trees, mainly apples, of course, but with soft fruit for our own use. He also added berries of all kinds, grapes, shade trees, and even cress in the running water at one spring. He was a wonderful gardener, and of course, Mama had to keep it going when he was away working at his trade to bring in extra money. Before the advent of glass jars, she dried corn, apples, and apricots. She made a very good jelly from elderberries and choke berries before our fruit trees grew.

We had snakes in the early days. Rattlesnakes, Bulls-
snakes, and Blue Racers. One horse and one dog were bitten
by rattlesnakes, but survived, and we were taught very early
to be cautious. We were always told to leave the Bullsnakes
live as they drove the rattlesnakes away. Margaret was
horribly afraid of snakes and one difficulty was that Bull-
snakes liked Mama's little chicks, as well as mice. It may
have worked, because in a few years we saw very few rattle-
snakes.

Coyotes and hawks also preyed on the chickens and the
coyotes made the nights hideous with their howling. They
were hard to trap or shoot.

Money was still scarce so fresh eggs helped a great
deal with the grocery bills. Our mother also made excellent
butter to sell. These were traded for groceries at the store.

It was an exciting day when we bought a cream separator
and we could ship cream to Wenatchee, 40 miles away. We had
a hard job keeping the separator clean since it had so many
intricate parts, and Mama was very particular about its
cleanliness and being put back together correctly, or it
wouldn't work.

Chelan was about 10 miles away, and at first we only
had the work horses and a lumber wagon. A trip to town was
an all day, hot, jolting trip over the hill, past Plumb's
and Downie's, and down to Knapp's Coulee and along the lake
shore to Chelan.

Of course, one did errands, brought back supplies, and

picked up mail for anyone of the neighborhood who wished it. Soon after we moved to the woodshed, in 1910, a telephone line was installed, and it was a real blessing. There was at least 12 to 20 subscribers on it with the usual problems, but there were no serious incidents or quarrels. Everyone was too glad to have it to relieve the isolation. It brought neighbors closer together.

The Railroad up the Columbia was built in 1909-1910. Their construction camp was down near the Dover Post Office, now the Stayman siding. The flunky (chore boy) at the camp was a Belgium boy, so he was glad to talk to Papa in his own language. He felt he had found a friend. He came up to our place and brought fresh eggs, butter, fresh vegetables, and in any season. The whole family, including Mabel and Lester Morse, plus many others, went down to see the first train from Wenatchee to Oroville. After that, the cream was taken to the Stayman siding where we would flag the train and it would be taken to Wenatchee.

Schooling was a serious matter in our home. If we got into trouble at school we had more at home. We heard "..... and don't complain about the teacher, you have a place to study, books, a time to recite, and you can learn at school if you had a zombie for a teacher..."

The South Butte School house was moved from its early location about 1910 to a spot between the Garton and the Plumb places. It was large and more modern. It had a cloak-room, lamps around the room, and a flat-topped stove, but water had to be carried or snow melted in the winter time. This was Margaret's first school, 1912-13.

Elizabeth, or Betty as she was called, later was the only one of us who attended that school as a student. She went through grades 3-8 there. Anne started high school in 1906, so she and Margaret lived in the little house in town during school. Elizabeth was still small and Mama couldn't live on the homestead alone while Papa plied his trade. He worked on every schoolhouse and courthouse built in these counties during those years, in Chelan, Douglas, and Okanogan. Papa worked away at his trade until about 1913 when he became a full-time farmer. So Clerc and Chlora stayed with her and did chores and farm work in the morning and Mama taught them in the afternoon. She must have been a good teacher because they never had trouble rotating between Chelan School and her tutoring. She moved to town in the winter and Papa held down the homestead.

Papa believed in walking. When we were in school in Chelan (and if Papa was not working) and we all were there, we walked across the Chelan Butte and Chlora joined them if possible, to the ranch Friday night and back again on Sunday. Once when Margaret, Clerc, Chlora, and Georgia Bartram, were walking home after school, late in the winter, they lost their trail in the drifts. Many times they pulled each other out of the drifts but finally made it to the Frank Spurgeon place on the crest of the hill. They fed the group and Mr. Spurgeon took them in his bobsled to the school house where the parents met them. Papa always walked to town and when he was working in Waterville, he would walk to the Columbia

on Saturday night and get someone to row him over the river, and walking on up home and back again on Sunday in order to spend a few hours with his family.

Anne graduated from high school in 1910; Margaret in 1912. Clerc dropped out of school, to Mama's great regret, and about that time, in order to help on the ranch, so Chlora was left alone. So, for three years, she worked for her room and board in order to finish high school in 1915. It was a hard life with no time for fun or social life.

The schoolhouse was the community center and church. Sunday school was organized in early days under the guidance of Mama, George Bartram, Mrs. Ennis, the Johnson's, and later Mable and Lester Morse. The Morses homesteaded on the crest of the hill overlooking the Columbia, a wind swept spot with a beautiful view. They were true neighbors, good angels especially to the young people. She was a daughter of the pioneer family, the McPhersons, and was musically gifted in both voice and piano. Their home was the gathering place for the teenagers.

There was also a Literary Society that met on Friday nights at the schoolhouse for years. This combined school programs, community singing, and heated debates by the men of the community, so all ages were served. During the War, Red Cross work meetings were held here, also.

When Anne graduated from high school she attended Ellensburg Normal, but decided she didn't want to teach. She married Ray O'Neal, September 3, 1913. Their first home was on the

North side of the Butte. Their two oldest daughters, Elizabeth Jane (Betty), and Esther Roberta (Peggy), and oldest son, Joseph Francis (Joe) were born while they lived there. After Joe's birth, Anne had to move to a lower elevation, because of her health. They lived in a corner house on the way to the ranch (which was known as the Washburn house). While living there Betty ran away to get to the ranch to see her Dad and almost made it is Mrs. Bond hadn't stopped her until Grace Perry (now Mrs. James Lindston) caught up with her to take her back to Anne. They returned to the ranch for a short time to live. They then moved to Lakeside near the Stone Church and Ray worked in the mill. A son, Raymond Clerc was born in this home. Ray planted his first orchard near the old Spader place. The lake flooded this place and he planted the present orchard on Long Jim Hill. They moved to this place and soon after planting it, built the nucleus of the family home, adding to it later.

While the orchard was young, they planted melons between the rows to supplement their income in addition to working in the packing plants. One more daughter, Kathryn Anne, was added to the family here.

When Margaret graduated from high school, 1912, she took the County Teacher's examination under E.C. Bowersox and passed. She taught the ungraded school in the home district of South Butte, her first year boarding at home and walking two miles morning and evening. Elizabeth stayed at home and entered the third grade there. Her other pupils were: Donald and Adrian

Bartram, Milford Downie, Rae Turnbull, Floyd and Lois Bartram, two Andersens, and three Getchell boys. Probably the first hot lunch was started then, hot cocoa was served at noon. The pupils took turns bringing milk. The next year she taught in the Dover school, near the Columbia River, riding horseback to it.

Country school teachers in those days, not only taught all the subjects, but was janitor as well. You had to get there early and build a fire in the stove to heat the cold, cold schoolhouse and clean the room in the evening before leaving. All for the magnificent sum of \$60.00 per month. Country schools usually ran only seven months as the children were needed at home in the spring. The teacher was expected to get in nine months of work in that time, yet no one felt overworked, and the pupils did good work.

She rode our pony, Nellie, a capricious little mare, four miles carrying feed tied to the saddle. By this time, there were fences and at least half a dozen gates to be opened and closed, a dreadful nuisance, especially in cold weather. Her pupils included Ted Ballard and Rose Gay.

When Chlora finished high school in 1915, she and Margaret borrowed money on their own note from the bank and attended Bellingham Normal School 1915-16. They had a small apartment and the folks used to send boxes of "anything that kept you out of the grocery store," Mama used to say.

They couldn't afford to come home for Christmas, so they spent the vacation with friends, Mary Soper and Hazel.

Pearson up by Darrington. We were dreadfully homesick in spite of being royally treated and didn't fully appreciate until later what wonderful people these families were to take in extras for the holidays.

Margaret taught in Ramapo, near Port Angeles the year 1916-17. This was the year Papa made more bricks for the big house already planned. Elizabeth and Clerc (when farm work permitted) helped this time Papa build the house when time permitted, but it wasn't completed until 1922.

Chlora taught in Winesap her first year. Her pupils there were Helen and Henry Miller, who rode horseback down from Little Germany above the Coulees, Austin Cole, Mildred Austin, Clifford Byrd, Elmer Philips, and Bruce and Evelyn McKinstry from the Ribbon Cliff. Their older sister is Allis McKay, author of "They Came to a River." She boarded with the Hoppers at Goose Neck Rock that year, and walked back and forth. The pay at that time was \$60.00 per month. She and Margaret saved enough that year to send Mama back to Pennsylvania, the summer of 1917 to see her family. That was fortunate as her mother died three months after her return.

That was World War time and we all worried about Clerc having to go in the Army, and that fall he was drafted. Margaret took the Dover School again in order to be home, but his physical revealed a defective heart so he was soon home. Chlora moved to First Creek School on the brink of the hill between the lake and Navarre Coulee and Bear Creek.

The summer of 1918, Margaret and Harry Hoffman were

married. He was employed in the Bremerton Naval Yard, so that's where they made their first home. Two children were born to them, Wallace Robert and Phyllis Clerc.

Elizabeth finished grade school this same year and both Anne and Margaret offered her a place to live during her high school years and since Union High School in Bremerton offered a better choice of subjects, she chose Bremerton, and graduated in 1923.

In 1920 Chlora went to Withrow to teach and met John Brush there. They were married in 1922 and had two sons, John Roger and David Lucas. Later, after moving to Yakima, Jimmy joined the family.

Elizabeth finished high school in 1923. This same year Clerc had bought the old Ed Duhamel place and planted it to wheat. He asked Elizabeth to cook for the threshers. The old stove at this place had no usable oven so after getting breakfast and washing up, she would drive about eight or nine miles round trip to the home place and collect bread and pies that Mama had baked for the day as well as vegetables and hurry back to have dinner ready. One day she opened jars of chicken that Mama had canned and it smelled horrible. Clerc took it out and buried it. Elizabeth cooked bacon and eggs for the men and agreed that they would never tell Mama about the episode. She had worked too hard canning them.

One needed a sharp nose in those days of early home canning. Once Mama threw out the contents of a suspicious pint jar of peas. Sixty of her prize white Orpinton hens died--and it almost broke her heart.

Clerc married Alda McLoughlin, the teacher of South Butte school in 1925. Frances Alda was born in 1927 and Forrest in 1930 shortly before Clerc was killed by the accidental discharge of a gun.

Elizabeth attended Bellingham Normal. She married Clarence Weller in 1927 and they had three sons: Richard Clarence, Thomas and Clerc Allen.

Papa died of a heart attack in 1929 at home as he had wished and Mama followed in 1932. Theirs had been a true love match. They differed many times on many subjects, but it wasn't important basically. We hope all families have as many happy memories growing up as we have.

Margaret Hoffman and Chlora Brush