

ARCHIBALD MARK CHISHOIM was no great man in the sense of greatness that we attribute to a man .like Sir Winston Churchill. But, he was a great man.

That is, what he did affected more people than just the members of his family and his close associates. He moved in such a way that his wake fanned far out behind him, rippling across economic waters long after he died.

So to give him this attribute of greatness is to imply that he was a little bigger in imagination, ambition and energy than the average man who lived in his time. He had a vision that saw farther than most people saw, a mind clear enough to imagine how to get what he saw so far ahead of him and the energy to go after it.

You might imagine the whole world as a large tree around whose trunk great men place their large hands and shake, and the world vibrates to their strength. A man like Churchill grabbed the tree very low and thus affected a greater part of the tree than a man who chose to shake only a small limb near the top of the tree, thus affecting very little. Archibald didn't grasp the tree as low as Churchill did and therefore influenced it much less. But the point is, he dared to grasp the trunk much lower than most men do, and when he shook, the tree shook, perhaps slightly, but it shook.

Supplementing this man's bold mind was a body bold in design. He stood over six feet tall, weighed about 200 pounds. His face was long but not lean, topped by a broad brow, definite eyebrows; eyes that would appear hard and unsympathetic were it not for soft curves in his lower eyelids that swept up into the outer corners of his eyes, giving them a friendly twinkle. His nose was straight, long and with nostrils that were so sharply defined as to appear cut from stone. His cheek bones were high but not protruding, and his jaw was so well aligned with these bones that there was little creasing in that area between his upper lip and cheeks. His skin lay on his face like marble.

Adding a last note of authority to this face was a plain mustache, not tipped with grease and curls, nor like a Mexican maitre d's with thin strips crossing the lip, nor was it long. It was kept short and above the lip line.

So much for the face. Now to the nature behind it. Principally, it was a Scottish nature, and that says many things.

Archibald was not born in Scotland, but his father was and his mother's parents were, and for this reason he may safely be described as a Scot, perhaps a transplanted one, but none the less a Scot.

And who are they? Ah, that 'tis a long story.

It began in 55 B.C. in August. Gaius Julius Caesar, then plundering about Gaul and making way for civilization, turned his ambitious head toward that mysterious isle off the northern coast of Gaul. He knew the island to be inhabited by members of the Celtic tribe. But aside from knowing that they were combative (he had encountered some of them while fighting the Gauls), he knew nothing else of Britannia.

He sailed the channel on a moonlit night in mid-August with about 50,000 men, and seeing that Dover's cliffs offered no place to land, he sailed seven miles north up the coast to somewhere between Deal and Walmer.

A brief fight accompanied his landing, but as we all know, Caesar made it ashore and stayed quite awhile. Britain thus became part of the sprawling Roman Empire, which honor lasted until the beginning of the 5th Century.

From 55 B.C. to 400 A.D., the Romans influenced every Briton, with whom they came in contact, leaving the island a fortress where now stands the Tower of London, a few walls, a budding code of law, Christianity and a fierce desire for independence.

Most independent were those with whom Caesar had no contact, because they couldn't be caught, those who were driven back up the backbone of the

long island into that purple, rocky and romantic area called the Scottish Highlands. The terrain is more rugged here than anywhere else on the island; it is windy, bleak and dreary when it is raining or there is no sun, but inspiringly beautiful when the sun shines and great shadows slide over the mountains. It is said that Caesar tried to organize the people in this area, but because of the extremely mountainous terrain concealing many a glen and small valley, he could never keep track of them. So he gave them up to their whims and romantic dreams.

One can only guess about the nature of these people who fled north. It is said that they fled because they wanted nothing of the Roman rule. One could also imagine that they fled out of cowardice. But there was more in Roman's invasion to chill the pride than to let the blood. Caesar's rule apparently was no dictatorship. Life was not painful or unpleasant because of him. No, those who fled north weren't running from the sword; they were fleeing from the unwanted rule of an invader. They fled to independence.

Those who gathered in the northern reaches of the island organized themselves eventually into a sort of feudal system whereby a landlord provided protection and land to members of his family to their families while they, in turn, repaid him with food, labor or taxes.

While a similar system developed in England which is properly referred to as a feudal system, the arrangement in Scotland became oriented around the family. If people living on a landlord's property didn't have his name by birth, they assumed the name anyway. These groups were called Clans, and they were fiercely dedicated to their own group protection and pride. The title of the clan chief passed to his oldest son and to his oldest son, etcetera, as in a monarchy.

The Chisholm name is said to have come from a Norman who followed William the Conqueror into Britain after 1066. The family that first bore this name

in Scotland possessed lands in Roxboroughshire and Berwickshire, two counties in the southeast corner of Scotland along the English border, in the 13th Century.

In 1335 Sir John de Chisholm married Ann Lauder, daughter of Robert Lauder, king's constable of the royal castle at Urquhart, midway up the western shore of Loch Ness, located in Inversessshire, the county in which the Chisholm clan lived. The oldest son of this union married Margaret de la Ard, a resident of Inversessshire

This couple died childless, eliminating them as founders of the Chisholm clan. But the point is that if John de Chisholm moved across Scotland from its southeast corner to its northern coast county of Inverness, (shire means county), and other members of his family must have done the same thing. Thus, name of Chisholm was brought from Normandy and probably superimposed on a group of those true Scots that had been living and dying in the northern part of the island since Caesar's time. (How true a true Scot is, is something else, the inhabitants of Britannia told Caesar they had lived there as long as they could remember, or that they originated there. But indications are that they were a combination of Indo-Europeans who had crossed the English channel before Caesar and a group of Danes who descended from the Scandinavian countries.)

Whatever the development, it is known that Wiland de Chisholm obtained a charter for the land occupied by the Chisholm clan from Henry IV on 9 April 1513. The property lines aren't known accurately. Generally, the land lay on a southwest to northeast line from Beaulieu south, at least to Cannich and maybe on to Glen Affric. A valley cuts through the center of the land, through which the Beaulieu River flows from the Moray Firth on the north coast to Glen Affric. Along either side of the river are steep rocky hills covered with orange and purple trees with gnarled, twisting trunks.

A narrow road runs along the river, and as one drives deeper and deeper into the land, heading south from Beauly, the hills get steeper, the colors more red and orange, and the people and little cottages fewer. One gets the feeling he's driving toward Valhalla. There's a sanctified aura about the land, as if it has a proud and long heritage of men who were greater than other men, as if it were a land once possessed by gods, who having blooded the earth and sired children, left the land hallowed.

You feel very young in this country, because you know that those trees and hills have seen so much of human history, so much suffering, so much bloodshed, so much beauty, bravery and glory. Most important, you recognize that long before you were born, many had lived, laughed and loved. But they left only traces of themselves, not a thriving society. Scotland seems to live in another time because what is there, at least in the outlying areas such as where the Chisholm clan lived, there are only memories.

It isn't known to us who succeeded Wiland de Chisholm as head of this clan. However, by 1699 a John Chisholm had become chief. He, like all other clan chiefs, was given a special name differentiating him from all the other members of his clan who shared his last name. He was called the Chisholm of Chisholm; as was the Campbell of Campbell, MacDonald of MacDonald, and etcetera.

Sometime during the early days of the clan, it is said that one of the clan chiefs, not overly given to modesty, declared that the article "The" could be used to precede the name of only three mortals: The Pope, The King, and The Chisholm. It is assumed that the chap was considerate enough to put them in this order.

Title of the Chisholm estate was passed to Roderick, more properly called Ruari, the oldest son of John, in 1715. Roderick took part in a

rebellion against the Hanoverian King George I that year, fighting for the exiled Stuarts. The rebellion was crushed, and Roderick lost title to the estate.

By unexplained and devious means, however, title to the estate was gained by Roderick's younger brother, Alexander Chisholm, who held the title from 1719 to 1742. Showing remarkable honor, Alexander returned the estate to Roderick's oldest son, rather than passing it on to his own son. This is a point which well illustrates the Scottish nature, basically one of immense conscience, though with room for humor.

As written by J.A. Froude (1818-94): "So far as one can look into the commonplace around of things which historians never tell us about, there have rarely been seen in this world a set of people who have thought more about right and wrong, and the judgment about them of the upper powers. Long headed, thrifty in industry—a sound hatred of waste, imprudence, idleness, extravagance—the feet planted firmly on the earth—a conscientious sense that the worldly virtues are, nevertheless, very necessary virtues, that without these, honesty for one thing isn't possible, and that without honesty no other excellence, religious or moral, is worth anything at all—this is the stuff of which Scottish life is made, and very good stuff it is."

Roderick's son who received the title from Alexander was also named Alexander. He was the Chisholm of Chisholm from 1742 to 1786 when he died.

Whether or not the Chisholm castle was built where it is today before Alexander's reign is questionable. There is reference to the Chisholm castle at Erchless, but that could have been anywhere in a certain area between Beaully and Cannich. What is known is that the Erchless Castle that stands today was built in two stages, the first in 1746, the other in 1895.

The castle that stood before that time may have been in the same place. However, it's known that it was destroyed in April, 1746 when that patriotic roustabout Roderick started fighting again, this time for Prince Charles against George II. In the Battle of Culloden Moor, the Duke of Cumberland, son of George II, defeated a 6,000 man Scottish force. Following the battle, Cumberland's forces followed the Scottish troops up the road toward Inverness and passing the Chisholm Castle, destroyed it.

The present castle is white washed, standing four and five stories high with a spiral staircase at the main entrance which ascends from the first to the fourth floor. A chain hangs down the well of the staircase, to which are attached small lanterns for holding candles.

Each room in the building seems mammoth, as if built for giants, while at the same time, the hallways seem unusually narrow. The building still has arrow and gun slits, walls that are about a foot and a half thick, and leaded windows. There is no moat.

The interior seems very dark, gloomy, and filled with memories. As you walk through the quiet giant of a house, you can imagine children being born in some rooms, children sick and dying from diseases they didn't understand in other rooms, men getting thick tongued on good Scotch whiskey, talking about the succession of the British crown, the future of Scotland, in a flickering candle light, near a roaring fireplace, from which the flaming light flashed on pieces of armor and swords that hung on the wall, not as ornaments, but almost as everyday wear.

Ah, if that house could speak, what tales it could tell. Near the front door on the left as you go in is a door which appears to hold a closet. But looking at the floor, it's noticed that the floor is roughly poured concrete, filling a small circular stairwell. The top steps still show above the poured concrete. This was the entrance to the dungeon.

The succession must have passed on through at least two of Alexander's sons, for the last one to have title was Duncan Chisholm who died in 1858. It's difficult to believe that one man could have held the title from Alexander's death in 1786 to 1858.

When Duncan died, there was no male descendent on his side of the family (which was fighting-Roderick's side), and the title passed back to Roderick's brother's side, that of Alexander, the one who gained title after Roderick lost it, and who gave it back to Roderick's son, Alexander.

By the time Duncan Chisholm died, however, and the title went back to Alexander's side, several generations had lived and died since Alexander had had the title. When Duncan died, then, the title went to James Sutherland, who as the oldest son of another Roderick Chisholm, who was the oldest son of Archibald Chisholm, who was the oldest son of the original Alexander who had gained title to the estate when Roderick lost it in 1715. (As stated above, Alexander didn't actually gain the estate until 1719.)

It is the family of James Sutherland Chisholm who is buried today near the Erchless Castle, they being the last heirs and last rulers of the Chisholm clan. Today, as ironic testimony of what Scotland was then and is now, the mammoth castle and grounds are owned by an Englishman named Robson.

To say the least, every conceivable effort has been made to determine whether Archibald Mark Chisholm was in any way related to this main family line which constituted the clan chiefs. Frankly, we think he is not, for his father's name can be found nowhere in the chief's families, at least among the records we have checked.

It is known that the father of James Sutherland Chisholm, a Roderick Chisholm, had come to Canada about 1785. At the same time, we know that Archibald's father, Donald Andrew Chisholm was born in Scotland on

15 December 1834, almost 50 years after Roderick had emigrated to Canada. As to why Donald would carry the Chisholm name but not be a member of the main Chisholm family is easily answered by recalling that any family which lived on the lands of the Chisholm clan, or paid service to the Chisholm of Chisholm, assumed the last name of Chisholm.

What has been attributed as the main force driving Scots out of Scotland is religion, that is, Scots left to maintain their Catholicism against Presbyterianism. But a more practical reason is given in what is called "clearings", which involved the ordering of people off the land to make way for sheep pastures. The evidence is obvious today. You see surprisingly few people in the Highlands, while sheep cover the hillsides. Looking on a high purple green plain, there appear to be hundreds of white rocks scattered about. Looking closer, you see that these are sheep. They wander about untethered, unfenced, and marked only with a spot of blue, red, yellow or green dye on their backs.

We must assume that one of these reasons, or a combination, drove Donald Andrew Chisholm to Canada. There he married Catherine Chisholm (her maiden name) in Alexandria, Ontario on 20 May 1861. He was a grocer by trade and died in 1879 at age 42. His wife had been born in Charlottenburg Township, Glengarry County, Ontario on 18 March 1837. Her father's name was Archibald Chisholm who may have been a relative of the Archibald Chisholm who was the eldest son of the Alexander who took over Roderick's title in 1719.

Since Archibald's name however was what it was, not that of his father's, it could be possible that his parents placed more pride in that name than Donald's, which would indicate that there was some connection with the main Chisholm family. Being the eldest son, it would be most logical for Archibald to have taken his father's name, not his grandfather's, on his mother's side.

At any rate, Donald and Catherine Chisholm had children in a way that must have been common to those days; that is many children, few of whom who lived. We say "common" because a majority of the family buried in the Chisholm graveyard in Scotland died at ages from 3 to 13, 15 and 21. Few survived to marriage and childbirth.

Donald and Catherine had eight children, the oldest being Archibald who was born 25 April 1862 and died 4 November 1933 making him 71 at death, though paper obituaries state his age at 69. An unexplained reason rests behind his desire to never appear older than 70, at least in print.

Next was a sister, Isabelle, born in Alexandria 29 February 1864, died in Duluth, Minnesota 22 March 1900. Married and had two children.

A second son Christopher, born in Alexandria, 27 June 1867, died 11 July 1880 at age 13.

A second daughter, Margaret, born in Alexandria 12 February 1869, died 25 June 1954. Married and eight children.

Third son, Donald, born in Alexandria 29 January 1871, died in Hawaiian Islands 13 December 1900.

Third daughter, Mary, born in Alexandria, 29 January 1874, died 24 January 1877.

Fourth son. Valentine John, born in Alexandria, 27 September 1875, died 20 July 1878.

Fifth son, James Valentine, born in Alexandria 22 July 1878 (two days after Valentine John's death) died 4 April 1926.

Judging from the way Archibald built so strong and fast in his life, we might conclude that because he saw so many of his family die before they had a chance to do anything, he -was determined to accomplish something.

It wasn't long before he was forced to start accomplishing this something; he was 17 when his father died, leaving his mother with five children. It is said that now, at about eighteen years of age he went into Chicago to sell honey and produce from the family farm, to help support his mother, brothers and sisters. It may be added here, that he had always been a lover of history and from this may have developed some sense of destiny, and vision to recognize that America was growing rapidly, with one of it's strongest heartbeats coming out of Chicago.

In time he had worked himself north on pioneering trips, in Wisconsin, which was a Lumber state in the early, days, and where men were looking for opportunities. There were not roads in these early days, so they undoubtedly traveled by horseback. Nor were there bridges, but rivers made excellent passageways, through Wisconsin even into Minnesota. He was a dry goods clerk for the Dalton Company Store in Bloomer, Wisconsin for four years. The store was owned by the Father of Mrs. H. Bergeron, Duluth.

After he had saved \$1,000.00 he attended the St. Paul Commercial School, St. Paul, Minnesota, then in his early twenties. This shows a remarkable drive for education in this day when grade schools were the limit of schooling.

Then he joined the Weyerhaeusers in their lumber industry Chippewa Falls, Wisconsin as a chipper and a sealer. He found himself a victim of T.B. and was sent by a Doctor to upper Minnesota to become well by "working and sleeping out of doors and a pint of whiskey each day."

He became well and in the middle 1800's he took a clerical position in the mining district on the Gogebic range in the Upper Michigan Peninsula.

In 1888, mining was becoming a major interest to him and he moved to Ely, Minnesota as Paymaster at the Chandler and Ely mines, then managed by Capt. Joseph Sellwood.

Mining wasn't enough to warm that Scottish heart, however, so in 1891 he stole away shortly to one of the towns of his past, Chippewa Falls, where he married a young Irish lady named Lillian Coleman Cummings, apparently a very gifted and charming woman, the daughter of Mathew J. Cummings and Sara Coleman Cummings.

Then he returned to the mines, this time to the center of the Mesaba range, Hibbing. Sometime between 1891 and 1894 he helped organize the Lumberman's and Miner's bank there.

He was 29 when he was married, and it can be seen that from this time on his involvement became more complex, his interests recrossing one another as was so typical of the robber barons and the country's great speculative pioneers. They concentrated not on one thing, but on many, and it was undoubtedly their involvement in so many facets of the nation's growing economy that gave them the insight as to where to move their money and when.

To be specific, we have seen Mr. Chisholm complete the rudiments of an elementary education, a brief stay with a dry goods company and a complete course with Commercial College. Then he's in lumbering, then mining, then banking. The whole operation within his mind must certainly have been tied together. He could see how ore increased land values, how industry made demands on real estate, how real estate and industry together needed banks and loans. By 29 years of age he had his wife and a vision. By 29 he was beginning to move.

It should be added that while at his job in Ely, his income was \$100.00 a month - some costs of food mentioned at this time are .06 for butter, .05 for a pound of meat!

He maintained his job with the Chandler mine in Ely until 1894, when he was developing the bank in Hibbing. In 1896 he began a series of explorations that eventually gave him a broad group of holdings in mining properties. In that year he

discovered the Susquehanna mine. Later he developed the Philbin, the Elizabeth (known as the Scranton) the Mathew, part of the Longyear, and the Chisholm, near the Monroe and Tener mines and from which the town drew its name. Much of this property was leased or purchased by the Cleveland Cliffs Company.

Apparently, he was successful in locating property because he went about searching rigorously. His obituary writer wrote the following in the Duluth Herald, Nov. 4, 1933:

"He succeeded where others had failed, and in sections overlooked or abandoned by them, he persisted in his explorations and discovered some of the richest mines in the entire district. Persistency in the face of difficulties always characterized him, and to this and an apparently intuitive knowledge of mining formations may in great measure be attributed his achievements."

In 1901 he explored the Albany mine, later leased it to the Pickands Mather Co. Other mines he was involved with included the Leonard and the Pearce mines, owned originally by Capt. J.H. Pearce who sold it to Mr. Chisholm, who in turn gave it his name. This was the mine around which the town of Chisholm was built.

It is in connection with the purchase of this mine that he lived up to the connotation of his name, which implies "boldness". Needing funds, he went to the nation's wealthiest man in the nation's wealthiest city, John D. Rockefeller, Sr. in New York. Being born in 1839, Rockefeller was 25 years older than Mr. Chisholm, but he apparently recognized something of himself in him.

This recognition was slow in coming, however, 11 days slow in coming. That is how long Mr. Chisholm sat in Rockefeller's office, carrying a lunch with him daily. Finally J.D. agreed to see him, saying something to the effect that anyone who'd wait that long must have something to say. Mr. Chisholm got his loan, an unknown sum, and the mine and Chisholm were on their way.

Specifically, he started the Chisholm Improvement Company, buying up as much of the land as he could get. He is said to be the second founder actually, because Frank Hibbing had already built a lumber mill there. But what were they to do? Have two Hibbings in Minnesota? "Ah, make way for a kind Scot, would ye," you can imagine the enterprising man tell Hibbing. "Let me just put a wee touch of the Highlands in this wild north woods."

However, he went about naming the town, he probably did it with good taste and modesty, or if not modesty, at least with charm, much of which he was supposed to have had. He platted the city in 1901.

In that same year, the First National Bank of Chisholm was organized with Archibald as president while he remained as vice president of the Lumberman's and Miner's Bank of Hibbing.

Sometime before 1900 he had moved to Duluth where he and his family resided at 21st Avenue East and First Street. Later they moved into what is now called the A.M. Chisholm Children's Museum, a home built with great care. The wood was personally selected by Mr. Chisholm with his lumberman-tempered eye. After the building was constructed tight enough to stand, the furnace was turned on and the home was allowed to sit for one year before floor board and joints were nailed into place, thus preventing later shifting or buckling of the wood.

From Duluth to the Iron Range was a distance of about 80 miles, covered by train in about 4 hours. As Mr. Chisholm and his gentlemen in finance roared up and down these tracks while going about their business as mining magnates, they occasionally were blessed with rain which lent itself to their amusement in a most unusual game. After a few rain drops had collected on the train window, each of the men would pick a drop much as others pick race horses, He whose drop dripped the fastest to the bottom of the window was declared the winner—and was paid \$100 each by the other betters. How many rain drop races could you have in four hours?

But it didn't rain in that country all the time. If it had, the fire of 1908 wouldn't have started and carried on like a messenger from hell. Among the few things left standing in Chisholm was the vault in Archibald's bank. But it took three days for it to cool off before it could be opened. Knowing how a Scot loves to keep track of his money, you can imagine how this predicament cut Mr. Chisholm to the quick. Apparently, the papers were in good order, however, when he finally opened the vault.

The industrious townsmen had the city back on its feet in 10 months, building it up from ashes.

By 1910, Mr. Chisholm's means finally fell in line with one of his dreams, and he crossed the North Atlantic to the land of his ancestors. Among his many reactions when he arrived there, none apparently was more pronounced than his sense of compassion, for he made arrangements to provide gifts for poor families, medical supplies for the clinic in Beaulieu, and scholarships and books to the elementary school in Beaulieu. His principal contact in Beaulieu was Dr. Leach through whom he arranged most of his donations.

The income that was allowing this benevolence was probably coming in from several investments, the most prominent being a group of mines called the Chisholm group: Chisholm, Glen, Clark, Chester, Hartley, Burt, Billings, Duncan, Leonard, Tioga, Shennango, and Dunwoody.

Between 1899, when the Chisholm Mine started, and 1918, it had yielded 6,772,910 tons of crude ore. This mine was leased to American Mining Co., and was later passed to the Oliver Iron Mining Co.

Simultaneous to this development of his mining interest, Mr. Chisholm is said to have developed an association with the great railroad builder, James J. Hill, of St. Paul. Though both from the same area in Ontario, what really drew them together

must have been a common personality or a deep friendship, which ran deep enough for Hill to grant Mr. Chisholm a half million dollar loan.

Apparently both men were in Washington, D.C. at the Willard Hotel when the loan was arranged, Archibald meeting Mr. Hill in a suit he had rented, crowned with a top hat. Ah, but that man must have had class! If you're going to ask someone for a half million dollars, act like you know what to do with it!

Indeed, this man must have had a substantial presence, a strong bearing, something about him akin to the Rock of Gibraltar. The Rockefellers and the Hills wouldn't lend their money to anyone less than their own caliber, I'm sure. If they had, they wouldn't have succeeded as they did.

Since Hill was involved in the \$4000,000,000 Northern Securities Company, a railroad holding company, with J.P. Morgan and E.H. Harrison, he certainly didn't need Mr. Chisholm's kind of money. Indicating the probable truth that it was always friendship and not financial relations that kept these men together was the fact that Mr. Chisholm was one of Mr. Hill's pallbearers. Hill died in 1916 when he was 78 and Mr. Chisholm was 54

And illustrating how this mining entrepreneur from northern Minnesota had acquired a vision comparable to that of the Hill's and the Morgan's (less comparable, perhaps, but approaching them), Mr. Chisholm took some of his resources far from his home state to that area where so many investors were taking their money, the southwest.

With one group, he assisted in developing the Shattuck-Denn copper mine with capital of \$3,500,000. He was secretary-treasurer of the company, indicating that there must have been at least two larger investors above him in presidential and vice-presidential positions.

He also had a leading part in forming the Denn-Arizona Development Company with copper interests in Arizona and New Mexico. There is also mention of coal interests in Kentucky.

His fondness for Scotland drew him back again in September, 1921. It had been 11 years since his first visit, and in that time he must have contributed a great deal to his friends in Beaully, for 50 Highlanders, clothed in their clan's dress Tartan gathered for a dinner in the Lovat Arms Hotel in Beaully on September 21, 1921 to feast and drink to his honor, the effects of which most of them must not have recovered from until mid-October.

One man had enough wisdom to keep a record of the evening, though he must have been sitting on the sidelines. He wrote, "Everyone in the district of Beaully and Strathglass—from castle to cottage—joined in paying tribute, and the gathering in many ways was a memorable one."

Lord Lovat, leading proprietor of the district, held the chair. He and Mr. Chisholm paraded into the room following a man playing bagpipes. With what must have been quaint stuffiness, Lord Lovat proposed the first toast to the King, a second to the Queen. Then another chap arose and toasted the bloody Navy, and as if that weren't enough, another officer seconded it.

Finally a couple of women came into the room and they got down to business. The ladies were Mrs. Bernard Maxwell and her daughter Joan. Whatever they did to put an end to the falderal we know not. But Lord Lovat finally proceeded to toast Mr. Chisholm. He gave a short speech interrupted by 23 cheers. Among the many things he said of Mr. Chisholm was this:

"He's a person who desires to get what he wishes to be done in the quietest and most unostentatious manner. That fact is the thing that appealed to many of his friends in the district...I am quite certain—that no person who has passed through this area has made a more lasting impression of a real, genuine wish

to help those who required it than our distinguished friend whom we are honoring this evening."

The small address ended in an uproar of cheering and men moving their chairs so as to rise for the Highland toast with one foot on the chair and the other on the table. A short swallow and they were off singing "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," three hip-hip-hoorays and another toast to Mr. Chisholm's family. It must have been a very sturdy oak banquet table!

Following the storm, a moved Mr. Chisholm rose and said:

"Your lordship's kind remarks and your reception place me in a peculiar position, for my heart is full for what you have done...My special thanks are due you, my Lord, for the very high appraisal of the little I have been able to do for the good folk of this district, and to you gentlemen for the warm endorsement of his lordship's kind and flattering remarks, I am sincerely grateful. I assure you that your lovely strath and glens are very dear to my heart, and I count it one of the greatest privileges of my life to claim kinship with a country so renowned as the Highlands of Scotland. ..My Lord, and gentlemen, a thousand thanks to you all for this magnificent appreciation of the little I have been able to do for the glens I love so dearly. I also thank you for your kind sentiments towards my wife, to whom I owe much in life. I am not a speechmaker, but with my soul overflowing, all I can say is, a thousand thanks."

The guests then presented him an engraved plaque on which was cited all that he had done for the glen, including aiding the sick and poor, encouraging education, fostering athletics, aiding nursing programs and libraries, and providing seed potatoes when they were scarce and expensive during World War I.

The evening went through several more addresses and toasts. It may have been the happiest time of his life.

But his generosity found its mark on this side of the ocean, too. He gave gifts to churches, regardless of denomination and was liberal and constant. And in 1924, he built the Convent of the Precious Blood for a French order in Alexandria, in memory of his parents.

A cloistered order, the Sisters of the Precious Blood from France a favorite order of his mother's allowed no laymen to enter the convent aside from Archibald and members of his family. That was until he died. Now members of family can observe from the outside and visit the Sisters through a screen. The convent exists now with 12 sisters and their chapels, "the heart of the town, its people and problems."

He also contributed to the Alexandria Home for the Aged and the Alexandria Catholic College, in Finnian's Church in Glengarry Etc.

Another example of his kindness (and a curious bent for travel) involves a woman who took care of his brother Donald on the Hawaiian Island of Kohoolawe where Donald had gone and died from tuberculosis he contracted in Alaska. Archibald located his brother's grave and the woman who cared for him, and thence after sent her a check each Christmas.

In the meantime, as Archibald went about the world caring for some of its lame, weary and poor, he was developing a small family, to which he often made reference, but of whom he apparently saw very little.

The first child, a daughter Catherine, was born 3 June 1892 in Ely and died at 12 from an appendicitis attack.

The second child, also a daughter, Dorothy Cummings, was born 27 July 1894 and proved to be the strongest of the family. After marrying Henry Ely Salyards in Duluth on August 27, 1917, she gave birth to five children, none of whom died prematurely, as was so common with her family, and at this time in

society and these children, as of this writing, have given her 26 grandchildren, who in turn, have given three great-grandchildren.

A third child, Eulalie, was born Sept. 17, 1900 and died in 1952, leaving three children who have in turn given her 11 grandchildren. She had married Frank Hanson of M.F. Hanson newspaper family from Duluth, Philadelphia and New York.

A fourth child, a son Archibald Mark, died married, but childless by his own hand in March, 1943. Tuberculosis apparently took the fire from this man, though it didn't take his charm.

The mother of these children was born of parents who are described as proud, good looking, well-versed, in literature despite a small education, and generally competent people.

Lillian Cummings born in Cartwright, now New Auburn shared her parent's aptitudes. She is portrayed as quick witted, talented domestically, and aesthetically inclined, particularly toward music. She played the piano, organ and banjo, six string no less.

Comments from Miss Amy Bronsky, Mrs. Chisholm's niece, best describe the woman:

"Aunt Lil's musical sense sometimes found expression in verse. She was clever at writing jingles. I remember some luncheons she gave and for place cards she wrote limericks for each guest. They made a big, hit.

"Aunt Lil in her prime was an all-round competent woman. When 1832 East Second was built, Archibald turned the major responsibilities over to her."

"Aunt Lil had a nice sense of humor which was evident from early childhood. In those days, in this part of the country, women had to turn to Indians for their domestic help. "Mary-Walkey-John" was working for Lil at the Cummings home in Chippewa when a circus came to town. Knowing that she had never seen one

before. Aunt Lil took her downtown with the children to witness the parade. It came into view from a side street a block below the corner where they were standing. When the elephant appeared it was followed by a calliope which at the time was not visible to the watchers on the main street. Just as the elephant ambled on to the main street, the calliope burst forth in all of its might. "Mary-Walkey-John" grabbed at Aunt Lil's arm and exclaimed, "My, don't he sing awful?" That was a joke that she told with relish. Her appreciation for humor was one of the factors that contributed to her enjoyment of life."

"Adventure was always welcomed by Lillian, and she liked to create it, In Calcutta after the American Express Company's sight seeing trip was finished, the Chisholm party and two Boston women took another tour on their own. As they drove along, they came to the estate of the Maharaja. On the spur of the moment Lil asked, 'What would you think of calling on the Maharaja?' Everyone caught the spirit. Someone produced a calling card and wrote on it something to the effect that several United States visitors would consider it an honor to pay their respects to the Maharaja. It was delivered by the footman, after allowing the group in. When he returned from seeing the Maharaja, he announced that he would be a half-hour before he could appear as he was 'in clothes' meaning that he was dressing (undoubtedly for the visitor's express benefit).

"In the meantime a servant showed the party around. On one wall there was a large oil painting of a previous Maharaja inscribed "Presented to the Maharaja \_\_\_\_\_ by Queen Victoria, When the Maharaja presented himself he was an insignificant looking man, but his regalia was dazzling. After a short visit, the callers rose to make their departure, and he presented a life sized photograph of himself to Aunt Lil, which provided the rest of the group with material for considerable teasing afterwards. Her joking comment was that it showed how things

had changed since Queen Victoria's day when she made advances to her subjects, while this Maharaja made them to the citizens of the United States."

Amy Bronsky also cites an incident in India in which Mrs. Chisholm had herself carried to the Taj Mahal on a stretcher. She was confined to her bed with malaria, but refused to leave India without first seeing the Taj.

While Mr. Chisholm was said to have had good aesthetic judgement, it may be guessed that he acquired much of this from Mrs. Chisholm.

Wherever he learned about his art, he knew it well for a man who spent little time in the Louvre. His selections included Corot and Cezanne among his Blake locks which must have been his favorite, judging from their numbers. One of his special paintings cost him \$500.00 in Alexandria

The story is that as a young man he planted an Elm tree and then in later years, when the tree was full grown he commissioned an artist to paint it. This shows you how sentimental he was at times. His daughter Mrs. Ely Salyards now owns the painting

He also brought music into his house with an imported Steinway, then and now, one of the world's finest pianos. But his wife, strangely more interested in a Mason-Hamlin Ampico, acquired one on a trade for the Steinway. The Scot wasn't pleased with that a bit, and he turned around and bought the Steinway back for \$900—better to have two pianos in the house than no Steinway.

Something in the man gave him an unusual love for flowers, which seems to tie in with art and music, all forms of beauty. He had a large vase in which he kept long-stemmed American roses, three and four dozen at a time.

But while this man was many things to many people, he may not have been half of this if not for the services of two women in his life other than his wife — his secretary, \_\_\_\_\_ and his nurse, \_\_\_\_\_

His secretary began her career with Mr. Chisholm with a literal bang, He was not the most even tempered man, or perhaps she was overly sensitive in approaching him the first day of work. He was very loud and short with her.

Somewhat surprised, she did an about face, walked out of his office and returned to her desk where she sat down and started considering leaving. But just as she had passed through his office door, the wind blew it shut with a tremendous BANG!

Which brought Mr. Chisholm out of his chair and to the door with an apology for his temper and a short comment that he liked her work. Now, a small mystery. Did he know the wind blew the door shut and therefore decided to save her further embarrassment by immediately apologizing to her, lest he let her think he thought she slammed it? Or did he think she might think he had slammed it. Or did he think she did, in fact, slam it? Any of these situations could have given Mr. Chisholm a chance to reprimand her, fire her, or just ignore her. That he did what he did shows he was considerate.

They never discussed the matter, and she worked for him for 23 years.

She recalls that he always carried new dollar bills, having once gotten an infection from a dirty bill. Once a week he'd send her to the bank to pick up new \$20s and \$1s, one of the \$1s being returned to her for the service, to spend on lunch at the Casa del Norte, which she did! Miss \_\_\_\_ said he always did his letter writing on Sunday when she would have to go to his office for dictation. Many business offices at the time did work on Sunday; this was not unusual.

He refused to learn the combination of his safe in his office, leaving that as Miss \_\_\_\_\_ domain.

She recalls him as a charming, well-dressed man with a Hamburg and watch chain, A family man despite his continuous traveling and a religious man, in what he did for others, if not in the orthodox practice.

His nurse met the man in uneasy circumstances. Apparently, he and a partner had lost \$450,000 when a mine went dead in Montana. He had broken out in psoriasis and had either fired one nurse or she quit.

At any rate, as the first nurse left the house at 1832 East 2nd on Easter Sunday, 1925 Miss \_\_\_\_\_ second nurse was coming in, and she hollered at her "You can have him."

A 23-year-old nurse just out school, \_\_\_\_\_ climbed to the third, floor on Easter Sunday and found the 6'4" 200-pound man red as beefsteak and "swearing like a trooper,"

With soda baths, food and attention, she brought the man around so that he could travel to Europe for two and a half months. When he returned, his health and temper were much improved.

In 1928 she joined him again as his health was beginning to fail, principally because of prostate gland trouble and gall stones. But his language was too rough for her, as his treatment may have been also, and she left "never to come back." She went back to her family's home.

The next morning the phone rang at 10:30 a.m. She was invaluable to him, and he knew it. "Please Pfeff, please come back." No, was her reply. Again he called at noon, and later at 2 p.m. Finally at 5:30 p.m., he arrived at her home in his chauffeur driven car, dressed as a gentleman and bearing a solemn promise to speak to her more gently. She returned and stayed five years until his death.

In July, 1928, he had surgery in Chicago at Michael Reese Hospital apparently after the time had been selected by an astrologer. As happens to many men with overbearing responsibilities, Mr. Chisholm had placed some stock in astrology. Though he did refer to it a few times, we doubt that it had that much to do with his life. He was too practical a man.

As Miss \_\_\_\_\_ followed this man about the country as an essential companion (to deliver steel catheters when his urethra was blocked), she saw lumberjacks put catsup on their toast, slept in small beds with big bugs.

She also learned that men conducted business by placing a bottle of liquor in the middle of the table and not cracking it until the business deal had been closed. It must have served somewhat like a carrot in front of a donkey, driving the thirsty negotiators to a conclusive agreement. But agreements were made and closed with a hand shake and honored!

Mr. Chisholm's last public appearance was in September 28, 1933, two months before he died. A portrait of himself was presented to the Chisholm High School.

Referring to the Great Depression, Mr. Chisholm told the students:

"Times may seem very bad here now, but I smile when I recall how we all struggled in the days of the development of this town. Few knew where the next meal was coming from, let alone the next payment on properties.

"But have hope and faith. The world needs iron ore. There is an abundance of it at your door. These times pass, as they have before; you will see better days.

"Looking back over my own life, my greatest regret is not lost business opportunities which knocked at my door, but that I did not as a boy avail myself of even the limited schooling available to me."

ARCHIBALD MARK CHISHOLM died in Duluth 4 November 1933. Flags flew at half mass from 10:00 a.m. to 8:00 p.m. Father Guilfoyle officiated at the services held in Duluth. He was buried at Alexandria, Ontario, November 9 in his family's mausoleum at St. Fennens Cathedral in Alexandria. His burial was filled with parishioners from many adjoining parishes, and from Montreal, Ottawa, Toronto, Timimins and Cornwall.

His Excellency Bishops of Alexandria officiated at the Libera and paid tribute to the deceased, and stated he would long remember his acts of kindness and generosity and friendliness. His memory stands for Love and Devotion and his home and parents. Also through this service at Holy Mass, and prayers, God Himself will repay in death what we cannot repay in life.

The Town of Alexandria draped itself in black for this day. Viewed from here, he did a fine job. He started out with little more than his wits, but he used them well.

If that's what Scots are made of, the country can be proud.