Mary Murphy: No I didn't have it on then. These tapes have a long lead, ok

Raymond Calkins: Am I speaking loudly enough?

MM: Ok.

(Pause)

RC: My grandfather's life was pretty well covered by the data we have here, but I can remember a few things. They're really in my father's childhood, too. He was raised on a farm up around I think it was Clare in Webster County, Iowa.

MM: Is this your grandfather or your father?

RC: My father; my grandfather came there from Illinois after the Civil war and, apparently, homesteading. Anyway, I can vaguely remember things that I don't know if they're really true as I remember them. I remember my father telling me that as a child he watched his father sewing wheat by hand in the fields. Of course, they had no machinery. No, I think my grandfather was one of a group of people who brought in the first threshing machine in that area. He was raised rather strictly, both my father and my grandfather, in Methodist homes. My grandfather went through some very trying times. He nearly died in Andersonville prison. He was there when what they called Salvation Spring broke out.

MM: What was that?

RC: Andersonville sat in a little hollow. There was a creek that ran through the middle of the place. There were no sanitary facilities whatsoever. There were thousands and thousands of prisoners there. This entire bottom was one mass of filth and flies, maggots, everything like that. Their only drinking water came from the creek. I don't know what date ... This is a matter of history. They had a very severe rain. They had a flood there. It washed out part of the stockade walls of Andersonville prison. This is down in Georgia. It cleaned that whole bottom slick; all the filth was gone. Here on the slope, over the creek, a spring broke out: good clean clear water. That was called Salvation Spring. It was regarded as miracle by these men who were dying of fever and disease there. There was something like fifty thousand prisoners that died in Andersonville, I think. Anyway, my grandfather became, later, a Methodist circuit rider, which is kind of a horse mounted preacher who went around and visited various little communities,
supervised Sunday school, and things like that. Eventually, he became a preacher and he eventually he was in...had a church in Fort Dodge; retired and died there.

MM: Did you know him at all?

RC: No, no. After he died, my grandmother came out to visit us one summer and with her was my Uncle Herb. That was my father's...an older brother of my father's. I remember very well, they were there for a week or two and my father was able to come home. He was working for the Forest Service and not on road jobs so we had . they had at least a brief get together, the three did. I can remember Sunday nights; we would all sit around the dining table. They would take the bible and pass it from one to another and each person would read a verse. Not at random; they would select a portion...this was of the New Testament, I think. I know this one night Uncle Herb had something bothering his right eye. It was irritating him a great deal. He or somebody else ... his verse was this one: "If thy right eye offends thee, pluck it out and cast it from thee." We got quite a kick out of that.

MM: That would be quite a remedy.

RC: He was a preacher too. He had been a missionary at one time in the Mederra Islands. What a Methodist missionary was doing there, God only knows. My father, when he was a child . he was always blue eyed, but as a child he was blonder. Onetime, my grandfather had several workman carpenters working on a barn or something. This one man said to my father, who was just a small kid, he said, "Are you a Swede?" My father said "No, I'm a Methodist." (Laughing)

He was raised quite strictly. He came out west later and he left all that strictness behind him. He never was a person to drink or carouse around, but he became quite liberal in his thought. My mother...her father was a German immigrant, Herman Krueger, who came over somewhere around 1863 from Posen, which was on the boundary... it was on the river between Germany and Russia. He claimed, for some reason, according to my mother, that his ancestry was Holland-Dutch. I know no more about it than that. He married I think her name was Emma Richter. That may be wrong. I have an obituary in a scrapbook. She was a first generation American. They were Rhine Valley Germans. I know... her mother was old country and her father was too. Mother used to tell how he loved soup. Soup to her, to his wife, was a peasant dish. She would never let him eat soup if there were guests. If anyone came while dinner was being served, away went the soup.

He was ... my mother's father, was a short ... when I saw him, he was a white haired, stocky little Dutchmen. He had worked for Swift. He came over ... I don't know it happened, but I think he went more or less directly to Fort Snow in Minnesota, which was the army post in that area. I think he was employed there as a butcher. He was a butcher all his life. If I'm not mistaken, mother said that he was one time going somewhere in the wagon and the Indians chased him and shot arrows, which would be the new Om uprising of about 1863 or 4 somewhere in there when the Sioux Indians went on quite a display. Anyway, he later went to work for Swift. Mother was

Raymond Calkins Interview, OH 98-03,04,05,06, Archives & Special Collections, Maureen and Mike Mansfield Library, The University of Montana - Missoula
born in I think it was East Lansing Michigan. How that happened I don't know and it's no use asking me. But anyway...

MM: Where was the Swifts that he worked for? Was that in Michigan?

RC: St. Paul. Packing company. Mother was raised in St. Paul and it was apparently an immigrant area with a mixture of all sorts of European nationalities because she knew a lot about the Jews and the Irish immigrants, all these people. She used to tell. when I was a kid, she would demonstrate the old women wailing at an Irish wake, throwing their apron over their head and wailing what a good a man he was and all that kind of stuff. She knew quite a bit about the Jewish people. Of course, they had all nationalities there.

She had several brothers, of whom I know very little. One of them finally wound up as an electrical engineer, I think, with Westing House in New York. At that time, she had one or two brothers who worked in the Swifts plant there. She used to tell that one of their favorite stories was about a retarded immigrant young man who worked out there. They loved to get him on the streetcar with a bunch of women. Then they would say, "Aren't you so and so that works in the hide room or something?" "No, that's my brother. I work in the guts room." (Laughing).

She was educated. I don't know how far she went in school. I think eight grades. At least part of it was in a German parochial Roman Catholic school because she did know a little German earlier. She was raised a Roman Catholic. She came out... my father, he went through eight grades in country school I suppose. Then, as I . I think, he went into Fort Dodge and started high school. I think he finished the first year. He lived at the YMCA. He used to play basketball there. He was not a tall man. He was five nine or so, but he was very strongly built. After that, I don't know. There's a circular in one of the scrapbooks showing him as a member of a quartet, or a quintet, of vocalists who were accompanying a woman around the country, around probably that area of Iowa. I think she was not an evangelist; I think she was a temperance worker.

MM: How interesting.

RC: I'm not sure. When that was, I don't know. The picture is an excellent picture. He looks to be in his twenties. He worked probably. there's a picture of him, Hepburn, and two and he looks to be about twenty . so perhaps. He was chainmen on a survey party for the CB and Q Railroad . Burlington, which was down at Omaha I think. Somewhere in this period, he was evidently employed in their offices and he learned drafting. He was an excellent draftsman - very fine. About 1908, he came out to Montana and went to work as a draftsman with the Milwaukee Railroad, which was just building through this area.

MM: So he never went to school for that. He just learned it on the job, drafting?

RC: He learned it on the job. About the same time, my mother came out. I'm not sure how it happened or anything, but there was more opportunity out in this country. I think she had a
friend for many years... I don't remember... I don't know her last name. Her name, I think, was Stephanie because mother used to speak with Steffi. I think she came out through her contact with her.

MM: Did she come out by herself?

RC: As far as I know. Indians and all.

MM: Really? When were your parents born?

RC: My mother was born in 1882 and my father was born in 1883. My mother came to Missoula and she went to work in the laundry at the Florence Hotel. At that time, the hotel had their own laundry. She and my father both wound up boarding at the house of Mr. and Mrs. Elmer Collar. Collar was a Montana Power man. I don't know what he did. He was not just an ordinary laborer. He was in the offices or something. As long as they lived, they maintained that friendship. Elmer finally died of diabetes complications. I don't know when Mrs. Collar died. The last I heard of her, she was up in her eighties, was about two thirds blind, and was playing bridge like a fiend every chance she got, which was two or three times a week at least. She was a bridge fiend. She never had any children. Oh, it was fun. She had some relatives, I guess.

She had a set of steins which came from Germany. I can remember they sat up on a case which contained China. I don't know what you call those. There must have been six steins and the smallest was probably a pint six inches tall, maybe, with the metal cap and everything. The biggest must have held about two quarts. It stood, according to my recollection; it stood about two feet tall all painted up colored, figured, sides. Oh, they were gorgeous. That's when I was a kid they had these. They came from Germany, without any question. They were Germans.

Anyway, my mother and father got married out of Elmer Collar's house in 1909. Or was it 1908? I'd have to check that out. I don't know. We used to have the...their marriage license framed. It was on the wall at home when I was a kid: great big ornate document. Their wedding trip consisted of a trip across town in a fancy buggy. (Laughing) I was born on January 7th, 1910. I don't know the address, but it's on my birth certificate, which is kicking around somewhere. Around 300 block, I think on West Third Street in Missoula, which is on the south side of the river in Missoula there. I can remember driving by there, probably in Elmer Collar's car, and having the house pointed out to me. It was a lot with some big old cottonwoods on it. There was this little house. From the looks of it, as I recall it, it couldn't have been as large as this. Probably two rooms was all it was. We lived there for I don't know how long. I have absolutely no recollection of my childhood at that period. I'm not like William Allen Hoyt who can remember being in the cradle I think it was...

MM: Me neither.
RC: . . . or so he said. We moved from to there to Bonner, which is east of Missoula seven miles, and lived in . . . it was later, or at that time, a company house. I'm not sure why we moved to Bonner.

MM: Was your father working for the lumber?

RC: He may have been. I don't know. He may have been still with the Milwaukee [Railroad]. They hadn't built through. The only . . . I have no recollection of that either. I do remember that mother said that in the winter - probably my first winter, that would be when I was nearly a year old - he fixed up an apple box or something on a sled, put me in that, and took me for a ride in the snow. When he got down the street some distance and looked around to see how I was taking it, I wasn't there anymore.

MM: Oh my god.

RC: I had fallen off in the snow drift. I was still stuck in the snow down the street there.

MM: Good thing he turned around.

RC: Yeah. There were probably not more than one or two automobiles in Bonner at that time. I think we lived in Bonner about three months. I'm not sure. Then we moved to Hamilton and I think we were there about three years. In Hamilton, my father was a draftsman with what was called the Big Ditch, which was project of Marcus Daly's to run this big irrigation ditch down the Bitterroot Valley and irrigate. It was all going to be turned into prime orchard land. He worked on that.

MM: Did your mother ever work after she got married?

RC: Oh no, women didn't work in those days. My father took care of us. That was it. She worked like fiend at home, good God. She was not a. she was somewhat of a wiry type. She was a pretty woman, but god she had three kids and that was a job: raising us, taking care of us and the dog. For many years, we always had chickens that had to be taken care of. In WWI, we even had rabbits for a while.

We lived in Hamilton and I have no recollection of that, although there's one or two pictures in the albums. One shows my brother and I in new overalls, standing on the sidewalk. One about the same period showing the first airplane that ever came to Hamilton. After that . . . there was a gap in here somewhere because this would be about 1914. Well, maybe there isn't. Anyway, my father came to back to Missoula and went to work for the Forest Service as a draftsman. He took an engineering course from ICS: International Correspondence School. He eventually became a road location engineer. At the time he retired, he was assistant regional engineer in charge of roads for Region One of the Forest Service.

MM: Now what's Region One?
RC: Region One? I think there are nine regions in the US. Region One takes in Montana, Idaho, and I think some of Eastern Washington. Let's see. It's a tough one because its fire country. Also, it's logging country and mining country. He couldn't go beyond assistant regional engineer because he had no college degree. The regional engineer was a man of ability, but whether he had more ability than my father, I don't know. Or course, he did have knowledge that you got in college that my father never learned. But my father was a man of great capabilities. I know along in the '30s, the regional forester in Missoula was Major Kelly - Evan Kelly from the army and the Forest Service. He once said, he told my father, that when he left Missoula there were only three men in the regional office whom he could rely to sign his name to a memorandum without him checking it. One of them was my father. He was man of great common sense.

(knocking)

MM: Was that somebody at the door?

(pause)

RC: I don't know. We lived in Missoula. The first house I can remember was on Blaine Street. The landlord was named Maloney. I remember we raised chickens there because I used to have to kill mice and feed chickens. We used to have a sack of wheat in the shed. That always had a hole in it. The mice were always out there after it. I can also remember distinctly going to dinner one night, supper, and just outside the kitchen window was an apple tree. I can remember that my mother told my father something and my father told me to go out and get a branch, a switch, off that tree, which I had to do. That was to be used on me - what for I have no idea. I doubt that it was used. He was a very lenient man, but he always impressed you.

We moved from there to Ford Street, next door to old Doc Peak who came from Thompson Falls. He married. Doc Peak he was rather elderly man then, but he had a much younger wife. Some farm girl he married then, very nice person. She had a brother who used to come and spend some of his summer vacation there. He'd sit on hot summer afternoons and play the banjo and Peak's dog would sit there and howl. I have a lot of memories of that. The kids around there Charlie Beole (?), and Ruth Miller, and Joy Boyer...(mumbles).

MM: Did your father have to go on the road a lot for that job? Was he away?

RC: He used to have to go out into road location camp a great deal and spend, oh say, six weeks or more, almost the whole summer, in out in camp working on location for Forest Service roads. These were fairly important roads. In those days, they were all located by transit work. They were not what we located later called truck trails. One of the jobs he was on, and I think he located part or all of it, is the road over the Skalkaho, on this side of Hamilton. He worked on that. I know he was there on construction on it, too. He worked on construction, too, in a supervising capacity. He was gone practically all summer. I can remember, it seems to me it was when we were on Blaine street, I can remember a Christmas tree. or maybe it wasn't
there. I don’t know. Undoubtedly, my father went out and got it somewhere. A nice fir tree. I can remember, it was partly decorated, I don’t think. I doubt that there were any cranberry strings. If we had money enough to buy cranberries, I don’t think we’d put them on the Christmas tree. It was decorated with \textit{popkins...} popcorn string because I could remember working on those myself.

MM: Let me flip this over.

(End Side A, Begin Side B)

MM: OK

RC: I can remember this Christmas tree. There were some ornaments on it that I don’t know where they came from. I think they were probably the first that my parents bought. Their little wax angels and stuff like that with colored paper wings and such stuff as that. They were sort of heirlooms in the family, until they finally just went to pieces. There was also lighted with candles. The candles, they went into...there were little clips, metal clips, that fastened on the branch and each one held on a candle. These were the common wax paraffin candles, twisted rope style candles about four inches, five inches high. Those \textit{were} my father put those on all himself very carefully. I can remember that - I think it was Christmas night - we brought in the wash and bucket and filled the washtub with water. My father lighted all the candles. We stood around and enjoyed the candles, turned out all the lights, until they burned down as far as it was safe.

MM: I always wanted to see a tree with candles. It must have been beautiful.

RC: Yeah, I can remember the first lights, electric lights. When my father was a kid, (clears throat) I don't think there were any fir trees or anything of that sort around. My recollection is that they used to go down and get a good willow from the creek, the bottomland. Bring that in, set it up, and decorate it with whatever they had: tinfoil and I suppose color paper, and probably pictures they cut out of magazines, if they had any magazines besides church magazines. I know it was somewhat of an event for him if he had an orange in his stocking for Christmas.

MM: Was it a problem when your mother and father married because she was Roman Catholic?

RC: No, my mother never went back to the Roman Church. She used to tell...she had never had any real contact with the protestant churches. Here she married the son of a Methodist preacher, an all hellfire and brimstone preacher. She told...they went back to Iowa the first year sometime when they could raise the money, I guess, and visited there. She went to church with my father in my grandfather's church. She told about...this was strange for her because she was used to the Latin mass. He was up there preaching and really giving them hell. Right in the middle of it, he made a good point and somebody in the back said "amen!" She said she almost jumped too. She had never heard anything like this.
MM: I can imagine.

RC: Oh Jesus. No she... we never really belonged to any church in Missoula. Technically, I guess, we were Methodists for a while, but we lived way out on the Southside and the Methodist church was clear across town. We had no car. Very rarely that anybody else could get us there. I remember going to that Methodist Church. I remember going to the Presbyterian Church. When I was in University, I can remember going with my mother to the university congregational church where they had a lot of good spirit, but they had a radical minister for those days. Nowadays, we wouldn’t think he was anything unusual, but in those days it was whispered that he was probably a communist because he was full of social ideas. I don't know when we ever joined it or not. I went to off and on went to other churches in other cities. Not consistently to any. Until I got married and my wife made an Episcopalian out of me. I had no reason to regret. Oh, let's see where was I?

MM: We were at the Christmas tree.

RC: Yeah. We had no car. Our first car... after the end of the war came. I can remember a couple of my friends who lived down the street a block or two from me were the Spaulding boys whose father was a captain in the artillery or something in France. We were quite astonished at them. They were right up to date on war. I didn't know about the war. We had a war garden, of course. Everybody had a war garden. I know down the street in the next block on the corner across the street was a big house and in that house was Johnny O'Neil, who was an old country Irishman. I can remember it must have been probably about 1918, he asked my father, "Are you going to have a war garden Mr. Calkins?" (Laughing)

He was a character. He was to go on periodical drunks. He'd come home in the middle of the night and run all of his family out of the house and they'd have to sleep in the chicken house. Oh and he was... but he was a very good man. Of course, the Irish... the old country Irish thought nothing of that really. They came from a culture where... that had grown up through oppression. The only thing you could do was to get drunk. Johnny O'Neil moved up to the Blackfoot later and farmed there. I remember my father telling about going to the county fair in Missoula and he ran into Johnny out there. Johnny said "I've just come down to look at the Cayuses." He wasn't really interested in anything but the horses.

MM: Ok.

RC: I remember, too, my father said when he was kid, one form of amusement was he and his brother, I suppose Herb, used to go down and cut willow switches. They'd stand and switch each other and see who would switch each other first.

MM: Oh my god. What a game.

8

Raymond Calkins Interview, OH 98-03,04,05,06, Archives & Special Collections, Maureen and Mike Mansfield Library, The University of Montana - Missoula
RC: What else would you do on the farm? He did say they had an old rifle or musket there, I suppose cap and ball. He said they played with that till they finally wrecked it and it got thrown away.

My father must have jumped off of something in the barnyard and landed with one barefoot on a pitch fork, drove the tine clear through his foot, I don't know. There out on the farm, in the manure and everything on the yard there. His father put a chew of tobacco on it and bound it up. That’s all the treatment he got and had no trouble. I don't know if the medical sciences recognize that treatment or not. Anyway, I went to the Roosevelt school and that is still standing in Missoula. It seems to be an administration building now. I was by there a year or two back.

MM: That's on the Southside? I think I saw that there, yeah.

RC: Yeah, big old brick and granite, I guess it is. I can't remember too much. I remember a few kids I went to school with there. I can remember. Jimmy Stockton, I think it was, who was kind of a hair them scare them type. This was when glue first came out in the bottles with the little string cap and the spreader. I can remember sitting in music class and watching him carefully glue all of the pages of his music book with that new glue.

MM: Did they have real strict discipline in school in those days?

RC: I don't think it was anything too strict. I can remember having to stand in the corner once. I can't remember anybody ever being licked. Of course, we started out with they had two first grades. Or maybe it was first and second taught by the Misses' Willard, who were two old maids who were about the first teachers in Missoula. Very gentle with the kids. The kids loved them. We got along fine. I can remember I. as far as the first day of school in the first grade in Ms. Willard's class, Frank Borg, whose father ran the Borg Jewelry, counted up to one hundred for us. I didn't know that there were that many numbers. It's funny how things like that will stay with you.

The other grades are a complete blank. This is in wartime. They had the grades split and I was in one of the four grades. They four A and four B and we were off in a little building half a block from the school. I think it belonged to a church. Our teacher was Ms. Utley, who was not a very good looking woman, but I thought she was wonderful. I went from there. I think I went to the fifth grade in the middle of the year and was threatened with being put back in the fourth because I wasn’t that sharp, but I wasn't. Anyway, I got through. There I went to high school and eventually graduated, never with honors. I went to the University and graduated in Forestry eventually. I used to ride a bicycle to the University in those days.

Our first car came after the war. The army had a bunch of surplus Model T Fords and the Forest Service got some. One of these was assigned to my father for official use. At that time, if you wanted to take them home you could. So that was the first car that we ever had. I had ridden earlier in Collar's car, which I don't think was a Model T. I think it was a bigger car. Anyway,
that. bringing the car home. those were Model Ts and they were painted olive drab, too. I can remember that. That came to an end when some young bucks from the office went out to party one night with one of them and wrecked it. So that ended that. Thereafter, they were official use only. But in a year or two, I think, we got a Model T. I know my father even had ruckstell gear put in it. What a ruckstell gear is I don't know, except he had a stick shift for it and it gave you a higher high and a lower low. (Laughs)

MM: Did you learn how to drive it then?

RC: Yeah, I learned on a Model T, but I don't think I could drive one nowadays, I don't. It wouldn't take long to learn I know that. There were only three pedals on the floor that was it. The clutch and then brake and the. I don't know what you call it.

MM: The gas pedal?

RC: No, oh no that was on. that was on. you had two levers on the steering column: the spark and the gas. As I recall now, you shoved in the left hand pedal, which was kind of a clutch I guess. Then, you shoved in the right pedal. Then, you let the left one off and away you went something like that. I know they had, what I think they call it, planetary transmission. But how it works, I don't know. The Fords were a remarkable thing. You could...they could break down and be repaired out in the woods with bailing wire and all kinds of stuff like that. One of their defects was that they wouldn't go up steep hills because the gas wouldn't feed. So when we came to Camel's Hump, out west of Missoula out towards the state line there, you had to turn around and back up the hill in order for the gas to feed to the engine. They were great machines. I can remember the when the first balloon tires came out. This is a little after the Model Ts. I suppose by that time we had a Model A. The first balloon tires came out. I can remember Elmer Collar said they would never work because they had their side walls were too thin and they would wear off in the ruts. There were very few...the only paved streets I can remember in Missoula ... at the south end of Higgins Avenue bridge, I can remember watching them repair the wood block paving.

(Telephone ringing, tape forwards)

RC: I can remember once being up...I think we were up at the Blackfoot with Collars (laughs). We'd probably gone up for a picnic during an afternoon drive or something. We were coming back to Missoula and it was dark or dusk. Along came this car coming the other way. I can remember Elmer Collar leaning out the car window out as they passed and yelling, "Ain't ya got no dimmers?" Oh Elmer, he was short tempered man; took a big beating in the 1929 stock market. He had his job, of course, and I don't suppose he lost everything he had, but he was buying Anaconda stock at about two hundred at the height of the boom. I can remember Anaconda's stock when it was quoted at about three or four, which was the time to buy it, of course, but who had any money then?
MM: When did you graduate from college?

RC: I graduated in '31 and took the junior forester exam. I got a passing grade, but not very high. There were not very many opportunities so I worked in Idaho summers and part of the winters. I can remember working... I can remember living in the office, Forest Service office, in Pierce it must have been, which was a little frame building. I can remember looking at the thermometer in the morning when I went to go eat at a boarding house and it was twenty five below. It had been just about twenty five below in the room where I was sleeping. I don't know what I was doing in there.

MM: What kind of clothes would you have to wear in that kind of weather? Could you keep warm in them?

RC: I can't remember. In the... when I was worked in the Forest Service, I'd buy a pair of waist overalls when I went up in the summer. Probably throw them away when I came home in the fall. Buy a pair of boots and they might or might not last all summer.

MM: Was it a big adjustment to go away from Missoula for the first time?

RC: Probably, and fairly. When I was... I worked... during going to school, I worked one summer in Salak nursery, which is out west of Missoula about forty five miles, I think. More than that; it was out towards the Idaho line. Growing trees and all we were doing was weeding. I think I got something like 67 cents an hour. They paid my board, too. I think we worked six days then, or five and half at least.

I worked off and on during one summer for the Bureau of Public Roads on survey parties. I worked on the Blackfeet Forest, west of Glacier Park a couple summers. I worked over in Idaho. I worked... I worked into road work. I worked for Bill Nieland, who was a protégé of my father really. He was in charge of the building of the Forest Service road up Rock Creek when he twenty one years old, I think. I worked... I went over this one summer to Idaho... myself and working for Dick Hillary who was an engineer from the Missoula Roads Office. We were running an experimental thing in which we were using different methods of clearing stumps; blasting or pulling them up cable and all that kind of stuff.

About the middle of the summer, I got laid off because they had a stink in congress over nepotism. Here I was working in roads. My father was assistant regional engineer in roads. I wasn't working for him. He didn't have anything to do with my job, but I was laid off. In my place, the supervisor supplied a man who was a husband of his chief's son stenographer (laughs) who didn't know much about engineering. It was funny. Then I went... I stayed right where I was and worked for Bill Nieland who was running the construction camp. I was just a handyman, just make work.
I worked for the Powder Monkey... I remember we had a lot of stumps on that job. There was really heavy timber. There was a trail wound in and out of the road clearing. I was working for the Powder Monkey this one day and we worked all day. He was loading... he would dig a hole under a stump and put a few sticks of powder in there and the fuse and the cap and all that stuff; tamp it down. There were a lot of stumps. Anyway, a long towards the later part of the afternoon, he told me to go back and get a box of powder. I took a knapsack, which we carried the powder in. I went back, got a box of powder, opened it, dumped it in the knapsack, and started back. I followed the trail. It went off outside of the road location. I came back into the road location along in the middle of this stretch we’d been working in. About the time I got down right in among the stumps there I heard the powder monkey up ahead yell, "Fire." I looked around and here was a little kernel of smoke under each stump.

MM: Oh my God.

RC: I started out and the stumps started going off behind me at the other end of the stretch there. There was no danger really. I just dumped the powder behind the tree and went on farther down myself; stayed out of the way. But it was interesting. I don't know all I did. I finally went to work... I was (unintelligible) it wasn't an ER really. I think it was an NRA or an NIRA job in the Missoula office. In the Roads office. Nobody was worrying about nepotism then.

I was working there mostly on mapping road rights of way where it was on private land. I worked for W.P. Stevenson who was an old timer. He was an old army sergeant from World War I; nice guy. If I remember... the notes we’d get were rather erratic sometimes. They were just taken with a staff, compass, and a tape. I would go to them with a problem that here this thing didn't look good at all; it wasn't shaping up right. He'd say, "Oh that's just some more of those agnostic notes that so and so sent him." Stevenson took a meeting in the Florida land boom, but it was money he never had. He had some ground down in Florida. I think he inherited it. They had the land boom in Florida in the '20s, I guess. Here these speculators started calling him up here up in Missoula, offering him these great big sums for this property. He kept holding out for a little more. He held out too long and the boom went bang and nobody wanted it anymore. In the end, it probably turned out quite good, but not in Steve's time.

MM: Did you like working better in the office or out in the woods?

RC: I liked to be out in the woods better. In the office, you were tied down. You had to. I was on rather monotonous work: mapping; drawing maps. You could be out in the woods and all kinds of things would happen out in the woods. I was out... I went out on truck trail location for a few years. A few summers. That was. I went out under Hillary one year. Dick Hillary was a... he was a good friend of my fathers, an engineer in the roads office, and a Virginian. He was an interesting person to work for. I worked for him on this experimental work on the Clearwater, I guess. I don't know what forestry road... yeah, Clearwater. I know he went to town...
around Fourth of July and didn't show up for three or four days. He was inclined to do a little partying. He had a fine tenor voice. Loved to get about half drunk and sing.

MM: Was it during this period that you met all these Finns and Swedes that you told me about?

MM: No, this was strictly road work with the Forest Service. I've had to go back and dig out where I was at any particular time. I worked on the Clearwater. I worked on the Coeur D'Alene. God, I can't remember all of this. Anyway, I got an NRA appointment as a road locater, I guess it was, in the Missoula office. That was one of the Depression programs. I was getting twenty six hundred a year and living at home. I didn't even know what girls were for yet. I'm slow. I worked at that for several years.

MM: Oh, let me turn this over. Let me get another.

(End side B, End of OH98-03)

(Begin side A, OH98-04)

Mary Murphy: Ok.

Raymond Calkins: I worked at that for several years and then I was offered transfer to, I think it was, the Bridger National forest. Or I was offered a transfer to the regional office in Ogden, Utah where would be Region Four - as junior forester, which was my civil service rating...dating from 1931, at the regular junior forester's salary of two thousand a year, which was a cut of six hundred a year, but I had no dependents. So I took it, to get a civil service...a regular civil service job. I went down there.

I was sent then that first year to the Peyote at Caspian, Idaho where they were just reopening that timber sale on pine. I know Sam Swartz took me up there. God, he was older than the hills then. He was in charge of timber sales for Region Four, anyway. I can remember, when I was a kid, Sam Swartz lived across the street from us when we lived on Ford Street. He had a couple of daughters as I recall or at least one. My father had what you would call kind of a Model T pickup. He had a big box built along the back for equipment and had a spotlight built on it and all this stuff. He happened to be home. This was in mid-summer. I remember, after dark, turning that spotlight on Sam Swartz's porch where his daughter or whoever it was sitting out there with a boy toy, until he finally got caught. Sam Swartz was old when I knew him, about 1936 in Ogden, Utah. A nice old gentleman, he retired later and moved to some place in Wyoming. I don't think he died until around the early '40s. He was old. An old Dutchmen from Pennsylvania. He was a...this was where the last of the old timers was going out.

MM: Were they still using horses in the woods?

RC: A lot. Most of them were using horses. Tractors were just coming in in the late '30s where I was. Of course, that was. Idaho and Wyoming was mostly rough ground. They used. Percy
Rutledge's job, they had one tractor with a bulldozer blade on it. It probably wasn't over thirty five or forty horse power. They built truck roads in back and seldom skidded. But anyway, I went up with Sam Swartz. He took me up to cascade; got me located on this timber sale. Took me out and taught me how to scale logs in one short lesson and gave me a book on it. He came back in the middle of the summer and he ran a check scale. They were supposed to do that. He would take...I had...every log was stamped US on the end and was numbered. It was all down in the book: the length of the log and the net board feet in it, Scribner decimal scale rule, and the amount of defect if any.

MM: Is that what scaling was?

RC: Yeah, it was measuring board foot contents. According to the Scribner decimal c ... it's not a particularly good thing. Actually, they should be using cubic feet, but as far as I know it's not in use in this country. But I'm out of touch. Anyway, I know Sam Swartz came out and he scaled bunch of logs on a deck, a rollaway or whatever it was, and he wrote down all the scale. Then he took my book and compared. He said, "Let's double check." So we went up and located the logs. Here it was . I think it was a Douglas fir log with a shaky ring in it, which is a circular ring in the log which is separate. The wood is separated; we got pitch in it. It's also called wind shake. It may be all the way around or it may be a semicircle or something. He said, "How did you scale that?" So I told him. He said, "That's not right." I said, "That's what the book says to do." "Well, the books wrong." He wrote the book (laughing).

There is a book. In fact, I might even have a copy here on log scaling. It goes back to probably the '20s. How to scale logs. It was the outcome of a big legal battle between the Forest Service and one of the timber companies over in Idaho. The upshot of this legal battle was that Sam Swartz and the scaler from the lumber company went out and scaled a huge bunch of logs together and agreed on how to scale them and what the scale was. That was the basis for settling the whole legal battle. The scaler was Skip Knouf. K-N-O-U-F or something like that. He was the scaler for, I think it was, Boise Peyat Lumber Company. Skip - Sam didn't really like Skip very well from what he told me and he never told me much. Skip was run down on the street by a car in Le Grand, Oregon back in the '30s. Some such thing. Killed. They had a big battle and that was quite a thing in those days.

Anyway, I satisfied Sam. Even if I wasn't scaling them right, I was following the book. It's a funny thing, too. The following year, there were three of us on that job. Myself, I was in charge of it. And I think . Leeland Carlson, who was under me. I kept him busy marking timber mostly. He was a Mormon from Utah. Nice guy. Then, we had kind of an apprentice, Leroy somebody or other. He came from Emporia, Kansas because he knew the judge who read the whatever you call it at the funeral of William Allen White's daughter, who was killed riding horseback in Emporia. William Allen White was the editor of the Emporia Gazette. He was a power in the Republican Party, nationally. You'll still find in old books ... you'll find that tribute that William Allen White wrote about his daughter. This police judge who Leroy knew .
MM: Had read it?

RC: No, he didn't read it. He conducted the service. He was also a minister of some sort. Anyway, Leroy - I turned him over to Carlson to teach him how to scale. After a few days of that, he still didn't know how to scale. So I took him out on the job. We went down country about, I don't know, thirty/forty miles to another job where I had to do some scaling. I took him along and taught him to scale in one afternoon. After that, he was fine. He had check scales run on him by regional office men and never any problem. Of course, there's no problem in the scaling anyway if you can read. You can always come within five percent of what the checks going to guess. That's not serious. No problem.

MM: Did the service always provide housing for you when you were out in the woods?

RC: Yeah, 14 x 16 tent with a wooden floor and wooden sides. I've been in that one in the morning. You'd get up and then there would be ice on the sourdough jug. You didn't get good hotcakes really then.

MM: Did you have to do your own cooking?

RC: Oh yeah. There were only the three of us in the camp that one. The first summer, I was alone because we were working on the lower end. They were just starting out and the timber had been marked before the sale closed down. I had to go through and check a lot of it. I had help, but it was mostly by Fred Mason of the regional office who had formerly been employed with one of the lumber companies. Pauli's in Missoula. They had shut down or something; still in the Depression. He came down to R-4 (Region Four) and went to work in the timber management office. He was out there most of that summer with me. But he was. he did some work too and helped me out, but mostly he was just going over the sale, inspecting it and stuff of that sort. He had a tent of his own about . it must have been at least thirty feet from mine. Oh God, that guy snored. He could keep me awake at night. It was just like a thunderstorm coming up.

MM: When you scaled the lumber, was this after it was already cut or did you.

RC: These were the logs.

MM: The logs, ok.

RC: They were not scaled as they lay. They were cut, limbed up, sawed into lengths, and then they were skidded into sometimes we'd call them decks, where the logs would be stacked up on the hillside several layers high. In fact, sometimes higher than that and blocked up somehow at the bottom to keep them from rolling onto the road. Other times, we just called it a rollway. They were probably one log deep and just laid it on the hillside there. That's where you scaled them, unless you got caught in the bind and had to scale them on the track. That was a little of a bind alright because then you had all these log ends looking at you and didn't know which as the top and which was butt cut. Of course, you have to scale from the top. That's the small end.
Theoretically, anything outside that is waste, but you measure the length. You have a scale rule, which is a four foot stick with an iron cross piece on the end. It's marked every inch, but instead of showing inches well, it shows inches on one edge, but the two sides, the two wide sides, are lined off in scales according to length there. It shows the board footage instead of inches. You just find the small end of the log and you measure the long...they're never round really. You measure the long diameter and the short diameter and average them. If it's got a defect in it, if it's rotten or split or something like that, then you have to make a deduction for that.

MM: The men who had cut the logs would already have moved on by the time they did that?

RC: Yes. They got paid according to scale, but they were paid by the head sawyer who came through and measured, usually, right as they lay in the woods. I don't know how much they sawed in the day. I don’t remember what they got for a thousand. I think probably they cut ten thousand feet a day - board feet.

We found all kinds of things. We found, I can remember, a team of basks (?). What they were doing in the woods, I don't know, but they were basks (?). They could beat anyone else at sawing. I can remember other cases where a guy would be sawing all by himself with a sweet saw. That is, he would have a crowbar. He’d drive it into the ground and he’d tie one end of the saw to it with a piece of inner tube, pull on that, and cut the darn tree down all by himself. That was usually just an emergency where his partner was all sick and he didn't want to take a new partner. It was certainly not recommended for production. I can remember Percy hired a guy off the relief rolls in Cascade. He came out and he had two or three kids with him, half-grown kids, and he was not a good sawyer. He was kind of fat and he was having his kids pull on one end of the saw. He was in some pretty good size timber and you could always tell where he was because you could hear him wedging.

MM: What's that?

RC: The tree wouldn't go the way he wanted it to and he’d start driving steel wedges into the cut with a hammer, a single jack. Drive these wedges trying to get . . . tip the tree over the way he wanted it. Then he would run out of wedges. He would get them driven into the hilt, but the tree still wouldn't go. Then the saw would get stuck. It's pitchy wood. If you didn't get your saw out now and then and put some turpentine on it the darn thing would stick. Here would come one of these kids: "Can I borrow a couple of wedges?"

MM: A good sawyer could make the tree fall whatever way he wanted by.

RC: They say you can fall a tree three ways: you can fall the way it leans; you can fall it ninety degrees either side. That's about right unless a tree has got something wrong with it. If it's got a rotten butt, as soon as you stick the saw in it, it may split off. If it's a good sound tree and it hasn't got much lean in it, you can fall it most anywhere. You could even tip it over with wedges against the lean, if it isn't too much of a lean.
My father was great story teller. I never knew some of his stories, whether they were true or not. He said he was in a camp once up in Big Timber country. I think it was probably Tamarack or something. He said they set up this camp the only place they could. He said there was a great big old snag: a dead tree that leaned over the camp. I don't imagine it had too much lean. He didn't like it. He went to one of the old time men on the crew and asked him if he could fall that tree without hitting a tent. The guy said, "Yeah." He a made a big ... a rather good size undercut in the ... Then he took an axe and he cut a channel. It ran kind of spiraling along this undercut: started clear back in the undercut and ran out somewhere. When he got that, he went down to the creek and he hunted till he got a round circle rock. He took that, put it in that channel, and jammed it into the undercut. Then, he took and cut off the tree, made the uppercut with the saw. When the tree started to take weight, it tipped a little and he said that he was holding one corner. You don't cut . the undercut runs straight across the tree while you and hold a corner and swing the tree. You don't cut off one corner as much the other. He was holding one corner; the tree took weight, and started to tip. This rock started to roll down this channel and the tree just swung right around and fell the other way.

MM: Oh God.

RC: Now, I don't whether that's true or not. He was, my father, was a good story teller, much better than I.

MM: You must have got to know most of the jobs in the woods, then, just by . ?

RC: In that stuff, yeah, but I never had anything to do with it. With the horses, I stayed away from them. We had some beautiful horses. We had a team of dapple greys; came out from town. They ran right around two hundred pounds apiece, which was heavy for skidding logs. They had been using them in the yard at the mill in Cascade; hauling green lumber out to the stacks and hauling dry lumber back to the railroad cars or to the planer. The darn horses got in the habit of running away because they would go sailing through the yard and have to make a turn and hit a stack of lumber with the wagon and away would go all the lumber all over the place. So they sent them out in the woods to skid logs. They couldn't run away there. They were beautiful horses, really: right around 2,000 pounds, 1,950.

I don't know how many teams Percy worked. The loading machine was a converted drag line. It had a boom. It was not a big machine. The best Percy could afford probably. It had the boom and the big cable drum on it. The line came over the ship on the end of the boom. Then you had a crash line there with two . At that time, they were using pig foot hooks. Two hooks like that, with just two points just like a pig foot. About the next year, they switched to bell hooks, which had a round bell; in the middle of that, there was a spike that ran through it. The spike, you could replace that. The pig foot hooks would pull out, but the bell hooks seldom did.

MM: Would the company put the cutting out on contract? Is that what Percy got contracted to do...
RC: Everything ... well not everything was contracted, but the lumber company ran the mill. That was their own part of it. They gave Percy Rutledge a contract and he was called the "jippo" (?). Anybody who contracts, subcontracts, is a jippo. Percy was a jippo. He had a contract to log this. Then Cy Perkins had a contact to haul. The sawyers that sawed the logs were paid by the thousand. They were "jippos." Everybody was paid by the thousand except me. Shut her down a minute, please.

MM: Ok, sure.

RC: Where was I?

MM: You were...

RC: I was logging.

MM: Yes.

RC: There's no end of stories about logging. It's just like they always said: lumberjacks went to town Saturday night; they did all their logging in ill fame, and did all their affairs with woman out in the woods. (laughing) In other words, that's where they talked about ... Our cat skinner on Percy's job was a boy, a young fellow, just out of the CC [Civilian Conservation Corps] camps, Billy Burchfield. He wasn't a bad kid; a little wild. He had a kid swamping for him, another CC graduate. He was setting cable and stuff like that. They went off to Twin Falls or somewhere over a weekend and Percy got a telegram or a phone call. Would he please bail him out? Which he did. But it seems they went ... they got down there and they bought two bottles of whiskey. So they opened one bottle and started drinking. They got drunk driving the car. They got into some kind of an accident or something. Here came the highway patrol and Billy said, "Get rid of that bottle of whiskey," meaning the open one. Well, the other kid was drunk and got rid of the unopened bottle and kept the open one. They threw them in jail.

The next year, I came up to Cascade in the spring. It was too early to go to work out in woods, but I came up there for something. I was eating lunch in the café and in came Billy Burchfield, drunk, and told me his troubles. He was supposed to get married that day to Florence Lappen, who was a buxom young girl, probably good looking, who'd been working in the kitchen out in the logging camp. Billy had been squiring her around town every weekend. He couldn't tie her down so now he had to get married. He was drunk and he said, "I'll get married tomorrow." And he did. They had a baby.

Poor Billy. I don't know if it was the next year or the year after that, he was clearing road with a bulldozer and there was a downed log there across. He pushed it. Sometimes they'll break. You can just push them out of the way; you don't have to stop and cut them or anything. He pushed it. The darn thing was pivoted and the other end of it came around and hit a dead snag and knocked that dead snag down. The snag came down and killed Billy, poor devil. Logging is dangerous.
work. There's lots of times out there I wished I was other places. I was pretty careful. I stayed out of dangerous situations when I could.

MM: Would the camps be pretty close into towns? If somebody got hurt, how long would it take them to get to help or something like that?

RC: I don't know where Billy was killed. For instance, on Percy's job the first year, if somebody had been injured in the woods, say a half an hour to get them down to the road in the valley and another half hour to get them to the hospital. I think there was a hospital in Cascade. At least there'd be a doctor. You take out in the woods there and on the tie sale and LaBarge Creek ... no, it was twenty miles down to LaBarge town, which was on the highway. From LaBarge, it was fifty miles to the hospital in Kemmerer. I don't think there was another hospital in Big Pine. He was just another twenty miles farther north. There was somebody who lost some fingers out there in the woods in the saw... in the saw mill accident. I wasn't around.

MM: Yeah, I guess the saw mills were really dangerous.

RC: Oh yeah. The thing is with these big circle saw and no protection.

MM: Were most of the loggers single men?

RC: Yes. Or, if they had a wife, she wasn't around. Some of them I know were separated. Some were single. But, the day of camps with married men who lived in town and travelled to the job by car was still in the future. It was approaching quickly. I don't know what it's like over there now. They're logging way back in the back woods out of Cascade now. I drove through there a few years ago, Cascade east across the mountains; they were way back there with their logging..

(End Side A; Begin Side B)

MM: ...yeah

RC: Originally, the camps were probably all single men. Nowadays, they've gotten down to where the majority of them are married; live in town. Of course, they ... even on Percy's job, they could do that. If they wanted to get up early enough and catch one of the trucks going out. But sometimes the trucks were a little unreliable.

MM: Would they have bunk houses in the camps or were.

RC: Yeah.

MM: Yeah.

RC: Yeah. I think they had several there at Percy's first camp or second I don't... I can't remember much about them. They weren't. I don't think they were built on the ground. I think
they were skidded in on skids. I can remember going down there on Fourth of July. I went down to breakfast. I was eating at the cook shack then. Afterwards, I went over to the bunk house or maybe there were two bunk houses. I only remember this one. There were probably ten men around there. Some of them had gone off over the holidays. We sat there and chewed the fat for a long time. We formed a kind of a circle, talking. On one side of the circle was a bottle of Old Croiker (?) I think; on the other side was a gallon jug of Greenbelt beer. They were proceeding slowly around the circle. I sat there until my head started going slowly around too. (Laughs) Then I pulled out and went back up to my own camp, which was a hundred yards up the country there, laid down, and went to sleep. I can remember that. About the time that wore off, along came the assistant supervisor and he was a puckish person. Him and I were always pecking about something. That fall, I think it was, there were the three of us in camp: Carlson and Leroy and myself. It was rainy and dreary so we decided to grow mustaches. So we did. I have never shaved mine since.

MM: Wow.

RC: It didn't look very ornamental. Leroy and Carlson gave up and shaved theirs off. Along came the assistant supervisor, Van Meer (?), who had graduated from Montana School of Forestry about 1926. Ahead of me. He looked at me and said, "You have to shave that off." I said, "Why?" He says, "Regulations." I said, "Where does it say that in the regulations?" "Well, it says you have to be clean-shaven." I said, "It doesn't say that. It says you have to be clean appearance." "Well, that's what it means. You can't have a mustache. You can't grow that thing," I said, "Well, what about Guy Mains?" Guy was the supervisor of the Boise Forest in the same building with the Payette supervisor in Boise. Guy had a goatee, quite a classy looking goatee. Van said, "The king can do no wrong." I said, "Where does it say that in the regulations? You show me where it says that in the regulations and I'll shave this off."

That's the last I ever heard of it. That's one reason that I was laid off was things like that. I was not an apple polisher. I was not deliberately antagonistic, but I was not diplomatic or tactful. I was advised to resign on Wyoming. That's when things were getting tight before I did get laid off. The reason the assistant supervisor gave me was because I liked to read. I had quite a few a books. I would fall in the literary guild (?) or something. He said, "When you're in the Forest Service, you don't have time for that." Of course, he probably never read any books either, including the regulations. I never could understand why they made him assistant supervisor.

MM: When were you laid off?

RC: In the summer of '40, along about July. I was on the south fork of the Salmon. I came in and I was told, at the time, if I wanted to scale for Hellick and Howard I could do that so I did. Rented a house in town and drove fifty miles a day to and from the job scaling logs in the woods. That wasn't too bad. It was tiresome driving. I was there till around Thanksgiving when the snow started piling up. I knew we weren't going to run too much longer, so I quit. Came to Missoula;
started writing letters of applications and nobody wanted a junior forester. I was laid off without prejudice. In other words, I could apply for reappointment and could be given that when there was a vacancy. Basically the reason, there were three of us laid off in Region Four and it was because, or at least they told us, in the rearmament, they had cut the appropriations and the Forest Service just had to cut down. So they laid off the three of us who were the least popular, I think.

Along in December, I was told...a friend of my father's said...write...if you're a draftsman, write over to the Anaconda Company. So I wrote. I don't know who I wrote to. I got a telegram right back from William O'Kelly who was chief mining engineer; offered me a job at one hundred and eighty a month. I drove right over and told him I'd take it before he got a chance to change his mind.

MM: Where did you pick up drafting? Had you been...?

RC: I had training in forestry school and then some experience on the job, various work in different offices. In fact, I worked one winter in Ogden and they would have kept me there as a draftsman if they had the money. But they didn't have their money either.

MM: When you were working for the forest service, what would you do in the winter time? You couldn't go out and scale logs then could you?

RC: No, I was in...I went down to...well I put, I think, two winters in Boise and I don't know what I did; whatever they needed to have done. Maybe some drafting and maybe compiling some information I don't know.

MM: Did they do logging in the winter time at all or were all those men laid off too?

RC: No, you couldn't do much in the winter. You could log up until ... on the truck job, you go to where the trucks couldn't make the hills because they iced up and all that stuff. Now in the old days, when you used teams and sleds that was fine because you could always slide it down off the hills, if you had any kind of a break. But not with trucks. They couldn't get up into the woods to get the logs. Then you would shut down until the snow got pretty well off in the spring and the roads got to where they were firm enough to hold up under trucks. Then you could start in again.

MM: I wonder what all those men did during the winter time.

RC: I don't know.

MM: Do you think they made enough money to be able to save it to live through the winter?

RC: I doubt that some of them did. That is, I don't think they saved enough. I don't know. That hadn't occurred to me. At least, I knew at the time I'm sure, but I don't know now. I think they'd hold up. That reminds me of...there was an old guy. I saw him once or twice, I think. He was up on the Coeur D'Alene Forest. Davey...I don't know it was some kind of a Scotch name. He was...
a forest guard or something like that. I know they used to tell a lot stories about him. He was supposed to have been born in Scotland, graduated from medical school, came over to Canada, started as a doctor, then went native and married an Indian, and then just started wandering. Here he was getting along in years and he was forest guard on the Coeur D'Alene Forest. Fall came along and somebody said, "Well, what are you going to do now Davey?" "Well, I think I'll go down to Spokane and spawn." (Laughs)

They had another one of these forests. I don't know if was the Coeur D'Alene or what it was. They had a guy; he wasn't important enough to be a guard even. He was a small, slow, not very bright person. But they kept him on as a handyman around the ranger district office or something like that just to do odd jobs. They said this one fall they were. everybody had been laid off or was being laid off and they were cleaning out everything that had to be shipped out to the supervisor's office or the forest warehouse or something like that. They said they fixed up this one big truckload of stuff going out. They gave the.. ..they put this guy on the truck; gave t he driver this way bill or whatever it was that showed everything that was on the shipment. They got into the warehouse, unloaded the truck, and checked off everything as they came to it. They got down to the last line. Everything was off the truck including this character. The last line said "one buck piss-ant in prime condition." (Laughs) He was known as "buck piss-ant" after that.

MM: God, it sounds like they were a bunch of characters.

RC: There were a lot of characters, yeah. They had a guard on the Coue d'Alene at the Honeysuckle Ranger Station, which was the guard station then. He was German from the old country, as I recall. He, this is before the war, and he had all these inflated ideas about the German superiority. He had a Doberman pincher; was his own dog. Of course, he had charge of the warehouse and everything. He had looked after all this property. This dog was going to be a one man dog and take care of things with him. Somebody got to the dog and that dog was the pet of the whole cock-eyed forest. Every time a car came in, the dog was there to greet everybody and to fawn on him and be petted. It used to drive this guy right up the wall (laughs). He wanted a dog that would stay by his side and growl at everybody (laughs).

MM: Were most of the loggers... like you said most of the sawyers were Swedish.

RC: In the tie camps, yes, in the other camps they were just every old thing.

MM: You always hear about how the Norwegians were loggers and the.

RC: Yeah I don't know how come they came to have mostly Swedes in the tie camps, but a lot of them were old country people. A great many. I remember one guy. I remember a pair of brothers who used to work two or three years in the woods and save all their money. Then they'd go back to the old country and live for a year or two until they got low on money. Then they'd come back over, go into tie camps, and take another whack at it. One of those guys, I don't know if it was one of those brothers, he had a pair...he came back with a pair of Swedish boots which
he was very proud of. He had a little accident one day. He chopped a hole in one boot and in his foot. They took the boot and here he had this cut over his toes and somebody said something about tough luck or something. He said, "I don't mind cutting my foot. That'll heal up, but the boots won't." (Laughs)

MM: God, incredible, incredible. Were there any old Wobblies left in the logging camps when you were around there?

RC: In Percy's outfit, there were these two that carried - or one of them carried - the red card or had. The other, I'm sure, did. I was never on the inside on any of that. I was Forest Service. I was an outsider, really. While I wasn't excluded, at the same time I didn't have the opportunity to be with these guys as much. In the tie camps, I know of no radicals. None at all. They had had no contact with labor movements in this country anyway because they were almost always old country people.

MM: Yeah. So you came here in 1940?

RC: (mumbles agreement).

MM: Were you married then?

RC: Oh yeah I got married in '39 ... no, '38. I married Irene Ethel Bartlett. I remember, before we were married, my folks were on a trip and they came through Kemmerer. I was at Kemmerer and they were going to meet her. I told them she's short. She was just five feet tall. She's fat; she weighed about 160, 165, somewhere in there. She's got a caste in one eye. She was injured and she was practically blind in one eye. She was pretty; and she was.

MM: Is that where you met her? In Kemmerer?

RC: Yeah. I met her on the street. I was introduced to her one day, I remember, on the corner by the post office. I could point the spot out within ten feet where I first saw. The next time I got to know her, I was staying at Mrs. Stafford's boarding house. We all went on a picnic and she came along because she was kind of the girlfriend of Eddy... I can't remember his last name now. She was kind of a girlfriend of Eddy's. She was welcome everywhere because everybody in town knew her and she was a lovely person. I remember we went out to Bear Lake, which is over on the Idaho-Wyoming line. We bought a newspaper at Bear Lake. That newspaper headline was John D. Rockefeller senior had died the day before or the night before. So I know that date. We had a nice picnic. I have a picture I took of her there. Then, I had no ideas about her. She wasn't my girl. She was Eddy's, if anyone's. Later on, three or four of us went to a dance. I didn't dance, but they got me in on this thing anyway. It was Eddy and Irene, me, one or two school teachers, and probably the Ford salesman that was boarding there. I don't know what happened, but I know I took her home anyway in Eddy's car. (Laughs)

MM: Sounds like a good deal.
RC: That was the beginning, but I didn't get married till the next spring. I got married on March 6 ...or is it April 6. The big Mormon holiday.

MM: Oh, I don't know.

RC: Pioneers Day or something. No...We came here in '40. She never complained. She was a fine person. In '41 about, we bought a house. We never did get it fixed up fancy; it was always pretty good.

MM: Was that down here on the flat or up on the hill?

RC: On the flat, yeah. My oldest son was born in '39. She always said we got married in May and he was born in April, some such thing. No we got married in April and he was born in May. (laughs) Anyway, she had a stillborn child, a girl, in '46. Following that, she had what seemed to be a stroke. She recovered from that and after that she had another one. It was finally diagnosed as multiple sclerosis. I've never known for sure. She told me the doctor told her she had fifteen years. Somebody else told me that the doctor told her she had seven years. She had the ailments piled up. She started to get rheumatoid arthritis. She had diverticulosis. She finally, she got a ruptured diverticulum. They were going to operate; then her heart went bad, which happens sometimes with MS or so they tell me. They couldn't operate. They couldn't save her. She died. (Pause) So I got married twice after that. Evidently I was spoiled. I was...I think I tried pretty hard to make a go of it, but it didn't work. I was still looking for her I guess.

MM: You had more children? Did you have more children?

RC: No, I just got two. Two is all I can stand. (laughs) The younger boy was born in '46. This stillborn child must have been about '44. Somewhere in there. '43, I don't know. He is teaching high school in Grants Pass, Oregon. He does... he's kind of screwball, but he seems to get along well with the kids. He's not a pushover by any means.

MM: How did you like Butte after living in the woods and those other...?

RC: Butte was fascinating. I knew nothing about mining. I came to Butte to see about this job and I go under these head frames. I thought that was fascinating. I always did think so. I've never been underground. The reason I was hired was on account of a big fire in the Anselmo Mine. They had to have a lot of drafting done. They had to have it done right now. I was hired and I was good enough. I was kept on and, eventually, became chief draftsman for Mining Engineering before they did away with Mining Engineering.

MM: When you drafted for the company what would you draw? Would it be...?

RC: I'll tell you now, for some years, well until the '46 strike, I was low man on the totem pole. The base maps for the underground areas ... they're by levels. The base maps of sills are on three by four sheets of cloth knotted double thickness paper. In those days, it was the finest paper
you could buy. It was handmade German paper. That went out with the war. We never did get paper of that quality again. Eventually, we changed to Mylar plastic sheets, which are not suitable, but they have their advantages too. These were on fifty scale; that is fifty feet to the inch.

Once a month, the mine engineer and his crew would plot up all their surveys of the past month on these fifty scale maps. Then he would turn in a list of places, by level and coordinate position. These were all by coordinates - North and East coordinates. During the war now, you take the Belmont for instance - that was a bugger because the Belmont is a narrow vein mine and they had a lot of places. They were not like some of the big veins where you might only have a few places on a level because they turned off the tonnage. The Belmont was narrow-veined so you might have twice as many places running on a level. The Belmont sometimes would be they’re listed advance for the month might be three or four pages with, maybe. I suppose somewhere between thirty and fifty places on a page.

The guy that was my superior, he pantographed those down hundred scale and two hundred scale on paper. That is one hundred feet to the inch and two hundred feet to the inch. He ate those up. Then put them back. no, then put the base maps back in the drawer and leave a stack of the others. Then turn the list over to me and I got the mine maps up there. I had to go through all the mine maps and trace all of these places over a light table. Eight hours a day on a light table. It took during the war. it took just about half of the month to catch up the months advance. The mining maps were on tracing cloth. They were usually dirty. It was slow going. It was a tough job.

MM: But you never had to... it didn't... you didn't feel the need to go underground to orient yourself to that work? You could...

RC; No, I knew it on the maps better than I would have underground. I was going underground one day. My brother in law from Anaconda and I were going underground with the tourists at the Leonard. We got there just too late. He had to come over from Anaconda. We got there just as they were putting them on the cage and they wouldn't let you even look out (?). So we turned around and left. I never did go underground. In '46 we had the strike. In our office we had, of course, one semi-retired man, Karl Howe, who was not well, and who died not long afterward. Or maybe he was dead after '46. I don’t remember. But there was the chief draftsman....

MM: Wait a minute.

(End Side B, End of OH98-04, Begin OH98-05)

Mary Murphy: Ok.

Raymond Calkins: In our office, there was the chief draftsman, George Holloway. Then there was Claude Yerkis. Then there was me. There was one or two others at various times, but that
was the general set up. The three of us did the most work. George didn't have to do any work with the monthly advance. That was Claude's and mine. Along comes the '46 strike. O'Kelly, the day... about the day before and he... I don't remember much about it. He said, "I want you to go up the original mine in the morning." That was all there was to it. Of course, Holloway didn't have to go because somebody had to be there in the office in case there was a fire or something; they had to have the maps right now. Claude said he couldn't go because his mother was sick and he had to look after her for a bit. The bit went into about four days and Claude saw the handwriting on the wall. He went in and quit. He wasn't going underground. I don't know why really. Anyway, last I heard of him, I think he was up in Kalispell selling beer. After the strike, I was in Claude's position. We hired another man to do what I had done. That's the way it went. Finally, Holloway retired and I took his job.

MM: Would they have fired you if you had refused to go into the yard at the Original?

RC: I'm confident that they would have. We had... Vick Foster, he quit because he wasn't going... he had... you see some of these were Butte men and they had union people in the family. They quit. He went over Richland, Washington, worked over... went to work to work there. He's still there as far as I know. Chick Murphy quit because his wife was a... came from one of the radical families: Negerbond (?). I remember Willy Negerbond. When I was in college, he was in college too. He was in Butte. Everybody knew Willy, but Willy didn't have anything to do with most people. They told him you take ROTC. He said, "You can take ROTC and shove it." He never took ROTC. He never took anything he didn't want to take.

MM: What was the reputation for Butte when you were living in Missoula?

RC: They were tough. I can remember a high school football game. The NP [Northern Pacific] Depot was clear on the north side of town. We had a rally at the high school on the south side of town. We had a snake dance that went all the way across Higgins Avenue Bridge and through what are two movie houses, here and there around town, and we wound up at the Depot. The talk was that when the Butte football team came in they were going to... everybody was going to retire. That is, the football players were going to retire over into the alley and fight it out right there. Nothing happened, of course, but that's what kids thought. I was probably a freshman at the time. We thought Butte was a tough town. It had that reputation.

MM: Did anybody give you any trouble during the 1946 strike?

RC: It's a funny thing, yes. I lived at 2401 Grand. When I came home, there was a rock through my front window, which was a four by eight plate glass window. I never knew who threw it. Now, some of the neighbors did. They knew. It was one of the neighbors because I was not on the union blacklist. The union didn't know my name, but somebody in the neighborhood did.

The strikes started on the 1st. I went to the Original in the morning. I don't remember... I took the bus I guess and carried a bucket. I went the Original, alright. Art Dubois was foreman. He
was a shift boss or something, but he was in charge of this little crew. There was probably five or six of us or so there, most of us from the offices. The Original was not an important mine, but they had to have somebody there. Art Dubois was in charge under Walter Russert. Walter Russert was a mine supe. Walter only showed up now and then.

Along came quitting time in the afternoon. There were no pickets out or anything. There had been nothing, nothing going on. We went down to the back end of the yard and there were some ladders there. We put the ladder up to the fence, which the employees had been doing for God knows how many years. We climbed over the fence, went over, dropped down onto the BAT tracks, walked through under the tunnel under Montana Street, then walked down Montana Street and caught the bus home.

That night, the high school burned, the old high school, where Girl’s Central is now. My wife and I left Fritz in the... sound asleep and we went up to fire. It was a bugger of a fire. There was ashes the next morning in the higher (?) yard. God, that thing burned. We went to the fire and we were there sometime and finally went home; went to bed. In the middle of the night, the doorbell rang - the back door. I went to the door, I switched the light on, and here was Art. I don’t remember what he asked me, but I didn’t know what he was talking about. He said, "Somebody called me and told me to get over here and get up to the mine right now." Well, maybe somebody... maybe even Russert did it I don’t... I said, "I don’t know a thing about it." Art went home and went to bed. I went to bed.

The next morning, the pickets were on the fence. They said, "I'll pick you up." They picked me up; hauled me up to the corner by the Warnen (?) Funeral Home, where the Montana Fire Garage... Broadway and Wyoming. I got... I parked the armored car there. There were a couple of us. I think Art too. We rode into the Original yard in the armored car and we were in there the rest of the strike.

MM: You never went home again till the end of the strike?

RC: No. Everything was fine. I’d call my wife up. "Oh everything's quiet.. nobody's bothering the kids or anything." Until they wrecked Anella’s (?) house. Now, Ruth Piper who was... Dave Piper was a mine engineer, and later chief mine engineer. She lived down the street a couple of blocks. After, they heard that Anella’s (?) house had been damaged; something had happened to it. She and Irene walked over there, which is only about a block and a half from our house. What they saw there shocked them. They came home and packed. Ruth went to Ennis where she’d been raised. Irene went to Missoula. Right now, gathered up Fritz and away they went.

She was downtown in Missoula there a day or so later. She went into... they had a PO newsstand too, I think it was. She went in there and bought a Butte paper. There was a travelling salesman or something in there talking to the clerk. He thought this thing was all exaggerated. They were just blowing up a minor item there just for publicity to make the union look bad or something.
My wife let him have it. She told him exactly what she had seen. He never had a word to say after that. Oh boy was she sore because that had scared her. It scared everybody.

MM: There never was. I mean I've looked this up in the paper and I've talked to people. It doesn't ever seem to clear it up who exactly was behind it.

RC: No. I imagine there are lots of people know. Probably, in different areas there are different people. I have always doubted that the union had anything to do with it, although I think probably some union radicals had a lot to do with it. I don't think the union officials ever decided it should be done. I think it was just some radicals. I don't think anybody will ever know who did it.

MM: When did they bring the gunmen that you were telling me about into like mine yard?

RC: That was about the second or third day, I think. I don't remember. Maybe it was earlier than that. We only had the one. They had a couple of good men on the armored car. They had one, this old time sheriff from Eastern Montana. He was equal to any of them. He'd get right out into the middle of the crowd. Of course, he'd have a nightstick or something behind his back. I don't know. I think they had gunman in each yard, but how many I don't know.

MM: Would they be Butte people or would they be...?

RC: No, I think they were strike breakers that were hired from, well, maybe even Pinkerton. I don't know. I don't know where this guy came from. I probably knew at the time. He may have told me. I think he was just a guy - a war veteran - who needed a job. He had gotten hooked up with this outfit and maybe he'd broken...been on strikes before, I don't know. He struck me as being kind of flighty for a gunman.

MM: And he had a shotgun.

RC: He had a shotgun and a forty-five Colt.

MM: It would have made me nervous being in there with him.

RC: Hmm?

MM: It would have made me nervous just being in there with him.

RC: Talking to him, you kind of got the impression that you'd rather stand in back of him then in front of him

MM: (Laughs) God.

RC: Most of the time, he kept out of the way and was pretty quiet. He didn't want any trouble.
MM: It sounds like people that were in your position in the office were in a really worse position than the miners because either way you went ... if you went.. .if you refused to go to work you'd be in trouble with the company. If you did go to work you'd be in trouble with the miners.

RC: Yeah, that's true. That was particularly bad with guys like Anella (?) who were mine engineers and they were known. They were on the blacklist. Shift bosses who worked during the strike, people of that sort. It was unfair. With me, it didn't matter particularly because I was not known and I was not on the blacklist. I never had to go on a strike again. The time the next strike came, they only used a few engineers. I think that was a crafts strike - an electricians strike. They never did have a big underground strike like that again when I had to go.

MM: How did the Company treat white collar employees? Did you have good benefits and vacation pay and stuff like that?

RC: You mean on the regular job?

MM: Yeah.

RC: Well, the first year I started and. first year, I was not really eligible for vacation. I was told I could take a week off. I think that was it. After that, I think it was two weeks with pay every year. Of course, I was low on the totem pole. I was the last one. I usually wound up taking my vacation in June and it rained all of June in those days. No, I had no complaint about that. You had insurance. You had hospitalization. But I had too damn many operations. I had three hernia operations.

I was told, when I entered college, that I had a . n o t a hernia, but a weakness there. I went out and worked in the Forest Service and did every kind of hard work you can think of and hiking; no trouble at all. Then, I come and start work at Anaconda. I sit at the desk eight hours a day, five days a week. I go home and work around the house. The first thing I knew, I had a hernia because I didn't keep up...in shape that way. I had that operated on and it didn't work. I had...one side had to be operated on again. That didn't work. Finally, that had to be operated on a third time. That time we got a new doctor, a young doctor, and he fixed it. He maybe... I don't think he's allowed to operate anymore. I am. He liked to drink brandy too well. As I do. But he fixed it pretty.

In about 1960 ... My wife died in '58. About 1960, I had disc operation. I had sciatica. I had a real case. Don't let anyone ever tell you there's anything more painful than a sciatica (laughs). I had that fixed up. I had that done there. I came up. I never had any particular financial problems over operations. I might have a hundred dollar bill to pay and that was about it, then the difference between hospitalization and the bill. They're no (mumbling). The Company did alright. I don't know what it cost me in monthly payment, but whatever it was I could stand. Of course, my wife, as her problems started to mount up. she had examinations here, examinations
in Great Falls, and examinations in Missoula. All trying to find somebody that would say no. Nobody ever said no.

MM: Did your job change when they started digging the pit? Did that affect the kind of work you were doing?

MM: No. The underground continued as a well things changed yes. But starting probably in the late '40s or maybe '50s, they started blockading. That introduced a new method and eventually resulted in a little less stoking. Of course, in '54, I think it was, they started the pit. The underground went on, but it got less and less all the time. It changed. Of course, when you got the pit going, it didn't require much map work because the pit was relatively simple to map. It's not like mapping an underground mine with fifty places going in it. As time went by, Holloway left and I took over his job. We had two. I had two men under me. One, that was Fred Scraston (?), we hired in '46, right out of the army. He had some experience in drafting. He took over my job. Then we got Mel Rolling. He took over Fred's later. My work was pretty largely on surface maps, records, and ownership - things like that. In fact, over there on the table, there's a certificate, a survey, I'm doing for one of the engineers. Not because I want to, but because I told them I'd do those things when they can't get out of them. When my hand isn't too shaky, I'll finish the thing.

MM: When did you retire?

RC: In '75, I think.

MM: So you worked a real long time for them?

RC: 34 years.

MM: Yeah.

RC: Yeah. I wouldn't have been on that long, but the chief mining engineer told them to keep me on till I'd finished 34 years, after I was 65 you see - not only as a favor to me, but because they relied on me. I knew more about surface ownership in Butte than anybody else and I do now. I know... I spent several months working for New York on a report on ownership. That was... that was a complicated thing. I only was in on the fringes of it, thank heaven.

MM: Does the Anaconda Company own most of Butte?

RC: I had a question once from New York on that. They said how much what is Anacondas ownership in Butte? I wrote back and I said, "We have the following types of ownership in Butte: we have surface ownership, we have mineral interest ownership, we have combined surface and mineral ownership, we have fractional surface ownership only, we have fractional mineral interest only, we have fractional mineral and surface ownership combined, we have tax deeds, we have tax assignments, we have leases. Now, if you will specify what you want I'll try
to give you an answer." I never heard any more from them. Speaking of surface ownership, outside of the city area, Anaconda owns a large part of the hill and they own quite a little bit on the east side. As for mineral ownership, Anaconda owns most of the hill, under the city too. Not everything, but most.

MM: What good is surface ownership if they don't own the underground - the mineral rights?

RC: I'll tell you: if you own the mineral rights and you don't own the surface, you've almost got to buy the surface before you can mine the minerals.

MM: Oh, but if you have own mineral you can go underneath?

RC: You can mine underneath, yeah. But if you cause a cave on the surface, you are liable for damages. In fact, some of the very old deeds in Butte specified no mining within fifty feet of the surface.

MM: When you left, did you train somebody to take over what you have done or did they.. ?

RC: Yeah. By that time, Scraston knew pretty well how to do it. I tried to teach him what I knew. He is since retired. He runs a plastic shop here. He was a bugger for work, from the time he learned some. He was in the hospital in the army. He was in a jeep accident up in Alaska. He's got a stiff leg. While he was in the hospital, they taught him to work with plastics. So he comes down here. He gets a job with Anaconda. He also starts working with plastics.

MM: God.

RC: He has a plastics shop which is down on Clark Street, by the old baseball field. He used to work evenings there probably five days a week: four or five till ten, eleven o'clock. Until, finally, about two years ago, it was starting to get him down and he was smart enough to realize it. His wife talked him into it too. She runs that Knitting Nook.

MM: Oh yeah, I've talked to her.

RC: Yeah, that little English woman. So he retired. Now he works in the plastics shop. He keeps his own hours and that's it; smart. Rolling left ... he got laid off, I think, before Scraston could, on the cut down. He went to work for Alpha Engineers up here and nothing but one man doing the drafting. God knows what he's doing. I don't know who takes care of property because he had no training in that. Scraston was the guy I trained. Rolling was. Rolling was very aggressive. He and I had some knockdown, drag out arguments because he wouldn't do as I said. He'd do as he thought should be done. I said, "You do as I say because I have my own reasons." (MM laughs) But eventually we both learned to get along one way or another.

MM: Where was your office?
RC: Originally, on the first floor of the Hennessy Building looking south and then later on the fifth floor. Then back on the fourth floor, I guess, I don't know.

MM: So you never made it up to the famous sixth floor?

RC: I got up there occasionally. I even went up to the sixth floor occasionally wearing a draftsman apron and eyeshade, which is not regarded as being quite the thing up on the sixth floor. In all my time at Anaconda, I got up to the sixth floor once and was given a drink. I went up there to ask Largy (?) McDonald something. Largy was one of the mucky muck lawyers. I went to Largy's office and here was the whole legal staff. It was about four o'clock on Friday and everybody was having a drink. So I was given a drink. I wasn't even given a refill.

MM: (laughs) Oh God.

RC: I don't know. (Pauses) I never... (clears throat) I never rated really high with O'Kelly. He was a short tempered Irishmen. I was balled out by him occasionally. He'd call you in his office and boy he'd just raise the roof. The secret of the thing was all you had to do was sit there and shut up. In a few minutes he'd run out of things to say. Then he'd kind of simmer for a minute. He would talk to you about whatever was troubling him; then it was all over. He could get tougher than that, but he never did. Holloway was alright to work for, until his last few years when he got pretty cranky. By that time, he was looking retirement in the face. He was. He had cataracts, I think, in both eyes by then. He was suffering various psychical problems, I think. It made him cranky to work for. We didn't have any problems, but I kept to myself. I left him alone.

MM: When you first got here, did you start getting interested in the history of Butte or is that just something you've just done. ?

RC: Oh, I've read a little, yeah. I didn't take too much... In order to read the history of Butte, you have to buy old books. I never had any money. I started here at 180 a month. I think I was raised to a 190 either the first year or at the end of the first year. I went on up and I don't know what I was getting when I retired, probably around 16,000. Quite a few years, you got a raise when the miners got a raise. You didn't get a merit raise. You got what the miners got. Sometimes, you were getting less than the miners. They'd round your raise off fifteen dollars a month or something like that when the miners were getting contract rates that would give them twenty/twenty-five a month more.

MM: Right.

RC: There were times when, if somebody would come along to organize the office workers, I'd have joined.

MM: Yeah, I've always wondered about that. Nobody ever tried to do that.
RC: Nobody. Two thirds of the office workers were scared. They figured as soon as the word gets out, bang you're gone before you have a chance to strike. Something like that you know. We had mine superintendents who were tough enough to do it, too. We had some tough nuts.

(End of Side A; Begin Side B)

MM: ... and then a superintendent's in charge of a couple of mines?

RC: Yeah. Some such thing as that. I think there were probably about three mine supes. I couldn't tell you for sure. Turkous (?) was one I think. Walter Russert and Art Bigley. Bigley was a swell guy. He's the guy that ... in the thirty-four strike, he was foreman out at the Orphan Girl. Here was all this hustle and bustle up town: pickets all over the place. Here was the Orphan Girl with Bigley out there all alone with no picket. He called up the union and he says, "Send a picket out here. I want to play horseshoes." So they did. He and the picket played horseshoes (laughs).

MM: (Laughing) Oh God that's a great story.

RC: I think it's true. Bigley was like that. He was a fine fellow. Yeah, Ed Renoir (?) was a fine guy. What I knew of Ed... I never knew Ed until he was...well he was a supe. I didn't have too much contact with him then. He was...he had the mountain con mainly. He would spend most of his time up there. Then he became Vice President. I knew him well enough then. I remember meeting him in the hall. I stopped and congratulated him. Ed beamed all over. It didn't matter that I was just a draftsman; I was a friend. He was like that. Ed was alright, real good guy. Roan (?) I never knew very well. I had a few affairs with him, but he was gone off to New York before I really got to know him. He was... and it sidetracked him in New York really. He was Vice President, but he was in charge in some department, sales or something like that. He wasn't Vice President. He wasn't in a position to become chairman of the board. Then, by that time, he started drinking himself to death.

MM: Were things pretty much run on their own here or was there a lot of direction from New York?

RC: It depended. As far as local affairs, mining, went, I think they were run independently here. As long as your ton cost stayed down: cost per ton or cost per ton of copper. If that got out of hand, then there was going to be feather sliding. But I don't think they ever had that problem because the guys in Butte were tough enough to a handle it. They were tough enough. If the foreman couldn't produce, they could fire him and they did. It didn't matter any how long he'd been there: if he didn't produce, down the road he went. When it came to problems involving legal affairs, I think probably they had to rely on New York quite a bit for advice. Or at least, I think, they got quite a bit of advice from them. I don't know... you had projects like when they started the...working towards the... the Bob Caley (?). They had the Greater Butte Project. They had the Greater Butte Fire Fill.
MM: Hmm, I hadn't heard of that.

RC: You had ... from St. Lawrence clear through the Mountain View into the West Kalousy (?), you had old fire areas there. All you had to do was open that country up and give it a whiff of oxygen and you had a fire on your hands.

MM: So was that all full of gas or ... ?

RC: It wasn't the gas particularly, no. It was... pretty much... well some of it was open... open stokes, but mostly it was just hot. You had this old fire there. It had superheated that ground. It was still hot. You give it air. There was still old timber in there charred and away she'd go. You'd have a fire within a day. In fact, I have seen up in the pit when they were... when it was much younger and they were drilling in the old St. Lawrence Country. They drilled down. They would drill from the bench; drill down say 33 feet. They got smoke coming out of those...one or two of those holes within a day before they loaded the holes.

Anyway, they started the Greater Butte Fire Fill. They had to bulkhead off all of that old fire country that was going to be involved and fill it with slime: tailings and slurry. I got that on tape too. Herb Wendell was. He and Renoir were the guys that did the estimating on that. He said it was $x$ millions of dollars. He didn't say how many $x$ was, but it was a big figure. Of course, that had to go through New York. They submitted the first figure. New York says, "No, that's too much." They came back and they cut her down, how I don't know for sure but... they cut it down finally to where New York said, "Ok, go ahead."

They started it. It ran for... God I don't remember... it ran for some years before they got it done: tremendous project. You figure concrete bulkheads twenty feet wide. They had to put... they get into this old ground you had... if you started to put a hitch in for a bulkhead cuts, you had to catch solid ground. If you didn't find solid ground, you either had to go someplace else or you had to keep cutting until you find solid ground because if you didn't, it would hold water. On any project like that, New York had to say something. Butte recommended it. Butte asked for it, but New York was the one to say, "You've got the money."

MM: In strikes, like in 1967, when there was that nine month strike, did that affect your work at all? Where you ever laid off? Did they.

RC: No, never. We didn't have... we didn't have the underground work to do, but we did have surface crews out here and there. Of course, for some years, in about in that period, we had surface crews working out of Butte: up at Lincoln, and here and there over on the Boulder, places like that. They were out there staking claims, making control surveys. I don't know when we started out on the Stillwater, probably a little later than that.

MM: Well, Ray I think I'm out of questions. Are you out of stories?

RC: You're about out of tape.
MM: (laughing) I still got a little bit.

RC: Oh, I don't know that I do. Offhand, I don't think of any stories.

MM: Did you ever ... when you retired, did you ever think of leaving Butte or had this...

RC: Not seriously, no, because this is where my friends are. I’ve been here forty years. When I started up there on the fourth floor, across the hall was the land office. I think Bill Stotz (?) ran that. Over in the corner was a big old desk. I think that was W.A. Clark’s desk originally. Saul Ginsberger had that desk. He was retired, but he still was doing a little business, probably in stocks and property and things like that. I know he had quite a bit of property because we later on bought a lot of it from Earl, his son. Saul was about 90 years old or 85. I don't know what he was. Well then...

MM: What had he been in the Company?

RC: He'd been a property man; taking care of lands, properties, rents. He was an old timer with the Company. There was a retired engineer: Willem Zassky (?), who was Bohemian, I think. He was an immigrant as a young fellow. He was working up in Elk Park cutting wood. They used to have a wood cutters’ camp up there at one time; supplying wood for the mines or the mills. I don't know which. Marcus Daly's engineer here was August Christian. August went up to Elk Park one day for some reason to do some surveying or something. He wanted a helper, so he got Willem Zassky. They turned him over to them. He was a young fellow. It turned out they took a liking to each other. Christian brought Zassky back into the engineering office and taught him engineering. Zassky had a knack for math. The rest of his life he was in engineering; became a regular mine engineer till he transferred to mapping and all that stuff. August Christian eventually died. When I came to work there, Willem Zassky was retired, but I did get to know him slightly because he would come up to the office at times. He was a little bit (coughs) pardon me. He was a little bit older, I think, than Saul Gansberger. They were both very proud of their age. Here they were up around 90 and still getting around. When they would meet... I don't know which one was the older really. The older one would call the younger one snickelfritz. (laughs)

MM: Snickelfritz? (laughs)

RC: Just would irritate the devil out of him. Zassky never married. He lived in rooms up town. He used to spend quite a few of his evenings down in the bars gambling. He was a poker player. They say that the general office used to have to or the pay office used to have call him up periodically and go cash his paychecks because he was living on his poker earnings and wasn't cashing his paychecks. When he died, he left everything he had to Mrs. Christian. They said that, back in the '30s, they moved a desk up in the office. I don't know whether... must have been after Zassky retired. They found a five dollar gold piece in it. I think it was supposed to be Zassky's.
MM: Wow.

RC: They said they used to worry... we had a couple of walk in vaults in the office. They said he used to worry. He'd come up at night and open the vaults and make sure that nobody had been closed in because he couldn't remember checking the one he left.

MM: Oh God. Was Butte a still pretty wide open town in the '40s when you moved here?

RC: Yeah. Yeah, it was well... for most of the war, it was pretty booming. I know we had visitors from time to time. We used to take them on a drive. I'd drive through the red light alley there, Venus Alley or whatever, and horrify them. Of course, you didn't see anything. There were just these little... these brick walls on either side of you. Their doors and the windows were all curtained. There was nobody to be seen or anything. But that's where they were, every one of them. There was gambling down in Meaderville. There was roulette and dice and... God I don't what all.twenty one. That was going. In fact, they used to say that. it was during the war year. Teddy would get word once in a while that there was a party of gunmen people coming through. He would close the place down and turn it over to them to have their parties.

MM: Which place is this?

RC: Rocky Mountain Café.

MM: The Rocky Mountain Café, yeah.

RC: Teddy Traparish's.

MM: (Laughs) God. That must have been something.

RC: Yeah. I can remember...you know where Rosenberg's Furniture is there, below Hennessey's? I can remember when that was Bing-O parlor.

MM: Really?

RC: Oh yeah. Yeah, sure. That was kind of late. I don't think it was a Bing-O parlor when I came here. Must have been a last gasp effort or something. It wasn't entirely a change of times. It was a change of people too: the old timers dying off and new blood coming in. We had a Presbyterian preacher one time coming in. I can't think of his name now. He used to raise cane about the gambling and things that went on in Butte. He finally got tired of them I guess. He left.

MM: Yeah, it doesn't sound like people paid very much attention to it.

RC: No, it had always been here. You can look back and say it used to be worse than this.

MM: Yeah, I would have liked to have seen it when Meaderville and the Queen was still here.
RC: Yeah. Yeah I’ve been down to…. You go to dinner at the Rocky Mountain and you’d have to drive up about a hundred yards up above to where there was big turnaround in order to find a place to park in there. You go into Teddy’s and it was crowded. I never did go to the other places that I remember, but they were all the same sort of thing. First night club, that was back.. .started back around 1929, somewhere in there. I got that on tape too. That was il Troubadour (?)..

MM: Oh, I’ve heard of that yeah it's the...

RC: November the first.

MM: Uh huh.

RC: Angelo Perea (?) or something like that.

MM: One lady told me that there were a lot of Italian ladies that you could call up and arrange, say, that you and so many people and come over and they would cook dinner right in your house and you could have dinner right there.

RC: I wouldn’t be at all surprised. I went to an Italian dinner in Kemmerer, Wyoming which had no Italian restaurant. We went to a private house, a party of us, and had Italian dinner. I forgot what we had except we always had pickled mushrooms. I can remember those because they were purple.

MM: They were purple? God!

RC: I don't know what they were pickled in.

MM: God, God, incredible, wild.

RC: There were quite a few Italians in Kemmerer. It was a coal mining town, too. (mumbling) In the spring of forty, I was up all in the foothills of the Wind River Mountains on the West Side there on a bug control job. We had an ERA crew. They would work for two weeks and then they would go to town and a new crew would come out; changed off. It was an early Depression project. Some of those were old Italians. I know... I was thinking of that because I was reading an article just last night about mushrooms. I remember one of these Italians; he was out collecting mushrooms, drying them. He would take them home then. They would soak them up and cook with them. I said, "Aren't you afraid of being poisoned?" "Oh, no you put a silver quarter with them when you cook them and if it turns black, why they're poisonous. If it doesn't, they're alright." Which is not the fact at all; there's nothing to that.

MM: (laughing) Wow.

RC: The article I read said so. I had no faith in it in the first place.
MM: That's incredible. I love hearing about some of the old superstitions and stuff that people had about working in the mines and.

RC: Yeah. We had another ERA camp, but one shift. I don't know. Maybe the cook stayed with us all of the time. I don't remember. We had a big Italian cook, Carlos something or other. I started bugging him. I was more or less in charge of the place. I started bugging him about making polenta. He didn't really want to do it because it's a lot of work. Doggone, one Sunday he turned two and made polenta for us. When we had dinner, we had polenta. Of course, polenta, that's corn meal mush really. Then you had a meat sauce made out of canned Argentine horse or whatever there was that the Forest Service furnished. (MM Laughs). Then you had fresh dandelion salad. He'd gone out and picked the dandelions himself. Pretty good guy; good dinner. He was no greenhorn.

We had a packer there; we called him Shorty. He was just a little squirt, but very strong. He was . I never asked him about his past. According to the stories I was told, he had been a horse handler or something of the sort for Pancho Villa. I don't know if it's true or not. He was no spring chicken.

MM: Could have been.

RC: Here we were working on the foothills of the Wind River Mountains. That's the most God awful area to work that way. There was no established trail to get up. There was trails, but you just scrambled from rock to rock above. We start up. We couldn't start. We couldn't leave camp before eight because of ERA rules. We would leave camp at eight o'clock. You would go up, wind around, climbing the face of this foot hill holding. About eleven o'clock we would get up there. You could look right down on the camp. You could get back down in twenty minutes, but it would take you till eleven or later to get to the top. Then you could turn and look east. Here were these rolling ridges. Fifteen/ twenty miles away here was the main Rocky Mountain sticking up there; twelve/thirteen thousand feet.

Shorty with... he had to take the horses up there with cans of diesel. We burned the bugs with diesel fuel; sprayed oil the trees that were infested with bugs and burned them. If we burned them hot enough, it would kill the bugs in the bark. Shorty would lead the horses. "Oh, the poor ponies," he'd say. (Laughs) Oh God. God that was a kick. We had Connie, who was a retarded kid. He helped Shorty with the horses. You'd ask him what time it was he'd grin and pull out his watch and show you, but he couldn't tell time. It was an old Indian camp site that we were camped on, on Silver Creek. In fact, we found...one of the men found a hammer head right in camp. I never did. I started out Sunday, looking for arrow points and stuff out on this flat. Connie came along (laughing); he was going to help me look, I guess. We got out in the sagebrush there and here was a little lizard. I thought, jeepers, I' ll catch him. I started trying to catch him in the sage brush and Connie came around and tried to herd him around, too. Then our lizard ran up Connie's pant leg. If you ever...oh God here we were...there was no hollow for him to climb or
he'd have gone right up. "Oh, Mama, mama it's got me." (laughing). There I was trying to calm him down and trying to get the lizard out of his pant leg. We got the lizard out but never did catch him. I thought I was going to have to catch Connie. Oh god, what a mess.

We had another guy there called Max Lovejoy. He was a big man. He had a full beard, white as snow. Some of these guys we got from the county relief rolls. Max was not a Rock Springs miner. These others were Rock Springs miners. Max used to spend all of Sunday out in the hills by himself. What he did, I don't know. He had a reputation as a poacher, but he couldn't have been poaching when he's living with us, unless he arranged to have somebody haul it down and sell it on the market on the side. God.

Forest... The assistant supervisor came out, the same cockeyed guy that told me I read too much to work in the Forest Service. He said, "Well, divide up your crew. You can't run it this way. You shouldn't be doing this. Put the... pick the best man and put him in charge of them." He says, "Who's your best man?" I said, "He's that negro." He didn't have anything. "Who's the next best man?" "Well, he's that Mexican." That's the way it was. The miners, they couldn't care less whether there were bugs or not. They did what they were told. The Negro was sharp. He didn't know anything about bugs but he knew enough to do what you're told. The Mexican was sharp. These Italian miners weren't going to work for a Mexican or a Negro. So the assistant supervisor probably went back to town and made a note, "get rid of that guy." (Laughs)

MM: Really? God. Were there many blacks in the West then?

RC: No. I don't ever remember seeing a black in the woods except this guy on the ERA crew and he was a miner really. I don't know. I got (mumbling). No, they had a lot of blacks in Butte at one time, but that's something else. They were not miners.

MM: It seems to me that it must have still been kind of an artificial world because there were so few women and just it was like this community of single men wherever you traveled.

RC: Uh huh, that's true. In earlier times, a great many of your miners were transients. If they were not married, they were usually transients because they would move around. Like in logging, they had what they called the camp inspectors. They would come and take a job until they made a little stake and then move on go to the next camp. Lots of transients. There were, of course, men too in the mines, in the woods, and cowboyng earlier who wanted to forget their past, didn’t want anything to do with it for one reason or another. I remember when I was on this bug job in '40, the guy who worked with me, who knew the country and all this stuff, was named Vont Shelton (?). He came from Big Sandy, which is down towards the pass in the Rockies there, South Pass.

Anyway, down in the southerly end of the Wind River Mountains on the West side, which was the Bridger Forest then, there’s a lake called Meeks Lake. Now I don't know anything about the history of that. You keep running into the name Meek all over the West, Joe Meek. Anyway,
there's Meeks Lake there. At that time, there was kind of a rough road in there. People used to go in there fishing. It was a fairly remote; quite some distance from Rock Springs or Pinedale, either one, or Kemmerer. Vance told me that, back in the thirties, before I came around there, he had been working with the CC's [Civilian Conservation Corps] of Pinedale. They set up this project. I don't remember whether they put a spike camp in there. They probably did because it was quite a ways. Their CC Camp headquarters was up on Fremont Lake I think. I don't know whether they could have handled it by truck anyway.

(End of Side B, End of OH98-05, Begin OH98-06)

MM: Ok.

RC: Anyway, in there is Meeks Lake. There were some old log cabins all falling down and an old log corral, several buildings, ruins of them. These CC boys cleaned the place all up and burned the old logs, what was left of them, and made a reasonably decent campground there for fisherman. Vont (?) said. A year or so later, he said, "There was an old, white haired man showed up at his place." He had been into Big Sandy or somewhere and wanted a guide to take him into Meeks Lake. So they said. They told him go down and get Vont because Vont was the forest guard in there. He knew all that country. He knew everything about it. So Vont said, "Sure."

He I guess (mumbling) took his truck. He took the old man into Meeks Lake; got out and looked all around, all cleaned up slick. The old man said, "There was bunk house here. There was a cook house over here. There was a corral here." He went around he showed where every structure had been; told him what it was. That time, the stuff was so much in ruin you couldn't tell what anything was. He said, "I was in here." He said, "We used to rustle horses. We used to rustle them over in Idaho bring them in there and hold them. If somebody offered a reward, we'd take them back out for the reward." No reward was offered, they'd blot the brand and take them somewhere else, fix up some false papers, and sell them. I don't think they bothered with cattle because it was kind of remote. There was a long way to travel across the Colorado Desert and all that country there. The old man had been there. They wintered in there, I think. They had their women in there. That was there little hideout. Finally, I guess he had a stake made and he pulled out. I don't think Vont ever learned what his name was. He had gone to Canada and changed his name, I think; bought some cattle up there. He was a respected cattleman up in Canada, but he wanted to see Meeks Lake one more time before he died.

MM: God, that's really something.

RC: Now, that goes back to the days of the Wild Bunch pretty close. Butch Cassidy wasn't the first of the wild bunch by a long ways. Even before the wild bunch, you had bandits in the Bitter Brick area out of Rock Springs up in there.
MM: Were there red light districts in all of the logging towns and all the towns near logging camps and stuff?

RC: Around small camps, they were discreet. There was. in Pierce, Idaho, there was one that I was told about. I never went. It was run by a woman. Pierce was so cock eyed informal they said the madam used to go to the dances and dance with the town banker. (Laughs) I don't know if that's true or not. There would be prostitutes somewhere always. You can't get away from that. There are prostitutes here now. Of course, you got around towns with a lot of men coming and going and you'd have quite a few rooms up town that nobody paid too much attention to.

MM: This time I really think I'm out of questions.

RC: My first wife was born in 1915. Her mother died in the flu epidemic leaving her and two brothers. Her sister was married to A.D. Hoskins of Kemmerer and they decided that they'd take the girl and raise her because the father couldn't do it. He was not much anyway I don't remember anything about him really. Turned out, I think, he'd be an alcoholic. I'm not sure. They wound up taking all three of them. It was about the third batch of orphans that they had raised. A.D., he died here in Butte. He came to live with us. Oh, I don't know when it was. But... he was 89 when he came to live with us because, on his 90th birthday, we had some guests in. He was a thirty third degree mason. We had some masonic people that we were meeting. But... so he was... he was an old mason.

He had gone "cowboying" about 1882. No more than '80. In 1882 - I think I have the date right - he was on a cattle drive from Oregon to the Sweetwater Country in Wyoming. He was a cowboy for quite a while. He was a foreman on small spreads, sometimes small enough that he stayed there during the winter and looked after things when there really wasn't much to do. Maybe only a couple of them there.

He came to Butte around 1890 on a short visit. He brought up a horse that belonged to his boss to run in the races. I don't think the horse got anywhere. I don't know the boss's name, so I wouldn't be able to look back in the papers either. I don't even know the year for sure. But he remembered. The one thing that he spoke of about Butte: he said, "When you were uptown on the street when the shift came off." When the men quit would be the way he would put it. "If you wanted to get up the hill you had to get up, you had to get out in the middle of the street because the sidewalks were jammed full of men coming down the hill." He always remembered that. He was a fine old man. Even was once treasurer, state treasurer, of Wyoming for one term. My wife, she had to go back to New York with him, I think, when he signed a bunch of bonds.

MM: Wow, that's great. That must have been exciting to go back to New York.

RC: I don't think she remembered anything. She remembered more about Elitch's Gardens in Denver.
MM: What were they?

RC: Oh, that's a ... recreation area; a carnival area. I've never seen it, but she saw it because when she was a kid, she was playing outdoors. She fell down and ran a stick into one eye. She had several operations in Denver on that eye, which she never did have more than about five to ten percent vision in it. She remembered Elitch's Gardens far more than anything else.

He was in - Uncle Tom - was in the legislature in Wyoming. He was a prominent figure in Republican politics for a long time. My wife was thoroughly impressed with what a dirty game politics was. Anyway, she said she knew or remembered he would go back to Cheyenne or Laramie. wherever it is. Cheyenne, I guess, on the train. He would take her and I guess Aunt Rose. Irene she was told later. I don't know whether she had a toy gun or not, but she would walk up and down the cars in the train telling everybody "I'm the toughest guy on Bitter Creek." Bitter Creek was where the original outlaw gangs hung out. Toughest guy on Bitter Creek. (laughs)

Uncle Tom loved that. He came with us and he was eighty nine going on ninety. Irene said, "You've got to let your... the Internal Revenue Service know because he had to pay his income tax." So they arranged it. She had been a secretary. She could take some short hand. She typed. He was going to dictate a letter to the Internal Revenue Service in Wyoming telling them that he'd moved. She was going to take it down and type. He says, "Dear sir, I find myself a stranger in a strange land." She says, "Uncle Tom, cut that out." (Laughing) He just grinned. He loved to have her bossing. She was his pet. Nice old man.

MM: How old was he when he died?

RC: He was ninety-four. He died the hard way... He swallowed up one of these little round bones in a veal steak; stuck in his gullet. He couldn't get it out, so they put the forceps down there and dragged it out; cut him all up. He got infection. He never was right after that; went from pneumonia to an infection back to semi-normal, then back to the hospital, back... Finally wound up at the rest home doing fairly well and died there. What can you do? Count it: ninety-four you don't have much resistance anyway. You're at the doctor's mercy. The doctors don't have much patience sometimes.

MM: Yeah, I stay away from them as much as I can.

RC: Just take care of yourself. You're a nice kid.

MM: Ray, I really appreciate this afternoon. This has been my easiest interview because you just told me everything without my having to ask any questions practically.

RC: If you get started on a different angle, I could probably talk that much longer. Seventy years of observing funny things that go on around the country.
MM: Yeah, do you find that's true when you do interviews... I always feel after I've left that only if I had started... if I had asked some other question, I'd get a whole different interview.

RC: Yeah, I'm sure. I always remember things I should have asked. I don't remember them in time.

MM: Right, me neither.

RC: I remember things I should have asked.

MM: Once I listened to the tape again or talked to somebody else and found out about something else. You think, "Oh, that person, I should have asked them about that."

RC: Sure, yeah.

MM: I guess I'll shut this one off.

RC: Yeah, you might as well cut it off.