

J. C. RUTLEDGE INTERVIEW

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Centralia, Washington
Feb. 9, 1960
Interviewer: Kramer A. Adams
Weyerhaeuser Company
Tacoma Building
Tacoma 1, Washington

K - Kramer Adams
X - John C. Rutledge

K - This is an interview for the Forest History Foundation with John C. Rutledge, address: 1808 No. Pearl St., Centralia, Washington. Interviewer is Kramer Adams, of Weyerhaeuser Company. The date is February 9, 1960.

Mr. Rutledge, could you tell us a few things about your personal life, when you were born, where?

X - I was born in Dundee, North Dakota, June 6, 1890.

K - And where did you go to school?

X - Father was a school teacher in that district, but I went to school in Aldrich, Minn. Started in there.

K - And when did you come out West?

X - We came out West----then I worked on the railroad in that part of the country on the section, so on.

K - Which railroad was that?

X - Northern Pacific. Right out of Muscaday, Minn. We were digging an approach into a gravel pit to make the Glinden Fill on the Northern Pacific. Dougle track work. It was four miles long and about 40 feet high in the center. I worked at that, and when I got through there, I went to work for a farmer at Hewitt, Minn. I went to work for him in May on the farm. Worked all

summer then. Fired the traction engine, thrashing for Frank Hassey. Had a thrashing outfit. Buffalo pitch engine--and had a separator.

K - Then these were steam thrashers.

X - Steam thrashers. And I fired with straw. My first experience firing an engine. Used to get up at daylight and fire up and whistle for the crew and they'd come to work and bring out my breakfast and I'd eat it out of a tin can and we'd thrash 'til noon. Then I'd clean the flues and clean the firebox out while they were eating dinner. After they got through they'd come out and start thrashing and I'd go in and eat with the cook. And that went along that way for awhile and we got into what we called the timber part of this county where we were working and they wouldn't burn straw and they went to burning wood and I went to driving the water tank. Hauling water. Called a water jack in those days. I worked at that until they shut down. That spring, my mother came out to Centralia, Washington, with my younger brother.

K - About what year was this?

X - That was in 1908. Then that fall my father and I came on out to Centralia. We stayed there a few days and went on down to Myrtle Point, Oregon. I went to work there in a little logging camp on the side hills from Myrtle Point. My father and mother worked in the cookhouse. Mother did the cooking and Dad got in the wood and helped around the place. They went on a drive--the crew did--driving logs down the Coquille River. They wouldn't let me go so I stayed there with old Cy Musser. He and I bucked logs and I learned to buck logs right there under him.

I got sick and tired of that and started out one day and walked down to Coquille and up to Camp 2 on the cutting camp of the Smith-Powers outfit.

K - About how many miles do you suppose that was?

X - That was ten miles. And we thought nothing of that. And stayed overnight with the people by the name of Schroeder, whom we knew in Minnesota. And the next day the Superintendent, Jack Bester, thought I was this fellow's brother so he put me to work on the section. There'd been high water, and the water was just about waist deep, and we were trying to get the logs rolled together and get a few rails spiked on them and tied so we could get the logs out to the mill down at Marshfield, which is now called Coos Bay. And we waded around in that water up to our hips all the time we were working there and I showed him I was a pretty good man, I guess. So he kept me. I worked at that a little while and then I went to work making car stakes and blocks to hold the logs on the flat cars. I cut wood for a little donkey that did the loading. Work4d at that about three months and I went to firing the donkey.

K - About these car stakes--Were these discarded after each load of logs was brought into the log pond?

X - They cut them off. They saved all of them they could, but they discarded most of them 'cause they had to cut them off in order to dump. It was quite a deal. There was a three-cornered block in on edge, a piece split so it would fit right against the log, and then there was the stake up here.

K - Pretty dangerous work wasn't it--cutting those stakes?

X - Yes, You bet. They killed lots of them. The men didn't cost

much more than wages.

K - That's about right I guess, in those days. The "unenlightened" days. Now, you're still with Smith-Powers. Was it called Smith-Powers then?

X - Yes. Just started to be called Smith-Powers. There was the C. A. Smith Mills. . .

K - It had many names in its history.

X - Mr. Powers was Smith's partner and he did the logging. They were all from Minnesota.

K - Now was it Smith-Powers Logging Company, as you recall?

X - That was what it was called. Then it was called C. A. Smith Mill down below, but Smith-Powers Logging Company was on all pieces of equipment they owned. And they had just one geared engine up there at that time--the Shay--and it hauled the logs out to the main line. And then the Coos Bay-Roseburg-Eastern Railway and Navigation Co. hauled them to Marshfield somewhat south.

K - This Coos Bay Railway and Navigation Co., was that a common carrier? It wasn't owned by Southern Pacific in those days?

X - Southern Pacific didn't own it yet--Spreckels owned it.

K - Spreckels Sugar?

X - You bet.

K - Was Spreckels logging in there too?

X - Oh no. Just hauling logs for the outfits that were doing the logging. They were just handling the freight regardless of what it was--show girls or what. Ran between Myrtle Point and Marshfield.

K - And they didn't do any logging themselves? The Spreckels outfit?

X - No, they never did. They were a railroad, a standard road, and they had a steamship, the Breakwater. It ran between Marshfield and Portland.

K - They were probably interested in some coal deposits up there too, weren't they?

X - They mined coal to fire their ship, and they shipped a lot of coal by rail and water.

K - I see. Now it begins to make sense.

X - And they burned coal on the road and we burned coal in the woods, too, on the locomotives. I burned the first oil that was burned in Oregon, that was in Coos Bay.

K - About what year was this?

X - About 1914 - 1915, nearest I can tell.

K - Was this a converted locomotive that burned oil, or was it built for oil originally?

X - No, it was a Heisler built for oil. It was not much good either.

K - What was wrong with it?

X - Wasn't drafted right. I learned to burn oil, and I taught everybody else. They'd begun to call themselves the Southern Pacific by that time, and they were opening up the road between Eugene and Marshfield.

K - Yes. That was around. . . Was it 1916, as I recall? Somewhere in that period?

X - I don't know about the dates because I have never kept track of any of the dates. I have a hell of a time trying to find out how old my kids are.

K - What was your next job?

X - Well, I fired donkey a little while. On the Fourth of July, I went up to Myrtle Point where my folks were living and the celebration was such a flat affair--they were all southerners that never surrendered. They have their southern Methodist Church. Boy-oh-boy, I've never heard sedition talked so strongly in my life in lots of sermons that they had. It didn't suit me a bit--I was quite patriotic. Anyway, I went home, and the Fourth of July celebration was just a flop because I'd been used to celebrations in the East where we went all out for it--all out--and I just decided I'd move on. I started for Canada, 18 years old.

K - And this was about what year again?

X - Let's see, I was born in 1890. . .

K - All right, 1908, then. . .

X - Yes sir. And I came to Portland and I had \$100 in the bank. That was a lot of money.

K - For a logger.

X - You bet. And so I came to Portland and I went to see my cousin and she was sick in bed--lived up there on Savior Street, right on the junction where the street cars were just going like that, and she was pretty near a nervous wreck. So I went out and went to work for a farmer putting up hay, and I got through there and came back to the house; and a fellow worked on me to buy a half acre of land out at Montavilla. I went out to Montavilla and bought a half acre of land there for \$400 and paid, I think, \$50 on it and then \$5 a month. I built a house. I stayed with relatives a little while and I went up to Hanley's Employment Agency, and got a job for a dollar and came out to Chehalis to drive a

dump wagon, making the double track between Centralia and Chehalis-- the track I ran over 38 years off and on. And I worked, I think, three days and I got in a fight. Well, he jumped on me--he was one-armed man. He was the dump boss and he had a pick handle and we were working on what they called force-account work so they wanted to get all they could out of us. And these horses had just come from Montana and they been all summer on the job over there and they were leg weary as they could be. I was having my team take it easy 'cause I knew enough about horses to know that I could kill them off pretty quick. Old "Ping-Pong" Parker owned the outfit and he was a heck of a nice old fellow--big man, rode a horse around here, saddle horse. And by golly, he started in on my team with a pick handle. I unloaded right there. I got an old neck yoke. He pulled a knife on me--one arm you know was all he had. I took him right across here with a neck yoke and broke his collar bone. And a fellow jumped off the grader--see the grader was a rig that elevated the dirt up and you caught it in the dump wagon and dumped it. You probably never saw anything like it.

K - No.

X - Well, anyway, it had eight horses ahead and six behind shoving on it. Just a big plow, plowed a furrow and elevated the dirt up an elevator so you could drive under it here and keep driving along and dump the dirt. Well, when they got a load they'd holler "hi", their team'd stop and mine'd keep on going, because they didn't know what "hi" meant. That's the way they broke them in. Then I'd drive up and over the grade and dump the wagon and go down over this way and dump the wagon. Maybe we'd tip over and maybe

we wouldn't. Get out of the way, anyway, so the next wagon could come, 'cause there were 16 wagons working on that merry-go-round. This fellow driving the push team jumped off the grader and ran over there and he said, "Don't kill the son of a b...." I said, "I'm not going to." I broke him up a sack of eggs I guess. He said, "You can't work here any more." And he got up and, of course, it was his shoulder, and his arm was gone--anyway, he could get around. Probably never noticed it right then when he was mad, 'cause I pretty near knocked him out. I didn't, you know, want to injure him. All I wanted to do was hit him right across there and that's it. You learn that, you know, from experience. Anyway, he fired me, and I took the team to the barn and unhitched them, and took the harness off, and fed them some hay and wiped them down and went into town. Got a job in a door factory--Chehalis Door Factory--off-bearing off a planer. Was to go to work the next morning. Well, I got back to camp. I was going to eat supper and get my money and the old man met me ahorseback. He said, "Where are you going, Kid?"

K - This was "Ping-Pong" Parker?"

X - Yes. Well, he said, "Where you going?" and I said, "Well, I quit--I got fired." He said, "You did no such a thing." I said, "I sure did. I kinda bruised up that dump boss a little bit." He was working for Guthrie-McDougal. He was their boss see, and we were just doing force-account work to get wound up and get through, you know. That is, close up the track so they could start laying steel. Anyway, "No" he says, "You come back and have supper and stay all night; you're going to work in the

morning." So I went to work in the morning; drove out there and had my team lined up to go to work and this fellow was out there. He was all tied up with a bandage across here, to hold it in I suppose, I don't know what. He says, "That little son of a b.... can't work here," and the old man says, "Just a minute." And he started drawing his knife and he says, "Don't you draw that knife" Parker says, "or I'll kill you right here," and he started to pull out a six-shooter. And that ended that. So I said, "Well, Mr. Parker, I'll go to town. I got a job in town. I'll go to work down there in the door factory." He said, "You go right down and stay at the St. Helens Hotel." See, that's the best hotel in town. Still is. "Get you a room, and I'll see that you stay there until we move down south of town because we're going to go. We've got a contract of our own and I want you to drive for me."

K - This "Ping-Pong" Parker, why was he called "Ping-Pong?"

X - I don't know.

K - There was a town and a mill called Ping-Pong someplace near here.

X - I went to work in the door factory and worked three days and a fellow offered me a wonderful job digging potatoes. \$1 a bushell--but you had to pick them up. Dig them and pick them up. So, I was going to get rich. I went out to Lytell that night. I couldn't get my money that night because the fellow was at the Alaska-Yukon Exposition. My boss--he'd laid off and gone up to see it. It was going full blast you know. So that's the year, whenever that was, that was the year I was here. And I never did

get my money 'cause I never got to see him. They still owe it to me and the door factory is over here at McCleary now and I never did go to see them about it, 'cause they're all dead now, you know. And I was getting a dollar and-a-quarter a day. Ten hours. Boy! Big money! So we stayed overnight up over the store. The store isn't standing any more, but the depot is there and they use it for a store now. They've moved it across the track and they use it for a store right there at the crossing. I stayed all night and got up the next morning and ate breakfast and went out into the field to dig potatoes. The weeds were higher than my head there on that side hill where the graveyard is now. I dug all morning and got a bushel of potatoes, and they were buttons and beans. So I went in at noon and got my dinner and collected my money, paid for my breakfast and my dinner, and started back to Chehalis afoot, down the road. I came up out of that raise there looking out over that valley and it was in the Fall, you know, and they were thrashing and harvesting--most beautiful sight I thought I ever saw. Never dreamed I'd be firing up that grade someday--and took it all in. It was the first place I'd seen in the West here that you had room enough to turn around in. You come from the prairie country and move into this country, you feel like you're in a jug and all they have to do is put in the cork. So, I took that in and I got to town and I thought, "Well, Gee Whiz, I've got to get a job." So I stayed at the Rainier Hotel--and the next morning I got out there and a fellow by the name of Reed Richardson and I got to be quite pally. Afterwards--he just died here about a year ago--he hired me to

dig basement, that is, shovel into a dump wagon, a wagon with dumpboards on it, and haul it away. There were five or six of us there shoveling and I stayed all week. Come Saturday afternoon (he kept time and his father owned the outfit--had a great big transfer outfit), and he said, "What's your name?" I said, "J. C. Rutledge." And so by golly, he called me J. C. right up to the day he died. Lots of them 'round here, if you want to know who J. C. is, just ask them if they remember Casey, logging engineer, that does it. Lots of them don't know my name is Rutledge, even yet. So I worked for them, and by golly, I got a job collecting for them and running errands. I didn't drive a team at all. I used to go down to collect from the "Ladies of Free and Easy Virtue." Did all their collecting when Richardsons used to haul the beer down to them. He and his son drank a good deal. After I'd been there about six months, by golly, he wanted to give me a half interest in it, in the transfer outfit--give it to me! Got, I wasn't 21 years old yet. Well, I wouldn't take it 'cause the boss' son was my friend. He was two or three years older than I was. I wouldn't do that. Never have been able to do anything like that. And he wanted me to and they both drank like the dickens and I knew what'd happen, I'd have the whole thing to look after and then I'd lose my shirttail and their's too. So anyway, that's the way it went. Well then, come along towards Thanksgiving and gosh, business just fell off and he got me a job, Mr. Richardson did, out where Weyerhaeuser is now located out here; what do they call that town out there?
K - Vail? or McDonald?

X - Yes, McDonald. For a rancher out there. Was a big hop yard there, acres and acres of it. That big flat there was all hops. The fellow was drowned on that big ship that sank that time--that hit that big iceberg.

K - Oh, the Titanic?

X - Yes. He was the owner, and after that it kind of went to pot.

K - Well, then you worked on a ranch for awhile did you?

X - Well, I worked there about ten days. Driving, chasing a plow. And rain? Oh dear! Well then, the river got so high you couldn't get across so he sut down and sent me back to Chehalis. Mr. Richardson was very much peeved that I was laid off, 'cause I was supposed to stay there all winter for \$15 a month and my board and wash. Anyway, I came back to town and, Boy! he gave him a bit of his mind when he got to see him. So, he let me do little errands around there. There was nothing to do much, so I went down one day, he sent me down home, down to his house. His wife was quite a lot younger than he was and she was an awful nice woman. And he said, "You go down there and see what she wants." She wants you to do something." So, he wanted me to pile a lot of old planks that were down there--been laying there in the back yard for a long time. She wanted them piled. So I piled them all up and come noon, I got ready to go. She said, "Come on in here and eat, J. C." She had dinner ready for me. They all came home for dinner, you know--Reed and the old man, both--and he said, "I see you're doing pretty well--got the old woman to feed you." So he kind of kept me busy around there. They hauled beer and supplies from the depot to all the storekeepers around there,

who paid him off once a month. He went down and bought up all the freight bills and then he'd charge them for handling and delivering. Pretty good deal. He had all the business cornered. Pretty smart old Swede. Anyway, one morning I went out to make a round of collections and, by golly, before I got through I had about \$200 in silver in my pocket. And they were turning the steam shovel around -- unloaded it and turned it around in the street to start in to dig out for the streetcar lines. Copenhagen Bros. was the contractor's name. And I was standing there watching. It was about 11 o'clock, raining like the dickens, and he said, "Say young man, if you want to work here, you better get busy." He thought I was working there. I stayed 'til noon. When I returned, the stenographer told me after that Mr. Richardson kinda walked around there and said, "That J. C.'s a pretty honest boy, but I'm afraid somebody's knocked him in the head and fleeced him for all he's got. He must have about \$200 because that's what he went out to collect and I know he'd get it if anybody could--and without any trouble either." She told me what he said afterwards. Anyway, I came in and I said, "I got a job Mr. Richardson." "Swell." And he said, "What are you going to do?" And I said, "Oh, just monkeying I guess, all I know." So I showed him all the money I had and he said, "Wonder a hole didn't come in your pockets." And I said, "Well I had my pants legs tied down." But I didn't. I had a pair of high topped shoes on, you know, laced up. Couldn't get away. So, by golly, I went to work for them. I worked for them about two weeks. And I wanted to get a job braking on those little dinky engines. Did you ever see them?

K - Yes.

X - Well, they had two of them. They weighed eight tons. Little Davenports. Shucks, I've got a Davenport catalog upstairs, about that thick, brand new. That's going to be worth something someday, I suppose.

K - It certainly is.

X - And tells all about them and everything. Well, anyway, I wanted to go braking on there. So they had a kid on there and he just didn't catch on. They'd never made a railroad man out of him if they'd had to cook him over again. Anyway, he was trying. So I came out there one morning. The boss was Fred Wolms. He was off of the diamond mines in Africa--was a boss there in the diamond mines--very interesting.

K - This fellow was used to bossing negroes around, I suppose.

X - Yeh. He treated us pretty good, I'll give him credit. He'd get off base once in awhile. He had some fingers off his right hand and that used to bother him a lot. He'd bump it and so on, then he'd go hog wild.

K - Take it out on people?

X - Yeh. Anyway he never did me. He said, "Get on there you little bloody son-of-a-gun and go to work. You ain't doing anything just standing there watching this thing. I want you to ride on it." I guess I was watching every move that engine made.

K - Well, was this the way he hired you, or how did you get the job?

X - I got the job first. The boss, Mr. Copenhagen himself, told me that if I was going to work here, "Well get busy..." I just kept right on--went to work that day. Right off, went right on the payroll. Came around and took my name, gave me a number,

like they used to do. And so I got on there and, Oh Boy! I was setting pretty. He was having lots of trouble shovel-firing. You've got to know what to do when you're firing a shovel or you'll never have any steam. The only time you put in a fire is when the dipper swings over the cars to dump. For a moment or so the engine is quiet, there's no exhaust. Then you can put in the fire and you want to put it in dang quick and do it right. Well, I knew that and I'd never fired any coal. That's when I came back from Coos Bay where I was just firing donkey with wood. Came back up here again. Anyway, I was braking there about three weeks, and Mr. Brennan, a shovel engineer, stuck his head out around the shovel one day there and I saw the fireman get off the shovel with his coat in his hand. He said, "Come on, Kid, get up there and show us what you can do." He didn't know whether I could fire an engine or not. Well, I got up there and sized up the fire. I'd watched him fire this little locomotive, and I'd fired it some just for fun 'cause the engineer does his own firing on those little dinkies. There's a little coal box where the fireman's supposed to sit. He does his own firing. It ain't much good. They just load her up and then go till she stops and then load her up again and go again. And by golly, I got up on there, and I looked at the fire and I got her going and got her full of water, got the steam up and whistled off, and away we went to digging. I had ten cars to dig and four yard in each car. And when he swung over to stop, she shut off and she popped off. He grabbed that whistle and blowed it to beat the devil and he came back there, just shook my hand and hugged me and he said, "G.. D... it you can make good, can't you?" I stayed with them till we got done.

K - How long did it take to complete this job?

X - They were about a year altogether.

K - That's about four miles between Centralia and Chehalis?

X - Yes. Going right through heavy timber too, you know.

When I got through digging with the shovel, they tied up. Then I took a team of horses and a lumber wagon with a wood rack on it with a buggy tied behind that with a couple of saddles in it. And in the wood rack was a three-month old colt, and a couple of wild geese in a box and a saddle horse tied on behind the buggy. I started out of Chehalis for Auburn, Washington, the sixth day of June on my birthday. I ate dinner in Tenino and stayed over night in Yelm. Went through to Puyallup and ate dinner, and from Puyallup I went through to Auburn. Then went out to Copenhagen's farm and got there at 8 o'clock that night. And when I drove into the yard, they were all out to see me. They had never seen me before, none of them. Henry told them he had sent me down and I'd been firing the shovel all season for him. When I drove into the yard the kids all ran out to see the colt. So I had to back up into a manure pile to unload the colt. That's the way I loaded him and unloaded him every day. He'd go to sleep and stick his nose down in my pants, and he had them all torn out there where he'd go to sleep, you know, and I'd hit a rock and he'd bop me with his head. Oh, I liked him, he was a regular pet. Mrs. Copenhagen stuck her head out the door and she said, "Hurry up Johnny." She called me Johnny 'stead of J. C. Course they had my name you know, and she told them that John Rutledge was coming up, but they always called me J. C. around the job. And she said, "Supper's all ready. Come on, let the boys take care of the horses. You've had all you

could take care of in this two days." That's the way she put it. Well, came in, had a nice visit with them, ate supper with them, started out the next morning for the Navy yard in Bremerton to see my cousin. He was an electrician there in the yard. Got a job firing shovel, finishing up Erickson & Peterson's contract on the first dry-dock big enough to hold the South Dakota on the West Coast. And I stayed there till they were done.

K - About what year was this J. C.?

X - Let's see, that's before I was married. That must have been along in 1910. So I stayed there till they got through. Then they'd wound up there and I came back, pulled down the tent that I had pitched and was staying in. They were still working there, getting through. Then I went out and packed up. They wanted me to stay as a walking boss, I found out later, but I wouldn't. I wanted to go someplace else. So I got straightened up and got my money. Then I got a job firing boilers on the Twin-Cities Light and Traction Company's light plant, up the valley there east of Chehalis.

K - About how far out of Chehalis is that?

X - About a mile and a half.

K - What kind of money did they pay in those days, J. C.? Do you remember?

X - \$50 a month and my board for firing that shovel and they'd made it \$60 if I'd worked a little longer so they could get through quicker. Anyway, I went up there and went to work and was firing those boilers with slabs. Wow! Well, came downtown one day and old J. E. Leonard had a warehouse there in Chehalis and he was opening a coal mine up Coal Creek. That's where the plant was, up beyond there. And he wanted somebody to run his

engine for him--hysting engine. Just pulling stuff out of the hole there, and I told him I could do it. I got three dollars a day for that and that was eight hours. Oh Boy! Miners!

K - Pretty good wages?

X - Yeh, miner's union.

K - Oh, I see.

X - Just begun to get my eyes open about unions. So I worked there till I got my finger clipped off. Got it caught between the connection rod and the guide. Dr. Hotchkiss patched it on and saved the finger.

K - He did a very good job.

X - Anyway, that laid me up for awhile. Had to pay my own doctor bill, of course. Didn't have any hospital fees those days. When I got to where I could get around, I went back up to the plant. When to firing up there with coal. Well I saw old Leonard on the street one day. He said, "J. C., when you coming back to work?" "Well," I said, "I thought I was done there." "Well no," he said. "I gotta have you and I've got a man there working in your place and he doesn't satisfy me." So I went right back up there and worked about two or three weeks and she caved in.

K - Anybody killed?

X - No. Tell you what they did. The doggoned boss--the mine boss--let a carload of coal get loose. I pulled them up there and stopped, and he pulled the pin there on the car before he put the blocks behind the wheel, and it ran right back down into the mine again. Miners heard it coming and they got out of the way. They were just making the entrance in there for the mine. They came up through the air shaft. Well, they had to fix that

up, so I had to go down there and start the pump to pump the water out of the mine. I went down in the air shaft and the water was just about chest deep. And, by golly, I got that pump to work. Opened the cylinder cocks and got it to work right under the water. Pumped the mine out and stayed there a little longer and it caved in finally and I went to quit. Went to work for the streetcar company. Went to work shoveling cinders at night to ballast the road. They'd already got the streetcars running. Little open cars was what they were. It was a mess traveling, but they had to keep going. So I came into the car barn that morning and oh, I was wet. This Mr. Thorne said, "Say J. C., wouldn't you like to work here in the dry?" "You bet." "Well you go home and get your breakfast," he said, "and come back and go to work." God, I'd worked all night! So I came back and he put me through the stunts until I could run that car barn and take care of the cars. That's when I became car barn foreman.

K - And about what year did you become foreman?

X - Well, that was that winter. That would be 1910 by that time.

K - You were about 20 years old then.

X - Yeh. The youngest car barn foreman in the world, but I didn't know it at that time. Found it out years afterwards, of course. And I stayed right there and I got married on the strength of that job. Well, then they sent me to the plant as a third trick engineer.

K - This means the third shift.

X - Third shift.

K - And is that something like the graveyard shift?

X - Yeh, But I didn't take that. I didn't take the third shift.

He gave me the morning shift. The Chief was on there in the

morning and he put me on there with him so he could break me in. That was a good job. That was \$90 a month--that was money! I was getting \$80 a month as a car barn foreman.

K - Now what exactly were you doing? After you left the car barn foreman, what was your title of your job?

X - Stationary engineer. I stayed there about a week and they cut her down to 12 hours a day. They cut my crew off. So gosh, they told me I could go out on the section and hide gravel, Did you ever do any of that?

K - No thank you. That's pretty rough. They have machines for that now. You mean tamping down gravel for ballast between the ties?

X - Yes. They raise the ties up and then shove the gravel under them and tamp them down. You have to know how to do it.

K - Hiding gravel.

X - Hiding gravel, amen. That's what we called it. And we called ourselves the gandy dancers.

K - The name is still used.

X - I stayed with that until right up at Christmas time and it snowed here four feet deep.

K - Very unusual.

X - ...and weren't they having a time here trying to run the streetcars. We had a work car that we built. (We later built a bigger one.) Operated by Anderson. He and his brakeman got into a row. The brakeman kicked the stuffing out of him and he quit and he came down to the house to get me. I lived just across from the post office in that rooming house there here in town. He wanted me to go to work as a brakeman on this work car. Boy that looked good to me, compared to this out in the snow.

Well, here he was trying to plow off the streets with an "A" frame hitched behind the motor.

K - Behind?

X - ...and of course he'd run up off the snow and that'd shut off the power you know. You have to have circuits from your rails to the plant or it won't run.

K - Why didn't he put it on the front?

X - Well, see he was a Swede.

K - Well, how long were you with the traction company?

X - All together? About two years. Well, I fixed that thing so it would plow and I stayed with it until spring. The motorman and I had an argument one day in the car barn. There was no one in the car barn. The motor generators then had been moved up to the plant and I operated that too as part of my work. Well, we got in a row. He was eating dinner and I took after him and (he was big enough to eat me up) I ran him into the toilet out back. He locked himself in and I kicked the door down. He begged me like the dickens. Well, I pretty near came to laughing at him. Boy, I wanted to kill that son-of-a-gun, 'cause he was just riding me all the time, you know, and I got sick of it. He was so dumb and I kept his job for him when he first went around the work car. He used to burn his fingers on the controller, and at night I'd dress them all up before I'd go home. Lots of times I'd have to stay a little while--12 hours a day is quite a long day--and dress them all up and fix them up so he'd be able to run the next day. I never could teach that dumbhead how to handle the thing so he wouldn't burn the connections. He'd get in between them and they'd arc across.

K - Your next job was...

X - Firing shovel for Northern Pacific.

K - About what year was this?

X - Well, that was that spring--about 1911. I got married on the car barn job, the first day of August. I worked at that 'til we got done here. They were going down to Yacolt and I didn't go with them 'cause we were expecting. So I stayed here and went to work on the streets running a cement mixer. By the way, the man that was on the back of it, Ben Wooley, is an engineer here on the road and he retired about two months ago. He and I worked together. I have a picture of him. So then I worked at that all summer and I'd joined the National Guard by then. I'm a charter member of M Company here. I went to camp up where Fort Lewis now stands. We walked up there one year. Anyway, I came back and stayed until I got through that Fall. I came back down here, and by golly the N.P. was after me again to go and fire shovel down at Raymond. They were going to dig out there, and dig dirt for the passway track in Raymond. I worked at that about three or four months. Then I went down to Vader in the double track there to dig out a big slide. I was down there about three or four months. So I just worked back and forth like that. Then we were here and my wife said, "Let's go down to see your folks down at Coquille. You haven't seen them for four years, and I never have seen them" So we just pulled up stakes and went down. I got a job with the Coos Bay-Roseburg-Eastern Railway and Navigation Company, running a Lidgerwood, plowing off gravel. Got the job before, coming down on the Breakwater from Portland to Coos Bay. Takes a whole boxcar to hold the abbreviations.

K - That was the Spreckels road again?

X - Yes.

K - You came over on the Breakwater. What did you mean by that.

X - That's the name of the ship that brought us from Portland.

K - Oh, I see. You came down then...

X - By sea.

K - Was it a pretty rough trip?

X - I was kind of unnecessary--wife wasn't--little daughter was. She said, "Daddy, my tummy hurts." She was funny. She could talk before she could walk. Gosh, she was quite a kid. So I worked there about three months on that job. Right up 'til Christmas time.

K - And what were you? A fireman?

X - No. I was the engineer on that rig. Took steam off a locomotive to run it. And they'd plow off the gravel with a long cable. Pulling a plow over the top of the flat cars with aprons between each car. That plows off the gravel on each side to ballast the road. I lined them up there. They didn't know enough to put up a stretcher pole and I told them to put up a stretcher pole. They were having a fellow drag that big long line up over those loaded cars. I said, "For God's sake. Put in a set of stretcher poles out on a straight piece of track and stretch that out there and then drop it and hitch it and you'll be ready to go." "Well, we've never heard of it." And I said, "Lord, I worked at that." I'd never run a Lidgerwood, but I told them I did. But it was just a steam engine. Oh, I got in lots of ways by kind of promoting myself. I made good though. So I lasted until Christmas time. My father was then working at Toledo--Camp 4, I believe they called it. He was the chore boy around there. He was getting to be a pretty old man, you

know. He had taught school all his life. So I went down there and got a job. I'd been there about two or three days and got a job with this fellow Hafer. He was on the little 4-spot, a Shay engine. I stayed on that till along in April and they sent us and this engine to what is now Powers, Oregon. It wasn't even built then. We went as far as Roland's Siding, we called it, a little way out there. Old man Powers' son owns a big ranch there now.

K - Now this is about 1911 isn't it?

X - Yep, I think so. That's going right on. Well, we stayed there and I built a house on skids. My mother died up here in Sumner. She is now buried, and my father too, right alongside the Milwaukie tracks where that graveyard is. Little did I ever think then that I'd run an engine over that someday. And do you know, that coming around that curve, the headlight shines right on their headstone.

K - You say you built a house on skids. Didn't the company provide housing? Or did they give you the lumber to do it?

X - I bought the lumber by gum. No, they didn't provide anything.

K - This was at the Railway Company.

X - Yes. At the steam shovel camp where they were dipping up gravel to ballast the road. When we got ready to move from there the engineer wouldn't slide the house on a car 'cause he was afraid he'd spill something. So I slid it on the car myself-- with the engine--and we started up to where Powers is now. During the trip up there my wife got dinner and the engineer's wife was with us in the car. She wouldn't ride in their shack 'cause it was on another car -- small one. This was 30 feet long and 12 feet wide and 8 feet high.

K - This was a common thing for railroad men? They would build their own skid houses?

X - They did there.

K - And put them on flat cars to take them along from job to job?

X - Yes, we did.

K - These were married people? Single men didn't have skid houses, I suppose?

X - No. Bachelors lived in tents and deals like that. They didn't put up a camp. We lived in a tent a little while and pretty near got drowned.

K - How did you heat this house on skids?

X - Oh, just a little wood fire. Had a wood stove in the front. There were three rooms with a bedroom 10 feet by 12 feet; there was a main room 12 feet by 12 feet, I think it was, and then the kitchen was 8 feet by 12 feet.

K - And no electricity--no lights, of course.

X - Kerosene. Coal oil they call it out here.

K - And water. Where did you get water?

X - Oh, out of a spring. Then come wash day we had a barrel alongside the track and Mr. Powers and all the people, even up at Powers, went up there to fill those barrels full of hot water for wash day right out of the engine.

K - Water came right from the locomotive?

X - Yes, boiling water, ready to wash with. Boy! That was something. It would really make the clouts clean, and my wife had three sets of them to look after. The kids were all just two years apart. The girl was born first and then two boys. Anyway, that's the way we worked it. We stayed there till we got through and we'd got all the gravel out of there we needed. We were

going to go to Powers and that'd be headquarters. So I was the first engine to pull into Powers, and we couldn't go across the bridge yet 'cause it wasn't finished. There was a bridge between the switch yard where the switch yard was originally made and right across into the city of Powers. The first kid born there got a business block given to him. My child was the second one.

K - Oh, Oh. How far did you miss that? Getting that city block?

X - Well, I suppose just a short time.

K - Didn't time that right did you?

X - No. We didn't time a lot of things right.

K - Story of your life, eh? Well now, you moved your house to Powers? And then...?

X - We moved it on to what we called Morse Flats outside of Powers, this side of the bridge. I stayed there until we sold it, bought a lot, and built a house right back of where it stood. And then we went from there. I built another house and moved up to Eden Ridge. I burned the first oil there on that grade.

K - And what locomotive was this?

X - The 9-spot Heisler.

K - You said earlier you didn't think much of these early oil burners. Now what was the problem?

X - Well, we didn't understand how to steam them. Didn't understand how to draft them or anything. It was all new to us. Nobody knew anything...

K - Up till this time you were burning wood?

X - Coal.

K - And they never did use wood burners down there?

X - Not that outfit. Only when they'd run out of coal or some-

thing. Out here at Lincoln Creek we burned wood altogether. Down at McCormick we burned wood when I first went there, and I built a set of grates in that little rod engine to burn coal. Pretty near got fired over it 'cause McCormick wasn't going to buy coal for that engine. Ted Weber, the camp superintendent, stayed with me. He said, "Casey's getting out the logs and that's what we're after. Now buy a load of Rosland coal and get it here P.D.Q." He meant business. That's the way I got it.

K - How many locomotives did they have down at Smith-Powers at this time?

X - There were 14 engines. They had the Heisler oil burner, No. 9, hundred and one, hundred and two, hundred and three and those road engines you looked at. The Weyerhaeuser people had one that they used on this switch job just exactly like the hundred and one a few years ago--that steam engine they had out at Kelso and switched back and forth. Well, I fired it for awhile.

K - Well, they had 14 locomotives.

X - 14--and 500 log cars--all brand new. Every bit of that railroad is on piling. It doesn't make any difference if it was only six inches off the ground, it was all piling. You could run like a scared ape on that.

K - I remember that Powers in one of the logging congresses mentioned the high cost of his railroad building up around Eden Ridge. It was supposed to be one of the most expensive per mile of any of the railroads for logging. Well, now these 14 locomotives, were all coal burners and some...

X - Oh yes, all coal burners, at that time, and all but three were geared engines.

K - You said that the log cars came down by boat?

X - From here. They were built at Pacific Car and Foundry around Renton. And as far as I know--now I can't prove this-- Old Al Powers designed those cars.

K - Were they loaded then, in Puget Sound, and brought down by boat?

X - No. They were shipped by rail to 'Frisco.

K - And then all the way back up?

X - And then loaded on the Nan Smith--she was their lumber boat-- and taken up to Marshfield and unloaded there and hauled up to Powers by rail. That's the way those Baldwin locomotives came from the factory. Put on the Nan Smith there at 'Frisco and shipped to Marshfield. Then they were steamed up and brought up to Powers. They just ran them right onto the boat assembled. Blocked them so they wouldn't run away. They came pretty near losing the hundred and two.

K - How did that happen?

X - They had a big storm and the anchors broke--that is, they had them blocked and the blocks gave away. This was on the Nan Smith between Coos Bay and San Francisco. It got away from the ship.

K - Did it go in the drink?

X - No. It just broke loose.

K - Then at Coos Bay (Marshfield), they put these on an existing track and went under their own steam down to Powers.

X - Umhm. Up to Powers. That's up-grade all the way. It's south from there, but it's up-grade all the way to Powers. It's 44 miles; 88 miles round trip.

K - Who owned that track?

X - That Coos Bay-Roseburg Railway outfit. They didn't get the locomotives all at once. They got them in relays. And I think they got the cars in relays too.

K - Well, they must have--they take a lot of room.

X - Oh, you bet your life. But I think they did, because we had some new cars just shortly before I left there.

K - When did you leave Smith-Powers?

X - Well, let's see. I was there nearly five years.

K - And this was the Smith-Powers Logging Company?

X - It was the year the war started. It was in 19--what?

K - 1917, or part of it anyway.

X - Well, I left there that Fall and came back to Centralia.

K - And what did you come up here for? Were you working with N.P. again?

X - No. I came up here and went to work for McCormick.

K - Oh yes. This is the Harry McCormick Lumber Company at...

X - That would be George McCormick. G. D. McCormick.

K - This has no connection with the Charles McCormick Lumber Company which bought out Pope and Talbot?

X - No.

K - And what were you doing there?

X - Locomotive engineer - in charge. I worked there five years.

K - And what kind of locomotives did they have?

X - Well, they had a 70-ton Shay. It was the 9-spot and had belonged to N.P. McCormick bought it from Northern Pacific.

K - What would N.P. be doing with Shays?

X - Well, they used to log up at Yacolt. They had 12 or 15 of them up there, years ago. Oh, they had quite a deal up there. I never was up there. And then this little 1071 was an N.P.

engine that they had virtually scrapped. They traded McCormick a carload of ties for it. That was their first locomotive though, the first one they had.

K - This was McCormick's first...locomotive which was traded for a carload of ties.

X - And then they shut down. I put a new jacket on it, repaired it from top to bottom and put new tires on it and repaired the air pump. I set the tank back aways so I could have room enough to get in and out without going through that door that pretty near chewed my head off.

K - Oh. This was a Forney engine was it?

X - Yes. That's the one pictured in the April, 1960 Railroad Magazine.

K - And built about what year? Do you remember?

X - Oh, I don't know what year they were built.

K - Certainly the last century.

X - Yes. Oh, yes. Oh, let's see now, that engine was just about my age. I used to say, "You old son-of-a-gun, you're the same age I am, now take 'er.

K - Was McCormick a pretty good guy to work for? George McCormick?

X - Fine. Never had a bit of trouble with him. Quit of my own free will and accord.

K - About what year did you quit McCormick?

X - Let's see. Wait a minute. I got to get my things straightened up here. I went to work for Union Pacific the first day of September, 1922. And I quit McCormick in that May.

K - What were you doing with Union Pacific?

X - Fireman.

K - And they had locomotives quite different from those you'd

been using, I'm sure.

X - Oh, yes. But I had experience 'cause I had been running over the standard road between Marshfield and Powers when I was on those rod engines.

K - On the main line there.

X - Yes. So I'd had quite a bit of experience. I didn't have to pass any examination there at all. They just took me for my work.

K - About this time came the rise of the Railroad Brotherhoods. Did you have to be a member of any Brotherhood to work on the logging railroad in those days? We're talking now about the 'teens and twenties--early twenties.

X - Well, I'll give you a little history of my belonging to the organization. I joined the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen at the gravel pit when I was working for Powers and I've been with them for almost 50 years. Continuous member all down through the years. Paid my dues just the same as if I was working on a main line.

K - This was voluntary on your part of course.

X - Oh yes.

K - There was no requirement.

X - You can't. This isn't compulsory.

K - What I meant was, that it wasn't customary for logging railroad crews to be members.

X - They weren't allowed to do that. If we hadn't been running over a standard road we couldn't have got in. And you've got to fire an engine one year, used to have to, before you were accepted into the Brotherhood. And your receipts that you pay each month is your guarantee that you're a bonafide man.

K - Did you ever run across any feeling between the big railroad

people and the fellows out in the woods? In other words, did the engineers on the U.P. look down upon the fellows who worked on the logging roads?

X - Well, they would kind of look at each other kind of sideways, but the men that were in the logging woods had it over them and they knew it.

K - Why did they have it over them?

X - Well. I ran an engine longer than some of the men that I fired for when I first started here had railroaded. But I kept my mouth shut, for the simple reason that there's a certain amount of jealousy among all workers. You know that.

K - Oh. Pride in their own job.

X - After I left McCormick, the Union Lumber Company hired me up here on the Big Haniford to run an engine. Hired me right away from the boss!

K - Now, Union Lumber Company hired you from McCormick Lumber Company, and you were then an engineer.

X - Yes.

K - Was there an increase in salary involved?

X - Yes. They offered me a dollar a day more right off the bat, and I had three months' checks that the Clearing House hadn't taken care of yet, and I had to do something. I went to the boss and he said, "Well, John, I can't pay you any more." And I said, "Can you honor these checks?" And he said, "Yes, we're gonna take care of them" He did, finally.

K - About what year was this that you transferred to Union?

X - 1922. And so I went to work in May for the Union Lumber Company. I worked till the latter part of August. Then the woods got afire and burned over and they shut down. I went down the

Columbia River to look for a job. I got a promise of a job as soon as it rained. I came back up to Portland and met the local chairman of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen. I had ridden down with him on the head end in the first place. He said, "I want you to identify a man's handwriting if you can. Come on up to the clerk's office." (the master mechanics clerk). "I want you to help me a little." You see I belonged to this organization all the time as a fireman. So I went up and identified him. Showed that the man that signed the check wasn't the man that was supposed to have it. Somebody got hold of it and cashed it. I got that straightened out and he introduced me as a locomotive engineer off the logging road and in search of work. And he just threw me a personal record to fill out. I didn't ask him for a job. I kind of grinned and filled it out. "now," he said, "here's an order on the doctor." I went up to see the doctor, came back and handed him the letter. He said, "Well, did you pass?" And I said, "Golly, I don't know." He said, "Didn't you look?" And I said, "No. That's your letter." He kind of grinned, looked at it and said, "Yeh, you passed with flying colors." "A traffic engineer will be here in about a half hour. He just came in on a silk train this morning and he's sleeping it off." We ran lots of silk trains then and Boy! that was hot shot stuff.

K - Out of Seattle, I guess. What outfit was this now that you were going to work for?

X - Union Pacific. So he said, "He'll be here in about an hour." When he came in there were nine of us to be examined. The other kids had never been out of the rounder, they were just hired. They didn't know anything about railroads. Well, he singled me out

right off. Had me run a spook train and take the time cards, you know, and tell them where two trains meet. You're not supposed to do that if you're hiring out as a fireman, but I let him alone. I thought, "Well, go to it, Kid." I had good clothes on, you know. I didn't look like a tramp. So he said, "What's that raised type? What's that mean?" I said, "That's where two first class trains meet." "That's right." So that's all. He went through the rest of the boys and told them that they'd be instructed. He asked another fellow, "You got a watch?" "No," he said, "Uncle Michael's got my watch." And he said, "Well, you tell Michael to give it to you again or you can't work on this railroad." He was a boomer you see. He thought I was too.

K - Then a watch was the sign of a pretty steady fellow. This Uncle Michael, is that a euphemism for a jeweler--hock shop?

X - Jeweler with three balls over the door. So he said, "I want you to go on down to the round house and go out on 692, a through freight, and I want you to learn to handle those stokers." They had coal stokers on their locomotives. I had never seen one. I said, "All right." He told me I was going out with an engine crew. Ben Wooley was the fireman. I had worked with him earlier. I said, "Golly, I haven't got any overalls. Guess I'll make my Brotherhood work a little bit." He said, "Your Brotherhood don't count here." I said, "Mr. Dorn, I stand on my own two feet as far as that's concerned. I'm not going to wear my good clothes on that engine. I'll get some clothes somewhere." "Well, I'll be seeing you out there." "yeh, you'll be seeing me out there." So I got up this far. Harry O'Brien was the engineer's name. And when I arrived, here was a call for a crew to dead-head

to Seattle to come out on a switch engine to Tacoma and take another switch engine back to Seattle, you know to wash out--monthly inspection. The engineer's name was Blanchard. So Harry said, "Well, Benjamin, what do you think of sending Rutledge up there?" He said, "I don't think nothin' of it--he can't fire an engine, but I'll take a chance on him." He's very formal sometimes. He said, "Round House Foreman, you send that man up to Seattle. I'll vouch for him." So that's all the trip I had to make. Been examined on the rule book and hadn't made any trips at all, but just with him. So I went up with Blanchard and slept with him. Gosh, I was dog tired. We went into the diner, laid down on the floor and slept til morning. We often talk about it since. He's retired now and lives a few blocks from here.

K - This was on the U.P.

X - All on the U.P. I came back and got on the board. I worked a month and was cut off. Went right back up to Union Lumber Co. and went to work running an engine. That's the way it worked all the time until it got to where I could hold a regular job.

K - And their headquarters were where?

X - Well, their headquarters were in Olympia at Lacey, but their camp was up here on the Big Haniford.

K - Well, How long did you work for Union off and on? Over what period of years?

X - Over a period of four years."

K - Were they a pretty good outfit, the Union Lumber?

X - They were the most wonderful people in the world to work for. Mr. Greenland was a gentleman. To give you an idea how good he was, I had a check valve go on the bum and drain the boiler and loosen up the flues one night. Didn't have a watchman. Always

banked her you know. The next morning I got up and gosh, she was deader than a door nail. What little water there was was coming out the branch pipe through the injectors and down onto the ground. I knew what was the matter right off, so screwed the top off and it had come apart in there. It had broken off. So I took it down to the shop and the machinist riveted it together. Then I filled the boiler full of water. I picked up the check valve, held it up to look through it to be sure it was right, turned right around there and screwed it on. That was backwards. Mr. Greenland was sitting in the office doorway watching me and 100 to 150 men waiting to go to work. So I steamed up and Holy Smoke! BANG! she went. She blew her down and I had to kill the fire. Went right down and told him I had made a mistake. I said, "I know better than that." He said, "Come on, get in the car." Took me down to Chehalis and bought me a set of ball check valves--round brass balls like that--the finest check valves in the world and put them on each side of the engine and a shut-off ball check on each one of them.

K - What kind of a locomotive was this?

X - Baldwin.

K - How did they take these men to the woods in those days? Did you have a crummy and a closed car?

X - Sometimes we'd haul them in a crummy and then we'd get reckless and haul them on flat cars.

K - When the weather was good they'd probably prefer the flat car.

X - If the crummy wasn't all smashed up when somebody let a load of logs in it or something, why then we'd use that.

K - How did they get smashed up?

X - Oh, somebody'd let a carload of logs get away from them. Be

setting someplace where it shouldn't be, or you'd back in there with a long string and couldn't see your brakeman and keep backing up until you stopped. And, of course, that didn't do very well for the caboose.

K - How many men did you have on the crews on these logging roads?

X - I generally had a full crew.

K - That means an engineer, a fireman...

X - and two brakemen. That was a full crew in the woods.

K - Was it customary to have a caboose on these logging roads?

X - Oh, not unless we had a long haul somewhere. The only thing we used the caboose for was to haul the men back and forth to work. I nicknamed them the "ape wagons." They say I was the first one that ever said it.

K - What made you think of that?

X - They look just like tame apes, the poor devils. Old Powers had a ball team he called his "tame apes." Mr. Greenland was also quite an ardent ball fan. He always had a ball team, and a good one too.

K - This was a camp ball team? Who did they play?

X - Anybody that'd play on Sundays if they weren't too drunk to get there.

K - You must have taken quite a few trains to town and back weekends. They were called the Drunkard's Special maybe? Or the Millionaire's Special?

X - No, we didn't have that kind of trouble. Because, now you take up there at McCormick. There was no road up to the camp. We hauled them up and down on the railroad and if they stayed there all night, why ok, and if they didn't, ok, because the train made a trip every night. Brought the crew down that lived in town.

K - Well, what about the bachelors in camp. Didn't they want to come to town every Saturday night?

X - Yeh. They could. We hauled them to town. 'Cause you see, we worked right up until quitting time. Six days a week! Sometimes seven!

K - Well now. How did they get back into camp from town--and I suppose 'town' was Centralia?

X - Monday morning I left McCormick at 5:30 and ate breakfast in camp. On Sunday evening they'd come in on the train from the main line there from all 'round up here. Quite a number of them. Stay all night with us--my wife and I and the kids. Four or five of them always stayed all night with us.

K - You had a lot of room in your house did you?

X - Yeh, we had a lot of room. Enough for all of them. Put the kids on the floor--hide them out somewhere--and make room for everybody. And they were always wanting to pay for it. We never wanted to take money for it, but they'd always leave money on the table or something. That's the way we handled it. And we had a very nice time as a rule.

K - I've heard stories about how these loggers sometimes get impatient to go to town, and maybe once in awhile get on a flat car, unscrew the brake and roll on down into town or wherever they were going. Did that ever happen?

X - No. We never had that trouble. But we did have the bull cook one day take a notion to slop the hogs without us helping him. We had a barrel of slop and we used to feed the slop to the pigs and then eat the pigs. He was an old fellow and he saw that the car was blocked, so he knocked the blocks out from under it. Didn't see there wasn't any brake chain on the brake staff. And he

started off to slop the hogs. Well, we chased him clear to McCormick before we caught him. He was slop all over. There was just about a handful of slop in each barrel by the time we got down there. He never tried that again.

K - You mean this was a flat car it was on and he was going so fast that the stuff...

X - Slushed right on curves and so on.

K - He was still hanging on?

X - You bet. Scared to death. And he wasn't running over 40 miles per hour, but that's pretty fast.

K - How many miles do you think he went?

X - Oh, you mean altogether. There was only nine miles of it. That was all of it. That was all the track we had.

K - The last time he ever tried to do it alone I guess.

X - You bet. He left there shortly after that 'cause they kidded him so much about it he quit.

K - Let's talk about this man with the heart attack.

X - Mr. Monahan was superintendent in the woods at McCormick. He and the cook got into a row and in the excitement he had a heart attack. The fire warden ran right out of the office and yelled at me and said, "Go for the doctor! Monahan's having a heart attack." We should have taken him right with us. Nobody thought of it. I thought of it after I got going. Well, I made that nine miles round trip in 19 minutes. And Dr. Johnson afterwards told the boys it was the fastest ride he had ever taken. After he went into the Navy, I had dinner with Dr. Johnson one day up at Bremerton. He and my wife and all of us, aboard the Idaho. He was just a militia doctor prior to entering the regular service.

K - How fast do you think you were going?

X - Mile a minute. It was 18-19 miles round trip, stopped, picked him up. Boy! That little devil could run. See how close it is to the track? That was a good track.

K - What kind of a locomotive is this? Could you describe it?

X - This was a Rhode Island.

K - And that's an old 4-4-0 isn't it? What was the road number?

X - 1071.

K - Was this fellow dead when you got back?

X - Yes. We got back and the doctor injected some strychnine in his heart with a needle. He moved and opened his eyes and moved a little bit and that was it.

K - Were there many cases of injured loggers, out there in the woods?

X - On an average at McCormick they killed about four to five men a month.

K - Out of a crew of about how many?

X - About 150. You see it was straight up and down country.

K - What caused these incidents?

X - Oh, lot's of different things. Slides, falling trees, getting caught in the rigging. There's diverse ways they can get killed.

K - Of course there was no doctor at camp.

X - Doctor right downtown though.

K - So, did you haul the injured loggers into town?

X - You bet your boots.

K - Where did you put them? In the caboose?

X - No. Right on the back end of the tank. There's a place back here about that far that we can couple under the logs where they stick over against the water tank. This is a water. That isn't.

That's for coal. It had been water when they first built it.

K - Oh. So you had to have a special tank car with this locomotive.

X - It held four thousand gallons of water. It's last me all day.

K - Well, that was pretty rough riding for these fellows, but I guess the only way.

X - No it wasn't. No. It was like the old Irishman said, "When you round them curves wide open," he said, "You don't have any trouble," he said. "When you slow down, you jump the track." He was about half right. I get a kick out of these fellows talking about bad track here on the main line.

K - I'll bet. Well, most of the logging spurs out in the woods were unballasted weren't they?

X - Lots of them. But this road was all ballasted with crushed rock. Shale they call it.

K - Well, that's pretty good road isn't it?

X - Oh lord, you bet. I knew where I was at. I could run. The little fellow could run too. That engine only weighed 35 tons. It was the biggest little engine I ever ran.

K - What is the weight of that track -- about 50-pounds?

X - Yes. That's 50-pound rail right there. They have a lot of 75.

K - You worked for some other logging outfits.

X - I worked for the Weyerhaeuser people. They called it the Raymond Lumber Company. Now the Weyerhaeuser people were supposed to have owned it.

K - They had an interest in it.

X - That's where I was. I worked for a superintendent named

Frank Ryan.

K - About what years?

X - That was right after the depression. When we started the Blue Eagle. Remember when that was?

K - Oh yes. 1934 or thereabouts. Was the Raymond outfit a good outfit?

X - Well, I didn't work for them very long. I only worked for them about a month and a half, then I was called back on the road.

K - Back up to U.P. And what sort of equipment did they have over there at Raymond?

X - They had all geared engines. Well, they had one rod engine that ran over the Milwaukee Road and hauled the logs to the mill.

K - What other logging outfits did you work for?

X - Well, I worked for the Lincoln Creek outfit, up here.

Mr. Thompson was the owner. It was a fine outfit to work for.

We burned wood in the locomotives and had wooden roosters between the cars. Hand brakes, too.

K - What's a wooden rooster?

X - That's a long reach made of a 4 x 4 with an eye beam in each end made out of iron.

K - And what was the purpose?

X - To hold the cars together; that was the draw heads.

K - In other words, instead of couplers they had just these wooden connectors?

X - There were no couplers of course. That's what we used. Then we'd start on up to camp, why we'd take them all off, throw them up on top of the truck, couple the trucks all together with a couple of links and pin, like you'd have ten or twelve trucks maybe and only take up probably 40 - 50 feet. You could sail

right along with them. If you jumped the track, the whole outfit would jump the track.

K - Was track-jumping a pretty common occurrence on these logging roads?

X - I went off 26 times in 12 hours one time.

K - What line was this?

X - Well, that was, I think, up at Lincoln Creek on the "Wooden Axle." We called it the "Knothole Central."

K - The "Knothole Central." What was this "wooden axle?" Was that another name for...

X - That was another name they used to put on other roads, but I called that the "Knothole Central" and it stuck. I had a lot of fun. To be honest with you, railroading was the only job I'd ever liked and didn't want to quit on. I never got sore nor growled about my job. I've heard a lot of them growl about their job and I'd say, "For goodness sake! If you feel that way about it, quit. I'd quit right now." "Well, my job..." they'd say. I said, "Well, then, shut up!"

K - When you had these derailments, how did you get the lokie back on the track?

X - Diverse ways. We had what we called frogs and we'd pull them on with that. Sometimes we'd just take a bunch of blocks of wood and block it up, ride it over on that, slide it over on the track. Or else clear over on the other side and then around the other way. I've been as high as five hours getting an engine on the track. All by ourselves. We never wrecked a train. It was up to us. We got off the track one time when I was up here at the Union and I used a long cable fastened onto a stump and took

turns around the axles of the drive wheels underneath the engine then hung onto the end of it like you would a capsain and got her back on. Well, she wouldn't pull herself any other way. You got all sorts of ideas you know. You got to work them.

K - You have to be ingenious. Were you ever injured in any of these derailments, or any accidents on logging runs?

X - No.

K - You probably weren't going fast enough on a logging road. Was that about it?

X - Well, that might be it, but speed hasn't got a whole lot to do with it when you're going to have a wreck.

K - You're a fatalist are you? Or do you think it's having good mechanical equipment or some brains?

X - Well, you have to have a few brains of course, but if you're ordained to die in a bathtub, that's where you'll die. That's about all I can say about it.

K - When did you quit your railroading?

X - I was in that mixup at Olympia.

K - Oh, you mean the runaway freight train?

X - Yes. And that just about broke my heart you know it. I almost had a nervous breakdown but I never told them. I never let on like there was anything wrong. Just to think that a man with 17 years experience and an extra conductor would pull a stunt like that. And I couldn't tell 'cause I was on a 9-degree curve and there was the tunnel and he cut off right there and never set a hand brake or a darn thing. And they undoubtedly started to move as soon as he got the pin. We never knew a thing about it, went on with our switching and went to get our train and

didn't have any. They're all back to work but me and they turned me down through the Medical Department, or started to, and I got mad and went and resigned and got my pension. My wife and I took it together. The first day of February.

K - Then in 1937 you worked at Bucoda Lumber Company.

X - Yes, the Bucoda Lumber Company.

K - You always worked as an engineer?

X - Yes.

K - What sort of equipment did they have at Bucoda?

X - They had a 90-ton Climax.

K - You've had experience with all three of the popular geared lokies.

X - Yes. Very much.

K - And which do you think is the best one?

X - Well, I'll tell you. To be honest with you, I think that really the Shay is the best engine.

K - Why?

X - They put the gears out in front where you can get at them and they've got three engines instead of two and they never get on a dead center.

K - Then you could get on a dead center with a Climax and a Heisler?

X - Well, yes. Part dead center. Like you can with any engine, a reciprocating engine of that kind.

K - And how was it working for Bucoda? Were they a pretty good outfit?

X - Rough, pretty rough.

K - Were they highball outfit, or...

X - They weren't so much that, they were just a bunch of Home Guards.

K - Oh, I see. Sort of cliquy you mean.

X - Yes. Very much so. I got along with them as long as I could. Then they didn't fire me, they laid me off.

K - What about the boomers. Of course there aren't any more of them around any more are there?

X - I remember the time that a boomer would get a job far ahead of a Home Guard.

K - And why would that be?

X - Experience.

K - In other words he had so much varied background...

X - Yes. He had varied experience. That was required, and they needed it. They weren't like they are now. It wasn't all in a book. Just like I told a fireman I was trying to break in to fire. He was telling me he was a college graduate and I said, "Say, Kid, that hasn't got anything to do with it. You're in a corner right now with a dunce cap on so get her hide tight and get some water in her. We've got to go." He told the superintendent that I'd insulted him. The superintendent called me in and I looked at him and knew he was an old timer. I grinned at him and told him what I'd said. He said, "Bless you. Do it right along. Insult all of them," he said.

K - What does "get her hide tight" mean?

X - Get her steam up.

K - I just wanted that for the record. What are some of these other terms that are common in the railroad and logging field.

X - Of course the fireman, they call him the "tallow pot."

Then there's the brakemen. They're called different names at different times.

K - Do you call them these names to their faces?

X - Oh yes.

K - Of course, they call you "hogger."

X - They called me "Silent John."

K - You worked for Bucoda. Any other logging outfits?

X - No. That was the last show. That's when they pulled the tents down and that was it.

K - What did you think in general of logging railroads? Did you get a kick out of it? Was it sort of a challenge compared to the main lines?

X - Oh, I liked the main line better 'cause it paid more and you could tell the boys how much you earned, and in the woods you were given a certain amount and told to keep still and not tell anyone else. I ran engine at McCormick for five years, and my fireman was getting \$2.50 a day less than I was.

K - The engineer always was the best paid man out there wasn't he?

X - That's a little bit too much of a good thing.

K - Did the railroad men ever belong to unions of any kind in the woods?

X - Oh yes. I belonged to the CIO for awhile up here at Bucoda.

K - What was the name of that? Was that the logger's union?

X - Yes. Woodworkers, or some darn thing at Bucoda. I belonged there and I volunteered to join because, gee whiz, I was a union man anyhow. See I've been a union man for pretty near 50 years.

K - Well, then we get back to that other question then. There

was no requirement of the Brotherhoods or anybody else unless you were on the main line.

X - Weyerhaeuser was the first one to take in the Brotherhood, and I wanted to be down there when they were taken in--when they opened up.

K - At what operation was that?

X - Well, down there at Longview. See they all belong to firemen now. And they took them in at that time and the Grand Lodge officers were there to install them. And I sure wanted to be there.

K - And what year was that? Was that in the 40's?

X - It must have been.

K - What was the main cause of logging accidents on railroads? Was it carelessness on the part of either the men, the operators or the owners?

X - I don't know. However it happened to happen.

K - And what was the most common accident? Was it collisions? The derailments?

X - No. It was generally logs falling off the cars. Something like that. Or a switch springing loose and hitting or something. Or men might fall off the log train.

K - How about slippery tracks? I know that's caused a few wrecks in its day. Did you ever run across it?

X - I've had lots of fun with slick rails, but I generally got the sand running before it was too late. That's one great trouble. You take a lot of main line men. They won't put on the sand till the engine starts to slip and that's too late. You can hear them and feel them. When you feel them, that exhaust there tells you

what's going on. If you don't understand that, you can't even make a good fireman out of yourself.

K - What about the link and pin? You mentioned it awhile ago. They said they had that at Bucoda did they?

X - No. Out at Lincoln Creek. They used a lot of them. There's no law against it.

K - On the logging roads there wasn't.

X - No.

K - Did you ever see anybody mangled on a link and pin?

X - No.

K - What are the requirements, in your opinion, for a good fireman on a logging lokie? And a good engineer. What does it take?

X - The qualifications of a good fireman is to do as he's told, help with the repair work, keep up steam, and watch for things on the track, just like he would even on a main line. And he's directly responsible for his side of the locomotive. That's what I couldn't see about a main line. The conductor and the engineer are jointly responsible for the protection of the crew and the train, which is a darn poor deal. I've always told them that because they create the situation that happened to me. The brakeman hasn't any responsibility. When he becomes a conductor, he's just like that. Never saw it fail yet, 'cause he's never had any responsibility yet and that's all he can think about. So responsibility to me doesn't amount to a hill of beans. I don't know what responsibility is. Do my work. I don't feel that I'm responsible about a thing.

K - Now on these jobs with the logging railroads, did you ever

have to do other jobs too? For example, as an engineer did you have to couple or uncouple cars? Or did you have more than one job? Of course the engineer was sort of the king-pin around there wasn't he?

X - He sure was.

K - And you bossed the crew.

X - They knew what to do. I told it to the head brakeman, (as we called him): "you know what you're going to do, now go ahead and do it. Don't come running back to me and ask what you're going to do 'cause you aren't going to get an answer. All I'm up here for is to look for signals and back up and go ahead. This darn thing'll run both ways." I've seen engineers get so mad they just slam the devil out of a train, because somebody would give them a back-up signal and they thought they ought to have gone ahead. Just that silly. And it's just nerves. That's all it is. There's not a man on this road that I know of personally that hasn't made a trip with me and say, "John, that was a nice trip." Men that have railroaded for years come here and hired out during the War. Mr. Tanner, you know, was down here to see me the other day. He's retired now on account of his age. He said, "John, you and I had some wonderful trips together." Got quite a few pictures of him and me together. The man that I fired for the longest was Charlie Blanchard. Fiery little devil! And a good man. He never in his life ever had to tell me to do anything. Never. I did it. Well, I knew what my duties were and I took care of them.

K - You mentioned that the fireman was supposed to keep a lookout for objects on the track. What were some of these objects in your

experience on the logging roads?

X - Limbs and logs and deer...

K - Did you ever run into a deer?

X - I never did myself, but I saw lots of them they did run into.

K - What about cows. Did you have any cows around?

X - I thinned out quite a few herds.

K - Does the farmer get pretty mad at these things?

X - Yes.

K - Does he get a settlement?

X - I don't remember how they did settle 'cause I wasn't drawn into court. One time a farmer called me a very uncouth name. I returned the compliment in double. It was up at Haniford. His cows got to bothering me for it and I said, "Why in the world don't you lay some track out there in the middle of your pasture." And he said, "Why?" and I said, "Well they always like to hang around the rails." Then I said, "Well just have them out there." I had one of those throttle blow-off valves, you know, to blow the boiler down just like that. I'd get just right and I'd hit one right in the tail and she'd take the fence like a hunter and never even touch the top wire and as long as you could see her, her tail was there and she was going. Head down and going. And she never bothered me any more. So he came down to see me about scalding his cows. And I said, "Keep your G.. D... cows out of the way or I'll cook them alive." Talking you know, and I got to kidding him. Pretty soon he said, "Say, did you ever work on a main line? I said, "yes." "Well, I worked on the Great Northern quite awhile." "Where?" He told me, and I asked him if he knew Frank... I don't remember his name now -- an engineer on the main

line and quite a Great Northern man. He and I were pretty good friends. "Oh," he said, "I fired for him" I said, "Heck you did." Well, we went up to camp. I had the empties, taking them to camp; picked up the dinner to take it on up to the top of the hill to the cafeteria up there to feed the men. He rode all the way up there and I squared him up for his dinner. We got back down there about 4 o'clock and his team was still standing in the fields and his wife was coming across the field to get the team. He said, "Am I gonna catch hell now!" He went to work for the U. P. during the war. He's retired now and he and his wife live there in Georgetown. We laugh about that every once in awhile. Every time I see him he says, "Remember the time I was gonna lick ya." I said, "You'd have changed your mind before I got through with you." "What'd you do with this big Frenchman?" I said, "I'd have pounded the stuffing out of him with the hammer." He said, "I believe you would."

K - About the loggers, did they ever give you any trouble on the crummies or coming back from town with maybe a little too much booze aboard?

X - No. I never had any trouble with them, and I'll tell you why I think I never did. I never drank. You tell a child to behave himself, you know. It works the same way with grown people. Don't get hard boiled with them. And I've had them drunk on the engine and I handled it. Got over the road, because after all when you take up a train to leave Portland, they want that train to be in Seattle at a certain time and you've had skill enough to get it there.

K - Well, these were loggers that got on the engine. Were they

invited, or was it the only place to ride, or did they climb aboard, or...

X - The only place to ride. They never bothered me. I always had them in the cab with me. "Come on it you sons-a-guns and get dried out!" You see, I never had any trouble; I don't know why.

K.- Well, what about loggers who might take the train when it's laying idle? That ever happen to you? Did anybody steal a train?

X - No.

K - You mentioned one time where they didn't have a watchman--but nobody ever bothered the locomotive?

X - They didn't have a watchman lots of places. The fireman had to get up about 2 p.c. in the morning and fire up.

K - How long did it take to fire up the standard logging lokie?

X - Well, the engine was hot and if we had coal we'd fill it full up with water, run the steam up to 200 pounds and bank the fire--cover with the green coal. Then in the morning we'd generally have eight or ten pounds of steam. If we didn't have, we'd take the rake, spread the fire out, shake it down a little bit. First thing you know we'd have all kinds of steam, 'cause we'd have hot water you see. Boiling hot water. With the oil burners, we used to run the steam right up to the top and fill her clear up with water right up to the whistle, put a cover on the stack and shut the dampers all up tight. Lots and lots of mornings we'd have 25 pounds of steam. We had to have steam in the oil burners. We couldn't fire up unless we'd want to fire it with wood. We didn't want to do that 'cause that left sparks to come out the stack and set fires.

K - Did you ever see a fire set by a locomotive?

X - I set lots of them. I kept the fire department down here at Olympia just running back and forth day after day down there two years ago this summer with a diesel.

K - Even a diesel?

X - Yes. They wouldn't put screens on it and when they did they weren't fine enough, but I didn't care. U.P. owned the engine and I was just working there.

K - Well. These logging lokies were required to have spark arresters I know.

X - Oh yes.

K - Did they always have them? Were they regulation?

X - Yes, Oh Yes.

K - Come on now. Didn't you fellows used to poke holes in some of them to make them steam a little better.

X - On the main line once in awhile, but not on a logging road, 'cause that fire--we had to fight it. You just didn't do those things. It isn't any fun to fight fire all night and haul logs all day and your eyes so full of smoke you can't see and you're so tired you can't see to know where you're at. There isn't any 16 hour law in the woods. You work until you get through.

K - You mentioned awhile ago slabs for logging lokie fuel. What was so horrible about slabs?

X - Well, it's just the green outside of each log. It isn't the best wood.

K - So I see. It took a lot of slabs to put on a good head.

X - Yes.

END

