

Oral History Interview

Hugh P. Brady

with

Elwood R. Maunder
(2/22/75)

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HUGH P. BRADY

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Elwood R. Maunder: Hugh, I'd like to have you sketch very quickly the origins of your family. Where did the Brady's come from?

Hugh P. Brady: My father was born on Water Street in New York City in 1847. So far as he knows, his father was a longshoreman. His mother died when he was very, very small--probably only a couple of years old--he thinks of smallpox because he had it and there was an epidemic in New York at that time. His father later married again and he had a little half-sister. One of the things he didn't like as a little fellow was having to take care of her. When he was about eight or nine years old, he was mostly hungry and a regular little Irish toughy playing around the Bowery.

Because a biography of father is now being written, I will give you just a very brief sketch. He had a police record for taking fruit off a fruitstand and belting a coachman and things of that sort. He escaped once by diving into the East River. An agent of the Children's Aid Society approached him one day and talked to him about going up to Randalls Island, enticing him with the idea that he would have three

meals a day. At that time, under the leadership of Mr. Charles Loring Brace, one of its founders, the Society would send thirty or forty boys and girls out to the Midwest, an agent going along with them. They were taken in by farmers and professional people and raised mostly as foster children. I do not believe that many of them were adopted. After he had been at Randalls Island for about a year, the letters these boys and girls wrote back were very intriguing and he couldn't get west soon enough.

He went in a car that landed at Noblesville, Indiana. All of the children were gradually taken and just this little pockmarked, red-headed Irish kid was left. A lady who had come down from Chicago was sitting there who accidentally dropped her handkerchief and this little boy jumped up and handed it to her with a bow. A man watching was Circuit Judge John Green of Tipton, Indiana. He said to the agent, "I think there's something good in that boy. I'll take him." So he drove back to Tipton with this little fellow in his buggy and took him into his home. Judge Green had lost his first wife by whom he had two sons who were grown at that time. The little lad went to school and worked on the farm. He was an avid reader; he read everything he could get his hands on.

The Civil War broke out and he went up to where General Lou Wallace was lining up his regiment. He tried to enlist as a drummer boy. He lied about his age but they sent him back to the farm. The older half-brothers both enlisted.

The judge became very fond of the lad and encouraged him in every way he could and finally he learned enough so that he could do part-time school teaching. He saved his money and bought a horse so that he had transportation to get to the school. Finally, he said to Judge Green one day, "I am going to Yale College and I'm going to be a Presbyterian minister." This surprised the judge because the lad was born in a Catholic family. He thought that his father's forebears probably came from County Cork, Ireland. The judge said, "John, if you'll go to a western college, I'll help you, but if you are going back to a place like Yale, you'll have to do it on your own." In a good friendly way, John left the Green home and went over to Waveland, Indiana, where there was a seminary at which he could get Greek and Latin, then required for entrance to Yale, as he knew by his correspondence. He lived in the home of a widow and took care of her garden and milked the cow and he studied.

Finally, in 1869, he landed in Albany as close as he could get by rail to New York, and went down the Hudson by boat to New York, then rail to New Haven and landed there with ten dollars in his pocket. He got a room in the attic of the Old New Haven House, took his examinations for Yale and was accepted. President [] Porter took mercy on him and gave him a job tending the furnace and taking care of the grounds at his home which was 31 Hillhouse Avenue. It's still standing, and the secretary of the university now lives there.

ERM: And my daughter is now married to one of Porter's grandchildren or great grandchildren.

HPB: Charles O'Hearn, assistant to both President [] Brewster and President [] Griswold, lived there for quite a number of years and always when I was in New Haven, I would be at their house either for luncheon or dinner.

My father graduated in 1874. In his senior year, he had what was considered one of the good jobs, ringing the college bell for change of classes in old Lyceum in the Brick Row. He spent one summer vacation working in a sawmill in Williamsport. I don't recall where he worked other summers but of course, he had to work. He went from New Haven to New York and entered Union

Theological Seminary where he earned his way working as a city missionary. During that period he tried to trace his father and found that he had died in Bellevue Hospital and had spent a good deal of time hunting for his lost boy.

To interpolate a little bit, when I was in college and father and mother were in New York together, father said, "Elizabeth, let's go down to the Bowery and see if we can find out anything about my origin." They went down and found a little Catholic chapel which he remembered. The priest let them look in the record and he found the register of his birth and baptism and his mother's name. We had been celebrating June 15 as his birthday. He learned that he was born on May 25, one year earlier than he had recorded. But it gave him a lot of satisfaction to find that record.

ERM: What turned him in the direction of wanting to become a minister? Was it the influence of someone other than Judge Green?

HPB: My feeling is that it was probably his gratitude to the Children's Aid Society and the influence of Charles Loring Brace, probably more than anyone else. The history of Charles Loring Brace is very, very interesting. He spent most of his life doing good for people. He was an author. He wrote several books and father

got to know him quite well when he was back in New York at Union Theological Seminary. This is entirely theory on my part, but all his life he felt grateful to the Society for their taking him out of that tough, lower New York, and giving him the opportunity for an education. When we were children, he often spoke of Mr. Brace and whenever he could, would see him in New York. That's all I know. I can't be absolutely certain.

After father graduated from Union Theological Seminary, he wanted to establish a farm for poor boys and decided that Texas was the best place. In upper New York State, there was a model he had in mind, the George Junior Republic, which I presume was a little bit like Boys Town in Nebraska. Some of his wealthy classmates, notably one of the Dodges, and one of the Stokes who were prominent in his class at Yale, had offered to finance his idea. So he spent a couple of months traveling through the Southwest and selected a place in Texas. But when he got back to New York, the panic of '77 [1877] was in effect. That was a money panic and his classmates said, "John, we're sorry but we simply can't finance you in this project." About that time, Dr. Sheldon Jackson, the pioneer Presbyterian missionary to the west, heard about him and asked him to go to Sitka, Alaska, to establish a

Presbyterian mission. Dr. Jackson had graduated from Union College in Schenectady, had gone out to Minnesota and started a mission there, and then he kept on moving west, setting up missions in Utah, Colorado, etcetera.

ERM: Were these missions directed to serving the Indian?

HPB: Not particularly. They had no racial significance.

In 1877, Dr. Jackson made a trip to Alaska. He established a school for native girls in Wrangel, sending a Mrs. MacFarland up there to operate it for their protection. So he was ready in 1878, when the army was moving out of Sitka, to start a school there also. When Alaska was purchased in 1867, the government had no well-founded idea of how that huge area should be governed so they simply sent a company of soldiers to Sitka and two companies to other areas; one very small one at Wrangel. There was a wild rush of entrepreneurs to different parts of Alaska, but particularly at Sitka, which was the old Russian capital; they were really debauching the natives. A lot of them thought they could go up there and get rich in a hurry. It was to save the natives that Dr. Jackson wanted to establish a school, particularly for the younger boys and girls. So father took the train to San Francisco. The Central Pacific was the only railroad at that time, 1878.

During February of '78, Geronimo was running wild in the country through which he went. The Custer massacre had taken place just two years before. They were still fighting the Indians in numerous places. He finally got on a boat in San Francisco and landed in Sitka on March 13, 1878, and proceeded to let people know that he was there to start a Presbyterian mission. He rented an old Russian building and started a school for boys and girls which he named The Sheldon Jackson Training School. Dr. Jackson hired a young woman named Fanny Kellogg, who had lived in Portland, to come up and be the teacher. Father, of course, being the chaplain and helping out. The day school was to open, Fanny Kellogg was sick so father opened the school himself. I think I sent you a copy of the letter he wrote describing that.

When his three year contract was up, he went back to New York. He was working under the Presbyterian Board which was the agency under which Dr. Jackson operated. He told them that he wanted to be allowed to go out in the country and tell the story of Alaska and raise money to build a cooperative sawmill and a cannery so that he could improve the economic life of the natives. He said, "It isn't enough just to preach to them, to marry them and to bury them, and baptize

them and so forth." He often told us the story of the Reverend Thompson, chairman of the Presbyterian Board, who said, "Young man, Christ didn't say to build saw-mills, he said go forth and preach the gospel. You go right back there and run it the way we tell you to." Father sat down and wrote out his resignation.

He went back to Sitka, where he and Captain Amos T. Whitford, an old deep sea sailor, formed the Sitka Trading Company. They had no written agreement. Their oral agreement was that Captain Whitford would marry the native woman with whom he was living to legitimize the children, that he would never sell any liquor to the natives, and that he would never ask to keep the store open on Sundays. Until Whitford became so old that he had to retire, he never broke that agreement. Father became probably the leading civilian citizen in Sitka. He was the commissioner. He held almost every position of prominence there. He read law at night and was admitted to the bar.

About 1882 or 1883, father and T. C. Doran, another partner, built a small sawmill. In father's mind that wasn't so much to make money. As a matter of fact, he never seemed to care a great deal about making money--making a living was all that was necessary, but he always had in mind the welfare of

the natives. He never would allow us to call them Indians. They were Alaskan natives. He said they were a totally different type of person from the plains Indians, and even from the Puget Sound Indians. Mr. Doran had come out from Chicago and had bought, with some other men, the Cash Mine up at the head of Silver Bay, where gold was first discovered in Alaska by Nicholas Haley, one of the soldiers in the original company there. Nick had worked on the ore dumps down at Virginia City and learned something about prospecting, and when he had leave, he used to row about twelve miles to Silver Bay, where there were veins of quartz showing, and he blew out a pocket with some large nuggets in it. He sold the mine to Doran and some Portland people. They built a ten stamp mill and tried to develop it using water power, but the supply was too small and steam too costly. The ore body wasn't big enough to support any large development.

In 1886, a young school teacher arrived in Sitka--Elizabeth Patton--my mother. She was born in Cochran, Pennsylvania, had gone through the schools there, and had graduated from Maplewood Seminary in Pittsfield, Massachusetts. The Pattons had come over from County Down, Ireland, in the forties, which I presume was during the years of the potato famine, and

had landed off of a sailing ship in Montreal and migrated down to Pennsylvania. It was quite a large family. They were United Presbyterians. Their forebears had come to Ireland from Scotland during one of the religious upheavals there. So mother was brought up in that very strict United Presbyterian home where they had no music in the church, they sang Psalms, they did no cooking on Sunday, they prepared the food on Saturday, and everybody led a very quiet, sedate life on Sunday, which is what happened in Alaska also, as I can tell you a little bit later on.

Mother had an adventurous spirit and she had heard about Dr. Jackson, who had then become commissioner of education for Alaska, wanting a teacher to go to Sitka to open a government school for native children. She was accepted. He arranged for her to spend a summer term at Hyde Park Normal School in Chicago, learning particularly first aid, the care of children, things that she would need in dealing with the natives. In February 1886, she landed in Portland, Oregon. (There were no boats from Seattle to Alaska at that time.) She booked passage on a little side-wheeler, a form of riverboat, called The Idaho, and landed in Sitka on the 13th of March in 1886, just eight years to the day later than father did. There was a teacher in the white

school living alone in a little log house just above the Greek Orthodox Church and she asked mother to join her; they called it Poverty Flats. I think the ladies in the town had been trying to marry father off all the eight years that he was there. But when this very good-looking teacher arrived, she was the first person in whom he apparently took a very vital interest. He was turned down completely at first, but that didn't seem to bother him. He just continued paying attention and finally in 1887, mother agreed to accept him. One of the conditions of their marriage was that it should take place in her hometown of Cochran, Pennsylvania. So father had to arrange with someone to take his place in the Sitka Trading Company store. There was a young man of German origin named B. M. Bhrends who was out on vacation but had become rather fond of the teacher with whom mother was living, and he agreed to work in the store until father returned.

I forgot to tell you earlier that when father first arrived in Sitka, by the use of soldier's additional script he took up one hundred and sixty acres on the southeast border of Sitka joining the town, and gave that to the Presbyterian Board to become the Sheldon Jackson Mission School. Then he took up

another eighty acres on the north side of Sitka, a little over half a mile out of town just beyond the native village which was called The Ranch. Before he and mother left for the East, he let a contract for a home to be built on what we called "The Top of the Hill" in that area. But when he returned, Mr. Doran, who was running the mill and taking care of some of his affairs, reported that Governor [H.P.] Swineford, the Democratic governor who was a racist, disliked father so much because of his preventing them exploiting the natives, that he had informed the government that Brady had taken part of a native cemetery and that stopped the building of the house. Father had placed an order for lumber with the Port Blakely Mill Company in Seattle. Doran cancelled the order and had the apartment at the west end of the Sitka Trading Post where father was living fixed up and that was where they lived for the first four years of their marriage.

Father had a Chinese boy (Sam Sing) as his cook and housekeeper who had been with him for two or three years. After a short time mother said, "You must let Sam go." Sam became the manager and proprietor eventually of the Millmore Hotel. He married a native woman and had two boys who went to school with us. He

was a fine citizen, always, and proud of the fact that he had worked for father. Father and mother lived in this apartment in this old building until after I was born.

Meanwhile, they had started building a home which they felt was going to be temporary on father's property below the native village and that they someday would build their permanent home on "Top of the Hill." As it turned out, that home which was added to and improved was our permanent home. In 1892 on the 22nd of September, my brother Sheldon Jackson Brady was born there.

ERM: Where did you come by the name Hugh Picken?

HPB: Mother and father had quite a discussion when I arrived. Mother wanted to name me Hugh Patton Brady but father had had business dealings with a man from Indianapolis of whom he was very fond, named John Picken, and he wanted to name me Hugh Picken Brady and they finally compromised and mother felt that I would never have to use the middle name and that I could be Hugh P. Brady and satisfy father as well as herself. If I had been really smart, I would have done like my younger sister did, before I became twenty-one I would have changed the name to Patton.

Mother had two sisters, Cassia, who was older than she was, and Gertrude, who was younger. They had

come out to visit and Gertrude had married the son of the then governor whose name was [] Knapp, much against father's and mother's wishes, and Cassia taught in the native school mother had started. With all their children out there, grandfather and grandmother decided to come out for a visit. They rented a little home in what we called Russian Town. My older brother, John, who was born in 1889, wasn't very well. Meanwhile, father had acquired from the Russians the Sitka Hot Springs about twenty miles away. It had curative waters and he and mother and Aunt Cassia and some friends had gone down there to spend a couple of weeks, and grandfather and grandmother were taking care of me. This was in July 1891. Grandmother developed an inner ear abscess. We had no doctor in Sitka at the time, so nobody knew what to do about it and she died. Grandfather took that very, very hard; they were an unusually close couple. He lived with us the rest of his life. He took up with soldier's additional script eighty acres adjoining father's property on the north.

After the Civil War, instead of pensions they gave the soldiers script, the idea being to help develop the land in the west and they could apply this under certain rules in the public domain and if they didn't

want to use the script themselves, they could sell it. I think that the script plan worked very well. It got a lot of people to move west who otherwise would not have done so.

ERM: Had your maternal grandfather fought in the Civil War?

HPB: No, he had bought the script. He was running a tannery in Cochrannton during the war and he had this young family growing up. During that period if you didn't want to go you could pay somebody to go in your stead, so he paid some young man who did the service that he would have been called for. That was a common thing in those days.

ERM: Did script wind up being used in purchase of land in Alaska?

HPB: Not a great deal. It was later on through his study of law and knowing what could happen that father realized that apparently everybody living in Sitka was a squatter. You see, all that area had belonged to the Russians and had been left in the hands of the United States. When we purchased Alaska, everybody who wanted to leave had free passage back home. Those who decided to stay automatically became U.S. citizens. Those who owned homes retained them.

ERM: Had many Russians remained behind?

HPB. They called themselves Russians but Sitka had been

founded in 1804 and the Russians had been prominent on the peninsula, in Kodiak and west, since the 1780's. Very few Russian women came over so they had taken native wives or concubines. They had a Russian girls' school and boys' school in Sitka, and another one in Kodiak, so they were educated in Russian, and they always built churches. In Sitka, there was St. Michael's Cathedral built by Bishop Ulniamenoff in 1846. A very heavy percentage of the natives went to the Greek Orthodox Church. They loved the pomp and ceremony. Many of the men and women living there who had part native blood called themselves Russians. But there were a substantial number that had come from various parts of Russia. Then also the Russians had allowed people who had been sent to Siberia for punishment to migrate over to Alaska, people they wouldn't let come back to Russia proper. So that Sitka had a group known as Russians fairly well segregated in the part of town that we called Russian Town.

ERM: Did they continue to speak their own language or did they adopt English?

HPB: They still spoke Russian and also English. Of course, Russian was used in the church, which was the center of their life, a good deal.

ERM: Was this group still a major part of the Sitka community when you were growing up?

HPB: Yes. The school to which we went adjoined what we called the orphanage. It was the Russian boys' school. There were a group of buildings and one of them was the residence of the priest in charge or sometimes the bishop. They had a boys' choir in the church. They were taught in the school both English and Russian. A great deal of emphasis was put on singing because of having the boys' choir in the church. They followed the Russian calendar. They had their Christmas and their Easter approximately two weeks after ours and, of course, the cathedral had a set of chimes. They were a real important element in Sitka.

There were two Presbyterian churches. One was built at Sheldon Jackson. We called it the Mission Church. And then a smaller one was built downtown. The minister would preach at the Mission Church in the morning and at the town church in the evening. When the minister wasn't available, usually father would substitute for him.

ERM: When your father first came to Sitka, how large was the population?

HPB: Approximately fifteen hundred. There were between eight hundred to a thousand natives, and the balance

were Russians and other white people.

ERM: And when you were born in 1891, what was the population then?

HPB: About the same.

ERM: It was fairly stable.

HPB: Yes. Sitka was the capitol and quite a cosmopolitan little town. The most cosmopolitan of any in Alaska because the public officials were located there and, of course, there was a certain rotation. The important officials were the governor, the collector of customs, the U.S. marshall, and the district judge and, of course, they all had their assistants. After the company of soldiers left, they established a company of Marines in Sitka. They built their barracks on one side of the public square. The Sitka Trading Building where I was born was on the south side of the square. The harbor was on the western side and a building which had been the girls' seminary on the north side became the residence of the governor. We called the square the Parade Ground. That was where the Marines did their drilling. That was where the town people played baseball. All the civic activities took place there.

ERM: Did the hostility of the governor towards your father persist over any period of time?

HPB: Swineford was only governor for four years. He went

out of office and another governor came in.

ERM: Did he go out of office because of change in administration in Washington?

HPB: Yes.

ERM: He was the district governor representing what president?

HPB: [Grover] Cleveland in his first term. Then Swineford went out, Benjamin Harrison became president, and Governor Knapp came in.

ERM: Was he more friendly towards your father?

HPB: Yes, decidedly so. And it was his son who married my mother's sister, which was an unfortunate marriage because George Knapp wasn't a very stable person. Father and mother tried to persuade Gertrude not to marry, but she did. She had a girl born five months after I was born, named Matilda. George Knapp had, I suppose, a form of dementia, because Gertrude had to leave him. They were divorced and he left and none of the family ever saw him again. Gertrude and Matilda lived with us in our home. She was our only first cousin. In 1901, Gertrude married a man who had come there in the navy medical service, a very, very fine man whose brother was U.S. deputy marshall in Sitka. They moved to Ashland, Oregon, and ran a drug-store there for many years. Matilda, our own cousin,

has been very close to us all through the years.

ERM: Is she still living?

HPB: She is still living.

ERM: Where does she live?

HPB: She lives at Santa Maria, California. We visit her and she visits us.

ERM: You grew up as children in the same home then together?

HPB: Yes, she's just like a sister and always has been.

ERM: There was your older brother John, then you, then your sister.

HPB: No, then Sheldon Jackson Brady. And a year and a half after Sheldon Jackson came Mary Beattie Brady and then two years later, Elizabeth Patton Brady.

ERM: You were quite a big family.

HPB: There were five of us.

ERM: Plus a grandfather.

HPB: And my Aunt Cassia who lived with us. And for many years Gertrude and Matilda. So it was a large family.

ERM: You must have had quite a large house in order to accommodate all of these people.

HPB: We did, and as the hotel in Sitka wasn't much, many many times we'd have visitors. For instance, when Dr. Jackson came out on his trips, he would stay with us. The same with other people. We just had to be flexible.

ERM: How did your father as the principal breadwinner sustain the whole thing? Was the Sitka Trading Company a successful venture?

HPB: Not very. He and Whitford, in about 1883 or 1884, bought a retired sailing revenue cutter called the Reliance that had quite a history. They used her to haul their own goods from San Francisco to Sitka. On one trip when they were trying to come in through Salisbury Sound, a storm hit them and by the time they got turned around, the boat was almost at Yakutat. So on the next trip south, they put into a Seattle shipyard, Moran Brothers, to install a small steam engine, what you call a "kicker." Finally, when the regular steamship service was started and Seattle began to grow, they decided to lay the boat up. They anchored her in a little cove over at Japanathi Island and she ended her days there in the early 90's.

They had named her Leo of Sitka. She had quite a history. She had established the weather station in Point Barrow in 1881. A little later she was used in the pelagic sealing industry. That was taking seals as they were traveling north to the Pribilof Islands. Both white men and natives were allowed to take the skins for a number of years. She was also caught smuggling. When Whitford and father bought her, she

was laid up in San Francisco.

ERM: Was this immediately following her being caught as a smuggler?

HPB: Yes.

ERM: She'd been brought into San Francisco.

HPB: Confiscated, and they bought the vessel as surplus.

ERM: You were mentioning that they had used this vessel to bring supplies for the store up from San Francisco and then finally had abandoned the vessel because it was no longer profitable to operate her when there was better service to be had from others who established more regular steamship schedules to Sitka from the stateside.

HPB: Yes, plus the fact that Captain Whitford had grown old and had to retire.

ERM: Had he been the master of this vessel?

HPB: Yes. He moved to Skagit County, Washington, with one of his daughters and her husband. They became hop farmers. Father and I visited them in 1898 when we were on our way back from Washington, D.C., which will be part of another story. There was an amicable dissolving of the partnership in the early nineties. I can't tell you just what year.

ERM: Had the nature of the business situation changed by then and had there been new competitors coming in and

setting up their businesses in Sitka?

HPB: Yes, there had. Father was devoting more and more time to other activities, such as being commissioner and running the sawmill and things of that type.

ERM: Being commissioner involved him in what?

HPB: The town wasn't incorporated so we had no government such as mayor and council and so forth. The commissioner was the official who kept law and order.

ERM: And your father was appointed by what district governor?

HPB: It must have been Knapp. Knapp was followed by [] Shakeley when Grover Cleveland came for his second term and then in 1897 when McKinley was elected, he appointed father governor.

ERM: Was there any compensation for being commissioner of Sitka?

HPB: It was sort of on a fee system, I believe. I don't think they drew a salary. Some of the officials were on salary but the marshall, for instance, operating the jail was entirely on the fee system.

ERM: Did this operate very much as it did in the western United States as a political spoils system?

HPB: That was true. But for many years Sitka had no civil form of government. The town just had to run itself. Of course, they had a customs collector and a U.S. marshall, and the commissioner and that was about all.

It wasn't until the nineties that they adopted a form of what was known as the Oregon Code to give Alaska a bit of civil government.

ERM: What were your father's principal duties and responsibilities as commissioner of Sitka?

HPB: Just keeping law and order.

ERM: Was he a deputy sheriff?

HPB: He was more what you'd call a local judge.

ERM: In other words, he heard civil and criminal cases.

HPB: He set the sentences for drunkenness and smuggling and things of that sort.

ERM: And this was done on a fee basis. There was a fee paid by the federal government for his performing these services?

HPB: Yes.

ERM: As time went on, did his business take on larger proportions and grow and become more successful?

HPB: No.

ERM: The lumber mill was never very profitable, I gather.

HPB: No. He wasn't interested in that. Even when he became governor, the mill would only run part-time because the local market wasn't very large and there was an old watermill started by the Russians that also cut lumber, so that the only time that they ran the mill regular hours was during the Klondike gold rush years.

Then the whole town was busy. The town grew for a few years. At one time, we had fifteen saloons there and a brewery and lots of activity took place because boats going on to the westward would run from Seattle direct on the outside and put in at Sitka instead of going up through the tortuous inside passage. Then from Sitka they'd go right up to the westward.

ERM: What inland communications routes existed linking Sitka to other communities in Alaska?

HPB: There is the inland passage, a water highway to all the towns of southeastern Alaska.

ERM: There were no roads to other places?

HPB: No. There aren't any roads today. The only roads other than in the little towns themselves were on Lynn Canal. The Dalton Trail from Haines eventually became a road to join the Alaska Highway from British Columbia. Sitka is on an island. In 1881, Juneau and Harris found gold in a creek emptying into Gastineau Channel. It became a boom town called Harrisburg, later renamed Juneau. Father and Whitford built a branch store there.

To go to Juneau we had to go via Whitestone Narrows, Peril Straits, and straight up Chatam Strait and around Admiralty Island. Later, boats came up the Inside Passage to Juneau and out through Icy Straits

to the westward, as we called it. There are no roads now. There is no possible way to build roads out of Juneau. The White Pass and Yukon Railroad started in 1899 begins at Skagway and goes now up to White Horse.

ERM: In the Yukon Territory.

HPB: Yes. As I mentioned, a road runs from Haines to the Alcan Highway and on to Fairbanks. Now they actually are building an automobile road from Skagway to White Horse. They let the contract this fall to finish the Alaska part of it, but the majority of it is going to be in Yukon Territory.

When I was born there were native villages along the Inside Passage except for Wrangel and Kitchikan and Juneau. To name a few, old Kasaan, Hawkan, Klawock, Kake, Angoan, Hoonah, Kallishnoo. They still exist as native villages with just a handful of whites. And then, of course, there are various cannery locations. Skagway wasn't started until 1897.

ERM: What was the base of the Sitka economy?

HPB: Mostly fishing. The lumber business really didn't amount to much.

ERM: Little sawmills manufactured for the local market?

HPB: Yes, except during the Klondike rush. Then they settled back again. A considerable majority of the white people there were in government service of

one kind or another and of course we had the Marine barracks with a company of sixty men plus the officers. Also the Sheldon Jackson School.

ERM: The fishing industry was the principal source of income.

HPB: That's right.

ERM: How were the catches sent to the market? Were canneries there at that time or did they come in later?

HPB: There weren't any actually in Sitka until Pyramid was built in 1918, but they were in the areas nearby. The cannery business started quite early. They would come into Sitka to purchase goods and so forth. Then in 1902 the Chichagof Mine was discovered about fifty miles away on an island of the same name. And Sitka was the main port for that. This was a very, very successful gold mine for quite a number of years. There was a great deal of prospecting all through the area.

ERM: When you recall your boyhood days growing up in Sitka, what do you remember most vividly? You alluded a little earlier to the austere kind of religious regimen of the home. Would you describe this?

HPB: As soon as we were old enough for kindergarten, we went to school. My first teacher was my Aunt Gertrude who taught at the white school. My Aunt Cassia taught

the little native boys and girls at the school which mother had started in 1886. I can remember my brother, John, was at school and. . .I was so anxious to go that I used to follow mother around the house carrying a slate and a slate pencil to get her to make a letter and then I'd be able to copy it. Finally, I bothered her so much that she decided I belonged in school. To school I went.

We had quite a large garden which grandfather ran often with native help but lots of times, in fact, most of the time was doing it himself except that just as soon as we children were old enough, we had to go out and help with the weeding and cultivating. Our home was just like a small farm. We had cows and horses and chickens and pigs and ducks and geese.

There were no taxes. Nothing was organized. As I started to tell you a little while ago, in 1901 father had our property patented. Our patent was signed by Theodore Roosevelt. He persuaded the Sheldon Jackson Mission and the Greek church and quite a few other people to get their property patented, because he said someday Sitka will grow and when it does, if you don't have real title to your land, somebody is going to come along and prove that through some relative or inheritance from way back in Russian days

that it belongs to them and that actually happened. In other words, without the patent you had nothing but squatter's rights.

Life was pleasant with school and doing the chores. We were all quite busy even when we were pretty small. All were expected to work, still we had time for play. We had no furnace in the house. Each room was heated by a stove. The big stove in the living room had a pipe to what was called a "drum" in the master bedroom above and another from the dining room up to a second bedroom. That was the nearest thing that we had to any central heat. Each one of the other rooms had a stove, and in the kitchen was a large majestic range to which was attached a hot water tank. These various stoves were fired mostly with wood. Sometimes father would buy a little coal to use in the kitchen range, but the other stoves were entirely wood. The heating stoves were made of sheet iron which would wear out fairly quickly. They were fed through a lid at the top.

We were always clearing land so that besides slabs from the sawmill, they would cut the roots where we were clearing into chunks to feed the stoves. At night in the fall and winter we'd load the dining room and living room stoves up with this partly damp wood

which would last through until morning. Then, of course, every so often, you had to get in there with a short-handled shovel and take the ashes out. The stoves in the other rooms were quite small. One of the first tasks for the boy whose job it was to fill the wood boxes would be to fill the box at the kitchen stove. We had a huge wood shed adjoining the house. Any time the boy had time to spare, he would be out there either sawing wood or cutting kindling.

When we got a little bit older we milked. I remember I started milking when I was about nine. One boy would milk the cows, feed the cows and horses, clean the stable, which was down on the shore about a third of a mile from the house. Another would take care of the chickens, the pigs, ducks, etc. The third boy had to fill all the wood boxes as well as start the kitchen fire, and others when needed. Mother was the boss. You see, in 1897 when father became governor, he had to be away a great deal and so mother handled things, with grandfather to assist if necessary.

ERM: How much of his time did he have to be away?

HPB: One year, his time away totaled nine months. Of course, he was back in between for short periods. Alaska had no delegate, no representation in Washington,

so the governor had to do the lobbying for the District, and visit all over the District.

In January, 1898, my father took mother and my sister, Mary, and me back with him to Washington, D.C., and rented an apartment on "G" Street, where the trolleys were drawn by horses. We were there until June. Alaska was a district the same as the District of Columbia, so the governor reported to the secretary of the Interior.

I was only seven years old, but I remember everything we did during that year. It's very vivid in my mind, like going up Washington's Monument. Dr. Jackson had two aughters, Leslie and Delia, who took Mary and me everywhere. We went down to the White House, shook hands with McKinley, to Buffalo Bill's Wild West and Ringling Brothers Circus and, of course, to the Art Gallery, Library of Congress, Government Printing Office. There wasn't anything we didn't see.

Then, on our way home, we went up to Cochran to visit mother's relatives. Mother had to go to Baltimore to Johns Hopkins for an operation. Father, Mary and I headed west in June. We stopped in Chicago to visit Mr. Thomas Kane, and to see T. C. Doran's relatives. I mentioned earlier about Doran being a partner of father's in the sawmill and being the heir

of the Stewart Mine and father was the executor of his estate.

Then we went down to Indianapolis and stayed overnight with Mr. John Picken after whom I was named. I remember the cherries were ripe and he had a pony. I recall standing on the pony's back picking cherries and then we went down to Tipton where father had grown up. While Judge Green had passed away many years before, his widow--his second wife--was still alive and very, very graciously kept us overnight. For breakfast we had guinea hen eggs.

ERM: I notice your father's name is John Green Brady.

HPB: He took Green as his middle name because of his fondness for the judge. Judge Green was quite a remarkable person. He was one of the people who persuaded Lincoln to run for the presidency. When Lincoln's funeral cortege hit Springfield, Illinois, father hitchhiked over there and attended the services.

ERM: Your father was politically aligned with the Republican party all his life, is that right?

HPB: Yes, all his life.

ERM: Did he come by his Republican sentiments through association with Judge Green?

HPB: Yes.

ERM: What part did he play in Republican party politics in his time?

HPB: Of course, during the years that he was governor, appointed first by McKinley and then twice by Theodore Roosevelt, all the officials who were sent out to Alaska were naturally Republican. Although some of his very good friends were Democrats. One of them, John G. Hyde, called upon President Roosevelt and talked about Alaska. To ease him out, the President said, "Mr. Hyde, you ought to be governor of Alaska." Hyde thought it was a promise even though he was a Democrat. The blow shortened his life.

ERM: Was your father known personally to McKinley or did McKinley appoint him because of representations of others on his behalf?

HPB: He had met McKinley through his Yale connections. He had many very good friends. Just who introduced him to McKinley, I don't know. He knew Mark Hanna very well. The first president whom he got to know was Samuel Rutherford B. Hayes. That was during the time that he was a missionary. Hayes was the first president, you know, to visit the west. He came across and drove down the coast by horse and wagon.

ERM: Who was the first president to visit Alaska?

HPB: [William G.] Harding.

ERM: Growing up in Sitka in the 1890's you must have been in the position of being the leading citizen's son. Did that have an impact upon your life? Did it put special strictures on you?

HPB: No, it didn't. My father was very emphatic on that point. Just because we were the children of Governor Brady, he wanted us to absolutely thoroughly understand that we were made of just the same clay as the other children with whom we went to school and with whom we played, and that we were not to put on airs of any kind or description. He never let us forget it, nor did mother.

ERM: What about the rest of the community?

HPB: No, the people in Sitka were not like that. If any problems came up, it was only on the part of visitors to Alaska. The town was small and people knew each other so well, that there was no problem such as that. And another thing, once in awhile somebody would say to mother, "Which is your favorite child?" The few times that I've heard her express indignation, you can't call it anger, she said, "I have no favorites." There was another point where she insisted that all of the children be treated just exactly alike and that was a little bit of a problem in her mind because of my close relationship with my grandfather.

ERM: Would you describe that close relationship?

HPB: As I told you, my grandfather and grandmother were very, very close. Grandmother died taking care of me and so I was grandfather's boy, and named Hugh after him. John and I were only a year and a half apart. Like all kids in healthy families, we fought. We fought a lot--not just with words, but with our fists. Grandfather on the q.t. taught me to wrestle. And if we'd start anything, and get in a clinch, I'd quickly get John down and that would be the end of it. Little things like that bothered mother.

ERM: She was aware of the fact that you were a favorite of her father.

HPB: Yes. And there wasn't anything she could do about it, because grandfather was the privileged person in the family--as he should have been. Of course, father was very fond of him, and grandfather ran the garden and took care of things generally, and for much of the time, he and mother ran it when father was away and when father returned, why, he just let things go on as they were and watched things turn out. If somebody had done wrong, mother would say, "Father, this time you have to perform the correction."

Grandfather as a boy had been quite an athlete. I remember when he was seventy-five years old and he

usually wore rubber knee boots because it rained there a lot, I'd say, "Grandfather, I can beat you to so and so." Here I'd be with a pair of sneakers on, thirteen or fourteen years old, and damn it he could out run me.

ERM: How would you describe your grandfather?

HPB: My grandfather was about five foot three--a very wiry little fellow with actions just as quick as a cat. I remember one time we had a pair of white mules and we didn't have any running water in the barn. We had to go down to the pond which supplied water to the sawmill about a quarter of a mile away. Grandfather was working with Bob, a big raw-boned white mule who still had the harness on. Instead of leading him, grandfather just jumped on his back and rode him down. And they got almost to the water barrel when all of a sudden old Bob pulled up short and grandfather sailed right over his head. Anyone else would have landed flat on his tail. When you throw a cat, it always lands on its feet--he landed on his feet. He got back on the mule's back and as Bob got a little bit closer, grandfather could see the old fellow getting ready to repeat. He had a strap in his hand and whack!! Down he came. That was it.

We had our own boats. The tide went out a long way and we had to pull them up on the shore. When we landed, instead of climbing out, he would jump without

even touching the gunwale. He could jump out of half a hog's head with that spring in his legs. I think as a youngster he must have been a real athlete.

Father resigned the governorship in 1906 and sent mother and the five little Brady's back to Brookline, Massachusetts, to go to school. John had finished at the Sitka school and was in Portland Academy the year of 1905. I had finished the school, but we had a good teacher that year and they let me stay home as I didn't want to go away. But the next year, I would have had to go; Sheldon the next year.

A governor's salary was not enough to carry such costs, so he resigned the governorship after two and a half terms, ten years, and went with the Reynolds Alaska Development Company, a mining company with its main office in Boston. He spent most of his time in Alaska, but grandfather and my Aunt Cassia remained in our home.

When father became governor, my Aunt Gertrude became his secretary. She gave up the white school and Aunt Cassia moved over from the native school to the white school to take Gertrude's place. When Gertrude married and moved to Ashland, Oregon, Cassia gave up teaching and became father's secretary. And, of course, she continued to live with us. So when we

went east, she had moved back to the native school. But they cut down the operation of the farm. They didn't begin to raise vegetables and things like we had because there wasn't any local need for them and grandfather couldn't do that much work any more.

He died at the age of seventy-nine. He always overdid. He worked too hard. In his last two or three years, he began to lose his memory. Cassia got a small government grant and they added an apartment to the schoolhouse so that she had three bedrooms and a sitting room. She was able to continue teaching, because she had grandfather available there, or she couldn't have left him in the condition he was in down at the old home and be away all day. When we left, father sold off all of the cattle, left one horse and a cow. We got rid of the chickens and everything of that sort because that was all that grandfather had to take care of.

ERM: What kind of life did a boy have growing up in Sitka?

HPB: We had a very happy life. Of course, we didn't have the diversions that you have today. We went to school. We boys when old enough did the chores, as I told you. We had it divided into three ways. That meant that we were up at half-past five in the morning. We had to be at the breakfast table at seven o'clock sharp. As

I said before, one boy milked the cows, the other filled the wood boxes and started the fires, and the other one took care of the chickens and the rest of the animals. Then our orders were to wash and dress and be ready to go to school when we sat down at the breakfast table at 7 a.m., winter or summer.

Then we went to school. We walked. It was about a mile. One time father came home with a bicycle for each of us. When the weather was good later, we rode bicycles if they were in shape to ride. Of course, there was no bicycle shop in Sitka so we had to learn to service our own bicycles. No one else could do it.

ERM: Did you walk to the school winter and summer?

HPB: Oh, yes. If the weather was bad, we'd carry a little bag with some lunch in it. Most of the time, if the weather was good, as we had an hour at noon, we'd walk home and eat lunch and walk back.

We had to be at school at eight o'clock--eight to twelve and one to four. We had a fifteen minute recess in the morning and another in the afternoon. If the tide was out, lots of times we'd go down on the wide sandy beach, and either play hopskotch, pum-pum-pull-away or some other game. If it wasn't, we'd stay in the school yard to play baseball and ante-over. Ante-over was throwing the ball over the

schoolhouse roof. It was one of our favorite games. In pum-pum-pull-away you divided into sides and tried to cross from one line to another without getting tapped by the one who was "it." Games of that sort. All were pretty strenuous.

Then, when school was over, we had to get home promptly and do our chores. One boy, whose turn it was to take care of the cattle, had to go out and hunt the cows. We had no fenced pasture. Most of the grass grew down along the shore and you'd have to find the cows and drive them home and carry down a pail of warm water and wash their udders and feed the cattle and put the horses in and feed them and then carry the milk home and strain it into the pans in the milkroom. Of course, there was always the requirement to split wood. And in spring, help grandfather in the garden weeding and so forth.

ERM: Did you ever participate in slaughtering animals for food?

HPB: We only did that twice. When it served its time, we had to kill a cow. Grandfather would usually get John Willard or George Bartlett or one of the native men and they'd do it down in an area next to the sawmill. One time we had two little male pigs and father decided to castrate them. He told me to sharpen a beautiful

Springbrook pocket knife I carried, and I handed it to him. He had the pig lying on its back, ready to slice it, and he tried it. He said, "I thought you sharpened this? Take it away." One of the men pulled out his knife and he took the little testicles out of the pigs and later when they grew up, we slaughtered them. That's the only time I actually remember helping in that procedure.

We enjoyed the work with the cows. Then in our garden we raised all kinds of root vegetables in enormous quantities. For a family our size that meant a lot of potatoes. Oftentimes, we raised so many that we had to sell a lot of them. But we children were never paid any allowance. Mother said you do your work because of the love of your family. We were allowed, because we helped grandfather in the garden, to gather vegetables and wash them and bundle them and sell on a regular vegetable route which we serviced on Wednesday afternoon after school and on Saturdays. That was the way we made our pin money.

There were no banks in Sitka. As a matter of fact, there was no place where you could spend a copper penny. The only place you could redeem a penny was at the post office. They shipped the pennies down to a bank in the states. When I was about twelve or

thirteen years old, a couple of Germans came there named Roll. They started a little variety store. They had some items that they would sell for a penny and that was the first and only time that you could use a penny. Each youngster had a little box where he kept his money, which was all in gold or silver. There was no paper money.

There were no clothing stores in Sitka except for overalls and rough stuff like that. Mother ordered our clothes from either Best's in New York, Wanamaker in Philadelphia; not even the western stores like Meier and Frank or any of those were able to handle mail orders. And if, for instance, one of us needed a suit of clothes, Mother would pick it out of the catalog and she'd say, "Hugh, go to your box and get me fifteen dollars" (or whatever it was) "and I will order you a suit." We didn't pile up any great amount.

Sunday, of course, we had to dip into our box for money for collection. When I was ten or eleven years old, I became janitor of the little Presbyterian church downtown. I got a dollar a week for that. I split the kindling and laid the fire and cleaned the lamps and swept and dusted. We didn't have pews, just chairs. I had to arrange the chairs for Sunday School and then re-arrange them for church in the

evening. That dollar a week was very important to me.

ERM: What was your religious life in the family?

HPB: Right after breakfast, before going to school, we all assembled in the living room and if father was home, he'd read a passage from the Bible and if he wasn't, mother read it. Then we'd all turn around and get down on our knees before a chair and listen to a prayer and wind up with the Lord's Prayer. On Sunday we had breakfast a little bit later.

There were no funny papers, of course, we were not allowed to read anything except Bible stories. We could play Bible games. We couldn't ride our bicycles. We couldn't ride the horses. We couldn't whittle. One of my aunts sometimes would take us on a nice day for a walk down the beach and we'd study the sea life. Of course, the milking, fire building, feeding, and so forth had to be done, but no other chores.

We were allowed to read religious books, play Bible games and, at one period, we had to learn one of the shorter catechisms every day. We were supposed eventually to know all one hundred seven of them, which was a real task. Then we had our big meal during the middle of the day, around one o'clock.

ERM: Would that be after you'd been to Sunday school?

HPB: No. We had to be at Sunday school, which was a half

mile away, at two o'clock. After Sunday school, we had to go home and take a nap because, as I said earlier, the Presbyterian minister preached at the Sheldon Jackson Mission Church in the morning and at our church in the evening. We had to take a nap so we could stay awake in church in the evening. That was one reason we weren't very happy about Sundays because we didn't enjoy that nap. Then we would have usually leftovers from the Saturday evening dinner for a light supper. From the time we were old enough, we went to Christian Endeavor at six thirty in the evening. That service lasted for thirty minutes, and then the regular church service began.

When I became the janitor and had to take care of the fire, I felt that I should sit back at the rear of the church by the stove, but mother took care of that by saying that the whole family would sit together. We had the Brady row of chairs with father sitting at the aisle and mother next to him and then the children inside. Father and mother did their best to inspire us to stay awake, because the regular minister most of the time wasn't very interesting. When father substituted for him, we always enjoyed the service.

Grandfather was treasurer of the church. He always wore his Prince Albert suit and, of course,

most of the time when he was governor except when he was working, father wore a Prince Albert. Grandfather being the church treasurer passed the basket for collection. It was a shallow Tlingit basket with satin lining. When the service was over, he would go up and take it from where it was sitting on the front of the pulpit and carry it home. He had a little round wooden box which I still have. It held the church collections, which ran about a couple of dollars, until time to turn it over to the Synod for the minister's salary. At the time we left Sitka, it was eleven hundred dollars a year. Once in awhile if grandfather wasn't there, which wasn't often, I'd pass the basket in his place.

So you can see that Sunday was a pretty full day and a very religious day. We always felt different on Sundays because of that bath on Saturday night.

ERM: Was the social life of the community highly centered around the church?

HPB: Not particularly. There were a good many things that went on in a small town like that. For instance, there was the Ethnological Society. When we got old enough, mother would let the two older ones go to those meetings. Then there were birthday parties that different children gave, and there were activities in

connection with the school or at the holiday period as anywhere else.

ERM: Were you ever a member of a boys' club?

HPB: No, we didn't have anything like a boys' club.

ERM: Or scouting?

HPB: Scouting hadn't been invented. Our father and grandfather were at every opportunity teaching us woodcraft, safety in handling tools, etc. Mother trained many native girls to cook and to do kitchen work, but when the fishing season started, nearly all the native families would leave. Off and on we had Japanese work for us as cooks, but those periods were rather short.

One evening after dinner when I was about eight years old, mother said, "Children, it's time now you learn to cook. We're going to start tonight." We went out into the big kitchen and proceeded to take our first lesson in making bread. There was no bakery in town, of course. Beginning then, each Wednesday evening and again on Friday evening, whosever turn it was, would go out in the kitchen and start getting ready to make bread.

First, before dinner, we had to take the jar of yeast starter from the pantry and peel three potatoes and put them in a sauce pan with salt and pepper and a little milk and then take the jar of yeast and put

that and all this new material into a bowl and put it up on the heater above the range to rise so that it was all well fermented. After dinner, when the dishes were all washed, the two appointed ones would go out and one would make white bread dough and the other would make graham. That was put in a great big pan and up on the heater above the range to rise during the night.

On Thursday morning, we were in school and mother or someone else had to roll out the loaves. But on Saturday mornings, whoever had made it would take this great big pan of dough and lay it out on a big board at the end of the pantry and would roll out the loaves and put them up to rise again and then make cinnamon buns and parker house rolls. We became pretty good bakers. During the summer, each child had to take his turn doing the cooking. Of course, mother supervised. The result of it was that we all learned to cook pretty well. I took to it with a lot of special interest because it enabled me to go on more trips with grandfather.

Up in the Silver Bay area, due to his prospecting, we had what were known as mineral claims. There was generally dirt gold all over that part of Alaska. You'd find quartz almost everywhere, even on our beach.

Grandfather had a number of claims in the names of our aunts and different people. Until a claim was patented, you had to spend the equivalent of one hundred dollars each year, to maintain your title. You would hire one or two or three men rated at five dollars a day to go up there, but you didn't have to pay them that much. The camp always needed a cook, so as soon as I was old enough, we'd go up to Silver Bay for one or two weeks and I would go along as the camp cook. I didn't get paid but I had loads of fun doing the work.

We started first living in little cabins up where the old Cash Mine had been, but they became too old and decrepit so we camped in tents down on the shore. That was twelve miles from Sitka. We'd row out there. We had a sprit sail and if the wind was fair sometimes we'd step the mast and get a little relief from rowing.

The claims were about a mile up the mountainside. I would either have to put up a lunch for them or let them go on up and then I would put up the lunch and carry it to them. On a bright sunny day when I had packed their lunch I'd stay down and air the bedding, which might have gotten a little damp during the rainy weather, and also I'd go fishing. Time after time when they came down in the evening, I'd have fresh

fish on the stove. We carried a little bit of a sheet iron stove with two openings and a tiny oven. I'll never forget the first time I tried to bake bread in one, it didn't work even though I'd turned the bread upside down and every other way. After that, all we made were cookies and biscuits. The oven heated top and bottom but only one side. Such outings were pleasant and instructive. They took the place of what the Boy Scouts do today.

ERM: What kind of fish did you catch?

HPB: Usually, I'd get a salmon or a salmon trout or mackeral. There were times of year when horse mackeral would run in schools and all you'd have to do was throw a hook over with a piece of ham or a red rag on it, and they'd grab it. You'd yank it in. It was just no problem at all to catch a fish. Of course, we had no icebox or anything like that. All you'd catch would be what you'd use right away.

I remember one year I was up there with grandfather and a man named Bauer had a claim around in another cove of the bay. He and Mrs. Bauer were friends of the family, so once in awhile I would row over to visit a bit. One time I spent a week with them. One summer Mr. Bauer had some of the company stockholders out from Chicago. He took them to the

Sitka Hot Springs, which father owned. One of the men, when hunting, shot a swan. They made great preparations for a dinner, anticipating a real treat. When the bird was placed on the table, the carver could not cut it. It was too old and tough.

ERM: What did the men do to explore the mining possibilities?

HPB: They'd build a small tunnel along the vein, always looking for a pocket or a widening out of the vein. It was mostly drill and blast and drill and blast, using dynamite and percussion caps and so forth. Picks, shovels, and wheelbarrows were used to carry the ore out on the dump and then grandfather would pick out the best looking samples and we'd carry a sack of them back to Sitka to have them assayed.

I remember one day the men went up early and I made their lunches and carried them up. It had gotten pretty cold at night. Grandfather told me to get the case of dynamite out of the tunnel and thaw it out. It worked better if it wasn't frozen. I carried this dynamite out and laid it in the sun and then I sat there and I took a stick of dynamite and started rolling it in my hand to soften it up. I was sitting there doing this in grand style and all of a sudden I heard this awful exclamation, "Boy, what are you doing?" I looked around and there was my father. He

had rowed out from Sitka to see how things were getting along. He took that dynamite out of my hand and he said, "Hugh, don't you ever let me see you do that again. That has quicksilver and arsenic in it, and that'll go right into your veins." Grandfather was shocked. He didn't know I was doing this. He felt terribly badly about it. We learned our lessons by such experiences.

It was something like the time I was splitting kindling out at the end of the woodshed with a hand axe that had just been sharpened. I didn't know it, but my little sister, Mary, had driven some nails into the end of this chopping block and I guess father knew about it. I was splitting kindling with this sharp axe hitting these nails. I got told in a hurry that I was supposed to look and see what a sharp tool was hitting.

Sometimes, when father was traveling a lot, he had a tendency to gain weight, so when he'd come home he'd want to do hard manual labor. Besides using slab wood and stump wood that we cleared from the land, sometimes a log would drift up on the beach and he said, "When you see one, tie it up." (A dog is a little eye with a point on it, and you drive that in and then attach a line to it.) So we'd tie up a log and he

would say, "Come on, boys, we are going to cut some wood." We had a great long crosscut saw, wedges, axes, and we'd go down and father would pull one end of this saw and two of us would be on the other end.

Down beside the mill, we had a blacksmith shop and a carpenter shop and the stories above the carpenter shop were storage for all kinds of things that were needed either in the mill or around the house--nails and screws and hinges and new handles for axes and hammers--just about everything you'd find in a hardware store. When they laid the schooner up they took all of the sails, heavy canvas, and tied them to the rafters of the sawmill. So for any purpose whatever, when canvas was needed, we could go cut a piece off of one of these sails.

We learned to do all kinds of things both in blacksmithing and we never really became good carpenters but we did learn to do pretty fair plumbing. John and I fixed all the leaks in the pipes at the house. We put in new washers and everything of that sort. We learned to thread pipes and taps. It was all pretty simple because the only running water was in the kitchen. We had a five thousand gallon tank built on the back of the house that was fed by gutters from the roof from a spout, which kept the tank

reasonably full most of the time. Then we had a well down below with a hand-pump. If there wasn't enough runoff from the roof, we could pump it up from down below. That was for washing dishes and bathing but not fit for drinking.

Our drinking water was hauled every week or every two weeks in five-gallon kerosene cans from the Indian River which was two and a half miles away. We had twenty-five cans which is just what the cart would hold. You know those old Standard Oil cans with the little faucet in one corner? We'd melt that faucet off and that left a hole for a wooden plug. In the summers, John and I on Saturday would hitch up Bess to the cart and drive out to the Indian River. At first we were too small to lift full cans, so we'd fill them half full and then pass the water up in a bucket and pour it in. In the winter, we'd chop a hole in the ice and fill the cans and haul them home in a sleigh. We had a room out beyond the woodshed with a low shelf on it where the drinking water was kept. When we wanted drinking water either to fill the tea kettle or to serve at the table, we'd take the pitcher out and tip a can.

ERM: Was it warm enough so it wouldn't freeze in the wintertime?

HPB: Yes, we never more than once or twice got ice in those cans. I never saw it colder than eight above zero in Sitka.

ERM: The climate is moderated by the ocean?

HPB: Yes. We had snow in the winter, and we had a lot of skating on Swan Lake but we never had any sub-zero weather.

Of course, we had no electricity. We had oil lamps and candles and each morning all the lamps had to be assembled in what we called the lamproom and the wicks trimmed and the shades polished and at night going upstairs, if it was too dark, you'd just light a candle and get a holder and take it upstairs. Each one of us owned a lantern. There were no street lights and if you had to go to town or down to the barn or anything special, we'd say to grandfather, "Do I need a lantern?" He was our weather man. If there was going to be a moon you didn't have to carry a lantern. And beside the oil lanterns, we had candle lanterns. It's just a little holder with a chimney on it and a candle inside. If it was windy at all, it wasn't worth a damn, even though lighter to carry.

Going through the ranch you had to keep an eye out because at every native house, there were anywhere from one to five dogs of coyote type and they would nip

at people now and then. We always had them so frightened that they knew us so well so that when we were going along in the daytime, we'd have a few rocks in our pockets and if the dog didn't get up off the porch and run under the house, we'd throw a rock at them. We kept them in fear of us. But when I was riding Bess through the ranch sometimes I'd have fifty dogs yipping at her heels and time after time she'd start flailing out both feet. More than once she'd break a dog's leg.

ERM: Why were so many dogs kept by the Indians?

HPB: No Indian would kill a dog. They might leave a dog to starve but they'd never kill one. So they'd get so plentiful that father would say to the natives, "Now there are too many dogs. Put a collar on any dog you want to keep because I'm going to shoot those without, also any mangy ones." So on the way to his office at the Governor's House, he'd take his ten-gauge shotgun with him, and if he saw a dog that was very mangy or didn't have a collar on, he'd shoot it and throw the carcass down on the beach and the tide would take it away.

ERM: That seems like a rather unusual thing for a governor to be doing.

HPB: There were a lot of unusual things father did.

Another thing, the native dogs would come down and try to get into our chicken yard at night. Sometimes they'd sit up there on the hill and howl. Oftentimes father would go out at night and take a shot at them. He bought a twenty-two for us, and later on we boys would police it ourselves. They'd hear us coming and they'd scoot.

One day father shot a dog that belonged to a big Tlingit named Yaska, a tall six-foot native with a curled mustache. The natives didn't grow beards very much. They couldn't. Their whiskers just didn't show up, but they would wear a mustache now and then. Father was walking through the village one day, and Yaska came out, and he said, "You killed my dog." And father said, "Yes. I told you to put a collar on him and you hadn't done it." I don't know whether Yaska had had something to drink or not, but he took a swing at father. Father saw it coming and ducked, and came up with his right and hit him right on the button and laid him flat. He sat on his head and gave him a lecture. Yaska got up a very apologetic native. Father was a direct action person.

ERM: Can you remember any other times in which he did things in a very direct way?

HPB: Yes. Sometimes when the sawmill was running, he

acted as head sawyer with native labor. One of the reasons that he built the mill was to furnish jobs and to supply the natives with lumber at fair prices so they could build suitable homes. As I told you, he was always a missionary at heart and always thinking of the welfare of the natives above everything.

Once he had a big native named Kitch handling the cut-off saw and he taught him how to use it. One day Kitch yanked too fast, hit a knot, and broke a big chunk out of the cut-off saw. Father fired him, and one day at lunch time, he came to the back door as I finished lunch and was out there, and I went in and told father Kitch was there. The hall was next to the laundry. Kitch was sitting on the edge of a clothes basket. If there was one thing that father couldn't understand other than dulling a tool, it was to mistreat anything. Kitch was sitting on this basket, bending it way down. He got up and started to ask to be taken back on the job at the mill, and father never said a word. He just grabbed him by the coat collar and the belt, and he pushed him toward the door and then gave him a swift kick in the tail and down he went. Father would have talked to him, if he hadn't been sitting on that basket. But he couldn't stand anything like that.

He didn't want us, for instance, if we were practicing rifle shooting, to shoot at a bottle. He said, "You use a can." He didn't want things destroyed because he felt that they had a certain value. There were many things that were hard to get. The only local hardwood we had was crab apple, and if a wagon wheel wore out, the spokes were a valuable item. Everything he wanted laid away because you never could tell when an item might be useful.

ERM: How big a mill was it? What was its production?

HPB: Ten thousand a day. Father could do every job himself. There were times when he was foreman and supervisor and everything else.

The labor force was natives, but usually a white millwright was in charge until Peter Simpson who was a Tsimpseau graduated from Sheldon Jackson and became a millwright. The rest was native labor. Peter Simpson became a real millwright. George Bartlett was an engineer--handled the boiler.

I can remember the little engine we had blew a cylinder head because the boiler was low on water. We had a lumber order that had to be gotten out. A square piece of steel was on hand. Of course, a cylinder head is round and has holes for all the bolts to go through an inch. The inch piece was cold rolled.

Father decided the only thing to do was make a new cylinder head out of it. I remember going down to the blacksmith shop where they worked all day and had lanterns hanging up so they could work at night to saw a corner off. We didn't have a power saw. They had to do it with a hand hacksaw. That was a hell of a job. Then all of those holes had to be hand drilled. We had four men working that night and finally it was ready to start the next day.

When they dismantled the Leo, there were all kinds of tools and gear that were stored in what we called the carpenter's shop. It was three stories high. The scotch boiler was housed in one corner of the sawmill. We had a big room on the lower floor where a lot of material was stored, extra tools and machinery.

ERM: The mill ran on steam power.

HPB: Right.

ERM: And you got your steam by burning your slab wood, I suppose?

HPB: And sawdust and shavings. We had a conveyer that dumped it over in front of the boiler. We didn't have a dutch oven. We fed it with a shovel. They opened the door and shoveled the sawdust in and then threw the slab in by hand. Most of the slab wood we either used at the house or sold. But for many years,

we couldn't sell wood uptown, because there were no wagon roads through the Indian village and to deliver lumber uptown, we'd have to make a raft on the beach at low tide, and then pole this raft up the shore. Then we'd have to land it at the high tide line and then carry it up to wherever a house was being built.

ERM: How was it pulled up along the shore, with a horse?

HPB: No. Hell, there was no road. You'd pole it up. You'd have a skiff alongside, and you could either pole or tow it. When father bought a piece of land out at Redoubt Bay, about fifteen miles south of Sitka, they took all the lumber to build a cabin, crisscrossed it on this raft, then put the cement and the brick and the nails and all the tools and everything aboard, and tied a boat alongside. Between rowing and sailing, they went out to sea and around the point into Redoubt Bay. Father took John and Sheldon with him on that trip. They were gone for about ten days, and grandfather was away so I took care of everything--the cows, the chickens, the whole thing.

ERM: Where did this sawmill get its supply of logs?

HPB: In those days, there were no national forests. You'd help yourself to timber wherever you wanted to. Usually, some man would say to father, "Can you use

any logs?" He would tell them whether he could or whether he couldn't. The best logger we ever had was a man named Steve Gee. He would load his boom chains, axes, saws, and a hydraulic jack (you know the jack that you pump by hand) and his lines and a kedge anchor into his boat and he'd go out, set up camp, and start logging. He'd usually go on a hillside which was fairly steep and he'd fall a tree and then he'd swamp it and cut it into log lengths and then bed the thing down enough to have a clear slide down the bank. He'd take the jack and give it a boost and down the log would go.

He'd get in his skiff and go out and drive a dog in it and haul it in to the boom. The boom log, as you know, they'd have to make a cut and then flatten the end of it and then take a hand auger and drill a hole big enough to put the toggle of the boom chain down through. Usually he would log enough for two sections and then build a windlass on the front boom log turned by hand. He'd have a long piece of line and a little kedge anchor which we would take ahead in his skiff and then wind up to it. He had his boat alongside and he'd ride with the tide. When the tide turned, he'd drop the anchor and wait until the next tide came in. If the wind was fair, he'd put the

sail up on his boat and get some help that way.

ERM: There's a name for that kind of logging.

HPB: Well, we called it hand logging, or gyppo.

ERM: There was a lot of that all up and down the British Columbia coast. Steep slopes running right down to the beaches. Was that also true around Sitka?

HPB: Yes, that was where they did their logging. They couldn't do it any other way, because they had no machinery. In 1903, father bought a double drum donkey with a thousand foot line and a two thousand foot back haul. He put it on a log float and went out to DeGroff Bay on Kruzoff Island. That was the first power logging that was done in that part of Alaska. I think (I can't guarantee this) that was the first logging engine in Alaska. He borrowed from the navy a little launch to haul logs into Sitka which was about fifteen miles. That launch had no more than ten horse power, so had to tow with the tide.

ERM: What kind of trees was he harvesting?

HPB: Sitka spruce. He had earlier logged some hemlock. As a matter of fact, he was helping to fall the trees himself, and he almost got killed. He promised mother that he wouldn't do any more personal logging. He made some of the most beautiful five-quarter hemlock flooring you ever could see. He was one of the first

advocates of the value of hemlock. When I came here in the lumber business, hemlock was frowned upon. It and white fir, in the Inland Empire, they wouldn't even log. They just passed it by. But father said it was wrong to call it hemlock, because of the inferior quality of midwestern and southern hemlock. If they had given it another name, it would have been used earlier. Because today it's one of the most valuable woods.

ERM: It was never considered a good wood in the Midwest because it didn't take a nail, and wasn't as easily sawn as pine.

HPB: Some time I can tell you a good story that George S. Long used to tell about hemlock in Wisconsin. You know he was general manager of Weyerhaeuser. He came out of Wisconsin originally.

Our log haul was up a long skidway because we had maximum tides in Sitka, fifteen to sixteen feet, and our normal summer tides were ten to twelve. So you see, the mill was way up on pilings. Some of those spruce logs were great big things. They wouldn't go in the mill door, to say nothing of the chain on this friction log haul holding them. I've seen that chain break, and a lot slide back down into the bay.

We had no such thing as a log splitter. To split a large log, they bored some shallow holes big enough to hold a part stick of dynamite. Percussion caps and four fuses all exactly the same length were attached, all lighted at the same time. Father let me help a couple of times, so I knew what it was all about. We'd light them exactly the same second and then get the hell out of there. And boom! It would split that log right open, and he'd haul up the pieces.

Of course, today when they want to make quarter-sawn vertical grain lumber, they will run a log like that through a splitting saw. Ned Bishop had a place down at Aberdeen where he split nearly all of his particularly big clear spruce.

ERM: Is Sitka where your interest was aroused in the lumber business?

HPB: I think so. Grandfather taught me how to figure board feet with a crayon on a piece of yellow cedar. I can see myself today when he was teaching me how to figure because often men from town would come down and want to buy a board or two. Whenever we ran across a big yellow cedar log, we'd saw it and leave it live-edged and put it up in the mill to dry. Of course, we had no such thing as a dry kiln, but we

always had a supply available. Some of the yellow cedar that was curly grain, father cut it extra heavy, two and a half and three inches thick, and stuck that up so it air-dried and then we put it upstairs in the barn.

There was a Norwegian cabinet maker who had a cabin down on the shore, and father paid him to make a lot of furniture for use in our house. Some of those pieces are in the headquarters building in Sheldon Jackson College. Johnson did beautiful cabinet work. Mother had a yellow cedar table with curved legs which would grace any living room.

ERM: There were joys and satisfactions of that time that you look back upon now, perhaps some things that we may be missing in our more affluent urban life today.

HPB: In many ways it was a regulated life but in looking back on it, we can see that mother was a superb manager and she was also an autocrat. When she wanted something done, she'd say, "Please, Hugh, do so and so." And if I started to say, "Oh, I will," or "Pretty soon," she'd say, "Did you hear me?" More than once we heard her say, "Don't argue. Do what you're told. We'll talk about it afterwards." There was no arguing and she never let go of those controls. I think she had absolutely the right idea, because

she developed an extreme degree of loyalty in all of us, but it used to distress grandfather because we did fight a lot. But mother would never let any of us go to bed at night angry with each other. If we'd had a scrap, she'd get us together and insist we make up, right then and there, which must have been a wonderful thing because I've known families where people have said they never fought, but when they grew up and there was a difference of opinion, they had never learned to forgive each other.

In our family, even today, no one of the children forgets a birthday. As long as mother lived, I wrote to her every week. It was a closeness that I don't think many families have. It's always been that way.

ERM: Did you ever work in that sawmill yourself?

HPB: We worked in it as soon as we were large enough. It was a pretty primitive mill. When a log was rolled onto the friction drive carriage, the head blocks were set with a hand lever, then large hooks driven in with a wooden sledge. When it was time to turn the logs, a hook was lowered from a friction wheel. After turning, the hooks were driven in again. Nobody worried about time.

Father was a great experimenter. One time when he was running the double circular head rig, the

nut holding the saw arm on the arbor worked loose. Father sat on the seat the man who filed the saws used when they didn't take them off, but only when the saw was not running. He went in with his Stilson wrench and the thing was still turning a little slowly and this thing slipped. He fell against the saw. The teeth of the saw caught this Stilson wrench and hit him on the thigh so hard it ripped all the wood off of the handle of the wrench and bent the handle of this steel wrench. His thigh was black and blue. It was a narrow escape. Mother gave him hell.

ERM: Your mother must have been quite a character.

HPB: She certainly was.

ERM: What was the turning point in your boyhood? When you went away to school?

HPB: As I told you earlier, when father resigned the governorship and told us that we were all going East to school, none of us wanted to leave Sitka. The idea of going East made no special appeal whatsoever.

ERM: Why did he want to leave Sitka? What was his purpose in giving up this governorship?

HPB: The governor's salary was only five thousand dollars a year, and he couldn't send his children off to school one by one.

ERM: His income then as governor was limited, and he wasn't

making enough in addition in his business, I take it.

HPB: That's right.

ERM: He was also involved in business while he was governor, wasn't he?

HPB: Not to any great extent.

ERM: The saw mill was not making money.

HPB: Seldom did, except during the Klondike Rush.

ERM: Didn't he go to work then for a mining company?

HPB: Yes, the Reynolds Alaska Development Company had copper claims up at Latouche near Valdez. The company's management very much wanted him to join them. It looked like a real opportunity for him, and also he'd been governor for ten years and he had done about everything that he could do.

He had kept Alaska from becoming a territory. He knew his history well, and often spoke of the experiences of the western states prior to admission into the Union. What he wanted for Alaska was what we later granted Puerto Rico, which was the commonwealth form of government. What he wanted to do was attract people to Alaska.

During his governorship, he had persuaded Congress to appropriate enough money to establish an experimental agricultural station at Sitka, and another one at Rampart up in the northcentral area. He was trying

to encourage agriculture. He was instrumental in helping to put game laws into effect, which was a very important thing because they were slaughtering deer and shipping the hides out.

He arranged a contract with the Alaska Commercial Company for harvesting the fur seal pelts. He got the protective law through Congress to control the pelagic sealing [Pelagic Sealing Act of 1911, 37 Stat 502]. You know the seal herds always in the spring swim north to the Pribilof Islands. When he first went there, the white men went out and killed the seals and he got it changed so that for many years only natives could do it.

Then he placed a further restriction that they could kill nothing but males. As they go north, all the females are pregnant. They give birth to their young the minute they arrive at the Pribilof Islands. Young surplus males are harvested. By the time the herd leaves in the fall, the young are large enough to go south on their own. But before the females leave, they are impregnated for the next year's youngsters. Their gestation period is twelve months.

He did so many things that were good for Alaska but he couldn't get all of the things he wanted passed, because Ethan Allen Hitchcock, the secretary of the

Interior, was a very narrow-minded, unimaginative person. He was one of the money raisers for McKinley. Unfortunately, Theodore Roosevelt kept him in office. If father's ideas had been followed, Alaska would have gone ahead many, many years earlier than it did.

For instance, in 1899, when he went back to Washington, he was advocating that the geodetic survey chart the Aleutian waters. They said, "What for?" "Well," he said, "someday we'll be at war with Japan and they will attack over the isthmus. The Japanese under the guise of fishing have been charting these waters for years. They know more about them than we do." He also wanted to put coastal defences in at Dutch Harbor.

He used to say that you should always study geography with a globe, that a flat map distorted everything. He was one of the first people to point out that in going from Seattle to Japan in stormy weather, it was better to go through Unionak pass and across the Bering Sea with practically no additional mileage. He was a real student.

As I said before, he knew what had happened to our western states which had been territories, like Oklahoma and the territories of Nevada and Arizona, and he said, "I should like Alaska to avoid a form of

government which costs money, without providing additional benefits." In other words, all he wanted was a delegate to Congress. He finally got one, but he was no friend of father's. Anyway, in 1912, Alaska became a territory and immediately the cost of living went right up, because they had to put in a form of taxation to pay legislators, etc., who had no more power than the governor had had. That was when Sitka became an incorporated town.

ERM: He was governor up until what year?

HPB: 1906.

ERM: Was in involved in any way in the Ballinger-Pinchot controversy?

HPB: Of course, he knew all about it. He deplored it because he was a friend of Ballinger's. He felt that it never should have taken place. Henry Solon Graves was a good friend of his. He knew [Gifford] Pinchot, but he didn't have the feeling for Pinchot that he had for Graves.

ERM: Was your father strongly inclined towards development of the natural resources of Alaska?

HPB: Oh, decidedly. He foresaw these things that are happening. When he was still alive, they had hit oil at Katalla, and he said, "Someday they'll find a lot

more oil." He was constantly urging more exploration for coal, and he was a strong advocate of creating the national forests. His actions were for the welfare of Alaska, and the welfare of the natives. When he died in 1918, he'd had--what's this disease that you get in the kidneys?

ERM: Diabetes?

HPB: Yes, he'd had diabetes for years, and this was before insulin was invented, and he was supposed to stay on a diet, but I think that shortened his life. He died at the age of seventy in 1918. Grandfather died in 1912. My brother, John, was just about to enter Princeton, and I was half way through Yale. I had been in Alaska that summer, in 1912, fortunately, because I wanted to be with grandfather as I knew that was going to be his last year because he wasn't well.

Shortly after I got back East, Aunt Cassia wrote that grandfather was failing, so John went back to Sitka instead of entering college. He remained there. By that time, there was electricity available. He electrified the house and put in a new heating plant and ran a dairy.

In 1916, my older sister, Mary, graduated from Vassar. When Mary and Betty were in college, mother taught at Hampton Institute for two years. Hampton

Institute was founded by Colonel Armstrong and a man named Frizzel who was one of father's classmates at Yale. He knew him and Booker T. Washington very well, who had been very helpful in connection with Hampton, of which he was a graduate.

In 1916, father and mother and Mary spent a month with me when I lived alone in Poughkeepsie, New York. Then they all went back to Sitka. Mother took over the native school which she had started in 1886, and Mary took over the white school. Father did chores around the house. He wasn't very well. John was in the Spruce [Production] Division at Vancouver, Washington.

There was a little ship called The Gertrude of New Whatcom on a cradle beside our barn. She had come north with fourteen men aboard in 1898 seeking gold. They got so frightened on the trip that they disbanded at Sitka. Father let them put the boat up on blocks next to our barn and they all left Alaska except a man named E. W. Merrill, who had come from Boston. He was an expert photographer and he lived in Sitka the rest of his life. And that's why Sitka has so many marvelous photographs available everywhere in the Sitka area.

This boat was falling apart, but father was on her one day by himself, doing some salvage, and the rail gave way and he fell down quite a distance on

the beach and broke his arm and hurt his back. A couple of natives going by saw him. In a few minutes more, he would have been drowned because he was in the water and the tide was coming in. They took a ladder, used it as a stretcher, and carried him to the apartment over the native school where mother and Mary were living because they were having some work done on our house. They carried him a half mile up there and they got the doctor. Father recovered but the accident and diabetes hastened the end.

He died in 1918 while John was still away. The minute the word got out, a group of natives came down and said to mother, "Mrs. Brady, he was our friend." And they took over. They made all the arrangements--absolutely everything. My sister said, "One of the most wonderful things that ever happened was that the natives just felt that they had lost the best friend that they'd ever had."

The Brady family plot is the only civilian plot in the national cemetery at Sitka--it's a miniature Arlington. Resting there are grandfather, grandmother, my little brother, the first born--and father. I had a letter from the War Department permitting us to take mother there. But after she and Sheldon and the girls had been for quite a few years up at Patterson, New York,

they bought a lot in the Pawling Cemetery and mother wanted to be buried there where the girls and Sheldon would be.

When I was in Sitka October 18, 1965, for Alaska Day, the anniversary of the Transfer when we bought Alaska. They now put on quite a celebration. That's the time I went up to speak at Sheldon Jackson College. They had a traditional ceremony in the early afternoon at the cemetery. They gave me a wreath which I laid on father's grave, and then they read the Lincoln's Day Address. The band from the Mission School played the Star Spangled Banner and then they fired a volley over the graves of the soldiers and sailors, usual in a military cemetery. It's on part of the land that father took over for the Sheldon Jackson School. As a matter of fact, that year when we were there, Dr. Armstrong, the president, gave them enough more land to make the cemetery area complete.

ERM: All of this, of course, is being written up in some great detail by Professor Ted Hinckley in his biography of your father.

HPB: Yes.

ERM: I presume that much of this information you've already given him.

HPB: We've given him everything we can. As a matter of

fact, about a month ago, I got a sheet from him asking for a lot more information. I'm having my sisters and my brother answer all of the questions they can and send the material here to me. Then I'm going to tape it and send it down to him.

ERM: Do you recall anything about those last years you spent in Sitka that you haven't covered earlier on this tape?

HPB: I was just approaching my sixteenth year when father resigned. I was actually fifteen years old.

ERM: You were still going to school in Sitka at that time.

HPB: Going to school and working in the summer, and as we boys grew older we were doing more of the work in the garden, and helping grandfather take care of things.

ERM: Were you also working in the sawmill?

HPB: Just from time to time, because it didn't run very steadily. You see, men would be working in the sawmill mostly during the hours we were in school, so the only time we could work in the mill in those days was on Saturday. Where they had a regular crew, we could only do supplementary work such as helping to pass lumber down to build a raft if something was going to town. It was much more important to keep the wood supply going.

ERM: Where were you in school when you completed your time in Sitka?

HPB: The Sitka schools were not graded, and the teaching we were given was a whole lot different from what you'd get somewhere else. Father was very fond of languages. He had already learned Greek and Latin, and when he was in Union Theological Seminary, he learned Hebrew. When I'd be with him in New York, he'd buy a Hebrew paper to read, and hand me an American paper.

Father hired a Sitka school teacher to give John and me Latin lessons after school. This started when I was about twelve years old. Then he arranged with Father Anthony, the Russian priest, to give us Russian lessons on a Saturday morning. We didn't care for that at all, and it did not last long.

When we went East in 1906, to Brookline, Massachusetts. It was supposed to have the finest public schools in the country. We found that I was too far advanced for the freshman class in high school but not quite far enough for the sophomore class. So I went into the freshman class and John, who had been down at Portland Academy for a year, went into the sophomore class. The result of it was he had a pretty tough grind and I didn't. I sailed along easily.

We had three years at Brookline but during the third year, John and Sheldon both quit school and went to work while father was in Alaska, and while mother objected, it was the only time in her life that she didn't bear down and say "You can't do it." She felt that the way things were going in school, perhaps it was the thing for her to do to let them get a taste of work.

At the end of my junior year at Brookline High, knowing that I wanted to go to Yale, I had to start taking Yale's fifteen entrance examinations. They didn't give any in the Boston area, so I went down to New Haven. I'd never been to New Haven. I got off the trolley at the entrance to the campus and ran into the Reverend Samuel Bushnell from Arlington, Massachusetts, one of father's classmates and a very good friend whom we knew. He said, "Hugh, did you know your father is here?" I said, "No." Father had just come in from Alaska for a Yale reunion before going to Brookline. I said, "Where is he staying?" He said, "We are living on the top floor of Old Divinity. We are sleeping on cots up there, and I'm sure your father can find one for you." So I went up and laid my suitcase down and then went to register for my exams. When I came back, there was father. We had

two days together in New Haven. Then he went on to Brookline and I finished my exams and went back to Brookline. I got a job over in West Lyme with H. P. Hood Milk Company.

Father called John and Sheldon home and said, "My boys are going to be educated. Now I don't approve of your stopping school, and I've made arrangements for tomorrow morning for all four of us at Andover to talk to Alfred E. Stearns, the Master." So that's what we did.

We got on the train at North Station and went to Andover and had a talk with Mr. Stearns, with the result that arrangements were made for us all to enter in September on what was called the Latin Commons arrangement. In other words, we paid fifty dollars tuition for the first term and he selected a room in Old Clement House which the three of us were to share. We would have to buy cots and a couple of desks and a couple of chairs. He said he would assign us our jobs when we arrived for the opening of school in September 1909.

Mr. Stearns, since I was going to be a senior, said, "I'd like to have you use the desk in the basement of the headquarters building and you can run errands for me." It meant carrying the money down to

the bank, and delivering messages now and then to somebody on the faculty, guide guests around the campus, etc. All three of us had to wait on tables in the dining hall for our board. John and Sheldon scrubbed blackboards and swept floors for their room rent, whereas I had the office job.

I learned right away that if I made the Honor Roll the tuition for the next term would only be five dollars. So you can better believe I got busy on my books. The result of it was that I had a very happy, pleasant year. I had passed nine of the fifteen exams for Yale in June. They gave additional exams up at Andover in September, and I passed three more. So that here I was a senior at Andover with only three more exams required for Yale.

I took things I liked, Latin, three courses in Greek, with the finest Greek teacher that ever lived, and archeology. I didn't know anything about it but I could have taken some advance courses for Yale. There wasn't much of that sort of thing being done at that time.

ERM: You had a very strong interest in classical languages then.

HPB: Yes. I think if I'd had the money, I would have become a teacher of the classics. I enjoyed them so. But

I knew I didn't have, and wasn't going to have, and father had said, "When you go into business, go into a basic item." He wanted me to be a metallurgist and mother wanted me to be a doctor. When we were kids, if anybody got hurt, I was always the one who was bandaging them up or taking slivers out or doing things of that sort. When she had headaches, I was the one who soothed her and brushed her hair and tried to make her comfortable. I don't like chemistry and I knew that I wasn't cut out to be a doctor, and I didn't like math well enough to be a scientist. So I made up my mind at the beginning of my senior year at Yale that I was going into the lumber business.

Of course, we boys talked about what we were going to do from time to time. During the course, I didn't think too much about it. Finally, I decided. I checked the Forestry School to see if I could take anything there. Well, that's purely a graduate school and the course which they didn't have that would have interested me would have been marketing. I wasn't interested in being a dendrologist or anything of that sort.

ERM: Or a silvaculturist?

HPB: No. So I just went ahead and took a classical course. I took Latin for two years. I took Greek all four

years. I took English and psychology all the way through. I took German one year, which was a mistake. I had a very poor teacher. That was wasted. I took chemistry and physics--all basic courses.

ERM: Who were the teachers at Andover and at Yale whom you remember most?

HPB: At Andover, the teachers that I really became very fond of--and they were wonderful--were "Zeus" Benner in Greek, Charlie Forbes in Latin, and Mr. Leonard in English. They have always stood out in my mind as wonderful teachers.

At Yale, I didn't have some of the famous teachers who were well known, such as William Phelps or Chauncey Tinker, who gave English courses. I had Jack Adams and John Berdan and Professor Lewis. The best friend I had there was a German professor, "Tut" Farr, whom I got to know at Andover as he supervised Yale exams there each year. He was a sort of father confessor of Zeta Psi which I joined in my sophomore year. That was one of my great friendships among the faculty.

ERM: Where do you think the twig got bent towards the lumber industry? You say you discussed what you were going to do with your friends.

HPB: I had registered at Yale from Sitka as we considered that our permanent home, so I planned upon graduation

to go to work in a mill in the state of Washington, heading eventually, if I could, to Alaska.

Early in May, I went up to Poughkeepsie to tell my sister Mary goodbye. One of her very good friends, Edith Dutton, lived in the same dormitory. The girls had an obligatory nine o'clock bedtime, or at least visitors' hours were over then. As I was going out the door, Mary introduced me to Mr. A. C. Dutton, whose daughter, Edith, was one of her very good friends.

Mr. Dutton said, "Where are you going?" I said, "I am going down to the station to get the train for New York and back to New Haven." And he said, "I've got my chauffer here, I'll drive you down." On the way down, he said, "What are you going to do when you finish college?" I said, "I'm going out to the coast because I'm going to learn the lumber business." Well, he said, "I'm a lumberman. I'm starting a distribution yard in Poughkeepsie. At the present time we are building a dock on the river front. I live in Springfield, and why don't you call me up on a Sunday and come up to talk it over."

A couple of weeks later, I called him and said, "Mr. Dutton, I'm taking you at your word." He said, "What train are you coming on? I'll meet you at the station." So he did.

I had lunch with him and his wife, and as they took me for a ride around Springfield, he said, "I have a part interest in the John Fenderson Company up in Canada. There's sort of a depression in the lumber business out on the Coast, and the market for western lumber is going to be the East Coast. I think you'd be wiser to start learning the business back here. I can get you a job at Fenderson if you are willing to go up to the French Woods." I thought it over and talked to mother about it. I called him up one day and said, "Yes, I'll do it."

When I graduated, a group of us went up to Binghamton to a house party. One of our best friends was being married and mother was on a trip to Bermuda. When I got back to New York she hadn't returned yet and one of my friends living at Mamaroneck asked me to come up and race with him at the Larchmont Yacht Club, which I did for three days. When mother returned and I went back to New York, father had just arrived from Alaska and I borrowed twenty-five dollars from him and packed my stuff.

I hadn't had to clean out everything in New Haven because my brother, Sheldon, was there and I was turning my furniture and things over to him. The things that he didn't need was all I had to salvage,

so I took the night train to Montreal and spent the day there with a Zete who was in medical school at the McGill University. I hopped a night train to the northeast, and the next morning got off about five o'clock at a little French village called Saryabee on the Metapedia River.

I walked across the tracks with my suitcase. They dumped my trunk off at the station. The next day I went to work as assistant operator of the dry kiln. It was a Grand Rapid Dry Kiln finished the previous year; one of the first in the area. A fellow named Miller was my immediate supervisor.

That is the way I started in the lumber business except for the little I'd done in Sitka. I worked sixty hours a week for fifteen cents an hour, living in a room up over one end of the store. It wasn't painted. They had tin nailed over the knotholes so the rats couldn't get in. I could hear them running around. Right across the road, you couldn't call it a street, was this French boarding house. I was drawing nine dollars a week and paying four dollars for room and board.

ERM: Before this tape runs out, are there any more things that should be put on it relative to your years at Yale? You've mentioned your academic work there.

You have mentioned that you became a member of a fraternity in your sophomore year. What were your other activities in school?

HPB: At Andover, I'd gone out for cross country and track. As a matter of fact, I had started that in Brookline high school and continued at Andover. At Andover my two main ideas were to do well enough to that I'd have no problem getting into Yale. And also to maintain my grades so that I could stay on the honor roll. The final item I was pleased about at Andover was that I made Alpha Delta Tau, which was the school honorary, meaning I had to be in the top twenty of the class. Father's plan to take us all to Andover was one of the finest things that ever happened to his boys. John and Sheldon were there for three years.

Father got trapped by the panic of 1907. The company he was with, Reynolds Alaska Development Company, had overstepped their abilities. They had bought a steamship company, and they tried to build an electric railroad from Valdez up Keystone Canyon to the interior. The copper claims didn't pan out as rich as they were expected to and actually it turned out that R. D. Reynolds, the head of the company, had succeeded in marrying one of his sisters to Blaney Stevens, their mining engineer who wasn't too competent.

I think Reynolds was writing some of the mining reports himself, and the upshot of it was that the company went broke.

Much against mother's wishes, father had put a large part of his life's savings into stock in the company. He felt he should show his faith in any company he was going to be with. He just didn't have money to pay our tuition. It was up to us to go on our own. I never asked him how he happened to know about the opportunity at Andover. It was there. I had to do the same thing when I got to New Haven. I had to wait on tables and work my way, and also borrow money at interest and repay it.

ERM: What would you say about the values of your heavy emphasis in Latin and Greek through all of your college years?

HPB: I enjoyed those studies when I was taking the courses. I never was oriented towards college as a trade school. I felt that a liberal education was a good thing to have. Knowing what I know today, if I had it to do over again, I would take more economics, certainly. I did take the only course they had in public speaking, but it wasn't worth a damn. The teacher wasn't any good and his method wasn't any good. I think those

are the two things that I would stress more. I would rather have gone on to graduate school and become a teacher of the classics.

ERM: By and large, the education you got has served you very well.

HPB: Mr. Dutton used to say, "Why didn't you go to forestry school? Why didn't you do this? Why didn't you do that?" As a matter of fact, his only son, David, went to Yale and graduated in 1922. I graduated in 1914. David wanted to be a doctor, and his father wasn't even going to let him go to college for a long time, but Mrs. Dutton prevailed. Dutton himself considered that he'd been a success and he hadn't gone to college, so why should David go?

ERM: I took several years of Latin and Greek in high school and I look back on that experience with appreciation because I learned something of real value that has stayed with me all through the years in ways that some of my other courses that were more practical have not.

Session II - February 23, 1975

ERM: Would you fill us in on the details of where you first went to work?

HPB: As I said yesterday, there was a small room up over the company store. It was bare wood, no paint, tin over knotholes to keep rats out. Three of us lived there, a Jerseyman, a Scot, and myself. We had a bathroom with a watertank, where water could be heated by a stove.

The town waterworks was a cedar log with a two-inch hole drilled through the middle. During the week, we filled the tub with water with which we could dip into the basin when we washed, but on Saturday after work--the work week was six days, ten hours a day--we would empty the tub, heat up the water, and each have our Saturday night bath.

As I said, I was assigned to help run the Grand Rapids kiln, the first kiln in that area. The John Fenderson Company had a central planing mill in Sayabec, Province of Quebec. They bought lumber from small mills in the area. They had one very small sawmill of their own down on the pond just below our boarding house. Usually after work I crossed the road and scrubbed myself in the log pond.

This was about two hundred miles northeast of Quebec on the Metapedia River, and about fifty miles west of Campbellton on the Bay of Chaleur. Campbellton

was at the border of New Brunswick. It was always easy to tell--Quebec being almost solidly Catholic--when you crossed the border into New Brunswick. You could almost feel the change. Also, at Campbellton, the road ran north to a very picturesque area, and nearly all the help was French. There were two other Americans beside myself. One was a lad named Jackson from Vermont, who was a nephew of Mr. Dutton's wife. And another man named Pasky, who left soon after I arrived.

Besides helping Miller, who was in charge of maintaining the dry kiln, and operating it, I was assigned to go out in the yard and load on horse-drawn trucks 1" x 3" maple and birch and beech strips to be brought into the dry kiln to complete drying. The year previous, they had bought a special planer for making hardwood flooring. Besides loading the strips on the truck, I had to be absolutely sure that they were seven-eighths on an inch thick. I made a small wooden gauge, and when there was any doubt about the thickness, I would apply the gauge.

I remembered the story that father used to tell me about a Chinaman in the San Francisco Mint sorting silver dollars which were brought in to be checked. Just by the feel, he would toss the good ones into

one pile, and those that were to be remelted into another. I felt I could tell very soon the proper thickness of those strips by hardly even looking at them except to notice whether they were thinner on one end or not.

The weather during July and August is generally very nice there. But when a northerly breeze came up, sometimes, even on a bright sunny day, there'd be a little bit of chill in the air. All of the lumber was drawn by horses on wooden low-wheel buggies and when the horses were idle they would walk over and stand on the lee side of the kiln where it was warmer. The men, too, if they ever had a chance.

ERM: Was the mill making mostly hardwood products?

HPB: No. The main output of the mill was the material they brought in from the smaller mills, spruce and balsam boards and dimension. In operating the kiln, we found that the spruce and the balsam behaved differently. So besides learning the grades, a period came up where I was assigned to sort the balsam from the spruce so that we could put them into the kiln separately.

The unloading of the cars as they came in, and the loading of cars, was all done by piece work. At the rates that they were paid, those men were able to earn better than two dollars a day, whereas all of

the day labor was paid 15¢ per hour, or \$9.00 per sixty hour week.

At the French boarding house, I paid four dollars for my board which included the room. As to food, the meat was almost always fried pork, but they made wonderful pea soup, which was one of the staples. The other was beans, usually baked in a hole in the ground. Of course, lots of homemade bread.

ERM: You didn't have much left over after you had paid your expenses every week, did you?

HPB: No, and yet the first thing I did every two weeks was to send part of the twenty-five dollars I had borrowed from father to get up there back to him. Mother told me later that when father loaned it to me, he said, "I don't ever expect to see that again." I made a little character with father by repaying his loan, and I certainly felt a lot better about it.

In the summer evenings, the company owned a tennis court and there were four of us who could play tennis. That was our only recreation, because there was no such thing as movies, and we had no desire to play around with the French girls.

The girls up there weren't particularly attractive and the way they lived didn't do anything in particular for them. It was just a little bit of a lumber town,

the mill being the only industry there. They had a little Anglican chapel, and a young rector who followed the English church system. The first Sunday that I was there, I went to church. It was a very disappointing service.

Then I found that I could join the Sunday repair crew and for Sunday work, the pay was two dollars for the day. Since I was up there to learn, I wanted to take advantage of it, because we did a great variety of things. We stitched belts.

There was no electricity in the mill. Everything was run off of a main shaft so there was belting all over the place. The lining of the bearing boxes was babbet. I learned to pour bearing boxes, to grind planes knives, to set them, and did just about everything in the mill, working with the men who were the experts. I also asked at one time to work on the hardwood machine and even tried grading a little bit, just for the experience. But that job belonged to a man who had been at it for a long time, so I was only given a chance to try it out.

Then World War I broke out on August 1, and while business remained very good for awhile, it later dropped off decidedly. I was assigned to a summer

logging camp. The system was to go through their timber area and cut the mature trees every seven years. That summer they used an old distant camp. It was a twenty mile ride in a buckboard and a sixteen mile walk over a trail up into the headwaters of some of the streams that ran down to these little mills. I had specially coated my slicker with linseed oil. I had my athletic sweater from Yale, and my toothbrush, and that was all the baggage I took with me. Add a tube of mosquito salve that I had bought in New Haven.

The camp was an old log cabin, with bunks around the wall lined with straw. The men were all French, and wore wool clothing. They had one set of clothing and a few things in gunny sacks, which they used for a pillow, and one blanket. They lay on the hay, two men in a bunk. The grader, although he was a Frenchman, was named Charlie Hamilton. He and I were assigned to one bunk. But Charlie, like all the rest of them, had nits. It was pretty hard to sleep at night because they were all scratching.

The first time I tried to use my anti-mosquito grease, a mosquito lit right on top of it, so I threw that out the window into the bushes. They kept a can of Carolina tar and lard in the corner of the kitchen, and I slapped that on all over my face and neck and

around my wrists and at the top of my socks. At night before I'd go to bed, I'd put a little fresh on, and lie on top of my freshly oiled slicker and my sweater for a pillow, and I didn't get any nits on me all the three weeks I was there.

In the morning, I'd go down to the stream with my toothbrush and clean my teeth and wash my lips and the ends of my fingertips. Pretty soon this orange colored crust covered all the rest of me, and I just left it there. The mosquitos couldn't bite through it.

ERM: You were sort of in a cocoon.

HPB: Yes. When Charlie Hamilton scaled the logs, my job was to tally them. I had a great big sheet of paper on a board with the diameters and the lengths and so forth. The logs ran from ten to sixteen feet long, and were supposed to be six inches or more inside the bark at the small end. If one measured only five inches, it went on a separate portion of the tallyboard, and the men were not paid for them.

These logs were all piled in cold decks on the banks of streams, and a map was made showing where each cold deck was. Then, in the winter, teamsters were contracted to haul the logs out and pile them on the ice so that when the ice melted and started floating down, the logs would go with it. When you

talk about stream driving, as they call it, these little toothpicks couldn't be ridden. The men had to get in the water and wade and push them when they started to form a jam.

I was up there for three weeks. The largest log I saw was a pine that had accidentally been left earlier, which was two feet in diameter at the butt and they considered that a great log. In Alaska we were used to cross-cut saws eight and ten feet long, and the only one they had was four feet. To cut this log, they had to take the handle off one end of it. To me it was rather amusing.

When it rained, there was nothing for the men to do except to stay in the camp. They had no games to play except that they all smoked and chewed what was known as Canadian Twist. Each man had a leather pouch. He would lay the twist on a block and roll a sharp axe back and forth to cut it, and put it in a pouch. One trick they loved was that when a man was just about ready to put it in his pouch, another man would reach over behind him and scoop it in his hand and put it in his pouch. They'd all laugh heartily.

Another thing that they enjoyed doing was when somebody was down in the brook washing or getting a drink, someone would take a cant hook, roll the log,

and throw him in.

When they came in from the rain, there was a great big stove in the middle of the log cabin which was just one main room except for the galley. There was a little door and a shelf where, at mealtime, the cook would push a plate out with food on it, and the men would sit around on the edge of the bunks or on a box and eat. I noticed that they never used a fork. They simply took the plate and a knife, and when they ate they'd hold the plate up and scoop the food in. It was certainly something to see and hear that gang eating.

The horses were kept in the barn a short way off, and down behind the barn were barrels of salt pork. The only other game they played, when the weather was good, was horse shoes down by the barn. If a man got hungry, he'd go up to the galley and the cook would give him a couple of slices of bread. They all wore sheath knives in their belts, and they'd go down to one of these barrels and cut off a slice of raw salt pork and put it between the bread and that was their sandwich.

ERM: Doesn't sound very good.

HPB: It just didn't appeal to me. One rainy day I was

sitting beside a man in the camp who I thought was a Frenchman. He leaned over to me and he said, "I want to tell you something. You don't understand what these Frenchmen are talking about, but they didn't think that you would stay here and they were laughing because they thought you were a tenderfoot, and that you couldn't live the way that they do here."

I said, "You aren't a Frenchman?" "Well," he said, "No, I'm not. I married a French Canadian wife and the French Canadians maintain their nationality even when they move to the States. I've just become a French Canadian and the only difference is that I wasn't born one, and I can speak English."

Charlie Hamilton, the scaler, could speak English and Jules Laverne, the superintendent of the camp, could speak English. While I was friendly with the men, of course, I only saw most of them in the evening because they were out working in the woods all day. I said to this man, "I came from Alaska and if these fellows saw some of the camps that I've known about they'd feel they were pretty well off."

At that time, I think 1914 was the year, the Loyal Legion of Loggers and Lumbermen, known as the 4-L, was started and some of our western camps hadn't been a whole lot better earlier than these

French camps. The French camps stayed primitive many, many years longer.

When I went back to Sayabec, Bill Viet, who was the superintendent of the planing mill (the over-all manager at Sayabec was a man named McClay), and was the one under whom I worked, said to me, "Hugh, can you type? I'd like to have you in typing invoices." I said, "No, Bill." He said, "You graduated from college, and you can't type?" I said, "That's correct." One summer when I was working in New York I went to business school to study typing and shorthand, but I spent all my time on shorthand, which was really a waste, and I didn't really learn to type. I said, "Bill, I didn't come up here to work in the office, I came up here to learn the lumber business."

Somewhat later, when business had slowed down, he said, "How would you like to go to McGill and take a course in the uses of waste forest products?" The courses were just starting there, and I refused. I said that I had no idea of staying permanently up in the Canadian woods, that I had come up there to learn the lumber business and that my idea was to go into the selling of lumber rather than anything else.

ERM: Rather than manufacturing. That was in your mind from the very beginning.

HPB: Yes. He seemed to be a little disappointed at that. World War I had started, and business slowed down more and more. Later on it boomed tremendously, but during that slowdown period a good many men were laid off temporarily.

The Panama Canal was about to open and Mr. Dutton came through on a trip which he did occasionally. He had a summer home at a place called Jacquet River in New Brunswick. The Intercolonial Railroad, now the Canadian National, went on from Sayabec through Campbellton and then down the coast of the Bay of Chaleur and on across the isthmus into New Brunswick.

His family was down there, and he was on his way down for the final summer visit. He said to me, "How would you like to go to Poughkeepsie?" I said, "I would." It just happened that both my sisters were at Vassar at the time, but that had nothing to do with the fact that he was starting this distribution yard.

ERM: Had he known from the very beginning of your interests in going into selling?

HPB: I had told him so.

ERM: And he sent you up to the Canadian operation as one of the best ways of learning the business.

HPB: That was it. Also, the lumber business was in the doldrums on the west coast. He was a very peculiar

man which was probably a good idea in the final analysis. I kept a notebook of all kinds of things that I felt I ought to know. For instance, beside this little sawmill there was a shingle mill. They made shingles out of white cedar. So I made it my business to learn about the shingle trade.

Sometimes I would sit with their small mill foreman watching him and then trying to learn how to get the most production out of these little bits of logs, whether to split the log or to cut off a slab slash first, because they saved everything from one by two and one by three bark strips which went into the crating trade up to dimension and small timbers. Their trade was all rail trade, mostly to the States. Quite a bit, in fact, was shipped to England. The largest thing they made was three by nine-eleven foot, called English Deals.

There was quite a good trade in that, and also there was a great trade in lath to the U.S. market, because nearly all of the houses built in those days were lath and plaster. The lath trade was handled almost entirely by schooners. They'd get solid loads of lath and go down the coast. There were mills that shipped lumber down the coast by schooner, but from Sayabec it all went out by rail.

ERM: Were most of the operations up there American owned?

HPB: No. The John Fenderson Company was one of the few that had part American ownership.

ERM: Most of the operations were Canadian?

HPB: Most of them were Canadian.

ERM: Were there any English investments in the area?

HPB: I never knew about that. I doubt if there were many. Some of those companies that I knew by name are still operating today. The largest one is called Price Brothers, and it's still in operation.

ERM: Were any Eddy operations up there at that time?

HPB: No, not up in that area. I think they were more in Maine, weren't they?

ERM: No, they were in Canada, too.

HPB: I never heard that name up there. When the Poughkeepsie arrangement was made, Mr. McClay said, "Hugh, I hate to have you go." I had expected to be there at least over the one winter. It gets just as cold up there as it does in northern Alaska. In the winter time around fifty-odd below zero. The winds come down off the Laurentian plateau in Labrador.

I had ordered heavy wool clothing and oil tanned moccasins, sweaters for the damp weather and dried horse hide moccasins for the really cold days. So I cancelled all my clothing orders and Mr. McClay

arranged a good-bye dinner for me, and had all the top men in the company there. They had beans baked in a hole in the ground with partridge breasts slipped in the jars the last hour or two, which made a wonderful feast.

The next morning I was on my way to Poughkeepsie. Mr. Dutton said to me when I was going down there, "You'll be working for my vice-president in charge of Poughkeepsie for the D. C. Cutton Lumber Corporation, whose name is Samuel I. Robinson. You'll be completely under him. Don't look to me for anything." I said, "Yes, sir."

So when I arrived, I first had to find a place to live. Two of the men from the bookkeeping office had been sent down to Poughkeepsie a couple of weeks earlier. A Jerseyman named Romeril and a Scotsman, Somerville. When I got to Poughkeepsie, I had the address where they were living in an old residence run by a woman and her daughter. I had a bedroom upstairs. The bath was on the first floor and I had to go down this long flight of stairs. It was pretty primitive.

The lumber yard was down on the river and there was no transportation. We had to walk between a mile and a half and two miles to get there, and back up

hill in the evening. I stayed at that house for three or four days and this woman, I remember, put up my first lunch. It was a sandwich which she made using a piece of cold fried fish left over from the dinner we'd had the night before. It even had the bones in it.

ERM: You moved from primitive backwoods Canada to primitive Poughkeepsie, didn't you?

HPB: That was too much for me. I went down to the YMCA and I ran into a young fellow who was attending Eastman Business College. Eastman Business College in Poughkeepsie was famous all over the country, and particularly the South. This lad was a professional baseball player who went there in the off season. He was living at number seven Knott Street, in the main part of town.

ERM: What was his name?

HPB: I've forgotten his name. He graduated from Eastman, and he only stayed there about a year after I arrived. He said they had an extra room at the place where he lived and was paying seven dollars for room and board. My wages had risen from nine dollars a week to twelve dollars a week, but still sixty hours work. That still left me five dollars after the seven. So I went down to this house and got the other room and

immediately moved. I had my breakfast and dinner there, and the woman in charge put up lunches for me.

The yard was about thirty-one acres along the Hudson on the north edge of Poughkeepsie, bordering on the grounds of the Hudson River State Hospital. They had just built an excellent dock. The Hudson had been dredged up there previously, so there was plenty of water for ocean going vessels. They had bought the property of the Poughkeepsie Glassworks and had torn down all but two buildings. These buildings where the furnaces had been were still pretty well littered with glass cullet.

The north end of the property they had bought from the Tower Iron Works, and that was absolutely level. They'd cleared everything off, and had run a spur down from the New York Central Railroad with a track the length of the yard. They had a Brown Hoist and one flat car so they could handle timbers from dock to piling yard.

The adjoining property to the south was the Hudson River Gas and Electric Company, which used coal for power. They, of course, had a constant outpouring of cinders. Dutton arranged with them to cover his entire property with cinders. Unfortunately

they hadn't had time to water them down and roll them so that very quickly, from hauling trucks, the place became pretty ruddy, which meant that they had to rescrape and relevel all the time.

My first job was wheeling glass cullet into gondola cars. All the equipment and cullet had been bought by a glass company in Oklahoma. All of this cullet was being shipped out there.

ERM: What do you mean by cullet?

HPB: Just broken and partly melted glass. It could all be remelted and made into bottles. We still had to fill in the furnace holes and the big shed before we could pile the lumber in there. The ship was coming in and there was no time to build bins to put it away properly. But there were a few pile bottoms that had been built up in the north end to pile the timbers and some green lumber on.

Finally the Oregonian arrived in late October. One deck load on a California lumber schooner had come through the canal to New York a little bit earlier. But the Oregonian was the first full load of lumber to come east through the canal. She had one by three to sixteen by sixteen green lumber in the hold. They had kiln-dried uppers in between decks and on the deck above, long pilings topped off with

green shingles both sixteen-inch and eighteen-inch. The sixteen-inch came from Baker Shingle Company in the flats north of Everett, Washington, and eighteen-inch were all manufactured by a mill named Erb in that same area.

ERM: This was the first shipment of forest products from the Northwest through the canal to the East Coast.

HPB: That's correct.

ERM: And that's a fact you have established beyond any question?

HPB: Yes, very definitely. The Dutton Company had been mostly shingle wholesalers. The main office was in Springfield, Massachusetts, but then Mr. Dutton got this idea of a distribution yard and formed the A. C. Dutton Lumber Corporation. He sold a large block of the common stock to Mr. Gaudette, the owner of the South Bend Mill and Timber Company, in South Bend, Washington, and preferred stock to Major Everett Griggs in Tacoma, president of the St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Company.

ERM: So, in a sense, the Dutton Company in the East was the guarantor of distribution of productions made by these companies in the West?

HPB: Those were the first two mills that shipped them but later he bought from other mills.

ERM: I see.

HPB: During all the years that I was there, the main part came from those two mills. It was very easy, after I got used to it, to tell just by looking at the lumber without brands or names or anything which mill produced it.

The stevedores to unload the ships were sent up from New York. While the foremen were white, the men were all colored. We started unloading the shingles first, and then the kiln-dried lumber between decks. There was a tremendous mixture of flooring, flat grain and vertical grain, four-inch and six-inch ceiling, Philadelphia fencing, six-inch partition, with very little casing or finish lumber. To make matters worse, some of the flooring--the three-inch--was two and a quarter face and some was two and a half. The same with the four-inch--three and a quarter and three and a half. So without any bins having been built, we had to pile those uppers in separate areas in this great big old glassworks building. It was really a mess.

They were able to handle the timbers with the Brown hoist on the flat car and take them up and set them on piling bottoms. But when we came to the boards and the rest of the dimensions, it came out so fast

that the horse-drawn gigs hauling the high wheel trucks couldn't take care of it. The result was that we had to finally take this out and dead pile it unsorted in this great flat expansive yard north of the buildings. My job was helping to segregate as much of that material as we possibly could.

In that area there were no trained lumber hands of any kind. The men they hired had been former employees of the glassworks and iron works. Some of them had been glass-blowers, things of that sort. They didn't even know how to pick up a board. As I said, other than the Brown hoist, there was no power except these horse-drawn gigs and then, for local delivery, team and wagon. It took us over three weeks to unload the boat. The piling was taken off last and that had to be unloaded on the off-shore side.

One man was crushed to death in that operation, and one man was killed on the dock unloading timber. They used chain slings and when they lowered loads on the two wheel buggies, they had unhooked the chain on one side. In this case, it jammed on the other and this man instead of walking around went under and just at that time a colored man on this ship winch thought he had a signal to hoist. It was too soon, and the timbers crushed the man against the dock.

We finally got the vessel unloaded and the next day it began to snow--one of the heaviest snow storms I saw in all the years that I lived in Poughkeepsie--three feet deep. It thawed for two or three hours, and then it suddenly began to freeze. Even the Poughkeepsie trolley line, which ran to Vassar College and a residential area, was closed. It snowed so fast and so hard that the snowplow couldn't keep the track clear. Everything stopped. They finally had to shovel off the trolley line by hand because of the crust on the snow. We didn't get all that piled out in the yard sorted until the end of April and early May.

ERM: Did that exposure reduce its value at all?

HPB: Oh, no. It was all green lumber. We had the kiln-dried lumber in the old glassworks building. Plans had been made to build additional sheds for end piling the uppers and improving the roadways and extending the piling bottoms. As we sorted this lumber we had to haul and pile it. It meant double handling.

Mr. [Samuel] Robinson had set up a form of perpetual inventory. He had large books with special ruled paper with a page for each item. The inbound tallies were entered on the left hand page in one color, the sales on the opposite page in another

color. For instance, you'd have a page for twelve by twelves. At that time we were only buying one grade. If there had been a second grade, it would have meant another page. The lengths were entered from the invoices of the outgoing tallies, so that you could always tell what your inventory was.

A few days after that snowstorm, Mr. Robinson said to me one morning, "Hugh, here's a sales book. I want you to go up to Rhinebeck and out to Holmes and start selling lumber." Here I was dressed in all my work clothes, heavy overshoes, heavy mittens. So I got on the train and went up to Rhinebeck. I had to drive seven miles in a sled. They had a little sled with a box on it and a door in the rear. I called on the local lumber yard with no luck. They didn't know what fir was. They didn't even know how to spell it. In that country they were used to New England and Eastern Canadian spruce and yellow pine. I had to show them what it was like. I didn't make any sale that day.

The next morning, I took the train and went out to a little place called Holmes in Dutchess County. A yard there belonged to a man named Everett Davis. There was no pay phone in the station but the agent said to me when I said I wanted to talk to Mr. Davis,

"He's got pneumonia. He's in bed." I said, "Can I use your phone? I'd like to talk to Mrs. Davis." Mrs. Davis answered the phone and I told her who I was and she said, "Mr. Brady, Mr. Davis is sitting up in bed. He's feeling a lot better. The doctor won't let him up yet, but your train doesn't go until evening, so why don't you come over? He'd love to talk to you."

So I hoofed it through the snow across the track and up the hill and went into their little house right next to his lumber yard. This stockily built black-haired fellow was sitting up in his bed. He greeted me warmly and I sat down and told him about the Dutton Lumber Yard and what we hoped to do. I wound up by selling him two carloads of lumber. I wrote up the order.

ERM: Your first sale.

HPB: My first sale, yes.

ERM: And that was in the year 1914.

HPB: Yes. That was either in late November or very early December. I went down to the yard the next morning and showed Mr. Robinson the order. He said, "Well, I know now you are a salesman, if you can sell a man who's sitting in bed with pneumonia." So that started me off.

ERM: And you enjoyed it from the beginning.

HPB: Right from the beginning. The superintendent of the yard, Coté, was a French Canadian who had come down from the operation up near Sayabec. Rommel, the Jerseyman, and the Scotsman, were working in the office. One of them was supposed to keep the inventory in proper shape. Dutton had quite a few salesman on the road, and if anybody called in or wrote in, the inventory was supposed to show just what was available for sale. It was not like a mill where an item could be cut.

While I carried my lunch, I didn't eat down in the yard with the men. I went up to eat in the office with the others, because I wanted to learn what was going on. Robinson was a wonderful fellow but had a sort of a short fuse. He was a non-College man. He had grown up in that area. His wife was a Maillard. The Maillards were big lumber manufacturers both at Rousses Point, New York, and in New Hamburg, down the Hudson a few miles below Poughkeepsie.

One day when I was sitting up there eating lunch, Robinson came out of his office. He was looking for something in the inventory and found this pile of invoices that hadn't been entered. He said to Rommel, "Why didn't you get these entered?" "I haven't had

time," he replied. Instead of scolding him, he said to me, "Brady, do you know how to do this?" I said, "Yes." He said, "This is your job. You take care of this. Do your work down in the yard but every day you post these invoices." That was the start of my becoming next year the assistant manager of the yard. In other words, while these other men had a number of years experience, they simply weren't getting the work done. That was my opportunity.

I was then put in charge of all the shipping, in other words, taking orders down, supervising the tallying of them, the loading, and when there was some lumber that came in by rail, although most of it came through the canal, seeing that it was entered on the inventory. We had started in the spring to put up additional lumber sheds and also to put end piling bins in the old glassworks building.

ERM: End piling bins. You mean you pile the uppers up on end?

HPB: Yes. Then you could see what the lengths were. We'd pile the shorts on one side and the longer lengths on the other. So that you'd do as little sorting as possible, and then when you were shipping, you would try to ship the proper proportion of lengths. In other words, if a customer ordered five thousand feet

of five-quarter flooring, you would try to sell your lengths in proportion.

ERM: Random.

HPB: Random, and not give them too much of one length. If they ordered specified lengths, for which they paid extra, you sorted them out and gave them what they wanted. Then of course we had to develop a tally system to make sure that mistakes weren't made. We developed a system of triple count.

ERM: What does triple count mean?

HPB: A loading crew consisted of a tally man and two helpers. Most shipments were mixed cars of numerous items. They would take a two-wheeled buggy, place it before a bin of flooring, for example, and load the amount called for. The tally man would record the details in his tally book, mark the load with an order number and number of bundles or pieces and "Load #1." This would be repeated as each buggy was loaded. The final load would be marked final and a crayon ring circled about the load number.

When the loads were hauled to the car loading platform, the car loaders had what was termed a car card with numbers down the left side, also a copy of the order so as to plan proper loading.

As each load arrived, the loaders would count the bundles, or pieces, and if they did not agree with the marking, would get the tally man and correct it. If a load was missing, a car loader would go and look for it. In spite of this plan, we had occasional errors.

ERM: Loading carload lots of lumber and this sort of thing is a very precise kind of skill, is it not?

HPB: Absolutely.

ERM: You've got to get the maximum use of the space in the car.

HPB: Not only that, but we had to train them and watch them to see that everything was loaded snugly and all one item together; even if it came in on two or three loads, for the convenience of the customer in the unloading. Also they had to be tightly packed so as not to shift and chafe while in transit.

ERM: What did you use for dunnage in that process?

HPB: Ours was mostly short haul, so that it wasn't very often necessary to use dunnage. Of course, at that time, air bags hadn't even been invented. It just meant careful planning in the loading. We didn't arrive at this system all at once. We had to learn by trial and error.

During those years, as assistant manager, I not only had to supervise the loading but did all of the inventory work myself. We got up to a point in that yard where we carried twenty-five to thirty million feet. You can well imagine taking an inventory was a really formidable task, but one that was very necessary. After I listed the stock, I had to compare it with the perpetual inventory book to make sure that I had been careful and accurate in what I had done.

I remember one year that my figures didn't come out the way Mr. Dutton wanted to see them as to value. He insisted that I hadn't taken it accurately. So I said, "All right, you get somebody to go over it with me," and we did. He found that I was right, so I was never questioned again in that respect.

As I told you, we started in 1914. In 1915, we had a couple more ships come in and then a slide at Culebra Cut took place in the Panama Canal, and a ship named The Hawaiian was caught on the western side. They sent her back and she anchored on the Pacific side of the canal. They tried to hurry clearing the cut as this vessel had aboard quite a bit of clear spruce for airplane work. We had shipped some spruce east by rail, but they had a larger volume on the ship because we were selling it to the French, Italian and

British governments.

All planes in those days were built of wood. There was a lot of anxiety to get it through. She waited and waited and waited. Several promises were made but more sliding took place, so finally The Hawaiian went around Cape Horn. When she came into Poughkeepsie, she had been lying there during that hot weather, and this green clear spruce which was in the between decks had developed little pink spots which was the beginning of insipient rot.

We had no mill down at the Dutton yard at that time, so we hauled it up to a local retail yard and put it through a planer and dressed out the surface that had the spots on it. The inspectors from the various governments went through it and picked out what they felt they could use that was suitable for airplane wings and struts.

In 1916, we entered World War I, and all shipment through the canal stopped. That meant that everything had to come into Poughkeepsie by rail.

ERM: Why did everything cease going through the canal?

HPB: Because they needed all the freighters for carrying materials to Europe for the War.

ERM: They were taken out of circulation as far as hauling lumber was concerned.

HPB: Completely. Even little boats like California lumber schooners and so forth.

ERM: Were commandeered for other purposes.

HPB: Yes, or they were busy hauling lumber up and down the west coast. Also the German submarines were in the Atlantic, and there was no way to send destroyers to protect the lumber ships, so they just stopped. We became a distribution yard by rail.

We were the agents then for the C. A. Smith Lumber Company, the great producers of Port Orford cedar at Marshfield, Oregon, and also had an arrangement with Mr. C. R. Johnson, the head of Union Lumber Company at Fort Bragg, California. We became their eastern agent. We started stocking redwood.

We also made an arrangement with Wheeler Osgood to handle doors. There was a triangular spot up above the railroad track entering the yard, and we built a large brick warehouse on the slope with the lower end designed particularly for end piling bins for redwood mouldings. We started shipping full carloads of mouldings and lattice and so forth. Redwood turns dark in the light, so there were no windows. Just electric lights that would be turned on while they were picking material out or putting it in. The upper

part was designed for a door warehouse and we went heavily into the distribution of doors.

That was the first yard on the Atlantic coast that carried any substantial amount of redwood. The Union Lumber Company opened an office in New York and Bill Morris was their representative. He sold redwood from our yard along with direct shipments from the mill, and as long as he was with that company, he worked with Dutton and then finally when that contract ended, Dutton started buying through other people also. Then Bill started a wholesale business of his own.

ERM: Who were your other principal wholesale competitors in the East at that time?

HPB: Weyerhaeuser started their Baltimore yard which was the second distribution yard on the water. They studied our yard by permission. And the J.C. Turner Company started one on the Hudson, just above Tarrytown.

ERM: Weren't there any on the Jersey side of the Hudson River?

HPB: There were none over there at that time. We chartered a schooner that had a little kicker in it and the masts cut down somewhat, named the Lizzie Belle. We distributed to a good many retail lumber yards

along the Hudson River during the summer, spring, and fall months. Of course, the Hudson freezes up in winter; then we distributed all by rail and truck.

Also, during that period when the war was on, it was decided that a mill was necessary. A mill was built with a sixteen by thirty S. A. Wood timber sizer and eight-inch resaw and cut-off equipment, so that when we didn't have timber of a size that somebody wanted, we could resaw it from a larger size. That helped a lot during the war years because oftentimes a higher grade could be developed for special orders from the timbers we were carrying.

In 1920, Dutton decided that we should have a second mill. On the property adjoining the road across from Central Hudson Gas and Electric, another mill was built. It was a planing mill with a full battery of machines beginning with the Greenlee rip saw and an S. A. Wood moulder with a motor on each head. Then a six-inch resaw with tilt rolls so that bevel and bungalow siding could be manufactured, a thirty-inch two sides sizer and a six by twelve high speed matcher. In other words, it was a fully equipped re-manufacturing mill.

On the water side, two bins were built, one for sawdust and the other for shavings. The sawdust coming

almost entirely from the re-saws was very, very fine and had to be kept separate from the shavings. There was a good market for the shavings from greenhouse people, people raising chickens, and many industries.

The sawdust was so fine that it was sold almost entirely to companies manufacturing explosives, and had to be very carefully handled. As a matter of fact, one time just from friction, a fire started in the sawdust bin. We had hand firefighting equipment always right at hand, and that one was put out almost immediately, but it kept us alive as to what the danger was. That planing mill served a very good purpose.

Each winter, Mr. Dutton used to go west on a buying trip. In 1921, he bought tremendous amounts of clear redwood, dozens and dozens of cars of flooring, particularly one by three and one by four, and a great many other items which started rolling in so that our sheds were absolutely full. Then the well-known inventory drop took place, when the value of lumber went down almost overnight. Wholesalers were caught everywhere.

I knew, for instance, a company where one of their buyers went out without calling in during the day to say that he could buy a car of eight-inch

bungalow siding at a very reasonable price. He went ahead and bought it, and when he reported for duty the next morning, the owner of the company said, "I didn't authorize that." They lost a thousand dollars on that one car. The buyer was fired. I think the rail rate to the east coast at that time was about eighty-seven or ninety-two cents a hundred pounds.

When this flooring started rolling in, most of it was vertical grain. Mr. Dutton had paid all the way from eighty-five to ninety-two dollars a thousand. Finally to get rid of it, most was sold at somewhere between forty-eight and fifty-two dollars a thousand delivered. It was just a terrible year for the Dutton Company.

However, due to the fact that we had this planing mill, one of my jobs was to operate it. In other words, to keep orders lined up ahead to keep the machines busy. We made bevel and bungalow siding out of the clear redwood and on most of that material, we came out pretty well just because we could rework it.

ERM: You must have known Mr. Dutton quite well. What sort of person was he?

HPB: He was a very tall, rather egotistical person who felt he could persuade anybody to do what he'd like to have them do.

ERM: Was he justified in his egotism or not?

HPB: In later years, he got himself into a lot of trouble. For instance, we represented the California Sugar and White Pine Company, and we stocked both Ponderosa and sugar pine. The Wood and Brooks Company, who made piano keys in Tonawanda, New York, sent their grader down and he started going through our five quarter sugar pine, picking out all the soft textured material which was just what he was looking for, and, of course, he paid a very considerable price higher than just the regular run of the grade. Being in charge of the shipping, I worked with him and after we had shipped him two or three carloads and I had learned how to grade it, they didn't send him down any more. They just sent the orders in and I did the grading.

The return on that was so good that when Mr. Dutton went out to the coast the next year because there were other possible customers, one particularly over in Connecticut, he bought a lot of five quarter sugar pine. When the cars started rolling in, Mr. Robinson and I had decided that instead of putting the lumber in the bins, I would grade out the key stock as we were unloading the cars, and just put it in separate bins and mark it key stock and have it ready without any rehandling or resorting.

I unloaded the first car and all I found was two or three pieces and those were borderline, so I went up to the office and told Sam Robinson that there was something wrong. It wasn't there. We had another car on the tracks, and when I got that unloaded, the same thing happened.

So Sam came down and he said, "Hugh, are you absolutely sure that you know what you are doing?" I said, "Positively. The stuff isn't there." I showed him. So he called Springfield. Mr. Dutton came over and I showed him. He had bought an ungodly quantity of it.

Well, what had happened was that in buying this, he had failed to say "No prior selection." Some of the key people had gotten wise to the fact that it was being picked out of the ordinary grade run and they had sent their buyers out to the coast and they were buying it at the mill direct, and then the mill was selling the balance as firsts and seconds, which was the term they used in those days. In other words, the mills had gotten smart. Mr. Dutton had made commitments with his customers, and he couldn't supply the material. I never knew exactly what he paid to get out of those contracts, but it was a disaster.

Another thing, in going out to the coast, he learned about the battery separator business down in Marshfield, Oregon, and got mixed up there with a man named Reed. I never knew the details of what happened but the company attorney, Robert Wilkinson, also was Dutton's attorney, a Yale man who was also attorney for the Hudson Division of the New York Central Railroad. He happened to be a very good friend of mine. We had a little university club in Poughkeepsie to which I belonged. Something had gone wrong with this agreement that Dutton had made down at Marshfield, Oregon, and Mr. Wilkinson had to come out to the coast two or three different times to try and straighten it out. In later years he told me that Dutton had been in very serious difficulty.

ERM: What do you mean, a battery separator? What kind of wood material is that?

HPB: It was clear Port Orford cedar, also Douglas fir. The dividers they now use are plastic. But all of the dividers in the wet batteries used to be wood. At first Port Orford cedar was used, then they found that they could use fine grain fir although the British used much more of the fir than we did in this country. I used to sell a lot of fir battery stock and some Alaska yellow cedar.

ERM: All of this experience at Dutton was giving you the intimate knowledge of the many, many markets that existed for wood products. Some of them were very esoteric, I would imagine, and you became acquainted with the precise kinds of wood, and sizes, that the specialty manufacturers had to have. In a sense, that was the foundation of knowledge on which you were to build your own business, in years to come.

HPB: That's right. And, of course, during this period we were also constantly improving the yard, Also, training men to be lumber handlers was very important. One example; a high, two-wheeled lumber buggy was used. When loading it, you had to have a saw horse at either end, and had to be sure in loading it that one end was just a little heavier than the other end, and also that the lumber was kept back a little bit from the wheels because if it tipped and your finger was there, it would take off a piece of it. We had many accidents until we trained these men to do things in exactly the right way.

Then, the Ford people decided that the Model T Ford could be made into a hauling unit called a gig, instead of horses. We bought an experimental Ford and made it into a gig to draw the lumber buggies. We gradually improved it to the point where we did

away with the horses all together.

ERM: Was this the first known use of the Ford for that purpose? Was this an innovation in lumber hauling?

HPB: In our area, at least. Whether other people did it in other places, I don't know.

ERM: To what extent were ideas of this kind freely exchanged among competitors in the wholesale business? Or did you try to keep your practices under wraps as much as possible to keep an advantage?

HPB: We tried to make use of them ourselves, but things like that couldn't be hidden very well. Anybody traveling through would see it. There weren't any of those items you could patent.

ERM: Did you have annual meetings of wholesalers at which new ideas and new techniques were discussed? The Pacific Logging Congress has a long tradition where loggers come every year and tell each other the new ideas they've had.

HPB: No, there wasn't anything like that. Dutton had a great dislike for the Weyerhaeuser Company. He never bought anything from them. He considered them a competitor. That came out rather openly when in 1921 Mr. Dutton decided to open another yard in Providence. Providence built a lumber dock and he leased twelve acres of land along the waterfront of the city,

preparatory to starting a yard over there beginning in 1922.

About the same time, the Weyerhaeuser people opened a yard in Portsmouth, Rhode Island, which was right across Narragansett Bay from Providence. They had sent Dr. [] Clapp from Everett, a big stockholder of Weyerhaeuser, but acting on his own, avoiding the company name. They had another Clapp who was their general counsel but not related to Dr. Clapp.

Clapp went to Rhode Island, rented a home and, living there, made a survey of the property and finally bought a considerable acreage. Of course, it was all submitted to the Weyerhaeuser board who proceeded to work out a series of commodity tariffs with the New Haven Railroad to points all over that New England area. It had never occurred to Mr. Dutton's traffic manager, who was an Englishman named Buckley, to do that from Providence or Poughkeepsie.

All of a sudden, the railroads published the tariffs out of Portsmouth, and here was Dutton with his yard in Providence, forced to use the regular rates. I can remember how mad Mr. Dutton was when he discovered the deal that Weyerhaeuser had put over on him. I suppose the rates eventually were evened off, but for several years, Weyerhaeuser had a decided

advantage. That's an indication of the fact that people didn't just work together. One fellow was out on his own and tried to outdo the other.

You can see from what I have been saying that we had a wide variety of experiences in Poughkeepsie with all of these different arrangements we had made with mills in the West producing different species of lumber. We had probably a greater variety than any wholesaler ever had.

One thing Mr. Dutton did was very interesting. Thomas Lipton had planned to build another challenger, Shamrock, to try to lift the America Cup races. He had bought several carloads of four by five, twenty-four to forty foot clear Port Orford cedar, to make the decking, from the C.A. Smith Company of Coos Bay, Oregon. But World War I killed his idea.

When Mr. Dutton was out on a trip the next year, the order had been cancelled and the Smith Company had this lumber on hand. They offered it to Mr. Dutton at a very reasonable price and, without any knowledge of where it might go, he shipped it into Poughkeepsie. When this arrived, I had the cars unloaded and stowed undercover.

When we got into the war, Mr. Dutton offered the use of the yard to the government for shipment of

lumber for construction of camps, and also for sales to foreign governments. Poughkeepsie was a convenient deep loading point for overseas ships because the New York harbor was so horribly crowded that oftentimes cars lay there along the docks for days and weeks at a time, waiting to unload. With this big dock at Poughkeepsie, there was considerable relief.

When the officer training camps were started, most of the young men from Poughkeepsie I knew were going to Plattsburgh for officer training. Lots of them signed up immediately. So I told Sam Robinson that the only thing for me to do was to go to Plattsburgh. He said, "Hugh, don't be in a hurry." Of course, I felt if I were going at all, the sooner the better.

But Mr. Dutton came over with a Major Sly, a Grand Rapids furniture manufacturer who had been inducted into the Signal Corps and given the title of Major to supervise shipping lumber and related items for the U.S. government to go overseas. He came up to Poughkeepsie and I was called in for a conference with him. He urged me not to sign up for Plattsburgh, saying, "We can't make good use of a yard like this or these facilities without the men who know how to run them." So they talked me out of going to

Plattsburgh, and sent me an exemption from any form of draft.

The other important feature in that was that I was doing the grading of spruce for the airplane people prior to their coming to make their final selection. In other words, when the cars came in, I laid out the material that was considered suitable for aircraft parts. They would pick their own out of that, instead of going through the entire load.

We also at that time stored for the Doty Lumber Company of southern Washington large amounts of what was called G list spruce. That contained a lot of aircraft timber even though some had been removed. We stored dozens and dozens of cars of this material. I can see those piles yet. We made them forty feet square, piled with Hilky stackers, invented by Henry Hilky, superintendent of the Seattle Cedar Mill, in Seattle.

It was an ingenious machine, run by a little gasoline or electric motor where a chain with brackets attached would raise the lumber to piling level, and could be reversed to lower it. Seattle Cedar had lumber piles forty feet high, and saved yard room. We bought a couple of those machines and started to pile our stock up higher, as there is only a certain

distance you can pass lumber up by hand. We were very, very busy during those war years. We supplied a large portion of the lumber for the different departure camps in New Jersey and Long Island.

ERM: Were you able to keep most of your own crew out of the draft for the same reason?

HPB: Most of our crew were above draft age. There were very few younger men. A few of our younger men went into the service.

ERM: Along about this time, you were courting your wife to be. You were married on June 22, 1921. When did you meet Mary Schieffelin?

HPB: Mary Somerville Schieffelin. I did not meet her until late 1919. My younger sister transferred from Vassar to Simmons, and took a secretarial course. When she graduated in 1918, she became secretary of the Technology War Service Auxiliary, which was connected with MIT [Massachusetts Institute of Technology], in Boston, and stayed on there until the war ended.

She was engaged to the son of Mr. M. R. Smith of Smith-Patterson Jewelry Store, where I had worked vacations. He was a Harvard man. I started at that store on vacations when I was in highschool in Brookline. I'd moved from the packing and shipping room up to the gold counter, the big horseshoe counter

right at the opening of the store, which was a lot of fun. I became quite interested in selling jewelry.

Mr. Smith told me that if I would go to Harvard and then go into his watch factory at Montreal, with the idea of eventually taking charge of the watch division in his store, he'd pay my way through Harvard. I said, "Mr. Smith, I don't want to go to Harvard. I'm going to Yale, and I'm not going to be a jeweler." He said, "What are you going to be?" I said, "I'm going to be a lumberman." I was thinking about it even at that time. "Well," he said, "if you go to Yale, you'll have to work your way." I said, "I know, it, but I'm still going to Yale."

Of course, that had no effect on my friendship with his son, Nelson, who was headed for Harvard. The last summer in Brookline and the summer after Andover, I worked packing in the White Mountains of New Hampshire, helping to build Crag Camp on Mount Adams. While at Yale, I spent the first part of each Christmas vacation checking at Smith-Patterson. On Christmas Day, Nelson and I would leave Boston for the week at Crag Camp. Our friendship continued.

My younger sister for a time was engaged to Nelson, but she decided that it wouldn't be a happy marriage, and broke it off. After the war ended at

the end of 1919, Betty accepted a job as secretary to Mrs. Finch, the head of the Finch Girls' School in New York. She took a room at the Women's University Club on East 57th Street. There she met a girl who had gone to Elmira and then to the Prince School, which was allied with Simmons College. Her name was Mary Somerville Schieffelin. They became very good friends.

I had a little cottage in Poughkeepsie which Betty had a key to, and when she wanted to get away from New York over the weekend, she was always free to use it even when I was not there. At different times, she would say, "Hugh, I want you to meet a friend of mine, Mary Schieffelin." A couple of times when I was away, she took Mary up and they stayed at my cottage.

In November, 1919, Betty called me one day and said, "Hugh, how about getting tickets for the Yale-Princeton football game with another man to join us, and you two and Mary Schieffelin and I go to the game in New Haven?" I said, "That's a good idea."

So I called Roger Gildersleeve, a Poughkeepsie boy who had been in the ambulance service in Europe during the war. His father ran the Gildersleeve Shoe Store in Poughkeepsie. He was going to Columbia Law School. He knew Betty and was glad to go. So the

morning of the game, we four met under the clock at the Biltmore and took the train to New Haven. Yale was beaten. So we took the first train to New York and went down to Greenwich Village.

Mary was at that time the sales trainer for the staff of Bonwit Teller in New York. A Vassar girl, Helen Street, had had that job when she decided to get married (she was also a Prince graduate), so Mr. Bonwit called Mrs. Prince and said, "Mrs. Prince, I want your smartest student to come down and take Helen Street's place."

The class had women up to thirty years old in it, but she called Mary in and said, "I want you to go down and interview with Mr. Bonwit." So she got all dolled up and with all her classmates wishing her luck, went down to New York and the upshot of it was, Mr. Bonwit hired her. When I met her, that was the work she was doing, and she lived with another girl in an apartment on Grove Street on the edge of Greenwich Village. My sister Betty had an apartment up on 44th Street, fairly close to Grand Central.

That evening when we got back to New York, we had dinner at Jack's. Then we went down to the Village to the Pirate's Den and one or two other places for entertainment and then took Mary back to

to her apartment which was within walking distance. Roger went on to his dorm, and I took Betty up to her apartment.

Some time later, I called Mary and asked if I could meet her and take her to dinner, which I did. Do you remember in New York the Brevort House on lower Fifth Avenue? Down below it was the old Lafayette Hotel. It was quite a famous old place. I remember you could get a top-notch dinner for four dollars. That was a lot of money considering what I was making, but we didn't drink cocktails in those days. We had dinner and then our friendship developed. It took nearly two years for me to persuade her to marry me. Without the help of her father and sister-in-law, I don't know if we would ever have worked it out.

ERM: You were secretary of the A. C. Dutton Lumber Company beginning in 1920.

HPB: While I was secretary of the corporation, it did not operate as does a corporation today. Stockholders were notified but not very many of them other than the directors would come to the meetings. A large part of the common stock was owned by the South Bend Mill and Timber Company. Mr. Gaudette had passed away and his son-in-law represented their company's interests.

I don't recall that I ever saw anyone representing St. Paul and Tacoma, who were preferred stockholders, come to the meetings. Mr. Dutton seemed to feel that they would pretty well follow his dictates. I know he persuaded William W. Mith, II, who was a very good friend of mine and head of the Smith Brothers Cough Drops Company, to buy a block of common stock and become a director. The stock for the most part was closely held. I owned a few shares so that I could act as secretary.

ERM: The decision making process in A. C. Dutton Company rested pretty much in the hands of Mr. A. C. Dutton?

HPB: That's correct.

ERM: When he wanted to do something, he did it with or without counselling with others.

HPB: Yes. Some of the things that he did, like picking up men when he was on the west coast and bringing them back there, didn't please Sam Robinson very well because the money paid them came out of Poughkeepsie earnings which made it harder for him to show the kind of a record he wanted to.

He also felt that it was unfair to the younger men who were supposedly training for positions of responsibility to move up as they should. I can remember many, many times when Sam growled to me

about Dutton's habit of doing that sort of thing. He brought a young fellow back from southern Oregon one time named Walker. He never did find out what he was supposed to do. He fortunately left pretty soon.

He hired a man named Reed who wandered around the place and drew a high salary for months. I think partly due to Mr. Robinson making things uncomfortable, he left.

ERM: Would you describe the personality of A. C. Dutton?

HPB: He was a tall, bespectacled individual with a great sense of egotism and self-satisfaction. He felt that he had progressed very, very far in the lumber business.

ERM: Had he made it all himself, or had he inherited it?

HPB: No. Originally it was Dutton and Potter. He had had a partner. They had a disagreement, and I never did hear the ultimate story. Sam Robinson hinted one time that their separation was not a very happy one.

Dutton had two daughters and a son. The older daughter, Geraldine, married a man named Rodney Smith who was in the tobacco business, and Mr. Dutton tried to get him to join the company without any definite indication of what he was supposed to do. Rod told him to go to hell. He said, "I wouldn't work for you, and I'm not going to give up the tobacco business

to go into lumber, which I don't know anything about."

The second daughter, Edith, was a classmate of my sister, Mary, at Vassar, and was a very, very good friend of mine. I was very fond of her for a long time. Ultimately she married a boy from Springfield named Morris Chapin, who was connected with a little company in Pittsfield. They came over to Poughkeepsie as Morris had been persuaded by Mr. Dutton that he ought to learn the lumber business. He went to work in one of my shipping crews.

ERM: Before you met Mary, had you courted Edith with the thought of perhaps marrying her?

HPB: Well, I was very fond of her. I won't say I got to the point of thinking I would marry her, because things hadn't gone that far. She was living in Springfield and there was only occasional contact. I know that Mr. Dutton felt that it would be a good combination. He mentioned it once or twice, but things didn't go any further than that.

David, the son, who was about eight years younger than I, wanted to be a doctor but his father acted against it and, as a matter of fact, tried to talk him out of going to Yale. But he eventually did and graduated from Yale in 1922. He and a classmate, Jack Calhoun, formed a company called Dutton and

Calhoun and operated out of Springfield, selling Canadian spruce.

I got to know Jack quite well in later years when I was on the executive committee of the Yale Alumni Board, on which David and he also served. David went to work for the company when he and Jack Calhoun gave up their company and worked in various capacities.

ERM: At what point in time did A. C. Dutton pass from the scene?

HPB: I don't remember the exact year, but it was after World War II.

ERM: Did David Dutton then run the company?

HPB: No. A person that Dutton hired on the west coast, a tall University of Washington graduate who rowed on the crew, named Halsey Wyckoff, known as Pete, became general sales manager succeeding Leonard Shumaker who was still based in Springfield. Dutton persuaded Shumaker to take charge of the sales force in the various parts of the eastern United States, and Wyckoff to become the general sales manager in Poughkeepsie. While I was still secretary and assistant manager of the yard, he appointed me assistant sales manager.

They wanted to improve the yard still more and include a good deal more mechanical apparatus which

we didn't have, and he employed Earl Rogers, of St. Paul and Tacoma Lumber Company in Tacoma, to come back and lay out what was required in the form of cranes and so forth. When Earl developed his plan, they hired a man named Baker, working for Weyerhaeuser in Everett, to become yard manager because of his western experience, over and above a man named Day who had expected to be promoted to that position.

That caused a certain amount of unhappiness. Baker had a habit that wasn't too good, he was a marvelous poker player, and started having Saturday night poker parties and getting some of the men to join in, and he lifted part of their pay. I never went to any of those poker parties.

Dutton decided in 1921 to build or start another yard in the city of Providence. He made a deal with the city of Providence to build a big lumber yard and leased twelve acres down on the waterfront. He began his plans to extend the operation over there.

In the meantime, the Weyerhaeuser Company got Dr. Clapp, one of their big stockholders and no relation to Gus Clapp who was their general counsel, to move back there for a matter of months and quietly survey the area. Eventually, he selected a tract of land at Portsmouth, Rhode Island, across Narragansett

Bay from Providence. In addition to building the yard, they petitioned the New Haven Railroad to issue commodity rates on lumber. This was something Dutton's traffic manager hadn't even thought about. When the tariff was published, it developed that Weyerhaeuser had a real advantage over Dutton.

ERM: This was the time when the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company was beginning to develop. It started I think about 1916-1917, somewhere along about that time, and Dr. Clapp had been a very important part of that, hadn't he?

HPB: I am not sure about Dr. Clapp's part in it, but the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company was started by Fred K. Weyerhaeuser who graduated from Yale in 1917.

ERM: He was involved in the war for several years and it wasn't until the early twenties that F.K. started taking his training out of Potlach in Idaho.

HPB: You could be right.

ERM: Would you comment about the struggle for the dominance of these companies for the eastern lumber market? Was there an obvious struggle going on in those years for control of the market?

HPB: On, no. It was just what you'd call ordinary competition. Each trying to do what was best with his own goal in mind.

ERM: The market was too broad and big for any one of them to have any real control.

HPB: Yes. Dutton had a big edge up the Hudson Valley and in western New York. I mentioned earlier about our using the Lizzie Belle to deliver up and down the river. Then we had the Barge Canal to send lumber up the Hudson and through the canal into western New York to Syracuse and other places, competing against shipping by rail. Then J. C. Turner had started in Irvington on the Hudson, and that furnished some competition.

ERM: To what extent do you think the Dutton Company was really an innovator in its field?

HPB: They definitely were. That was the first distribution yard. Dutton got there first and he never could have done it without the opening of the Panama Canal. It was planned, based on the Canal.

ERM: That just broke it wide open for him.

HPB: That's the thing that started it. He was in on the ground floor.

ERM: The building of the Panama Canal must be one of the most important events in the history of lumber marketing.

HPB: For the West Coast. There's just no doubt about it. That opened it up. The panic of 1893 was the thing

that helped spread red cedar shingles all over the East. They were almost used as currency, because in the panic of 1893, a money panic, there was a shortage of cash. Shingles were very, very worthwhile items.

To go on with Providence, that yard was planned in 1921, the year that Mary and I were married, when I was the assistant sales manager. It was generally supposed that as things developed, I would be asked to move over to Providence and run that yard.

But after the war, when shipping through the canal resumed again, the Dutton Company instead of renewing their shipping agreement with American-Hawaiian, made a deal with the Luckenbach Steamship Company. Luckenbach's agent in Seattle was a man named Jones, who worked very closely with Dutton's western manager, Rod Stevens. Luckenbach was trying to figure out how to get rid of James, who wasn't a very good manager, and he and Rod Stevens cooked up a recommendation that James be hired by Dutton to run the yard at Providence.

ERM: You don't suppose that old Mr. Dutton was discouraged and disappointed that you hadn't married his second daughter, and married someone else, and that might have had something to do with his feeling?

HPB: No. Although Dutton did tell me once that he thought I might have become his son-in-law. Mr. Dutton was only fond of people he could dominate. When Morris Chapin married Edith and went to work for him, that's what he wanted, but the minute Morris took the job, Dutton did absolutely nothing to help advance him.

After James was hired, Mr. Dutton said to me one day, "Hugh, how would you like to go to New York and run our New York sales office?" I said, "You couldn't pay me enough to get me to live in New York. I don't want that kind of a job anyway. I don't belong there."

Then, watching the performance of Pete Wyckoff, who was general sales manager, I began to see that there wasn't a spot in the future that I really cared for. Wyckoff wanted to dominate. Anyway, I was beginning to long for the West again, where I had always felt I belonged during the sixteen years that I had lived in the East.

With all those things happening, Mary and I were married and in talking it over, felt that before we had any family, we'd better get settled where we wanted to live. So I said to Mr. Dutton one day, "I'd like to take a leave of absence for a month or two." He said, "What do you want to do?" I said, "I want to go out west and look things over." He said, "You

mean that you don't want to stay with me permanently?" I said, "Mr. Dutton, I never had any thought that you owned me, and that this was the only place I could earn a living."

"Well," he said, "You young fellows just get where you are really worth something to us and then you begin to get ideas." I said, "You've never let Sam Robinson pay me what he felt I was earning for the company." He said, "I just don't think you and I see things the same way." I said, "No, we certainly do not." I resigned from the company.

I said I'd stay and help train somebody to take my job. But as it happened, they split my job up and divided it among three people. You can see the ground I covered. In August 1922, we left. He was over from Springfield the day before I was leaving, and he came down to my desk and said, "Hugh, I'm sorry you are leaving, but I hope the day will come when you'll be sorry." I said, "Mr. Dutton, if it ever does, you won't know it." That was the pleasant parting after eight years of work.

ERM: What did you do to break up your home there, and how did you get yourself across the country?

HPB: We crated our furniture, stored it and arranged for Luckenbach to ship it west when advised. I had worn

out a couple of second-hand Fords. One of them I had driven up to Wellsboro at the time we were married in June, 1921, taking my mother and sisters with me. In 1922, I bought what they called a sedan in those days. It had a door only on the right hand side, and two front seats that bent down, and a metal running board.

Mary had said that going across the continent, we might want to camp out part of the time. I had a frame made of two octagonal oak sticks, and drilled the end for spring steel cross pieces fastened with cotter pins, just like stretching a deer hide to dry. I cut a little slot where the steering wheel came up, because Mary was short enough to sleep on that side and me on the other.

Then I took two suitcases and had black oilskin covers made to slip over them. I had staples bolted onto the running board, so that I could strap these two suitcases on and then pull the two covers down over them. Then we had a large suitcase on the rear seat. There was no trunk behind. We carried a basket with a few provisions.

We headed up to Wellsboro, Pennsylvania, to visit Mary's mother. Her father had died in 1921. We stayed there awhile, and perfected our plans to cross the

continent. We took Mrs. Shieffelin down to Johnstown, Pennsylvania, where her brother lived, and then finally we drove up out of that steep little valley where the Johnstown flood had taken place, up past the cemetery where all the victims were buried, and headed directly northwest.

The beginning of the Pennsylvania Turnpike ended abruptly at Indiana, Pennsylvania, which is famous as the home of Jimmie Stewart, the actor. We went to Meadville and Sandy Lake to see mother's relatives, some of whom were still alive. At Greenville, where Governor Shakeley of Alaska had come from, we visited the daughter of my grandfather's youngest brother, Uncle Henry.

Then we went to Cleveland where my younger brother was in the real estate business. We stayed with them for awhile and went down directly south to Zanesville, where T. C. Doran lived. You remember, he had joined father in building the sawmill in Sitka, and had become the owner of the Stewart Mine.

Then we went on out to Indianapolis and down to Tipton, Indiana, where father had grown up, so that Mary could see where he had lived. We stayed in Chicago awhile. I had classmates and Mary had friends at Evanston.

Next we went to Madison, Wisconsin, where a class-mate of Mary's at Prince School was living and running a restaurant for her father, called the Indian Queen. It was beautiful September weather. It gave us a chance to look over the University of Wisconsin, and gave me an idea of what a coed school was like compared to Yale. I thought the kids were having a pretty good time down on the docks in their bathing suits, and apparently not worrying very much about books. Probably studying human nature.

Then we went on to Winona where Dr. Pritchard, a country doctor, a wonderful old fellow, lived. He had lost one leg when his buggy upset one time when he was out on a trip to see a patient in winter. Visiting him was another Prince girl named Zella Devit, an old friend of Mary's who was one of the operating room secretaries at the Mayo Clinic in Rochester. When we left, we drove Zella to Rochester and spent the whole day there and saw the Mayo Clinic from top to bottom, including the items taken out of people and put in glass jars for research.

Dr. Pritchard advised us in going west, that instead of following the usual road up through North Dakota called the Yellowstone Trail, to go out through Mankato and then directly to Pierre, the capital of

South Dakota, then through the Badlands to Rapid City which we did. We saw the Black Hills. This was before they had begun to carve the figures in the mountains at Rushmore. (Years later I was glad that I had been there, because we did do some lumber business in that area.)

Then we headed up through Sheridan, followed up the Valley of the Little Big Horn, and stopped and looked over the site of the Custer Battlefield, had lunch at the Crow reservation where Mary had her first look at Indians. She was a little bit worried. Before we left Poughkeepsie, she insisted that I buy a revolver. I bought a .32 which I carried on the front seat of the car, and, of course, never used.

We stayed over night at Billings and then headed due west. It was too late to go into the Yellowstone Park, as it was closed. We stayed that night at Livingston, at the upper entrance to the park. Then we kept right on through Butte. My Aunt Gertrude had had very good friends in Butte who had visited us in Alaska. I had always known about those copper mines around Butte, so it was very interesting to see them. We then went down through Deer Lodge to Bozeman. A young woman lived in Bozeman who had been a social worker in Poughkeepsie, and whose name was Vera

McKellick. I looked her up. Then we continued on to Missoula.

Over the cap of the radiator was a canvas bag. When we came to any real steep hill, the Ford engine would heat up, and lose power. I'd have to let the water out of the radiator, and stop at a creek and put cold water in, and then we had power until it warmed up again.

When we were in Missoula, I talked to some people who said that the road up over the Bitter Root Mountains through Kellogg, Idaho, would be rougher than anything we'd had in the Rocky Mountains. You see, there were no paved roads of any kind. So we decided to go around the Bitter Roots and down the Valley of the Clark Ford River, and into Spokane via Sand Point. It was early October by that time. Fortunately we hadn't had a drop of rain.

ERM: Nor any snow on the mountains.

HPB: There was no snow, nothing to bother us, or I don't know what we would have done. We'd probably have had to ship the car on the railroad or something. I'm not sure it was even possible in those days.

ERM: Did you camp a lot on this trip?

HPB: We only camped five times. Even in those days, it was just remarkable how hard it was to find a place to

camp. In Wyoming, up near Spear Fish, we found a really good campground one night, out on the plains.

In Minnesota we couldn't find a place and just before sundown, there was a little white schoolhouse that looked secluded. I drove up and around it, and parked on what I thought would be the shadowed end of it. There was wood kindling in the woodshed and water in the well. We cooked ourselves a little bit of supper and went to sleep. All of a sudden, I saw the lights of a car come up, circle around the schoolhouse a couple of times, and then go charging off. In the morning, I realized that we were up on a hill and in the bright moonlight, our car was visible for miles around. I had my revolver in my hand and was ready if anybody stopped or had anything to say. But they didn't. They probably decided it was wiser not to.

The night we were in this camp by Spear Fish (I still have a picture of Mary cooking over the campfire), a man also there had a Dodge truck for a camper. He repaired harvesting machines. Things had been quiet down south so he was headed up north looking for work. He sat there beside us during the evening, spinning tales of what went on in the West, and he scared Mary to death. She thought we could be attacked by Indians or anything else.

ERM: Did you have any mechanical troubles or flat tires?

HPB: Yes, we had lots of troubles, because the car was much more heavily loaded than it ever should have been.

In Terre Haute, Indiana, my friction wore out, and I had to put a new one in. Another time, our reverse gave away and I had to have that fixed. I think I only had one puncture. But we had additional trouble.

The day we were in Pierre, South Dakota, I had to have an overhaul job done, and it was as hot as hot could be. While the car was in the shop, we stayed in a room in a little hotel to keep in the shade. It was just the opening of the hunting season, and people were coming into the hotel with these birds looking like chickens (prairie chickens). They look like a Plymouth Rock chicken.

I didn't get the car until very late that afternoon, and as it was still very hot and a brilliant moonlight night, we drove through the South Dakota Badlands in that little Model T Ford, winding up at midnight in Rapid City, South Dakota. If anything had gone wrong with the car going through the Badlands, we would have had it, because we were the only car on the road. We didn't see one either going or coming.

ERM: You'd probably have made it all right. You'd have slept out. It must have been quite an adventure back

at that time to make a trans-continental trip in a car.

HPB: We didn't look at it that way, but I think afterwards we realized that's what it was. I have a map where I have every single stopping point labeled.

I had a classmate and a very dear friend in Spokane, Stoddard King, whom Mr. Cowles, Sr., owner of the Spokesman Review, had sent to Yale. He was older than the rest of us and made a famous record there. He wrote the lyrics of the Long, Long Trail, was on the Yale Daily News, the Dramat, Yale Record, Phi Beta Kappa, etc.

When he was in college, he sometimes went down to New York where F. P. Adams, who had a column in the New York Tribune, let Stod write for him. After graduation, he returned to Spokane where Mr. Cowles let him write a similar column for his paper. Mary and I stayed there for a week.

One day I drove over to Coeur d'Alene and had lunch with Huntington Taylor, whose father was president of Vassar when I first went to Poughkeepsie. "Hunt" had gone out to work for Weyerhaeuser and became manager of their Coeur d'Alene Lumber Company mill. When we went out of his office, into the general work room, he introduced me to Phil [J.P., Jr.]

Weyerhaeuser, who had just started to work in the sales department.

ERM: Tell me a little about Phil Weyerhaeuser. He was just a young man then wasn't he?

HPB: He was three years younger than Fred. He had graduated from Yale in 1920, and this was the fall of 1922. I don't know what he had done previously, but he was then working in the sales office at Coeur d'Alene. I chatted with him a little while and he said, "Hugh, this is the country you ought to stay in. Why don't you?"

It was beautiful in that early October. The fruit people were gathering apples and the whole country just looked wonderful. The smell of pine at the mill was wonderful, but I said, "No, Phil, this isn't the country for me. I came from Alaska and I've got to get back to salt water." He said, "Well, maybe sometime I'll see you out there." That was my introduction to Philip.

ERM: How would you characterize Philip Weyerhaeuser? Would you draw a sort of character study of the man as you saw him, and tell us how important you think he may have been both to his company and to his industry?

HPB: I think when Phil became president of the Weyerhaeuser

Company, with all of the varied jobs and sales experience and everything else that he had had, he was probably the most powerful person, up to that time, that the company had, and they certainly were correct in making him the head of the company.

When you first would see him, he had the impression of being very serious. He had the courage of his convictions at all times. He worked very hard but he also played hard. He had a tremendous sense of humor, and loved to kid people and give them surprises mostly winding up on a pleasant note. There was just absolutely nothing vicious about him.

I used to hear a lot about him from men who have worked for him like Bill [W.H.] Peabody, who had been manager at Everett, and then became manager of their plant at Newark, and Ralph Boyd, who had been wharf man at Everett, and became Bill Peabody's right hand man at Newark, and a very, very close friend of mine.

We did a lot of business with them because of our intercoastal experience. After I got really going in the wholesale business in the early thirties, and had gotten rid of Ketcham, I was their second or third largest volume customer.

ERM: So you had frequent opportunities to meet Phil Weyerhaeuser and to know the man in a very personal way.

HPB: Yes. And later on (I'll work it in at the proper time), one little incident in the years when I used to go to Longview sometimes Charlie Ingram and Phil would be down there. Of course, Phil is the one who is responsible for the tree farm movement.

ERM: He had a great deal to do with the development of industrial forestry itself, did he not?

HPB: That's true. You see, even Weyerhaeuser was taking off the timber and giving the land back to the counties. Then Phil suddenly had the idea, what the hell are we doing this for? We should be growing trees. He started the Clemons Tree Farm on Grays Harbor. I know they also had a large logging area up in King County called the Cherry Valley Company. Some of the mills I knew of were getting logs there. Every one of the contracts that they could get out of, they ended just as soon as possible, after starting tree farming, and grew their timber for themselves.

Of course, they still continued to buy outside timber and bid on government timber. You've often looked at the U. S. Forest Service maps, particularly Mt. Baker and the Gifford Pinchot and the Snoqualmie national forests, and noticed how checkered their holdings are with the government holdings. They have

only completed so far as I know two important swaps of land trying to consolidate their holdings. They've applied for additional ones but I know of only two that have gone through, and each one of those took a number of years to consummate.

ERM: What do you think Phil Weyerhaeuser's impact was on the industry he was a part of?

HPB: In addition to the tree farm movement, Phil was considered one of the absolute leaders in the industry. His death was a great loss.

ERM: How did his leadership manifest itself to you in your observation of the industry? Where did that leadership shine forth most vividly?

HPB: As an example of a well run organization picking good men and moving them up and consolidating and improving instead of following the old pattern.

For instance, instead of having each individual mill handle its own sales, he opened a general office in Tacoma and brought the top of the sales force over there to headquarters where it could be watched, and had the mills report in and take their orders through Tacoma. It was a very worthwhile consolidation, one that was overdue, and that meant leaving some of their older men with rather limited duties in the old spot and the younger men who had shown ability moved up.

ERM: In other words, he made great impact in the area of personnel management of the company, and set a good example for others.

HPB: That's right. For instance, he had two young men at Everett who had been very prominent at the University of Washington. One day one of them made a mistake, and was slightly reprimanded, "What did you do this for?" He didn't use his head, and he just said, "I'll never do this again. I'll never take a chance." So right away, that labeled him.

Then when Johnny Titcomb, cousin of Rod, who was a Dartmouth graduate, came out here and went to work at the mill at Everett, he had the same kind of up and go that Phil did, and he moved right ahead of everybody just on sheer ability and willingness to take a chance. I know he defied Tacoma a couple of times. He said, "I know more about this than they do." And when they scolded him, he said, "Okay." He came right back and did it again and got away with it. He became the manager in Everett, as long as his health permitted and then later he was moved to Tacoma and put in charge of the manufacturing at all the mills. He was willing to be scolded.

ERM: He had an uncanny sense of men, didn't he?

HPB: Yes. While he didn't like to hurt anybody's feelings, if they weren't performing as well as someone else, he'd move the other fellow in.

ERM: In what ways was he different from his brother F.K.? How would you compare the two?

HPB: F.K.'s whole life, until Phil died, was taken up with the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company. He was on the board and sat in on the deliberations, and so far as any of us knew, we never heard F.K. quoted as to his opinions in starting new mills, buying out the Schafer Mill, or any of those things. I just didn't know.

ERM: Those were decisions that were largely associated with Phil.

HPB: They were made by the board, but it was during Phil's regime. Then, of course, when Phil died very suddenly, Fred had to take over. And Fred started bringing in new men. He brought in Lowry Wyatt, who started out in labor relations and became Executive Vice President.

ERM: He's a brilliant man.

HPB: He's good. I think F.K. also brought Bernie Orell in. Fred did a lot of good things, when he came in. But he hadn't had the manufacturing background that Phil had. In many ways, Fred is a much friendlier

fellow. He's more personable. More outgoing.

ERM: More public relations oriented.

HPB: Yes, decidedly more than Phil.

ERM: I always felt that Philip was quite happy in a small group of people in his company, but when he'd get outside, he was more shy and retiring than F.K., whereas F.K. could feel more comfortable in almost any situation in the world outside of the company.

HPB: You are absolutely right that Fred was very friendly and outgoing whereas Phil showed up best in a smaller group. He also was always starting ways to improve the company.

The last time that I saw him, we were in Keith Fiskens's boat, headed for Orcas Island to spend a long weekend with John Moran, whose father had operated Moran Brothers Shipyard here in Seattle, and had put an engine in the Leo for my father. We used to go up there every summer for a long weekend, and for several years Keith and Marian Fiskens took us up in their boat.

When we were going through Lopez Pass, Keith said, "We might run into Phil Weyerhaeuser. He has Dorothy Black aboard, and some friends from New Jersey." Just about twenty minutes later, we saw this boat coming, and I said, "Keith, do you suppose

that could be Philip?" Sure enough, when we got fairly close to each other, Keith blew the horn and Phil slowed down and we came alongside. We chatted for a little bit, but Phil wasn't feeling very well and we talked through the window. He didn't get out and step on the deck like the others did, but I happened to be where I could chat with him. Dorothy told us that in swimming up there, Phil coming back to the ship, had bumped himself on the boarding ladder, and it was decided later that this latent leukemia he suffered from flared up because of the accident. He died that December.

It was in September of that year when I was going back to New Haven and the Council had no chairman of the Forestry School Committee, I asked George Garratt to make an appointment with Ben Holden, the secretary at Yale, for a conference. When we met Ben early in the office the day I arrived, he pulled out the file and showed they had been corresponding with F.K., who was hesitating to take the job, and I said, "Ben, why don't you get F.K. on the phone right now, and let's try and get this thing settled because it isn't fair to the Forestry School." Those appointments are five years, and Charlie Clise had done an excellent job and the chairmanship had been left vacant. They'd

been trying to get Fred to take it, and they had no other candidates. So Ben got F. K. on the phone.

He talked to him a little bit, and then he said, "George Garratt and Hugh Brady are here." So I got on and I talked to Fred, and he said, "Well, I don't know." I said, "Look, Fred, in all fairness to the school, you just have to take it. We'll all help you." Then he said, "If I go on, will you be a member of my committee?" And I said, "I'll be glad to."

I wasn't on Charlie's committee, although usually when he had a meeting out west, he'd invite me to sit in with the committee. He had Colonel Greeley and Cordy Wagner and Edgar Hirsch, a forester from Concord, New Hampshire, on his committee.

So Fred said, "All right, I'll do it." And, of course, if he had known what was going to happen to Phil, he never would have done it.

ERM: What did you do when you got to the West Coast?

HPB: We spent a week in Spokane. We followed the old road across Vantage, stayed overnight at Ellensburg, and then down the winding road through Snoqualmie Pass

and landed in Kirkland. We came across on the ferry and had almost as much trouble climbing this steep hill in that heavily laden Ford as we had anywhere in the mountains crossing the continent.

That was the 13th of October 1922. It started to rain that day. The first drop of rain we had had since we left Pennsylvania. And no snow. So we were just blessed with luck. We got a room at the Assembly Hotel on Madison Street, where the cable cars were running by. It's a retirement home now.

We stayed in Seattle for a month. I travelled all around looking to see what the prospects might be. Manager Rod Stevens had under him here in the Dutton office, Charlie Milne, a Scotsman who had been bookkeeper for the New Haven Railroad and then had become a bookkeeper in Springfield for the Dutton Company. I had gotten to know him very well because during summer vacations he would come over and stay in Poughkeepsie and I felt that he ought to learn actually what lumber looked like. In the Springfield office, he never saw any. I would take him around the yard and teach him what ceiling and flooring were. He wrangled a trip to the Pacific Coast on one of his vacations, and Mr. Dutton agreed that it would be a good idea for him to come out and get to know Rod

Stevens and see how boats were loaded. By this time he had moved to Poughkeepsie along with the office and Dutton was buying quite a lot of material in Canada, particularly shingles. One of the big items going back there was shingles. At first there were more manufactured in Canada than there were in the States.

Charlie suggested that Mary and I accompany him on one of his trips to Vancouver, which I was glad to do. He had an open car. In those days, if you went to Canada very often, you had to register your car in Canada as well as in the United States or they'd confiscate it at the border. That continued for a good many years.

We landed at the old Vancouver Hotel. Charlie said, "Hugh, I know these people here, and I'll try to get you and Mary the finest kind of room but it won't cost you any more than an ordinary room." I think we ended up on the top floor and I'm sure it was the royal suite. When our bags came in, we looked around and Mary said, "Hugh, what are you paying for this room?" I said, "Well, Charlie said it was the same as an ordinary room." She said, "You better find out."

So I went to the phone and asked them. Charlie

had no more influence there than the man in the moon. I've forgotten the figure, but it was clear out of our range. I said, "You move us down to a regular room," which they did.

We had an altogether pleasant visit, as I'd never previously been to any of the mills there. Charlie introduced me to some of the owners.

We came back to Seattle and as I had never been in California and Mary had never been west of Buffalo until this trip, we decided since my mother's youngest sister and my cousin, Matilda, and Uncle Syd, were living in Whittier, California, to go there. Syd had sold out his interest in a drugstore in Ashland, Oregon, to two of his brothers and he had started a store in Whittier.

I let Aunt Gertrude know that we were coming down, and we put the little car on the H. F. Alexander passenger ship to San Francisco. In those days, they pumped the gas out of the tanks and pushed the cars on and off. While it was smooth going, that old ship rocked all the way down. She rocked as we were going into San Francisco Bay, and it was smooth as a mill pond, until she tied up at the dock. Mary didn't get seasick. I kept her out on the deck in a chair sideways so she couldn't look at the water.

They pushed us up to a gas station by hand. We filled up and drove to Whittier through Paso Robles and down the coast road. We stayed for about ten days with Gertrude and Syd and Matilda in Whittier.

Then I went into Los Angeles to get a job. I had found in wandering around that it was the year of the oil boom. A lot of midwesterners were moving out and many men who had lumber experience would take jobs at one hundred fifty dollars a month since all they needed was part of a living. They had some income.

Jack Dionne of Houston, Texas, who edited the Gulf Coast Lumberman, had just decided to start a magazine called the California Lumber Merchant. He had hired a young man named Shad Krantz to edit it for him. While I didn't know Jack personally, I had met him once. I knew what an excellent magazine he was publishing. I went into the office, introduced myself to Krantz, and told him I was looking for a job. He said, "Here's an ad that just came in." The W. E. Cooper Lumber Company wanted a man to sell hardwood. "Do you know anything about hardwood?" I said, "Oh, sure." He said, "This won't get into the magazine until later in the week. Maybe you can go out there and get the job."

I took the note and headed out and introduced myself to Mr. W. E. Cooper. We sat down and talked things over and made a deal. I got fifty dollars a month to run my little car and I've forgotten what salary we decided on, but it was on a trial basis. I said, "Where do I start?" He said, "I'd like you to start out in the yard so that you can get used to our different hardwoods and learn what you'll be doing." I said, "What I'm aiming at, Mr. Cooper, is sales. But I don't mind working out there." I bought a pair of overalls and I helped unload cars and fill orders and so forth.

Meanwhile, I was studying the price list and talking to the sales manager and finding out where they sold and what they sold. Mr. Cooper's son, Charlie, was sort of yard boss and was in and out of the office. He was an unpleasant son of a gun. After about thirty days working out there, I decided that I had learned all I was going to learn doing labor of that kind, and I knew enough to start selling.

So I went into the office and I said, "Mr Cooper, I'm ready to get out and sell." He said, "I thought I would be able to get you to run this yard." I said, "Do you see these white hairs beginning to come here?"

He said, "What's that got to do with it?" I said, "That comes from running the A. C. Dutton Lumber Corporation yard in Poughkeepsie, New York. I'm not going to run any more lumber yards. I'm either going to sell lumber or I'll go somewhere else." Charlie had come in and he was sitting over at his desk, and he said, "Dad, the trouble with Hugh is . . . " I said, "Shut up!" His dad said, "Stay out of this, Charlie, I'm talking to Hugh."

The result of it was we made a deal for me to use my car and to take a list of the type of trade that didn't interfere with their other two salesmen. I could travel all over Los Angeles County developing new business and take over smaller prospects. They had an agency for the Perfection Oak Flooring people, and also there were agents for the IXL Land and Lumber Company of Wisconsin, that made beech, birch and maple flooring. Those were big items.

It was a period when they were building lots of schoolhouses down in the L.A. area. I developed many new small customers, but I soon found out that the school contractors were having trouble buying Factory Grade maple flooring. Looking at my inventory list, I saw that IXL had a huge inventory of beech flooring.

In Quebec, quite a bit of beech grew with the maple, so I knew what a fine wood it was, containing special qualities. Wood tools, especially the blocks of wood planes, were made of beech wood because it wouldn't swell or shrink when it got damp. It would hold its shape.

Here was this shortage of maple flooring, and so much beech available at a little bit lower price than the maple. So I got some samples of the beech and I went out and explained its value to the school contractors, and sold hundreds of thousands of feet. Old Mr. Cooper was tickled to death.

When I started the job, Mr. Cooper had said, "Hugh, if you don't cut the ice, at the end of sixty days, what will we do?" I said, "At the end of sixty days, if I'm not making good, I'll quit, You won't have to fire me. But if I am making good, I'm going to insist on more money."

So at the end of sixty days, I went in and I said, "Mr. Cooper, here I am. The sixty days are up." He said, "God, you certainly have been staying right in line, haven't you?" I said, "Yes, so what are we going to do?" We made a new deal at a considerable advance.

I had to make a quick trip east, and on the way back I returned via Seattle to take a look at some things, and when I got back to Los Angeles in late April, we knew that in the fall we were going to have a baby so it was time to get settled. Neither of us liked California one single bit.

I had made a little investment out in the oilfield in the Santa Fe Springs area, and with what I was earning from Cooper, we had a little nest egg. Also we did not want to live in California. I went in and told Mr. Cooper, who said, "Hugh, you've got a permanent place here. I just hate to have you go." I said, "The simple truth is I don't belong here. I belong up in the north country." We got on the train and left.

We landed in Seattle, and then I had to really get busy and try to find out what I was going to do. I suggested that we go on to Alaska. Mary said, "Absolutely not! I'm not an Indian and I'm not a pioneer. But if you want to stay in Seattle, and I can go back to Pennsylvania every other summer for a month with mother, why I'll be willing to live here." So that was the pact that we made. We rented a house out in the Madrona Section, and I started looking.

I travelled all over the area west of the mountains, mostly studying small mills. Finally, for five thousand dollars down and a dollar a month on the cuff, I bought a mill in Kitsap County at Colby, right across the Sound. It belonged to a man named Rankin and had only one or two stockholders. He also worked for the Port Blakely Mill Company.

The foreman running the mill was a Scotsman named Robert Brebner, who had been a foreman at the old Port Blakely Mill Company. His wife was a sister of Henry Seaborn, vice-president of the Skinner Eddy Corporation; they were the people who built ships during World War I. Skinner had come up here from California. At one period, he had become famous because he had tried to get a corner on salt.

He did very well here, and the grandson, Ned Skinner, in due time along with his wife were named man and woman of the year. He was a wonderful boy. His father, Gilbert Skinner, didn't begin to have his son's ability or civic interests. He was sort of a rounder, even though president of the Alaska Steamship Company.

Anyway, I got Brebner to borrow money from his brother-in-law, Henry Seaborn, to take a 25 percent interest in the mill and run it and we agreed on a

salary for him. There was a residence on the hill just above the mill, which came with the mill. Our water came from a spring higher up that flowed into a good-sized water tank and by gravity to the mill boiler. So I started becoming a lumber manufacturer.

ERM: What percentage of this mill did you own?

HPB: Seventy-five percent. Brebner had the other quarter and this was called the Colby Lumber Company, Inc. It had been in existence for some years prior, under different owners.

ERM: What was its capacity when you bought it?

HPB: An average of twenty-five thousand feet a day of green lumber. We were cutting fir only, mostly small-type logs called merchantable number three. One of the good features about the mill was that they had a hog large enough to grind all of the edgings to hog fuel which we sold to a brickyard about a mile and a half down the coast at Harper.

A conveyor ran out deep into the bay and the sawdust and shavings were dumped out there. Later, the Game Commission got after us and made us put in a burner, but fortunately we didn't have to burn the edgings, just the sawdust and shavings. We didn't develop a lot of dressed lumber, all we planed was the dimension. All our cutting we sold in the rough.

It was basically an export mill. Along with the mill I got three scows. The lumber was barged to ships in Seattle.

There was a little towing company at Harper belonging to a man named Cornell. I made a contract with him to sell the slabs for firewood. They were all cut to four-foot lengths and carried by a special conveyer out to a scow where it took one man to stack them in four-foot high units, eight-foot long, and mark them off in cords. Cornell sold the slab wood in Bremerton and Winslow and all around that corner of the Sound, for fuelwood.

We had no mechanical device there. All the lumber was handled by hand. It came out of the mill on rollways into the roadway onto lumber buggies. The roadway hadn't been kept posted as private and in this state, you can "ripen" title by adverse possession in three years.

The county had taken over the road. A store was there with easy entrance past the mill, and the other entrance was over the hill. When timber was coming out on the rolls, anybody going through would have to stand and wait. It got to be a real nuisance so I went to the county commissioner and told them that if they didn't let me have that roadway back, I

was going to close up the mill. I gained title to the roadway and then put private road signs up. Anybody who wanted to go to the store that way either just had to wait or go around.

We cut basically medium Jap squares, which were twelve by twelve, fourteen by fourteen, and sixteen by sixteen, twenty-four to forty foot. What clears we could get, I made into four by five cross arms for Hawaii, and then other clear we piled to air dry. The balance was two inch for dimension. I would sell that to different wholesalers, mostly export.

I bought this mill in the fall of 1923. Early in 1924, I decided that it was silly of me to offer a commission to wholesalers on the dimension which could go only to the Atlantic Coast, so I wrote a letter to Mr. Yerks at Yonkers, New York. I'd known him when I was in Poughkeepsie. He was a very, very fine man who used a large volume of Pacific Coast lumber. Sometimes boats would land at his dock and sometimes they'd unload to barges down the harbor and tow them up. I wrote him that I was developing this dimension and that I'd like to sell it to him. I enclosed sample tallies.

In the meantime, I had a little bit of an office on the top floor of the White Henry Stewart Building

and my classmate at Yale, Henry Ketcham, who was with the Nettleton Lumber Company, had resigned and was trying to buy lumber and offer it to different people in the area, mostly wholesalers.

He came in to talk to me one day, and said, "Do you know where to sell hemlock finish?" I said, "I think so. A. C. Dutton Lumber Corporation." He said, "The Eureka Lumber Company has a lot of ten- and twelve-inch, particularly twelve-inch, clear hemlock. It's been air drying for a long, long time." I said, "I can sell it but it has to be finished to pine thicknesses and widths." He said, "What are those?" I said, "It's twenty-five thirty-seconds (25/32) thick and it's a quarter off in width after it's dry." He said, "I'll talk to them. I think that will be all right." I said, "You better be sure."

The sales manager for them was a fellow named George Lammers. Henry got this list of material and gave it to me. I added a good generous profit and went upstairs and sat down with Len Schumaker who by that time had moved out west as Dutton's West Coast Manager. They had sent the former manager east. Len had taken over with Charlie Milne to assist him. I offered the hemlock to him and he presented it to Poughkeepsie. They gave us an order for it. That

was a nice little deal. But when Eureka started to dress it, it wouldn't hold up to width so they had to recut the whole damned thing. It took a lot longer time but they made good on the order. Henry was sort of pleased about that, and he said, "Maybe we can do some more things."

After I wrote this letter to Mr. Yerks, I got a long night letter from him (we didn't phone in those days), presenting me a schedule for two million feet of lumber for direct shipment to his dock. When I read the wire, Henry was sitting at my desk and I tossed it over and said, "Henry, if you can get covered on that, I'll get the vessel space and we will quote." At that time you negotiated for space direct; the Interstate Commerce Commission had no jurisdiction. So we went to a couple of mills and got covered on an FAS (free alongside ship) vessel basis.

I cabled Mr. Yerks that we would do it for so much as we covered space with the Dollar Line. They were doing the intercoastal then. Rate was ten dollars per thousand on the net. In other words, when your lumber was dressed, you'd sell on the gross size but your freight is figured on the actual net size. In other words, if you have a two by four dressed a quarter off, you have about 72 percent.

Ten dollars on the gross would be about \$7.20 on what you actually paid per thousand.

I said terms fifty cents per thousand, and letter of credit at the Dexter Horton National Bank. That meant that if we got the order, we had a thousand dollars and as soon as the documents were presented to the bank including order bill of lading. He wired back to enter the order.

On the basis of that, Henry and I formed the Brady and Ketcham Lumber Company. We put him on the train to go back East to see if he could line up additional customers. He went to Boston and while they already had a line up with Southern Alberta Lumber Company in Vancouver, Blanchard Lumber Company agreed to add us as representatives here.

Then he went down to New York and got Cooney, Eckstein Company. The Cooneys were Yale football players. Off we started in the wholesale business in the middle of 1924.

ERM: How did it develop? Were the middle twenties good years?

HPB: Of course, I paid Henry an extra hundred dollars a month because I was using some time running the mill. Henry said to me one time, "Hugh, I think you ought to sell me part of the mill." He thought I was making

money on it. I said, "Henry, I'm not making any money on the mill. If I sold you an interest in it, you wouldn't forgive me."

No matter what improvements we made in the mill, costs were high. The insurance itself was very high because there was no way I could put a fire wall between the boiler and the rest of the mill. It had been laid out years before when nobody worried about things like that. I was very careful to carry insurance. In the final analysis, as it turned out, I'd have been far better off if I'd just forgotten about insurance. I wanted to sleep at night, and during those years a lot of mills burned.

Until the depression years, as far as wholesale business was concerned, we did very well. In 1928, we shipped one hundred and twenty million feet of lumber east. Henry did a large percentage of the buying. I managed the office and handled the claims, booking space, banking, et cetera. I did a lot of the buying also, but Henry spent almost all his time on the buying, and we both handled selling.

ERM: What were you specializing in at that time? You weren't in as wide a variety of wholesale trade as you are now.

HPB: No, nowhere near. In this intercoastal business, other than timber, some of the yards used timbers and some railroad material. A big item called Jew Plank was two and three-quarter inch by ten plank for apartment house beams in New York. One by four and three common and better green for apartment under-flooring. This competed with one by six yellow pine roofers in the New York and Brooklyn trade.

Those were the years when they were building thousands of apartment houses. A large percentage was dimension two by four, two by six, two by eight, two by ten, and two by twelve. Those were the main stock in trade. And it was largely fir. Then we began to include a little hemlock, but not much in those early years. All items were green.

ERM: Were you buying from small mills at that time?

HPB: No, we were buying from both large and small mills. Most of the larger mills were in Tacoma, Aberdeen, Bellingham, Everett, Willapa Harbor, and a good deal in British Columbia.

ERM: Were you dealing at all in shingles?

HPB: Lots of shingles. We were selling shingles mostly to the Gulf of Mexico. In 1928, I made a trip down there and even though they had an office of their own in Portland, run by a relative of the head of

the company, I walked into this office and told the boss I'd like a chance to compete and before I got home from that trip, following instructions that I wrote Ketcham, we got one order that more than paid for my trip east. This was into the Gulf of Mexico at Houston. For several years we sold a lot of shingles down there. Also we shipped shingles to Baltimore and Boston.

ERM: Did you sell to the California market in those days?

HPB: That was up and down. We weren't specialists in it for quite a long time. But that is a later story I'll give you because that was in the thirties after I split with Ketcham. I bought a California lumber schooner and went into the California trade heavily.

ERM: What would you say about the years of this partnership up to the time that you split?

HPB: We should have done a lot better. We handled it pretty well but we might have made much more of a success if Ketcham had been of a different temperament.

Even though it was a corporation, it was then in a sense a partnership. He'd go off and do things on his own. He'd take unreasonable chances. He would sometimes buy things without being too sure what the grade was, or he'd buy and then we'd have to sell and we couldn't always sell at a profit.

In 1929, I went back through the records working overtime and made up a statement showing what footage of lumber we had handled either at a loss or for no profit. It was a very, very considerable amount and I pointed this out to Henry and I said, "There's no reason for us to take chances. If we aren't going to make a profit, we would be better off not to have an order because we not only lose our commission but are out all that extra expense and wasted time." He wasn't sure I was right.

Finally he told me that the only thing a wholesaler should do was to buy cheaper so he could sell cheaper. I said, "Henry, you mean that friendships and service don't count?" "No," he said. "We could close up here and could go out of business for a year, and I could come back and start in and do just as well from scratch." I said, "That's not my philosophy at all."

Henry felt that he had a very good friend in Bob Hunt of Everett, who sold for one of the Weyerhaeuser mills. They developed a lot of one by four under-flooring, and we'd buy usually a half million feet at a time, never less than two hundred fifty thousand. Henry felt he had friendships with other mills where he'd get an edge. When things started to get tighter

and our customers were more particular, we had to be very careful. I made a trip to Gray's Harbor looking for various items. We had an inquiry from J. Herbert Bate Company of New York for a half million feet of one by four underflooring, and I went into Anderson-Middleton.

As I went toward the office, I saw carrier loads of one by four. But they were sort of dark and they were tied with tarred marlin. I put my finger under and pulled it a little bit and it snapped. It had been there a long time. When I went into the office and presented a list of things I wanted to "Egg" Anderson, he said, "Oh, yes. I'll sell you one by fours." At this point I said, "You don't mean that stuff I saw out there?" "Oh, no, no. We'll give you good lumber."

When I got back to Seattle, I told Henry about this inquiry. He said he was going out and he'd try and find it. We couldn't get any in Everett or Tacoma at that time. When Henry came back, he said, "I've got it." I said, "You didn't buy it from Anderson-Middleton, did you?" He said, "Yes." I said, "Did you look at that dark stuff out on the dock? He said, "That isn't what they are going to sell us." I said, "Now wait a minute. If you take this order you are

writing up you must put on it PLIB Certificate required. The dating to be current with date of this order." He said, "What are you insisting on that for?" I said, "Because I know that 'Egg' Anderson. He'll ship that bunch of shit out there."

As I told you, we very seldom phoned in those days. The vessel arrived in New York and the phone rang one day and I answered it. J. Herbert Bate was on. He said, "What the hell are you fellows doing to me? My God, that bunch of stuff here we can't get out of this ship with a pitchfork."

I got Henry on the line with me so he could hear what Mr. Bate had to say. Bate said, "You fellows have to tell me what to do with it, I'm not going to pay for this." Well, we had already been paid on our letter of credit terms. We could have been charged with fraud. So I said, "Mr. Bate, we'll call you."

Henry said, "What are we going to do?" I said, "This is what we are going to do. We are going to call 'Egg' Anderson and we are going to follow by letter and I'll do the talking." So I told "Egg," "You have perpetrated fraud in interstate commerce. You have not followed the order in any way, shape or manner. You loaded out that bunch of rotten stuff which we told you specifically we didn't want. You

put in the mail tonight a check for the full amount of that invoice, and here is the address and phone number of Mr. J. Herbert Bate, our customer. You settle it with him." The check was in the mail in the morning and that was it.

ERM: And he sent Bate a new shipment of good stuff?

HPB: I don't know. As far as we were concerned, we repaid Bate, and we were out of it. Bate was perfectly willing to forget a new order at that particular time.

Then we got an inquiry from the J. E. Harroun and Son Company, from Watertown, New York. We did a lot of business with them via Albany. Millard and I were very good friends. He came out almost every year and we'd visit mills together. He sent us a long schedule of two million feet of dimension lumber, and he said, "This is very competitive business and does not have to be of the highest quality. It's a price deal."

Henry took the thing, and he got covered by Pankratz Lumber Company. It was really Standard Lumber Company, run by George Pankratz. Henry got covered and wrote out the night wire to send to Harroun and Company, offering this material at such and such prices.

I said, "Henry, you've got to complete that wire, saying this is from Pankratz Lumber Company, and we do not recommend it or guarantee the grade." Henry said, "Maybe we won't get the order." I said, "Suppose we don't, what the hell?" Harroun accepted it. We shipped the lumber and when Harroun came out some months later, he said, "Hugh, that caution in your wire saved you \$2,000.00. That is what it cost me."