

Forest History Foundation, Inc.  
St. Paul, Minnesota

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW

with

George W. Dulany, Jr.  
La Jolla, California  
September 21, 1956

by Elwood R. Maunder

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(Mr. Dulany, I wonder if you could tell us when you were born and where?)

I was born in Fort Scott, Kansas, on July 11, 1877, when my father at the age of 22 was running a retail yard which the Dulany and McVeigh Wholesale Company of Hannibal, Missouri, had had to take over for bad debts.

(Had your family any previous experience in the lumber business?)

My grandfather, William H. Dulany, and his older brother, Daniel M. Dulany, were in the tobacco business during and before the Civil War At Paris, Missouri. At the end of the Civil War they moved their business to Quincy, Illinois. There they saw rafts of lumber coming down the Mississippi River, going as far as Hannibal and St. Louis, and being distributed by the new railroads then running West from the Mississippi River, there being no bridges across the Mississippi north of Eads Bridge at St. Louis, Missouri. They started about 1870, the Dulany & McVeigh Company at Hannibal, Missouri. They bought rafts usually in transit from the owners thereof - sometimes brokers, sometimes the sawmillmen themselves. They did so much of this, bought so much from Ingram, Kennedy and Day of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, they consolidated Ingram, Kennedy & Day with Dulany & McVeigh in 1881 and formed the Empire Lumber Company which had a raft mill at Eau Claire, Wisconsin, and a distributing yard at Hannibal, Missouri. They rafted until about 1901 many millions of feet of Wisconsin cork pine and liquidated in 1909.

(Would you explain, Mr. Dulany, what you mean by a raft mill and how you distinguish it from other mills?)

Well, there were three kinds of mills in those days in the white pine area - the cargo mills on lakesides which shipped by boat to Milwaukee, Chicago and Detroit, lake ports - and the rail mills which had rail facilities and could ship to Chicago by rail - and then these raft mills were those east of the Mississippi River on the St. Croix, Chippewa, Black and Wisconsin Rivers that had no rail connections, and therefore they put their

lumber in the water and floated it down the Mississippi to towns on the western banks of the Mississippi that had new railroads extending westward.

(Or to whatever towns where they found a market for the product en route?)

Yes. So far as I know there were no rafting mills on the west bank of the Mississippi from Minneapolis to St. Louis. They all had their own rail outlets.

(And the big market was on the western side in the growing plain states.)

In fact, the mills of Minnesota and Wisconsin that harvested the natural white pine, virgin pine timber that covered the states of Wisconsin and Minnesota did two things. First, they capitalized that natural resource and built up all of those towns in those states that are now thriving towns in other lines of business. They turned that raw material into cash and capital product. That product went down the river and then west to the prairie states, where they had no timber, and built up the prairie states, so it served two purposes.

(It played a very important part in the opening and developing of the West?)

Oh, absolutely. It never could have been done without a process of that kind. Now, in the years that have gone by we have heard people say that the timber people, lumber people, of the Upper Mississippi River Valley slaughtered and wasted the natural resources. We who know about it resent that statement because we didn't slaughter it; we used it. We put it to use; otherwise it would have died, rotted, been eaten by bugs or destroyed by fire. There was so much timber in those days that no one could enter into reforestation because there was a surplus of timber and they never could have gotten their investment back. Later on, reforestation became popular.

(Would you say that timber had to become scarce and tax laws had to be revised to make that kind of thing economically feasible?)

Yes. The states had too much timber, starting clear back with the state of Maine in the very early pre-revolutionary days. They had so much timber that they had to clear timber land to make farm land. They took the logs to make log cabins, they split rails to make fences, and the rest they had to burn and get rid of. My grandfather, who was born in Missouri in 1818, spent his younger days cutting and clearing land, and put a constitution on himself, thereby, that lasted 96 years. That's why for so

many years there was such a surplus of timber in this country and no other building material to speak of. But they didn't use all the products of the woods like they do now because there wasn't any way of converting it and no way of getting returns on it.

(I've often heard it said that in those days the people on the frontier demanded only No. 1 white pine, the good cork pine from Wisconsin. What can you tell me about that?)

Well, in 1904 I was living in Minneapolis and I had the opportunity to buy five retail lumber yards in Iowa, and that company, the Eclipse Lumber Company, is still in operation after 52 years now. We have 37 yards in Iowa that have been there all those years, building up the country, the farm lands and the towns. All of those towns had for many years used only Wisconsin cork pine from the Mississippi River mills and rafting points. Shortly after 1904, between then and 1910, white pine began to be scarce and we found that we could get yellow pine boards and dimensions from the South into Iowa that would cost the farmers less money than the scarce white pine, but we had an awful time inducing them to use it. They called it "hard pine". A nail wouldn't go through it; a saw wouldn't go through it as it did the fine old Wisconsin cork pine, than which there was never any better lumber. But finally we got them to using yellow pine, and then a few years after that fir lumber began coming in from the West by rail, and we didn't have as much difficulty changing them from yellow pine to fir. Now in Iowa largely all the dimension and boards are from the West Coast. Some yellow pine comes in but mostly from the West Coast fir and hemlock.

(Well, could you take us back to those early days when your family was getting established in the lumber industry and tell us a little bit about how they got established and how they developed their trade?)

Well, in those days the business along the Mississippi River was largely supplying the demand. There was no other building material for people to use, except log cabins. If they wanted sawed lumber this was the only way to get it. The railroads were extending west from the Mississippi and that gave those towns on the west bank an outlet for lumber which most of them got in rafts down the river. Now the rafts came down first by being steered by raftsmen with long sweeps fore and aft on the lumber rafts. Then as bridges were built across the river there had to be a little more careful steering, and that's where the so-called "steam raft boats" came in, stern wheelers, that acted as rudders for rafts. Later on during that period rafting was helped by a bow boat across the bow of the raft, way ahead, sometimes half a mile ahead of the raft boat. That bow boat simply pulled the bow of the raft right or left around the bends which helped the pilot of the raft boat. They became general practice. In the 1880s and 1890s the upper Mississippi River was alive with hundreds of raft boats. They would take their rafts down the river

and then come back empty with the bow boat chained onto the bow of the raft boat, and they pushed back up stream to get another raft and bring it down. All of those Mississippi River towns and the people who lived in them could remember the whistling of the raft boats when they were signalling to the pilot boats, whistling for bridges, and whistling for landings. The river was literally alive with them up to about 1900 and then they began to decrease in number. The process of making a raft started first up in that country where the logging was all done in the winter time in the woods. The crews of the sawmills couldn't work in the winter time because it was all frozen up. They would all leave their homes and go into the lumber camps for the winter - Eau Claire, Wisconsin, Chippewa Falls, all of those sawmill towns. There in the woods they would cut the trees by axe, cut them up with the cross-cut saws into logs, skid them over what they called "skid roads" of ice, drawn by horses down to the "landings" on the creeks and rivers which could furnish enough water in the spring to take the logs down to the mills on the various rivers or even into the Mississippi - into the log booms of the Mississippi for mills down river. And the crews, after the "drives" in the spring, would come back and open up the sawmills and operate all summer on their winter supply of logs. They would do the same thing again the next winter. And in the raft mills like that of the Empire Lumber Company at Eau Claire, Wisconsin, the whole product of that mill after it had gone through the trimmer and the edger, would go out on what they called the "green chain", the sorting chain. There men would mark it and sort it for the mill - "mill run", they called it - for approximate grades on which it was sold in the rafts. Then at the end of the green chain it was a down grade on gravity rollers to the so-called "cribbing shed". There were forms, five or six of them, in each cribbing shed in which this green lumber was packed - random widths, random lengths, random grades - as tightly as the men could pack it and bound on the bottom and top sides with what they called "grub plank", which is 2x12, 16 or 32 feet long with holes bored through and pinned with ironwood pins wedged in, making a tight, compact crib. Then each crib was dumped by an axle that the cribbing form was on and it slid downways into the Chippewa River. There it would go under the water and come up, three-quarters of it in the water and one-quarter of it above the water. Then at the booms outside the mill the top loading was put on of shingles, lathe, flat pickets and timbers. Then those cribs were put in what they called "strings", that is, long vertical lines of cribs, and they were floated down the Chippewa River with men with big sweeps fore and aft to guide them, and three or four times a week the dams on the Chippewa River would be opened to make floods, and the various rafts would go from the various mills, float down stream on these floods.

(These were guided entirely by manpower, by sweeps?)

Entirely by sweeps and riding on the floods from these dams. Then they'd go down the Chippewa to Read's Landing on the Mississippi. There were boats there and they would collect the strings from the various mills to make up rafts which were composed of hundreds of cribs, the big rafts

put together, some of them half a mile long, but none of them too wide to get through the drawbridges of the new bridges across the river. They were steered by the raft boat whose nose was made fast at the exact center line of the raft. Then there were heavy hawsers going out to each corner of the raft that came through the rear end of the raft boat, over what they called the "nigger engine". There was an operator there who answered signals from the pilot house and he could swing, by using that nigger engine, the steamboat to left or right to act as a rudder for the raft. That's the way they did the later steam raft boat business. After a while they helped the pilot further by giving him a small steamboat across the bow of the raft, called the "bow boat". It had no crew except an engineer-fireman who answered the raft boat's signals to go forward or aft, according to the way the pilot wanted the bow of the raft to go.

(Did this bow boat ride always broadside?)

Always broadside down the river and came back tied with "hog chains" on the bow of the raft boat with its bow forward, but going down the river it went broadside all the way, simply pulling the raft bow from one side to the other.

(You had some rather torturous sections of the river to get through. Tell us about some of them.)

Well, in those days there were no dams or wing dams and the stream varied and changed with what they called "crossings" and sandbars at the bottom. The pilots had to keep wised up to all of those changes and sometimes they wouldn't know about them and would run onto them and have trouble with the raft. There were great bends in the river that had to be turned, many crooks and turns, and the most famous of these was Crooked Slough, which was down below LaCrosse, Wisconsin. I happened once in 1896 to take a trip on the raft boat Kit Carson, which was operated by my father's company, the Empire Lumber Company. I took four of my pals from Hannibal, Missouri. We went up on the raft boat, and while they were putting the raft together at Read's Landing, we went up to Eau Claire and toured the mills up there and down on a string to Read's Landing. Then we started off with the big raft with the steamer Kit Carson under Captain Peter O'Rourke, who was a famous old Irish captain. We had the bow boat "Lumber Boy" on the bow of that raft. We pitched tents out on the lumber raft where we slept at night and we went aboard the raft boat Kit Carson for very good meals since they always had to feed those hard-working crews. One evening I walked down the raft just before dark to the bow boat and found a lone man on duty there who was fireman and engineer at the same time. I found him tied up with cramps and bewailing the fact that his relief watch didn't come on for three hours and right ahead of us was the famous Crooked Slough. I told him that if he'd show me how to run the boat (I didn't have time to go back and get a relief engineer) that I would take his part if he would lay there and direct me. So I put slabs

under the boiler, I answered the whistles from the pilot with the whistles from the bow boat, then pulled the throttle to throw her forward or stop her or send her aft all the way through that famous Crooked Slough. After we got through, the able-bodied relief engineer came on duty but I had done the work, which I am very proud of to this day.

(How long was that raft that you were working on?)

I've forgotten the exact dimensions but I'd say over a quarter of a mile long.

(You were a long way then from the skipper of the boat that was doing the pushing?)

I could barely hear his whistle, or he hear mine when I answered.

(Can you recall some of the more colorful people who made up the raft crews and the river boat captains?)

Well, I've forgotten most of the names but there are books written about them. There was quite a colony of raft boat captains who lived at Le Claire, Iowa, just above the Rock Island rapids, and there it was very necessary to have a river pilot to get over the rapids. In fact, when we took our raft over, the water was a little low and rough and we turned a crib over right in the middle of our big raft, which caused a little excitement and laid us up at LaCrosse for a couple of days while we got it back in shape. There was a very lively crew - there've been some books written with the names and histories of the famous old pilots and the famous boats. Nearly all the mills along the Mississippi River owned boats of their own. The C. Lamb & Sons at Clinton had the "Chauncey Lamb" and the "Lafayette Lamb"; the Youngs had steamboats of their own to bring their logs down to Clinton, Iowa. There were, I imagine, nearly a hundred of those raft boats in service between Stillwater and St. Louis.

(Can you tell us anything about your own experiences beyond this one at Crooked Slough on the rafts?)

Well, as a youngster in Hannibal, Missouri, when we had so much lumber being handled there by seven wholesale yards besides our own, we saw lots of this lumber handling; we saw the rafts come down and be tied up at the levees in front of the town and there largely Negro labor bare-legged up to their knees would cut these crib pins and pick up the random weight lumber and carry it ashore. They had Negro boys with buckets who would wash the mud off. I can still hear the older men yelling, "Wash, wash!" as they picked up the muddy lumber. It was put on wagons according to grades and length - there was some grading done there - then it was hauled out the valley, Bear Creek Valley, where all the lumber yards were,

and Broadway in Hannibal, Missouri, was rutted like a corn field from the ruts of the wagons loaded with lumber going up Broadway and dripping water all over. The wet lumber was hauled to the big drying yards and then piled flat in high piles, "sticking" they called it. That is, they would stick pieces of lumber across the ends and center of each pile so that the air could get into the pile. It was found out that that kind of rafted lumber, being air dried after being soaked in the water, was better dried than at the mills further north where they had to dry the sap out without the benefit of dilution by water. It made Hannibal a great lumber-handling point. Another thing they did at Hannibal was done no place else on the river. Late in the 1880s, about 1890, it cost so much to break up the lumber on the river front that seven wholesale yards at Hannibal working with the CB&Q Railroad built a line at low water time of standard gauge track down under the Mississippi River into the water quite a ways. Then they would float a tightly fastened crib, over this track and back a flat car down into the water under this crib. There was a stout post at the upper end that they'd chain the crib to, then the engine would pull the car out with the crib on top of it. They would make up a train of those cribs, each on a car, and haul them out to the lumber yards where they were to be taken apart. The Burlington Road had to collaborate with them because these cribs were wider than the ordinary railroads and all of the switch stands had to be set back further than the standard practice to let these trainloads of cribs go by out to the docks at the several wholesale yards. There the cribs were cut, and instead of having boys with buckets, they had hose with pressure with which they washed the lumber and it was hauled off the same way and hauled to the yards to dry. I guess Hannibal was the only place where they did that. They did it for years.

(Who were some of the other companies which operated from Hannibal?)

As I recollect there was of course our own company, the Empire Lumber Company. Then there was the Cruikshank Lumber Company, Sumner T. McKnight, and S. T. Moon, and I've forgotten the names of the others, but there were several of them in the Hannibal area, plus the Hannibal sawmill where they brought logs clear down the river and sawed them at Hannibal. That Hannibal sawmill was operated by William B. Pettibone from La Crosse, Wisconsin, a famous lumber family up there.

(The Hannibal Sawmill Company rafted the logs all the way down the river?)

They came down the river as a log raft instead of a lumber raft, propelled by a raft boat.

(Did that prove to be a cheaper way of doing it?)

Yes. There was a question as to whether it was cheaper but I

believe one of my uncles figured out that it was cheaper to raft the logs clear down rather than to raft the sawn lumber.

(Which one of your uncles was that?)

Daniel M. Dulany, Jr. of Eau Claire, Wisconsin.

(Are there any of those other operators from Hannibal still alive today?)

The only one I know of is Sumner T. Moon of Eau Claire, Wisconsin, who will be 85 next Christmas. He was born in Hannibal in 1871.

\* There is one other man still living who would know more than I about this upper Mississippi and this is Mr. Cliff Musser of Muscatine, Iowa, who is the father of John Musser of the Weyerhaeuser Sales Company in St. Paul. Cliff is even older than I am and was very active in the lumber business on the upper Mississippi on the west bank. The Musser Lumber Company was very active. Cliff would know as much about the river and the early days as I would, and probably more.

(There is another elderly gentleman you mentioned down in Indiana who was a river boat pilot and who has been writing you some letters lately.)

Recently the AMERICAN LUMBERMAN had a story about Mr. W. H. Miller of Madison, Indiana, who at the age of 98 is still active with his sons in the retail lumber business and in this article Mr. Miller mentioned buying lumber in the early 1890s from Hannibal, Missouri, for \$16 a thousand for dimension and boards. On reading this article I wrote to Mr. Miller and had some remarkable letters back from him written in very legible longhand in which he tells me that in the 20 years prior to my birth he was a young engineer and assistant engineer on boats and raft boats on the upper Mississippi River. Apparently his memory is quite good and I suggest that you get an interview with him while he's still on deck to answer one.

(We'll certainly try to do that next time we're in Indiana.)

\* I would suggest also if you haven't already done so that you get a good interview with Mr. Cliff Musser, and Mr. Sumner T. Moon of Eau Claire. None of us are liable to be around much longer.

In 1910 I moved our general offices of the Eclipse Lumber Company from Minneapolis, Minnesota, to Clinton, Iowa, in order to be nearer our

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\*In correcting the original rough draft of this interview Mr. Dulany noted that Mr. C. R. Musser died at Muscatine, Iowa, October 12, 1956, at the age of 87.

Iowa branch yards. For this purpose we bought the former two-story office and dry lumber sheds of the old well-known C. Lamb & Sons Lumber Company, and we still occupy those premises although we've remodelled them many times. But there's one story connected therewith. In taking over this dry lumber shed from the C. Lamb people we found a German employee there named Carl Luedke, who had come to this country back in the '80s as a German immigrant boy. He got a job with C. Lamb & Sons at a dollar a day in those early days. He stayed with them until they went out of business; he stayed with us until he had made a record of 60 years of continuous service in that one building in Clinton, Iowa - first the dry lumber shed for Lamb and then our retail lumber shed. At the end of the 60 years we retired Carl and he became a stockholder in our company and attended our meetings for many years before he died. This is a typical case of many Germans and Scandinavians who came to this country in the early days and got jobs in the lumber business and stayed in one place and made good and led fine lives and raised fine families. Carl was a splendid American citizen.

(You knew one other very famous German who made a great name in the lumber business. You were telling me a little earlier about knowing Frederick Weyerhaeuser.)

Mr. Frederick Weyerhaeuser was the grand old man of the upper Mississippi River. He and his early partner, Frederick Denkman, started out together in a sawmill in Rock Island, Illinois, and they too were working for a dollar a day. They accumulated enough to start a little sawmill of their own by the name of Weyerhaeuser & Denkman. They bought logs first and then they went up into the north Wisconsin and Minnesota woods and bought standing timber. And he became the most successful lumberman on the upper river. He was a grand old gentleman and I remember in my younger days how interested he was in the future of the business and how he always took every opportunity to help young men. In my younger days in that area up there I would sometimes be on a train where he was with his officials and I would stop and say hello to him and take a seat. Invariably in a little while he would leave his men and come and sit down by me and tell me something of his own experience that he thought would be valuable to me as a future lumberman. I always loved him for it. He always laid his success to his abiding faith in the value of the growing tree and that's how he built up their great industry that his sons and his grandsons have so successfully carried on.

(You became associated later on in your career with Mr. Weyerhaeuser. Could you tell us a little bit about that experience?)

Back in the '90s the story as I recollect it was that Mr. Jim Hill, the railroad king, the "Empire Builder" of the Northwest (there was a national depression on), came to Mr. Weyerhaeuser, his neighbor in St. Paul and said that the railroad needed some money and they'd have to convert some of the timber that was given to him by the government to help him build across to the Pacific coast. He wanted to get 6 million dollars. Mr.

Weyerhaeuser said there wasn't any such money in the lumber industry at that time. Mr. Hill pressed him and finally Mr. Weyerhaeuser started in Stillwater and Eau Claire and the Twin Cities and went down the Mississippi River to every lumber town on the river and it took practically all of the lumbermen on the upper Mississippi River to raise 6 million dollars and buy that timber and save Jim Hill's railroad.

(This was entirely an accomplishment of Frederick Weyerhaeuser?)

Yes. Of course, Mr. Weyerhaeuser had had much experience on the upper Mississippi and some experience with the yellow pine in the South but he'd never been West. At Mr. Hill's request he went out and had his first experience in the fir area and with his abiding faith in standing timber he recognized the value and it was on his recommendation that all of the lumbermen on the upper Mississippi River combined together to raise the 6 million dollars necessary to save Jim Hill and start the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company.

(There was some subsequent purchase of Hill land?)

Well, some years later Mr. Hill came back to him again and said that they had to sell more timber. This time they wanted 6 1/2 million dollars for their timber. Mr. Weyerhaeuser again went to the Coast and with cruisers went over the timber, made up his own mind what he wanted to do and came back and called a meeting of the original stockholders of the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company. I happened to be at that meeting with my father and my grandfather, who were among the original stockholders. Mr. Weyerhaeuser had told them first that none of those men would ever profit themselves from it because it was a long pull proposition; it would be for their descendants to profit by it. So when he came to them the second time for 6 1/2 million dollars he explained the quality and value of the timber and what he thought of it, and finally he said, "Now I'm willing to take my own pro rata share in this new addition. I recommend it to the other stockholders, but I am now going to put it to a vote. I'm going to leave the room and ask my son Rudolph to cast my vote with the smallest stockholder." He showed his democracy and as a result the vote was unanimous and the other 6 1/2 million dollars was raised and the capital of the Weyerhaeuser Timber was enlarged to 12 1/2 million dollars instead of six. It was years afterwards that they finally began building mills and operating. It's been carried on by his sons and his grandsons until it's now the oldest, largest, best, most efficient lumber company in the whole industry in this country and in the world.

(What would you say about old Frederick Weyerhaeuser? What was there about him that commanded such respect and such complete faith in people who were associated with him in industry at that time?)

Well, he was always known for his hard work, his industry, his honesty, his faith in trees, his own progress that he had made with his

partner, Mr. Denkman, and every lumberman on the Mississippi held him in great respect although a great many of them were in pretty active competition with him, but they regarded him very highly. He was one of the outstanding examples of American citizens who had originally come to this country as an immigrant from Germany. He was one of the very important early pioneers in the upper Mississippi and on the West Coast. He had made a wonderful reputation for himself; he was well balanced, highly respected, and in every way a very important and competent leader. He played a great part in the progress of the ancient and honorable lumber industry in this country. There were many others of his competitors who didn't measure up and didn't make the success that he did.

(Who were some of the people that you remember most vividly from those days of association with your company?)

First at Chippewa Falls was where Mr. Weyerhaeuser had his big water power mill; and down the river at Eau Claire Mr. O. H. Ingram, who was president of our Empire Lumber Company, whose grandson, Charles Ingram, is now vice-president and general manager of the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, and his other grandson, Edmund Hayes of Portland, Oregon, also a director of the Weyerhaeuser Timber Company, both grandsons of Mr. O. H. Ingram. Then there was McKnight whose son, Sumner T. McKnight of Minneapolis, is a little younger than I am. Then there were the Carpenters of Winona, Minnesota, who moved to Minneapolis and are now represented by Leonard Carpenter, who is one of our leading lumbermen of this age. The C. Lamb & Sons of Clinton, Iowa, were one of our largest white pine manufacturers; all of them are gone. The W. J. Young Company and David Joyce of Clinton, Iowa, were other large lumber manufacturers; all of them are gone. At Winona, Minnesota, there was Mr. Charles Horton and Mr. W. P. Tearse. The Hortons are gone - the men are all gone at least - and the only Tearse left is Mr. Clarence D. Tearse, now of Winona, Minnesota. Mr. Roy Jackson of Winona, Minnesota, was with Mr. Horton and has operated their retail yards, still is operating them, and he's past 80 years old. The Pettibone family of La Crosse, Wisconsin, and Hannibal, Missouri, were famous lumbermen. The Mussers of Muscatine. Well, the Empire Lumber Company after it consolidated with O. H. Ingram and his company at Eau Claire, and with their mill at Eau Claire and their distributing yards at Hannibal, Missouri, where they shipped dried rafted lumber to the West, were of course very important in the development of the Mississippi Valley and the prairie states to the West. However, their business was supplying a demand. They didn't have to do any selling as we know it today. I know my father as sales manager for the Empire Lumber Company felt his best selling tool was his price list and his stock list. All they did was compete with the other fellow on prices and ability to deliver, and the end use was up to the retailers on the other end. The manufacturer had very little interest in it. Today the lumber industry has begun finally

to take an interest in the end use of their product. The Weyerhaeuser Timber Company and the Crossett-Watzek-Gates Company in Arkansas are leaders in modern lumber selling. Arthur A. Hood of the AMERICAN LUMBERMAN has been a prophet for many, many years in trying various ways to teach lumbermen, manufacturers and wholesalers to take an interest in the end use of their product and to help the retailers to sell their product which they never had to do in the past. For example, our yards in Iowa that are now 52 years old and our R. J. Hurley Lumber Company yards in Missouri, which are now 76 years old, (established by my father and R. J. Hurley, for whom the company is named) - those yards, at first all they did was buy lumber where they could buy it the cheapest and sell it against the competition where they could get the most for it. For many years retail lumbermen depended entirely upon contractors to actually sell to the consumer. All they did was figure on the bill of lumber against another lumberman and that was the only competition they had, but today the retail lumberman, backed by the lumber manufacturer, is engaged in actual selling of the end product to the home owner and home builder.

(Who first saw the need for this concern about the end use of lumber?)

In my experience I think Arthur A. Hood of the AMERICAN LUMBERMAN was the one prophet crying in the wilderness years ago about the end use of lumber. He fought a long uphill battle to get the lumber industry to meet modern competition with modern sales methods, and I think some day the lumber industry is going to render to Arthur the credit due him for his advanced thinking and leadership in that actual selling against modern competition that they didn't used to have. My father didn't have anything of the kind of competition that we have nowadays.

(What about the trade associations and their role in this job?)

Well, the trade associations have done a good job in many ways in trying to educate their members and look after their welfare in this matter of building codes and selling methods, manufacturers methods. My own personal criticism of the trade associations is that for many, many years, and to some extent still, there are species associations that are still competing with each other on species - the white pine against the yellow, and the yellow pine against the fir. I think that all the lumber industry should try to sell lumber and put the right kind of species in the right place by their educational methods. The competition was between species - back as far as I can remember, and much longer than that - the competition was solely between lumbermen, one group of lumbermen in one species and another group of lumbermen in the other species. Their advertising in the lumber trade journals was broadcasting the advantages of this species or that species whereas nowadays the consuming public really doesn't know much about the species except for certain finishes and appearances they want.

(What would you have to say about your association with the NLMA?)

Well, I had nearly thirty years' experience on the Board of Directors of the National Lumber Manufacturers Association. When I went into it the secretary-manager of the Association was Wilson Compton, and I am one of the several lumbermen who believe that Wilson Compton was one of the finest influences in the lumber industry that we ever had because of his far-sightedness, his looking ahead where practically all lumbermen were looking backward and looking only at their timber and their saws. They were so close to the forest that they couldn't see the trees. Compton was looking ahead. The American Forest Products Industries, Inc., that is now jointly operated by the lumber industry and the paper and pulp industry, was the brain child of Wilson Compton. The Timber Engineering Company, that is the research and scientific subsidiary of the National Lumber Manufacturing Company, is another one of his brain children. He started them; there was a great deal of opposition to them, and now they have both proven themselves to be great successes and a great help to the industry. A lot of their findings have helped solve industry problems; they're doing so more and more all the time. So up to a few years ago, comparitively, the lumberman never had any competition except that of other lumbermen. New material, new methods, steel, iron, aluminum, cement, manufactured shingles, roofing, those have all come in as modern competition that the lumberman never had before. The retail lumberman on the firing line in smaller towns, he's a building material man, and the people of his community come to him for building materials. The products of the modern, up-to-date manufacturers of other materials, those people have trained salesmen who visit the retail lumberman on the firing line, and if the retail lumberman is having difficulty selling a bill, their men are trained so that they can go in and help sell that bill but the manufacturing lumberman has never been trained for selling; that is, the representatives of the manufacturers, until very recently some of them have got so that they are of benefit on the firing line to the man who meets the public, the consumer. That is being done more and more now. Weyerhaeuser is one of the leaders in it with their Four Square Lumber Program and their instructive advertising, their building plans and everything they do. Nowadays they're doing everything they can to help the retailer sell their product to the consumer. In my many years of activity on the Board of the National Lumber Manufacturers Association I and Paul Eames of Minneapolis, Leonard Carpenter, John Watzek, Mark Fleishel and a group of us who were closely associated with Wilson Compton had great admiration for his new ideas that the lumber industry needed very badly. The men in the woods and at the sawmills were so busy with their daily problems that they weren't looking ahead the way he did. Personally, I think he was one of the finest, most constructive influences the lumber industry ever had.

(How did he come to leave?)

There had grown up a good deal of opposition to him because they felt that he was over their heads. He had several doctor's degrees and he was a little too highbrow for some of them. Some jealousies had come up and finally he had the opportunity to follow his famous family's traditions and go into education, which he did, but he really was a great leader and a great benefit to the industry which we're all going to recognize some day.

(Mr. Dulany, you have been a long-time member of Hoo Hoo. Can you tell me a little bit about your first associations with Hoo Hoo?)

I was initiated into Hoo Hoo in Minneapolis in 1903 and I happened to be assigned the Hoo Hoo number 9967. Nine is a mystic number in Hoo Hoo, the nine lives of a black cat. Many years later when I was shanghaied into the job of Snark of the Universe I would have given anything for that number 9999 that was in my Minneapolis class, but I've been a member of Hoo Hoo now for 53 continuous years. I think it is a great thing for the industry. It gives the employee of the various companies the chance to fraternize with his boss, it's good fellowship, it's like the Shrine of the Masonic order, and now its over 100 local clubs over the country make an ideal sounding board for the public relations efforts of the present regime in the National Lumber Manufacturers Association, the Timber Engineering Company, and the American Forest Products Industries. It is an ideal way in which to get those stories over to the public through the membership of Hoo Hoo who are on the firing line and meet the public. There are many living lumbermen who have been far more important in the industry than I have been and more active and in more responsible positions. I've had a rather wide experience, first as a wholesaler, and then as a retailer all my life, and then in the manufacturing business in Louisiana and up in Washington, and I remember from actual experience a great deal about their logging methods, their sawmill methods, their marketing methods, selling methods, but as I say, there are a number of lumbermen who are far more competent in the industry than I. For instance, Mr. Mark Fleishel of Jacksonville, Florida, who was the very dynamic and successful president of the NLMA during World War II, was one of the outstanding lumbermen of his age and generation.

(Mr. Dulany, yesterday you and I were talking about some of the men in the lumber business whom you believe made great contributions to forest industry history. I think there are several others that you would like to mention, including Mr. John Watzek. Could you start off by describing his contribution?)

John Watzek, Jr. was from Davenport, Iowa, the son of Dr. Watzek who was the family physician of Mr. E. C. Crossett of Davenport, and they formed the Crossett-Watzek-Gates Company, which went down into southern Arkansas and gradually acquired the fee title to about two whole counties of timber growth land. After his death, his son Ned Crossett was president of the company but was in bad health. Therefore, the burden of

the planning and program for the company largely fell on John Watzek, Jr. who had lived in Chicago after graduating from Yale University in 1913. I think it was largely due to his own vision and his planning and his programming that this company has succeeded and is now one of the best modern integrated companies in the country next to Weyerhaeuser. They made the decision thirty years ago that they would never part with any of their cutover land in southern Arkansas. Most companies were letting it revert to the state, after it had been cut over, to avoid taxation. Some sold it for a dollar an acre, but the Crossett Company has held onto theirs which has been a very good move. The Crossett Company, I think, under the leadership of John Watzek, was the first company I know of to employ a white-collar forestry school graduate in their woods. Fortunately, they got a man who was tactful and who met the opposition of the hardboiled old-fashioned woods crowd in the woods with tact and diplomacy and won them rather than antagonized them, and within a year or two after he went there, he had so proven himself that the company gave him full charge of their woods, logging operations, logging railroads, and it was his responsibility to deliver saw logs to their sawmill pond. As far as I know, that was the first lumber company that ever did anything of this kind.

(Who was that forester?)

I don't remember his name, but he was the first one. Since that time the Crossett-Watzek-Gates Company with their beautiful sawmill town in Crossett, Arkansas, now being operated by young Peter Watzek, who is John's nephew, now have, I think, fifteen or twenty foresters in their organization because they've added paper mills, they've added charcoal plants, turpentine extractive plants, everything. They are using practically everything in their woods, like the packers - "everything but the squeal of the pig".

(Mr. John Watzek was also one of the presidents of the NLMA at one time, wasn't he - one of the youngest?)

He was the youngest president of NLMA in the history of the organization. He served for one year only and was on the Board for many years at the same time I was on the Board. He is a very aggressive, forward-looking lumberman.

(You started to tell me yesterday a little something about two other Southerners - Mark Fleishel and Henry Hardtner.)

Well, Mark Fleishel was many years ago, early in the present century, general manager of the Gulf Lumber Company at Fullerton, Louisiana, of which Mr. S. H. Fullerton of St. Louis was president. The mill was one of the largest mills with five double-cutting band saws on the head, and the first few years it had difficulty in overcoming some of the mistakes that had been made by the administration, and unfortunately Mr.

Fullerton decided that Mark Fleishel was responsible for it and he let him go. Mark went to Florida and has been there ever since with the Foley family who had interests down there, and he will go down in history as one of the most progressive lumber leaders who ever took a hand in national lumber affairs. He was president for three or four terms during the World War II and very successfully led the industry through all the difficulties they were in at that time. Mark's now in the '80s. He is an outstanding lumberman. Now the other man, Mr. Henry Hardtner, had a mill a few miles south of our Louisiana Central Mill at Clarks, Louisiana. To my knowledge he was the first lumberman in the South, or any place else, to engage in actual reforestation. He had an area near his plant at Urania, Louisiana, where he actually planted yellow pine trees. The rest of the lumbermen in the area thought he was a nutty philanthropist for doing it. He was the leader in reforestation in his time and has been followed by his son, Quincy T. Hardtner. Of course, everybody knows the beneficial effect of the leadership of Colonel Bill Greeley who was a forester, graduated from the Yale Forestry School in 1904, and who led the West Coast industry. He was secretary of the West Coast Lumbermen's Association for years. He was a leader comparable to Wilson Compton, and he did a grand work and has written some books that will go down in lumber history. He was an outstanding leader. Another man in the South in the last twenty-five years or more who has developed into marvelous leadership is Ernest Kurth, who is the head of a large lumber company and has added paper mills and other integration efforts to his operations, and he is now still one of the leaders in the advance of the lumber industry in the South. There were others down there. John Kirby was an outstanding lumberman and did a very good job but he was of the old school as was our Captain J. B. White, whom we depended upon to manage all of our operations. They were a little before the new thoughts of sustained yield and selective cutting.

The first manager of the Louisiana Central Sawmill, which was built around 1900 and started operations shortly thereafter, was C. E. Slagle, who was a valiant member of the J. B. White group of sawmills. Slagle got more or less into Louisiana politics and Captain White finally changed over and put C. C. Shephard in charge of the mill, who ran it for many years very successfully. He was very effective and forward looking, capable. He was a country boy from the Ozark Mountains who started in teaching school at Grandin, Missouri, where we had the Missouri Lumber and Mining Company. Captain White took him out of the school and put him in the office and he became one of the leading lumbermen of his time. He died a few years ago of a heart attack in the middle of the night. He was an efficient solvent manager; he was a good association leader, an excellent extemporaneous talker and was president of the National Lumber Manufacturers Association for two or three years. Another manager we had was at Fisher, Louisiana, for the Louisiana Long Leaf Lumber Company that was organized about 1900 on the west side of the state below Texarkana, was P. A. Bloomer. Bloomer was not quite as spectacular as C. C. Shephard; he was a very modest retiring fellow but he did a grand job for the lumber

industry in his work on the Taxation Committee of the National Lumber Manufacturers Association. He was a very successful manager. Unfortunately he died a few years ago. That Louisiana Long Leaf Lumber Company was almost a twin of the Louisiana Central except it was across the state. Fortunately, its timber was in rougher country and could not be sold at the time we sold the Louisiana Central cutover land, and now we're very glad of it because that company is now 55 or 56 years old and still doing business, cutting in some areas the third crop of yellow pine timber for saw logs. They have not yet been able to integrate their operations and they're not big enough for a paper mill of their own but they are interested in such plans in that area. Mr. Bloomer was a very successful and valuable plant manager.

(You mentioned Colonel Greeley's name and I wonder what other foresters you would mention as having played major roles?)

I don't happen to know by name any other foresters. I do know that many of the leading larger lumber manufacturing companies have been employing graduate foresters in larger numbers over the last fifteen or twenty years. In the early years of this century the lumber industry looked on Gifford Pinchot as a dreamer and a fanatic. He and Theodore Roosevelt were in the hair of the lumber industry at that time but it has been proven that they were looking into the distant future and a lot of their ideas and predictions have since come true, but for many years the lumber industry and Gifford Pinchot were at swords' points.

(You mentioned politics here. What has been your own political history?)

I was raised in Missouri as a Democrat and I remember as a youngster in the old days the political campaigns and the torchlight parades that were in vogue. When the Republican parades went by our house, it was dark as pitch, and when the Democratic parades went by, we were lighted from cellar to garret. I myself have a tin helmet with Cleveland and Thurman on it that I wore in a kid's drum corps in one of Cleveland's campaigns. However, William Jennings Bryan was the Democratic candidate whom our family didn't believe in, and Franklin Roosevelt we didn't believe in, and so far as Mr. Harry Truman is concerned, we knew all about him from the time he failed in the necktie business and Pendergast took him into politics and we have no respect and no regard for him and think he's the biggest disgrace that was ever in the White House.

(You came to a turning point in your career - political career, that is - with the William Jennings Bryan era. What did you take exception to in particular with Bryan?)

Well, we didn't believe in his free silver theories; that was his principal point. His famous speech at the Democratic convention in Chicago

that won him his first nomination was made during the time that I was going down the Mississippi River on a lumber raft, and we got the newspapers at the towns we passed and read the reports of that convention. That was my first knowledge of William Jennings Bryan.

(Well, which of the presidents which have held office in your lifetime do you honor the most and why?)

I have thought for years that Herbert Hoover was the best prepared, best trained for the office of any president we've had to my knowledge. He was crucified politically and he was unjustly blamed for the normal depression that followed World War I. He had an antagonistic Congress that wouldn't go along with him; he had no team work. I am very happy that in the last decade the country has come to recognize that Hoover is our elder statesman and one of the most capable men that was ever in the White House.

(How would you appraise some of the other presidents of your times - men like McKinley, Teddy Roosevelt, Taft, Wilson?)

I knew Mr. Taft very well. We used to go back to college reunions the same years. I'm honored by having an autographed photograph of him. He was a wise, conservative and safe leader. Mr. Harding was an experienced politician in the Senate and a pretty good president. Calvin Coolidge was an ultra-conservative and safe and secure but perhaps too conservative and reticent.

(What do you mean by a safe president?)

I mean one that doesn't go off on a tangent. For example, I think Franklin Roosevelt was a very unstable, unsound leader. He did some good things during his first years of office and built up quite a lot of credits on his ledger, but in after years he made so many mistakes that I've said in after years that I think history will ultimately regard him as a "false god with feet of clay", which has now been happening.

(What about Woodrow Wilson?)

Woodrow Wilson was a highbrow college professor. He had lofty theories and many good points but in his last years and in his trips to Paris he was not a well man and not sound and secure and capable as when he first took office.

(You have had experience living both in the North and the South, or at least in what you might call the border states. Have you any strong convictions based upon that experience which you would like to record for posterity?)

Well, I think I told you yesterday that I have been incensed by, and debated and argued with, people who have criticized the lumbermen who

cut the timber in Wisconsin and Minnesota. They've been called despoilers and wasters, but as a matter of fact, they capitalized on a natural resource at a time when it was ripe to do so, because since that time it's been proven by the lumber industry that timber is a crop, and that was never realized in the earlier days. It gets ripe over a period of years instead of annually like wheat or corn or oats, and when it is ripe it should be harvested and used by the people of the country. If it isn't harvested when it's ripe, then the bugs get it, fire gets it, wind blows it down, and it's lost to the great consuming public.

Our people were Missourians, and as is well known, Missouri was divided as to slavery and non-slavery. My grandfather in the tobacco business before the Civil War owned about forty Negro slaves who worked for him but he was not the Simon Legree type. People who worked for him were happy and comfortable, and as a matter of fact, when he set them free on Lincoln's Proclamation and offered them \$50 apiece and their freedom, only two of the young buck Negroes accepted the \$50 and the rest of them wouldn't take the money and wouldn't leave. After the war Grandfather had to buy a large farm in Missouri for them and put them on it to work out their own living and salvation, which they did. We had a Negro nurse in the family that became a member of our family, beloved by all of us.

(How did she come into the possession of the family? Could you tell us about that?)

In those days every citizen served his community in some capacity or another, and in Paris, Missouri, about 1850 my great uncle, Daniel M. Dulany, became sheriff of the county and my grandfather, William H. Dulany, became jailer of the county for their term of office, a year or two. During that time a no-account white man ran off with some of his wife's property, to wit, two Negro girls belonging to his wife's estate, to sell them in St. Louis. Uncle Dan caught up with them on horseback and arrested the man and brought them all back to Paris, Missouri. Grandfather had to jail the man and keep the valuable property, keep the two girls in jail. They were so unhappy there that he finally proposed to them that as long as they had to be in his custody until the court decided the case, they could go to his house with the other Negro household people who were there and help out. One of them was so valuable and so helpful to the family that when the estate was ordered sold by the court, Grandfather bid her in for \$650 in cash, and I hold the bill of sale written in longhand guaranteeing her to be of sound body and mind and a slave for life. She stayed with our family all her life until she was 86 years old.

(What was her name?)

Her name was Alcinda Bryant, and she was known as "Lunky". My father and my uncles and aunts, whom she raised as a nurse and mother practically, called her "Lunky" but in my generation we called her "Aunt

Lunky". Her husband and her children died and she was left alone. They had been thrifty and frugal and saved up an estate of about \$9,000 and when she was 80 years old she made a will drawn by a white lawyer in Jacksonville, Illinois, willing her estate to my son, a male white child then living in Minneapolis, Minnesota, who was the great grandson of the man who paid \$650 for her at auction about 1850. This money, when it finally came to me as guardian for my son, I sent to Piney Woods Country Life School in Mississippi, to Lawrence Jones, principal, and our family added enough to it to build their first permanent dormitory at that school. This story of ours is the exact contrast to the famous Simon Legree stories of "Uncle Tom's Cabin". Along that line I would say in the present situation we have learned from our experience with the Negroes in Missouri and the Negroes in Louisiana and around the various sawmills that Negroes can be accepted individually but not collectively. I know some Negroes that I would rather have as guests in my home than some white people I know.

(What have been your hobbies during your life, Mr. Dulany? Can you tell us a little bit about some of them?)

Well, I've never had a particular hobby. I've played golf for many years and I'm a putterer around the house with electricity and plumbing and carpentry, but I've never had any real hobby.

(You've been very much interested in some institutions though. Could you tell us a little bit about them - your special outside interests? You mentioned this school down in Mississippi, for instance.)

I've been a patron of that school with annual contributions, and particularly gotten credit for Dulany Hall, their women's dormitory and the first permanent building on that Negro campus. I've been very much interested in their progress and very proud of my part in it. I've worked with Boy Scouts for many years, and I'm very proud of the Silver Beaver that I was awarded several years ago as a scouter. Unfortunately, I was never able to act as a Scout Master but I'm glad that I had a part in organizing the Scouts in Clinton, Iowa, particularly. One other thing that I had a lot of fun with. In 1914 I started as a joke the Society for the Prevention of Calling Sleeping Car Porters "George". Admiral George Dewey was our first president and George Ade was a leading member. That society grew like Topsy until I had sent out over 45,00 membership cards to Georges all over the world. In fact, my secretary who wrote all my letters and did all my spelling for over forty years did most of the work. She wrote all of the letters and sent out all of the cards for me, but I had a great deal of fun and it was practically the only thing I ever did to give me a national and international reputation.

(Does this society still exist?)

It's a little sick now because I have run out of letterheads and out of membership cards and I have no one to do the work for me. I can't do

them all in longhand so the society is dormant. Senator George of Georgia has been our president for the last twenty years and a very good one.

(So you've run out of just about everything but Georges, in other words?) A  
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(Mr. Dulany, yesterday you told me briefly in our preliminary discussions something about the ways the lumber industry has of financing itself. Will you please review that subject again comparing the different methods that you have observed during your lifetime.)

The lumber industry, manufacturers, and retailers for generations financed their business operations with their own capital or capital they could borrow from their local bank. There was never any public financing of the lumber business, no bond issues or anything of that kind until the early part of this century when Mr. R. A. Long of Kansas City got out the first so-called "timber bond" issue of 9 million dollars. He was the first one to borrow capital from the general public through a bond issue. He kept that up all his life until he overdid it when he built Longview, Washington, and borrowed 35 million dollars which practically ruined him and his company, which has recovered since his death. An interesting story along that line is that my father used to say that he was the one who was primarily responsible for Mr. R. A. Long getting into the lumber business. My father was a young man in his 21st year and was operating a lumber yard at Fort Scott, Kansas, when Kansas was then called "bleeding Kansas". Mr Long and his partner Bell operated out of Kansas City buying hay down in that southeastern Kansas area in the fall, with money borrowed from Mr. Bell's uncle. One year they were not able to sell all the hay that they had bought and it was necessary to protect it for the winter so they came with many teams from Columbus, Kansas, which was their operating headquarters, to Fort Scott, Kansas, and bought lumber from my father and hauled it back to cover the hay during the coming winter. The next spring they sold the lumber and got better profit from it than they did from the hay and that started Mr. Long in the lumber business.

(You were telling me a little bit about the bond broker and his role in all this.)

Well, the bond broker who got out the first Long-Bell issue was Clark L. Pool and Company of Chicago, an energetic bond man and because of the success of Mr. Long's first 9 million dollar issue, the Clark-Pool Company figured out that they could get other lumber companies to get capital from the public through bond issues. Their first efforts were all right and sound, but they got filled up with bigger demands than they had bonds and that led them into getting small sawmills to put out larger bond issues than they could afford, and therefore some of the bond issues went sour and some of the sawmill men who borrowed money in that way went broke. Then for quite a period timber bond issues were in disrepute with

the public but they have since recovered because they have learned their mistakes. Mr. Long was the first and the leader in timber bond issues - that is, borrowing capital from the public - and some of the men who followed him in that idea met with disaster. Bill Pickering Company left Kansas City and went out to California and borrowed a lot of money under bond issues and had to default.

(The first of those two companies was Keith & Perry?)

Yes.

(How would you compare that type of financing with other types which you have seen in the Weyerhaeuser operations, for example?)

Well, of course, I'm a great admirer of the Weyerhaeuser organization, and the Weyerhaeuser Company has never issued any bonds. While they may have some temporary borrowing from the banks, they have grown by plowing their own profits back into their company organizations during a long period of years. There's another thing that's interesting in my experience in the lumber industry. The so-called "line yards" of the Middle West and further west were the predecessors, or you might say the fathers of the modern chain store system. Lumbermen were the first to have groups of retail lumber yards under the same management and the same corporation. However, they have differed from the chain stores in that, so far as I know, few if any line yard lumbermen ever went into a town and established a new lumber yard and said "to heck with the other lumbermen who are here", like the chain stores have done. The chain stores got themselves into disrepute, and many state legislatures, especially in Iowa, have had to pass numerous bills restricting the operations of chain stores because they were so ruthless in driving out the local merchants, grocery men, dry goods, dresses and so forth that had been leading citizens in the town. The chain store would come in, wouldn't buy its own property, would rent at a high rental from some owner a store on a prominent corner and go in with lower prices, and in many instances lower quality, and eventually they have driven out of business many of the old substantial local citizens who were the wheel horses of their own respective communities.

(Who were the early line yard owners and operators?)

Well, in the Middle West my father, who went back to Hannibal, Missouri, in 1878, had a man working with him in Fort Scott, Kansas, a carpenter of English origin, whose name was Robert J. Hurley. A few years afterward the railroads were building new railroad lines and went south and southeast out of Kansas City. Father and Mr. Hurley went down those lines ahead of the steel laying gangs and picked out lumberyard sites and established the R. J. Hurley Lumber Company with nearly forty retail

lumberyards in southeastern Missouri. They were one of the first "line yard" lumber companies and that company is still in operation after over 75 years service in southwest Missouri.

(Who were some of their contemporaries in the same field?)

Well, there were many of them. I don't just recall the names of them now except Long Bell, who built up a large group of yards, as did the Missouri Lumber Company. In disposing of the product of the Empire Lumber Company sawmills at Winona to the West and to the prairie states, Mr. Horton established the Standard Lumber Company which had a line of lumberyards. At Dubuque, Iowa, the Standard Lumber Company operated by Major Day and his son, Harry Day, had a line of yards to the west of them in Iowa.

(In the beginning did these line yards depend almost entirely upon the product manufactured by their own mills?)

Largely so. They got most of their products that way although in those days the success of a retail operation depended very largely on the buying of their lumber stocks. Our own company, the Eclipse Lumber Company, for many years bought their lumber where they could buy it the cheapest and did not stick to any source of supply, which I always opposed, and later on when the war came on and the demand so far exceeded the supply that it became a seller's market, the mills had to control where their product went and the only way they could fairly do that was to go back over their records and find out who their best customers were and allocate their product to those customers.

(By the war you mean the first World War?)

Yes. Therefore, our Eclipse Lumber Company learned its lesson and thereafter we tried to tie ourselves in with reputable manufacturers so that if that situation ever came up again, as it did in World War II, we had friends among the manufacturers and had earned the right to have our orders accepted. As an extreme case in that type of buying, R. J. Hurley in his office at Kansas City was so busy travelling among his yards and attending to the details of his business that he didn't have time to receive all the salesmen from the manufacturers that came to his office and chat with them and pass the time of day, so he put up a rail inside of his office door with a gate, and outside that rail he had a box on the wall with cubby holes in it in which he would put a list of his requirements for the various yards, and the salesman who came in would look in that box and leave his bid on those requirements or requisitions and would never see Mr. Hurley or anybody in the office - just leave a written bid. The order would then be assigned the man who left the lowest bid, regardless of who he was or where he came from, which in my opinion - while it was a money saver in those days - was basically the wrong thing to do, and which has since been done away with a long time ago.

(In those early days the lumber yards, the retail yards, sold just exactly that - lumber - and not much else. Is that right?)

There wasn't anything else to sell. Lumber was the only available material. Even in my day I remember when the cement mills were first built and cement was offered to the public and the lumber yards began to take on cement in bulk to sell to their customers. Later on many other building materials were invented and patented and produced and were offered to the public, but it was to their advantage to have them go to the public through retail yards who carried them in stock for instant delivery. Therefore, thirty odd years ago the so-called "lumber yard" really became a building material store, and that is the present operation. Today there's been an evolution from simply buying lumber, and putting it in stock in their local yards at the towns where the customer could come in and buy one board or a carload, where the contractor would come in and have the lumberman bid on the items in a house bill for a new house and get the other lumbermen to bid on it in the same way, and that was the competition they had with each other. Usually the low bidder got the job. In other words, if he bought low he could sell low. Sometimes he'd have to sell low whether he made a profit on it or not. But that was the kind of competition. The contractor was the man who contacted the public except for what they called the "drib trade" - a board or a plank or a post when the farmer or home owner would come in and buy it from the lumber yard, but if he was building a new house the contractor did the selling, the planning, and arranged for the financing or extended credit and so forth. He was busy, as most of them were master carpenters with employees. Now the situation has changed around and for that movement I give credit to Arthur A. Hood, who was a retail lumberman in the early days, and now editor of the AMERICAN LUMBERMAN. He has always advocated complete package selling by the retail lumberman who is better equipped by training, by financial capacity, to take the responsibility to the owner of delivering him a complete package job as is mostly prevalent today. A good many of the contractors who opposed it first now find it much to their advantage to have the retail lumber company make the sale, develop the specifications and the plans, work out financing plans, and hire him - the contractor and his crew - to do the building. They are surer of their weekly payroll; they don't have to carry the home owner on their books and give him credit. They get their sure pay from the lumberman and the lumberman takes the risk and makes the sale. That is the modern up-to-date way in which the retail lumber yards are now operating. In connection with the difference between line lumber yards and the modern chain store, the state of Iowa has for nearly every session had laws introduced limiting the activities of the chain stores that were operated from Chicago and New York and had only a local manager in their local store, and he was changed around and didn't become a valuable citizen of the community. They didn't keep their money on deposit with the local bank, but drew it off into the big cities, and they incurred the enmity of the local citizens who had built up those towns. It used to be that the local banker, the dry goods man, the local grocer man, the local shoe

man were the backbone of the local community. These chain stores have driven many of those individuals out of business. The lumber industry, retail lumber industry in Iowa, with line yards have successfully gone before each legislature studying such legislation and had them, as line yards, eliminated from the restrictions and penalties of their anti-chain store bills for one principal reason. That principal reason was that, first, those line yard companies were owned largely by local people within the boundaries of their own state - Minnesota or Iowa or Missouri. Second, no line yard lumber company was ever known to go into a town and establish a lumber yard regardless of how many lumbermen were there. Take our own case, the Eclipse Lumber Company. I started in 1904 with five Iowa yards. Over a period of years we built that up to nearly forty yards by simply knowing our territory, knowing our people, knowing the other lumbermen in the area, and when a local lumberman got ill or retired or died, we tried to acquire his yard from his estate, and in that way we built our line yards up and that's the way all of them were built up. We never in all of our history went into a town where there were four or five lumber yards and said, "Here's another one. We're going to run you all out of business." We've never done that and that's one thing that saved us from the anti-chain store bills in Iowa.

(In each state you have had a central office and profits have stayed within the state?

Practically all the line yards that I know of have headquarters in the state where most of their yards are. For example, our Eclipse Company had only one yard just over the line in Minnesota. The rest of them were all in Iowa. Our Hurley Company yards were all in the state of Missouri. The Standard Company of Winona were all in Minnesota. There were line yards in North Dakota that were owned by North Dakota people, North Dakota capital, and in every state the manager, the local manager of the line yard, lived in the town and had a permanent job. We had one man in the Eclipse Lumber Company in a town in Iowa who was elected mayor of the city for five successive terms while the chain store manager never took any part in the local life at all.

(Taking up now, Mr. Dulany, a lighter line of questioning, but one which we feel is very important, what personal experiences of your lifetime stand out most vividly in your memory?)

Well, I had rather an unusual experience in the lumber industry. I took the civil engineer's course in college at Yale, Sheffield Scientific School, class of 1898, because the Yale Forestry School, the first one in the country, had not been established until two years after I graduated. So I took civil engineering as being the most practical course for a prospective lumberman and I spent my first year out of college surveying and building a standard gauge logging railroad in Douglas County, Wisconsin, through the winter and spring.

(That was for what railroad?)

That was for the Empire Lumber Company of Winona, Minnesota, to get the virgin pine timber from that Douglas County area to the St. Croix River where it could be rafted down to their mill in Winona, Minnesota, through the St. Croix River and Lake Pepin and the Mississippi. That tract of lumber was bought from Mr. Frederick Weyerhaeuser, by the way. It was virgin white pine timber, and I had the privilege at that time of going into that virgin tract with two old experienced lumber cruisers and picking up the corners established by the government surveyors and marked by blazes on the trees, and reestablishing the boundaries of that area's acreage so that we could accurately make the purchase from Mr. Weyerhaeuser. Those old cruisers were in a class by themselves. They were remarkable fellows, and that experience in the fall in 1898 was one of the outstanding things in my memory. Living in a tent and changing camp every night - we had a Swede cook and cookie and the two cruisers and myself.

(Who were the two cruisers? Do you remember their names?)

I've forgotten now - I'd have to look it up some place in my records - but they were cruisers employed by the Empire Lumber Company and were experienced in the woods at estimating the number of standing trees, the number of log scale feet in the standing timber. They did it by counting the trees and estimating their size. They would mark off an area in the woods of, say, an acre square and make an estimate of the number of trees therein. The training they had gotten themselves - there were no schools at that time - and they had to learn it themselves from predecessors. They still have cruisers in the industry, but they use more scientific methods and scientific instruments now than those old cruisers did. The next year after I made that preliminary cruise with the cruisers I went in with a locating party with an older experienced civil engineer operating the transit, and I operated the level behind him, booking the data for the proposed line. We had picked out the valleys that we should go through and the streams we should follow. We set a stake every 50 feet for 45 miles, sometimes when the thermometer was 30 below zero and the snow was several feet deep. Later on during the winter a crew had gone in there and cleared the right of way of timber and brush and in the springtime, when the frost was out of the ground, we went in again with grader crews to grade the "dump", they called it - the line of railroad, and the older engineer quit and I became chief engineer and it was my job to let out the station work and see that it was done and pay off the men. It was quite an experience with an entirely different type of men than I had ever dealt with before.

(What sort of men were they?)

They were largely Scandinavian and German, some Irish - hardy, tough, rough human beings who worked hard and usually spent their money

for drink and wild living after they'd gotten it, then come in for another job.

(The tales that Stewart Holbrook tells about some of these people are pretty typical of those that you knew?)

Oh, yes.

(Do you remember any one or two of these people in particular?)

Well, I remember one Norwegian who worked alone in our camp that spring of 1899, and I would let him have two or three stations at a time. A station was 100 lineal feet on the line on the railroad. I would make a deal with him for "cut and fill" or "side hill" work at so much a cubic yard that he moved. He worked out there all alone; he'd have his breakfast as soon as he could get it in the camp and go out there and work, stay out there all day long until dark, and then come in. One day I was passing him and he stopped me, and I'll never forget. He said, "Mr. Engineer, I think I got to quit this job." And I said, "Ole, what's the matter? Why are you quitting?" "Well, I'm not making enough money. I didn't know there were so many roots in this area. I want to bring my family over from Norway, and I'm discouraged here; it takes so much time." I said, "Why, Ole, you're doing a good job, and I will guarantee that at the end of this work you will make at least five dollars a day." His face lighted up and he said, "Will you, Mr. Engineer?" And I said, "Certainly I will." And he went back to work from daylight to dark and when he finally got through and I measured up his work, he averaged a little better than six dollars a day and he was quite delighted. That was typical of the hard-working serious type of fellow. There were other men in there who would make their money and get paid off in cash and insist they had to go out to Duluth. They'd go out there and spend all their money in riotous living and come back and apply for more work, but you couldn't get them to stay on the job; they were floaters.

(Were any of these men noted for their tremendous strength or physical prowess?)

Yes, they were all strong, powerful men. They had to be, and they had big appetites. We took particular pains to see that they were adequately fed with proper food to sustain hard work of that kind. It was all done by pick and shovel and wheelbarrow; there was no earth-moving machinery in those days to help them. It just took physical strength. I had one man on the crew - an enormous big Irishman - who took a shine to me as a young engineer, and he was my defender. All that spring whenever there was any criticism of the engineer over in the camp, he was my defender, which led into physical battles at times.

(Did they used to have some pretty bad brawls in the camp?)

Oh, yes. We tried to keep liquor out of the camp, but they smuggled some in at times. I remember two men - an Irishman and a German - who were together and they finished their stations and got paid off and said they had to go out to Duluth. The next morning I was going on foot out to the railroad station which was our nearest base, some nine miles from the camp. I heard groans and I looked down in a swamp by the side of our railway dump and I saw two bloody heads sticking up. They were sunk in the swamp up to their necks and had been fighting with each other and cut each other. I didn't have the physical strength to pull them out so I hurried back to camp to get some help and we dug those two fellows out of the mud, pulled them out and rescued them and patched them up. They had been working together for months and then went out and got drunk and fought with each other and nearly killed each other. The Red River Lumber Company capitalized on Paul Bunyan, who was a fictitious character in the lumber industry. The lumberjacks sitting around the stove in logging camps at night would tell tall tales and draw on their imagination, and they usually used Paul Bunyan as their subject with his mighty axe and big blue ox - and the stupendous things they did, but it was, of course, fiction and they had capitalized on it, and it has been written up into a Paul Bunyan series of stories.

(Did you hear any of these stories with your contacts with the lumberjacks before they were written up by Red River?)

Oh, yes. I sat around and listened to the tall tales that they invented themselves. For example, we had around our camp in Douglas County, Wisconsin, many deer, does and fawns, and we had many black bear come out at night and get into our refuse dump from the kitchens, and they loved to roll down the sides of our newly-made railroad dump. You could see in the morning where they had played and rolled in the mud and smoothed it out. We would find their tracks, and we would very often see them. Well, we had no firearms in camp and finally in sending out to Duluth for supplies I had them send in a pistol and a couple of rifles. We had one lumberjack in the camp who bragged about his prowess as a bear hunter so, after these rifles came in, I arranged with him that the next morning early he and I would start out with these rifles and see if we could get a bear. He had bragged to all the members of the camp of being a mighty bear hunter. Well, we hadn't gone 200 feet from camp, just at the break of day, when I saw ahead of us on the dump a medium-size black bear standing broadside to us with his head in a molasses keg that we had put out there. I reached over and touched this mighty hunter, pointed to the bear, and I was about to drop on my knee and get a good arm rest and clear shot at the vulnerable part, up behind the shoulder, when to my surprise, up above me was a series of wild shots. I looked up and this mighty hunter was so excited that he was shooting his gun in the air without aiming at the bear at all. We had

many deer around. When I was getting up in my cabin in the morning I'd look out and see a fawn with her mother going around within sight of the shack. They were easily scared away but they got to be quite tame. I'd heard of buck fever but never knew exactly what it was, and one day after I got this pistol, I had it strapped on and I was down near the St. Croix River on a sort of a wing dam. I heard a rustle in the bushes down to the right and I looked over and not over fifty feet from me was standing a big doe looking at me - an easy shot. So I promptly pulled my pistol out and I would draw a bead on her and before I could pull the trigger my hand would fly up. Then I got both hands on it, and I couldn't pull the trigger as long as she stood there and looked at me. When she started running then I could shoot, but I had a typical case of buck fever; she had me mesmerized and I couldn't pull that trigger. Another experience I had with that pistol - one morning just after I'd gotten it I started down the line with this pistol looking for a bear where I'd put out an empty molasses keg the night before a little ways from camp. I'd only gone a little ways when I heard a yell behind me, and I looked back and here came our camp cook with his white apron flying in the wind, running after me. When he caught up with me he said the boys told him that I had gone out on the line bear hunting with that pistol, and he said, "For gosh sakes, if you meet a bear, don't shoot him with that pop gun. He's liable to eat you up. You need a powerful rifle, not a pistol, to take care of a bear."

(What would you say has been your philosophy of life, and do you recommend it without qualification to new generations of Americans?)

Well, I've never been very keen about developing fundamental theories but more or less tried to live each day as it came along. I've had a pretty varied experience, I think. For a chap originating in a little frontier fort in Kansas I've probably travelled further and done more than most fellows. I sometimes envy men who have been born in a small town and spent their entire lives there and became the dean of the community. I have several friends that are in that category and I sometimes envy them for the serene quiet life they've led. On the other hand, I've enjoyed my wanderings and travels in spite of the fact that they say "the rolling stone gathers no moss." I've been pretty much of a rolling stone. I was born in Kansas; I was raised in Missouri. I used to say in Hannibal, Missouri, that Tom Sawyer and Huck Finn and I were all pals and Mark Twain wrote about the other two and left me out. I was really a generation behind them but I did everything they did in the same places. I knew the cave by heart; I knew Injun Joe personally, and it's been a great pleasure to me to be able to recollect back all of the things that Mark Twain wrote. I went from there East to college, and I think it's a wonderful thing for a western boy to go East for a few years, or for an eastern boy to come West for a few years, and I value my seven years in the East in prep school and college as a wonderful experience which has given me an acquaintance which is nationwide, whereas my older cousin who was a Missourian and who went to the University of Missouri, his acquaintance is limited to the boundaries of the state of Missouri while mine is nationwide because I went to a different

educational institution. Then after I graduated I went out to the Minnesota and Wisconsin woods and I had a practical course in learning how to keep books as an assistant bookkeeper for a grain company in Winona, Minnesota, for two years.

(What company was that?)

That was the Western Elevator Company. Then in 1902 I joined with Bobby Menz, who was a little older than I. He had been a travelling salesman for a red cedar shingle company in Minneapolis and had covered the Iowa, Missouri and Illinois territory and was well known to all of the retail lumbermen and was very popular. He wanted to go into business for himself so I joined with him and we formed the Menz Lumber Company. We had offices in the Lumber Exchange in Minneapolis and we did quite a substantial volume of business. He had gotten his experience from the H. B. Waite Lumber Company, who were also pioneers in the red cedar shingle siding business, and he made many friends. But it developed with our company that Bobby was a little too ambitious, and instead of cultivating and holding his friends he had made in Iowa and Illinois, he wanted to extend his activities and introduce red cedar shingles into Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania and the East. It led us into some difficulties because it was pioneering and it finally ended up about 1906 when we had our worse case. In those days our company would buy shingles from little shingle mills out on the Pacific Coast in the Seattle area, who didn't have the capital to maintain a sales organization or to carry normal accounts on their books, so we as wholesalers would advance them 90 percent of the value of their carloads and they'd send us a bill-of-lading for the cars. They'd bill the cars to us at Minnesota Transfer, and then we would sell them to our retail customers in the Middle East and further on East and have the cars diverted by the railroads and ultimately delivered. This final experience was that we sold two carloads of shingles to a retailer way down in Pennsylvania. It took many weeks for the cars to get through in those days to Pennsylvania, to their destination. Meanwhile we paid the mill 90 percent of the estimated value of the carloads. We were surprised to get a telegram from the Pennsylvania dealer that he had opened the cars and instead of shingles they were full of rocks. When we went to check with the mill, we found that the mill had folded up and the mill owner had disappeared and that was such a disastrous experience that we decided we'd gone far enough in the red cedar shingle business. In the meantime I had gotten these five retail yards and I then devoted myself to the retail lumber business in Iowa.

(What happened to your partner Menz?)

Well, he went on and he finally got a job with a wholesaler in the East and he died a few years later unfortunately. He had a beautiful tenor voice and at all the lumber conventions he was very popular; he was a great character but he was a little too ambitious for my financing his ambitions.

(You've been associated with a great many companies in the lumber business over the years, Mr. Dulany. Some of these companies are still in existence; some others I believe have been closed out. I wonder if you could tell me whether there's a record of these companies to document their history, whether they still exist in any form in the headquarters where they were once established?)

I doubt it very much. We were never majority or management stockholders in these companies. We were always minority stockholders and had representation on the board of directors but we didn't have charge of the details of the business and the records and I don't know what's become of them except I do know something about the records of the Louisiana Central Lumber Company and the Louisiana Long Leaf Lumber Company.

(What about the Eclipse and Empire companies?)

I don't know what became of the Empire Company. They closed their Eau Claire sawmill and later closed their Hannibal distributing yard at the time I was in college and up in the woods on my own up north, and I don't really know where all of the records were.

(What personal records of your times in the lumber industry have you kept?)

Oh, like all lumbermen I haven't kept any. I've got some old files of letters from old friends, things of that kind. I think that's one of the things in the lumber industry that for generations nobody ever thought enough about the future to make records that would do for the future. They were all operating from year to year.

(Did you ever keep any diaries or journals while you were working, for example, on this railroad up in northern Wisconsin and Minnesota?)

No. I've got some old photographs and the engineering details in the office of the Empire Lumber Company in Winona, Minnesota, the data and all of that material. I don't know what's become of all of that because it's been a good many years since they quit their business.

(You and Mrs. Dulany made a remarkable early automobile trip about - when was it - 1904?)

It was 1904 when I was living in Minneapolis. Automobiles were then new. The internal combustion engine was only four, five or six years old at that time. For example, when I was in college in New Haven, Connecticut, I was in New York occasionally and there wasn't a single automobile. There were a few electric battery powered hansom cabs but no internal combustion engine cars. They all developed in the next few years. In 1904 in Minneapolis I bought a little passenger car called an "auto car", made in

Pennsylvania by the company which later developed the four wheel drive car, but this little two cylinder car had no windshield, no top; it had to be cranked; it had oil lights in the tail and acetylene lights for headlights. It did have pneumatic tires but with a puncture you had to take the tire off and patch the inner tube and put it back on again and pump it up by hand. I drove that little car from Minneapolis to St. Louis in 1904 at the time of the World's Fair in St. Louis - 623 miles. It took me over three weeks to make the trip and I kept a log of it and I recollect my actual mileage averaged for the trip, for my running time I averaged 11 1/2 miles an hour. There were no paved roads, no road signs, no road maps, no filling stations, and in many areas we went through, the farmers had not only never seen an automobile but they'd never heard of one. One of the things that kept us so long was that in probably several hundred cases I had to shut down my motor and go out and help a driver get his horse or horses by the car; they were scared. It was quite an experience. As I say, there were no paved roads; we were in mud; there were no tire chains at that time; I had to use rope, I bought at a grocery store in town, to wind around my rear wheels to get traction in the mud. I was stuck in a good many fords where the water was too deep and got into our tail pipe or over our spark plugs and then we had to be towed out. We were towed out of many mud holes by farmers with their teams. It was quite a rugged experience, that trip.

(Who made that trip with you?)

My deceased wife. When we got up to St. Louis and drove up in front of the Buckingham where my aunt lived, and later on out to the gate of the Fair - we had wicker baskets on the side of our little tonneau and a little tin sign that said "Minneapolis, Minnesota" because there were no state numbers in those days, we were plastered with mud - people crowded around the car and they just wouldn't believe that I had driven from Minneapolis to St. Louis.

(And the record of that trip is preserved in a diary that you kept?)

Yes, I've got it in there. I had it all mapped out the way we were going, but when we got to Cedar Rapids, Iowa, we ran into so much rain and the Iowa roads were so muddy that I had to change my route and go down the Cedar River on sandy roads that were easier to get through than the muddy clay roads. So I made a deviation in my planned route there, but we had to just go from day to day. It was at a season when we ran into many hard rains.

(Where did you get your gasoline if there were no filling stations?)

From drug stores and grocery stores. I arranged with the Standard Oil representative in Minneapolis, had letters of introduction to their representatives along the way where I could get some higher proof gasolene. They didn't know about octane gasoline in those days but they had higher

proof than ordinary grocery store gasoline. I had letters of introduction but never got to use them because I had to buy just ordinary gasoline from grocery stores in the villages that we struck.

(Were you camping out on this trip or did you stay overnight . . . . ?)

We stayed overnight at the little local hotels. There wasn't any such thing as a motel in those days but there were small hotels in all these little villages. Sometimes we spent the night in a farmer's house. It was really a very rugged and interesting trip. We did not drive back, by the way. We shipped the car back by rail. I've just recently been reading that in that same year some automotive history was made by a caravan of automobiles which drove from New York to St. Louis, and en route they helped each other with the experiences they had, but I was all alone; I had no one to help me.

(Where did you read that account, do you remember?)

Oh, in one of the magazines recently. Speaking of the early days, when I was in college in New Haven I went down to New York one week-end to see a western uncle of mine who was at the Plaza Hotel at 59th Street. Across the street, where for many years there had been horse-drawn hansom cabs lined up there for hire, somebody had invented a storage battery and a motor and had applied it to these cabs. They had taken the shafts off and put these motors under the floor, and the motors on the axles, and the cabby still sat up behind and steered. When I was there that week-end those cabs were for hire so my uncle chartered one of them and told him to drive us down Fifth Avenue. At that time Fifth Avenue was filled with coaches, broughams, victorias - all drawn by handsome bang-tailed horses with a coachman and footman in livery on the box. It was all horses. That electric cab went down the middle of Fifth Avenue and all of the teams piled up on the sidewalk and created a real sensation. Now if a horse went down Fifth Avenue, the taxis and Cadillacs might pile up on the sidewalks.

Now look, there are two stories. I told you one last night. Do you want to record them?

(Yes.)

Well, I'll tell you two of them that were along that line, which reminds me of a story of two men of the modern age who were sitting in the Yale Club in New York after lunch and one of them looked at his watch and said, "Oh, let's go over to Fifth Avenue. There's going to be a parade going down the street and Lady Godiva is going to ride down Fifth Avenue." And the other fellow says, "Sure, let's go. I haven't seen a horse in a helluva while." Then there's another story that I told you yesterday.

(It's called the "Michigan Lumberman"?)

Yes. You really want to record that?

(Yes.)

Well, this is an old story that might have some truth and background to it. There were a number of such characters in the history of the lumber industry. This was a lumberjack who worked in northern Michigan in the very early days. He himself had never even gone to grammar school; he'd had no advantages himself but he was very fortunate in some of his timber purchases and became a very well-to-do man in his area in northern Michigan. He had two sons and he wanted them to have the advantages he had not had so he not only sent them to grammar school but to prep school and through Harvard University. The boys came back to join his office in this town where he had become a very prominent and influential citizen and had many other interests than his lumber industry. One summer the boys were off on a fishing expedition and when they returned, their family lawyer told them that during their absence their father had made a very handsome contribution for a new building at "Podunk College." The boys didn't like this very well. There were several thousand dollars involved, but they knew they had to be careful with their canny rugged individualist father so they made a plan and went into his office and said, "Father, we understand while we were away you made a handsome donation to Podunk College." "Yes, them people were in here. They said they needed a new building and would carve my name in stone over the door, and I told them to go ahead and build it and I'd pay for it." "Well, Father, didn't you make any investigation of Podunk College?" "No, them people looked all right to me. They looked like good people, and I told them to go ahead." "Well, Father, did they tell you that Podunk College was a co-educational college?" "No, they didn't say anything about that." "Did they tell you, Father, that before boys and girls could get into Podunk College both the boys and girls had to matriculate?" "No, they didn't say anything about that." "Well, did they tell you that after the boys and girls get into Podunk College they have to use the same curriculum?" "No, they didn't tell me that. By Gad, they don't get any of my money!"

There's another story that ought to go down in Twin City history that I remember from my days in Minneapolis prior to 1910 when the rivalry between Minneapolis and St. Paul was very keen and bitter. A big dinner was given in Chicago and representatives from the Twin Cities were invited to attend. The toastmaster called on the St. Paul representative first and he told about the glories and virtues of St. Paul and finally ended up with a story that an eastern concern had had its western office in St. Paul for years and for some unknown reason they wrote their manager to move the office to Minneapolis. That night the manager went home and told his family and they were in deep distress. His little daughter who was saying her prayers said, "Goodbye, God. We're going to Minneapolis." The Minneapolis man followed the St. Paul man and said that the story told by the St. Paul man was literally true, that he knew that new family in

Minneapolis and he knew the little girl, but that the St. Paul man had not punctuated her prayer properly. What the little girl really said was, "Good! By God, we're going to Minneapolis!" Now there's one more story. Do you want to hear that too?

(Yes.)

Another story that I remember was that in 1907 I was motoring through Switzerland and we were standing on the edge of a lake looking across at an island where, we were told, was William Tell's chapel. There were some horse-drawn cabs standing by and the cab drivers in a group and they heard us wonder how far it was out to that island. One of the cabmen said, "It's about three miles out there." I said to him, "You speak English with a western accent!" He said, "Well, I ought to. I was a cowboy in Montana for three years." And I said, "Well, I live in Minneapolis." He said, "Well, I know Minneapolis and St. Paul very well - Hennepin Avenue, Nicollet Avenue, Seventh Street, Robert Street, and under the hill." That's the end of the story.

There's one thing - you were asking about my grandfather. You can have a copy of this if you want to put it in your files. My grandfather was born in Missouri in 1818 in a rural community, and grew up there as a young fellow, he and his older brother, Daniel M. Dulany. They spent their time hunting wild game that was plentiful in the area, but they also had to spend a lot of their time clearing woodland in order to get farm land. The logs they got out were used for log cabins and split for fence rails and for fuel for the kitchen and stoves in the wintertime. The rest of the trees were burned to get rid of them and make room for farm land. This exercise put a constitution on both of them that lasted for many years, my great uncle living to be 86 and my grandfather living to be 96. They had those constitutions from that early hard work. He also told us that when he was 17 years old he walked 20 miles to a nearby settlement and hired out to a man there for 17 dollars a year plus his board and room. He used to brag that there had never been a year since that time that he hadn't been worth more at the end of the year than he was at the beginning. In other words, he always saved something out of whatever he made. He spent all of his life in Missouri with the exception of a few years in the latter part of the Civil War in Quincy, Illinois, and three years he spent as a Forty-Niner in California. He and his younger brother, George W. Dulany, for whom my father was named, organized a party in Missouri and they went by wagon train from St. Joe, Missouri, to Sacramento, California, and it took them seven months to make the journey. I have since flown over that same area between daylight and dark, but they went the hard way. They had to fight Indians and ford streams and had many disasters. In my younger days in Hannibal, Missouri, where we had this large wholesale lumber yard, we had about fifty teams of mules hauling the wagons around the yard, taking the green lumber to the piles and the dried lumber to the planing mill or to the cars

to be shipped. They were in a big stable where we had a huge giant Negro named Jeff Dorsey, who was the head stableman. If a mule would kick Jeff, he would promptly knock the mule down. We had up in the village a black whiskered giant village blacksmith who took care of all of those mules and took care of our family horses. One day I was driving by the blacksmith's shop with my grandfather and he stopped to talk to him and something was said about California and '49. The blacksmith said, "Did you go to California in '49?" My grandfather said, "Yes." The blacksmith said, "Well, so did I." He said, "A strange thing happened to me. I was a young blacksmith and I went with a party as a wheelwright and took care of the wheels of the wagons on the way, but out on the desolate plains I had an argument with the boss of that party and he abandoned me on the plains. I was there all alone and almost helpless, and another wagon train came along and they took me on and I worked my way with them as a wheelwright to California, tried the gold mines for a while and then shipped on a sailing ship and went around the world and had many adventures and finally ended up here many years ago and started this blacksmith shop. Well, grandfather said, "Do you remember the name of the party that picked you up?" The blacksmith said, "No. For some reason I've never been able to remember the name, but there was a man and his brother who headed the party. Grandfather said, "Well, I was the man. It was my brother in the party, and I remember now picking up this stranger on the field." And there he had been shoeing my grandfather's horses and animals for ten or fifteen years before they discovered each other.

(You lived right there in the Tom Sawyer-Huckleberry Finn area?)

Yes. I used to say that Tom, Huck and I were all pals and Mark Twain wrote about the other two and left me out. Actually, I was a generation behind them, but I did everything that they did and in the same places that they did, and I knew many of their characters. I knew the cave by heart, and I actually knew Injun Joe, who in my day was a very benign old half-breed Indian, and not at all the villain that Mark Twain pointed him out to be.

(Some of the members of the board of directors of the Foundation are very ardent Twain fans. I know Dave Winton in particular is a great reader of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn. I wonder if you have any special word for Dave's benefit on the stories of Mark Twain?)

Well, you might tell Dave that there's an old fellow here in La Jolla who travels about town with a little two-wheel cart and he sharpens scissors and lawn shears and so forth for people and he's been known here for years. Several years ago he stopped at my house, and I got him our garden tools to be sharpened. One of them needed straightening and he took a hammer and beat it on the side of his box to straighten it out. I said, "You ought to have a vise on that box." And he looked up and he said, "Mister, I've had too many vices in my life. I don't want any more." And

with his apparent sense of humor he told me that for many, many years he made it a practice to read both Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn at least once a year and he's kept his sense of humor all these years.

(Would you say that Twain's portrayal of a boy's life in Hannibal was typical of your own experience?)

Largely so because we tried to imitate Tom Sawyer in my day, and we tried to do the things that Mark Twain had written about in those two books. By the way, when I lived in Chicago I was active in the Mark Twain Association of America, of which George Ade, the famous bard of Indiana, was president, and in the meetings of that association, which was largely made up of collectors and bibliophiles, I was told, to my surprise, that Mark Twain's writings had been translated into more foreign languages than any other English writer, not excluding Shakespeare. I later had a demonstration of that. In Chicago we had a Swedish maid who spoke English and was very efficient. One time I had to go down to Hannibal, Missouri, on family business and came home and asked them how they'd like to go with me, and the Swedish maid's eyes lighted up and she said, "Oh, I'd love to go to Hannibal." "Why so?" And she said, "That is the scene of many of Mark Twain's books." And I said, "What do you know about that?" And she said, "I read them all in Swedish before I came to this country."