

Forest History Foundation, Inc.
St. Paul, Minnesota

ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW
with

Herman Heitman
Eureka, California

March, 1953

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Interview with
HERMAN HEITMAN
Hammond Lumber Company
Eureka, California - March, 1953
By John Larson, Forest History Foundation, Inc.

I have always worked in construction and maintenance. When I first arrived here in 1922, they had a lot of railroads to build. We had two pile-driver crews going. The trestles they had been putting up was mostly three pile bents that they logged over in the woods. Immediately when we went to work I made the change and started in the four pile bents. A bent is what supports your bridge. They put cords on top of these bents. When I first came down here they used two cords 8x18 32's, then eventually we put three cords 8x18x32, which was a lot safer. The reason we did away with these three pile bents was that we had a 12x12 or 12x14 cap - a cap is what goes across the top of your bent to support your stringers. If one of your piles settled, it would be riding on just the two piles and cause your cap to break. And, of course, you'd have a lot of derailments on that account. We got a slacker up here - a skidder rather - that we moved with railroad locomotives from one setting to another. They were rigged up with a spar pole right on the machine itself - on this skidder. Getting this was one thing that led to moving and changing to a four pile bent instead of a three pile. The superintendent at that time was Mr. W. W. Peed and he asked me about these piles. And I said, "Well, Mr. Peed, I don't think that they're safe, because there's too much weight there. There's practically 250 tons and we're going to break a lot of caps and maybe put the skidder down in the canyon. "oh," he says, "I think they'll hold up all right." Well, we started out with this skidder. We had a locomotive up ahead, and a locomotive behind, and a long string of cars - you know, coming into this skidder. Well, we started over the first trestle, and the first trestle was about eighteen bents in length, and we broke seven caps. We stopped the rig right there, and we worked about a week reinforcing all the rest of the trestles to where we was going to take this skidder.

These trestles had been built long before my time, I imagine. Well, it's hard telling, you see, all their trestles up above Camp #20, the logging spurs, all the railroads were always three pile bents. Their whole road, they operated from Little River Junction to Samoa over the Northwestern Railroad, originally used to belong to the Hammond Company, but they sold it to the Northwestern when they built into Eureka in 1915. Then they sold their railroad - our railroad - to the Northwestern, because at that time the Northwestern was planning on going further north, you see. The end of the railroad at that time was up at Trinidad. Then from Little River we went onto our own logging roads up at Camp #20. From Camp #20 we had several branches out, some of them were ten or twelve miles long; some of them were only about three or four. They branched off in the various directions that we were logging. Then this side of Trinidad, that is, south of Trinidad about four miles, the Northwestern had a junction there called Twenty-Five Junction. We also had operations up in there, that was up at Camp 21, 26, and 28, and I would say we had in the

neighborhood of fifteen, eighteen miles of logging railroad up there. You understand, in logging they have one main line railroad and off of that they build their spurs in order to reach the various blocks of timber that they have. When they're finished, then they pull up this railroad and extend it on and so forth.

I found the redwood logging much different than the fir logging. This Mr. Peed, he told me about it - I knew Mr. Peed up north, and he says, "Herman, I'll tell you one of the first things you want to learn about redwood is that you got to fall a redwood tree up the hill in order to save it. Your fir up north or your fir here will fall down the hill or crossways or any way; it don't break." The redwood is very brittle. Why, you can just imagine a tree that's anywhere from three foot to fifteen, sixteen feet on the stump and a tree like that going down hill. You see, it has a greater distance to fall going down hill than it has up hill. And thereby they can save the trees.

And in those days, they used to make settings. I asked Mr. Peed, "Well," I says, "Do you protect them from your real rough ground by falling sideways?"

"Well," he says, "we don't fall them sideways; we'll work on a tree two or three days before we fall that one tree. And we make settings for them regular layouts. We'll fall a lot of small timber cross ways and even in places that take jack screws, if there's a windfall, saw that windfall up and jackscrew it out of the way. We then make our layout and fall our big tree on top of that in order to save it."

At that time they used to put in two or three days - I know any number of fallers - set of fallers, that's what they call them - put in two or three days just falling one tree. After they would fall this tree, then they would peel it, and then we used to burn. They used to go around and plug the ends of all the butts with mud so that fire couldn't get into them and then they would burn the bark and all the debris, brush and everything else. It would give them a much better chance to get in there and saw up the log, and also a better chance to get their chokers around the log.

A choker you put around the log to haul it in. This was before the caterpillar days. When I first came here there were no caterpillars; they still employed a few spool donkeys, these little bit of donkeys - Dolbeers. We had several of them then; we used to clear a right of way with them. And, of course, the high pole was something! The following year after I arrived here, they rigged up the first high pole that they had in this country. They used it to haul down logs. The tree or stump that they would log off of was perhaps, oh, twenty-five, thirty, forty feet tall at the tallest, and they yard into that. That was also done in order to save your redwood - it will not stand the abuse that a fir will. You hit a redwood log up against a stump and wherever it bruises, it goes right into the log several inches, you know, and into your lumber naturally. You don't notice it so much until after you get down to the mill and it hits the saws. Well, they went to the high lead, of course, and then they did

ruin a lot of lumber, and their slacker, what they call slackers now, the high lead would only reach out perhaps 1,200 feet to get the logs, but a slacker would reach out 2,000 feet, 2,200 feet. They'd put their line out, then they'd pull this rigging down to wherever the log was under it, then they'd pull them in. Well, you can just imagine those big redwood logs coming along bouncing along on the ground, hitting a stump over here, a stump there. Course, a lot of them they shot out of the way - but not all of them; they couldn't very well shoot all the stumps - so they'd get a lot of logs ruined.

In that way, of course, I found it much different than fir logging. In fir logging, I've often seen where there were cold decks up north there at the high leads - they used the high leads when I left up there in '21. They'd been using them for any number of years. And there were big cold decks up there. They'd pile them on top of one another. You do that with a redwood - they have done it; I've seen them cold deck with redwood too, but you're ruining a lot of lumber. And in the long run, why it costs you considerable. You take your cat logging and tractor, that really is the only method. That was the answer to the problem.

Going back to the old team logging - they were slow coming in and they took care of their lumber. They're still watching out for breakage and the likes of that today. Just made a big change down here at the reeroad so that they wouldn't have to pile up their logs. The reeroad, that's where it goes off to the train. The tractor brings it down to the landing, the truck takes it on to the reeroad. The way I look at it, you know, take it from your bull team logging to your tractor logging. Naturally, they're more powerful, faster, and all that, but they save your timber for you anyway. The tractor in a way is getting back to the idea of handling each log individually and bringing it in. Now they bring them in with arches, and they bring in two or three logs at a time, just the way the bull team did. They go right over the top of the log and the line off the tractor will fall through a bar at the top of the arch and raise this log right up. They generally just grab the back end of the logs. It's a slow harvest in comparison to the old system of high lead yarding and the likes of that. It's all a timber saver.

Of course, I'm a railroad man myself and built several hundred miles up here in my time for the company. Yet still at the same time, I do believe in truck logging, because you haven't the maintenance there. As far as the expense, the difference between your truck roads and your railroad, I do believe that in the beginning when you first build roads they're more expensive because you got to have a foundation that will hold these big trucks, you know. They bring in anywhere from 12, 16, 18, 000 feet of redwood at one time, and you take that redwood, why you get the butt log - that's all sinkers - the minute it hits the water, why down! And they weigh, I'll bet you that I've seen any number of logs come in here on those big trucks that would weigh 20, 22, 25 tons apiece.

They don't let the logs lay out in the woods like they used to. They generally keep pretty close up with the fallers all the time. They don't get too

much timber down any more. Because they're taking a big risk there of fires - while redwood doesn't deteriorate like fir does, or hemlock. You can give fir about four years lying down on the ground after it's bucked up and it commences to turn blue. Funny thing happened here while we had our flood, here in January. The woods superintendent, Gray Evans, noticed some logs laying over there on the other side of the river and went down and looked at one of them. And it had an old slipe on it, that indicated that it had been pulled in there either by a Dolbeer, a spool donkey, or the old ox team which they had around here in the early days. And that's been the Lord knows how many years ago - twenty-five - thirty years ago, and they were sound logs after laying out all that length of time. A fir log would be completely gone by that time.

In railroad building, we used to have our ups and downs. We had a lot of derailments because you understand that a logging concern cannot build the roads that your long carriers, your mainline, your passengers can build. They're only there a short time, therefore they can't put in the work, they can't haul the ballast, they can't get the ballast under the ties, and consequently you have a lot of derailments. And we used to have them all the time up in the woods there, night after night all night long, we had six trains running. We would no sooner get home, train coming down the hill out of the woods, called out, derailment here. Get derailment back on the tracks, leave it; a call from another place. Course, on the mainline it wasn't so bad; they did try to keep up the mainlines in pretty good shape. But they were pretty tough going lots of times, especially in the winter. We have a lot of rain here, you know, have anywhere from thirty to forty-five inches of rain in a season, and that's a lot of water.

We did more logging in the winter than they do now. With the tractor logging, they seem to be able to get the logs in much faster than they used to, and they always seem to have a surplus on hand up at the lagoon there. They have a pond that will hold in the neighborhood of twenty, twenty-five million feet of logs and they generally try to keep that filled up. So they don't have to do so much logging in the winter. They still have some donkey shows - we call them donkey shows where they're logging with donkeys - they generally take advantage of that in winter time. That's on the rougher ground, you see, where they can't log it so handy with the tractor. But before we had the caterpillar to clear our right of ways we had to use small donkeys naturally in construction outfits they would all get the light equipment. They couldn't afford to have big heavy equipment on construction. You can move this light equipment around pretty easy.

And they used to have some awful times keeping ahead of the logs. I've seen the time that we would clear the right of way through the logs. They wouldn't go out ahead and clear the right of way itself and then build the railroad and then log - they would put a landing in and they would log and clear this right of way. Then it was up to us fellows to have that railroad graded - perhaps we'd have trestle work to build too up to the next landing, before we could get to

this next landing. I've seen them that they've rigged up rigging up a tree to log with and built the trestle laying the steel, everything at one time. There'd be about forty-five men there just crowding and rushing to get into that landing to get ahead so they could log onto their next setting again.

You take in the redwoods, you know, the more you handle these redwood logs, roll them down the steep hills and like that, the more you're going to bruise them up. Where you could log and clear your right of way at the same time, you handle that log only once, and clear your right of way - it's much cheaper that way. Only as far as the building of the railroad is concerned, it was a case of rush and get those roads in after they had the right of way clear. And it wasn't always so that they could start logging right where this right of way went through. They would have to start in from one side, then as they got down across the right of way, where your railroad right of way went, well then we would have to start in. Well, perhaps it would only be that the piece of road would be two-three thousand feet long - two thousand feet and pretty heavy construction, and we'd have to move everything in at one time - shovels, scrapers and section men, to lay the steel and get the bridges built.

I've seen the time, many a time, we would take a pile driver from one spur to the other right across land and get ahead of the grading outfit - your shovels naturally they come in ahead. Just as soon as it's logged off, your shovels would be the first one to come in, then your track man gang is behind that and your pile driver rigs in the meantime has gone across country and got in to the trestle. Well, there would be your problem of getting in your material - you had to have caps there and you had to have braces in order to get out on those trestles. Some of the trestles were fifty, sixty, seventy feet high, you know, and it took a lot of bracing, a lot of material. You just can't go out on a trestle with a pile driver and just stand there without any bracing or anything. So all that had to be taken into consideration. You'd have to work that stuff to the front without having any caterpillars or anything to pull it ahead. It was quite a problem a lot of times to get your material up ahead to these pile drives to drive these trestles. Yes, we used to have quite a job, and it was no eight hour work either. We worked, well, when I first came down here, it was all ten hours a day. And lots of times we worked twelve hours - daylight in the summertime, you know - take advantage of it. But it was all hard work.

I've often wondered if the men today - we have just as good loggers today, and men, as they did in those days, but if they would have to start in all of a sudden to tackle that same job that we had years ago, if they would.

Then, that isn't all, we had these camps in the woods. Now they haven't any more camps. We used to have three, four or five camps. The men all stayed up in the camps instead of going to town like they do now. Matter of fact, there was no automobile roads for them to get out or in town. The only time they could go then was on Saturday nights, when we'd haul them in on the trains, then take them out again Sunday night. But those camps, there were

bunkhouses, what they called bunkhouses, depended on the size of the camp. Generally, they tried to keep them pretty even, have about one hundred fifty men to the camp. We would have three men to the bunkhouse, 12x20 building. And we had a cookhouse for each camp, of course. It would be about twenty feet wide and one hundred fifty feet in length.

I had the building of all those camps and moving them. Hardly would we get through with one logging operation, when we had to get ready for the camp ahead. Then it would be a job to pick up these cabins. We just moved them, put them on cars, and moved the cookhouse. And a lot of times the men would have to sleep right on the car in the cabins for two or three days until we got time to get them located. It wasn't an easy problem to put a camp right on the side hill, you know. It'd take us two or three days. Lots of times, though, I've seen men have breakfast in the camp in the morning - one hundred fifty men in this camp - and we would move that camp for a distance of two or three miles, and they would have supper in another camp that same night. They'd have breakfast in one camp in the morning and supper and everything moved by evening. In order to do that we'd have two cranes, one crane would be loading them on the cars, and the other crane would be loading them off. We'd have the foundation of these houses all built beforehand, and even the water piped in, the electric plant for power - we used the Kohler electric plant - we'd have all that hooked up. The first thing we would move would be the cookhouse. You see, all we had to do was set it right down on the foundation, connect up the water and be ready to go. At first in here we had just the ordinary outside toilet; now for a few years they have a regular battery of toilets. They used septic tanks; we move the whole thing on the railroad. The whole thing is moved, filing sheds and ax grinding sheds - you know, where the filers file the saws.

In those days it all used to be that they used the cross cut saws. And they had saws there anywhere from, well, the shortest generally was about seven foot, for falling their timber and also bucking their logs. And the longest, well the longest saw I ever saw was twenty-six feet. That was a long saw. Nowadays, of course, that's all changed with these chain saws.

The men were all mixed; I had almost any nationality in the country. I had Swedes, and Irish and Austrians, and Bulgarians and Germans; it was a general mixture. Back there in Minnesota, you know, we used to have mostly Swedes.

The last camp we had here was Camp 10. You understand, after the merger with the Little River Redwood Company, they started renumbering the camps from Camp 1. Up at Camp #20 before we came down here to Cornell in 1931, our last camp was 45. And the last camp they had here in the woods was 10, Camp 7, that was operated up here well above Trinidad, and down along Maple Creek. No, Camp 8 was along Maple Creek - and Camp 10 was up on the top of the hill at the place they call the Gap, on the other side of the Gap, an elevation of about eight hundred feet, something like that. It was up there. That was in 1944.

I was born in Ableman, Wisconsin, in 1879. When I was a young kid going to school, I worked for Billy O'Brien of Stillwater, Minnesota, up at Bemidji. I was driving chuck teams for him - the chuck team hauling the groceries from Bemidji out to the camps.

As I say, I was born in Wisconsin; my parents lived there till I was about nine years old, then they moved to Chicago and lived in Chi from 1888 to 1892, during the Columbian Exposition. Then my parents moved north, to Minnesota, to a place about fifteen miles north of Minneapolis. Father got hold of eighty acres of land there. Before he got hold of it, it was a maple sugar proposition. They used to tap the trees and get the maple sugar out.

When I was a young man I worked up in Bemidji in the woods. That was before I enlisted in the service. I used to work on the farm in the summer, and go up and work in the woods in the winters. Two different winters I worked up there. Then the Spanish American War came along and I enlisted in Company M of the 14th Minnesota. It was all a volunteer outfit; of course, we were all volunteers in those days. Then I went down south to Chickamauga Park and stayed there all summer, trained, never got across to Cuba. But in the fall of '98, in October, they sent us back to St. Paul. They didn't have any place to keep us and the weather was cold; so they sent us home, waiting to be discharged. And while this was taking place, this Leech Lake Indian trouble broke out.

They picked out ten men from each company, twelve companies to the regiment - that'd be one hundred twenty men from the 14th Minnesota, and three companies from the 3rd Infantry, which was stationed at Fort Snelling. We all went up on the same train. It came through Princeton about 5:30 in the morning, and we landed at Leech Lake that evening at Walker. Then we had to go across the lake, of course. White Earth was across the lake. We went across on the other side; it was mighty cold too, small boats, and barges and one thing and another, they rustled around there. There was about five hundred men all told. When we got to the other side to the White Earth Reservation, we had to jump overboard and wade ashore cause there was no landing place. While we were wading ashore, the Indians opened up on us; they were in behind those trees, pine trees you know. We had at that time, 30-40 calibre steel bullets. We started shooting through the trees. Wherever we could see a puff of smoke coming out, we'd shoot through these trees. Once in a while an Indian would drop. They got eight of our boys killed; there were sixteen wounded; Major Wilkeson of the 3rd Infantry was killed right there too. But anyway we drove the Indians off and everything was peaceable from there on.

I think the trouble was between the Indians and the lumber company. The lumber company didn't like up to their agreement. When they started cutting that timber, it was on the reservation, you see. They was going to clear all the brush and everything that they felled, they was to pay for, you see. And when they got through logging the stretch of timber in there, well, they didn't clear the brush, nor they didn't burn it, clear off the land. And they didn't pay them

for those logs that were rotten up there, that they broke off and like that they left on the ground. So that when the agent come up there the lumber company come up to settle there with their agent, they killed the agent and that's where the trouble started.

We stayed around there for a while, a very short time, and while we were there another funny thing happened. A young fellow by the name of Finnegan and myself were on guard. And we had heard that the Indians from the Mille Lac Lake Indian Reservation were coming up there to help the White Earth Reservation Indians. We were on guard way out on the road and saw a bunch of Indians coming in one of these old buggy affairs with about three seats in it. I told this fellow, Finnegan, I said, "Now, here comes a bunch of Indians, and my gosh! There's a bunch of them. What are we going to do?"

He was an Irishman, you know, full of the devil, witty, and he says, "Tell you what we'll do, Heitman," he says, "we'll ask them for a ride in to Walker, and when we get there, we'll arrest them." Which we did. We stopped them and come to find out they were some Indians and a missionary and they were going to church up there.

We were mustered out November 18, 1898. Then I reenlisted in the 4th Cavalry of the United States and went over to the Philippines. They transferred me from the 4th Cavalry to the Hospital Corps. This was in 1901. And after the bubonic plague broke out over there in the quartermaster's corral, they asked for volunteers. A young fellow by the name of Barrett from Montana and myself volunteered to take care of them. They had thirty-six cases of this bubonic plague. Well, they all died, of course. We lived through it.

Then I was over in the Boxer rebellion, took part in that. They sent the troops from the Philippines to this Boxer rebellion and then back. I went over there as an officer of the corporals in the Quartermasters Corps. That was the place, I guess, that the first bomb, the stink bomb that the Chinese threw off the wall at Peking, they threw it down at us fellows. Boy, believe me, it did smell some, too. It didn't hurt, of course, it didn't bother you; it was an early gas bomb. Then after coming back from the Philippines, why I was discharged in 1902, at Angel Island.

I went back to Minnesota, stayed there till the following spring, in 1903, and then I came out here to the Coast. I first hit the coast over in Marsfield, Oregon. I just drifted. Marsfield was isolated, too, at that time. It was hard to get in there. Took us three days to travel from Portland to Drayne, Oregon, by train - Southern Pacific. Then you took the stage over corduroy roads - that is, the horse-drawn stage. And from Drayne, Oregon, to Stockberg, Oregon, was thirty-six miles and it took us from 5:30 in the morning until 7:30 that night to travel the thirty-six miles. They changed horses, of course, in the meantime. Then we took a launch from there to Garver down the Umquaw River and stayed at Garver overnight. The next morning - that's the second day - they took us on another boat down to Winchester. From Winchester to Jarvis Landing we traveled

along the coast on a wide-wheeled wagon. The wheels were about twelve inches wide. That was on account of the sand. When the tide was out you traveled; when the tide was in you couldn't. Then from Jarvis over to Marshfield we took another launch. By boat, it would take from three to four days from Portland to Marshfield.

I went there to work and I worked for the Simpson Lumber Company. I worked there about twenty-six months. Of course, there were no paved streets there, dirt streets, not even any gravel or rock - mud, my gosh, it was knee-deep. Logging there was entirely different than it is here. There were no railroads at all. The log went through a series of dams - more like Minnesota. They sluiced them down the river to tidewater, and in the winter lots of times the freshets would take them down. The Coos River wasn't a very big river, but then it got awfully high at times. It entered Coos Bay. They had a lot of rafts made up down at the head of tidewater where the high water came too. They'd raft these logs into booms as they came down. I started in as a fireman; later on I got to run one of these little Dolbeer donkeys.

From there I went back to Portland in 1905, during the Lewis and Clark Centennial Fair, and then I went to work for the Pacific Coast Construction Company, and I worked for them for a few years. Then I went to work with the Touhy Brothers Construction Company, and from there I went to Wendling Booth Kelly Carriage Logging Outfit.

Of course, there were no railroads at Coos Bay - just all logging chutes. They would throw these logs in. They built these chutes right up the canyons, up the draws, and they had these small Dolbeer donkeys. They'd have to peel the logs and run them down the chutes, running chutes they called them, a mile-and-a-half to a mile-and-three-quarters in length. Then they put deadheads in the river and they would chute these logs into the deadheads. The reason they had the deadheads was to push the logs away as they came down the chute and they wouldn't break them up because they travel at a tremendous speed - they'd grease the chutes to make them slippery, and, of course, the logs were peeled.

They'd take seven or eight logs and put them at the head of the chute, and then they'd take a Dolbeer donkey stationed along side of the chute and they'd hook into a big log on the end. It would get the smaller logs started and the whole bunch would go down together at one time. Then they would drop into this dead-head sort of thing built beneath the water some ten or twelve feet. They would fill these deadheads up - they would hold from perhaps two to three hundred thousand up to a million feet of logs. Way up the river they had a big dam the Simpson people built, and they would sluice there. That dam was forty-two feet high and would back the water up three miles - they had an ideal location - and they would turn that loose and sluice all the logs out of these deadheads and into tidewater. It would move them down. Then of course during the spring of year or fall, during the rains - they have a lot more rain there than we do down here, I think it was one hundred ten inches a year - then you see, we didn't have to

sluice, the high water would take them down themselves. The main thing was to have a man down at the narrow end to catch them as they came in.

There were several logging outfits up this Coos River, and they all had a brand of their own - a good deal the same as back East, in Minnesota, with different outfits logging down the same river. (I remember that they used to drive them, they had a drive each spring back there and the Rum River ran right through my father's place. There used to be as high as seven or eight drives come down there one after another, and they'd all have their own brands on. The men lived right in the old wanigans.) Course we didn't use them down on the Coos River, but we still branded the logs the same way in order to be able to identify them. The mill itself, or the lumber company - whoever was buying the logs - these were mostly contractors, these men that logged the Coos River - some of them had their own small patches of timber, four or five hundred acres - something like that - and were logging them off. They would move from one place to another as they cut off the timber, but those logs were all put in the regular running chutes.

They also had the chutes like they used to use around here years ago. They had what they called the bull donkey. It was stationed down at the landing wherever they loaded them on the cars, and there the bull road might extend back up in the woods a mile, or a mile and a half. They would drag the logs in with these big bull donkeys and pull them into the landings. That was before my time here in Humboldt County. That's the way because the redwood wouldn't stand shooting down the chute and into the river. Even though they had a lot of water, like in these running chutes where they'd send down five or six logs at one time, they'd be bound to bunch up and hit each other more or less - you can't do that with redwoods, you know. They would build these chutes where it was real steep, depending on the terrain. Sometimes, down at the very bottom they would have a raise, so that they'd chute these logs uphill. Then they would fall flat on the water instead of nosing down into it and scoot across the pond out of the way of the other logs. I never built any of those logging chutes.

When I went to work for the Pacific Coast Construction Company and also the Touhy Brothers, I was just on mainline railroads. They were building no logging roads, that was mainline construction. While I was working for them I changed the line of the G. W. R. and N. R. R. on the Oregon side of the Columbia river. In 1912 I went to work for the Wendley people - that is, they're people at Wendley, Oregon - that's out from Eugene - and there I built railroads for them, logging railroads. We built a very good logging railroad up there. They were up-to-date, full-piled, and plenty sound. When I quit there in 1913, they had completed the road that they wanted to build. Then I went to work for the Hammond Company up in Oregon at Mill City. I started in there; they were going to do a lot of railroad construction so when I finished the road there for the Wendley people, all that they wanted built, well, I went over to Hammond and I've been with them ever since. That was in 1913. December 13 is an unlucky number but it's been pretty lucky for me.

Nice people to work for, the Hammond people. I've known all of them: A. B. Hammond, founder of the Company; his son, S. C. Hammond; Mr. McLeod, that's George McLeod, who is now chairman of the directors; Earl Birmingham, who is today president of the company. They're nice people.

I could sit here and tell you about railroad building up here in the woods. You didn't have the power in those days. You used to have to do things with a little old donkey, or a small double drum donkey, all steam in those days. Yes, you had water problems - to get water to these donkeys when you was away out in front clearing the right of way. Lots of time, I packed the water to them. In those days pipe wasn't so handy, and it wasn't so that you could get the water by gravity. Sometimes we had a pump. Well, that meant a lot of extra work installing a pump down into a hole. After your railroad is once built, well then that's all very simple for your loggers. After they get started logging, they run the regular pipelines out along the railroad track; I've seen it out here in the woods where we've had two and a half or three miles of pipeline following from some pumping station. But when you're out on construction, you can't very well do that. You just got to get your water the best way you can. Some places is handy enough where you have springs or creeks high up so that you can lead the water by gravity down to your donkey.

In 1927, we had a big fire up in the woods, and we lost one camp, Camp 34. It burned down completely. It was a one hundred twenty man camp. They lost the cook house, lost all the cabins, lost two hogs, burned up, that was in the hog-pen. Each one of these camps used to have a bunch of hogs. And we rebuilt those two after the fire had died down enough so we could get in there. We had a cook house that we cut up into sections. It was a cook house that had been built just in one piece in a section where we did once in a while build one of those just for a short time, you see. We cut this cook house up, moved it into this Camp 34, moved enough cabins for one hundred twenty men, and had the camp going again in three days' time. We worked there night and day.

This fire was set a purpose to burn. It was on the tenth of November and they figured that it was going to rain, you see. There was a man there by the name of Jim Poscic; they called him the Old Weather Prophet. He was an old timer with the company, passed on now. But he said it was going to rain that evening, so they set this fire and there was a heavy wind came up ahead of the fire. The camp was about two miles from where they set it, but it was built on a sidehill. The fire got beneath that camp there and the whole thing was just wiped out, inside of no time. At midnight that night it started to rain and believe me it certainly did rain.

You take this logging game, it's not a picnic. All the way through, it's a tough proposition. Course the men nowadays with this tractor logging and all that, they have it much easier than they used to have it in the early days, when they had to drag their rigging around, their chokers and blocks, and one thing and another. They didn't have the power they got nowadays.