

Movement was a prime form of play for youngsters in the early days. And bicycles, horses, sleds, and skates, and later on, motorcycles, Emmett Utt tells of a boy's adventures in the Princeton country. Then he describes his grownup work as a sawyer in the Potlatch mill.

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I. Index

EMMETT UTT

Princeton, Hatter Creek; b. 1903

sawyer in Potlatch mill; farmer

1.9 hours

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with Sam Schrager
October 19, 1973

II. Transcript

E U: ~~He~~: Maybe it had to warm up more.

SAM: Well, maybe as we talk, it'll warm up. (chuckles.)

E U: Well you got it all hooked up now?

SAM: Yeah.

E U: Oh boy. . .

SAM: Well, don't let it bother you. I just want to start talking about the old times.

E U: Yeah. I don't know, the oldtimers. There's so many of them that ain't here no more.

SAM: Yeah, it seems like there's a lot more that are gone than are still here.

E U: Oh you got the Tiparillos.

SAM: Yeah, I got the Tiparillos. ^(pause) I don't got a match though.

E U: Maybe I can come up with one.

SAM: I wanted ^{you} to tell me some more stories about when you were a kid. I wanted you to tell me about stories that happened to you when you were just a boy.

E U: Oh, I don't know, it's a heck of a lot different the way we used to live than they do nowadays. By gosh, you know we lived up there on the hill up there, oh about a mile and a half above here. Quite a hill up there. But gee whiz, y'know, if I wanted something in Potlatch, if I wanted to get a haircut when I was a kid, I'd just go for the heck of it. Strike off and I'd run half way to Princeton, take the railroad track and to Palouse or Potlatch. Walk back home and never think nothing about it. By gosh y'know it was good exercise. Now I've got grandkids over here, if you asked them to walk over to Princeton to get you something, oh boy. They'd have to have a V-8 engine to get over there and back. (chuckles) That's no fooling. They just won't walk. But we didn't think nothing about it, y'know. Just like, by gosh, a bunch of neighbor kids of mine that lived up here, they lived neighbor to us. They moved up to Elk River when they started building that town up. They decided to put a sawmill in there ~~and~~ they started building it up. Well I got me a new bicycle that spring, and so by gosh, I could hardly wait till the roads got dry enough

up there in the hills, y'know. It stays muddy up there. It used to be a jungle y'know all the way from the time you get out of Harvard a ways, why, by gosh, it was a jungle clear to Elk River. Oh, you'd come into a little town like Deary y'know. But then just on the outer edge of it you was right back in the jungle again. You wouldn't believe it to look at it now. From Bovill to Elk River it was just straight jungle all the way through there. Nobody lived there. I don't know, it must have been twenty miles or better through there, old roads. You wouldn't know it, but the old road used to stay up above the creek. You'd ride down a hill and then walk up the next one, and when you were just about wore out, you'd ride down another and up the other. I didn't take time, I was afraid I'd get caught up there in that jungle in the dark. I'd been through there before with my folks when they used to go up there fishing and stuff, y'know. They'd go to Elk River fishing, with four horses on the wagon and a camping outfit. Take a couple or three days to go to Elk River. I'd been through there before, but I didn't want to get caught in that jungle. So I stopped in Deary and bummed a lady for a glass of water, but I should of stopped and got me something to eat. By gosh, I was afraid if I did I'd be caught in the dark. I kept a-hikin along. Well I got out of Bovill a little ways, and an old Model-T Ford with about four guys in it, they passed me. And you know, clear from there to Neva Mountain, they didn't get very far ahead of me. I'd get on the bike and I'd go down that hill and run up the next and just for the heck of it, y'know. I'd get up the hill and I could still see the dust of that Ford ahead of me. But they lost me when they hit Neva Mountain there. Well I just about run out of speed, by gosh, I hadn't had anything to eat. I know there was a creek running down there, it was just running yellow. They was mining up there on the mountain above it there, and that creek was just runnin yellow. That

road run up along the creek there, just went on and on. Finally I seen the road make a turn and go across the bridge, and then it started up the mountain. You could see it from this side, where it started up that mountain, that's what they call Neva Mountain up there. And I thought, boy, I just got to have a drink. . . Did I tell you about that before?

SAM; I don't remember if we put it on tape or not.

E U: Anyway, I went down there and I had to hold my nose to drink. I got down to that old yellow water and I took a swig of it. Well it made me feel better, awful tasting water. But then I got on my bike and I wheeled it across the bridge, and before I started up the mountain there was a sign there that says, "Fresh water." It wasn't much further than from here to that television from where I drunk that old swampy water. So I took another swig. And I had to wheel the bicycle all the way up that mountain. I got pretty well halfway up the mountain or better, and started running across huckleberries. Well by gosh I just had to get something to eat. So I'd stop and eat huckleberries to beat the devil, and I'd go further up the mountain, ^{eat some more huckleberries. I} there was a bunch of ^{got to the top of the} cars parked there. They was out there huckleberrying. That's the first time I ever bummed anything in my life. I wasn't broke. But I asked a guy by gosh if he had any lunch left over. He was down at the car getting ready to go home. I asked him if he had any lunch left over. Well, he got his nose bag out, and a box, and he found a couple sandwiches. I offered to pay him for it. "No, heck," he says, "it's all right." He was amazed when he found out where I'd come from on my bicycle. So anyway, that was quite a shot in the arm when I got something in my stomach. Then after you get to the top of the mountain, it's pretty well down grade most of the way to Elk River there. I was free wheeling by gosh, after I got to the top of that mountain going down the other side. I really went. Well, I got into Elk River. I had lots of time, y'know, it was a long time in the summertime, a long time before

finally
mountain
and

dark yet. I guess I got in there around four o'clock or something like that. By gosh, that was a long ^{old} ride. I didn't make too bad a time. Just dirt roads--dust and dirt, y'know, no gravel all the way up. All dirt roads all the way. I don't know what time I left home that morning, but like I say, along about four o'clock that afternoon I rode into Elk River on my bicycle. It wasn't too bad a time, when you figure it's up and down hill. Nowadays 's all together different. Now you go up out of Bovill there and by gosh, it's just one grade, all the way up. Even Neva Mountain, they got that cut down now. They cut the whole top of it down by gosh to just a little grade now. I think a fella could ride a bike right over it. It's not steep like it used to be. Heck, it used to turn right up the mountain there and go right over the top of it, ^{o'k} the old road.

I don't know, kids won't do them things nowadays. Us kids, a bunch of us had bikes around here. Any Sunday, a bunch of us, four or five of us, six of us, would take off. "Well, where we going?" Well, go to Palouse, maybe Garfield, Moscow, Drive to Moscow and back in a day. We never thought nothing about it. Nowadays that's a long ways for a motorcycle, these kids. These kids that got motorcycles don't talk about riding to Moscow and back. That's a long ways. Those kids used to ride those old bikes, single-speeds. Didn't have that ten-speed bikes them days. Although one kid did have a three-speed. He lived up above here, he had a Chief, got it from Sears-Roebuck, I think. Sears-Roebuck Chief, three-speed Chief. Well, he got one of them and I had an old Ranger, single-speed. Out on this little hill out here--well it's cut down a lot now from what it was. It got ^a pretty steep bank upon the side up there, now they cut it down. It used to be you'd go up there a ways, and then all at once you'd just turn up over the hill, y'know. Well, he had his low gear, second gear and high gear. So we got into an argument like kids do. I was pretty stout in my legs them days. Anyway I told him I could out

pull him goin up that hill. So we got up there just where the hill turned up. I said, "All right, we'll start from here," peddle over that hill. You know, he couldn't do it. He was kind of a spindly-legged little devil, he wasn't too stout. But he had^a low gear on it, and he still couldn't cut the mustard. But he could out run me when he put that thing in high gear though. He could take off and leave me. Thirty-five miles an hour is about as fast as you could peddle with them old single speeds. I know dad over here, the road used to go across country instead of down where it does now. It used to turn right down here at the barn and go right across. I was up on that straightaway and my dad was in the car. I peddled fast as I could peddle and he drove along--thirty-five miles an hour was as fast as I could go. (chuckles)

SAM: That sounds pretty darn fast.

EU: By god, I was peddling right along. I was really pouring it on, thirty-five mile an hour according to the speedometer on that old car. I don't know how accurate that was.

SAM: Once you got a bicycle, did you pretty much use a bike instead of run?

E U: Oh yeah, yeah, it didn't make no difference. If I had to walk, I walked.

Usually I'd have a couple saddle horses all the time. In the wintertime I'd ride the saddle horses everywhere I went. Then in ~~the~~ summertime, we'd turn the horses out on the range, up there back in the back hills back here is what we used to call the range. It's pret'near all farm ground now. It used to be quite a ^{pretty} country back there, nobody lived back there. And we called it the range, where we turned the horses out. And probably wouldn't get the horses until the time that school started. Us kids used to drive a little old buggy, a ~~single~~ horse outfit. And then in the wintertime, when the snow came, why we'd take that body off the buggy, and put it on a little cutter. Just a cutter with runners on, y'know. You could set the body off of that onto

the cutter and have a one-horse sleigh again in the wintertime. Oh, I don't know. I wouldn't trade my life them days, even if it was kind of dull. To kids now days it'd be an awful dull life for kids nowadays. But damnit, we used to have fun.

SAM: Sounds like there was more excitement to me.

E U: Well, I don't know, it just makes ya awful disgusted to watch young people nowadays, the way they do. We used to have to do it, we didn't have no choice. No, there were no cars in the country. Oh, when I got about twelve, thirteen years old, cars started coming in. One old guy over here at Princeton, an old bachelor over there, he had the first car that hit the town, an old EM and F. Well, I don't know what EM and F stands for. They used to nickname it "Every Morning Fix'em." That's what they used to call em; "Every Morning Fix'em," and that's about what it amounted to. He'd work on it all week, by gosh, to take it out and drive it once, and then come back and work on it another week. (chuckles) EM and F. I never did know what that stood for, EM and F they ^{nick}named it "Every Mornin' Fix'em."

SAM: Was he a very good mechanic, this guy? He must have been the first mechanic in the country.

E U: Well, I suppose he had to be some half-assed mechanic. I don't know, they didn't have any garages around them days. So I guess he'd just haywire 'em up and go. So anyway, he had the first car, and there used to be a guy over here, Art Craig, run the livery barn. He had driving horses all the time. Well, he had workhorses y'know, to haul freight from Palouse to the railroad company up here. He'd haul freight up from Palouse, and then if you wanted to go to Palouse, you'd pay a price--you'd either drive your own horses, or a driver would take you. Oh boy, they used to have some horses. I know he had a little driving team, boy, they could just take off and make them old buggy tires

just sing, y'know. Gosh, sure had some good driving horses them days. But anyway, finally he got a Model-T Ford to haul passengers back and forth here. That was about the second car that come into the country, I think. Oh, people used to be crazy about cars y'know, people would drive miles y'know on horses just to see a car! No foolin. I know one of the first cars I ever saw by gosh was at Palouse. Some guy down there--I don't know whether he owned the car or was ~~d~~emonstrating it or what. I know the folks drove horses clear to Palouse by gosh just to see that darn car.

And by gosh clear back up in 1929 Dodge come out with the first six-cylinder car. They called it the Dodge Victory Six. And they've always been four cylinders before, y'know. Well, the Jews got ahold of the Dodge outfit and they come out with a Dodge Victory Six. Oh, they advertised it and advertised it, and they was going to have one in Spokane. I didn't go up, but you'd be surprised how many people drove clear to Spokane to see that new Dodge. And it was the biggest lemon ever put out. I know a friend of mine over at Moscow, Don Williams, he used to work at the Post Office over there. He bought one of em. Oh my, that was a lemon. It sure was. See, Dodge, when they had the old four cylinder Dodge Brothers, when they had it, why they put out them old four cylinder Dodes, and you just couldn't beat 'em. They wasn't too bad on the highway, on roads, and on mountains. If you couldn't get there with a Dodge, there was no use trying it with anything else, y'know. And then the Jews got ahold of the Dodge Brothers--they didn't call it Dodge Brothers any more, it was just Dodge. They kept the name of Dodge but they done away with the "Brothers." Well, the first thing they done, they put out "The Fastest Four in America," that was the next car after the old Dodge Brothers. "The Fastest Four in America." And it was still a four-cylider car yet. But they cheapened it down. The body wasn't too good on it, and it didn't last long. That was '28, and then in '29, they come out with that Victory Six. That

was the first six-cylinder car they come out with. That was a real lemon. Well, then Dodge kind of lost it's reputation till up in the thirties someplace. Chrysler took it over--Chrysler bought out by them Jews. Chrysler took it over, and then he started puttin out better cars then.

SAM: So the cars came in real slow. At first there was only one and then--

E U: In this neck of the woods.

SAM: Yeah, well that's what I'm thinking of.

E U: Yeah. Well you go up to about 1914, then every Tom, Dick and Harry pret-near had a car, y'know. Anybody that could afford one had a car.

SAM: When was the first car in here, this first guy?

E U: Well, I think it was about 1910, 1911 in there, that old guy that had that old EM and F. And I don't know, it was about 1913 I think when Art Craig got one. But then they got to mass producing the darn things, and oh, I don't know. I know my dad, his first car was a 1917 Velie.

SAM: You told me he traded six horses for down payment on his car.

E U: Ye-ah, he traded horses in.

SAM: Did most people go like that, trade horses for down payment? Was it rough to afford a car around here when they first started coming in?

E U: Well, people didn't have much money, y'know, much cash. I don't know, if you had horses or cows, why they'd take 'em for down payment. They could take 'em for the whole payment.

SAM: Everybody wanted 'em at once, it was just everybody thought it was a great thing.

E U: Yeah. Well, I don't know, it was funny, by gosh. When they first come out, I know there used to be an old man, Hawkins, over here that ran a hardware store here in Princeton. Fellow by the name of Lee Dugg had agency with Ford down at Palouse. So he come up and sold him a Model-T Ford, and oh, I don't

know, someplace along in the advertising, he was bragging^{on it} that he could turn it on a dime. Y'know, turn it around on a dime. So, that old road that used to run around to Onaway over there--he got over there and there was just a little wide place there on the road, where they cut the bank off. So he decided to turn back or something, instead of runnin out here and backing up. Well he just run over next to the bank and turned around- he went right over and upset her down over the bank. And he was going to sue Dugg 'cause he told him by gosh he could turn it on a dime. He said, "That spot was a lot bigger than a dime!" (chuckles) Comical things used to happen. . . Yeah. Old Fords, by gosh, you could have any color you wanted as long as it was black. They only put em out one color--black. They used to joke about em, "You can have any color you want as long as it's black." There used to be a dago down here at Princeton, old Dago Mike. He'd get a Ford pret'near every couple years. The first thing he'd could get it home, he'd paint her yellow. I don't know why, but he'd take and paint a brand new car, he'd take and paint her yellow. You could always tell old Dago Mike when you seen him comin by gosh in a yellow Ford. (chuckles) Yeah, you could always tell old Dago Mike.

SAM: How long did the livery stable stay with horses? When did they finally convert to cars?

E U: Oh, they went out as soon as they got to puttin trucks out. And they built the railroad up, well they done away with freightin from Palouse up. Yeah, the built the road up in. . .

SAM: The railroad was '06 or something like that.

E U: No, they built the mill down here in 1906. But they built the road from Palouse to Potlatch. And then after they got that far, well then later on they went on up the line with it. I think they run to Harvard next. Next thing they linked on to it was Harvard. When I was a pretty good-sized kid,

they was building on from Harvard on up the line. I know the folks drove up there on a picnic one day. They went up there to watch- they had the big steam shovel working ditcher. And had it on a flat car, y'know, and an old work train pushing it. Well they'd go up there in them cuts and that shovel would dig the damn thing out and then whirl around and dump the dirt back on them flat cars. Anyway, that's the way they dug them cuts up there. Well, we was up there watching them dig up there. You know where you go under that trestle?

SAM: Yeah.

E U: Just up there on the hill there. Almost the top of that hill, the other side, is where they was workin. We watched em. Big tunnels, -cuts is what they was diggin at. Boy, that was a big machine, my eyes was that big around watchin that big machine work, y'know.

SAM: I heard there was a lot of Italians and Europeans that worked on the railroad crews.

E U: Dagos, oh yeah. Lot of Italians. I know one time when I was a kid, we was living up there on the river up here. Little ways up, of it was about halfway to Harvard there, ^{we} was living there, right alongside the railroad tracks. And a dago got killed down there. The train co^me down, they didn't hear it till it was too late, and they tried to get their handcart off the track. Well there was four or five ^{of} em there, but when it got right down to the nittin-pickin, why all the rest of em got the heck out of the road. And those other guys thought it they could just give it one more heave, ^{he} could save his handcart. The train hit the handcart and killed ^{him}. So sometime after that a couple Italians, they come the old country over here, brothers I think. And they come to out house wantin to know all about the details of it, how he got killed and everything. I know we had a heck of a time trying to tell 'em because

because they couldn't talk good English.

SAM: Why'd they pick your house to find out?

E U: We lived right there close to where the accident happened. We was just on a little knoll there, and then it went through that tunnel below the house there. Oh about a couple hundred yards above, there's where the accident happened. ^{So I remember my Dad he went up and I went with him to show them where it happened} But anyway, we took 'em up ^{up there - I don't know what good it did to see where it happened} there and showed em where it happened. They seemed to be satisfied, went on about their business. But they come clear over here from Italy just to get the details of it. Oh yeah.

(End of Side A)

E U: Just wasn't a heck of a lot went on.

SAM: No.

E U: Kids had to make their own fun them days. Every kid didn't have two bits to go to a show with and there was no place to go to a show anyway. We just had to kind of make our fun. We'd do the darndest things. I know we all had saddle horses, and if we couldn't find nothing else to do, we'd go back up here where they always had cattle running back here on the range back there. We'd ride up there in the mountains. I know one time a whole bunch of us--we had a kid lived up here, he didn't have a saddle horse so he was riding double with me that day. We run across a bunch of cattle up there. Well, we'd lasso a cow or a calf, whatever we could get ahold of, and then somebody would have to ride it. And we all took a ride, we all took a ride; we'd get bucked off and everything else, but we all tried to ride, except that kid that was riding with me. When it come his turn, we had a steer or something lassoed out there, and he wouldn't ride. So, that made us about half mad, he turned chicken. So, by gosh, I told him, "Well, if you won't ride, you can either ride or you can walk home." He was way up here in the mountains, up here at the foot of

the mountains up here. So by gosh we all went together. So when we got ready to go, we all jumped on our horse and took off down the trail, and when we got down there oh maybe a quarter of a mile down that way, we pulled off to the side of the trail and set there and listened. And pretty quick we heard him coming, bawling like a baby! (Chuckles) So I give him a haul home. He sure thought we left him up there in the mountains all by himself. Yup, he wouldn't ride 'em come his turn. Us kids used to get into mischief that way. But that's the way we had to do it- to entertain ourselves. And there wasn't any bad boys among us. We all turned out all right. Yeah.

SAM: What about sleigh riding in the winter?

E U: Oh yeah, well that's the only way they had to get around in the winter, sleighs. Yeah, ~~tem~~ and horses. Yeah. Take an old ~~hack~~ by gosh and put it on a sleigh. Seemed like it didn't make no difference how many people they piled onto it, it didn't pull any harder empty or loaded, it would slide along. Yeah, we used to have a lot of fun.

SAM: Will you tell me the story about sleigh riding, about the time you were sledding, that you told me before? Remember the one about your narrow miss when you were sleigh riding under the fences and. . .

E U: Oh, oh, oh yeah. I told you about that, didn't I?

SAM: Yeah, but I want to get it down.

E U: Well, always before when I was a kid, there used to be neighbors back over there named Knoxes, back behind there, and you'd go up through the field, y'know. and then back through the woods and you come to their place. Well I was over there, and it come a big snowstorm, and three foot of snow on the ground--if there was an inch there was a good three foot of snow--and it crusted. So boy, I was gonna have a big time. Well always before I'd coast down there, y'know-- I'd start at the top of the hill, and you had to go down this way and around and then make a big turn, and then when I'd stop I'd be almost to our house.

Probably better than half a mile of sleighin there. So I come over this time, but what I'd forgot was that dad built a lane across the field down there. About two-thirds of the way down the hill, he built a lane over from the pasture over to the barnlot--two fences, one so far apart. Well, he built that that summer and I'd forgot about it. So when I come home, why I just went over in the field, and I jumped on my handsled and headed down over the hill ^{across the snow.} Boy, I was really flyin. But just before I got- oh I don't supposed it was very far, y'know, your eyes kind of get blurred, y'know, goin against the wind that fast in cold weather. Anyway, I seen the fence just before I got to it. Well it would of been bad enough if it had just been one fence, but there was two of them. Well I don't know, I couldn't stop, I didn't have time to roll off of the sled, I didn't have time to do nothing. I just pulled my head down and...nothing happened. Well, I knew I didn't get wrecked, so I must be through the fence. But oh, about a half a quarter of a mile down, there was another fence going in at another guy's place. Well, by jiminy, I was sure I must be under the fence so I raised my head up to see where I was, and I raised my head in time just to keep from running into that fence. So I made the turn and went back up. Well, I went back up there. I didn't even tear my coat or nothing, never got a scratch, never even tore my coat. And, I went up there and I could see just faint on top of that crust of snow where the sled had run. And I got back up and I laid down just as tight on that daggone sled as I could. And it was a three-wire fence, and I was going between the second and top wire. There was a top wire just so high above the snow. Well I laid on that sled just as tight as I could lay and tried to go slow under them wires and I'd hang up everytime. I just couldn't go under them wires, going slow and just layin flat as you could lay on a sled. I'd just hang up on that wire everytime I tried it. But I went though there coming down

there like a bat out of heck, and I went through both them fences just like that, and I never even tore my coat. Now how do you explain that? I guess I was going so fast I stretched out or something? (chuckles) That's the truth, by gosh. I went back up there and I was scared to death after I found out what I'd done, y'know. I could of got my head cut off. But anyway, I seen that fence and I just flattened on that sled, and nothing happened. So I figured, 'Well, I better get my head up and look and see where I am,' 'cause I didn't raise it up in time to catch a barbed-wire in my throat. So anyway, I'd went clear down on damn near half a quarter further, by gosh, till I was almost ready to hit a fence down there when I finally got up to look and see where I was at. Anyway, I went clear around the corner and stopped and nothing happened. And I went over there and I tried my best--I was wearing the same clothes--and I flattened myself on that sled the best I could do it, and I'd go down through there slow, and I'd hang up every time on that fence. They say miracles don't happen! The Lord's watching you some place. The Lord's a-watchin you. The Lord takes care of his kids, I guess. Anyway, I went through two fences--not just one, I went through two of em--and I never even tore my coat. Well the damn wire wasn't only about that high above the galldarn snow, y'know, crust of snow near that top wire. I didn't go over it-- I had to go under it.

SAM: Sounds like you ran around a lot when you were a kid. Did your parents. . . ?

E U: No, it's a wonder we ever lived over our foolishness we done. Riding buckin horses. None of us was saddle broncs. We had more guts than brains most of the time. (chuckles) I don't know.

SAM: What about ice skating? You told me a good ice skating story.

E U: Oh yeah, well, y'know, you've seen kids skate on ice. That all it amounted to. We used to go over and skate on the river. Oh, I think I told you about that one.

That ^{buck} tried to pull a fast one on another kid and I,

SAM: Yeah. that's the one I wanted you to tell me again.

E U: Oh, that's about the only thing, otherwise it was just ~~every~~

SAM: Tell me that one again though, I liked that one.

E U: Well, anyway, we was among the younger kids, y'know. So they always cooked up a plot about picking on somebody. So they took me and this kid down on the river, this guy did. We went way down the river and fooled around down there, and then we was skating back up. We had a big bonfire over here just above the bridge up there, that's where everybody gathered. Oh, there used to be thirty-five, forty people gather there at nights, skate nights, y'know, dark. Get away from the bonfire a little ways and it was plumb dark. Well I don't know, it was just intuition happened, I don't know, but anyway, we was coming back up. Well while we was gone, there was a bunch of guys took and chopped a big hole in the ice clear across the place where we would skate. Oh it must of been as wide as from here to that lounge over there, it was quite a jump. And I didn't know nothing about it. Of course they guy that took us down there, he knew what was going on. So we got in a race coming back--the ^{first} one to get back to the bonfire. Well, this kid, he was just about nip and tuck in speed between us. Sometimes I could beat him, some times he could beat me, but this time he had the lead on me a little bit. We was almost skating side by side. But the guy with us, before he got to that hole, he cut off, and let the kid and I go. Well, I don't know what happened. I couldn't see that. But something told me, and I give a jump. And I jumped clear over that hole and landed on my skates and went on. But the other kid, well he wasn't even looking, he was skating with his tongue out, wathing to see if I was gaining on him or not, and he skated right into that darn thing. And you couldn't see it, y'know, it was dark night, it wasn't daylight. I don't know what made me jump--

right at the last minute something hit me and I gave a big jump. I jumped clear across that hole, and landed on my skates. That other kid, I never could make him believe that I wasn't in on that. He never liked me after that. He always held it against me because he thought I was in on that to get him in. He said I wouldn't have jumped if I wasn't in on it. And I could never explain to him by gosh that that was a trap on me just the same as it was him. I don't know what give me the urge to jump when I did, but I did, and he went into it. So he always blamed me for that. And I don't think he ever forgot it. I tried to explain it, by gosh.

Oh I went down there, he was down at Pullman, and I don't know what--he was having trouble with his wife too, but he was working there in the beer parlor. A friend of mine told me where he was working, so I went up there and went in and set down there. He come up and wanted to know what I wanted. And I thought maybe he'd recognize me and he didn't. So finally I just up and told him ~~him~~ who I was. Oh, he says, "Oh yes, yes." And he went ahead wiping off the counter just like I wasn't there. So I got up and went on about my business. It's just one of those things you got no answer to. I don't know why he should feel that way. Hadn't seen him for years. He was the same one that was on the horse up there with me, and wouldn't ride them cows that time. Well, I chased around him a lot. I don't know. It just kind of gives ya a funny feeling. I went in there and I recognized him. He looked older and everything, I hadn't seen him for thirty years, I suppose. And I went in and I finally told him who I was, and he just acknowledged it and went on about his work. So I got up and walked out. I haven't seen him since. What would you do in a case like that? All you could do, I guess.

SAM: There's nothing you could do.

E U: I hated it like the devil, I don't know whether he still held a grudge against

me on account of that ice business or not. Well, he was always in competition. He was the one I told you about, he had a three speed bike. And I had the old single speed, and I outpulled him on that hill. There was always competition between him. It seemed like he never could have you get the best of him. He had to be better than I was or something. Always competition.

SAM: Was it just between you and him or was it with him and everybody?

E U: Well, I can't answer it for everybody else. I know it was between him and I that way. It sure seemed like he didn't ever want me ^{to} best him on anything. I know we had two horses riding. I had a brand new saddle, and he was riding bareback. So he wanted to ride my saddle a ways. So we was coming down off of the mountains up there. So I was riding bareback and letting him ride in my saddle, and we was always racing. So anyway, we come down off the hill, and we come down off this hill and went down, and there was a little hill here and then down and then up another hill. When we come down off this hill, he took off. Well, that little cayuse I was riding, whenever another horse took off, she was off too, y'know. Well, it went around into a race. Well, he was ahead of me, and he was looking back to see if I was gaining on him just as he went down this hill and up over this one. Well what we didn't know, there was a bunch of cows laying in the darn road just over this hump. There was ten or fifteen head of cows laying, y'know how cows lay in the dust, on a dusty road. Well, they ^{was} just all over the road there. Well, quick as I come ^{up} over the hill, I seen them cows. But we didn't have far from here to that road down there to go, y'know, till we was right among them. Well he was a whipping his horse and looking back to see if I was gaining on him over this hill, and that horse jumped right among them cows, and the cows all started a-gettin up about the same time. And so help me that horse went end over end! (chuckles) Just turned a complete somerset among them cows. And of course it landed on its back on my new saddle. And it throwed him off to ^{and he went}

the side of the road there, knocked him out. He finally come to. But I was n't supposed to tell his folks. He wasn't supposed to run that horse. (chuckles) So I told him I wouldn't tell them. But he was pretty badly shaken up. So we had to fool around quite a while then before we went home, so he could kind of get straightened up when he went home. He got his clothes dusted off. Well, it hurt me worst because he skinned up my saddle, the horn y'know, and the cantle back there. The horse just up ended on that saddle and scarred the leather off of the horn and tore the leather a little bit on the cantle back there. That hurt me worse than him getting hurt, my new saddle gettin skinned up. (chuckles) I don't know how he ever lived over that one. Man! He was just a-whippin his horse and looking back, and his tongue hangin out and he was just a-goin. Went over that hill and there was them cows layin^{all} over the road. Talk about a commotion! (chuckles) No sir, that horse turned a complete somerset. And ^{how} that kid among them cows and everything, he didn't get hurt worse than he did?

SAM: How about the story that you told me about riding a motorcycle up and down the tracks that time. That's another somersault story.

E U: Oh it wasn't on the tracks, it was on the main road going down into the sawmill here. I guess, that's the only one I can think of. When we was outrunnin the train?

SAM: Yeah, that's the one I mean.

E U: Oh yeah. Yeah, I told you about that.

SAM: Yeah, but I want you to tell me about that one again too. None of these we bothered to put down before.

E U: Well, anyway, we come out of the mill. This was noon hour, and we was both going up. My folks lived up in town at that time, down at Potlatch. We'd go home and eat dinner. Well, I was riding a motorcycle, and he'd been usually riding with

me all the time. We'd go up and come back to work, noon hour. So we got out there, and I was just about ready to crank the old motor up by gosh; and a train was coming backing down, switchin, it was gonna go right across the crossing where we had to go to get up town. Anyway he said, "Here comes the darn train, we're gonna be held up." I took a loo-k at it, and it was, oh, so far up the line above the crossing yet, coming down fairly slow but moving right along. I give the old motorcycle a kick over and I told him, "Jump on and we'll beat the damn thing." So anyway, I took off. It would do about seventy, seventy-five in second gear. I took off, and it was only about a quarter of a mile, I guess up the tracks. Well everything was going all right, I was outrunnin the train. But about a hundred yards before I got to the track, a damned old hound dog came out from under that walk--the board walk that used to be up there, you'd walk back and forth on it goin to work. He come out from under that walk and started to cross the road. Well there he was, just as big as daylight, y'know. But going that fast, you can't just turn a motor cycle too fast, y'know. And so he was kind of trot-trottin, and I thought, "Well, if he just keeps a-goin, I'll cut in behind him." Well about the time I thought that, he stopped. And of course with a motorcycle, if you look at anything, you'll run right into it. And of course I seen that dog stop, and I was lookin at the dog to see if he was gonna move or not. Boy, if you look at anything with a motorcycle, you run right into it. You go where you look. Well I hit that dog, oh boy! Well they claim the dog was laying out there about fifty feet away from the road where they found him. But that motorcycle went right up in the air just like it was goin into orbit. And I remember getting off of it. And then ^{the next thing} I remember I was down on the track. Well there was about five or six railroads across this crossing here, switchin^s on the tracks.

But for the crossing they had planks laying there. They was nailed down with big spikes. Well in dry weather them spikes would stick up about that high on them planks. Anyway, I was going ahead of that motorcycle, and I was on my butt just going around and around, and the motorcycle was behind me going around and around, and we ^{went} ~~went~~ clear across there. And right at the end of the depot is where we all come to a stop. Well, he was still straddling the motorcycle yet. Oh, he got his leg all chewed up pretty bad, he was crippled up quite a while. But I wasn't hurt or anything, I felt all right. I lifted the motorcycle off of him. And about that time a car stopped, was gonna take us to the hospital. They had a hospital in Potlatch then, a little hospital. So I helped him up, ^{we} got the motorcycle set up and off of him. And they stopped the car there and started loading us in. I got in the back seat, and by gosh, I didn't much more than hit the back seat till I passed out. Well, I didn't wake up till we got up to the hospital. My folks liked about a block above the hospital there. So they was getting him out of the car and getting him in the hospital. And they wanted to know by gosh, if I would go in and I said, "No, I'm goin home." All I done really, outside of shaking up, was just I sprung my wrist. Some way or other I got my wrist sprung. Otherwise I wasn't hurt a bit, I was just shaken up. Anyway, I went home, and my pants was half tore off of me. I got them changed and ate a little dinner. I kind of lost my appetite. (chuckles) And I went back down, I walked back down crosscountry to the mill. So they was all up there, I don't know, they had all stories goin around, by god, that both of us was killed, and one of us was killed and the other one--I don't know what the heck. But here I come walkin up the stairs in the sawmill, and that group turned around and looked, like they thought they seen a ghost coming! (chuckles) The boss, he wanted to know, "You come back to work?" And I says, "What in the devil would a man come down here for if he ain't gonna

go to work?" Oh boy.

SAM: This wasn't the same boy that all these other things happened with, was it?

E U: No, no, this was another guy. Orville Burgdun. No, he was an older man than I was, older than I was. No, that was the only time he got in a wreck with me. Once was enough for him, I don't think he ever rode with me any more. Once was enough. Oh, and then you hear tal-es y'know--I don't know, they had a tale, they were telling a boy about it, about my escapades on a motorcycle. Anyway the old Potlatch store--you don't remember it before it burnt down, do you?

SAM: No, I knew it was there but--

E U: Well, it was a regular department store, hardware, jewelry and merchandise of all kinds. Regu-lar department store. Anyway, they had big plate glass windows out in front next to the highway there. Anyway I heard the story, Frank told me, somebody told him by gosh how I went through them plate glass windows on a motorcycle. I've had my troubles, but I didn't have that. It wasn't me. Oh, they get exaggerated. Yeah.

SAM: They were saying it was you that did that.

E U: Yeah, yeah, they was telling him how I went through the Potlatch window with a motorcycle. Well, I never heard of anybody going through the window. Anyway, I don't know if my son ever believed me or not. Anyway, I denied that one. I told him, "No, that didn't happen."

SAM: You had other troubles though, besides?

E U: Oh, that was the worst one. I hit a car down there one time. I was going at night, going down into Potlatch, you know how you go down that hill, there?

Well you know about halfway down the hill there's a concrete wall goes up the street. ^{Goes up the other way there, there's a concretewall. Well, I was going down the hill and a car come up in front of me and turned up the street.} Well, I never thought about nothing but, y'know, it wasn't very far

from the road them days to that wall. Well I was going along there, and about that time I thought everything was clear, never thought about nothing, here come that car backing out on the highway. Backed right out in front of me!

And man, I slammed on the brake! And the car, he come out here in the street and turned up this way; well, first, if I'd a went straight ahead, I could have missed him. But I tried to turn to keep from hitting him, and he kept backing so anyway, I had the motor leaned over this way, and I was sliding, and I slid into the side of the car, and I broke my foot up a little bit. And that's about all the damage done to me. But it sure rimracked my bike. It twisted the frame on it, and it never did run right after that. You know, when you get the frame twisted, the wheels don't track. You go down the road straight and one wheel will run off, the back wheel would run off to one side a little bit. They just don't handle worth a hoot that way. So I was a little bit leary riding it, so I just quit riding it.

SAM: Emmett, tell me about your hell-raisin up at Harvard with the motorcycle.

E U: Ho, ho, ho. (chuckle) Boy, you never forget nothing.

SMM: No.

E U: Oh, another kid and I, there was two of us fellas got brand new Harley Davidsons, seventy-fours, the same year. We used to ride together a lot, raising heck. Oh we was up to Harvard. Like this was back in the hayseed country, and that was back a little further. A bunch of hayseeds up there. So we rode up there, and there was a little soft drink parlor up there, we went in and got us a pop. When we come back out there to the bikes, why there was a whole bunch of them hayseed around it, laughing and making fun of 'em and everything. And one big old guy that weighed about three hundred pounds there, "Well, " he says, "one thingⁱ about it--if you can't ride it where you want to go, you can pack it." I says, "Yeah?" So I just took my bike and laid it over on the side and I told him, "Now you set that back up on the wheels." Well, he didn't do it right. If you take it by the handlebars and the seat, and roll it ahead, it rolls up easy. But just try to lift it, y'know, the damn thing weighed over six hundred pounds. Well, he got ahold of the handlebars, and he was gonna lift it up on the wheels. The bike went ahead, and he was

all over the street, and the ~~pike~~ had him down half the time. Finally I told him, "Well, you give up?" I said, "How far do you think you want to pack that thing?" Anyway, they was ⁱgiving us a laugh a bunch of hayseeds up there. There was kind of a ballpark down there around toward the old depot, they used to use it for a ballpark. So we got a start and we went down to that ballpark and turned around, and we was coming back up. They all was scattered across the street. Jim and I was about half mad anyway about the way we thought they was horsing us. So I told Jim, "Let's scatter them ^abstards." So we cut loose, and them guys was standing there looking at us coming, and pretty quick they just fell apart, we went through. (chuckles) They just fell apart, by gosh, just like that. We went through there about fifty, sixty mile an hour-- it was only about that short a run we had. We went back home. (chuckles) No, I told him, "Let's scatter them bastards." So boy, we cut loose, both of them side by side, going up through there. We didn't slow down. Damn they waited till the last minute, and they just went like that. (laughs) Oh boy.

SAM: There was pretty good rivalry between Harvard and Princeton kids, huh?

E U: Oh yeah. Almost bad as Dogpatch is. Old McCoys--oh heck. You got that thing runnin'?

SAM: Y^aeh. It's just about giving out now.

E U: You can shut her off.

(End of Side B)

SAM: I want to know about that, about the rivalry between Princeton and Harvard.

E U: Oh, you really have to get somebody older than I am because I was just a kid when that was going on. I don't know. There used to be a rivalry between Potlatch and Palouse. They used to play ball games among themselves. A lot of rivalry both ways there. Then Princeton and Harvard--they used to play Harvard one Sunday, and then Harvard would come down here and play the next.

Oh, I don't know. Always some people in a bunch that has to raise the devil, have a fistfight or two, maybe, out of it. A couple women get into it and have a hair-pulling match is what an awful lot of it amounted to. There used to be one girl over here at Princeton and a married woman up at Harvard, they used to tangle, and of all the language you ever heard, they could roll it out! I learnt words there I never knew was in the book. Oh boy.

SAM: Would it be a ball game or something like that?

E U: Yeah, it'd be ball games, yeah. The woman lived at Harvard and then that girl down here. They used to have verbal contests. That's about all it amounted to though.

SAM: Well, did Princeton have the rivalry with Potlatch or was it just with Harvard?

E U: No, just with Harvard. Potlatch, Harvard, and Palouse used to have it. Yeah, they used to have their rivalries. But ^{that} all faded out after years. Same as Harvard and Princeton, they all grewed up.

SAM: Well, the Princeton kids, they stuck together and the Harvard kids would stick together, was that it?

E U: Oh yeah, it was more or less that way. Well, I married a Harvard girl so I guess it wasn't too bad. Yeah, she was raised up at Harvard. . . There's a bunch of my grandkids over there (pointing to pictures).

SAM: Would you tell me the story about playing hooky and going up to Harvard? I liked that one.

E U: Oh. Oh yeah. ^{I was a kid.} Somebody made a crack, "Let's play hooky and go up to Harvard." The train come through Princeton just about noon hour, y'know, goin up the line. And so he was all for it. So we grabbed our skates by gosh and went over there, and as the train was pulling out, why we took after it on the tail end to catch onto it. And by gosh, I caught on, and he just couldn't quite make it, ^{And by the time I found out he couldn't make it,} the train was going too fast and I was afraid to get off. So I rode down to Harvard all by myself. (chuckles) And I run across a bunch

of kids up there at Harvard that was downtown at noon hour. So they played hooky and we all went skating up there just above town a little ways at a pond. Well we got to playin hockey and one thing another, and by gosh time flew. Well, the three o'clock train is when it come back down again, y'know. And by gosh, we was out there skating, and somebody heard the whistle. The train was coming down grade up there at Yale. Man, I got those skates off. You know, after you're on skates for a while, you know how your feet feel funny, walking? Have you ever been on ^{ice} skates?

SAM: Yeah.

E U: Oh boy, I felt like I had clubs on my feet for legs. Anyway, I took off down the track and the train caught up with me, and I had to get off and wait till it went by, and then I took after it again. It went on down to the depot and stopped, and by gosh, I just run till I didn't think I could run any more. It just seemed like I couldn't get my wind. Well, I managed to make it just as the train started to pull out, I caught on the back of it and went back home. If I'd been ten steps behind, even as it pulled out, I couldn't have put on the speed enough--you know, I was just pooped. I just couldn't have put on the speed enough to have caught up with it. I just caught it. It seemed like if I'd a had to take two more steps, I couldn't have made it. Well, I'd of been up against it, walkin' about six miles down the track. (chuckles) But I just did make it. Got back down there and the teacher never missed me. (chuckles) This devil that was supposed to go with me, ^{he} was laughin. I said, "Well, does the teacher know?" He said, "They never even missed me." So I got by with that/slick as a whistle. (chuckles) Yeah, he was quite a kid, that Glen Thomas. . .Where'd Anna go, with your wife?

SAM: No, she's still here.

E U: She is?

SAM: Yeah.

E U: She must be outdoors or so^{me}thing.

SAM: Maybe. . .What'd ya think of school? Did you like school pretty well or was it sort of a nuisance to you?

E U: Oh, I don't know, some of it went fine. It's just like, by gosh, a little thing, a guy has a saying on television every morning. He has a new one every morning. The one yesterday was, "As long as we have final examinations in schools, we'll always have prayer." That's about the way school was with me. No I didn't mind school.

SAM: When I went to school, there was just supposed to be so much of it, y'know, you just never finished. You'd just keep going and going and going.

E U: And going and going. You never get through, huh?

SAM: Well, I am now, but it sure took a long time.

E U: Oh yeah. Where'd you go? Clear through college too, huh?

SAM: Yeah.

E U: Well, back in my days, very few of 'em ever went to college. People couldn't afford it. People couldn't afford it. They done well to raise their kids, without sending them to college. Keep three meals on the table a day, that was about all that was expected of parents them days.

SAM: Do you know how your parents came by this place, came by the place that they got here?

E U: Oh yeah. Yeah, they bought it in three different parcels. The first part they bought was up where I was raised up on the hill up there. That was a hundred and sixty acres. And he bought that from people by the name of Andersons, owned it before he got ahold of it. Then the guy that lived here, his name was Pete Ireland. And before him was the Tribbles, Hershiel Tribble and Eldon, that bunch. They lived here to start with. And then Ireland lived here, and my dad bought eighty acres back here off of this place. Then later, there was forty acres left again, and so when the old

folks about had it, why they had to sell this. So Dad bought this forty, ~~ad~~ that put the hundred and twenty together. That's the way he acquired this. Yeah, that's the way he come by it. He bought it in three different pieces. Well, the old fellow lived here, I don't know, his boy got sick and had pnuemonia, had consumption. And them days, they couldn't do much about it. So they spent money on him, and they just finally had to sell that eighty off of it to keep a-goin, and they later got down to where they had to sell this or they was gonna lose it. They had it mortgaged for all it was worth, and they were gonna lose it. So my dad got to take it off their hands. That's ~~te~~ way he come by this. Yeah. So I bought the whole works. And then I had a hundred and sixty acres over on the mountain over here, timber claim. The lady lost her husband over there and she was going to let that go back, so I went and investigated. I had to pay the back taxes on it, seemed like a hundred and some more dollars. And I picked up that claim, and I kept it, and I had it for ten years and I never did find out where it was. Went over looking for it and I coildn't never find it. Finally I deeded it to Frank, and after he got it, he w~~ent~~ and got, one of the head guys, scalers down at the mill, timber cruiser, and they went up and located it. And after he located, well I was up there several times and looked at it. I deeded to him. Then I bought another hundred and twenty acres up here. But he sold it now, that timber claim, he sold that. And then I bought a hundred and twenty acres from Potlatch, and I deeded ^{that to} him--that's where he got his house built now, on that one. So I got the hundred ^{and sixty} and the hundred and twenty left. And I'm gonna sell ~~the~~ hundred and sixty of that, soon as I get the logs off of it. And hundred and sixty up there, but I've got the timber already sold. They're suppose to log it this winter, and soon as that's logged off, why I'm gonna put that up for sale and get rid of it. I don't know what the hell to do with this, keep it I guess.

SAM: Sure, it's your home.

E U: Yeah, this is home. Yeah.

SAM: There are guys that were around here homesteading that really stood out, you know, these big characters to you? Were there guys that stood out as being real characters?

E U: Old homesteaders?

SAM: Yeah, of the homesteaders when you were a kid.

E U: Well, I'll tell you. There was a lot of oldtimers come in here and homesteaded, way early. And when I was a kid, I used to go up around up in the country, and there'd be abandoned cabin-s, y'know, that homesteaders that homesteaded and then pulled out and left. Used to be all kinds of cabins up here in the woods. Guys would go in there and take claims out and then prove up on them and then leave. Most of 'em sold out to Potlatch. When the mill come in here, most of 'em sold their claims out to Potlatch. Oh no, there used to be a lot of cabins. There used to be woodrats. You know what wood rats are? Old thumpers? Used to be a lot of them up there in the woods and they'd be in them cabins. And us kids used to ride from one cabin to another and chase wood rats--(chuckle) didn't have nothing else to do. Woodrats. . . I don't know. The real old homesteaders, I just don't know who was homesteaders and who wasn't. I think Butterfields and Cochranes up above, I believe they was all homesteaders.

SAM: I don't even mean, just homesteaders. I meant, you know, among the oldtimers, the guys that stood out as being characters. Guys that sort of had their own quaint ways of doing things.

E U: No, I think you're getting a little bit ahead of me there. I wasn't born quite quick enough for that. No, by the time I got to be a kid, big enough to- y'know, the Indians was all out of the country and everything had settled down. There wasn't too much excitement that I can remember.

SAM: When did you start working in the mill?

E U: 1919, is when I started a-workin down there. Right after World War I.

Yup, 1919.

SAM: What did they start you doing?

E U: Wages?

SAM: No, what was your work?

EU : Oh, I don't know. I think I started out, the first job was picking edgings.

You know, they edge the boards and stand back there on the rollers and pick the edgings off? I think that was my first job. Then I got up to help the edgerman, then I edged a little bit. Well, them carriages bouncing back up there at the front of the mill interested me, so I had my sights on them. So finally I got on the carriage, dogging, and then I went to setting, set ratchets. And then I wasn't happy yet till I got ahold of the main throttle on the carriage. I run that carriage by gosh, I finally wound up there. I started at the bottom and worked right up the line. Oh I didn't get a steady job of sawing, I sawed night shift you know; and then when they'd run days, why then the old sawyers sawed, I'd set ratchets. Then I'd saw night shift, and then at the last I had a steady job of sawing. I was getting--well I kind of c-ome to a crossroads. Either stay with that or I had a chance to take the farm over. Either that or stay and eat sawdust. And I just decided by gosh-- I know eight dollars a day was pretty good wages them days, y'know, and three dollars and forty was just regular work. But nevertheless, I made my choice and I quit. So then I started farming. I know a lot of people say I made a heck of a mistake, I should of stayed with the mill, but god darn it, I never seen no millionaires ever come out of that damn mill. I didn't get to be a millionaire farmin' either, but you're kind of workin' for yourself, and you don't have to have a boss lookin' down your neck all the time. When you get through doin' a day's work you can look back out and see what you done. Down at the sawmill, you just look at the log deck and it's full of logs, and you

work on that deck all day and you go back the next morning and it's still full of logs. I don't know, it just don't seem like you get anywhere. I suppose a fella should look at the boards going out instead of at the logs coming in, I don't know, but it is that way, y'know. You just go down there and you beat on logs all day, and when you get through at night the log deck is still full of logs. You go back the next morning and there they are, by gosh, just like you haven't done nothing. Couldn't see where you've been any place. The only thing, if ya didn't pull out enough lumber you'd hear about it. If you didn't do a good job, you'd hear about it. I don't know. It just seemed like old Tennessee Ernie used to sing that song--how in the heck did it go? "Another day's work--"

SAM: "Another day's older--"

E U: Another day's work, further in debt, workin for the company store."

SAM: Well, what kind of skill--what made a good sawyer? What kind of skill did you get workin there?

E U: Oh, you just learn from experiece. You start out--like this sawyer has got to go to the back house, why you take his place and saw for five or ten minutes everyday, y'know. And then pump out the rig, pump the water out of the steam lines before the mill starts in the morning. You just get at it, and then finally by gosh maybe you get pretty good, and maybe the sawyer will get a bellyache and have to stay home a day or two from work, and you get to saw a day or two. Then finally you get good enough, why they start up an extra shift, they'll give you the job of sawin'.

SAM: Well, what makes a good sawyer, you know, instead of a bad sawyer, as far as the technique?

E U: Oh, it's a combination. You've got to learn to grade lumber, y'know. They have a blackboard across the track from you up there, and they want so many thousand feet of five quarter number two common, select or whatever it is--

you've got to know when you come to that in the log, so that you can cut that order out. Of course now they don't really saw for grade any more, they mostly saw, by gosh, just to get chips. There's a chip mill down at Lewiston. They just waste lumber something fierce, they just don't make two-by-fours and two-by-sixes, and stuff like that. And then they haven't got the logs nowadays to really grade a log out like they used to. You used to get a big yellow pine or white pine log. Well, you take a tree, you know, there's always the limbs on the south side of the tree, and the other side is pretty well bare. You've seen that. It's a system of you're lost in the woods, and you don't know what direction to go, why you look at the tree and know where the heavy limbs are--the south side of the tree. That way, you know whether you're going north or south, it's kind of like a compass. Well when they saw 'em logs that come in the mill, why you got a log, by gosh, that around this part of the log here would be all knots. Well if you turn the log out, you can see, looking at the end of the log, maybe this part out here won't be a knot in it, in that part of the log, see. Well you turn that log so it's just against the blocks, and you start sawing the log here, and you saw in, and you saw way into that log, and you get absolutely clear lumber--no knots. But then that'd be all select lumber, the select of the select. And that sells for about maybe two hundred fifty dollars a thousand, where the rest of this log over here would be just box lumber and shop, just common lumber. Well, you get all the money off a log that first cut. And then you take and get the cheaper lumber on the rest of it. But if you don't know it--now you want to know a good sawyer, that's the way a good sawyer will do it. He'll turn that log so you get all that select lumber off. But like my sawyer, that I worked for, he'd turn the log there and turn it over, and maybe have this hump up here like this, and this down here would be knots. Well, he'd saw in here and part of the board would be select and this part

down here would be knots in it. As I say, about as near as I can tell you, a guy that knows how to get the cut out of a log.

SAM: Oh, his judgement?

E U: His judgement and knowing. You can take a look at the end of a log when you load it, just turn it so all the select part of the log is on the outside, and you saw that select off first thing before you ever turn the log. And of course then when you get into the small logs where there ain't much grading to do, you're just sawing boards, well then you've got to be fast. You can't mess around turning the logs and taking half hour to load a log. If you'd get good enough, you could run that darn carriage back and forth there and never stop it. Turn the logs on the fly and load 'em on the fly, and the rig never comes to a stop. You don't believe that, huh?

SAM: No, I believe you. But it sounds like you've got to be real good to do that.

E U: Well, it takes practice. Practice makes perfect. Oh no, I'm not braggin', but I got good enough to--like pumping the rig out. You have bumpers on both ends. Say the track is forty feet long, you've got them bumpers on each end of the track, y'know. You'd reach over, and they got them air cushions in 'em. But I got good enough one time, I could pump that rig out wide open. See, on the steam-feed, it ain't ^{like a} machanical, ^{is} you open up the steam up and the rig will go ^{what they call 'push feeding'} this way, but you can't wait till ^{it} gets to the other end before you pull it back. ^{And} ~~When~~ that rig is picking up speed, you got to pull it back and ^{then} the carriage will coast, and then it'll come back the other way. Then you've got to catch it before it gets to the other end and let it go against the cushion--it's running ^{on} the piston, what they c-all a shotgun feed; it's a big piston with a twelve-inch cylinder. But like the carriage is going this way, why you open the valve--you've got this valve back here open, and it's shoving the carriage this way. Well then when you get ready to come back, why you open this valve, and the steam will pour in this end and drive the piston back. And that's ^h the way she goes, just back and forth. But anyway,

you get it going wide open both ways, just swingin back and forth. Well before it gets to the other end, you're rig's going that way, but you reverse. Well, the rig will just go up there and click the bumpers and then when it goes down to the other end, she clicks the bumpers. I could just click, click, click, click, and never hit the--you've got about that much cushion, and then the bumper back there is solid, just a solid base. It was an air compression chamber back there. It had a little hole for the air to come out, so when the carriage hit it, it would cushion it, see. And I got so I could just pump that rig out wide open and just click them bumpers on each end every time. I don't know. Like turning your logs, well log deck's here and here you are, and the carriage run in front of you. Well, when you run out and kick the last two boards off, you come back wide open, you'd start these log loaders, you'd start the log a-rollin before the carriage got back there. The log would be rolling down the onto the carriage, but the rig would still be coming back. But you'd have it timed so when the rig got back there, all you had to do was hit it with a nigger, and never stop the rigs. Keep it going. And then turnin the logs, you had three blocks sitting there like this, going back and forth. Well, when you'd just come back wide open, to turn a log, you'd catch your log back, here's your nigger, and hook it in between these two, you'd hook it here as the carriage was going. That's what they call 'turnin' 'em on the fly.' And then if you was real good, why you could go back by gosh and hook a log here and then hit it here--that's what they call 'hookin' 'em in the tail.' But most of the guys, they run back- I know my sawyer, he'd never do that. We'd run clear back past these two blocks and hook it here and hit it. When you're going back, y'know, them blocks hang out there right in the road of your nigger. You've got to run the nigger up out of the hole, catch the log and get it back before those blocks hit it. See, if you didn't get the nigger back, this block would hit the nigger.

So you 've got your ^{three} logs there, and you've got these blocks going. Well, you're coming back there wide open ^{and} you hook the log here and drop the nigger back, and the log will turn over. ^{+ go back up to the blocks.} That makes a half turn.

SAM: Now what's the difference between hooking on the fly and hooking on

[Continued on next page]

the run?

EU: Well, that's the same thing. On the fly, that's what they call 'hookin the fly'.

But if you hook 'em between back blocks, see, these back blocks are about that far apart. Then the next blocks are probably ten feet apart. Just like these are way out here, these are ten feet here and this is only about three or four feet here. Well, they ain't got much room to work in there. The carriage is coming back there just like that over top of it, you know, you catch it right here and then push it up between these two blocks and the rig's going this way all the time you're doing it. It never stops. Yeah.

SS: The mangagement was pretty tight about what they wanted accomplished. They wanted a lot of work turned out.

EU: Oh yeah. I don't care how fast, how much lumber you sawed, they was always hollerin for more and more and more. You never could please 'em. No. They wanted the last ounce.

SS: Who gave the orders? Was there a foreman?

EU: Yeah, there was a foreman. And you know, you had to please the foreman, by gosh, by gettin' 'em cut out, but you had to please the lumber graders and check scalers and everybody on down the line. If something was wrong, why you'd hear about it, clear down the line. Clear down here til the lumber was loaded on the boxcar ready to ship out. Everything that went wrong was the sawyer's fault. That's they way it is.

SS: So you're telling me that you had to take some gaff, I mean, you've got people complaining about this and that to you?

EU: Oh yeah, yeah, you'd have to take so much of it. Yeah. Maybe it wasn't your fault, maybe it was there was four sawyers in the mill, had four carriages. Well, one guy could lallygag and the other guys go like heck. But that guy lallygagging, if he was a friend of the boss or somehting, he'd get away with it. Why, then the whole bunch of sawyers would get blamed because the cut was down. Oh boy. Yeah, one guy go in there and lallygag, by gosh, and hardly do nothing. Yet the other three carriages would be batting away doing the best they could, but still that one guy's brining the cut down. Most sawyers though, now a days, work

for a day's pay. Yah, most of 'em. That old sawyer I used to work for, (chuckles) by gosh, you know, he'd lallygag along and get a big log and he'd just feed it like he was going to break that saw. And if you was settin' ratchets for him, you know, you would sit there on a seat by gosh, and probably you'd go half asleep waiting for him to get a board off. And anyway, he just about took the rig out from under me one time, by gosh, I didn't seem them. The superintendent come down to the mill and by gosh, he looked back and seen the superintendent com there just as he went out to cut. By gosh, he just whipped that rig wide open right quick and damn near lost me off the carriage, I wasn't expecting it! (laughs). He probably seen that superintendent standing there. Boy, I used to hate to see them guys come around because he really couldn't saw fast. He'd just rip that rig around something fierce when them guys were around. He' just jerk you around. And really you don't have to go fast to jerk a rig around. Just like rockin' a cradle, you can still go fast, you know, like I say, you just go out there and just move it right back and this way and turn the log and everything and all. But this guy, he'd run back there and he'd jerk the rig around and get the log turned, you know. Well, you was sitting on that seat on the carriage and you was just going like this. Used to wear you out. Well, you couldn't feed a saw steady, you used to have to keep what they call pump. Make it go like this, and just keep apumping through the damn cut.

SS: You mean it would be like a car that's missing bad.

EU: Yeah, like it kind of pumping through. Well, anyway, by gosh, you know, if you do it smooth, why there's just nothing to it. You just let the rig go that way and you just pull the lever over there and you keep afeeding it through and when you get ready to come back, well then you come back. And the same way. Well, you keep it just going like this you know, pumping.

SS: Well, how did the man get by?

EU: That's something I never found out. He couldn't saw himself out of a backhouse.

SS: Out of a boxhouse?

EU: Out of a backhouse.

SS: Out of a backhouse.

EU: He couldn't saw his way out of a back house. By gosh, he got by for years sawin' down there. Anyway, he finally got retired and there was a little sawmill up here at Bovill and they needed a wawyer right bad so somebody told 'em about Welough, come down and get him. Well, he never saw Kick, Dick was on that rig and like I say, I don't know how he got by. But he went up to that mill up there and sawed. And he didn't last long, just a little bit. The boss up there took a look at him about twice the way he sawed and, and he come down, the boss come down and wanted me to go up. That was after I quit. Of course, I started farming. And he wanted me to go up and saw and I said, "No, I just can't be two places at once. I need all my time down here now." I wouldn't have minded trying it just for the heck of it up there but like I say, you can't farm, by gosh, and sawmill both.

SS: What did setting ratchets amount to when you were sitting on the carriage setting ratchets. What did you have to do?

EU: Well, you're doing all the making the lumber. You see, you've got the blocks, those three blocks, that the log lays against and if you want to make an eight inch cant, you know, the first place, you go back and get a log and size the log up and pull the blocks back to about the size and then the sawyer will call you for a half inch in order to take the slab off, see. Well, then he'll tell you 8-0 inch. Well, you turn the log over and then you come out with eight and a quarter, that's the width of the log, thickness of the log. Cant, I can be twelve inches or six inches or four inches. But that's a one by twelve and one by six and one by eights, you know, one by fours. And if you want two by fours, why when you're sawing the log up, the setter has to set them like you've got a $\frac{1}{8}$ log so thick here, you're cutting beards off of it. Well, your saw takes out an eighth of an inch and you've got to figure out, you've got what they call the board rule. Maybe you've got thirty inches out of here but you turned it over to the last cut all...

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EU: And then he'll tell you what size capper, if he wants a five quarter, six quarter two inch, maybe three inch, whatever he wants, well you've got a ratchet bar there

you can put down. It's what they call a Johnson bar, you put it down what you want. You can cut off four inches, three inches, three and a half, whatever it is, you've got your notches there. You put it down there and then all you've got to do is pull the lever back and that much goes out. Steam, well, it's steam and air set.

SS: So you're supposed to figure it out so you don't get waste on that log?

EU: We, the setters got a more scientific job than the darn sawyer has, really. Yeah it's up to him. If the board lumber comes out thin, why it's your fault. You know and you've got all them combinations you got to keep 'em in the back of your head. I couldn't keep nothing back there now. I used to be able to keep different combinations. Bou oh, like you know, you've got a log and you sake the slab off, the face off of it and he motions, he wants twelve and a half, by gosh, by two five quarters. Well, you know, you've got to saw cut coming out, you've got to know just so you can take them two five quarters off when he calls for 'em. You know, hold up, that's five quarters, inch and a quarter. And you hold that up while you take them two off and still you've got to be on the track til you can take two more boards off and still come out twelve and a half inches. See what I mean? Otherwise you might make somebody mad if ya come out there with a half inch, by gosh, off and you have to motion to the sawyer "I've got to sahve the son of a gun." and take off a half inch slab off of there. And that half inch goes out through the mill so everybody can see that you goofed. (laughs) So, you don't make many mistakes twice. Oh, I know one time, I ain't braggin' about it, but I was the only setter down there, by gosh. They got an order from Jap. Japan wanted a what they call Japanese squares. I think they was three and five eighths by two, two and a half or something. I forget. But the way you do it, now that was really something to figure out. You get a big log and they'd motion for all jap squares, you know. Whatever it was, if you was makin' much this way, three and a half, three and five eighths and then the other way, two and a half I think it was. Well, then when they got the log all aquared up, you start making 'em. Well, say you had it laid down, so you had to set three and five eighths and

you still had to allow for an eighth of an inch for the saw cut on each one of 'em but you'd have to have it figured out here clear across this log. Well you set up your three and then they'd saw that and not saw it clear off,, you know. Leave it hang about so much on the tail end. And then they'd pull that back and you'd set up about that much more and they'd saw it off and let that hang and you'd have a whole bunch of 'em out here, hanging. Well, when you got down here to a block, that had to be just exactly two and five eighths right there. And by gosh, they really were watchin' 'em awful close because the Japs are pretty particular people. You don't make too many mistakes with them. So, anyway, I had to come back and you turn that whole bunch over very gently with the nigger. Then you start taking two and a half like inches off the other way and everytime you cut off, why there'd be a whole bunch of them jap aquares going down the line and the next time you cut off a bunch, there'd be another one right behind 'em. Just whole bunch of them little squares. And so by gosh, you know, that really took some hot sweatin'. It'd depend on the different sized logs you know, there's no two logs the same size. You'd have to figure out. I don't know, I fell heir to that job, by gosh, every time they'd get a log to make jap aquares, they'd throw it over on our rig and I had to set 'em. And they didn't pay ya nothin' extra for it either.

SS: What did they use those cuttings for, did you ever know?

EU: I think they used 'em for ramrods for guns that they was going to shoot back at us. I don't know what the devil they used 'em for. (laughs) I don't know what the devil they used 'em for. They just had them orders. So many thousand of them damn jap aquares they wanted to ship over to Japan. I never did know what they used 'em for, but they had to be precise. Daggone guy on the green chain down there, up on the planer, by gosh, they'd put the rule, measure on every damn one of 'em.

SS: What is green chain?

EU: Green chain?

SS: Yeah.

EU: Well, that's where the lumber goes out of the sawmill. It goes through the edgers and takes the edges off the boards. And they're ripped or whatever they want, you

you know, they take a one by twelve come down and they want to rip it and make one by sixes, well they can rip good at that edger. Then ^hey go down and drop on the trimmer table. And when you saw logs out in the woods, you make 'em a little onger like a sixteen foot log, will be probably sixteen and three inches. And then if they've got a bad butt on 'em or something you know, when they go through the trimmers, weel then the saws come up and they cut them ends off. They just leave a sixteen foot board. But they cut them darn spoiled ends off of 'em. And then they go from trimmer on down into the green chain. And it's a big long chain out the mill ^here that, oh, they've got a bunch of lumber piles and that's where the two by fours go in one pile and one by sixes on another pile and one by twelves on another pile. And they had a whole bunch of guys on both sides of the green chain pulling lumber off on different piles. And that's what they call the green chain. That's the green lumber that goes down there you see and then it's loaded there and taken over to the dry kilns., put it through the dry kilns and dried out. Well, after it goes through the dry kilns, then they send it to the planer, to be planed and whatever machine work they've got to do on it over there. Make flooring or ceiling or siding or whatever they do that's done over at the planer. Yeah. It's quite an operation. Then it goes from the planer to the boxcars. Ship it. Oh yeah, them planers are quite a machine. They can set them up to make any tongue and groove or ship lap you know. By gosh they get her set up and make everything just right and they get back and vrrrrr! vrrrrr! vrrrrr! Those boards would go through there, just one right behind another. Every one of 'em exactly alike, whether they make them ship lap or tongue in groove. Yeah, once they get all the heads fixed up on it so they just measure out just right. Then nail her up and turn the juice on her and away they go. Them board just zing! zing! zing! They come out of that damn thing like shotguns. Did you ever see a big planer yet?

SS: No. I can imagine what it would be like though.

EU: They're noisy. Oh boy, them saws. Them old guys, their heads! Sure noisy. Yeah, if I was gonna work around one of them damn highspeed machines I'd want some ear-plugs.

SS: Did the fellas that worked in the mill stick together pretty much, did they have much to say to each other or was it a pretty close workin' bunch?

EU: Oh I don't know. Yeah, they palled up pretty good. Well, they was just any group of men. Some men, nobody wants anything to do with 'em and other men, by gosh, everybody wants to kiss him everytime he takes his pants down. I don't know, it's just general human nature. Yeah. They're just as human I guess as any other labor force.

SS: How do you think that the guys felt about the management?

EU: Management?

SS: Yeah. Was the feeling of management pretty hostile or pretty...

EU: Oh the management was all right .I don't know. Course, you get better superintendents than the other one but it isn't the management that raises heck, it's the daggone two bit bosses, straw bosses. You know, you give a guy a little authority and he's got to, you know how they push their weight around. And they're the ones that cause trouble. It's the bosses, not the management. No, if you've got any grievance to take to the management, you can usually get an ear to listen to your sad story anyway, but it's the bosses that raise the devil around the plant, not the management so much.

SS: When you say bosses, you mean like the foreman and guys like that?

EU: Yeah, the foreman and the strawbosses. Lot of guys just can't stand a little you know, authority and they start pushing their weight around. And then they're the ones that, you know, they've got their pets. People they like working under them. And the ones they pick on and the ones they don't. You know how it is. It's the damn bosses that cause all the friction around the plant. I think it works that way whether it's in the sawmill or mine or it don't make a difference where it is. Just a lot of people want to say 'the management,' the management have their faults. It wasn't the men, when they started the mill down here, when they first built it, it started out twelve hours a day. It wasn't the men that asked for that, it was the management that told 'em what to do. And they didn't have no unions or nothing, it was just 'either take it, or get the heck a going'. So that stuff like that wzs management. But otherwise, why you get a group of men

together, why,...

SS: Did you used to get yourself in hot water at all? Seems like you've got some pretty strong ideas about things. I just wondered if you ever got in some trouble for being outspoken.

EU: Oh yeah. Yeah, but that's a long story. I don't think I'll put it on tape.(laughs)
Well, I won out. Yeah, it come to a case where by gosh, I was mixing up with the management, over the boss. And I took my troubles to the management and it come down to where one of us was going to be fired, either the boss or me. I told 'em that was all right with me, you just get to the bottom of it. They said okay. It wound up by jingle with the boss getting his walking papers.

SS: Well you know, I wouldn't want you to use names but what was the matter, I mean, what was he doing wrong?

EU: Oh it all started out with that boss's son. He had a son down there. And he got trying to push me around and force me to quit so his son could get my job, see? And I just decided, by gosh, he wasn't going to do it. So I fought back. And it got to the point where I went to the management. That's about all there is to it. The management said, well, he was going to get to the bottom of the racket and find out what was the matter and I told him, it was fine with me, as long as you by gosh, don't go down and talk to the boss and get his idea and then come back and can me. I says, "If I turn out wrong, Okay." By gosh, if he's wrong, by gosh, that's what I want you to find out." So he said he would. Well, everything went along all right. So I was up there one day and he called me up to the office, up to the main office. I thought, wee, this is it. Old Em's going down the line. Well, the way things was going I didn't care too much. So ^{he} said, "Well, I fuggured out who's at fault." He said, Swappard was the boss's name. He said, "He's at fault and I'm going to have to get rid of him." "Well, I'm sorry" I says, "that anybody has got to lose their job over it, but I told my story of it," and I said, "by gosh, I didn't think I'd been done right by neither." So anyway, it went on quite a while. I didn't think anything was going to happen. So one day that whistle blew and I'd seen the manager up in the mill talking to the boss. But then he went down before the whistle blew, went downstairs and went out of sight. So when we got ready to go out of the mill there, the old boss was sitting there with tears running down

his cheeks. And I kind of took a gander at him, I kind of guessed what happened. Sure enough, he got his walking papers. Well, it was his fault. He just kept riding me all the time. There wasn't nothing wrong with my work. It was just that kid of his. I was holding his kid bac. He thought if he could get rid of me, why that kid could get my job and everything would be happy. Hey Anna!

SS: Anna.

EU: Oh, I was going to go after some matches. They're on the corner of the table just as you go through the door.

SS: Have you got some matches, Anna?

EU: What's the matter with her?

SS: She doesn't like the matches.

EU: She doesn't like matches.

SS: She doesn't like these matches.

EU: Oh, oh.

AU: Because you haveto turn 'em over, you know. You have to turn 'em over to strike 'em and all that.

EU: Where'd Brent and Jeannette finally go?

AU: They went home. See, he's got to eat and be ready to go to work. But he gets off at four in the morning instead of four thirty.

EU: Four.

AU: By the time he gets home, it's four thirty. And tha's what she was meaning.

EU: Oh. Well what's he been doing all this time? I haven't seen nothin' of him.

AU: Well, you know that was his first week on that shift. It was his first week and you know how he aslways was restin'. Changing shifts and then trying to get his sleeping schedule changed back.

EU: Yeah. I told him we've been saving papers for him but if they wasn't gonna stop and get 'em.

AU: And he's having trouble now with that wood, the boards up there in the planer. You know, he gets a rash from the lumber. You know, like they used to in Potlatch.

EU: Oh, a rash, huh?

AU: Uh-huh. I don't what to call it. Wood rash or something.

EU: Yeah, that sawdust.

AU: And she's got next week and then she's through with all her parties.

EU: Yeah, that'd be something.

AU: Next birthday party or something.

EU: What's she going to go into next? Go plum nuts entirely?

AU: No, she says that she's gonna get busy and sew awhile and stuff like that.

EU: Two Bits raisin' heck in there?

AU: No, no. I turned the coffee pot on.

EU: Oh, that's what is pumping away, huh? I couldn't¹ imagine.

AU: I didn't know if you guys wanted any though, but I turned it on to warm it up.

EU: Oh Anna, go over and sit down, the tape's running here.

AU: Oh, is it running?

EU: You probably can't think of anything but just start giving me heck like you do,
take it down on tape.(laughs)

SS: Yeah, give it to him, Anna. I'd like to hear it.(laughs)

AU: Well, I didn't know that. I've got my own tape.

EU: You have? Where'd you take a tape at?

AU: But I couldn't think of anything to say. She asked me about my grandparents,
you know, in Spangle. And there's lots of interesting things you know you can
think of, not at the time you want to. I couldn't think of them then. She told
me to write down some things if I wanted to and then I would know what I wanted to
say.

SS: Laura said that she wished that she didn't have to go, because she wished that she
would have been able to talk to you more this morning. Because she thought that as
the two of you talked, you were really warming up to talking about it, both of
you were. So she said that she felt badly about leaving.

AU: Long, long, long years ago, I don't know how many hundred, my grandfather there
from Philadelphia, Dutch, Pennsylvania Dutch, anyway, he went back and he brought
out two big bells. You know, those great big old bells, one for the church and
one for the school. And he brought 'em back to Spangle and last time I heard, they
were still there.

SS: Still there. That's nice.

AU: My grandpa, though, I think he was just a big, he used to go up town and bring all the who^ef, bums, kids or whatnot down to the hotel.

EU: See, her grandpa was running a hotel there in Spangle.

AU: And he told grandma to fill 'em up.

EU: Well, what he done, he had eighty acres down in Spangle there, and some guy when he was f^eightin'. Anyway, he traded that eighty acres.

AU: No, that was on that other place. On those Paho Flats or what is the name of those flats? I've got it written down. Anyway, he had the farm out there.

That was all part of Spangle. Well, two or three kids got sick and died and they were buried over there. Well, then it was too hard for 'em to stay so he turned that land over to a friend of his, and he'd take care of the graves of the kids.

EU: Oh, but that ain't it, it was just the other side of Spangle. Some guy, a friend of his, come through there and anyway, he come up the river and had flour, he traded that eighty acres for so many sacks of flour.

AU: Yeah, but he got it cheap, you know. Spangle wasn't anything til he got there.

EU: All you had to do was aquat and sit down on a stump and sit there fifteen minutes and it was yours. Or something like that. Anyway, he got it cheap and he sold it cheap. Something like three sacks of flour or something.

AU: But they had to haul their stuff from walla Walla. There was no town in Spokane or anyplace to go through. They had to haul it by wagon.

eu; Not a railroad or nothing.

AU; ...from Walla walla when my grandparents first landed in Spangle. There was an old bachelor there, no, he wasn't an old bachelor. There was a family that lived there by the name of Spangle and that's where the town got it's name. But the house I was born in is till out there. It was two or three years ago.

EU: Spangle was named after a guy that lived there, Spangle, huh? About like Bovill up here.

AU: My grandfather was the second man there. And he was a carpenter so he built houses when anyone wanted 'em. But it was easier for him to give and grandma to work than, you know, it shouldn't have been that way.

EU: (laughs) He showed who was boss anyway.

AU: Oh, he'd swell up to say, he could bring somebody in and say, "Fill him up."

SS: He's pretty big hearted.

EU: Yeah. Well, like Deary up here. It was named after an old Potlatch manager down here. Old Bill Deary. And Bovill was named after an old, well a homesteader, he might not have been old. They built them a cabin there and so when they built the town, they named it Bovill after him.

AU: And now only my people that are left at Spangle are the ones in the cemetery and that's pretty full of 'em on both sides of the house. There's no one living there. anymore I don't think.

EU: Old timers down there, I guess I told you, I knew an oldtimer down there that died who was 93 years old that died down at Cottonwood. His granddad moved in there and his dad and still the kids and grankids all live around Cottonwood except one sister I think, lives in Clarkston. I think that was the way I read it wasn't it?

AU: I didn't hear you.

EU: I say about old fellow down at Cottonwood.

AU: Oh yeah.

EU: 93 year old guy. His granddad moved in there and then he come in with his dad and the whole family, grankids and everything is all around Cottonwood yet, except one sister I think that lives in Clarkston. Well, if you'd talked to him about ten years ago, you could of really got some oldtime stuff...

AU: If kids could just be interested in what their folks have to say, but they don't you know.

EU: No.

AU: My dad used to tell stories about when he was in Canada you know, and different things. I just couldn't remember 'em at all.

EU: Well, of course the, everything, kids. The kids didn't have nothing to do them days. They'd sit around pop-eyed and listen. Now days they get out and they know more than you do so it's hard to tell anybody anything that knows more than you do. They just think we got out here on horseback and they really think 'cause we

automobile. That's right!

SS: Did you used to listen to what your parents said?

EU: Oh boy, you bet ya. You bet ya. We knew who was boss.

AU: Emmett, is that really being taped?

SS: Yeah.

AU: Well, you're saying some awful workds in there.

EU: Well, forget about that.

SS: No, he's not saying, what's he saying? I didn't notice anything bad.

EU: You better turn that off.

SS: Well, it's just about over anyway, come on, tell the story.

EU: I could be arrested for that yet.

SS: No! (laughs) What happened?

EU: Well anyway, we was both going across the Clarkston bridge, going to Lewiston from Clarkston there. And there was a motorcycle cop sitting down there right below the highway kind of, just off down there, and we could see him down there. But he had a sidecar. He had a bike just like ours but he had a sidecar on it. So we went by and oh, he give us a dirty look you know, and we went up to Clarkston aways and turned around and come back and he was still there. We went back across the bridge and he looked at us just like he was just daring us to do something. So we got back on the Lewiston side and stopped and had a little parley what to do about him. We knew he couldn't catch us pulling that sidecar. So anyway, at that time, you had to have a license plate on the back of the mortor-cycle, not on the front. So we both had caps on, so we tied our caps over our license plates so he couldn't get our number. And then when we went across that bridge the next time, boy we just made the old bridge rattle. We just went by there just heck bent for action and we took off down the street. Well we happened to land on a road that goes down to Asotin, and wound up on that road. So we just tore the barrel out of there and got down three or four miles. So we thought maybe he didn't follow us at all so we slowed down and looked back and pretty quick, here he come. By gosh, just floggin' that old sidecar outfit. So we took off again then and of course when you solo and we could, he could only do about

sixty miles an hour pulling that sidecar. I used to have a sidecar on mine so I knew what he could do. He just about hit sixty mile an hour is about all that lug at top speed. So anyway, we just took off and left him and then we come into Asotin. Well at that time, by gosh, that was a deadend. No road out of there. That road went in there and that was all, just run up against that big wall, big mountain there. Well, anyway, we didn't quite get in town, we went by a park, and there were rows of trees out in this park right off the highway. So we just decided by gosh, we'd just dodge in there behind them trees and we got behind the tree and set there and listened and pretty quick here come that cop, just hauling along down there and he went by us. Quick as he went by though, us, well, we hit the road again and went back up to Lewiston and well, we went as far as home and then we decided after we got to the top of the grade we'd go to Pullman and Colfax. And when we got to Colfax, well, we were bound up that night and we stopped and got us something to eat in Spangle and then we rode from Spangle back home and we got home just as the sun was setting. Just as the sun was going over the hill. That was summertime so I suppose it was eight thirty, eight or eight thirty, o'clock. But we drove all that distance from four, went down to Lewiston and raised a little heck, back to Spangle and then back home just as the sun was settin'. And these kids around here think they know how to ride motorcycles. (Laughs) Well there was no grass growing under them bikes.

SS: No sir! It doesn't sound like it.

EU: Yeah, the sun was just setting as we got home back to Potlatch. Now that's what I call fun. (laughs) Like I say, it's a wonder we didn't get killed, but then, we didn't.

SS: I'm really surprised that that motorcycle was just such a big looking bike. It just looks like it would be a bear to handle.

EU: Oh, it was. Well, I've rode most the bigger share of the way home from Spokane. I used to have a regular motorcycle coat but I didn't have my gloves, I just put my hands up here in the pocket and just sit there and just rack it around cars, you know, just, when you come to a curve, you just lean it over and just like that. Just ride.

SS: You didn't have your hands on the bars at all?

EU: No, I had 'em in my pocket. Just sitting there and you know, you just sit there and when you've got to turn, you come to a curve, just lean it a little bit and go around the curve and lean it back. You can go just like that, you know, just, oh a big bike like that, you know, you can't turn it like a car anyway. It's the whole thing whether you've got your hands on the bars or not, just lean 'em. You know, that's the way you make the maneuver around the corners. Just lean your bike.

SS: Bet she really tracked good.

EU: Oh it was just like sitting on a rail, you know. Ah heck, you just sit there and you can just lean it this way and you go around the curve and you lean it that way and you go around the next curve. And if it's a straightway, you just go straining up the line just as straight as cream. Even ride on this gravel road that way. They didn't have see. You had to go clear through Rosalia before you hit surface road, going to Spokane. Rest of it was just crushed rock. That's the same way it was in Lewiston, all the way to Lewiston and back, just crushed rock. There wasn't any surface, no . But them old bikes are heavy as an elephant, they was built low. You see, you could be sittin' on the seat, these Japaneses bikes you know, they sit up tall you know, and for a saddle they've just got a wide rail to sit on, no chushion under them or nothing. But this one here, it, well you can see by the picture, you still got it? I'll show you the difference. But you see, your tank was up here and then you had this seat that was on hydraulic sushions, you know. Spring and hydraulic. Well, when you get off of it, the seat would be up there pretty high, but when you sit down, it goes down. And then the bar here is all hydraulic loaded. But you see, now I was sittin' on a hill when this picture was taken. Well, it's like this and I was sitting here, you see. I had to lean my bike uphill. So that way, I can just tuck my toe to the ground on the lowerside. But if I'd been sitting on the level, you can sit there and just almost put your foot right out on the ground. On some of these bigger bikes, these Jap bikes, well bikes about my size and then that three-fifty he had, he could sit on the saddle there and he could just barely

touch the ground with both feet. Well this one, you could sit out there and put your feet right on the ground flat on this one. Because on the left, now that makes a little like I'm goofy but this is quite a side hill now.

End of tape.