

GLEN GILDER

Third Interview

Interviewed by:

Sam Schrager

Oral History Project
Latah County Museum Society

I. Index

II. Transcript

I. Index

GLEN GILDER

Harvard; b. 1903

farmer, sawmiller.

2 hours

minute	page	
Side A		
01	1	The Palouse flour mill. Trading sacks of wheat for sacks of flour and by products. The good business with local farmers.
08	3	Stage stops on the Palouse before the town of Potlatch began. Men walked in while the stage carried their belongings; Art Craig's stage became a livery business. Old Hoodoo Trail.
18	6	Henry Plummer, famous desperado, used cabins at Laird Park in his horse business.
21	7	Mox Mox had tremendous horse herds in eastern Washington. Glen's father picked up a wild horse and used her to produce young.
27	8	The injustice whites did to the Indians. The whites almost always started the trouble. The Indians believed in God before the missionaries came; the missionaries preached different faiths, and did more harm than good.
Side B		
00	9	Colfax vigilantes were needed to clean up the country. There is more crookedness now than there used to be.
06	11	Desirability of Northwest to people in California and the Southwest. Why didn't people leave their wagon trains when they passed through the inland country? Difficulty of making it with farms or orchards in early days.
11	12	Many people who left this area would have come through all right is they had stuck with it longer but they were attracted to better wages.
14	13	Why Glen went to work in Spokane, and why he only stayed for six months. Poverty in Spokane. Working for Oliver Plow Company. Dislike of city people for country. Country boys did better than city boys in city.
22	15	Frequent changes of work with the season. Variability of weather has always been true of area. Rare troubles with rain or frost have never caused total crop failure. Wife's parents had crop failures in Dakota.

Glen Gilder

minute	page	
Side B (continued)		
30	17	In 1926 he farmed for Lou Kegley in terrible weather, and decided not to work for someone else again.
Side C		
00	17	How people got by. People without much land worked out. People always had plenty to eat. Great importance of water. Trading wood for everything.
15	21	Importance of Potlatch Lumber Company to small farmers. Working for Potlatch; driving a hack to work at Potlatch from far in the country.
23	22	Stability of population. Some left, but many stayed and became successful. Newcomers were accepted, and then proved themselves.
27	23	Selling milk in Potlatch during the Depression. He delivered to those who had no money, and lost \$20 all told. (continued)
Side D		
00	24	(cont.) Milk operation during the Depression. Struggling through. The team knew the route. Potlatch in the Depression.
10	26	Friends and foes – dealing with people who are trying to take you. Closeness of people. Entertainment and loneliness in Spokane.
17	28	Glen gets a Potlatch crew head's job after beating him up for good cause.
28	30	Learning to be a steam engineer. Firing the Corliss engine at Potlatch. Getting injured by a steam hose. Larry Potter killed in accident by Corliss engine. Injury in the slasher saws.
30	32	Frank Herzog's father cut his toe off with a pocket knife and carbolic acid to cure his corn.

with Sam Schragger

June 17, 1975

II. Transcript

GLEN GILDER

1

Interviewer: Sam Schragger

SAM SCHRAGER: This interview with Glen Gilder was recorded on June 17, 1975

GLEN GILDER: ^{About} All I remember is that we hauled our wheat in there, dumped and took our empty sacks home and refilled 'em. While as most *as well* when you hauled it in they kept the sacks. Because they had to-- it was before the days of elevators, and long before, but there they did have bins and they kept 'em. Now, I don't know whether anybody ever run that before Art's dad did or not. That's before my time but his dad run that ^{mill} there for years.

SS: Did it run on water power?

GG: Altogether, they didn't have anything else. I think in the later years, that they did convert it to electricity, but I never seen that. I had gone from Palouse before they did it.

SS: Did they have all the power they needed to do all the grinding they wanted?

GG: Yeah they seemed to, they seemed to. They had a big dam there fourteen feet high, I guess, maybe higher. That pond used to go back up the river there for a mile or more.

SS: Did they have big grinding stones?

GG: Yeah, it was a stone mill, although I never any more than just one time walked up and looked around, but then I didn't understand anything about it. It was all Greek to me. But he made good flour. We'd haul our own wheat in there and trade with him. Take the flour home-- a whole year's supply at one shot.

SS: How much would that be?

GG: Twenty sacks or better. Fifty pound sacks. Twenty, twenty-five. I don't know. When you take your wheat in there you trade 'em a sack of wheat, I believe for a sack of flour. And then you got with that all the bran

that came off it and farina, all the by-products. You got that back, they didn't want it. Feed part of it to the hogs and part of it to the kids and make quite a lot of use out of it.

SS: What was the charge?

GG: There was no charge. ^{There was} A straight across trade: one sack of wheat, one sack of flour. But then, a sack of wheat would make more than a sack of flour, that was all there was to that. He probably more than likely gave us half. The flour that come out of it weighed a hundred-- no fifty pounds and the sack of wheat that went in there weighed about a hundred and ten, a good sack a hundred and twenty. But we were darn happy to do it, because wheat wasn't very high and neither was flour, as far as that goes, probably a dollar and a quarter to a dollar and a half. I don't remember but it was in that neighborhood.

SS: Did that mill buy a lot of wheat? Or did you just trade 'em?

GG: No, no, no. We drove in there from north of ^{Kennedy} Canada Ford with-- we generally hauled with two teams. I was just a little punk of a kid, but I could drive horses. And ^{mostly} my uncle would drive the team ahead of me and then I'd follow him with mine. And we had on about forty-five sacks to the team, but when we'd get down there, there might be a line of teams lined up there for, oh, clear out across the main road to Potlatch-- there might be ten or fifteen or twenty four-horse teams in there. No they handled a good volume of business. They bought or traded or any way you wanted to deal, they didn't care. It made a pretty good deal for the farmers, I guess, because they got the sack back and that was quite an expense. And we got market price for the wheat just the same as if they'd kept the sacks. The old man was a good business man and he was a good miller. Knew his stuff. It was good flour.

SS: Where do you think the mill's market would have been for their grain?

GG: Well, There was a ready market. They would buy it on the open market, Spokane or anyplace else, but I'll just bet you that they pretty near ate that up right around Palouse, I'll just bet you they did. 'Cause you bring in flour from other areas, it more than likely cost more, it certainly would cost more to produce it and ship it because of the added things that entered in there, but I'll bet you that it was almost entirely eaten around Palouse, but I don't know that.

SS: Palouse was really a pretty big town to the -- important town to the Palouse River area?

GG: Well, until they put the mill in there, there wasn't anything from Palouse to the head of the river. A stage stop and post office, and, oh, a few [?] but very few. Small little stores that weren't-- not near as big as this living room, but they'd, ^{they had the} post office and store, and what-have-you in there. There was a stage stop at Kennedy Ford, there was a stage stop next to Princeton, the old town, Hanson, and then I don't think there was another one until you got to Woodfell. And then you had to go over the mountain to Emida, and they were all served by the same stage line. And I think they turned around at Emida and came back, I'm not positive of that, but I think he did. And another met him there and went on to St. Maries and the St. Joe River.

SS: Would this be a daily run from Palouse?

GG: I don't believe they made a daily run, I think about twice a week. When the sawmill was being built and come in there, Art Craig was running it, the stage, and there'd be a bunch of men come in to Palouse, you know, and wanted to go up the river for the woods work or railroad or whatever. So Art couldn't take 'em all, but he'd charge 'em just as much to take the packsack and bed, and they were happy to get it done, and then they walked and the wagon hauled their stuff, plus the groceries and mail. Female passengers, they couldn't walk, kids (Chuckles).

SS: He must have had a pretty good business.

GG: He did. He did. And then after this excitement was all over and the mill was in and the railroad was built, why that ruined it. So he put up a livery barn there in Princeton, that's in the new town, and spent the rest of his life there running that livery stable. Horses, saddle horses, driving horses, freight horses, anything you wanted, ~~they~~ had it.

SS: Did he start in Princeton, or did he start at Potlatch?

GG: No, he started at Palouse for the first of it. Whether there was anybody else run a stageline up there, I don't really know, Edna could tell you. She knew it farther back than I did and she knew it much better, 'cause her dad ran the post office there at Woodfell ().

SS: I wonder about how long it would take him to get to Wood^fell ? That was an overnight stop for travelers but probably not for the--

GG: I think probably. That'd be about twenty-eight miles, and I think they just probably figured on doing that. A good team'd do it easily, but if they were loaded pretty heavy, why it might be quite a task. I have just an idea that that was an overnight stop right there. And the next day they went on to Emida, stayed overnight and came back. It'd take four days,-- three or four days to do that, near as I can figure, I certainly don't remember.

SS: For a while I've heard there was a stage that went up to-- at least as far as Grizzle camp, I thought further up the Palouse River.

GG: They did, that's right, it went from Harvard up the Palouse River to those placer mines up there, but I don't know who it is. I don't know anything about it, don't remember a thing about the ^W schedule. But then there wasn't any other transportation, it was just that horse. And there was lots and lots of little ^{feeder} stagelines all over the country, the same as there are high-ways and railroads now. And then the railroads come in and that cut them out of their main line. Have you ever read The Shadowy St. Joe?

SS: I've seen it though.

GG: You could get a lot of help out of that book. The first half of it at any rate.

SS: Did you ever hear of the old Hoodoo Trail?

GG: Yeah. Went from Johnson's over the hump to the head of the North Fork of the Palouse. Pack trail. And, by the way, Jake Johnson used to run that packstring in there, over that trail.

SS: Where was his place?

GG: Woodfell.

SS: His place was at Woodfell?

GG: That was Woodfell. He ran the post office and stage stop there. Well, he was enterprising, he was a worker, and so was the rest of his family. Fact of the matter is, all families were at that time. They had to be.

SS: This trail-- old Hoodoo Trail, it went up and managed to pass by or close to a lot of the claims.

GG: Well, the claims and the Hoodoos were pretty well bunched on the North Fork, and whether they had the distributing point up ^{there} or not, I don't know. But he probably went as far as he had mail or groceries, or whatever to go up there and then turned around and come back. He'd make that trip up and back in a day. You don't know exactly where Woodfell is, do you?

SS: I do, yeah, it's by Harvard there.

GG: It went right straight east, right over the hills.

SS: Up near Bald Mountain.

GG: Yes, I think it probably got that high, but maybe not. I've been over it-

No, I don't think so, although there was a trail over Bald Mountain. I

think that his pack trails to the Palouse ^{dig} was down lower. ^{Cut right}

^{across the}
ahead of Strychnine Creek.

SS: I've been reading a little bit about Henry Plummer lately. He really does

sound like a big thief. Real desperado.

GG: He was. No doubt about it. And when I was a kid they claimed that those cabins at ^{Laird} Park were used by him at different times in his horse business. He had a pretty good horse business. He drove 'em both ways from Alder Gulch and that area in there to Tekoa, ^{out} in the Spokane area, and then he'd load up another bunch from down here; he'd sell the ones he got in the East and he'd sell 'em down here and ^{then} he'd take another bunch back there and sell them. They used to claim that that cabin was used by him at different times and we know that he was in and out of Lewiston real frequently, so there's little doubt ^{of} it.

SS: Was it just a straight horse thief operation?

GG: No, he wasn't particular, he'd steal anything. (Chuckles) That's what they hung him for, was stealing gold! No, he wasn't a specialist, he had a varied business. He wasn't particular, he'd kill a Chinaman just as quick as he would a white man. Thought he had a couple of dollars or a gold watch on him he was doomed. Been a lot written on him, lot of it good. Vardis Fisher, I think had a pretty good book on him. I thought it was good, anyway. I don't know what the name of it was, don't even remember very much about it, 'cause it probably could be fifty years since I read it. I don't know.

SS: Were there any other guys in the country who were noted for--?

GG: Welllll, yes, but I don't ^{know} as I could quote you any names on 'em. I never knew any of 'em, as far as I know, I didn't know any of 'em. But it was quite a common thing. You see, there was Indians around here, Old Mo~~X~~ and Spokane Garry and all those fellows. They were millionaires in horses. Colonel George Wright, killed out there this side of the river from Harrison, they killed eight hundred head up there, but that didn't hurt 'em. They thought they was just putting them out of business: well, they did put 'em

out of business, alright. They killed eight hundred head, and as far as the horses are concerned, that didn't hurt 'em. Old Mo~~X~~ had lots of horses, and he pastured 'em down here at Kendrick, Ritzville-- he had a big outfit there at Spokane Falls-- not Spokane Falls, Palouse Falls.

SS: Is Mo~~X~~ Mo~~X~~ the same Indian who used to be up around Bovill?

GG: Yes. But that was only just for berries or ^{around his territory} hunting. He kind of stayed a little farther West because horses was his business.

SS: How did he happen to be so well known?

GG: He was so big in his business. He was honest, there was no horse stealing with him. And if a man needed a horse, and he knew it and he had any respect for the man at all, he'd give him a horse, he didn't think anything of it.

SS: Do you think he took his herds up here in the summertime?

GG: He didn't move them a great deal, he just let 'em move themselves. He didn't have to, there was always feed for them. I've heard and read estimates about what he had, but-- lot of horses. On my dad's homestead down there, at La Crosse, it was nothing to daily see horses that were wild. There wasn't anybody owned 'em. My dad caught oh, possibly ten head of them during the time he was there. He caught one little mare, I don't think she ever did weigh over, oh, possibly eight hundred pounds, and bred her to a pretty fair horse, got a thousand, eleven hundred pound colt out of her, and kept right on with that same blood there for a good many years, I don't know how many. I don't know how many colts they had with that blood in 'em. They had others, too, but when he left that homestead down there and come up to Palouse he sold her and I had a good bawl over it. I'd never ridden her, or don't think anybody else ever did; tried it, ^{but it} didn't work. But I bawled 'cause she was part of the family. She'd been around there five or six years, you know.

SS: She'd just been one of the Indian horses?

GG: Uh-huh. She was ^{wild}.

Well, after the Indians were corralled and put on these reservations and so badly whipped, they just left the horses-- they just reverted, they weren't anybody's after that, because the Indian couldn't claim 'em, he couldn't take care of 'em, so they were just wild horses. And that's where all the wild horses came from, the Indians had the first title to 'em. There's one of these Nez Perce Indians, according to the history went clear down into Texas and brought two old-- they got old anyway, I don't know how old they were, but they brought back two or three horses. That's where the Nez Percés first got their horses. Well, I think that Hatley got it from Frank ^{Dobey}, but that's where I read it. The best part was from ^{Dobey's} book. I was wondering what he called it, Cayuse, or what?

SS: Do you think we just took the Indians' land away from 'em? Did we do them a real injustice or not?

GG: Yes, we certainly did do them an injustice and we still are, definitely. But, on the other hand, at the time that all this battling was going on it was needless-- the Indian wouldn't have hurt anybody or anything if the White man hadn't showed him how. White men, always, ^{at} most every Indian uprising, the White men fired the first shots. That was in Nez Perce and just about everyplace else. In that massacre there at--

SS: Whitman.

GG: Whitman, it was the same thing, and it's always been the same thing. The White men was first. And I don't see why anybody could blame an Indian for fighting back. What would happen if the Chinamen come in here today and tried to take this country by the same method: would we just grin and bear it, or would we scrap? And it's the same thing to me. I wonder, I guess I always will wonder, 'cause I'm too damn stubborn, nobody could prove it to me.

But these missionaries come in here to convert the Indians and educate 'em. They just worshipped the same God, they just called him by a different name, well, they called everything else by a different name, that was perfectly natural. That's the way I feel about it.

SS: Seems they divided the Nez Perce so badly to have some of them be the heathen and some of them be the Christian Nez Perce, seems like it split the tribe right down the middle.

GG: Well, it did. Whitman and Spalding came and then a year or two later then here come De Smet and Stevens and they all had a different religion, and ~~they~~ all told the Indians a different story. Well, gee, who's he gonna believe? I think they done more harm than good. (End of side A)

SS: Did they have much of a reputation back in the early days?

GG: Well, there was for a while there they did, because they had a problem-- they had no government, so they organized their own. And they got this Hill and a bunch of those fellows in one bunch and then a little later on there was another--- they called Dakota Slim and Blackie, I believe, right after the first one and they threw ~~them~~ out of a upper story window of a hotel, there in Colfax, and I think that made about a total of about five and that cleaned the thing up, they didn't need them any more. They just dissolved. Nobody was ever supposed to know who they were, or anything about it, but then, they did. No question about it. I think --- served the purpose there, same as ~~they~~ did in Alder Gulch. ~~They~~ cleaned the place up, and it certainly had to be cleaned up.

SS: Alder Gulch?

GG: Yeah. That's where they hung Plummer.

SS: It really was lawless from what people would say when you were a kid, I mean--

GG: No, when I was a kid, no. They'd gone past that.

SS: Well, when they talked about it.

GG: Yes.

SS: What it had been.

GG: But, on the other hand, no, they weren't, there were just these few that thought that they were just a little ^{bit} too good to work, so they devised some other means of making a living. But most of them: no. There was fewer outlaws and fewer crooks in those days, as compared to the ^{honest} population as it is in reverse today, there's more crooks and outlaws and thieves in operation today, and fewer honest people in the high positions-- it's just the reverse of what it was.

SS: Things have been getting worse and not better.

GG: That's right. But it's due to the fact that there's more population, there's more money, there's more correspondence, there's more opportunity for them. I've read, I think it was Doby^e said, that in the early days a man could walk out of his cabin, ^{hand} his watch on the doorknob, and be gone a year, and come back and it wouldn't have lost a minute, ^{but} it would still be there. And now-a-days if you done that, when you came back the door wouldn't be there! And likely not the cabin.

SS: You mean that was true when you grew up? Could one of the neighbors leave a watch out there?

GG: I never suppose that happened but Doby^e says as an example. There was more honesty ^{then} comparably ^{then} than there is now. There were fewer people. Anybody that was crooked or conniving, he wasn't very popular. (lots of interference). He didn't ⁺ dare.

GG: I've known of two, both of 'em women, that were just bored to death ^{with this} _{out} here.

SS: Who were from the East?

GG: Uh-huh.

SS: Would you say that most Easterners fall in love with this country?

GG: They mostly do. Mostly. And California, and south, Nevada and Utah and down in there, if they ever get a chance they'll come up here to live and settle, if they could make it so that they could live. Most of 'em only know one way to live, and so they gotta stay there until they reach retirement, and then they're too old, but, if they could, most of 'em would prefer this Northwest. It must be pretty well ideal. I love the desert and the mountains, equally. This prairie, Palouse, every darned inch of it is beautiful. So I don't know. If I had of been on those covered wagon trains that were going ^{so awful hard and going} through so much to get to Oregon, now I drive through Laramie and all that area and into Fort Hall ^{and down} down the Boise Valley, and up to Vale and up through Baker. I wouldn't have gone through that, I'd have broke my wagon down and stayed there. There's many places that they went through that they couldn't have improved it, I don't care where they went. Climate wise, the Boise Valley, there's production. Chinaman could see it when he came, that he could irrigate from the abundant water there is there, why they went through it, I don't know.

SS: How do you think this country stacks up with places like that?

GG: Well, it's a mystery to me, I don't know. Salmon, Idaho, that's where they hit the Snake River. There were a few dropped off. And if they went into cattle or sheep or horses, made tremendous fortunes. If they tried to grow grain, it took one generation to clear it up and get it into production and then it took the next generation to lose it through a bankrupt sale. And that was the case in the Yakima and Wenatchee Valleys. One generation to homestead it, and the next generation put it in orchard and the next generation lost it through foreclosed mortgages. (Laughter)

SS: That didn't happen too bad around here though, did it?

GG: It didn't around right here, but that's just built right into the history of all that orchard country.

SS: What happened, do you know?

GG: Oh, ^{the} money cost of developing was so big, and the slowness of bringing it into actual production, one working against the other was just too much to drag down through the years. Was a lot of 'em made it. They had to know that they had to get right in and dig, you know, instead of waiting for the orchard to produce, they had to have something producing between ^{them trees} garden stuff or alfalfa hay or eggs, or something. They made it, and they made it good. There was another class that didn't. I don't know what governed it. I have no idea.

SS: It seems like around here, too, there were a lot of people that left, didn't stay, didn't wind up staying. I don't know why some did and some didn't here, either. They didn't have to leave here, they could have managed to make a living, couldn't they?

GG: Most of 'em would have been better off if they'd have the stick-to-itive enough, all right, lots of perseverance to hang onto these places a little bit longer, conditions would have got better and they'd made it. Now there's many of these Bowman family, John Bowman's family, and ~~White~~ ^{White} ~~owls~~ over here, they're scattered all over the country that made it and made it darn good. But it would get tough, and they'd think, "Oh, God, I can make four dollars a day, five dollars a day working in the woods, or three and a half working in a sawmill." And they'd get discouraged and pull out and go and do it. Well, if they had of stuck tight to their farm eventually wound up on the right side of the ledger, huh? I'm sure. There's one class of people that likes to work for a boss and another class of people that don't want to work for a boss. Sometimes they don't have the ability to manage ^{it on} their own without a boss, but, they've still got it in their heart to go that route anyway.

SS: A lot of people out here when you were growing up in the teens, the twenties, there was more money in the cities, wasn't there, than to stay on

the farm and work? Wasn't that why you would go to Spokane to try to work 'cause it looked like there'd be money to make there?

GG: No, I always thought I could make more money out here, but I had to try it, I had to see what it's like. I didn't know, I thought, you know, they had their shows and their dances and lots of excitement, lots of thrills. Well, this out here was kind of alone, you know, you weren't, well, you weren't working with ten or fifteen people on an every day job. Probably were working where you'd only see two or three people or four or a family all week, and then on Saturday night you might go to a dance or go to town, but there was that difference. I had to try it, that's all. And after I tried^{it} I wonder-- I had all the town life I wanted. Why-- about that time there was a dozen of these young guys went to different towns: Spokane, Seattle, Portland, and they're still there, some of 'em are wealthy, too. Some of 'em are tremendously wealthy. But I think I was about the only one that could get my belly full of it in six months. The thing that made the biggest impression on me about city life: I had to walk about a mile from where I lived to where I worked, probably more than a mile, and walk up Main Street and Trent Avenue where I could see all this poverty exemplified in the people on the street, and I think that drove me out more than anything else. I'd sooner be hard up out in the country than in the city. You couldn't be hurt out in the country. If you couldn't get a job you still could eat, honestly. You'd get enough jobs to eat and clothe you, while in town, if ^{they} you got out of a job ^{they} you were out of everything next week, 'cause you never could save enough money for next week. I think that's what filled me up on the city. It didn't look good to me.

SS: What kind of shape were people in? Was it pretty bad, people that didn't have work, in Spokane?

GG: Desperate. They couldn't get a job, they couldn't get a dollar, they

couldn't get credit. There was no Relief, no unemployment. There was nothing, they were just on their own. It didn't look like the right kind of a life to me. I didn't figure on being in that bracket, I figured if I was going to be there I'd have a job, and I'd have some security, but there was always this, always sickness, businesses that you ^{might be in} were going broke, and all those things didn't look good.

SS: What did you do when you were working there?

GG: I worked at the Oliver Plow Company. I had a good job. They'd get in a carload of machinery, farm equipment, and ^{then} it was our job to set it up and paint it and display it. And somebody from Palouse'd send in a big order for repair parts, and **it was** our job to go and dig them out of the bins and get 'em ready to ship. And ^{then} the Oliver Plow Company decided that they would move to Portland and they wanted me to go with them. Offered me a good job down there, a little better than what I had, but I thought I had seen enough. I went back to the woods. In my estimation the city life was unattractive, and the man that knew the city and that was his life, thought there couldn't be anything lower than to go back in the dingweeds and ^{work in} a logging camp or a farm. Just a different opinion, that's all. I don't know who was right.

SS: A lot of those people had come out of the country?

GG: Most of 'em, most of 'em.

I think those kids that were raised in the city as competing with the kids that came in from the country, the country kid would forge ahead of 'em, as a rule. They caught on quicker, adapted themselves more to new conditions faster than the kid that had been raised on the pavement.

SS: Maybe it's sort of like people coming from the East liked the West so much because they don't take it for granted so much, you know what I mean. People coming from the country, maybe they could see the city-- maybe they could see what was going on a little more clearly than those raised in the

city.

GG: Yeah, there was that, but it was a matter of, well, the country kid had always seen a revolving condition and the city kid had seen routine; day after day the same. I know as a country kid there never was two days alike, there was always change. I think that's why they adapted faster. But I don't know if that's right, but I think it is.

SS: Well, in the point of view of the city person, the country life would look like it never changed, probably. The same day in and day out.

GG: Yes, it did.

SS: Do you really think it did change, had a lot of change in it, living in the country?

GG: Oh, I think so. Just the seasonal change was enough. 'Cause you get something different in every season that came up in front of you. And then-- oh, I don't know.

SS: Would you walk through those seasons with me and what it was like, when you were a kid on the farm?

GG: I don't quite get you.

SS: Well, I mean, you say the seasonal work was real different, depending on the season. I'm just wondering what it was like.

GG: Well, what I meant by that, it was invariably changing-- you put in the crop, you watch it grow, you took care of the crop, up to the finishing point and then you went on to something else. And then you harvested it. And in the fall you put ^W/_N started next year's crop. And during winter, why, took care of the stock and got next winter's wood, and maybe repaired or built new buildings. Oh, it was always just a continual round of pleasure! No money in it. Hard work. Plenty to eat. All we needed to wear, didn't take much.

SS: You put the crop in in the fall?

GG: Fall wheat. We'd plow. We always put in fall wheat. And plow for the spring crop. Just a continual round. From year to year it never changed, from day to day it was just a constant change, in a way.

SS: Did the seasons run the same way they do now, or was it different?

GG: Oh, no, they can't change too much. ^{Get light} Just like winters, cold winters. Hot summers; dry summers; wet summers. Then and now, it's always everlastingly, it's a little bit different.

I've heard a lot of people say in the last month, "We never had a spring like this." But they can't remember back to 1965; it was identical. It was the fifteenth of June before I got the ground dry enough to go out there and get more than two or three days at a time in the field. But, they're all different and they're all the same. I don't know.

SS: Winters came about the same time, more or less, in the old days?

GG: Yeah. Fall might be stormy one year and clear the next; winter was right behind it. The seasons were there, they might be a little different each year, but, not too much.

SS: Just seems like the weather is unpredictable here to me. Seems like you never know what's going to happen.

GG: Well, it's unpredictable everywhere, except in places where it's so dry you can't ever get any water and the wind blows continuously-- no, I don't think it's any more unpredictable here than it is any place else.

SS: You just about never have a crop failure here, right?

GG: Never have had. That's something we haven't had. We had years when the wheat froze, and knock our bushels down from forty bushels, to maybe to fifteen. Shriveled feed and stuff, but, that only happens once or twice in a lifetime. There have been years when we couldn't harvest all of our wheat because the rains'd come and be so continual that you couldn't get into the field, and the grain'd sprout, standing up. But that only happens once or twice in a lifetime. We've had years where you cut your hay in

the most beautiful weather and the next thing you know the rain-- it rains-- rains-- where you couldn't put your hay up. But that's just a rare occurrence. But they always had a pretty fair production. Not here, there's places where-- my wife's folks settled in Dakota and one year drought took their crop and the next year grasshoppers took their crop and the next year they were clear out here to Seattle, they didn't have any crop. That's happened to more areas than one, Kansas and all those areas down there. Montana's had it. We've came close, but we've never have had it. In 1926, I was working for ^{Lou} ~~...~~ ^{Kegley} and getting a dollar a day, driving eight horses on a plow and disc and every day and every day the wind blew and it was cold, and it'd rain a few minutes, and maybe it'd snow a few minutes, and you'd put on all the clothes you could get but you'd stand up on that disc or plow and you'd ^{JUST} freeze. And when that season was over I told ^{Lou} ~~...~~ I am never going to drive horses again for anybody else to put in a season of work. And I didn't either. I drove them for myself when the conditions weren't any better but it always seemed to me that whenever those conditions were bad,-- I never farmed over a couple of hundred acres at any time in my life and I'd keep it rotated so that if it was too darn bad I didn't have to stay out there and take it, I could pull out and do something else until the weather got better and then go back out and do it. But, on the other hand, there's been seasons when I was crowded with my work and I'd have to stay right out there and take it, but it didn't seem bad to take it for myself, as it was-- (End of side B)

SS: How did most of the neighbors get by, as far as making a living when there wasn't much money to be had? Did most of them work for Potlatch, most of your neighbors?

GG: Oh, they worked someplace, yeah. They did, but they kept their cows, they kept their chickens, hogs. They got their own wood. They pumped their

own water, and a dollar's worth of kerosene'd run 'em all winter. They learned to be pretty well self-sustaining. These little farmers around this area used to go to Walla Walla and Genesee and Colfax and harvest and make a hundred or two or three, and come back and with this little garden and a milk cow and things that they had, they had money enough to get by. They had all they needed. If a man'd say that a family could live over the winter on three hundred dollars now, why, you'd ask him if he's all right today. You'd think he was crazy. But it wasn't any problem. I don't know.

SS: Did most guys work out, like you did seasonally?

GG: It depends on the volume of their business and how they were set up. Anybody that was on less than a hundred and sixty acres, pretty apt to. A few days at any rate. But if a man could figure out some way ^{to} work for somebody or something to get enough to pay his taxes and kids' school clothes and a few things, well he was all right. Maybe he'd cut wood in the wintertime; maybe he could walk three or four miles and make ties or saw logs. There's always some way. They got by beautifully. But you know, they had imagination. This wouldn't quite work, they could always invent something that would. Around Potlatch there, within ten miles of town, or even a little farther, some member of the family worked in there, fathers or one of the boys or somebody. Women hardly ever, never you might say-- they took care of the place. They milked, fed the chickens and pigs. There was always someplace, ^{MAN MAKE enough} they never were hungry, never. Even during the Depression, these farmers had enough to eat, there might not have been all the variety they would like, but they had enough, they were full. They weren't hungry. Eggs, cream checks, maybe two or three or five or six hogs. It meant something. Now it's just gas money! When eggs and butterfat were eleven cents a dozen and a pound, we didn't have all we wanted, but we evidently had all we needed, because we're still

here, it's a cinch. If a man had five or six darn good cows, ^{don't} matter whether it was eleven cents or thirty-five, that we used to get in good times, but it was survival. A hundred and fifty hens, ^{SAME WAY.} And if a man had timber he could take care of all those cattle and the garden and all those things and maybe during the day he could go out and cut a half a cord of wood. He could get three dollars for it, after while, somebody'd come along and buy it. I mean, he'd get a dollar and a half for a half cord or three dollars for a whole cord. But somebody'd come along and take it. They had a idea, that you didn't have to have that dollar today, it was good anytime when they could get it, if it was a year in the future, it was still good.

SS: Generally sold the wood, too.

GG: Yeah. Sure.

SS: Even if they came from Colfax?

GG: That's right.

SS: Did you know 'em?

GG: Oh, you knew 'em. You knew 'em. But mostly they paid cash, or maybe they'd bring you up a cow and trade for the winter's wood, or maybe they'd bring in a couple of hogs, or they'd bring you a new set of harness, not a new set, but a set of harness, or some machine that you might need or just about anything. Barter, at times, was more important, relevant to a man's living than actual cash. It was pretty nice to cut, oh, say ten cords of wood and then add a pretty nice heifer to the herd. Maybe she wouldn't go into production right away, but she was growing and she's going to produce after while, he had a future there, anyway. I traded wood for just about everything that a man had on his place at some time or other. Plows, discs, drills, harrows, horses, cows, pigs, chickens, wheat. They didn't have money, and I didn't either, but we needed these things. ^{They were through with them. They had a new one or something.} Maybe they'd bought it for two dollars and a half and bring it up here and sell it to

me for twelve and a half. Fine and dandy. That was better'n me giving twenty-five for it new. So it was a fair deal, — I don't know.

SS: Most things you trade was with people from Colfax and the Palouse, or was it-- or would it be likely anybody? I was just wondering where most of the trading-- who most of the trading was done with.'Cause it seems like the people around on the river there would have wood and people down around Colfax would want to get it.

GG: They did. You know, these roads used to be lined, like they are with cars, these roads used to be lined with teams and horses hauling wood. They were just lined about this time of year when the crop was in and before haying, they'd haul a few loads of wood. They'd come up today and back tomorrow. And they had cash or they had something to trade, or if they didn't have, they were acquainted, as you and I are, and they could trust each other, and they did. And it didn't matter what they brought up from down there, somebody could use it. And it didn't matter what they took back from up here, somebody could use it. Around Potlatch there in 1930 to '39 half the population cut wood, hauled it into Potlatch, got three dollars a cord and took it out in groceries or trading with the stores, either ^{at ONAWAY} Potlatch or Princeton or Harvard. Three dollars a cord, and they couldn't one out of twenty of 'em get three dollars in money, it was nonexistent.

Oh, well, it's been a good life. I wouldn't change it. I'd go right back and do it the same way I did.

SS: It's pretty lucky.

GG: I hasn't been easy, but I wasn't alone in that condition, there was hundreds just like me. But we were never hungry, we were never cold. Damn seldom that we were unhappy. We might be worried but not for too long, ⁱ ~~it~~ would figure out.

SS: You think that was the general rule? Most people that were in the country

were pretty satisfied with the way they were living?

GG: I think it applied to all of us, yeah. Generally, yes.

SS: Do you think Potlatch, being there, the lumber company, made a real big difference to the lives of the small farmers in the countryside?

GG: Yeah, give 'em a market, give 'em a closer town, it give 'em a railroad up the valley. It give 'em a job if they needed it. Yes, it made a-- it did a lot of good, tremendous. Lloyd Moles and I were working together one night and he said, "You know, there isn't hardly anybody within twenty miles of here that hasn't pulled themselves out of some kind of a tight-- with a job with Potlatch." And I think he's right. It brought a lot of advantages to the country. It was pretty nice to drive from the farm two-three miles to one of these little towns. It was quite a job to take something from way up on the head of the Palouse River clear to Palouse to sell it or go down there and get your groceries and then back: two days. You didn't go very often. They didn't go every day, by a darn sight. Once a month. Yeah, that railroad raised the standard of living and it benefitted all through the years til they got a roads and cars, then the whole picture changed there, ^{fell into} ~~went through~~ a different cycle.

SS: How about the wages that Potlatch paid for the work done? Were they considered good by people? (Chuckles)

GG: Well, when there's only one wage, why, it's good. You could get a dollar a day working on a farm, or you could get three dollars working up at Potlatch, but--

SS: And your boss at Potlatch--

GG: You'd get your dollar a day and your room and board and laundry and if you were single you ^{were making} just as much or more with a dollar a day than if you went to Potlatch and got three dollars and paid board. That was the young guy. A married man that drove or rode a saddle horse ten

miles to work in there, he didn't have to pay any board, excepting that he was earning the groceries for the family. Well, I don't know, I don't think I considered it that way then, but I consider it kind of interesting now. Look back on it, it changed the picture. I worked with a fellow over there at Potlatch one winter when I had to go three miles to work, he went twelve miles, night and morning. Went home and took care of his team and milked four or five cows and went to bed and come right back the next morning. Mc Lain, he lived a way up on Deep Creek. It didn't seem to be out of reason then, but you think back on it, my God, that man put up with something. Take him two hours to go, two hours to come and then work eight hours-- twelve hours. Take him three hours to eat breakfast and supper and do his few chores-- he put in quite a day. I wonder how many'd do that now? And he drove an open hack, he didn't have a cover over it or a heater in it, so it must have been a lot of days that he was wet and cold and miserable when he got to work and the same way when he got home again. And he wasn't the only one that done it, there were lots of 'em. They made it and they are pretty darn well fixed over there and well respected today, either they or their children. *I wonder if their grandkids would do that. I doubt it.*

SS: Would you say that most of your neighbors where you grew up, those families-- stayed? For many years, while you were growing up? Was there much turn-over in the country, when you were a kid?

GG: Not a great deal, no. There'd be new ones come in, but they stayed, they didn't go ~~again~~. Kids that I started to school with, the first day that I went to that particular school were right there when we finished it. But after they finished school, there weren't jobs ^{around} suitable for all of them for one reason or another, most of them left the area and went out. But there was a few of 'em that stayed there and made tremendous successes of it. ^{Themselves} They not only were, oh, financial successes, but all other successes that go with it. I could name about a dozen of them through the

country that died worth half a million dollars. That's not much money in New York but that's a pretty darn stable piece of change out here in this country!

SS: What about these people that would be moving in, the newcomers? Did they have to prove themselves? Were they accepted very easily?

GG: They were accepted, right now. And then I think they had to go ahead and prove themselves after that. ^{When a} Family moved into the country, no, they were just as good as anybody. They were accepted right off the bat. And then they'd go ahead and prove what they could do. Most of 'em did pretty darn good.

After those fellows got old enough to retire, then there was a change in the population because they'd left, they went to surrounding towns and retired and turned the place over to some younger member of the family or sold it outright. There'd be a time then the population'd change, but that was just kind of a run-of-the-mill condition.

SS: I was going to ask you about the milk route that you had. The business that you had in Potlatch. Was that during the Depression?

GG: Well, I bought it in the fall of 1928, I think, '28--

SS: What did you buy?

GG: Well, I bought the business and the livestock and equipment that was on the place. Well, household goods. I give 'em about three thousand dollars and they just moved off. That was my wife's folks. Furniture and everything was left there. And by the fall of 1929 we had it just about half paid for, and then this depression came on, they laid the milk route off--

SS: Laid what off?

GG: The milk route. ^{That was} My customers. And I'll be eternally damned it took us the next twenty years to make what we had in that one year. The milk route

didn't have any money. Some of 'em could cut wood, some of 'em would come out and help me with my haying and a few of 'em worked. The railroad crew, the office crew, supervisory, I had enough of them to keep me solvent. And then I had customers in there that couldn't make a dime, they couldn't get a job, at anything. And I just kept right on delivering them milk, if they owed me a lot, I might as well do that as take eleven cents for it. So I did it. By the time we got to 1935, I'd sold the business to my brother, in fact, I just practically gave it to him and I took my cattle and horses and machinery and moved up on that place at Harvard. And people would pay me two or three dollars or a dollar or two or five dollars or two until when it all wound up, I lost twenty dollars on one man, and one man only out of all that people I dealt with in Potlatch, beat me out of twenty dollars, and he did it deliberately. He just moved out of town one night. But by some hook or crook the rest of 'em squared every dime of it.

SS: I don't imagine you kept reminding them of it, they knew it themselves that they owed you the money.

GG: I never dunned any of 'em for a dollar or a dime. Never. They'd cut wood and say, "Glen, I got a cord of wood." "Fine and dandy." And Lije Brown or somebody else -- Lije Brown from Thornton out there between Spokane and Colfax, he'd be up in a few days. And there'd be two or three of 'em have a cord of wood a piece. He'd load them up and take 'em to Thornton and sell it and be back in a few days, he'd have nine dollars or maybe a horse, didn't matter. Truck load of harness. Anything. An old sow. (Chuckles) Anything, it didn't matter, you could bring up anything you want to, somebody'd want it. (End of side C)

I was selling about a hundred and twenty five quarts of milk and getting thirteen and a half cents a quart-- I think I bought fourteen or fifteen cows ^{from them} and had one or two that I took with me, three horses and farm machinery enough to farm that place, and I had another place across the

river with just about the same kind of an outfit on it, but I had an auction sale and sold it, and put the money from my outfit into the dairy outfit, and borrowed on my insurance. I borrowed a little more on my outfit. But, anyway, I had enough to get ^oahld of it, and then start digging. Two people didn't work any harder than we two did there for the five or six years we were there. I'd milk and take care of the milk and deliver the milk. Agnes'd take care of the cooking and wash the bottles; wash the buckets. It was a tremendous job but we struggled through, we never had any help from anybody. All the rest of the help around that area were on WPA or anything they could get. We just struggled through it, if we didn't have it, we'd get along without it til we had it. We'd make a few dollars, you know, and about the time we got a hundred or two hundred dollars ahead, we needed hay, we needed bottles, we needed bottle caps, we needed solvents to clean the bottles and dishes with, so we'd get all these things that we had to have and by the time we got 'em all picked up we were a hundred dollars short, so a hundred dollars of it was charged. We'd start in and dig again ^util we got that paid up and then we'd get another hundred or two and think, "Oh, boy, we're just really sailing along." And the bottom'd drop out of everything. We needed everything again.

SS: What was it you told me about the team, when you were in Potlatch you got a team that'd sort of take care of itself?

GG: To ^{drive}guide themselves?

SS: Yeah. What was that?

GG: Well, I'd drive up in front of a house and a little girl run and jumped in the sled and the team heard that rattle, they took off at a dead run, run down half a block and stopped like that (slaps his hands together) at the next customer. And I'd take probably a dozen quarts of milk and go around the block this way, a city block, and that team'd go around and

come down here at the next stop and stop, and they did that all over town. They knew it, they knew it as well as I did. And old Jess, I'd been gone from that milk route about four years, and I was driving her through town on the highway, and we come to Les Flash's house and that old mare pulled in and stopped, four years after she'd come off that milk route. You know, that team'd be going around the block one way and I'd be going the other way and people'd stop 'em and hold 'em until I come back and found 'em. People that didn't know what was going on, strangers. You know, I don't know just to what extent a horse could think and figure but a whole lot more than they were given credit for. Funny part of it was, when they'd move from stop to stop they'd move in a good brisk trot, they wouldn't walk, just sail right along and when they got to the right place, they'd just freeze and stop. I had eight head on a plow up there at Harvard and a neighbor, the Webster boys, came over there and they crawled up on the plow and walked along, and I just hitched the lines around the plow lever and rolled a cigarette. And they said, "You've got that team pretty well trained, to do that." "Yeah" I thought they were. I never touched those lines until we come back to the same place. They made that complete four corners on that field and never missed an inch, and I never touched 'em. They'd been doing it month in and month out, year in and year out, just as natural to 'em as breathing.

SS: You must have seen pretty much how people were doing in Potlatch during the Depression when you were on that route, and going from house to house and delivering. At least you must have gotten some idea. Was it really tough for a lot of the people there in that town?

GG: Yeah, it really was. They were struggling just as hard as I was, or harder. They were going without. Although they finally got this Public Works ^{Progress} Pro-
ject started and that helped. That was groceries. I think ninety percent

of them were way behind on the rent. They didn't dress too fancy. They done the best they could and I admire 'em yet. I've got friends over there yet. If anybody says anything about Glen Gilder that isn't just right up to snuff, they'd still fight for me! And I've got others over there that would swear I never done a decent thing in my life, I expect, most everybody has.

SS: It's hard for me to believe you have any enemies over then, Glen.

GG: I don't think I have. That's something I've never had a whole lot of. And I've had a couple or three that were pretty bitter towards me until they got things figured out. Might take 'em ten years, but they figure it out and they're pretty good friends now, if they're still alive, they're pretty good friends. I never bothered anybody, I never-- I'd sooner-- if I was mad I'd walk away from a man, I wasn't afraid of him, I never been afraid of anything in my life. But I always figured it was wrong to fight back, up to a point. I never had to a great deal. But I figured if anybody was trying to really slip something over on me, I wouldn't hesitate to tell him what I thought about it. It generally didn't cause too much hard feelings. Generally knew in their own mind that I was right or I wouldn't have said anything. But, I've made mistakes, made mistakes in the same trend, misinterpret somebody's actions or attitudes or words. You generally figure 'em out, it generally boils down. *Straightens out.*

SS: Reminds me of the guy George was talking about when we were up talking with him, that guy that he knew that he couldn't trust at all, he stole from him and ^{you} said that you just knew that guy well enough to watch him. You watched him real close, you remember.

GG: Oh, they were rare.

SS: It's good. I would think in a community where people had been there and know each other real well, you couldn't have that kind of thing very much. The guy that would be like that, how could he live there, because everybody

would know what he was?

GG: That's right. You do something wrong and the punishment was right in your own mind, it wasn't in what the other people thought of it, it was in your own mind, because you knew what they thought. So that kept people-- all of us pretty straight. We ^{just} tried to do right. We didn't have this condition that we've got now-- there's so many people around and there's so few known about all of them, that you don't seem to give a tinker's damn. But then, we were close together. ^{We} knew everybody intimately for miles around. Our old horses'd be driving down the road and our old horses met another team they'd pull out and when they got right beside him they'd stop and talk. It didn't matter whether they knew 'em or not, or whether the man was driving ^{em} knew 'em or not, that's what they'd do. Maybe they'd talk for two minutes or maybe two hours, but they did. And that's why that whole country, and all these countries around here were acquainted from end to end. Meet in the stores, meet in the churches, meet in the school programs, meet on the roads.

SS: That sounds like the real difference between the country and the city.

In Spokane who would you know? You'd probably know the guys you were working with, and who else?

GG: That's all. That's all. Well maybe, the people you lived with. I think as I look back on it that perhaps it was more or less lonesome in town. How it could be, I don't know, because I could go out here and stay in a logging camp or an old mine shack for two weeks and never see a soul on earth and I never got lonesome. Why would I get lonesome with a thousand people around me?

SS: What did you do for entertainment in Spokane, then, anyway? What was there to do?

GG: Go out in the country rabbit hunting, that was one thing. Go to a dance

if that was what we wanted to do that night, or go to a show. Go to the fights. I liked to go down to the Golden Gloves Club and watch those fights. Oh, there was entertainment, but twenty-two or three dollars a week and you'd pay your board-- all this entertainment come out of your pocket. You just didn't have it. So, we did enjoy ourselves, I'm pretty sure. But when you wanted a new shirt, you saved up to get it, and it'd probably take you two weeks to save that much. And I liked it out in the country 'cause you didn't need a new shirt. (Chuckles)

SS: How's your day at work? (Machine was turned out and resumed later)

GG: You got an extra man around there he didn't like, and he was trying to get that extra man canned. and as a result of it they kinda got into a little bit of a strike and I was on a day crew, my crew was on a day crew-- Winmeyer was on the graveyard, and the other camp was on the afternoon. And this one ^{there} kept agitating things until he got the crew all together and they was to go up and talk to the chief engineer and get this problem solved. And as long as Winmeyer had instigated the whole thing, I thought he was responsible to go and do as everybody else. I made a circle around my fires and down in the pump room and seen that the engines were all right up into the big engine room and over at the stairway, went up to the turbin room and there was Winmeyer alone. And I says, "What's the score, Harry?" I says, "The other boys all gone home?" "No, they're up in the turbin room." I said, "How come you're not up there?" "Well, didn't think they needed me." And I popped him right between the [?], and he backed off and I went up and give him another. The engineer was standing right behind me and I thought sure, "I'm canned. I don't give a damn." If that son of a bitch's gonna instigate this strike and let the other guys take the blame for it, it ain't right. And I popped him two or three times and he took off and he run up them God damned stairs and he run clear in with the rest of the boys!!

GG: That was my long change^{coming up} so I... Nothing said. At three o'clock I went home and the next day I came back up to a grocery store for some groceries and the chief engineer walked in and said, "Gilder, you hit one ^{there?}" I says, "You God damn right." "Why?" I said, "You know why, I'm not going to tell you. ?"

He says, "Gilder, I want you to come down tomorrow morning on Winmeyer's shift, and take his job." It's the first time that anybody ever got a promotion in that mill for fighting! But it just peed me off so bad that he had stirred this whole damn thing up and then didn't have guts enough to follow it through and go up and talk to the boss. I didn't care whether they canned me or not.

SS: Well, what was it he'd stirred up? What was the trouble over?

GG: ^{A strike.} He wanted a certain man canned, and God, the man ^{that} he wanted canned was the best man of the two of them. But my crew went along with him. We talked it over before and we said, go up and see that both sides of it are aired up there, not just one side.

SS: They had a rule-- could you be canned if you started a fight?

GG: God damn right and they ^{kept, they} enforced it. And I think to this day I'm the only man that ever got promoted out of a fight there on the mill site. I didn't care whether they canned me or not, I knew ^{I'd} live. Hadn't been married six months, but I still wasn't concerned.

SS: What was your job?

GG: I was firing at the time, but when I came back on, I came back on as a watertender. Got quite a raise in pay. Winmeyer went down the road and I got a promotion. (Chuckles) But when he jumped me there and spoke so sharp I thought, "Well, boy, here it comes." (Chuckles)

SS: That was about the same time you were talking to the doctor? You were working for the mill then?

GG: Oh, I was talking to the doctor quite a bit before that, probably a year. Oh, I worked down there off and on. I worked down there going on five years I think; off and on. I stayed steady after I got in the boiler room. I stayed there. I was after that engineer's qualifications, and I got it. But I never used it there at Potlatch, I quit when I bought the dairy and ^{then} I never used it until after I'd got rid of the dairy and I moved up to Harvard, I guess. And then I run engines over at Carskallons and different places, Boones. Then about the time I got a good job, I was there at ^{the} Carskallons, why they electrified it and there wasn't any more steam engineers needed.

SS: Was that a sawmill, Carskallons?

GG: Sawmill. Yeah, running a sawmill. Did you ever see that big Corliss engine in Potlatch, there? It's in the boiler room in the power plant.

SS: I've heard of it.

GG: That old flywheel is just about twenty feet from top to bottom, ^{fly} belt goes on. I've started and stopped that thing I expect a hundred times, but I never did blow the whistle. Never got to blow the whistle cord. That was strictly the engineer's job, to blow that whistle. And it was strictly the engineer's job to start this Corliss but there were three engineers on there on the three shifts and I had known them all my life and I say I want to start it this morning, and they'd say, "Go ahead, kid."

SS: Did it take much to start it?

GG: Just a little routine, you had to open the bleeder valves and see that all of the lubricators were open and open the throttle, close the bleeder valves, and let 'er gradually ^{work} up to speed and stand there the rest of the day and watch it. Nothing to it. But they were particular and a man had to know his business or they wouldn't let him ^{run} one of 'em. They didn't

dare. ^{state laws} pretty strict on it. Should be strict on some of these diesel ones, but they're not too much.

SS: Did you see any injuries in the plant while you were working for Potlatch?

GG: Any what?

SS: See men get hurt?

GG: No. Fact is, all the time I worked with them or Carskallons either, I'm the only one that ever got hurt in there, the boiler room. And I was cleaning off a-- there was all kinds of sediment and dust forms over the tops of these boilers and on the decks and all around, you know. We'd take the steam hose and get up there and blow that all off, and clean it all off, and I dropped a steamhose, ^{and it went to whipping like that} and it hit me on the feet and gee cracky, it burned me good. I finally got around and got ahold of it and got it sopped. And I told Vern, says, "Vern, I got a pretty bad burn here, think I better go to the doctor." And he took about a half a look and says, "Gee, gods, I think you had." Oh they rushed me in, it was just a little burn from ^{I never laid off} there up to here, kind of streaked and striped, both legs. ^{oh,} for ^{most of the} a time I'd just go in and get it dressed and go back to work. Hurt like the devil for a day or two. I never seen any of the men get hurt at the mill, although there were some got hurt there during that time. And up there at Moscow I got this hand caught in a chain and down here at ^{Rossi's} I got it caught in a car door and lost a finger. Unavoidable as could be, but, oh, I guess the only way to avoid it is just not to have been there. I was doing my job, both times.

SS: There were some pretty serious accidents there.

GG: Oh, ^{Potlatch} there were some men killed. Ray Potter oiling out in the mill reached out over the belt of this Corliss engine to the drive shaft up in the mill and something caught on his clothes and drug him in there and he went around ^{that, between} the belt in that wheel and, hell, there was two hundred and fifty pounds of pressure to the inch on that belt, I imagine, just flattened him

out. I didn't see it. There was a fella fell into the slasher saws over there and the slasher saws are sixteen inches apart and about that high, he was laying crosswise of that damn thing. How he ever got out of it alive I don't know. It cut off an arm and part of a foot. Somebody seen it and stopped the chain or he'd a just been cut up in little pieces. Oh, there's been some bad accidents around the mill. It used to be considered real high rated hazardous. Anymore, they've got the money and they've got the laws and they've got the safety inspection, that isn't enforced too much, but a little. And modern machinery that keeps people out of it.

SS: Well, Glen, what did you say that Frank's father used to cut his little toe off?

GG: ^{I think} He used his pocket knife. Might have used a straight edge razor, but I doubt it.

SS: What did he use -- did he use alcohol, or what did he use to cauterize--?

GG: I think Frank said he used carbolic acid, put a little of it in the water and put his foot in the pan of water a little while and got up and walked off as though nothing had happened.

SS: That corn must have been hurting him pretty bad.

GG: Oh, them things can hurt.

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