

- McP: You had to do what you had to do. Had a lot of work clearing ground for one thing. Clearing stumps and windfalls.
- DB: Was that for your garden?
- McP: Clear the ground. And then you had your cooking, stock to keep up and your house to keep up. Work to do 'til Winter come and set my trap lines. I had my horses and stuff. And I had to come back every four days.
- DB: Why did you come back every four days?
- McP: To get some more grub. To bring back what I caught in the traps. Skin 'em and stretch 'em.
- DB: What kind of things were you trapping?
- McP: Oh, marten, and mink, and coyote, and fox and weasel, beaver, and otter, muskrat. That's about it.
- DB: What was the most common thing that you caught?
- McP: The most money was in beaver. You trapped under a permit from the state; you got half. The beaver was the biggest part of your paycheck. Then the marten was the next thing. Then mink. Figure about a \$125 a month. 1500 miles on the trap line. That's what you'd make in a few months.
- DB: How many traps did you have set?
- McP: Oh, 20 dozen. That's all together. For beaver, 25 or 30 of them. And marten, less. And every so often you'd have to set for fox or coyote.
- DB: That was in the Wintertime. What kind of work did you do in the Summer? Besides working for yourself?
- McP: Oh, I maintained trails and telephone lines, with the Forest Service, and fight fires and pack mules. I used to do a lot of load work for the packers. Had to have the loads, a good 300 pounds, 150 pounds on each side, or just about. Get a whole order of junk you had to go in there and set it on. A load of 300 pounds. As many loads as you could. And then there was hay, that was sometimes. That was a bad one. Mostly light hay. 125-130 pounds.
- DB: Bob said that sometimes you would grow your hay here and take it down the river. When was that?
- McP: In 1924 until 1932. By that time then the loggers was going jammers. Didn't need hay like they used to.
- DB: What do you refer to as a jammer?
- McP: A machine that goes out and hook onto a log any place and bring the log out.
(BREAK IN TAPE)
- McP: We got the hay in and went down on the river. And he was there. He had gotten drunk. By God, the man laid down. I said, "Now look here Ed. You and I will never ever travel again with a jug of whiskey. We'll travel sober if we travel

at all." So we went down and got the stuff loaded up. Here he come with a great big grin on his face and a gallon of whiskey. I had a notion just to take it and throw it over on a rock. The poor son-of-a-gun helped me put up the hay and put up my barn, the least I could do was let him alone if nothing happened. So I took a slug of it. It got me coughing. Every boatman we seen, we stopped and I tried to give them a drink of whiskey. Got up to the pack station at Shoshone Creek. Two of the best horsemen. They took a snort of it. That was all. Up to Hansen's place, old Jack Bailey and Old Jim McDonald. And they come to help me put up the barn, and they was getting kind of dried out. Now they tried the whiskey; we didn't lower that jug an inch. Ed had drank all that. He got drunk. We stopped at my place, got up in the cabin. Came to the forks. Ed was asleep in the back of the boat. So I pulled up, went up to Charlie's to get some stuff and a godevil and get some stuff to pack up tomorrow or the day after. So I come down. Ed was laying in the boat. I shook him up. He had knocked a 50 pound sack of flour into the river. So I fished the damn flour out. I loaded it and hauled it up to the house with a godevil. And by that time it was late. The next day I went over to Charlie's. And asked, "Has Ed been around this morning?" I looked around and here he was on his hands and knees, in the creek, right at the bow of the boat. The overflow from the river had run through there and he had his face plastered right down in the water. I grabbed him and turned him over. I tell you if you have ever seen a man lose his guts. He was just purple all over.

XM: Drowned in two inches of water.

McP: He drowned, but it wasn't the water. When he was on a drunk like that, he lost his oxygen. And that's it. Finally got a hold of the sheriff, and the coroner. Word came back, I had to have it relayed through Magee. Word came back, "Take the corpse and start down immediately. The coroner will look at the body." If I had known what I did now, I'd have told him to go to hell, let them come up and get him. So I come up here, I had a 28 foot dugout spruce canoe. Came and got him. And started out. It was starting to get dark. Half light of the moon. I saw old Jim McDonald. He said, "What do you have there, Mac?" I said, "I got Ed, he's dead; I'm taking him down." He said, "Do you need a hand?" I said: "I wouldn't mind." He said: "It'll take me about 20 minutes. I'm ready to go to town." He had his pack sack, he weighed about 220 pounds. The river had 15 or 16 inches, and we were scraping the bow. So finally I got old Jim to hold the lantern. I said, "So you go out to hold the lantern on the trail. And I'll stay in the boat. If anything happens, I'll holler at you." Finally I got to the big rocks, channel builds up there, she shot through pretty swift. And the

water wasn't as deep as I thought it was. Me in the back end and the corpse in the front. And we piled up on a rock. And it took me 20 minutes so that I could lower us off that rock. I near dumped him into the river.

(BREAK IN TAPE)

DB: Did you work on any of the log drives in these parts?

McP: Not much. Last log drive they had here, they got hung up caught in a jam. For two summers I worked the drives.

DB: What years were those?

McP: '26 and '27.

DB: How many men were working up here in those days?

McP: Well, on the drive there was about 40.

DB: And where would they take the logs from?

McP: Well, 16 miles above this river and right on up. Take them and move them down to Coeur d'Alene Lake. Or not the lake, but Dudley, four miles from the lake, where the first slackwater is. All the logs that were driven down there, each one had a stamp on 'em. And a bark mark that told you who it belonged to, just like a brand on an animal. And when they got down there, they had what they called a sorting gap. And they run these logs through. Sort the logs, somebody's here, somebody's there, sort the timber.

DB: And would they boom them for the steam boats?

McP: Yah.

DB: Now they did that until the 1930s? In the late '20s?

McP: Yeah. The last drive was in '26. Started in '26, got 'em out in '27. All this country was gone here. The river was only 20 or 30 inches deep at times, had a hell of a time getting them out. Took them two years to get the logs down here.

DB: Were they logging in here all year long?

McP: No. Start sawing in March. Some ended about Thanksgiving. When the snow got really deep in the canyons. Logs would run under and were buried under snow. It just didn't pay.

DB: What kind of logs were they running around here?

McP: White pine, white fir, tamarack.

DB: When did the white pine play out?

McP: She's not played out yet. But it's going. The bugs is getting to it. Bugs and blister rust.

DB: Is that the ribes?

McP: Yeah, yeah. It gets in there, here and there. It don't just sweep it solid. It'll rot an area, between five and ten percent. You can tell by the difference in the shade of the wood. The first year they get kind of a dirty gray. The next year a little bit more. Then they turn a shade of brown. And that's it, and they're gone.

DB: Did you ever see them make the chutes and flumes around here?

McP: Oh yes.

DB: How did they used to make the chutes?

McP: Get a creek, and go along and lay cross ties, 6, 7 feet wide. Every 8 feet. Come along with their chute sticks, 16

feet. Two logs laid together like that. And stick 'em here, stuck down. Go along and put a line up here. And hew off this round side here. So it looks like this. Like a V. And when you come to a turn, you had to have a fender on there, or it would jump. And then when they got to go too high, they drill a hole in these chutes, they put a gooseneck in there, a piece of steel like that, turned like that and down. Sharp like a chisel. These logs'd hit that and just take a shaving out of 'em and slow 'em down. And if it wasn't too bad, all they'd have to do is just throw some hot sand in there to slow 'em down. And if they wouldn't run, put some grease on it. And then you get down to the bottom and horses or teams would trail them. Just hitch or put a set of tongs in the back. And have 8 or 10 logs, all that you could pull, you'd buck 'em see, trail 'em down until they hit the pond. Then after the latter part of the '30s they stopped trailing with horses and they put the Cats in there. Then after that they got these jammers, put on automobile wheels, get out there and hoist them up. With the horses you had to take them down the hill; with the jammers, you had to take them up.

DB: Did they use many flumes around here?

McP: Oh yeah. They pack up a portable sawmill up to the headwater. With a gasoline engine. A real job for a packer. There's 1400 pounds and you had to pack it on two mules. And it wasn't so bad on a flat. But if you're going uphill, the one in the back had it, and if you're going downhill, the one in the front had it. You also had four men, two men on each side. You'd stop every so often, pick that load up and set it on a stake to take the load off of the animal's back. Sometimes, you wouldn't make over two or three miles a day, sometimes less.

DB: When they were building the flume, how would they lay out the timber?

McP: Go up to the headwater, set up the mill. The construction of the flume, the skeleton, was 6 by 8's and they put posts but she was like that. Start building flume at the mill and as they kept going down, they just put lumber in the water and float it on down and kept building it.

DB: So they would follow a creek bottom for flume?

McP: Well, pretty much. You had to pretty much keep it to grade too. You know a creek bottom is like this and like that; you had to keep a grade.

DB: So you'd go over the top of it. How did they get the water to run in the flume?

McP: Headwaters of a creek, build a dam up there. Build a dam where they put their mill. Take the water out of the pond, take the lumber from the mill, went right from the saw into the flume and on down to the carpenters.

DB: Did they have different names for different kinds of chutes?

McP: No.

DB: How about splash dams, were there different kinds?
McP: Yes, they had flying chutes and trailing chutes; this is one on the flat where the horses would have to trail them, and the flying chutes was when they came off the hill like that, where they had these goosenecks and sand and everything else. Flying chutes.
DB: Those are the ones that were going faster?
McP: To slow 'em. If they didn't, they'd jump the chute and go out.
DB: Did the logs ever catch fire going down the chutes?
McP: No, but you could see the smoke. You bet, you could see the blue smoke trailing behind them.
DB: How much timber could they get in this country here in a good year?
McP: About 10 to 15 million feet, that would be the whole thing.
DB: Is that the whole Coeur d'Alene Forest?
McP: This river. It'd take about 5 or 600 men and 4 or 500 horses to do that. The same thing today would take about half a dozen skidders and 10 men with logging trucks. Saw 'em and skid 'em and put 'em on the truck and they're at the mill the next day. This other way they sawed them and flumed 'em and shot 'em and flumed 'em and put 'em in the river and they laid there until next spring and they got 'em next year.
DB: How did people get paid working as loggers?
McP: So much a thousand.
DB: Did anyone work for hourly?
McP: Oh yes, you bet. \$.50 an hour for a while and then you got up to around a \$100 a week.
DB: How many of these men were IWW?
McP: The biggest part of 'em.
DB: And the the 4Ls when that came in?
McP: Oh, the 4Ls was just a crumbo outfit. The IWW, oh they, before that, men was working 10 hours a day. And six days a week. For \$.32 to \$.35 cents an hour, paid a dollar a day for board. A dollar a month for hospital. And 60 or 70 men in the bunkhouse. The bunkhouse'd be a little bit larger than this house with double bunks. Just hemlock poles run up there. Set out here and here and here with about that much straw on top of it. There was no place for you to do your laundry, you had to get a fire turned down along the creek and boil up. And you had to carry your own blankets. And the beds, every damn one of them had enough lice to pack you out of them. I tell you, given the chance, you could go down to the camp and boil up every day, but the bunkhouse was alive; that damn straw had been there for two or three years. With lice in there. Two days after you was there, you was lousy, and that was it. Every once and a while, they'd go to Spokane to take a bath, couldn't take no chance up there takin' a bath in the winter. Go back in the bunkhouse, the front end; there's a trough up there, with 15 or 20 washbasins and bar soap in about 25 pieces, and that's

what you had. If you want some warm water, they had a box wood stove, and five gallon cans of water. One would keep that full and have a dipper in a gallon can.

DB: Where were the log camps around here?

McP: Well, there was three on this place here at one time. Course they're all gone now. And one up around President Creek and Blier Creek near Rock City. Goose Creek is the next one. And then on down, there's a pack station at Shoshone Creek. That was a kind of dividing line. A place for lumberjacks going up and down. You often packed your bedding and everything on your back. You could only go so far until you had to have a place to stop. Then the next big bunch of men was up at Falls Creek and the Shoshone Work Center that goes up the other way. That's the last big logging job, and then all along on down the river, little jobs here and there.

DB: Were those called gypo?

McP: Well, the gypo was before the IWW took over, was working by the day, working by the day, so much for a swamper, so much for a dogger, so much for a teamster, so much for a hook man.

DB: What did the swamper and the dogger and the hookers do?

McP: Well, the swamper is a man who takes an axe and goes and cuts all the brush out of the way and cleans all the limbs off of the logs, cuts all the windfalls, makes the road up there where you take your horses up. And where you can take the logs down. Now that's the swamper's job. The dogger, er sawyer, of course, he goes ahead of all of 'em. He falls the trees, preferably everything up hill. Nothing across hill. If you fell it across hill, you might as well take your tools and stuff to the office and get your time. Up and down hill. It was cut, so many, 20%, 12 foot or 20%, 14 feet and 16 feet. If it come out right, they didn't encourage you, but you could have 20s. Now here, this timber's laying up hill like this. And have a rig, like an "I" here, with a hook like that with three links of chain here. And another "I" hook here. A trail dog. Tie this end into a log here and this end. And you got the two of 'em hooked together, see. Lots of times you could take three or four or five or six and sometimes 10 or 15. It all depended on the kind of ground and the horses you had and the size of the timber. That was the dogger. That was his work to dog those together.

DB: How would he get those logs in line so he could put those chains on?

McP: They laid there. The logs were laying there. He tried if he could to dog a whole tree together and catch another tree and tie it onto the end. Just try to get a whole tree at one hit. Once you got the buck to moving, you could move quite a load.

DB: Who sawed the logs into 16 foot chunks?

McP: The sawyers.

DB: So he sawed 'em down and cut 'em into lengths too?

McP: He sawed 'em down and cut 'em up, yeah.

DB: What did the teamster do?

McP: He drove the old ponies up there, hitched onto, had a set of tongs and hitched onto them logs and brought them down to what they called a skidway or a landing and put 'em in there. He hauled 'em in and knocked, there was a man down there who worked the dog out then and took a peavey and drove that one off and haul up another one and knock the dog out. And get all his dogs together and go up another trail.

DB: Where did the logs go from there when they got them on the landing?

McP: Well, they either went down a chute into a flume or down a chute into the river. Or directly into the river.

DB: Were there any sawmills around these parts? Other than...

McP: Oh, there was one here in '23 and '24. Most all of the timber that was logged here was cut up around Coeur d'Alene. Went to the sawmills. One at Harrison. One down there. Then in Coeur d'Alene. Then after you got to Harrison, you go up on the St. Joe River, and it's the same way. It's the same operation except that the sawmills are up around St. Maries.

DB: Back in the old days, so they'd drive logs to Coeur d'Alene and then run them into...

(END OF TAPE 8; Side 1)