

## TRANSCRIPT

of audio-taped conversation (lightly edited for clarity and continuity)

Charles M. Ross Sr., Age 80 with daughter Jane (Ross) Kroll Age 51 on July 19, 1989 and October 13, 1989, recorded in the dining room of the Ross house at 1025 Garner Ave., Salinas, California

### Side A

CMR:

We had a country store down in Tennessee that had a great big pot-bellied stove in the back, and the fellas 'd all come in and sit around with these chairs with the arms on them—you call them Captain's chairs—only they were heavier and stronger, and everybody sat around there while the wife did the stopping, or whatever it was, but they'd come over there at the store anyway.

And Dad [Edwin Ross] went over there one time—of course, he went over there many times 'cause his friends were there, too, and if he wanted to get anybody to help him, he could hire people right there. But he was telling them about Oregon, and he went on quite a little bit about Oregon and what a nice country it was and how the timber and all that was, and what they raised in Oregon and where he came from. And he began to look around, and nobody said a word. It was as though they didn't understand what he was gettin' at . . .

JK: You mean talking about Oregon?

CMR: Yeah. And so Dad said, "Do any of you fellas' know where Oregon is?" And there was gross silence. Pretty soon, one fella did speak up, and he says, "Yeah, I think I know where it is. It's on the other side of Louisville, isn't it?" (laughter) Dad [Edwin] liked that story. He never would tell a lie, you know, or make up a story. Of course, those fellas never had more than a 1<sup>st</sup>, 2<sup>nd</sup>, 3<sup>rd</sup> grade education. They could read and write their own names if they were lucky. (chuckling)

JK: So where were we. You talked about him being the treasurer of Columbia County.

CMR: Did we check on that?

JK: You know, I was going to write a note to [them], and I never did. So I'll have to do that. OK.

CMR: I remember some of the stories he told me when he was the treasurer, how he used to take the money up to Portland to the bank on the river boat.

JK: Yeah, you told me about that and Captain Hookirk.

CMR: As near as I can tell now. I don't know how he spelled it, but it sounds like Hookirk. That would be German?

JK: Could be, or Dutch.

CMR: Could be Dutch. He was a small sort of a guy. And I remember . . .

JK: Well, I think you told me one story about that, how he'd take the suitcase of money on board, and it would go up to the pilot house.

CMR: Yeah, he'd put it up there. Captain Hookirk would take it up, you know, and then Dad would be there at the pilot house, and he and Captain Hookirk would gossip, you know, enjoy themselves—they were friends—until they got to Warren which was about a two-hour run of the ship. 30 miles. I guess it maybe took 'em a little more than two hours. Well, it could be a little less than 30 miles by river, too.

JK: And then he just came back by river, on the boat?

CMR: Oh, yes. That's the way people worked. To take a horse and buggy to Portland was a real task. Not only that, you had to worry about the horse and buggy after you got there. Of course, they had livery stables, and they could put them in, but that's an extra charge. And it's a rough road to go on.

JK: Well, here this [some description of Edwin's life] talks about things he did in the community. He was a charter member of the Avon Lodge, Knights of Pythias, named from the old family home in Wisconsin. What's this thing about Ridgewood. It says, "After 50 years of 'ministry to mankind'" -I think that's a bit much- "he retired to his country home north of the city that went by the name of Ridgewood." Is that what they called the farm, the ranch?

CMR: Oh, they could have called it that. I never heard of it, but Mother may have named it. She used to have the Garden Club come up there, and maybe somebody did name it that way. But I think that could be deleted.

JK: I do, too!

CMR: Dad, in his latter years for his exercise and everything, he'd walk from that farm down to the office and back.

JK: Well, he was in pretty good shape then.

CMR: Well, he did that so he could stay in the city. His heart was bad. It had been bad for years.

JK: He knew that?

CMR: (laughs) Yeah, he knew that better than anybody else. But he knew how to pace himself. If he hadn't known so much about it as he did, he probably wouldn't have lasted quite so long. Of course, he overdid it one afternoon when he was chasing that cow, and that was the end of him.

JK: What that how it happened?

CMR: Yeah. One of the cow or calves got out down in the pasture, and he went down to round it up and bring it back home again, and it started to run the other way. He started to run around it and eventually brought it back all right, but when he got to the house, he fell over on the kitchen floor, dead. That was the end of it. He just over did it. It was just one thing where he happened not to pace himself.

JK: [looking at the paper] Some kind of an 80<sup>th</sup> birthday celebration here.

CMR: I don't know anything about this.

JK: Let's see. [reading] "Fifty friends of Dr. Edwin Ross dropped in at his 80<sup>th</sup> birthday. The evening was spent socially talking over old times. Refreshments were served."

CMR: Where did that come from?

JK: Some newspaper, it said. "The good doctor survived this happy occasion for only a little over a year, his death coming at the age of 81 and 3 months, on which occasion the following obituary . . ." There's a question mark here because they have something else from the way you said it. "The community was shocked this afternoon. It was learned that Dr. Edwin Ross had succumbed suddenly to a heart attack at his country home near the city. It's learned that Mrs. Ross had gone into the yard shortly after lunch, leaving the Doctor who appeared in his usual state of good health in the dining room. She heard him call for help. She rushed into the room, but she found he'd expired."

CMR: That could be.

JK: After he'd chased the cow, right?.

CMR: After he'd chased the cow, yeah. It was Mother that told me he was chasing the cows.

JK: [reading] "the following letter attesting the esteem in the medical profession sent by members of the Medical Society." That sounds interesting.

CMR: See, I couldn't make connections then. I couldn't get a pass on the plane in time [to get there] And after all, he was dead.

JK: Weren't you in Cincinnati?

CMR: No, we were in Washington DC.

JK: Oh, were we?

CMR: [reading silently] This is something I haven't read before . . .

JK: It's a nice letter. Well, let's go on because if there are any mistakes or anything, before I transcribe this, I'd like to get the correction. Let's see, "The next five years Aunt Tillie continued to live in her country home"-that's why they called it Ridgewood-"for her Fourth of July picnics with a heavily laden table in the large basement dining room became the occasion of a happy reunion each summer for the entire Ross Clan. In 1950 the place was sold, and Mrs. Ross moved to Salinas to be near her son." That's true.

"Harriett was born in Portland." Now she was born in Portland, but you were born in St. Helens?

CMR: Right.

JK: "She attended grade school and high school in St. Helens."

CMR: Then graduated from the University of Oregon. Doug was born May 30<sup>th</sup>

JK: My goodness, he'd be 89 this year if he were still here.

CMR: [reading some fam history] You could scratch this stuff: After studying two years in law school," I met Melvina there, but I didn't study for two years. I just attended. Skip that.

He attended Pacific University at Forest Grove, OR, later attending Oregon State College, majoring Animal Husbandry, graduating in June of 1937. He did graduate work in Farm Management but didn't get his masters degree because he was short his thesis, 6 hours. He didn't have time to write it before he had to get a job. (Expecting baby Jane)

When I graduated from college, I accepted a job with the Farm Security Administration,

part of the US Dept. of Agriculture. Work for them for 9 years. The purpose of the FSA was to make loans to farmers to help them get back on their feet after the depression.

I went to Alaska to open up the FSA office in Alaska.

...

JK: One time we were having a conversation around the table about the treatment of the [Japanese-Americans during WWII],

CMR: When they moved the Japanese away from the coast, they just swooped down and took 'em. I didn't want to be involved with it. I don't think anybody did. The Army thought that was the thing to do, and so they had the Secret Service point out the people that had to go.

And they were called Nisei. They swooped down on them first. Finally, they took out all the people in agriculture. Then the Federal Reserve Bank set up accounts to take care of their money and their goods, and they rented store houses and stuff like that. And they [the Nisei] were notified that they had to leave, get out of there, get out of the Coast. And they couldn't believe it. They couldn't believe that that could happen to them. And so they postponed everything until the last minute when the Secret Service (or FBI) acted.

There were four things. The thing we had to do was to take over. For instance, when the Secret Service swooped down on a farmer out here—say in Gilroy—he had 300 acres of garlic, we'll say. Then they would notify us that they were taking whatever-his-name-was's, that he was leaving behind 400 acres of garlic that had to be taken care of. He was given so many days to find somebody to take care of it for him, and if he couldn't find it by that time, then we would take over and find somebody who would operate it to the best of our ability under the circumstances that we took it under, you know? It wasn't always easy because sometimes there was dairy cattle that had to be milked twice a day, and that was our responsibility to do the best we could on it.

Now he was notified ahead of time that he had to go. But he couldn't find anybody that would be willing to pay what they were really worth because they [the potential buyers] knew that he had to sell. And so, they were up against it. It was pathetic. We had a lot of help. We got a lot of Japanese girls [women] that worked in our offices. We set up offices here and there, and the Japanese girls would be our interpreters, and I used to go up as far as Seattle, you know, and down as far as California. [We were living in Portland.]

JK: Did it seem strange to you guys doing that? Or did you feel like national security called for it at that time?

CMR: We didn't have much say. The government came along and said "This is what you're going to do." And you could have said. "Well, I don't want to do it." And they

would have said, "All right. You're fired." It was designated that [it was your job] to take care of these people, and that was your business. And if you happen to be an administrator and had a few people under you, why that's where you stood, and those people had to take orders from you. And you got your orders from somebody else.

Well, anyway, that's the way it is, and, of course, if those that couldn't sell, did sell, or they got their relatives to take over. . . There were many [nurserymen] greenhouse owners up in Seattle. They made their living underneath the glass the way they do today. And it was very difficult to get people to take over their businesses. Some of them were flowers, and some of them were vegetables. It was pathetic.

Their land was held in trust. The [Federal Reserve Bank?] were designated as the receivers of everything, and so if we couldn't handle the cattle, we sold them as best we could. And if they had 400 acres of garlic, we tried to lease it out to somebody. Maybe the neighbor would take it even on a share basis. Then we would have to turn that money over to the Federal Reserve, and they would be the custodians of the property for the duration. It would be kept in the name of the owner, and the money would be designated to him.

But you see, supposing the fella had a hot house full of flowers about ready to sell, and he was snatched up with his family and put on a train [and taken away,] and what happened to those flowers? If nobody could come to them, and very few did, see, because they were looking out for number one. Some of 'em would buy 'em at 10 cents on the dollar, you know, and that sort of stuff, and try to get rid of them and make a little money that way. Otherwise, they'd just close up the shop. [You're not recording are you? I don't want any of this stuff in. Just skip it all if you want. (Jane: It's no secret.) It's no secret, but it's something you'd just like to forget. (Jane: I understand.) It's sort of like going to war and seeing your buddies killed or something. It was a hard thing to do.]

JK: Well let's skip to the Farm Security Administration. Is there anything interesting about-I know you traveled a lot. You had to go out, you had territories. I know we moved a lot, so I know you traveled a lot.

CMR: Yeah, I'm sure. Every time I got a raise, I got a new job. I had several jobs. I went to Alaska, and then I came back, and we went to Cincinnati. The reason we went to Cincinnati was there was no room at the inn! (laughs) . . . at Washington, D.C. I mean, there weren't any spaces available. The South Agricultural Building wasn't up, hadn't been completed at that time, and so we had to go to Cincinnati where they could get space. So the National Farm Security Office was headquartered in Cincinnati. And it wasn't very long until we got space back in Washington again, and then we all moved to Washington.

JK: You worked in a Dept. of Agriculture building?

CMR: The South Ag Building. It was one of the big buildings. The old Agriculture Building was right across the street.

Then we got transferred. I didn't get along very well with the boss, and he didn't like me either, so we mutually agreed that I'd go find another job. You could say I was fired, really. First time I've ever been fired.. But I worked at the same thing. I just transferred out to California with the help of some friends I knew well back there.

JK; Actually, I think we went to St. Helens.

CMR: Yeah, you did because I couldn't find any place to live down here.

JK: I went to the 2<sup>nd</sup> grade there.

CMR: Then I found a shack over there in Harbor Gate. And so it was better to live there than have you people up there [Oregon] and me down here all the time. So we moved down to Harbor Gate and lived in that plywood house, if you can call it a house, for a while until the Bank could make up my mind. I was already working for the Bank [of America] at that time. I never lost any thing that way.

JK: What made you change jobs to the Bank?

CMR: I had moved so many times, and they wanted me to move back to Salt Lake City. What happened was that Utah and California and Arizona were one division. They Utah seemed to be big enough to take care of themselves. I mean to have its own state office. And so they organized the headquarters for Utah and broke away from California. And in the move, I was scheduled to go to Utah, and I went over there for, I guess it was 3-4 weeks, and I couldn't find any place to live, and besides that it was smoky, and they burned coal, and it was cold in the winter time, and Mother and I had been trying to get to California for so many years that we said, well why move. There must be somebody in California that would like to have my services. And so I went down to the Soil Conservation Service, which is another government agency, and the Dept of Agriculture, and said how about a job? [They said] We don't have anything right now, and so I went over to the Forest Service, and they said it would be 2-3 months before we have it, but we've got a job for you. But I'll tell you what, he said, there was a fellow named John Porter that was in here from the Bank of America, and he's looking for appraisers, and why don't you go down to the bank (that guy from the Forest Service.) So I said all right, I'd take the name. And I went down there, and I didn't know whether John Porter was the head of the bank or not. I didn't know him from Adam, except that he was the one that was looking for help. So I went down there in the morning and I found John, and John said I'm not in charge of this office, but Mr.

Lawner (sp?) is, and he'd be glad to talk to you. And so I went in to talk to him, and he seemed to be quite impressed. I had all my stuff all put together, you know, it was all typed--every job I'd had and every move I'd made, my resumé all made up. And they looked that over, and then my schooling and everything was down there, and he says, "It's all right. I think we can put you on right away. When would you like to start to work?" And I said I haven't had any vacation for over a year. If I would get a couple of weeks off--you were still up in Oregon--I'd like to have a couple of weeks off. "That's all right. We'll start on Sept. 1." This must have been in August. I said I'm getting this amount of money now--the tremendous sum of \$6,000 a year or something like that--which wasn't bad in those days, but it wasn't very good, either. The big guys [in the Dept. of Agriculture] were getting \$10,000-12,000. So \$6,000 wasn't too much, but that's all right. I was glad to get it. Most of them were getting \$2,800. They were probably getting \$7, \$8,000, as much as \$10,000. And the, of course, the top guys were getting \$15,000 or \$20,000, I don't know. It sounds awfully cheap, now.

JK: In those days, it was a lot.

CMR: Yeah. And so, he says you got to go through personnel, and I said that's fine. I can come back tomorrow, if necessary. And he said well, I think I can arrange it, and he called personnel down stairs. They're in the same building. I'll see if I can get you a date, and you can go down there and find out your salary. And I went down there, and he chewed me down. I think it was \$4,600 or something like that. But I needed the work.. They said there is a possibility of increasing. You've never appraised city property. You've always done rural property, and most of ours is city property with some rural. But we can teach you how to do city property, but we can't teach you anything about rural property. And since you already know that, that's fine. But you've got to go through a training course, and of course we can't pay you too much until you go through that. If you do well, we'll give you regular raises. You can depend on that. It sounded good enough to me, so I took it. I thought well, what the heck. If I can't make it, I'll go some place else. But I never moved.

JK: You were there for a while. I remember you had a choice of going to Auburn or coming here [Salinas].

CMR: Yeah. They had me going to Auburn and they had me going way up north, next to Oregon one time. [can't remember the name] What they did was hire me, but he didn't have a space for me at that time, but he wanted to take on more men, and knew he'd have to put you some place. Well, it so happened that they were going to [send me to] Auburn, and that was fine. It was kind of a fruit area. I wasn't particular familiar with fruit, but they had cattle up there, and it was a place to start. And they don't have too much in the way of big buildings or anything like that, so I wouldn't have too much trouble. And I thought, well that's all right.

And we made my [business] cards up for Auburn and everything, and Mr. Toscher was in charge here [Salinas], and he died and left the office vacant, and here I was sitting over there about ready to go [to Auburn], and they decided—well Launer told me later, “You were too good to go up there. When the agricultural area opened up down here, [you’re perfect].

JK: I don’t remember him. I remember John Porter. He was a nice man.

CMR: I used to hear from him once in a while, wrote him Christmas cards. After all these years, he’s about the only one that I can . . . everybody else has died! Except a few.

JK: So you got transferred down here then . . . and been here ever since! Yep. I remember driving down from Richmond here, you know, when we were moving, and it just seemed to take forever. . . . I remember the first day we came in.[to 1025 Garner Ave. There was a rolled up rug on the floor. All furniture, the boxes. I remember coming in, and the house seemed kind of new, then. Someone else had lived here [CMR: about a year], but it seemed new to us.

CMR: Well, it was better than those old plywood’s you’d been looking at.

JK; Oh, yes, it seemed big, my goodness. It had a dining room (laughs). Anyway, it was nice.

CMR: It had a bath tub!

JK; Even a bath tub! Why did we just have showers up there? [Richmond]

CMR: I think that’s what we had up there.

JK; You know all those houses have been torn down now. Harbor Gate doesn’t even exist. There’s some kind of manufacturing stuff out there. It was [meant to be] temporary, wasn’t it.

CMR: Yeah, it was all temporary.

JK: Well, that’s helpful. I’ll kind of tighten it up a little bit and put in stuff like that. It’s kind of interesting to know how everybody moved and all that stuff.

-----break-----

2<sup>nd</sup> part recorded in Salinas on Oct. 13, 1989

CMR: . . . been years getting a check every month. It adds up, you know. So, in the end it turned out all right. We always had enough to pay the bills, but we didn’t live very

high on the hog, that's so.

But it was interesting work, very interesting. I eventually did most of the city property. I did some pretty big things. I turned [the farm appraising] over to the other fellas.

JK: You were in charge of the office, weren't you?

CMR: Yeah. And then I had to specialize in the city property pretty much because the other fellows . . . I don't know what was going on all the time.

The biggest real estate appraisal I did was in Carmel. It's where the Bank of America is now that's been the Emporium, and that's downstairs there where they have a parking lot on one floor. . .

JK: Del Monte Properties, [on the right hand side going up the hill?]

CMR: No. No. No. That came along later. This was in Carmel

JK: Oh, in Carmel, the shopping center when you come down Ocean Ave., right on your left?

CMR: Left. That big one. Bank of America is one of their customers, and I think it was the Emporium there. And then there were home stores, and all kinds of odd ball stores, and there was a balcony, 2<sup>nd</sup> and 3<sup>rd</sup> stories. And then the back end of the building was occupied by a clothier that specialized in women's clothing, and they came out of San Francisco, very famous women's clothiers store.

JK; Is it still there do you think? Livingston's, Neiman Marcus, I Magnin?

CMR: I Magnin. Yeah. It was kind of interesting dealing with those people.

The owners [were trying to get the money.] They bought the land. There were several owners, you know. [I don't know what the appraisal came to,] but it was up in the millions.

JK: It's a nice little shopping center. We've gone there. They have a funny little toy store down beneath.

CMR: And all kinds of cheeses down there, too. It has escalators to get you up to the 2<sup>nd</sup> floor, and inside parking down on one floor. I don't know whether that's the biggest I ever did or not, but I think it's [about as big as I've done for] a department store. As a matter of fact, I've done manufacturing plants that exceeded that price, cold storage plants, things like that.

JK: Oh, I remember that. You wrote a paper or something on what, the cold storage . . .

what was that?

CMR: "The Appraisal of Cold Storage Plants."

JK: And wasn't it printed in some kind of a journal?

CMR: Yeah. It was printed in the *Encyclopedia of Appraising*, by Prentiss Hall.

JK; My gosh, that's right. I remember, that was quite a thing.

CMR: Yeah, they gave the book to John Porter and I. He did it, too. Then the last time it was revised, he did most of the revision, so he took the first name, and I took the second name.

JK: Now, didn't you do something about strawberries, too?

CMR: Oh, yeah. I had several articles published about setting up costs and profits, the budgets. The bank would loan on the basis of what you showed. Year to year there were so many acres of strawberries, and you set up his costs for this coming year and then estimate what he's going to get. And they look at it, and they say, "Well, he'll need so many thousand dollars. If this is true, it looks as though he'll be able to pay all right." And that's the basis of [the loan.]

It was good enough that some of the fellows asked me if they could use it for their advanced degrees in banking where they had to . . . kind of like some of these fellows wanted to be country bankers, too, you know. They had to know something about agricultures, and they'd take the strawberry article . . .

JK: Did they quote you in their research, I hope?

CMR: Nah. They referred to me as the source of this information. For instance, if I'd say that the average number of crates per acre in Monterey County was 3,000 crates per acre, then they would quote that figure. Where'd you get that information? [someone might ask] Well, here it is down here. It worked out fine for them later on. They said it was just fine. They had to pick something. They could have picked cotton, but they had this article of mine, and it was pretty complete, and they just used that. They did their own, but the source of the material . . .

JK: And you learned the information in that article just by doing appraisals with strawberry farms and finding out for yourself what [it was]? There were no good resources before that?

CMR: Well, the County Agricultural Agent makes a stab at it, but they look at it from a

different standpoint, not from the standpoint of the lender. They're more general. You can't really pin it down.

JK: He'd probably be looking at it more from the farmer's view, like what could grow well . . .

CMR: And disease problems, and the varieties. [So] I had strawberry men that'd come in and say they want to borrow some money, and we'd say all right we have to make a budget. So I'd sit down here at the table with him, and we'd just go over from the time he'd put the first plow in the ground. Then all right, what are you going to do next? He'd say well, I've got to have so many boxes. How much do boxes cost? 3 cents a piece or something. How many you got to have? Well, if we have an average yield, it takes so much . . . And so it was factual, and I get about 5 or 6 of these guys, I got a pretty clear pattern. I have a range in there. That's what I did with the motels. I did a sheet on motels and sent it out to the other appraisers. The cost of motels in Monterey County, yeah. I got so I could tell whether the guys were cheating on the owners or not, just by looking at the laundry tags. I knew what they should be for the number of units. He brings in so much money. Has he turned in all the money, or has he written out some of the stuff? Yeah. I helped one fella out, and he fired the guy. I indicated to the owner that there were discrepancies. Some of these costs are higher than they should be for the amount of money you're getting, higher than the average. Well, how could that be? Well, what do you think? How about your rooms? Are they being reported properly? I threw it back to him. He made an investigation, went through the books, found out that's true. He got the original amount from ... he thanked the bank, too. I told the bank officer, I said there's some discrepancies in here, because I had all these other hotels and motels. I had various sizes. I had the good motels, the medium, and the junkers.

There was a time when we made all kinds of money. Motels were just coming into Monterey. Now they've got a regular motel row in Monterey, going up the hill. We financed about 90% of those. Then over in Seaside, on up that way, there's all kinds of motels. And in Salinas, there were a few. That's the way it worked out.

You get so you can build a budget on a motel. [They want to] borrow money, and the bank will want you to set up a deal like that, what you think that they could do. They'll come with varying estimates. The bank also has to keep watching them. I would come up with an appraisal of the value of that motel, and they'd make a 70% loan or something like that . . . figuring that I'm probably 30% off.

JK: Well, it's a little protection.

CMR: They stopped making that protection for a while and got a lot of houses back not very long ago. Fortunately, it changed plans.

CMR: [looking at papers] This stuff for me, I don't want any of that stuff in there. It's too rosy.

This is kind of interesting stuff . . . about the Morses. "Kennebec country in the northern part of Maine. . . ." It was known for its potatoes. Before Idaho potatoes, you know now we hear about Idaho potatoes, well, in the old days it was Kennebec potatoes. Everything had to be Kennebec potatoes. Now, we raise Kennebecs here in the Salinas valley, and they all go to Laura Scudder's potato chips.

JK: Did the Morses come from England?

CMR: I don't know.

JK: I don't either. I'll have to figure this all out. Here it says, "Anthony Morse settled in Boston after his arrival in America in 1635," but it doesn't say where he came from. I'll bet it is England. But it would be nice if we knew. He's the one who fought in the American Revolution.

Well, we'll try to get this into legible form. The reason I wanted this was to, let me see. This is July 19, 1989. I want to get this on here, so we have our dates.

## **Side B**

JK: Will Grimes is your father's sister?

CMR: No.

JK: Oh, the woman in there.

CMR: Yeah, she married Grimes. Yeah, her name was Jenny, wasn't it? She raised my Dad, I know that. She was the older sister of the outfit.

JK: [reading] Edwin's sister, Jenny. Do you think it might be Jenny?

CMR: Well, let's see. Now Harriett would know in a minute. I think it is, though. They called her Jen.

JK: [reading] "Will Grimes married Edwin's sister Jen" OK. Now that might be good because here's a letter to Dear Bro from Will. He says, "Dear Bro [brother] Aiden."

CMR: That's his brother-in-law.

JK: Aiden is his brother-in-law?

CMR: If it's Grimes.

JK: Well, see, that would make sense here. Listen to this letter, this post card, and it looks to me like St. Helens in the winter time. And he's writing to this guy in Wisconsin.

CMR: Yeah, there's the court house and the hotel, here. Right. This is before the house was built, or they were just starting it. Yeah, there's the barn where Mother's horses were kept, where the Muckles kept their horses, and the hotel, and the Muckle Building wasn't up then. So that was 1906 when they build that in.

JK: Look at the back side. See there's a post mark and everything. The post mark says 1908.

CMR: All right. Then the Muckle Hotel was built the same year, so maybe that's a part of it. It should be right behind this building here on this corner. There is something there, but I don't know what it is. This is the Courthouse; that was there. Here's Andy Cox's house, the second one up there, and this is the Episcopal Church, and this is the Muckle barn across there where they kept their horses, and this was the Muckle house, now, I mean, they must have torn that down and had another house built. I don't know when they did that. I remember the house.

JK: Well, let me read you the card. It's really interesting.

"Dear Bro brother. Am all out of the [I'm not sure what that means] but my back and one leg. [Gout or something or other]. Was [something] have on a bed one week after the plunge on a bed.. Never suffered so much before. Have not been able to sleep even by the use of morphine. Am on the gain. Am out of bed some. Fanny was badly smashed, but is whole now, save that she needs one new shoulder and one new neck. Will write a letter later. Will."

And that was addressed to Aiden Ross in Beloit, Wisconsin. Now, what's Fanny?

CMR: Now that Will is Will Ross. He married Fanny. Fanny was the woman here that married Will. Aunt Fanny.

JK: OK, so it's not Will Grimes.

CMR: No.

JK: Do you think this other guy is Will Ross?

CMR: No, I don't think so.

JK: The only thing that made we wonder is that that picture came with this card. It came with all of these together. You know, it makes you wonder, doesn't it? OK. This is detective time. All right. This is the Will of the post card letter.

CMR: It's funny that Aiden Ross, apparently . . . where was that, Beloit?

JK: The card was sent to him, yeah, in Beloit, Wisconsin.

CMR: You see, hee was either on a trip, which he often took, or he hadn't moved out yet.

JK: Oh, he may not have come out yet. . . a penny post card. There's a penny stamp. Isn't that funny. 1908.

CMR: We don't know when Aiden came to St. Helens. I don't know when he came to St. Helens. Dad was here, I know, and probably Will. Then I guess Aiden came. I guess Aiden was in the furniture business, or was he an undertaker. He was both furniture man and undertaker.

He [Aiden] had an undertaking establishment in St. Helens. He also ran the store (there wasn't enough business in undertaking!)

JK: OK, well we're not done yet. Here's a photograph. On the back it says, "about 1900 to 1906"

CMR: That's the Muckle saw mill. It later turned out to be. And that's the Columbia River out there. Washington, you see, across the stream. This is the state of Washington over here. The Columbia divided it. And that's the saw mill. And it stayed that way for years. . . It's the same as it was when I saw it. When was this?

JK: On the back it says "1900-1906." Somewhere in that time period.

CMR: OK. But when I saw it first, it was the same, and it was much the same when I was growing up. It hasn't changed, this portion of the mill.

JK: Well, it was just before you were born. It was probably just like that when you were a kid, huh? Great.

CMR: [?] turned into the McCormick Lumber Company. It sold out. In those days that was the Muckle Mill.

JK: OK, now this says "after 1900." It also has Marie Poff up here, and that might be

why it came. It says, “#7 Street Scene, St. Helens, Oregon.”

CMR: Well, that’s the main street coming down from . . . On this corner here, just up here one block, is the John Gumm School where I went to school.

JK: Oh, I went to school in the 2<sup>nd</sup> grade there—while you were down in Richmond, getting a place to live.

CMR: This was the old Methodist Church, and they tore it down, and they put up a grocery store there. And they moved the church someplace else, out away from downtown here. This was the City Hall, and I don’t know if its still there, I don’t know. The St. Helens Mist was a printing office, and they had the lower floor.

Harriett’s good friend [whom] she went to school with during high school and all. Morton was his name. He was an alcoholic, and it was terrible. Everybody helped him along.

Then there was a home. People just lived there, down there. I knew the boys well at the time. One of them was about my age.

Over on this side was an old building. I can’t recall what it is, but it was torn down, and the Knights of Pythias built a building there. I worked on both of those buildings when I was a kid. I was a teenager, and I shoveled gravel and made concrete and stuff like that, kind of a carpenter’s helper.

JK: Now who was Marie Poff? I’ve heard that name.

CMR: Marie Poff was a dear friend who was practically raised by the Dillard’s up on the hill. Her folks were out in the country, and she came to St. Helens to go to school, grade school and high school, too. Of course, she worked for the Dillard’s, cleaning the house and things like that. She had a room there, and Mr. and Mrs. Dillard took her in. Of course, she became very well acquainted with us right down the hill. I guess she helped raise us, too. For all of her life and all of Mother’s life we were very dear friends, and she was the one person Mother wrote to all the time she was here [Salinas.] And once she heard that Mother had died, she said that’ll be the end of that. Nobody else has written and kept me up to date on the Rosses and the Krolls and all that except Matilda.

I’m not much of a writer. It was very true about that. It was the last time we ever heard from her. . . She was madder than a hatter. Mad that Mother’s [ashes were] sent up to Oregon [without letting her know] to be buried,. They just read it in the paper. They didn’t get any news from us or anything. And there were some dear friends of Mother’s up there like Marie and others that felt really let down because they didn’t have a chance to go to a funeral or anything, you know. All they knew was that her

remains were buried up there next to Dad. And Harriett put a nice monument up there, I guess, a nice tombstone where it showed the two of them there.

JK: It would be nice to see those some time. I still would enjoy going back up there some time.

CMR: I would too. I don't care about going back up on the hill.

JK: I would. I'd still want to see what it looks like even though I know it's different.

This is Columbia Hotel, St. Helens, Oregon, by Boise Saw Mill Office, end of South First Street. And there's somebody's name here, Alberta Cooper, and at the bottom someone wrote in "about 1905."

CMR: There's the old wood walk that went in front of my Dad's drug store.

JK: Oh, the one that went up when the flood hit?

CMR: Yeah. See how it was made? It had these timbers underneath it to hold it up, and they'd float like logs and the wooden sidewalk was there, and they would walk along on the wooden sidewalk. As long as you didn't get too many people standing in one place, it was OK, see? And Dad said that he did his pharmacy right out of the second story. There was another building something like what he had there. This was at the end of the lot, and the saw mill must be right here some place [JK: off to the left]

Now where is that picture of the saw mill again? All right. Let's see. I'd have to turn the picture up. That's the way it was. This picture here is right here, where the town started right at the end of the saw mill --to the left. This street went down from the main street, from the Court House--you remember the Court House? All right, it went down through here, and that's the main street. It wasn't paved or anything.

And there's the old wood walk. Now my Dad's just up this way . . .

[reading] "by the Boise Saw Mill office. End of S. First St."

I remember there was a Columbia Hotel. (Pause)

[get the winter card/picture] OK. Here's the court house. I thought the Columbia Hotel was right here. [muttering] They built that when there was a demand for some hotels down in there. Amy George's mother. It's always been in the Muckles in one way or another. I don't know whether it was torn down or not.

Yeah, I was thinking this was down on the water front street, you see. There's a street that comes right down here and empties into this, dead ends right here at the saw mill.

JK. But there's trees all behind there, so that . . .

CMR: Yeah, that cut that out, so this is . . . well that doesn't look like the Columbia Hotel, but I guess they changed it.

JK: That's what it says.

CMR: Yeah, I know. Well, that's where it's located. It was located just down here. Does it show kind of an alley way down there? I can't tell, but I think it is.

JK: Now this is the Muckle Hotel?

CMR: No. The Muckle Hotel was the brick building down on the corner that Mother inherited. And this was the hotel next to it that Cal Roger ran for so long, and Roger married into the Amy George family, and Mary George was my grandfather's sister. There was Aunt Eliza (Elizabeth), and Mary and all of 'em, the Georges all in there. Aunt Eliza married a Sweitzer who was a carpenter there and helped build the house, I guess. And Mary George, of course married George and George had some kids, and that's where all the George's got into the picture. And they inherited this.

JK: What was the name of that hotel, do you remember?

CMR: I think they called it the St. Helens Hotel.

Now, if I could just see down farther [into the picture], my father told me that just down beyond here, he says at one time there was a cooperage place, a man who made barrels. I notice that there's a notice here, something about Cooper, but I don't think that means that . . .

JK: Well, Alberta Cooper is a person's name here on the back of this.

CMR: Don't they call the people who make barrels coopers? Well, that's right, yeah. So 225 Sunset Blvd., I 'll have to look up. I don't know what it is. Well, she goes by the Boise Saw Mill Office. . . . (Speculation about when the Boise Saw Mill people were there. Didn't know.)

JK: Well, this one is still a mystery, isn't it, this family.

CMR: Yeah. For all the world, it looks like Melvina's dad.

JK: (Laughter) Well, it does, you know, but it's not because this is from the Ross Family. That's so funny. Well, I think I'll just send it back to Harriett and say we don't know who this is, do you?

CMR: Of course, she'll want the one of Doug back.

JK: Well, she didn't ask for anything back. She may have a copy of that.

CMR: I'd send it back.

JK: I think I will.

CMR: That's a dream. The boys would love that.

JK: Well, somebody would, and it would mean more to them.

CMR: The reason I think it was Doug was that it was in his time. I can remember before they had . . . people would not buy an automobile that had glass around it like that. They simply would not. Every time it would wreck, the glass would spray all over everything because they didn't have this kind of glass we have today, shatter proof stuff. And they had several bad accidents, people running over the cliff and being cut with glass, and so they just stopped people from buying anything with glass in it, and so they didn't make any with glass in it until this model came out. Now, that was quite some time. That must have been in the early '20s.

JK: Do you know what model that was?

CMR: No, but it was a Model T Ford, no question about that. That's the thing that Henry Ford made his millions with. Model T Ford Coupe they called it, I guess, or one-seater, I guess. But that's what it is. It's a Model T.

Oh, yes. That was an up to date car! Do you notice they had an extra tire put in the back? Oh, yeah, that was somethin'. They had a little trouble with the glass falling out in the front. Of course you could always let the windows down. I don't know whether the front doors had windows or not. You can see that's glass across the back and across the other side. I believe in this model the glass was in the door, too. It happens to be down here.

But the windshields were still divided. It was always double glass like that one. There was upper glass and a lower glass. And the upper glass would push out. It was hinged at the top, and it would push out, and that would give you the ventilation you needed.. If it got hot in there, you just pushed the front windshield out. The one at the bottom stayed perfectly all right, because you see with the upper one pushed out a little bit—it was like some school buildings where you could push the upper window out. But that was something!

I'm not just too sure that there was any glass in the front. That's sun visor there. It runs clear across. That was something pretty fancy, too. They never thought about having anything that dropped down. They couldn't use them, because the top pushed out. That was their ventilation. No one ever thought about a heater or a ventilator down underneath because you didn't want that smell from the engine coming back at you all the time. You know the oil would get on top of the engine, and when it got hot, it would smoke. If it would get too bad, you opened up the front.

It was so wonderful to drive in those things because you could drive in there and not get wet at all. You didn't have to get out and put up the shade, the icing-glass side or anything. Eventually, it took over, and they convinced the people that it was safe to drive in. And eventually they made sedans like that, you know.

But I remember Mr. Dillard had one like this, but it was an earlier model, I believe. But it just

had—like old time taxi cabs—you can see them in England—where the driver got in on either side just like some of our [delivery] trucks do, delivering groceries and such, where they didn't have to mess around with the doors, they just climbed in on either side. And there was no glass at all there. And there were no doors down below. You just slid into the seat just the way the garbage man does. Then there was a back for people with glass like this, and that glass went across the back, just like taxi cabs are divided some times. Only today the cabs have doors in the front, and if you take the doors off, you'd have the old time taxi cab. Mr. Dillard owned one of those because he never would drive in a car that had glass in it. But he did come to the place where he bought one of these that had glass in the back but not up where the driver was, and that's where he always sat, so it didn't make any difference to him. He could jump out any side. He didn't have any doors at all in the front. He couldn't stand doors because you couldn't get out. If you got stalled, he wanted to be able to jump one way or another. Of course, you could do it without hurting yourself too badly because if you could get 25 mph with those things, you were going pretty good! And there weren't very many roads that you could drive that on anyway. But this one seems like a pretty good road. It looks like a paved gravel road. It's in pretty good shape there.

It's 11:30. We'd better start our lunch.

JK.: OK. I'll send these back to Harriett and see what we can get.

CMR: Just tell her we enjoyed looking at them. [Some of the pictures we didn't know who they were]

JK: One had Aunt Phoebe Hewlett b. Oct. 10, 1817 d. July, 1912 on the back. Will check. [END]