

Mr. Bert Walter is the son of one of the last blacksmiths in Washington County. In this unique interview, Mr. Walter tells the story of his father's shop during the boom days of the town of Glencoe. Situated just north of the present day North Plains.

The blacksmith shop was as a common sight in the towns of rural Washington County as is the supermarket is today. With his forge, bellow, and iron tools, the blacksmith shod the farmer's horses, repaired their horse plows, and fashioned tools for the people in the area. The blacksmith most likely spent the majority of his time putting new shoes on horses. One must remember that the horse provided not only power for the farm but was the major means of transportation. The days of the internal combustion engine were still yet unborn.

Further details of the actual work of a blacksmith need no further illustration here. One need only to listen to the tape and read the transcript. It is suffice to say that Charles Walter embodies the ideals of hard-work, individualism, and pride found so often among the early settlers of the Tualatin Valley.

In the second half of the tape, Bert Walter devotes most of his thoughts to the activities and the people of the old town of Glencoe before the coming of the railroad in the first few years of the twentieth century.

"The law ended north of Glencoe". The town saloon was the scene of much drinking and fist-e-cuffs. Storekeepers traveling into Portland feared bandits robbing them of their money. A killing or two also occurred.

This is not to say that the town did not have its civilized aspects. The Woodman of the World Hall was the site of the traditional Saturday Night Dance. This was one social event where all the townsfolk would look forward to. It provided a chance for the people to break-up the monotony and isolationism inherent in farm life. It was an opportunity for the people to socialize and have a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter were most friendly and hospitable to the oral historian during his several visits to their home. The blacksmith shop, with all of its machinery and tools still stand today. In 1969, the Tualatin Valley Heritage Association formally dedicated the shop as an historic site. The Walters give much of their time conducting tours to schoolchildren, senior citizen groups, and passer-bys. It is a most admirable service in which they perform while preserving and providing a link with Washington County's past.

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July 18, 1978
Accession No. LOH 78-232.3

(0) LM: The following interview is with Mr. Bert Walter. It was recorded at his home in Glencoe on July 18, 1978. The history of the town of Glencoe and Mr. Walter's father's blacksmith shop are the topics for discussion. I was born?

SW: Well my name is Bert Walter and I was born right here in this house, January 24, 1902. I have lived here all my life.

LM: You mentioned your father came from Germany. Can you just briefly relate the story of how and why he came to the United States?

SW: I really don't know why, he was 13 years old when he came here with his parents. They landed in Louisiana, and then they went directly from there to Texas. They lived in Texas six years and then they came to Salem, Oregon. They was down there a year. Then from there up here. That was in 1890 and bought this shop here, and he stayed here until he passed away.

LM: Now your father had the blacksmithing skill before he came across then?

SW: Yes, in a point. He was 13 years old. He shod a few horses and made some plow shares. He done that in Texas there. In some of the old country he helped his dad I guess in the shop there and then shod the horses in Texas for the Oklahoma land rush there.

LM: Did he ever say what that was like? What was Oklahoma like during that land rush?

SW: No I really couldn't tell you that. I don't know what it was. I guess they all just lined up and when they shot the gun, they all

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LM: Well to begin maybe you could go ahead and introduce yourself, such things as your name, and when and where you were born, and where you grew up?

BW: Where and When I was born?

BW: Well my name is Bert Walter and I was born right here in this house. January 24, 1902. I have lived here all my life.

LM: You mentioned your father came from Germany? Can you just briefly relate the story of how and why he came across to the United States?

BW: I really don't know why, he was 13 years old when he came here with his parents. They landed in Louisiana, and when they went directly from there to Texas. They lived in Texas six years and then they came to Salem, Oregon. They was down there a year. Then from there up here. That was in 1890 and bought this shop here, and he stayed here until he passed away.

LM: Now your father had the blacksmithing skill before he came across then?

BW: Yes, to a point. He was 13 years old. He shod a few horses and sharpened some plow shares. He done that in Texas there. In some of the old country he helped his dad I guess in the shop there and then shod the horses in Texas for the Oklahoma land rush there.

LM: Did he ever say what that was like? What was Oklahoma like during that land rush?

BW: No I really couldn't tell you that. I don't know what it was. I guess they all just lined up and when they shot the gun, why, they all

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BW: (cont.) took off and whoever got there first got their pick of the best ground. I guess that's the way it went. As far as I know.

(10) LM: Your father and also your grandfather were blacksmiths. Was it more of a family tradition?

BW: Yes my granddad had either two or three brothers that were all blacksmiths too. One of them ran the blacksmith shop in South Portland for years there. He was out there in Fulton. That was a little kind of a 3/4 triangle, right in that triangle was his shop that he had. He had three and they were all blacksmiths. One of them, he ran a refueling plane for Tex Rankin when he tried to make a record of non-stop flight with a airplane in the early days. He run a refueling plane for him. Afterwards he went in partnership with a fellow by the name of Bankhead. They relined brakes and made springs for trucks and cars and things like that there. That's what he done later on. They built alot of boats, they was right along the river down there when they had the rose carnival, why they always had a boat in the races there.

LM: It was more or less a family tradition to be a blacksmith? Was that a skill back in Germany that was looked up to or like a profession of some kind to be a blacksmith?

BW: Oh yes! That was quite a trade in the early days. Why, they couldn't get along without a blacksmith. Somebody had to fix the breakdowns for them.

LM: Maybe you could just describe what exactly a blacksmith is and what his skills are then and what he uses them for?

BW: Well he has to be able to be a "jack of all trades," so to speak. That is you got to be able to do woodworking. If he's going to be fixing wagons and things like that. You have to shoe horses and you have to be able to sharpen plow shares and any other repair work that come along
(20) on a farm, machinery, why, he done everything. Machinists, why he has done everything as a blacksmith did. The difference in the blacksmiths of today is that they are farriers. There is a lot of them around. They just went to college and learned to shoe horses, but they couldn't fix a wagon wheel or anything like that. That is what a blacksmith is and that is the difference between a farrier and a blacksmith. The blacksmith had to be a farrier too. He had to shoe horses and fix the wagons and buggies and plows and all your farm machinery, Harrows, binders, discs and the whole works.

LM: Did every town or community have their own blacksmith shop then?

BW: Oh yes, pretty much so. This little town of Glencoe had two blacksmith shops here. Then when they started the town of North Plains at different times there were three different blacksmiths shops up in North Plains. Hillsboro had about five or six I guess, I don't know for sure. Forest Grove had about that many and Mountaindale up here had two and Bethany had one there, Cornelius had two or three blacksmith shops, at that time. Just every three, four, or five miles there was a blacksmith shop. The farmers didn't have no way to get there, like they do with a automobile now. They had to go with a horse or either ride him or drive him in a buggy or a wagon and that wasn't very fast going and they couldn't go to far. So there was a blacksmith shop every little ways.

LM: What is it you called them? A blacksmith?

BW: Yes a blacksmith.

LM: Where would these men get their training? How would they learn there skill?

BW: Well that I really couldn't tell you. I suppose they...

LM: Was it more less father and son like you situation?

BW: Yes, more or less that way. Either that or some young fella wanted to be a blacksmith, why he would get in with some other blacksmith and he taught him the trade. That is the way it went. I don't think at that time they ever taught anything like that at school. But here in these later years

BW: (cont.) my dad went to Forest Grove and taught blacksmithing there
one winter in the high school (interruption) and there was probably
(30) 14 kids I guess trying to become blacksmiths.

LM: Well obviously there was a need for blacksmiths in this area. Did your
father ever say why he came to Oregon from Texas? What drew him here?

BW: No, I don't really know what possessed him to move out of Texas. They
were down there for six years and they blacksmithed there and then they
just took off and came here to Oregon and they landed in Salem. My dad
got a job working at a shop down there in Salem. He worked there for a
year and his dad was looking for a shop to buy and he run off to this
one here. He bought it and they moved from there to up here. My dad got
married and he bought his dad out. My dad run it all those years then
till he passed away.

LM: Would a blacksmith make a good living at his trade then?

BW: Yes, you could make a living, but you can't make money like you can today.
No such wages or anything like you can get now, but then they made a
living. Of course, everything else was cheaper accordingly, too.

LM: You said you were born in this house. At that time there was a town of
Glencoe. Could you tell me a little bit about the town from what you
remember and as far back as you remember?

BW: Well, yes I can tell you that it was quite a little town here. They had
two stores and a hotel building and a livery stable and a drugstore and a

BW: (cont.) central office and a post office was all in one building across the street there. Then there was a shoemaker shop and then a saloon and then the old house across the road there. Then caddy corner, across where PGE station is over there, there was a creamery there and then across this side of the road on that corner was another saloon. Then this old building was a store building and a lodge hall. And then this house and the old shop here and then another house there and then another lodge hall, (woodman of the world) lodge hall. Each one of those hall buildings had a barbershop in them and a store at different times. Then there were two more houses down there and then there was a grist mill down there. That was about the extent of the town here at that time.

LM: Well that sounds like quite...

BW: Then there was another blacksmith shop stood down there on this side of the old hotel building, I guess I missed that. There was two blacksmiths shops here.

LM: Sounds like quite a bustling town, quite a few buildings and activities.

(40) Who were the people that would come and go to the stores and the saloons and all the places? Was there a regular city community here or was it more or less the farmers in the area?

BW: Well, a little of both I guess, although the farmers came to town and I think all these fellas who lived up on Pumpkin Ridge there. They used to make shingles up there. They'd haul them down here to Mayes' store and

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BW: (cont.) trade them for groceries. Then the Mayes would load them up and they had a freight team, three horses on a big wagon, a covered wagon, and then they would load them shingles up and haul them to Portland and sell them down there, and take the money and replenish their stock and come back. They went once every week to Portland and sometimes twice a week down there with that freight wagon. Anything that anybody needed here, why, they brought it for them.

LM: What was the name of the store again? You said Mayes?

BW: Yes, Mayes' brothers.

LM: They were the owners of the store?

BW: Yes, after I can remember there was another fella named of McPherson who ran this store over here and then I think before Mayes were there, there was a fella by the name of Bruce that ran that store. But I don't remember him, I was too little at the time. But he ran that store and then Mayes come from King City or King Valley or some place down in the valley some place. They came here and bought Bruce out I guess and they run the store after I can remember it. And then when the town moved to North Plains, well, then they moved up there and the store that is up there by the brick building now. It still goes by the name of Mayes Brothers. At least it did for years and years, but I think the last of their family got out of there here now in the last three years. A fella named of Ross Cox I think he was the last one. His father-in-law was Lester Cypher and he

BW: (cont.) married one of the Mayes girls. So the store went by the name of Mayes Brothers all the time it was a Cypher and Cox owned it. And now Cox sold it here about on, I said two or three, maybe it was four or five years ago or so. I guess it still goes by that name but I don't know. I never heard if they ever changed it.

LM: You mentioned that if the store didn't carry an item that the farmers would want that they would go into Portland? Or you mean they would take orders and go into Portland and buy the things for them?

BW: Yes, they always brought out whatever they could sell there. If anybody wanted anything, why, what they didn't have why they would try and buy it down in Portland if they could, and haul it out with their freight team.

LM: You mentioned there was a couple of lodge halls here. What kind of activities would go on in the lodge hall?

BW: This was a K.P. lodge.

LM: A what?

BW: Knights of Pythias. There was a woodsman of the world lodge hall. They moved that one to North Plains and then later tore it down up there. They used to give a lot of dances in that old woodsman hall, even after they moved it to North Plains down here why a fella by the name of Steve Meek a son of the old Colonel Meek, he gave dances in this woodsman of the world hall here when I was a small kid, (background conversational noises).

LM: You went to some of these dances yourself?

(50) BW: I did as a little boy, but I slept most of the time. I was a small kid. Everybody brought their kids along and they just lined them up on the floor on blankets and covered them up and they all went to sleep and their parents danced. Mrs. Meek and some of the ladies around here used to help her out, they would go down there and cook a great big meal and at twelve o'clock at night they would shut the dance down and everybody would go downstairs and they had a great big long table clear through the hall with benches on both sides and they would eat a big meal. Then when they got through with that they would go back upstairs and danced till morning. And that was "pert near" every Saturday night, they had a dance there. They would cook a great big meal for the whole gang.

LM: How many people would go to the dance?

BW: A lot of times they would have up to a 100 numbers that they sold. A hundred couples, that would be 200 people there at different times. Not always, sometimes they would only have 60 or 70 and sometimes 105 or 110 numbers. \$1.00 per ticket and the meal was free. For that they could dance all night and eat for \$1.00 per couple. I don't think he made much money but they had alot of fun. I guess (laughing).

LM: That is really something that an activities like that would go on and the whole community and people from beyond would come out.

BW: Oh yes they used to come from quite aways off, but they all used to have to come with either horseback or horse and buggy or team in a wagon or something that way. They had a great big long shed built there for people to drive their horses in. They stood in the dry all the time there and at night they drive them in there and tie them up in that shed and when they got ready to go home why they would go out and hitch them up and go home. They had a great big shed all along the edge of our place there.

LM: What was the music that would be at the dance halls? Did they have a band of some kind?

BW: Yes they had a drummer and a fiddler and a piano player and that was about it.

LM: What kind of dances were they doing back then?

BW: I don't know, I never danced myself. I don't know what they called them. They used to have a lot of square dancing. I think I can remember that when I was a little kid they used to like to square dance, and the waltzes, and the two step. I don't know but I think they ahd something called the one-step and the three-step. Something like that, I don't know. I wasn't interested in dancing enough to know what they called them all.

LM: What years are we talking about with these dance halls?

BW: Oh I suppose that was probably in about 1906, 1907, 1908, 1909, along in there. And then about 1910 they moved that old hall away from here up to North Plains and they had dances in it up there. So it didn't do it much good to move it. It got pretty rickity when they got to dancing, why it starts swaying pretty bad. And finally they quit giving dances in it and

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BW: (CONT.) they tore it down. *air binder or something, why they had a*

LM: Well then there must have been quite a sense of community spirit in the town of Glencoe then, the first decade of the century. *all around that*

(60) BW: Oh yes and then there was a little church stood across the road on that other corner too. That little church building there.

LM: Would many of the farmers and the people of Glencoe attend then?

BW: Yes, the only church around. They all went there, them that went to church, some of them didn't go to church. They would go to the saloon instead I guess. *the shop and told my dad, he said, "I know they killed*

LM: Was it a particular denomination or was it more or less a community church?

BW: Yes kind of a community church I guess. They had all different denominations in there at different times. Sometimes they had services in there and sometimes there wouldn't be any at all for awhile and then somebody would come along and start up again. *on the hill here in the depression times*

LM: Then it was just a matter of attracting a minister or a pastor to come out to have services? *ones up in the fence row up there. They called the*

BW: Yes. *er out from Hillsboro and he gathered up all the bones and took them*

LM: How about the saloon? Was that a rather popular place among the townsfolk?

BW: That was a very popular place (laughing) in them days. When us kids after the dances was over why on Sunday mornings we would go down and pick up all the beer bottles and we could go down to Mayes' store and get a penny for them there. They used them to sell oil to the famers for to oil their

BW: (cont.) mowing machine or their binder or something, why they had a bottle to put it in. Us kids on Sunday morning why we would get up as early as we could wake up and run down there and hunt all around that old building where they drank their beer the night before and throw the bottles down.

LM: Was it a rowdy place in there? Would things get wild?

BW: Well they get rowdy at times there. It got pretty rough, too. They killed one guy that I heard of. There was a fella that lived around here he come into the shop and told my dad, he said, "I know they killed him and buried him under those big fir trees back of the Woodman Hall down there because I had my horse tied there that night, and when I left the saloon to go get my horse to go home why there was a big fresh pile of dirt there." They either moved him or else he was mistaken, because when the W.P.A. worked on the hill here in the depression times there, why they had guys wheeling dirt down there with a wheelbarrow. And they dug his bones up in the fence row up there. They called the coroner out from Hillsboro and he gathered up all the bones and took them along with him. I don't know what they done with him, if they ever buried him anyplace or what they ever done with him. I never knew.

LM: You mean this man was killed in the saloon and then buried without notification of the law?

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BW: Yes. They claimed that he worked for the Old man Tongue out here. He was an Englishman, coming here from England. And he was going back to England. He had worked for the Old man Tongue until he had saved \$600.00 and that was a pretty big fortune in them days. I guess some of the toughs around got wind of it that he had that money, and they killed him for it I guess. They buried him and this guy here claims that he knew where he was buried.

LM: What was law enforcement like back in those days then, there was no legal investigation into the matter or was it just left?

BW: No. They always said that "All law ended in Glencoe here." Anything north of Glencoe was free. That's the way I heard it (laughing). The law ended right here.

LM: There wasn't any sheriff or anything like that?

BW: No, they had a sheriff in Hillsboro, but he just came as far as Glencoe, and when anything happened beyond Glencoe they never bothered looking into it or anything. There was a fella who killed his brother-in-law at one time here, too, and he hid out in the woods, and some friends packed food to him for a long time they said. Finally he cleared out and left. I don't know where he went, he was gone for years and years, and then finally he came back and landed in Forest Grove. I guess he died in Forest Grove, he was about over 100 years old. That was Tang Smith.

Mrs.: I didn't want to get a voice in on that one. He was 107.

(10) MR: Glendon was a pretty rough town then, just from these two incidents.

MR: I guess it was just about **END OF TRACK #1** it is now.

MR: Well, say there was a burglary or robbery of some kind or a member of the town got mad for whatever reason. Was it a matter of him taking the law into his own hands? Seeking revenge or taking his property back?

MR: Yes I guess there was that. I don't remember any such of that myself. But before my time I had heard a lot of that. That went on there but I don't know. They used to rob all kinds of people between here and Fortland. They would sit up there on top of the mountain there and when these people went through, like Hayes' freight wagon and things there, they used to come out **BEGINNING OF TRACK #2** they always had cash with them. In those days they didn't have banks and checking accounts that amount to anything at that time. It was all cash. They knew when that wagon went to Fortland that the driver had at least \$300.00 to buy provisions with. In those times there the supplies for the store and things and they used to get robbed every once and a while, like there on the mountain, I

I heard a story one time of a Hillsboro banker that he went up there and some fella had a gold brick that he was gonna sell him and it belonged to some Indian and this fella told the banker and he was out there in the woods and he wouldn't come out. But he said I will take you in there

(0) LM: Glencoe was a pretty rough town then, just from these two incidents.

BW: I guess it was just about as bad then as it is now.

LM: Well say there was a burglary or robbery of some kind or a member of the town got mad for whatever reason. Was it a matter of him taking the law into his own hands? Seeking revenge or taking his property back?

BW: Yes I guess there was that. I don't remember too much of that myself. But before my time I had heard a lot of that; that went on there but I don't know. They used to rob all kinds of people between here and Portland. They would sit up there on top of the mountain there and when these people went through, like Mayes' freight wagon and things there, they used to come out and hold them up and they always had cash with them. In them days they didn't have banks and checking accounts that amount to anything at that time. It was all cash. They knew when that wagon went to Portland that the driver had at least \$300.00 to buy provisions with. In those times there the supplies for the store and things and they used to get robbed every once and a while, like there on the mountain, I guess.

I heard a story one time of a Hillsboro banker that he went up there and some fella had a gold brick that he was gonna sell him and it belonged to some Indian and this fella told the banker and he was out there in the woods and he wouldn't come out. But he said I will take you in there

BW: (cont.) where he is at. He says you can take a drill and drill into that brick and take it to Portland and have it tested to see whether it is real gold. So by golly the banker took a drill with him and drove up there with a horse and buggy and tied the horse up and walked down in the woods and found the Indian out there and sure enough he had a gold brick there. So the banker took the drill and he drilled holes in the brick and took the shavings and put them in a little envelope and drove into Portland and had them tested. Yes it was pure gold. So he come back and told the guy that he would take it. I believe it was supposed to cost \$4000.00 so the banker told him he would take it. While he was gone getting it tested the Indian, he measured off all the distant where each hole was drilled in that brick. He drilled the same holes in a brass one (laughing). He give him the brass brick when he came back with his \$4000.00 he left and they never did find him. That's the way they done business in them days. That was before my time, I just heard that there.

LM: That was here in Glencoe somewhere? I don't know whoever told him.

BW: No, it happened up here between Portland and here up on top of the
(10) mountain. But the guy got out of there. at that time or did the farmers

LM: Speaking of Indians, did your father ever mention of any, or did he know of anybody that would find any Indian artifact in this area? Indian arrowheads or was there any legends about the Indians that lived in this particular area? and picked up their wall. And then after that they

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BW: Oh yes, there was arrowheads around different places, in fact the place we own now, once in awhile you can plow up a arrowhead on that there. And then back here by the creek why they claimed that the Indians had a rock hut built or something there and they had a theory that they could cure smallpox. I believe that was the disese. An Indian that had the smallpox why they would put him in that stone hut build out of stone and then built a fire around it and heat them rocks just as hot as they could. And when he couldn't stand it any more, why he could push the door open in the front and then jump into the cold water in the creek. That was supposed to cure the smallpox. That was supposed to have been right here in the back end of our little place here. I didn't see no indication of it or nothing that I ever seen but then I heard that.

LM: Where did you hear the story from? Your father?

BW: Yes. they started a town up there, selling lots and things and the rail-

LM: He nver mentioned where he heard it then? to begin with, and so they

BW: No, I don't think he ever seen it either. That was before he ever came here, they told him about it too, so I don't know whoever told him.

LM: That is interesting. You said also that the town of Glencoe also had a Post Office. Was there a rural delivery at that time or did the farmers come into the post office? and well, in fact my brother worked there, he

BW: Yes, there was, well before that I guess they brought the mail out from Hillsboro and dumped it here in the Post Office, and then everybody around it come here and picked up their mail. And then after that they

BW: (cont.) had rural delivery and they used to come around in horse and buggy and deliver it in your mail box then. Then after North Plains got a going up there why they came down here and hauled all the stuff out of the post office part of the building and put it up there at North Plains and then they opened up the post office up there then. I think they used to get their mail up there by rural delivery to the Cornelius route. I think that's where they got their mail and I guess it still comes from
(20) Cornelius up there at North Plains post office (traffic noise in background).

LM: Well then the end of this town of Glencoe, at least on this particular side with the coming of the railroad, is that why they moved the town?

BW: Yes, the railroad came through and just went by here and up through there The Ruth Realty Company. They bought that farm from a fella named Barlow and they started a town up there, selling lots and things and the railroad came out. There was an electric line to begin with, and so they drilled a well up there and built some board sidewalks all around and strung up a few street lights and then they got their electricity off the railroad there. They run that line out from them electric cars.

LM: Do you remember the construction of the railroad itself?

BW: Oh yes. I remember that real well, in fact my brother worked there, he was only a kid. He greased wagons and hauled water for the cook shack. Things there while they was along this area and of course when they got

BW: (cont.) further away why then they got other kids to do that. Whenever a hand left and quit the team they used dirt wagons and three horses and when they built all those fills along there made three big cuts. They had a machine that had a kind of a plow on the side of it and an arm that stuck out and I think they had 20 some horses on that thing. One guy drove them there and had a great big draper on it and then that plow would plow that dirt loose on to that draper and then the draper would elevate it up and into them dirt wagons. Those guys all had three horses on a wagon and their mules or whatever it happened to be. When one wagon got full why he would turn around and get out of the way of the next one. He had to drive right under. They never stopped, they just let dirt come out and fall down on the ground and go on again. That's the way they made all them cuts there like that. Every once and awhile why some guy would get disgusted with his job and he would jump off the wagon and let them stand out here any place. Then my brother would have to go out and bring the team in and unhitch them and put them away until they could get another driver for them.

(30) LM: Why would people get disgusted? Was it just too hard of work?

BW: Yes I guess. I don't know what the deal was. Some of them was kind of finicky that way.

LM: Was this area clear or was it timbered when they were constructing the railroad?

BW: Through here?

LM: Yes. *that cause any problems?*

BW: Oh just about like it is now. A little brush here and there otherwise it was all cleared farm land. *there for them and then when they laid*

LM: Who were the men who were working on the railroad? Were they out of town men that were working on the line from the very beginning all the way up? *that big holes like that. They used to bring was down here for*

BW: Oh yes most of them came from Portland from the employment office. They had them coming and going all the time. They had a standing order for men and teamsters to drive horses and things. There was some employment agency in Portland that all they had to do was go to a telephone and call them up and tell them to send out so many men and so many of them had quit. I guess they made the rounds. Some of them they probably hired over a dozen times, the same guys maybe. They get a stake enough to buy a bottle or two of whiskey why they would quit and go to town, get drunk. When their money was gone, why they would come back and want their job back and they would get it. *or your heat in the summer and cold in the*

LM: Was it particular ethnic groups that were out here or was it all kinds?

BW: There was all kinds of them. There were all kinds of characters that worked there. Some of them was pretty steady. Some of them stayed with them all the time and then others they would come and go.

LM: Was the town of Glencoe quite active then? Were the workers coming into the town?

BW: Oh yes.

LM: Did that cause any problems?

BW: No they had their camp up there on top of the hill there. My dad he used to shoe all their horses there for them and then when they laid the rails why they used to come here and they brought all those big fish plates, big plates of iron that they put on each side of the rail with those great big holes like that. They used to bring them down here for my dad to drill the holes in them iron for them. He did a awful lot of drilling of them fish plates there on that railroad. They had them plates on there and then those big bolts in there and then those rails had a slot in them and they would expand and contract in the weather. In the hot weather they would expand and then in the cold weather they would shrink so they had to be so they could give. I forget how much, I have heard in the past, how much they change from summer to winter but quite a lot in a mile. You would be surprised how much difference there would be in a mile of track. They had to have those slots in there so that they could give back and forth for your heat in the summer and cold in the winter.

(40) LM: It must have been quite a bit of new business for your father in his blacksmith shop, while they were building the railroad. Why didn't they go through Glencoe? Why did they bypass the town?

BW: I don't know. Well I think the Ruth Realty Company had something to do

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BW: (cont.) with that. They were going to get rich selling them lots, they bought that farm from Barlow there. Well he had 640 acres there, was a mile square each way and they also bought the Paine Place up here and then that didn't go over. North Plains didn't grow like they thought it was going to. They didn't sell all the lots they had up there in that 640 acres. So then they divided this up in bigger tracks up here in 5 and 10 acres tracks and things and then they couldn't sell much of that. They sold 3/4 parcels of that and that was all they could sell of that there so then they sold the rest out for farms. We got part of it up there I think we have what they call five lots, I believe there is 20, 21, 22, 23, and 24, or something. I think about five lots as they call it. That consisted of 34 acres and then the Bernard Place up there on the back. I think there must be about 160 acres of that. They sold all that out to one man for farmland. And then there was a man named McCloud who had 23 acres out here in the front and then another fella named, well, Spiering was the last guy on it up there and he had 16 acres of it and that's the way it all got split up. But that was once all one big whole farm, too. think they will see anything, I don't know when they

LM: In other words they had big grandiose visions for the town of North Plains?

BW: Yes they did.

LM: They thought it would be more or less of a timber, a lumber terminal of some kind?

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BW: Yes and then farming and big farming community around here and a lot of big farms around here everyplace and everything. It just never grew. A lot of people would come here and settle there in North Plains, was there a year or two or three years and then left. Oh, they had a lot of things going on up there. They had a doctor and they had a doctor in Glencoe, too. I didn't mention that I guess. They had a doctor and jewelery store and garage and livery stable and cheese factory and pickle factory and bakery. I think two different restaurants up there at different times and then there was a brick yard up there and a hotel and a store, 2 stores and 2 saloons. I guess there was three different blacksmith's shops at different times was up there. But none of them could make a go of it. They were just there for a little while and then they would close up and leave. And North Plains just never grew that was all. Then later years they started in and built some sawmills in there. Two or three sawmills and a planning mill there and that kind of kept the town alive a little bit. I guess they're building or adding a sawmill up there now I believe. I don't know when there ever gonna get her a going. I don't think they will saw anything, I don't know when they will actually doing.

(50) LM: What was it like then for the town of Glencoe to just pick up and just move a mile up the road or half a mile up the road? Was it lock, stock, and barrel they would move up there?

BW: Well yes they practically all moved up there, but my dad stayed here. He bought a couple of lots up there and figured he could build him a shop if he wanted to up there but then the town never grew and he still had the same business that he had before right here he didn't have to move. So he never moved. Like I said them other fellows they built a shop there and they run it a little while and they didn't get enough business to stay in business, they just quit and left and that was it.

LM: What happened to the buildings of Glencoe here?

BW: Well they moved part of them up here. Mayes old store building went up there, the woodman hall building went up there and Elmer Mayes house went up there. And the first night when they started to move Mayes house from down there why they lived in the road right out here in front of our house. They got that far with it. They had an old stump puller and a team of horses that went round and round and wound the cable up and pulled it on wooden rollers at about 6 or 8 inches through and the plank laid on the ground. Then they would pick those rollers up and walk ahead and lay them under there and whenever a roller would come out in the back why the guy would pick it up and walk ahead and that is the way they moved. And the first night they got from down there on the other side of that house on the

BW: (cont.) other side of the shop to the other side of our house that was the first night that they lived in the house when they were moving it. In the same way was the old store building and the lodge hall. That went up there like that, too. And then the old livery barn over there that other fellow that lives across the road that lives there now, he tore that barn down and built another one there. And the drugstore. A guy come along and he was quite a character. He bought all these vacant buildings around here and he started in taking all the windows and doors off and all the windows out and putting burlap sacks over the windows and the door ways and everything. One night there was a young couple that lived in that house on the other side of the shop there that we owned. They was having a party there and we was all over there at the party and a couple of guys went outside to smoke a cigarette and they got out there they looked up at the old drugstore and they saw a light flickering through the sacks and they come back in and said that there was a light flickering upstairs in that old drugstore, and old post office and the central office in that same building, or had been. So of course everybody went out from the party there and went over there and the old boy told them, "Don't go up there," he says, "those steps are not safe." And some of the guys came here to the shop and dad used to get these 200 pound sacks and he had a bunch of those coal sacks, those great big sacks there and they took them out and soaked them in the watering trough and then went over there and went up there. There they found a candle burning in a little block of wood

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BW: (cont.) with three nails drove in it and a candle sticking in there. Straw all around the floor and everything and they put it out. The next day, why, the old boy come walking out there in front of the drugstore, he was a cripple and walked on crutches (pretended to be) and starting cussing my dad and he says "you stole my sacks!" and dad says to him "well he says, if these sacks are yours then come over and take them." These are all coal sacks that I buy my coal in. I don't think you have any grain sacks this big or anything." He didn't come over but he was mad because it didn't burn and he had insurance. He was going to collect the insurance. So anyhow he was mad. Then afterwards he had the old hotel building. He bought that down there and it burned one night and he had a bunch of old machinery in there and all his better plows and discs he had put in the woodman hall shed down there. The insurance adjustor came out here to look over his loss and he got suspicious. He came over to talk to dad here and dad told him, "If you want to see his good machinery then go down there in that shed and look." There he had all the doors and the windows that he had taken out of that barn and that drugstore and that house that was over there. He had them all piled up in that shed down there. He was saving the windows and the doors. He was going to sell all them. So anyhow the insurance adjustor went down there and found all his good machinery. He had a bunch of old crummy stuff and he was going to collect for that. I

BW: (cont.) guess they didn't pay him and he was madder than ever then (laughing). Then he went down the line here about 3 miles and he stole 4 horses out of the pasture down there and he had a hired man. They were driving along leading these horses, the hired man was holding the rope and so they come along down there to that railroad track that they call the Orenco cutoff. It goes across the road and right on the other side. A fellow by the name of Hamill lived there and he had a nice Sorrel horse there and the hired man says, "Bob there is a nice looking horse, I would like to have him." Old Bob says, "Whoa here is another halter he says." He had the hired man making rope halters for days over there and so the hired man says, "Well maybe that is the way you got these, if it is than you just take them out and I will drive your horse". So he handed the rope to old Gossman and he done the driving and they took him to Portland and the sheriff.... (phone rings thought cut-off).

LM: When the town moved from Glencoe to North Plains did all the original people here move along with the town here, too?

BW: Oh, part of them yes, not all of them but part of them did. Oh like all the Mayes, see there was four partners in that store. There was a fella by the name of Ireland, he had a store in Hillsboro called Ireland's True Value.

LM: Is it the same Ireland family?

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BW: Yes that was Lester Ireland. He had an interest in this store of Mayes' here. And a fella by the name of Shoenberg and then there was Elmer Mayes and Marion Mayes and Clarence Mayes at different times. Clarence Mayes run a store over at Donald for a long time and then afterwards he came here and worked here with his brothers. Anyhow all them fellows that lived around here, they moved up there to North Plains. They built houses up there and lived there. But other than that I don't think any of the others moved up there they just scattered around and went here and there and stayed where they were at.

LM: When the move occurred, do you think something was lost in that community spirit that was in Glencoe before? Was it kind of sad for the town to see the move?

BW: I don't know. It didn't seem to make a whole lot of difference, we were so close by everybody that you knew they were all right around here anyway. It didn't seem to change much, really. The only difference was they had the railroad up there. There was a train that went through there, I think once an hour.

LM: All right, I have a couple more questions but I will stop here.

END OF TRACK # 2

BEGINNING OF TRACK # 3

(0) LM: I would like to ask a couple more questions on the actual art or skill of blacksmithing. Can you describe a typical day in the blacksmith shop, say some of the customers that would come in and the kind of chores that they would have done or would want done? Some of the things that your father did? One thing that I was interested in was that when you shoe horses you would hoist the horse up on the pulley. Could you explain that a little bit or what that was for or why?

BW: That was what he called a stock. And that was two poles and it has hooks on the end and they had eye bolts put on the wall there. Those hooks on the end of the poles which hook into the eye bolts and then he would let them down on the floor and spread them out and then lead the horse in between those poles. On the back of the poles he had a pulley up in the ceiling and a big rope come down through there. Then underneath there he had a windlass. Then he would fasten that rope on there and then he would put these poles up against the horse's side. In the back he had a 2x4 across there with a bunch of holes bored in and a big iron pin. He could pull that up against any size horse there and then stick the pin in. Then he had a big rope what he called a breast collar and he would put that on them around their breast that had chain links in the end of the rope and that hooked into the poles on the sides and front and then he had about the similar kind

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BW: (cont.) of a rig in the back that went around behind him and hooked into the hooks ahead so they couldn't go forward or backwards. Then he had a big belly band that they called it and that went underneath of him. It was made out of rope and coal sacks. Then chainlinks spliced into them ropes and then he took them on to three hooks on the side of them poles. And when he got them in there he had a big bridle and he would put that on and then he had some wires fasten on the side with snaps in and he would snap them into the bridle. Then he would go back and take hold of the crank and lift them right off of the floor. He had an iron hook that he hooked under their hoof with and pulled up so he could get ahold of them with his hands and then if he couldn't hold them with his hands that way why then he would get a rope around each foot and tie them back to the back end. The front ones he would pull up and over the top of his back and tie it on the other side and that would hold his foot up and he could trim it and fit the shoes and nail them right on. The horse couldn't do a thing. He could just in there, and he couldn't do anything about it.

LM: Did he do this to every horse? Or just the most cantankerous?

BW: No , just the mean ones that he couldn't hold. Otherwise, why, he just picked their feet up and held them by the hand and shod them that way, for the gentler ones. But if they got a mean one why he would put him in there. There was never a horse that came in there to be shod but

BW: (cont.) what he went out with shoes on. No, that was just ones that were kind of ornery and mean that he put in there. The gentler ones he never ever fought them that way or anything, he was always gentle with them, kind to them. Whenever they got ornery then he had to show them who was boss.

(10) LM: You mentioned also that he was making buggies in there or repaired buggies, horse and buggies.

BW: Oh yes, we have a two-seated surrey up in the shop that he made from scratch. And a little one-horse wagon up there that he made. Yes, everytime that a wagon wheel got a spoke broke out of it or something, why, he would take them apart and put a new spoke in and new fellows on them. If the tires was worn thin he would put new tires on and all that kind of stuff. He done all that kind of work all the time.

LM: What would he use for power? Would he have a big fire hearth, fire and hearth that he would heat his iron ore?

BW: Oh yes, in the forge yes.

LM: Forge, yes that is the word I was looking for.

BW: Yes, he always has a fire in the forge. He had two blowers there one turned by hand and one that he ran off of the line shaft in the shop that he run with that gas engine. If he had a lot of hard blowing to do, why he would use that power blower and if it wasn't too much why he would use the hand blower and turned it by hand.

LM: Would he also build toys and things like that? I saw a few of them up there. Well like bicycles and wagons and various toys?

BW: Oh toys! Yes he done a lot of repair work of that kind. It didn't make much difference what it was. He repaired them and a lot of things he made. He got a valve lifter out there that he made. He went to a garage one time and he seen one there in the garage and he looked at it and he came home and made one. It works pretty good. It is quite a deal.

LM: When did the art and the skill of blacksmithing begin to disappear then? When did they lose their dominance in the town life?

(20) BW: Kind of when the tractors and the automobiles came in, it slacked off and there wasn't so much of that to do anymore. Back in the earlier days there was a lot of plow share sharpening. When the horses had to pull the plows why yo had to have the shares pretty sharp or it was awfully hard on the horses to pull a dull plow shares in the ground. If you had it hammered out sharp then they pulled it a lot easier. But after they got the tractors they didn't sweat like the horses did. And it really didn't make too much difference. Everybody just ran their plows with dull shares on and burnt up a little more gas by doing it, but it didn't seem to make it sweat anymore. So that kind of slacked off about that time. Of course there was a lot of horse shoeing left yet and a lot of people had saddle horses then. There wasn't many work horses left anymore but there was a lot of saddle horses around. I guess there is an awful lot of saddle horses to shoe yet.

LM: Your father then, he just adapted to whatever was needed or the skills that he used? In other words, when there wasn't so many plows to sharpen he would do something else?

BW: Oh yes, he did pretty near anything. It didn't make much difference what it was. One time my brother had a big casting broke on his binder and had to send to the factory to get a new casting for it and it was going to take a week or so to come. Instead of waiting a week he went ahead and took some steel and made a piece for the binder and it is still on the old thing sitting out in the pasture yet. The new one came and they never even changed it. They left the little piece that dad made on there and the new one stand in the shop with yellow paint on it yet out there, never used it after it came. He made a lot of things, pretty near anything that was made out of iron, he could make it. It didn't make much difference what it was.

LM: Your father lived to quite an advanced age didn't he?

BW: Yes he was 94 years old when he passed away.

LM: When was it that he passed away? It wasn't too many years ago was it?

BW: Well let's see. I think that what it says on the plaque is it 1964? I believe that's what it was. Let's see he came here in 1890 and he ran the shop 74 years.

LM: So that would be 1964 all right.

BW: Yes I think it was 1964.

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LM: He was working in the shop until he died then?

BW: Yes just within a couple of months. Of course he didn't shoe anymore horses. He was 92 when he shod his last horse in there, but then he lived two years after that but he sharpened a few plow shares. He didn't get jerked around like with those horses you know. They always jerk with their foot and things.

(30) LM: Well that is all the questions that I have unless there is something that you would like to add about either blacksmithing or the old town of Glencoe?

BW: I don't know what it would be.

LM: This was quite an enjoyable conversation, quite informative one also.

BW: Yes, that is the way I remember it from what I have heard, some I have seen and some I have to tell you what I heard from my dad and others.

END OF INTERVIEW