

The following oral history interview is with Ralph W. Raines, a long-time resident of Washington County who has grown up around the lumber industry for his entire life. The entire interview is over three hours in length in which time a great many topics are discussed or touched upon. The conversation generally follows a chronological order beginning with his grandparents coming across The Plains and eventually settling in Oregon. Ralph's Father, Waldo, began logging in Washington County around 1915. After Ralph was born in 1920, the older Raines began a sawmill in the old milk condensary at the town of Carnation. Included in this section is a synopsis of the history of the town of Carnation.

Mr. Raines continues the story of the sawmill as it and the Raines family struggled through the hard times of the Great Depression. Carnation Lumber Mill is significant in the fact that only a few mills in the entire county were able to withstand the economic standstill of the 1930's. After World War II, Ralph Raines came home from the war and took over the mill. As the narrative continues, Ralph Raines outlines the history of the mill until which time he sold it and went into logging and then the tree-farming business.

The story is spiced along the way with logging anecdotes, hilariously funny stories, and personal experiences that loggers, men of the woods, are famous for. The interview is a valuable resource tool in the respect that it covers the logging industry and its different aspects from the small lumber mill, to more ^{the} mechanized and efficient operations, to the new field of tree-farming, all told in a human, personal way. The user is encouraged to listen to the tapes and read the transcript for maximum benefit and enjoyment.

The interview takes place on February 27th, 1978, at Mr. Raines's home up in the mountains outside of the town of Cherry Grove.

(Beginning of Tape 3 Side 1)

RR: Those Saturday nights rarely amounted to any hard feelings or any grudge things. It would be very unusual. Usually, it was just all whiskey fights anyway. Come Monday morning it didn't pay to carry grudges in those days. Come Monday morning you might be setting chokers with the guy that you was scrappin' with Saturday night. That just isn't going to do at all so you just forget it and go back to work. Rarely, by Monday morning nobody remember what the fight was about anyway. Heck, you just went back to work, cork boots and hangovers and the whole thing.

Well, all those days and so forth have all changed. The pressure of population, different logging methods, transportation, all home-guard shows now. No more camp-shows. Railroad logging gone. The influx of people all changes things. Things have kind of calmed down. Moonshining is unusual in the country now. You might say that we're past those wild days, in a more civilized era. Really it's better. At my age I don't think I could stand what used to be. In my logging days, which began 25 years ago, and maybe a little before that. My days as an active logger. I hired, of course as I've said, a number of fellows, local fellows here. Of course, all the loggers in the country, you know.

You never ~~xx~~ worked in the woods very long, you never escaped from the woods without sort of a moonacher and so forth. A lot of times you never really knew the fellow's first name or his last name but you knew him by his ~~xxxx~~ monnacher. His nickname. We had lots of manna hers. We had ~~x~~ such monnachers as Ghandi ~~xx~~ Dommas. He's still alive. Swede Nordgren he's still alive. Shorty Deflefs he's still alive.

monicker

RR: Raunchy Raines was my monacher. I'll tell you a little bit about how I got my name, monacher of Raunchy Raines. We always went to work early in the morning, before any of the stores would open up and lots of times my day lasted longer than the stores stayed open. I never had time to get myself a new pair of gloves. I was always walking around the outside of the landing picking up gloves that the other boys had cast off or thrown out, looking to see if I could find a better pair of gloves than the ones I was wearing. So, that's how I got my name of Raunchy. Then there was Drag-saw Smitty and Weld Bill and Blasphemous Bill and Hillbilly and Hook. Hook was a common monacher. Coon Johnson, Corn-fed Hoedenpile, the Ball brothers. High Scott. Pete the Pouch and Piss-tank Jack. The Ball Brothers I have to tell you about. There was three brothers in the last of the forties. Their names were ~~Frank~~ Franks. Those boys are still alive, logging out there in the Burn. when we were still salvaging saw snags out of the Tillamook Burn. Boy, there wasn't anything they wouldn't do. (10 Tape 3 Side 1) They didn't care how they got it done. They would log in the middle of winter, four five feet of snow, anyway they could get the cat to run. They would log in four or five feet of mud. Anyway, we called them the Ball Brothers. There was high-ball, speed-ball, and screw-ball. (laoughs) And High-Scott, the Scotts and live over in Scoggins Valley. There old people in this country here. Pioneer stalk. High was superintendent of Stimson Logging Company for years. Pete the Pouch and Piss-Tank Jack why, they were a pair of Canadian fallers that worked for me. They always chummed together and worked together. They worked together and they played together. They couldn't hardly wait for Saturday to come

RR: Af fellow by the name of Pete Labinsaw in Vancouver, Canada, he was always going to town and "put 'er in the pouch" he said. Then there was his partner, Piss-tank Jack. Always on Monday morning he showed up in his cork boots in his hand and a heck of a hangover. I would ask him what he did over the weekend, Oh he would put up with some k ol' piss tank. (laughs). We always called him piss tank Jack. Good God, those were some of the characters that were in the country. Many more of them that have come and gone. Some that I just don't recall their monachers right at the moment.

Anyway, I recall some of the stories. Some ~~ix~~ of them lies. Some of them the truth, here. My Dad used to tell a story about Paul Bunyan. There were hundreds and hundreds of stories about Paul Bunyan, the great logger you know. The mythical logger. One story my Dad used to tell about Paul Bunyan was after he logged all the way across the United States from Minnisota. When he come to the northwest, why, he sent Sailor Bill down the river and the whole outfit around the South American Horn and back up the West Coast. He met the logging outfit off the coast of San Francisco. Paul Bunyan was logging in the ~~E~~ Northwest and he had a fellow logging right next to him that he called Double-Jawed Murphy. Wintertime they would get together for a big game at the bunkhouse. The two crews and of course Double-Jawed Murphy. Braggert sort of fellow. Of course, Paul Bunyan was very modest person. But, they got into an argument about who could make the best Limburger cheese. Double-Jawed Murphy was the braggert kind and of course he made the best limburger. Paul's crew, not to be outdone, got Paul to explain how he made limburger. Of course, he stirred up so much of this and so much of that and let it all set and ~~magua~~ coagulate and make some more additives of some kind.

RR: Then there was a cave up behind the bunk-house up on the side of the mountain therexxx that had just exactly the right temperature. He would hang it up just exactly the same size balls all sacked up. Let it cure up just exactly the right amount ~~xx~~ of time. Then he would go up and get a ball of this limburger cheese and bring it down to the bunkhouse. Paul would ^{always} test it out before he would let anybody sample it at all. They asked him, "why, Paul how did you test your limburger?" "Well", he said, "I just take the burlap back off it and I take my knife and cut off a chunk of it and I throw it out on the bunkhouse floor and if the dog grabs it and it~~s~~ ~~wxy~~ and then turns around and licks his hind end to get taste out of his mouth it's alright! (laughs)

Then my Dad, he just to get some of these lumber buyers from back East out here. My Dad was a great story-teller. He used to tell about the size of these logging railroads. Which was all lies. He'd tell them how big it was out here in the Northwest. (20 Tape 3 Side 1)

The firemen were bringing a load of logs down off the mountain and there was a bum riding on the tender. Behind the loce. That bum was about seven foot high, tremendous man. He come down into the cab and he threatened them. The fireman got into a fight with him. A scrap right on the locomotive while they was bringing this load of logs down out of the mountains. He hit him with a stick of wood and he killed him! The fireman wne went back and told the engineer abo t it what had happened. The engineer said well golly we got to do something with him. We got to get rid of him somewhere or another. Throw him in the water tank on the tender there. So he threw him in the water tank. The fireman come back into the cab then he thought he'd check his water gauge to check the water level in the boiler.

RR: (cont.) By God, here was this tramp bouncing up and down inside that water gage. That's just how big that logging railroad was. (laughs)

Some of the...now these are some of the true happenings and some logger of the humor that comes out of the woods that rarely gets to town. These are true stories that happened in my outfit. Of course, they were loggers, you know and they made up alot of their own humor. Special type of humor.

Had a fellow who worked for me. Old Coon Johnson. He's now retired and live somewhere down close to Hillsbore. Good cat-skinner. He come walking out of the woods there one day down at the landing. I said, "What's the matter there Howard? Cat break down?" I says, "What happened?" W "Well," he x says, " I pulled the bull pin right out of the hepper shap." Now, whatever that means, I don't know.

By God, you know, I had a hard working choker-setter. Worked for me. A fellow by the name of Mickey Harden. He's now a logger over in Idaho. I don't know if he's retired now or what. But anyhow. Then I had a fellow, he is now retired, fellow by the name of Shag Bristol. Lives at Gales Creek. Shag was first loading for me and Mickey Harden was setting chokers and we were coming in from the woods one night in the candy wagon or the mulligan or the crummy, or the truck, whatever you want to call it. Shag Bristol was quite of B.Ser. He telling about when he was loading over for Lyda Logging Company out in the Burn. The big timber that they had and they were all two and three log loads. Rarely, never went over four or five log loads. That went on and on. Finally, we were riging We were just coming into Yamhill and we stopped the crummy and I allowed one man to get out and take an order of cold beer, soda pop, or whatever they wanted. Then we'd get g back into the crummy and head for home.

RR: Well, we were leaving Yamhill and Shag Bristol was carrying on about these big logs. Finally Mickey Hardon hollered, "Billshit!" And old Shag says, "Well I'll kiss your ass if it isn't true. And old Mickey never wore anything in the hot summers except just a pair of wool socks, his boots, and his pants, and his shirt. That's all he wore. Ol' Mickey just stood right up and threw down his suspenders and his ol' hairy butt was just hanging out there. (laughs) The guys all started laughing. Coon Johnson was driving the crummy and my hooker, superintendent in the woods, he had a cold beer in his hand. He just reached right over about two seats and dumped that whole bottle of beer right down the crack of ol' Mickey's fanny and into his boots and the whole thing. The whole crummy got to laughing and raising cane around there with humor and laughter. Coon Johnson almost took the crummy right into the ditch with the whole crew! (laughter)

And then sometimes we ~~jm~~ used to stop at the tavern for a drink on the way home right down here at Scoggins Valley. Also, right about quitting time, why, there was a z secretary by the name of Donna something that worked up at Stimson Lumber Company. She used to stop in there. She used to have her evening cocktail and then go on. We got in there just about the time she was in there. Frank Pisha, one of the owners of the place here, he had quite a speech affliction, stuttering. This Donna, she always liked the screwdriver which is orange and vodka, or gin, whatever you want there. So, anyway, she come walking in Franck Pisha there with his speech affliction, why, we were sitting down at the other end of the bar there drinking whisky. He says, "Well, He-he-he-hello there D-d-d-d-Donna, wh-wh-wh-what you gonna ha-ha-have? A screw-screw-screw-scrooo?"

RR: (cont.) (roaring laughter) I'll tell you the whole place pert' ~~HERE~~
near fell apart.

Then ol' Coon Johnson. We were working in the Spring or the "intertime
in the mountains (31 Tape 3 Side 1) why, of course, you always had
your gloves full of mud and your hands muddy. Ol' Coon Johnson, he had
to take a...do a number one and had to take a pea, why, of course, you
always had mud hanging on the end of your penis when you got through.
So it come time to quit and ol' Coon Johnson he'd always say, "Why, let's
go home and screw the old lady and get the mud ring off." (laughs)

Then some of the humor lapped over into downtown. I remember living
in Forest Grove. We were working hard in the hot summer. We were
hootowling. That means you're going to work about two-three clock in
the morning. Probably going to have to quit about nine-ten o'clock in
the morning because of the low humidity. And we were hootowling. I went
to bed around nine-ten o'clock. I had to get to sleep. So I went to
bed about 8:30-9 o'clock. One evening, why, my boy come running upstairs
and he said, "Dad, you better come out here in the front yard. You
better come out here and take a look at this thing." So I threw on a
bathrobe and went down. And By God, there was a mule tied up to the
side of my pick-up. He was just kicking the hell out of that thing.
That pick-up was rocking back and forth. The door all kicked in.
I don't know what to do w th that mule. So, I got a rope out of the
garage and took him down to the side of the x house and tied him up to a
tree. Come to find out, why, friends of mine there in Forest Grove had
stole that mule from the local mortician and towed him all the way
across town and tied him up on the side of my truck! The mortician
finally found his mule the next day sometime. Anyhow, the mule was gone
when I got home.

RR: Then, one thing you know, happened to me recently, it's so darned funny, I got to tell it. I and my boy, of course my boy's older and he's a recent forestry graduate. We were logging, cleaning up some hardwoods and so forth over the hill here from the house. My house is built on my tree farm here. And we come home here right over the hill for a sandwich here at the house. We went back in and we were sitting right along side the coal deck and the log skidder was sitting there. I says to my boy, "let's us say we have a cup of coffee this afternoon before we hit the ball." So we sitting there and pretty soon my boy says, "Well, would you look at that Dad." And he's sitting on the passenger side and I looked out the window and By God there's a three point buck standing about ~~thirty~~ thirty-fourty-five out the window right there! And this was end of the beginning of the first week of deer season just last Fall here. So I told him, "Don'tt even fart above a whisper." I Says, Just roll down that window real easy." And I sneaked over the back seat and picked the 30-30 off the rack and put it right across his chest with the muzzle out of the car, out of the truck. Never shoot the gun inside the truck. Had it right out of there and I was going to get a one shot kill on that deer. He stopped and he looked all around and turned around and then he started to walk back again. By the time I got ready to touch that 30-30 off, why, he took one more step, and I touched her off and KERWAM and I shot the right view mirror right off the side of the truck. And that's is a true story. And fact, there's the mirror right there. (laughter). But anyhow, I felt bad enough about that. It was so darned funny, that I could never hold a story like that back, But I didn't feel so bad when I heard about Dick Vaughn, contract logger for Stimson Lumber Co.

RR: He was up x here at Tuttle Point in the rock pit. Why, two weeks before deer season he bought himself a new deer rifle and he had a x scope on the thing. He was going to site it in. So, he got up there on that rock pit. Of course, his line of sight from that scope is three or four inches higher than his bore line. He took a rest right over the hood of his brand new pick-up. He sighted her in and he toucked her off and he shot about a two-foot groove right down the side of his brand new truck. So, I didnt feel so bad after that. I could go on there.

You know, I just thought of a funny story. This is really good. This happened back when we had one of the reburns of the Tillamook Burn. All of the dead trees laying on the ground. Lots of fire hazards. We had a little community over the Wilson River about five miles over the summit towards Tillamook. And we called it Idiotville. There was about five or six ~~shacks~~ shacks there and they were always vacent in the wintertime. In the Springtime, why, when there was lots of salvaging yet of the Tillamook Burn loogi loo logging families would move up there from Tillamook or Forest Grove, Gales Creek or Glenwood or someplace. Move in there in those old shacks and they would stay out there. All summer and the men worked right there. We called it Idiotville. Well, like I say, loggers were great hands to get monikers and nicknames and all that kind of thing like that. But, then we had either the '45 fire or the 49 fire, I just can't remember which one it was. There was a reporter, I think his first name was Frank. His last name was Sterrick. He worked for the Oregonian. Or was it tte Journal? I can't remember. Anyhow, he was a great hand to cover any of these things and he was a great photographer. T He took lots of pictures.

RR; So, Sterritt come along to this community of Idiotville. It was right alongside the highway, the Forest Grove to Tillamook Highway. Along the Wilson River. The Forestry was there with trucks and they were loading these families out, vacating them. By God, there was cinders and heat and the fire was all around. I had been there just a few minutes before this Sterritt come along. Anyhow, Sterritt come along there and he thought he's interview some of these loggers that were being evacuated and kind of get a little rundown on this community and so forth. This one logger, I can't recall the fellow's name, why, he was running around there trying to catch some of these chickens to put them in the truck. Sterritt was x trying to interview him. Sterritt asked him what the name of this community was. "Well," he said, "It's pussyville.:" And so, by goo golly, I got the rundown on this thing. and he took his his pictures and I'll be go doggone this a is a true story. The following Sunday morning there was a full page feature of pictures and a story about Pussyville. The headline across the feature section was "Pussyville Burns!" And that's the truth if I ever told it and I'll swear it. If you don't believe me go back, down to Portland and check it out. Doggondest thing I ever heard of. That was the most laughter around here...I don't know wheter Frank Sterritt, anyone ever told him if that he got taken in or not. (48 Tape 3 Side 1)

Then some of the more recent humof takes place up here. Of course, I love a joke. I don't care if its on me or somebody else. As lond as no one gets hurt. I don't believe in that kind of thing.

RR: Then in the interim of building this house here. I and the wife were living in an old farm house down here about a mile. I was building the house here, the garage roof out here. It's all in a styrofoam, which is a good water shed on the roof beside a good insulator. It's put on under pressure and it foams up about two inches thick and it coagulated right there. So, it gets air cells in it. The fellow that was putting it on, the workman putting it on put on under pressure. The lid off his barrel blew off and all that stuff foamed over on the ground and made a pile about 2 1/2-3 feet across. Kind of in ripples and bumps on the ground there about a foot high. Anyhow, one of the carpenters, a fellow be the name of Mark Yagell, he says, "Well, that looks just like an elephant shit." The ~~xxxxxx~~ carpenters around there all got to saying, "Well, God, tomorrow morning is the opening of deer season. What you ought to do is put up there on Stimson's road and put a sign up by it, "Elephant Crossing." So, by golly, I thought it was a pretty good idea. So I run down the road to the old farmhouse where we were living down here and I grabbed a piece of plywood and some yellow paint ~~is~~ that I use to paint the gates yellow around here. I was painting that sign, "Elephant Crossing Beware" , Elephant Crossing Next ~~22~~ 200 Feet" My wife come out and looked at it. She's got a little humor by her own right. She said well why don't you put Bigfoot on there. This was at a time when Bigfoot was back in the news up by Hood River or someplace. She says why don't you put Bigoot. "Fine," I just wiped it right out and I put "Beware Bigfoot Crossing Next 200 Feet" And then I took another sign and I put on it "Bigfoot was here" Then I took 'er up there and then I put that sign on the sign of the side of Stimson's Roadj

RR: Just up above where my steel gate up here where they the gave commission sets up a check point on Simson's road where my road interconnects with it. Put up the road there where I could watch this thing and then I put the sign that said "Big-Foot was here" over on the other side of the road. Set this big pile of styrofoam over there. And By God I'll tell you these dudes coming out from Portland you wouldn't believe the flops and the antics they went through. Some of them were unbelievable. For instance, one car comes driving out of the woods, a couple of young fellows maybe in their mid-twenties some place in there. And they stopped and backed and took a look at that sign. One fellow got out and he walked up the road looking for foot prints and then he come back and he walked over the side and he looked at that pile of styrofoam there. It said Bigfoot was here and then he took his foot and reached out and touched that pile of crap what he thought was shit. And he decided he'd been had and give it a big kick and it went sailing off into the brush, I'm telling you we almost collapsed down the road. It was the dog gondest thing you ever saw!
(laughs)

And then, by golly, they had a lot of these dudes coming out from town. My dear hunting anymore is the first day of he season. I love to get up here and B.S. these dudes coming up from Portland just something terrible, you know. These big, tall tales. (50 Tape 3 Side 1)
About the second day of dear season. And a fellow come driving down the road and he looked kind of bedraggled and tired. Rolled down the window and was standing there with my staggged off pants and my cork boots on. He said, "I've been driving for two days and I haven't seen a deer."

RR: And I said, "Well, how much time have you spent hunting?" Well, he hadn't even got out of the truck as it happened. So he finally says, "Any deer in this country?" I said, "Oh yes." He says, "Well, how do you hunt them here anyway?" I said, "That's easy. You just get out here at the crack of dawn now. Be right here at the crack of dawn. Right when that sun is just tipping over the hill. You drive down the road real easy. Don't look for deer look for tracks coming off the bank. When you see a track coming off the bank don't ~~stop~~ stop the truck. Drive right on down the road hundred two hundred feet and then quietly open the door and don't slam the door. You walk back and look at those tracks." Then I give him this big dissertation about tracking you know. If it is snowing and there's a curl in front of the hoof and it hasn't fell down remember the air is warming and sun is coming up. That's a red hot track. If it's fell down forget it, it's cold. If it's raining, why, if there's water in his tracks forget it. It's cold. But, if it's fresh and there's no rain in that track and that little curl of mud right in front of his toes. That deer is hot! If it's a frosty morning and that little arch is up in front of that toe right there, it's hot. I says, "you just get on one of those hot tracks and stay right on it because there's something at the end of every one of them." Geez, this guy really got out of joint about the thing. He was going to whip my butt! And finally his partner sitting in there poked him in the woods. He began to laugh and saw the humor in the thing. Finally this guy began to laugh and got with it. He says, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll buy you a drink of whisky if you could tell me another story like that."

RR: I says, "Yes, I can. It's partly lies and partly the truth. My grandmother, she's a g half-breed Indian girl, which is the truth. She used to kill all the deer for the winter larder when her and Grandad Raines had a DLC back in Idaho. She had an old 45-90 that you could ~~put~~ your thumb down the end of the barrel. She wait until the last thing in the Fall, that crisp weather when you could make a kill. They didn't have refreigeration in thosd e days and you would hang it up in the meat cooler. It would stay frosty and cool z all winter long. Get a good glaze on that meat and they fresh meat all winter. Well, she used to just wait until the last thing in Fall and just poke her gun right out of the back end of the cabin, the old homestead cabin. And I've seen that homestead cabin. Now the rest of this is all lies. And she'd just shoot one shot right right in the neck. Kill them the first shot everytime. But she's well over a hundred years old. ^{She}ge She don't see so good anymore. Now it takes Two. (laoughs)

By God, that guy just reached right down the floor of his truck and snaked a bottle of whis~~key~~ right off the floor and handed it to me.

(60 Tape 3 Side 1) Camp, and in that area. So, it was advantageous for us to liquidate my interests there. So, what we did was find a buyer for the sawmill and he didn't particularly care for the timber. That was just fine, so we kept the timber and sold the mill. Then we logged together. I went to the woods then. That was my first exposure, really exposure to logging. Of course, I had been out of it here in the country all my life. I could well remember back to the locomotive, logging railroading days. The days of the steam engines. So, I went to the woods then with my partner Aral. So, he was going to teach me how to log.