

# William Francis Lambert

SR 81, Oral History, by Linda S. Dodds

1980 July 14



LAMBERT: William Francis Lambert

LB: Linda Brody (Now Linda S. Dodds)

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## Tape 1, Side 1

1980 July 14

LB: The following is an interview with Mr. Francis Lambert at his home, at 2821 Southwest Upper Drive. The date is July 14th 1980. The interviewer is Linda Brody for the Oregon Historical Society.

Now, Mr. Lambert, are you a native Oregonian?

LAMBERT: Yes, I was born here, a pioneer family who came to Yamhill County in 1845. They crossed the plains in 1844 and spent the winter of 1844 in Oregon City. And in the spring of 1845 they went out to the large bend of the Yamhill River, just east of McMinnville, on what is called Three Mile Lane, which is on the way to Dayton. They settled there. After the Donation Land Claim Act was [enacted], why, they perfected their claim to 640 acres. Nehemiah and Eliza Lois Martin.

My grandmother, Sarah, was born in McMinnville in 1847 and my mother was born in McMinnville in 1874. She came to Portland as a young lady and worked as a seamstress for Shogren Sisters [May E. and Anne H. Shogren].

LB: What was your mother's name?

LAMBERT: Adele H. Ford.

I was born in 1902 at what is now an area in the Lloyd Center on East Eighth just a block south of East Broadway, now Northeast Broadway.

LB: Where did you grow up?

LAMBERT: Well, I grew up in Portland and — on the east side there. I went to Holladay School and I went to Jefferson High School. I quit school, Jefferson, to go to work in the shipyards in World War I.

But before that I was entered into the Y.M.C.A. [Young Men's Christian Association] when I was 10 years old. My father took me up there, and that was in 1912 and so I took part in the activities there as a young fellow. In 1913 he wanted me to go to Spirit Lake. There'd been much talk about the activities of the Y.M.C.A. camp at Spirit Lake under J. C. Meehan. They told him that they didn't take anybody 12 years old — let's see. 1913 — under 12 years old, and I was 11. He said that I was a good camper and I wouldn't cause them any trouble, so they relented and I joined a group in 1913. I was very sad when I started out because my horse had recently died.

My father had a laundry, The Independent Laundry, at what is now Northwest Third and Glisan Street. The laundry was across from the firehouse at the northwest corner. It's now been cut away to widen the street so that there's no bump coming off the bridge. His horses he kept at the Model Stables on the northeast corner of [Northwest] Fifth and Davis and the building is still standing. It's owned by the Kalberer Hotel Supply Company.

My horse had died just before that, and I was very, very sad. But when we started off for Spirit Lake, I remember that we sat on the steps of the Y.M.C.A., and there was probably 15 or 18 of us, and a picture ran in *The Oregonian*, a copy of which I have. Then, from the time we left there, we had packsacks, and we had comb, brush, toothbrushes, whatever boys and girls take to their summer camps, and we had those things. A little box to keep the soap in and so forth and so on, with clothes changes and things for hiking. And away we went down to the dock on the Willamette River. There we all got

onto the sternwheeler, *Joseph Kellogg*, and proceeded down the Willamette River and the Columbia River to the Cowlitz River, where the boat went in and docked at Kelso. This was years before Longview came along.

From Kelso we took the train to Castle Rock. This was all a very interesting experience because none of us, hardly, had ever done this kind of a trip before. It was really in three jumps. The first was by sternwheeler to Kelso, then by train to Castle Rock. Then we were met there by a teamster, by the name of Mr. Burnside, and his team and wagon, and we put our packsacks and so forth and luggage on the wagon. And then the Y.M.C.A. had boxes of food and things so that we could eat our meals along the way. And we hiked.

We hiked out of Castle Rock and we hiked past Silver Lake. This was a three day hike for the 48 miles. My legs were short, as were a number of others, so it was a little harder on little kids than it was on the big kids that were along, but we enjoyed every bit of it. I recall as we got farther and farther into the mountain country, the trees got bigger and there were little streamlets of water, just seemed like everywhere. And they were pure clean water. The weather was beautiful.

Except, we came – we were strung out. We weren't all together; we could be strung out, maybe, for a couple of hundred yards. We came to a big hornets' nest and I remember saying, well, I wanted to see what would happen. So I was very bold and picked up a big clod and just hit that hornets' nest right in the middle. Then everybody ran. But the hornets seemed to know exactly who had done it and I got hit with two of them right in the forehead. As I can recall, it seemed like somebody had hit me twice with a baseball bat. Well, that stopped the procession for a while. Nobody else got stung, and I had it coming. But there was a little stream there and somebody – one of the leaders got some mud and plastered on my forehead. At least, for the time being, I thought that was something. That was my earliest experience with hornets and I learned something there the hard way. [Laughs]

We got to camp and Mr. and Mrs. E. S. Collins had a beautiful log cabin facing the lake just to the north towards the outlet. They had a cabin adjoining the Spirit Lake Boys'

Camp. The camp at that time was all in tents. There were no buildings. The only log building there was the Collins cabin. Of course, it's very well-known that Mr. and Mrs. Collins were strong supporters of the Y.M.C.A. Camp there, and did many, many things to help us financially and in other ways to become better established as a camp.

I recall some of the things that happened there at the at camp. I remember there was three bells in the morning. I don't remember just what time they started in. Maybe the first bell was at seven, the second bell was maybe 15 or 20 minutes later, and then the third was 15 or 20 minutes later. You'd better be bright and shining with your hair combed and all cleaned up by the time of the third bell. We had good discipline in camp. There was laws. There was a judge, and there was a district attorney who did the prosecuting, and then a jury who listened to the charges and made recommendations. For instance, if you left your comb and brush away from your tent — we all had little pup tents, just the same as the mountaineers and the backpackers use today; maybe three and a half feet high and enough for two boys in a tent.

We always used logs all the way around the tent. Then there was a little ditch right around the tent on the outside so that in a heavy rain there wouldn't be water coming down inside your tent. Now, these logs were maybe six or eight or 10 inches in diameter. Then each boy's bed was separated by another log. In other words there were, one, two three, four logs running lengthwise and a little hallway down the middle, you might say, to crawl in and out of. Then the boys would individually go into the forest and get hemlock boughs and so forth. We made all of our beds with boughs. Then we laid down a ground cover on the boughs — the fine boughs not with large stems or branches. Then our blankets on top of that.

Then there was all sort of rules which you couldn't violate, like leaving things around camp, or your personal things, or if you used bad table manners, or any one of a dozen little things that you might be charged with. Then at this trial, why, you could be sentenced to a half an hour on the chain gang, or an hour, or maybe two hours if it was a serious offense. Now, the chain gang did a lot of things. They cut wood. They were

always cutting wood. You pulled a crosscut saw. You had maybe only 15 minutes if it was a slight offense. So, that's the way it was.

Then, after breakfast there was a Bible study. And, as I recall Mr. Meehan – you want to turn this off?

[Tape Stops]

I think that Mr. Meehan's approach to Bible study for the vast segment of boys in the Y.M.C.A., which were of all of the religions, Protestant, Jewish, Catholic, whatever, I think his approach was very good, as I recall. He used those segments of the Bible which reflected the handiwork of God, and the trees, these magnificent trees that surrounded the lake, the principal part of our environment, the lake, the trees, and the earth itself, and the seasons of the year.

The first year we were there, after we'd been there just a few days, the rain came pelting down. Oh, what a rain we had! That was when our ditches around our individual tents were most important.

Then, back to the routine of the camp. Then sometime after breakfast after everybody was getting started, why, we might go down to the baseball diamond, which was down by Donnybrook. That might be 200 yards away down by the edge of the lake. There was a good trail and it was a good baseball diamond. There was quite a lot of pumice stone, but that's what the diamond was – it was pretty well cleaned off and the pumice stone was all pretty fine. We played baseball there. Then we had track meets of various kinds, high jumping, long jumping, hurdles and all sorts of things like that.

And there was always lots of swimming. Swimming, maybe, in the afternoon. I remember the clear lake. There was a dock made with two logs, which big logs that had cedar planks across them. There was always one or two boats there. You could go out to the end of the dock and look down and it was, as I recall, 14 or 15 feet right straight down from the end of the dock and it was just this clear – you could see everything down there. There was some boys that were good enough swimmers and divers that could

dive down and bring up a handful of pumice stone, because the lake bottom was covered with pumice stone.

We could also see big fish but I don't recall seeing trout. They were what we called suckers and they may have been — I think that's the general term for these fish; I think it's probably used today. Suckers, you could call them white fish, but I think that was it. But they were big and they were, as I recall, pretty hard to catch. They were kind of wise. But the trout were too wise to expose themselves on this pumice stone, which was so clear from the sky above to the bottom of the lake below, that the trout, they kept in deeper waters. The boys that would catch trout would fish over by Eagle Point and down that way.

You see, I was at Spirit Lake Camp in 1913, 1914, 1915, and 1916. I was there on a winter trip in 1916, when we went up with skis and snowshoes on our final miles to the camp.

LB: Before — I'd like to hear about that very much, but I'd also like to know about the camp food situation. Can you tell me about that?

LAMBERT: Yes. There were certain boys who were in the kitchen crew and worked with the people. You had your place at the table. For breakfast we had cereal, and we had bacon and eggs some mornings, cereal, and lots of milk to drink, and we had hotcakes. Some boys would keep track of their hotcakes by taking their knife and hitting — for each hotcake they'd eat that morning, they'd hit a little notch in the table. Then the next morning they might take their pocketknife and just shave that off. Well, you can see that if they made many notches, why, they were cutting quite a dent in the table. [Laughs] So, that was one way. I think that came up before the trial judge on a number of times and was pretty much discontinued, because the cost of keeping track of your hotcakes consumed that way, it resulted in quite a bit of chain gang work. So, they kind of just...

LB: What was the kitchen like?

LAMBERT: Well, the kitchen had the big stoves; just restaurant stoves. And it had to have, because where one group of boys, say 15 or 18, might come up this weekend and the boys, they might stay there two or three weeks. Or a month, depending on what you'd signed up for. Then next week another group would come in, so the number would be added to. I doubt if there was ever over 30 boys in camp at one time because it was regulated so that there wouldn't be too many, you see. Perhaps 30. There might have been 35, but I would doubt that. It's just hard to remember now.

The food was good. It didn't need to be good because, gee, those kids — we just ate everything and anything. We cleaned our plates clean.

Besides the athletic activity, the swimming and games and track meets, why, we had short hikes, and we had overnight hikes, and we had three-day hikes. I can remember one trip I didn't make and that was around the mountain. And that was a three-day hike. In 1915 we climbed the mountain — I remember that year so well. We climbed the mountain. We crossed the Toutle River Canyon — on the mountain, that is. And we got pretty well up on the Lizard.

As I recall the wind started to blow, especially on top of the mountain. The wind was, by blowing away the sand up there, which would move easy for the wind, why, then that exposed loose rocks and these rocks would begin to come, and then it got quite dangerous. I recall that we would try to find a place of safety behind a notch in the mountain and get out of the way of these rocks. We were successful, except one. One rock about, maybe the size of a big grapefruit, hit Mowbray Tate, hit him in the knee and, as I recall, he had to be carried off the mountain, and that was a bad tragedy. But we proceeded up the mountain. The wind let up and the rolling stones let up, so we proceeded up the mountain and got to the top. Then I climbed again in 1916.

An interesting thing about that is that years later, in about 1960 when I was sheriff, Mowbray Tate came to town after many, many years. Anxious to call up some of his old friends, why, he made inquiries. Where's this fellow and have you heard from this fellow and this fellow and this fellow? Somebody said to him, "Well, Francis Lambert, he's the

sheriff now.” So, anyway, he phoned me — and he phoned other fellows, too: Haddon Rockey and Maurice Bentall and just quite a number of them. Haddon Rockey, I believe, was with General Motors Acceptance Corporation. I don’t remember what Maurice Bentall was doing. But anyway we had a very fine, long visit on the telephone. Mowbray Tate had spent his life in India as a missionary and was just now coming to Portland. Now, he may have been back to the United States before, but this was his first trip back to Portland after his Spirit Lake experiences — after he had gone to India, you know, in the early 1920s, and come back.

It was a very impressive thing for young boys to be up in this beautiful area, Mount St. Helens and Spirit Lake and all the surrounding lakes. We used to go to Coe’s Mine. And we would go...

LB: Was the mine in operation at that time?

LAMBERT: No. It was opened sometime before by Henry Waldo Coe. We'd go to Independence Pass and over to Snow Lake and Panhandle Lake and Meta Lake. Even St. Helens Lake. At Meta Lake there was crawfish; they weren't very large, but there was crawfish there. We always carried canned beans on these trips and hard tack, that was sailors' bread. It was round and it was hard to chew but we didn't have any trouble eating it. We'd carry fruit and other things. But the food was always good. We drank the water in any of the streams or lakes. There was no problem.

LB: Was it good?

LAMBERT: Oh yes. Oh sure.

**[End of Tape 1, Side 1]**



**Tape 1, Side 2**

**1980 July 14**

LB: How many permanent buildings were at the camp?

LAMBERT: Later. I think, probably, in 1914 they started to erect buildings. They erected a dining pavilion, which was open on the sides and had a long table and Mr. Meehan sat at the head of the table. Then there was a cookhouse and a commissary.

There was also a daily medical check-up for anybody that had a mosquito bite or whatever, or cut toe. There was a medical check-up. There was good attention paid to anyone who got sick or got slightly injured. The most serious injury that I even recall, in all those days at camp, was when Mowbray Tate got hit in the knee. It was a well-run camp.

I remember we had a boat that was given to the camp by Mr. Green. Now, Mr. Green was in the ice business in Portland and they lived in what was known as the Green Mansion at Southeast 47th and Stark Street. That has been, recently, I believe it was torn down, I'm not sure. I haven't been by there, but it's a religious institution has it now.

LB: How many boys would be at the camp during a very usual period?

LAMBERT: How many? Well, I just don't think over 30 or 35. I think that was about the limit.

LB: Did you have camp counselors?

LAMBERT: Oh, yes. Oh, sure. And leaders chosen from among older boys and leaders chosen from the boys. It was pretty well-organized in that respect.

LB: What was the average length of stay there?

LAMBERT: Oh, maybe two weeks. Two to three weeks would be the average, I would guess.

LB: You mentioned that you went to the camp in 1916 in wintertime. What kinds of differences did you notice, going there in the wintertime?

LAMBERT: Well, there was lots of snow in the wintertime. We enjoyed it very much.

LB: Where did you stay at that time?

LAMBERT: In the cabins; there was some cabins there by this time, 1916. They were official cabins. There was room enough. It wasn't a very big group.

LB: Did you ever — you mentioned some people named Collins. Were there any other families there at all? Homesteaders or...

LAMBERT: Yes, there was Lange's homestead was down beyond the outlet. We used to have a little song and it went something like this, "It's 47 miles from railroad ties, but still you can buy lemon pies at Lange's homestead just for a dime." [Laughs] The Langes had several daughters, and these daughters made these little pies. They had little pans and they about four inches in diameter and they always made just lemon pies. The boys would — sometimes, they'd have to get permission to go to Lange's homestead. But they'd get permission and go down there and buy these pies for a dime.

Now, it was off limits for any of the boys to go down to the outlet to fish. Now, down at the outlet there was a huge log across, which the waters of Spirit Lake would flow over this log. It was a natural dam, I think. But anyway, if the dam had been removed the lake would've been lowered considerably. This dam was big logs and there was a logjam ahead of it. Down below was a big pool and there were trout in that pool. I used to be one of the violators who would sneak off and go down to the pool and fish.

One of my friends that would go down with me was George Walker. George Walker, later in life, was a logging truck manufacturer with an office over on East Oregon Street, east of the east end of the Steel Bridge. He and I would go down there. George, later, opened up a bus manufacturing company in Mexico City and he was down there for several years. He sold his plant to a new store that Sears Roebuck was putting in on Insurgentes<sup>1</sup>. I thought I'd give you that little byline on George. He and I loved to go down there and fish. We probably served on the chain gang some for doing it, too.

LB: Going back to the Langes, do you have any idea how long they might have been in the area?

LAMBERT: No, I don't. You know, when 1916 came along and then young boys moved into other activities and they don't go back to camp and new boys come, then after you've left, why, you have so many bright and interesting things that you're busy doing that you just don't keep track of those wonderful Langes that were so nice to us boys.

LB: What an interesting experience. Well, let's get back to your life, when you weren't in some form of recreation, and talk about, perhaps, what you did when you stopped going to the camp.

LAMBERT: Well, then 1916. Then the war came along. I was attracted — I had worked in the summertime, some, later in the summer, probably in 1917 for Olds & King on a wagon, later Olds, Wortman & King, helping the deliveries. Those wagons were horse drawn and the stables were over on the east side. A few years ago I gave a picture of the stable, which has now been demolished, to the Oregon Historical Society<sup>2</sup>, along with other [pictures of] stables. I made a little point to picture some stables around town that I knew of and I turned those pictures over to the Society. I remember one of them at Second and Columbia where the new Federal Building is. But, I did that. I was attracted

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<sup>1</sup> Avenida de los Insurgentes, the longest avenue in Mexico City.

<sup>2</sup> Oregon Historical Society, Acc. 14913, Photo Acc. 979D097, received 1979 September 18.

— I got a dollar a day, generally, for that work [at Olds & King]. Then I was attracted to higher wages.

You could go down on Burnside Street and they had [big boards] up there. They paid good, big money in the woods, so I wanted to work in the woods. So I went to work in the woods. I don't keep track of the years, but it was the years between — in the summertime I worked, only. It was the years between my Spirit Lake days and after the war. I worked splitting wood for donkey engines. They'd bring up these rounds of wood, and they were about two feet long, the cuts were, and then I would split those. Today, the wood that they used for donkey engines then would make the most marvelous plywood today, the best. They'd just bring it up, because it was easier to split and it split straight. You'd put a wedge in it and hit it and it would, not that it was easy, but then it would fall apart pretty readily.

LB: What lumber outfit did you work for?

LAMBERT: Well, I remember I first went to [Grant-Smith] Company at West Timber. And then I worked for — I never stayed too long in one place. Then I worked on the Kerry Line on the Lower Columbia River. I worked for Larkin and Green at Blind Slough, Big Creek Logging Company at Big Creek. Then, right after the war, I worked for Brown and Brown Timber Cruisers up on the Wynoochee River out of Grays Harbor. I remember that I was — we were doing topography. I took the end of the chain and I'd go down through the huckleberries, and it rained steadily every day. It must've rained 24 hours a day for 31 days. I had what is called tin pants and tin coats that were well covered with pitch, but nobody could keep dry. So, 31 days, I just didn't want any more of it and I came back to Portland.

I can't — I was so busy doing so many things, but in the spring of 1920 much to my parents' dislike, I answered an advertisement in the paper for railroad workers in Alaska. I went to Alaska on — I went to Seattle and waited there for about a week, and went on the steamship *Cordova*. It was a wooden steamer. And the boat went from Seattle out

the Straits of Juan de Fuca, up off of the west coast of Vancouver Island, and came into Seward. We arrived there late in the afternoon and got a train for Anchorage after dark, or about dark. So, then that was a night ride from Seward to Anchorage. I stayed up there two years.

After I got through working — I worked the first winter on the railroad at Granite Creek, which is just north of the big railroad bridge that crosses the Susitna River at Gold Creek. This was a few miles north of there, called Granite Creek, just east of Mount McKinley. The snow on the ground was about 14 feet deep. Most of the days were clear after winter set in hard and there was nothing more beautiful than Mount McKinley, which was just almost at our doorstep to the west.

I recall that we were — in the winter they were moving lots of things, supplies and things, in for summer work. Everything was moved by dogsled; Big sleds, always an unequal number of dogs. They ran in teams, and that is there was two dogs abreast with one leader. The dogs, 19, 21 dogs, they could pull from a dead start, they could pull a ton on a sled.

We were right in the heart of the Alaska Range. There was a — we lived in tents and these tents had a fly over them. The snow comes in the early part of the fall and winter, and then it comes again, probably the first of March. That's when your big snows come: early in the winter and late in the winter. In the middle you don't have it, it's just — at least, that winter.

I was always intrigued with these dogsleds. The dog mushers had a particular brand of profanity that I have never heard of before or since. I've heard of teamsters and muleskinners and so forth swearing at their animals, but nobody could match those dogsled skimmers. They were sort of prima donnas too. They had beautiful fur parkas, and there was a lot of competition, it seemed like, between the various skimmers. There was lots of them. There was lots of dog teams on the road and they never passed on the road. They all wore bells on their harnesses. There was enough bells so it just went jingle, jingle, jingle and you could hear them coming. If you didn't hear the dog musher swearing at them, you could hear the dogs with their jingles. When two dog teams met,

generally, the dog musher would go up and grab the leader and one team would pull off to the side and he'd hold them there to keep them from fighting, 'cause they'd tangle right there.

LB: What were your duties with the railroad?

LAMBERT: Oh, well, [Laughs] this is a good question. I was hauling, with a horse, believe it or not, dynamite and stockpiling dynamite. I only hauled about 10 boxes on a sled at a time. You couldn't take a horse out if it got colder than 40 degrees below zero.

Well, I'd better tell you something about the conditions under which we worked. This was a government project. There was time and a half beyond the regular scale for working in the wintertime, and you worked eight hours a day. But you really didn't work eight hours a day, because the days weren't that long. You didn't work in the darkness so you went to work at about 9:30 in the morning and you quit work about 2:30 in the afternoon. You work short days [Laughs] and you got paid for 12 hours instead of eight. So, that was sort of a little boondoggle that everybody liked.

It was a wonderful experience for somebody like me who was just 18 years old. It was just wonderful. Everything was so new. And then they — I hauled dynamite, and hauled quite a lot of it and that was used in the summertime, because you couldn't move, in the summertime, you couldn't move because there was too much tundra and muck and you couldn't always be on rock. It was just too hard to move.

While we were there, they were just beginning to bring in Holt Caterpillars. Now, Holt Company manufactured a Caterpillar and they used that for breaking trail. I believe that this company was the forerunner of the Caterpillar Corporation that is so well known all over the world today. Those Holt Caterpillars were a far cry to the modern Caterpillar, but they did break trail after a snowstorm for the dogs and for my horse, and then there may have been another horse. I think there was about three horses. They were hauling all sorts of things in.

There was some work in the wintertime on the grade, if it was properly cleared off of snow. There was the laying out and so forth by the surveyors. We were a long ways ahead of the rail, you see.

We lived 14 men in a tent. There was a wooden floor and wooden walls up five feet. They were very fine tents. In the middle, these beds were double-deckers and made out of rough lumber. Hay was what our mattresses were; Wild hay. If you're young, you can sleep pretty good on them, even though it isn't very far between your body, separating you from the boards themselves, by this hay.

There was two big oil drums — stoves. Well, one stove, made out of two big oil drums. One was the firebox, and then the smoke came up into another oil drum about a foot above the first one. That was separated by a longitudinal baffle that went the complete end of the oil drum so that the smoke and heat came up in the back of the firebox and then it had to come forward. There was an opening in the forward end of the barrel above. Then it made a return back and up out of the smokestack through the tent. There was a bull cook that came around at night and kept the fire going. And so they took care of the wood and the fire and so forth, like that.

Occasionally at night I have gone out on skis. It was quite level there. Although we were in the heart of the mountains, it was quite a level area. And those trees that protruded above the snow were just like pictures of Christmas trees. They were heavily laden with snow and their branches were down and on a moonlit night, why, I would go out, maybe, and just follow myself around. I've gone out alone and walk two or three miles around in a circle, maybe, and come back. I couldn't very well get lost, because I could follow my own tracks back.

There were no wolves up there at that time of year because there was no moose. They said that there was — you see, the moose have to browse on underbrush and there was so much snow that moose moved to lower elevations. Or higher elevations, I don't know which. They moved out of that area, and with no food for the wolves, why, the only wildlife that we had there were what we might call ermines and there were lots of those. They were around camp and underneath whatever tents there were. There were weasels

in the summertime and ermines in the wintertime. They were white with their little black eyes and a little black speck on the tail.

LB: What did you do after you worked for the railroad?

LAMBERT: Well, I met a fellow there by the name of John Mattsen, and John Mattsen was a very interesting man. He was a very good friend of the brother and uncle of the Strands of Portland, who were our family friends. So we established quite a friendly relationship when he got to questioning me about where I lived in Portland and so forth and so on, until we discovered that we had mutual friends. This made him very happy.

He said that he, when spring came and the first green came through the snow — that's when the bears come out, too, is after the snow — and also the mosquitoes, when after the snow shows up with some green spots in it. Well, he said that he'd like to have me go down with him to work a gold claim at Sunrise. Now, Sunrise was someplace down near Turnagain Arm of Cook Inlet. So, I said, well, I'd heard so much about Fairbanks, I really wanted to go to Fairbanks.

So I decided to go to Fairbanks instead. And I went to Fairbanks and I was just — had a wonderful time in Fairbanks. I went to work for the mayor driving a truck. Then another fellow by the name of Gus Conrad hired me away from the mayor. He had a contract to haul 2,500 cords of wood for the Northern Commercial Company. So, one time, Gus, my boss — I got \$10 a day for working at that job, 10 hours a day, and I had three helpers and we hauled 2,500 cords of wood.

Well, he told me one day that Mrs. Clegg would like to invite me to a party. Now Fairbanks was a very small town. If there was anybody came in town and stayed over a couple of weeks, why, everybody else knew something about them. So, I stayed at the Pioneer Hotel, which later was burned down. But I said to Gus, "Why, I can't go to a party; the only clothes I have are the boots I have on and the clothes I have on. I can't go to a party." "Well," he said, "that's no problem." So he walked me down to Martin Pinska. He said, "Now, Martin," he said, "Billy Lambert, here, is working for me." Mrs. Clegg, who was



the wife of the United States federal judge, and she was the social arbitrator of the village...

**[End of Tape 1, Side 2]**

**[End of Interview]**