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FRED WAGNER

BLACKSMITHING AND LIFE IN THE SANTA CRUZ AREA, 1890-1930

An Interview Conducted By
Elizabeth Spedding Calciano

Santa Cruz
1966

Fred Wagner
In his back yard
with his portable blacksmith equipment
March 14, 1962

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INTRODUCTION

The town blacksmith holds a secure position in the folklore of the West, and with good reason, for few men were more essential to the westward growth and expansion of our

country than were they. Within the state of California, Santa Cruz was a particularly favorable location for blacksmiths because the city was the center of a thriving teaming industry. For years lumber was the major industry in the county and teams would come from the mountains to unload their logs at the sawmills or the finished product at the wharf. Teams of oxen, horses, or mules also hauled great quantities of lime and bitumen, and in a society dependent upon horses for delivering, hauling, driving, and just riding, the demand for blacksmiths was great. At the turn of the century Santa Cruz had 16 blacksmith shops, many of them staffed with two or three blacksmiths and their helpers.

For the details of this period we turned to Fred Wagner, Santa Cruz's oldest blacksmith. Born here in 1878, he became an apprentice blacksmith at the age of 17 and by 24 was the proud owner of his own shop. In the early part of this manuscript we discuss the men he worked for during his years of training and the various jobs he held after blacksmithing had passed its heyday. Mr. Wagner was fortunate in finding blacksmithing work until his retirement at age 69. He then returned to his first love, horseshoeing, and this being a vanishing art, he soon had a thriving business established.

A sizable segment of this book is devoted to the old-time blacksmith shops and the techniques and tools involved in the

work. Mr. Wagner's descriptions are vivid and one soon appreciates the amount of muscle, strength, and skill that was involved in his work. He also gives us an excellent account of the skills possessed by the old jerk-line teamsters and the four and six-in-hand drivers.

In the middle portion of the book Mr. Wagner describes his boyhood years on his father's "diversified" farm. John Wagner, a tanner by profession, decided in 1873 to purchase a 45 acre farm on the edge of Santa Cruz. There he raised much of the food for his family's needs and sold his surplus crops. Mr. Wagner discusses the various foods that were prepared at home (e.g. sauerkraut and blood sausage), the game and fowl acquired by hunting, the family's account book at the town grocery store, and the butcher wagons and milk deliveries. As Mr. Wagner talks, the daily life of a family in the 1890's unfolds. He also discusses his schooling and the various ethnic groups that were evident in Santa Cruz during his youth.

Depressions and recessions, or as Mr. Wagner says, "hard times," were a significant factor in Mr. Wagner's early working years. He gives us graphic examples of what these meant to the working man and small business owner. He also gives his views on the present system of social welfare and workman's compensation.

The final third of this book is spent discussing Santa Cruz in the years around the turn of the century. The popular forms of entertainment are mentioned, including the country dances which were the highlight of Mr. Wagner's youth. Such diverse topics as early travel conditions, "wild west" gunfights, and turn-of-the-century funerals are also dealt with. Mr. Wagner gives us a vivid description of the medical and hospital care available in earlier years. Further on he considers the relative merits of our city and county government, past and present. In the final pages Mr. Wagner mentions several of the prominent citizens of the past, including the Henry Cowell family; the book concludes with a tour through the portion of the Cowell ranch that is now the University of California, Santa Cruz. Mr. Wagner reminices about the ranch as he knew it in his youth.

Five recording sessions were held in the Wagner living room between April 27 and September 2, 1964. The manuscript clearly reflects the fact that Mr. Wagner enjoyed the interviews; his dialogue is peppered with lively comments and colorful phrases. Occasionally Mrs. Wagner would join us toward the end of an interview and treat us to ice cream and cookies. A portion of the tape is preserved in the Regional History Project office for those who might wish to listen to the conversation.

The manuscript was edited by the interviewer and returned to Mr. Wagner for his corrections and approval. He kindly loaned us the two pictures of his blacksmith shop which have been reproduced for the manuscript. Mr. Lewis Scofield of Soquel lent the library his negative of the Southern Pacific station, and Vester Dick took the picture we have used as the frontispiece. Wendell Simons, Assistant University Librarian, drew the map of the University.

This manuscript is part of a collection of interviews on the history of Santa Cruz County which have been conducted by the Regional History Project. The Project is under the administrative supervision of Donald T. Clark, University Librarian.

Elizabeth Spedding Calciano

April 7, 1966
Regional History Project
University Library
University of California, Santa Cruz

FIRST JOB -- LEASK'S SEASIDE STORE

Calciano: What year were you born?

Wagner: I was born December the 9th, 1878.

Calciano: 1878?

Wagner: I'm going on eighty-six years old, believe it or not.

Calciano: That's really hard to believe. (Laughter) You were born here in Santa Cruz, weren't you?

Wagner: Yes. Right here in this house.

Calciano: Oh, my goodness! I would assume, then, that you also had all your schooling here?

Wagner: Yes. I went through the old Mission Hill school.

Calciano: Did it have nine grades?

Wagner: Yes. Yes, when I finished that I thought I had all the education I needed. I could read and write and spell and count to a hundred, and I thought that was good enough. (Laughter) But that's all right.

Calciano: Did you start earning your living right after you graduated, or did you work on your father's farm for a while?

Wagner: I started work right after I got out of school. My dad wanted me to go to college, you know. They had a business college here in Santa Cruz, Chestnutwood's Business College. It turned out some mighty fine bookkeepers and fine penmen. So I says to my dad, "I think I've got all the education I need." "Well then," he says, "don't be too long in finding yourself a

job." Instead of Papa giving me something, I had to go get it for myself. That's a good way to bring children up, I think.

Calciano: What type of job did you find?

Wagner: I went to work for Mr. Leask. That was the first job I had when I quit school.

Calciano: How old were you?

Wagner: I was between sixteen and seventeen.

Calciano: What did you do?

Wagner: Leask had been having trouble with having an honest boy around, so one of my schoolteachers, she said, "Now Fred, I'm recommending you to Mr. Leask, and I'm telling him he's getting a good honest boy, and I hope you don't deceive me." And I said, "I'll not deceive you." So I hadn't worked there long until I found a dime on the floor one morning in behind the counters. We used to have to get there early in the mornings to get everything ready for business by eight o'clock. That meant taking the sheets off all the tables that had goods piled on them. And a couple of days later I found a half a dollar, and this clerk says to me, "What'd you pick up?" I said, "I picked up a half a dollar." He said, "Give it to me." "No," I said, "when

Mr. Leask comes I'll give it to him." So that's just the way it happened. When Mr. Leask come I give it to him and he said, "My, where'd you find that?" I had to take and show him exactly where I found it. So it went on and I never found no more after that. Maybe the poor kids that had been there before I was had given that money to that clerk. But I couldn't prove that.

Calciano: Did you enjoy working there?

Wagner: Mr. Leask was a fine man, but that wasn't my type of work. When I quit I told him, "Mr. Leask, I don't like the dry goods business. I want to be a blacksmith." "Well," he says, "Fred, if that's your desire, you go right ahead and be a blacksmith. If ever you need a recommendation, you come to me and I'll give it to you." When Mr. Leask celebrated his 100th birthday down here in the lady's hall on Mission Street there, why I went down. Well now, it's God knows how many years later, and of course I can't hear very good and he couldn't either, and there was such a big crowd there, but I had a notion to say, "Well Mr. Leask, I want a recommendation." (Laughter) But just as soon as I got in the hall, his four boys and the daughter found out that I had worked for Mr. Leask when I was a schoolboy, and they grabbed me and took me in where

their father was. He was in a little room by himself. I don't know whether he recognized me or not. Like I say, there was so much noise and I can't hear too good. I thought it was a wonderful gathering. Just think, that man's going on a hundred-and-three now. Next October I think he'll be 103 years old, and a wonderful man for Santa Cruz.

Calciano: Has he been?

Wagner: Yes. I've often said that we ought to have a half-a-dozen more Samuel Leasks.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: Yes, he was instrumental in doing a lot of things.

Calciano: What type of thing would he do for the town?

Wagner: Well, like building the library and different things. It was a wonderful thing for the community. I can't just mention them now. But he spent a lot of his own time and a lot of his money, too, helping the city.

Calciano: How long had he had his store when you went to work for him?

Wagner: Just about a year or two; no more than two years. It was Leask and Johnson. He had a partner at that time. I wish you could have seen that old store. They called it the Seaside store and it now goes by the name of

Leask's. A man by the name of Place was the one who originated the building. Leask finally bought the property and just kept adding and adding until you can see what he's got today.

Calciano: It was pretty small when you worked there?

Wagner: Oh yes, it was just a narrow, long building along Church Street, and the fire department was right at the back end of his property. That part at the rear end where they back in to unload freight was where the fire department was at one time.

Calciano: What type of merchandise did he sell?

Wagner: Just about everything in the line of dry goods. I got so I could sell a spool of thread and a yard of ribbon, or something like that. (Laughter) You know, goods come in big bolts and you'd unwrap about two or three yards and fluff it up and tell the ladies how pretty a dress it would make. These women would have you take down a dozen or fifteen of them bolts of goods, and then you'd have to wrap them all up again and put them where they belonged, and then they'd buy a spool of thread! (Laughter) No, I wasn't cut out for that.

Calciano: What did he pay you?

Wagner: Three dollars a week I think.

BLACKSMITHING

Apprenticeship

Calciano: How old were you when you started your blacksmith apprenticeship?

Wagner: Not quite seventeen. It was in 1895 that I hired out as an apprentice in a blacksmith shop.

Calciano: Did some boys start younger than that, or was that the normal age?

Wagner: Well sixteen or seventeen was when young fellows went to work in them days.

Calciano: I'll bet when you went into blacksmithing, it seemed as if it were one profession that would never run out.

Wagner: Well, I can tell you something about that. My father insisted that we learn a trade, all three of us boys, and we all did learn a trade. My brother learned the printing business, setting type you know. Well then the linotypes came out, and everybody can't be a linotype operator, so he give up the printing business. So he was a street foreman here in Santa Cruz for a good many years. And I says, "Well, I'm going to learn a trade that I don't think they can get

a machine to do. I'm going to shoe horses. I don't think they'll ever get a machine that can shoe a horse." But I laugh lots of times -- they got a machine now that done away with the horse entirely! (Laughter) But then I had my share of it; I done a pretty good business down there. I often thought, "Well why did I learn such a trade with such a lot of hard work attached to it and very small pay." When I look back and see the prices we got in those days, I don't see how we existed. But everything was in proportion. And you know, in them days blacksmiths were, you might say, the kingpins. They were very fine, important people.

Calciano: Yes, it was a very important craft. Roughly how long would a young man have to be an apprentice before he could be a journeyman?

Wagner: Well, that depended too. The first shop I worked in was a small shop and the man didn't do very much business.

Calciano: What was his name?

Wagner: Chandler, Frank Chandler. I worked for him for pretty near two years. And when there wasn't much doing I might get a chance to work at the forge a little bit. Well the first thing an apprentice tries to do is make

himself an S wrench. You couldn't buy an open end wrench when I was a journeyman or a helper.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: Oh even when I was a journeyman there was no open end wrenches. Just think of it! The first thing you tried to do was make yourself a set of wrenches. All the open end wrenches that were in the blacksmith shop, some blacksmith made them. And you'd be surprised what nice wrenches they could make. Well, and then I worked pretty near a year and a half before I got seventy-five cents a day. The first year and a half I worked I only got fifty cents a day. Well, I wasn't learning nothing in that shop, so I left there and come home. And then Mr. Foster's oldest son, he knew when I left the shop where I was, and he come up here and wanted to know if I'd go to work for them, and I said, "Sure, I'd be glad to." So they give me a dollar a day right off the reel. I didn't even ask them what they'd pay me; I just said, "Sure, I'll come and work for you." And I remember my first payday; I come home and I was very proud. That night I told my folks at the supper table, "You know, I'm getting a dollar a day now." And my father says, "That's very good. You must be putting your best foot forward." That was one of the great

expressions with him -- you put your best foot forward. But the next morning at the breakfast table, that was Sunday morning, he tapped me on the shoulder and says, "Now, my boy, that you're getting that elaborate salary, you'd better give your mother something for washing and patching your clothes." So from then on I started giving my mother half of what I earned.

Calciano: How old were you then?

Wagner: Oh, I was about nineteen years old I guess. I wasn't in Foster's shop very long until he gave me a dollar and a quarter. I was a helper in the horseshoeing department, and then I was a helper in the blacksmith department, and then the next summer they let me work at the forge. Gee, maybe you think I wasn't proud then!

Calciano: Was that when you became a journeyman?

Wagner: Yes. When I got to working at the fire a little bit I was a journeyman, and from then on I was a finished mechanic.

Calciano: What determined when a man became a master blacksmith?

Wagner: When he was able to do every type of blacksmith work -- and he got paid accordingly. The most money I got

when I was in Foster's was two and a half a day. Then I went to work over in East Santa Cruz; there was a shop over there that I knew if I could get in that shop I could be at the fire all the time, see, and that's where I finished up to be a mechanic you might say. And I got two and a half a day over there.

Calciano: Were there any set rules that once a man could do such and such he became a master craftsman instead of a journeyman or ...

Wagner: No, it's just like when I was working in that shop over there on the East side. There was a man came in by the name of Hart. He was the forerunner of Wright Brothers, and he wanted me to come to work for him. He says, "If I knew you could weld a three-inch tire and do a job, I'd give you three dollars a day." And I says, oh I was independent, I says, "If I couldn't weld a three-inch tire and do a good job on it, I wouldn't call myself a blacksmith." I knew I could do it because I had done it in that shop over there, and that's quite a job when you bend up a piece of inch by three iron to a size of a wheel and then scarp it. You can't weld two big thick pieces of iron together just bluntly, see, you got to have a taper to them, and that's called scarping. You overlap the tapered ends

and then you get what you call a welding heat on there and hammer and hammer, and then you look at it from the side. You want it the same thickness as the rest of the tires and you want it the same width. And all that time you're handling that big tire that weighs about two hundred and some odd pounds.

Calciano: Gracious! Well did you go to work for this fellow for three dollars?

Wagner: Oh no, I knew I couldn't get along with him!

Owning a Shop

Wagner: It was only a little after that that Billy Caplatzi and I bought a little shop out over in East Santa Cruz. But we made a mistake; we was too far out of town to get any trade from the town, and we was too far into town to get the country trade, see. The horse-drawn streetcars used to run right by our door, and there were people good enough to leave their horses there to get them shod and take the streetcar into town and do their business. But you had to be a pretty loyal friend of a man to have him do that; he'd be a loyal friend to us I would say.

Calciano: So what did you do?

Wagner: Well, I bought out a shop in Santa Cruz.

Calciano: What year was that?

Wagner: That was in 1905.

Calciano: Did you and your partner buy this out together?

Wagner: No, no. Him and his brother bought this quarry up here from Louie Dodero and he made dollars to my cents.

Calciano: How did you happen to buy the shop that you did?

Wagner: When I bought this shop out Frank Chandler had the horseshoeing department and Will Jenkins had the blacksmithing department, see. Well this Chandler wanted to sell out, but Jenkins, he didn't; he wasn't anxious to sell. So I don't know, they got a wrangling amongst themselves, and finally Jenkins consented to sell, so I bought the both of them out. I don't know, when I bought the shop some of the traveling men said I wasn't going to make a go of it then, because there was Jenkins and Chandler there and they weren't doing anything. You know you can tell if a man's doing a good business or not, especially in a little town like Santa Cruz was. Everybody knows everybody else's affairs. But I done real good, and I often wondered how I did weather it because in 1906 that earthquake

came and a lot of the blacksmiths lost a lot of work. All that teaming that come down the coast and all that stuff stopped, and San Francisco, they couldn't ship nothing in there, so it made it pretty rough. Well, when I went into business out there in East Santa Cruz, I was only twenty-four years old. Just think, a young man twenty-four years old matching wits with all them other shops, fifteen other shops. I look back now and I think "Gee you must have had a lot of nerve." I ain't got no nerve at all today.

Calciano: Wasn't it rather a financial strain to buy a shop when you were only twenty-four?

Wagner: Well, that's true too, but I want to tell you, I had saved me a little money by working at as small wages as I worked at. I gave my folks half, but I had the other half, and I wasn't much of a spendthrift. To go to a dance on a Saturday night was about all the pleasure I used to have, or go to a show at Knight's Opera House. You worked so hard that when bedtime come, you went to bed; you didn't gallivant all over the country like they do today.

Calciano: Yes, blacksmithing must have been arduous work. Could you tell me exactly where the shop you bought from Chandler was located?

Wagner: Down on Pacific Avenue, right about where the Haber's Furniture is. Three hundred thirty-seven was the number; I remember it well.

Calciano: That would be about at Pacific and Laurel?

Wagner: Yes.

Calciano: When you stopped blacksmithing did you sell it to somebody, or did you just ...?

Wagner: Yes, I sold it. Two guys bought it. You know, if a man had $10,000 when I was a young man, he was pretty well off, and that was what I was trying to do, trying to make $10,000. Well, I'll tell you what I got out of five years of blacksmithing down there. First of all, I got married. December 20, 1905. And I got a darn good home over on Pine Street in East Santa Cruz, a nice little five-room modern house, so that wasn't too bad. But I used to worry and everything, you know, and I was bothered with catarrh. I had catarrh in my nose so bad that it got into my bronchial tubes and even into my lungs. And to tell you the truth, about 1910 my health was pretty poor, so I said the best thing I could do was sell, and I seen the handwriting on the wall. There were two railroads up the coast that took all the teaming that come down the coast and teaming was where practically all my business come from. And

your power, two shops here in Santa Cruz put in power, electric powered hand saws and trip hammers and the likes of that. Well, if I could have seen a future to the blacksmith business, like it had been ten years previous, I might have done the same thing, but the way I felt, my health and everything, and the prices were down, and you didn't make much money and sometimes you had to give them credit and that ain't too good, so I says, "I'm going to get out." Oh, here was something else: Daniel's Transfer Company, which was one of my best customers, I'd done $90 worth of horseshoeing for them in a month and I want to tell you, that's a good customer, and they were going to start a shop of their own. Well, where was I going to be? So I sold out. Then one year from the time I sold my shop a real good opportunity come up. These two boys wasn't doing too good, and I had a lien on the shop yet too, and between a traveling man who was a very good friend of mine, and myself, and the Daniel's Transfer. Company, we bought the tools from these boys and the stock and everything from my old shop.

Calciano: How nice for you.

Working for Daniel's Transfer Company

Calciano: This was a year after you sold it?

Wagner: A year after I sold it. They figured there was nothing much in the way of business, and they didn't get along, so they wanted to get out, but they couldn't sell it. So you get on to that, you know, and I knew that the Transfer Company was going to start their own shop and the drummer knew, so I let the drummer take the whole thing, just as long as I got my money. That's all I was interested in. And here I go to work for Daniel's Transfer Company with all my old tools and everything, just like back home. I had done a year's outside work, and I had doctored up and had two operations on my nose and spent part of that $10,000 that I was supposed to be making. So I worked there for Daniel's Transfer Company for quite a while.

Calciano: Did you say your friend was a drummer?

Wagner: He was called a hardware drummer. They'd come every month; they'd call on you, you know. You'd order your horseshoes and your iron; you'd order anything you wanted from them -- single tree clips, bolts, anything you'd need in the blacksmith business. But I was very fortunate in being able to work for the Daniel's Transfer Company. After about 1910 or 1911 there was automobiles started coming in, and the

railroad was completed up the coast, and blacksmithing was getting on its way out. 'Course I was a blacksmith, and the Daniel Transfer Company needed a blacksmith. They had quite a number of horses in the barn down on Chestnut avenue, horses and wagons.

Calciano: Were they a livery company?

Wagner: They were a transfer company. In them days every-thing was done with manpower and horsepower. And they used to have a card that they put out for advertising, "We move anything that's loose," and they pretty near done it. And they had all kinds of wagons and all kinds of horses, light horses up to big heavy draft horses. They hauled hay and grain and freight from the railroad depot. All kinds of things.

Calciano: Oh, I had thought they would move people's house-hold goods from place to place.

Wagner: Well they did. They done anything, anything that had to be moved regardless whether it was freight or lumber or furniture or pianos.

Calciano: But the furniture wasn't the major part of their business then?

Wagner: Well, that was just a part of the transfer company. When I worked for the Daniel's Transfer Company they

had one wagon there that they called the furniture wagon. It done nothing else but move furniture and pianos.

Calciano: Was the Daniel's Transfer Company one of the largest in town?

Wagner: Well, old L. A. Daniels, the man who started the Daniel's Transfer Company, was a very prominent man in his day.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: He started with one horse and a spring wagon and built it up to a business where he had about thirty-five head of horses and every kind of a wagon that you could think of to move any kind of material. When you stop to think about everything that was done with horsepower and manpower, it's astonishing they could do it with just the few crude tools that they had in them days. By the time I worked for them they were a corporation; old man Daniels was dead and there was about five men interested in it. They must have had sixty head of horses.

Calciano: When did Mr. Daniels start the company?

Wagner: Oh he started it before I was, in fact he might have started it before I was born; he was right in on the ground floor. You see, Santa Cruz had a pretty good

name as a summer resort when I was a kid going to school. And I guess he was in the business then. And when people asked him when he could do something, his motto was "Right now." That's how he built his business up, see. And when he couldn't do it "right now" he bought some more equipment. Like I knew men that worked for him, and he'd say "Well, I guess I'd better go out and buy another team of horses." And he'd scout around and pretty soon he'd have another rig. He had what they called the light team horses, like delivery horses or express wagon horses, and then he had several teams of big heavy draft horses that he'd do heavy hauling with. And I knew the man well that kept books for him, and in later years he told me, "You never could keep the cash straight for old Daniels. First of the month he'd fill up a pocket full of gold and another pocket full of silver, and he'd go all over town and pay all the debts he owed. When he come back, if he had any money left he'd just reach in his pocket and throw the gold in the safe and the silver into each one of the compartments." Alonzo Whidden said that you couldn't hardly keep books for him.

Calciano: I bet!

Wagner: Well, it's just like I say, look what a businessman's got to do today. The bookkeeping alone is an expense that almost eats you up. You got to keep track of your income tax, and you've got to keep track of everything, -- in them days it wasn't even thought of. When I bought that blacksmith shop out on Pacific Avenue, I didn't ask nobody any questions. Now if you want to go into a good business, you got to get a permit from somebody. And then if this ain't just right or that ain't just right they won't let you start there. Why I didn't even have any toilet facilities right there on Pacific Avenue when I bought that shop out in 1905.

Calciano: Oh my!

Wagner: All that was coming into the shop was some running water. You'd go out in the willows and make yourself a restroom.

Calciano: That's really something.

Wagner: Yes, and if you could see the butcher shops and the grocery stores and the fruit markets in them days, they'd put you in jail for unsanitary conditions.

Calciano: Did somebody buy out Daniel's Transfer Company, or is it still running under a different name?

Wagner: No. It run under the Daniel's Company until it disbanded.

Calciano: When did it disband?

Wagner: Around 1930 or so. They were using trucks by that time.

Calciano: How many years did you work for them?

Wagner: In 1925 I quit them and went to work for the county. The county had a shop on Eagle Street; I worked there for twenty-two years.

Calciano: What did you do there?

Wagner: Well, I was blacksmithing. Of course now they don't have any blacksmiths, but before I quit blacksmithing I had to take up acetylene and electric welding.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: I built several pieces of good equipment for the county, but then my age, I had to retire when I was seventy so I retired at 69. So after I retired I said to my wife, "I'm going to go out and see if I can shoe a few horses."

Horseshoeing with Portable Equipment

Wagner: There was quite a demand for a horseshoer around Santa

Cruz then, so for the next about eight or ten years, I went out shoeing horses. Finally I got more work than I could do and it got too hard for me, so I took on a helper. I've got myself a typical traveling outfit. You see, they won't bring the horses to you. When I first put myself up, I wanted them to bring the horses up here for me to shoe, but they wouldn't do that, so I fixed up a portable outfit. I've got it on my truck there. I still go out fitting up a few sets of shoes, but I can't get down and do the hard work like I used to.

Calciano: I can imagine.

Wagner: But I can stand at the anvil and hit the shoes, and all you've got to do is just lift the foot up and take the impression; it's not very hard work. To get down and nail them on and finish them, that's really tough.

Calciano: Is your helper a young man?

Wagner: Well, he's middle-aged. He's very good. He's not a very big man, but he's tougher than nails. He's been shoeing a lot of horses. But I don't go as regular as I used to because out in the hot sun, and on the rough ground, it's a miserable job. If it was in a shop where you had a good smooth floor, why, that would

make it all right. But then like I tell the wife lot of times, just think, I retired when I was 69 years old and then went out and you'd be surprised at the money I made going around shoeing horses. And that's the only way I got a little Social Security. I worked for 22 years in the County Garage; that was the last job I had, and any municipality -- city, county or state -- never come under Social Security then.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: So I worked there for 22 years, and I didn't have as good a future as a common laborer did. Common laborers were under Social Security. So in '51, I think, they passed a law that you can come under Social Security by being self-employed, so that's how I got in the number of quarters that I had to be put in. I get the minimum, which isn't very much, but it helps out. Now I get forty dollars and my wife gets half of forty which is twenty, so that's sixty. No, I was just caught in a category like a lot of the elderly people. The dollars that they saved for their old age don't amount to much now.

Calciano: Yes, the post-war inflation has been hard on retired people.

BLACKSMITH SHOPS IN SANTA CRUZ

Calciano: Earlier you mentioned that there were 16 blacksmith shops in town at the time you owned yours.

Wagner: That's right. I had to compete for business with 15 other shops.

Calciano: Were 16 blacksmith shops too many for the size of the town?

Wagner: No, they all got their share of work.

Calciano: They did?

Wagner: 'Course some got more than others, but oh, you'd be surprised at the number of horses there were around Santa Cruz. Of course none of them ever got rich.

Edward Foster -- Fifty Years in Business

Wagner: Old man Foster had a shop there where the Title Company is. He was in business there for fifty years, and when he died he died a poor man.

Calciano: Oh, no!

Wagner: Yes. He gave too much credit. But he was a man who was in business here for fifty years, and I don't think his name should be overlooked.

Calciano: He must have been quite a man.

Wagner: He was.

Calciano: Had he ever done well?

Wagner: Oh, yes. He had a good business and he had a big family and educated them all; that's doing pretty well. I don't believe a man that's just accumulated a lot of money has made a success of life.

Calciano: No, no.

Wagner: But when he died, everything he had was mortgaged. It was pitiful. But he had ten thousand dollars written on his books. Foster's Irish blacksmith used to say, "Foster, what do you want to do that person's work for? You know you ain't going to get paid." "Oh, yes," he'd say, "They're kind of hard up now," he says, "But they'll pay me when they have the cash." He was a great big German with a heart that big; he couldn't say no. My wife and I used to have quite a joke. I worked for him for a while when I was sick. Not every day, because I didn't have my health quite back. That was from the time I sold the blacksmith shop until I went to work for Daniels. But Grace used to go and see if she could collect the money from him, my wages, you know. She went there quite a few times trying to get the money, and every time he'd see her he'd say "Not

today. Not today." So when I'd come home at night, I'd say to Grace, "How'd you make out?" and Grace'd say, "Oh, not today, not today." (Laughter) But I'll tell you how honest he was. He had a little office in the back of the shop, and on Saturday night he'd pay us what he could. Nobody ever got a full week's pay out of him, and I being the helper, well, I was a little more than a helper then; I used to work at the front fire a little, and work in the horseshoeing shop, and help the blacksmith, and do a little woodowrking even. Con Crowley got the most, Jack Welch next, and me the least. I'd work all week long and maybe get a couple, three dollars, five dollars, something like that.

Calciano: He sort of divided up what he had?

Wagner: Yes, but what I was going to tell you: he'd come around about half past four and pay us. And then maybe somebody would come in. and pay him some money on account, you know. And I've seen that old man take maybe thirty dollars and divide it up. "Well, boys," he'd say, "I've got a little bit more for you." And he'd give me, maybe give me a dollar or dollar and a half more, and give Con Crowley three or four dollars and Jack Welch three or four. That showed that the poor old man was doing everything he could. But we

couldn't live on that.

Calciano: When did Foster die?

Wagner: Well now, when it comes to dates, I can't remember dates. Well, let's see. Now I've got something to figure on ... I was working in the city yard down there in 1915 and '16. I quit working for Daniels for several years in there. He died along about 1918 or '19, somewhere along there. He used to come over to where I worked in the city yard; the yard is there just right across from the Santa Cruz Lumber Company on Quintana Street. Leonard and Hendricks took over Foster's place, and old man Foster must have been in business at least up to 1916. When you put fifty years before that, that'd put it way back into the '60's that he started, wouldn't it? He built two wagons for my father.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: He built them right from the ground up.

Calciano: Did he have any children?

Wagner: He had four sons and a daughter. The oldest son was a blacksmith. I helped him in the shop there.

Calciano: Are any of the children still living in town?

Wagner: One of his sons just died a short time ago over in San Jose. The other one is still alive.

Calciano: What does he do?

Wagner: Well, he's retired. He's older than I am. He worked in the shop for a while, but he was a light man and the work was too heavy for him, so he went into the chicken business out in the Live Oak area. He had one child; he was in the cattle business for a while and now has got a little dairy down by Watsonville. He takes pride so in his grandfather's undershirt -- it's about a yard wide.

Calciano: Oh, my.

Wagner: Oh, old man Foster was a great big man. I guess he weighed two hundred and fifty anyhow. He'd go up to the back end of one of those big hacks that they used to haul the newly married couples and all, and just to show off, you know, or to show his strength, he'd take the back end of that hack and he'd lift it up.

Calciano: He must have been strong! How many men did he employ at his peak?

Wagner: At one time he had six or seven. He had a shop with three fires and a woodworking department. He had two blacksmithing fires and one in the horseshoeing

department. He had a blacksmith and a helper at one forge, and Foster and the man that helped him with the horseshoeing were at another fire and he had a woodworker, and then after I become a journeyman I took a fire and I had a helper.

Calciano: So each fire has a blacksmith and a helper?

Wagner: Each fire has a blacksmith and a helper. A blacksmith can't do much without a helper.

Calciano: And then Foster was in addition to the two black-smiths? Or was he one of the two?

Wagner: No, no, he had two blacksmith forges in the blacksmith department, and in the horseshoeing department he had a forge there. He done the work at the horseshoeing forge and had a man, what you call the floorman. That's a man that does all the hard work, takes the old shoes off, trims the feet, and nails the new one on.

Calciano: And then he had a woodworker too?

Wagner: Yes, and a woodworker. And in back of the blacksmith shop he had a paint shop.

Calciano: Oh, was that often done at blacksmith shops?

Wagner: Well, it was two different buildings, but you could go from any place in the horseshoeing shop, blacksmithing shop, and the paint shop, without going outside.

Calciano: Did he hire the painter too?

Wagner: He rented the paint shop out.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: Whenever there was a new piece of work built, we'd take it from the blacksmith shop into the paint shop. You know them old fellows that learnt their trade in the old country, they were really workers. Old man Foster learned his trade when they had to make the nails to drive into the horse's feet they couldn't buy them yet.

Calciano: My!

Wagner: You know what a harness maker's stitching horse is? They sit on a horse with a thing that's just like a vice in front of them. They put the leather in there and then they hand stitched it all together; that's what they called a stitching horse. When old man Foster described how they made nails, they had something like that, only instead it had a little block here with a little bit of a square block of steel on it. And he says after supper you'd go back to the shop and you'd point them nails. You see beating them on the anvil they couldn't get a good enough point on them so they could drive them. So he says after supper you'd go back to the shop and you'd put

points on them nails. Think of what an apprentice went through.

Calciano: When did he come to this country?

Wagner: He must have come over here in the early sixties.

Calciano: Did he do his apprenticeship in Germany?

Wagner: Yes. He learned his trade in the, old country. And when he come over the mountain with the stage, the road was so bad they had to walk half the way; the horses couldn't pull the stage.

Calciano: Why did he settle in Santa Cruz?

Wagner: I don't know. I guess he knew there was going to be a lot of teaming here, and being a blacksmith, that made it a good place to settle. Over in the valley it was all farming and it wasn't quite so good. That's why there was so many blacksmith shops here; there was so much work done here with horses. If you want to call teaming an industry, that was a big industry here. Well, way up until 1912 and along in there they needed a lot of horses.

The Shops Vanish

Calciano: You said there were sixteen blacksmith shops in town

when you were in business.

Wagner: Yes.

Calciano: Can you tell me what happened to them when business began to fall off? Were they turned into gas stations, or sold out completely, or what? Roughly how many were left by 1925?

Wagner: Let me think that over for a while.

Calciano: All right, fine. It would be interesting to know how fast the blacksmith business dissolved once cars came in.

Wagner: Well, it's like people say: you could buy them for a dime a dozen in them days, and now there isn't any.

Calciano: That's right.

Wagner: There's one blacksmith shop still in Santa Cruz, but it's more of a welding shop. They do blacksmithing, welding, and machine work. You see, it's all combined into one. There's always room for one or two. But when I had my blacksmith shop I had 15 competitors, and it takes an awful lot of work to keep that many shops going.

Calciano: Which is the one that is still around?

Wagner: It's located on River Street. It's called Kalar Welding and Machine Shop. That's what they call it.

Hardly anyone knows what a blacksmith is anymore.

Calciano: What happened to Foster's Shop? Did his widow sell it to Leonard and Hendricks, or did he sell out before he died?

Wagner: No. He stayed in business till he passed away.

Calciano: Then his widow sold it to ...

Wagner: No, Leonard and Hendricks rented it, and I don't know who eventually bought the property. I guess it fell heir to the children. That's where the Title Company sets today, that title company building on Cooper. It's on what used to be the Cooper Street extension; it's in the redevelopment now. Cooper used to go across Front.

Calciano: Oh, it did?

Wagner: Oh, yes, went across and down clear to the river. And there was another little street, Short Street, and all that's gone now too. Cooper Street made an angle so Short Street and Cooper Street intersected way down at the river.

Calciano: Oh? Well Leonard and Hendricks ...

Wagner: Well, they rented the shop there for a while; then they give up.

Calciano: And nobody was in there after them?

Wagner: No, after that nobody was in there.

Calciano: What was the building used for then?

Wagner: They tore it down. It was a pretty dilapidated building by that time.

Calciano: About what year would that be?

Wagner: Well, that must have been somewhere along about 1920, maybe, or a little before. And then there was Lou Williams. He was on Water Street just before you went across the old bridge that used to be there.

Calciano: And what happened to him?

Wagner: Just like everybody else -- they all went out of business when the automobile come along.

Calciano: He didn't sell out to anybody then? He just quit business?

Wagner: That's all.

Calciano: And the Bright brothers, what did they do?

Wagner: They quit too.

Calciano: I'm wondering if any of these turned into garages for cars. I've heard that blacksmith shops sometimes put in gasoline pumps and turned into automobile garages.

Wagner: No.

Calciano: None of them did?

Wagner: No. Nothing like that. Now you've seen the write-up that Mrs. Koch had in the paper about the first gas

station in town?

Calciano: Oh, yes.

Wagner: Now there was a gasoline station before that, right. over on the corner of Water and Ocean. There was a man had a little grocery store here and had a beautiful garden, and he cut a hole in the fence here and hole in the fence there and he put a gas pump in. And when people wanted water for the radiator he'd have to take a can and go over to a faucet in the garden so he could get the water. I stopped there with my first car.

Calciano: My goodness.

Wagner: I had an automobile in 1915. Just an old Model T. That give many a poor man a ride. Back during the war you know, when you drove into a place, they'd say, "Is that gasoline being used for pleasure or for business?" So this old fellow had a Model T and they asked him if it was for business or pleasure, "Well," he says, "If you can see any pleasure in riding in this thing, put it down that way." (Laughter)

Calciano: They didn't have any gas rationing then, during the First World War. You just stated whether it was for business or pleasure?

Wagner: That's right.

Calciano: Which blacksmith was the last one to close up?

Wagner: Well, now, Kelsy, I think was ... No, Shelby had a horseshoeing shop; he wasn't a blacksmith, but he had a horseshoeing shop there on Soquel Avenue for a long, long time. And Jack Roundtree always worked for the city. The city's corporation yard was there on Quintana Street.

Calciano: Oh.

Wagner: Let's see now. Leonard and Mosher, they took over the Boyea shop on the east side. And York and Witt, they took over Lukens. That'd be before 1916. And then Witt and York took over that shop way at the last end there.

Calciano: Took over whose shop?

Wagner: Lukens. E. Lukens. It might have been E. Lukens and Son. That was on Park Street; it's called Union Street now.

Calciano: Oh, it's Union now?

Wagner: You see Union comes down off the hill. Lukens' old blacksmith shop was right along side of Mike's old opera house.

Calciano: Oh.

Wagner: That was the first shop in Santa Cruz that ever had

any power. Otherwise all the shops was all hand work. And Lukens put in a gasoline engine and a band saw, and an emery wheel, and a grindstone, and boy, they thought that was the latest thing in power. And White Brothers had power too, but Lukens and Foster were the two oldest shops in Santa Cruz. They done some beautiful work in that Lukens shop, mostly light work like making buggies and carriages and things like that.

Calciano: What happened to the building your shop was in once the transfer company bought out your tools and everything?

Wagner: The building stood idle there for a long time.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: There's something too, I ought to know when they demolished it, but I don't.

Calciano: They've never had any other business in it at all?

Fred Wagner holding a horse in the door of his own blacksmith shop.

Wagner: No, I think there was a junkie in there for a while, a junk man.

BLACKSMITHING TECHNIQUES

Horseshoeing

Wagner: Now here's a picture of my blacksmith shop. That's a typical blacksmith shop; one side is for the blacksmith and the other side, the door where the horse is, that's for the horseshoer.

Calciano: I see; you usually considered horseshoeing completely separate then.

Wagner: Oh yes. But pretty near all the shops did horse-shoeing. There were 16 blacksmith shops in Santa Cruz. at the time I started, and 14 of them did horseshoeing. So you see there's my blacksmith and his helper; he worked on this side, and I took care of the horseshoeing. See there's the big horse I just shod.

Calciano: Were horseshoeing and blacksmithing considered to be two different skills then?

Wagner: Well yes, but it's like myself ... I can even do wood-work. I can build you a wheel, and that's quite a trick I got the chance to do all this after I got in

on my own, see. But I always had my eyes open when I was an apprentice there. Pretty near every blacksmith shop has a blacksmith, a helper, a woodworker, and two men in the horseshoeing shop that they called the firemen and the floorman. A man that worked on the floor don't work at the fire, and the man that worked at the fire don't work at the floor. But a small shop like I had, I was my own fireman and floorman both see. And when I got so many horses that I couldn't handle them, my blacksmith could shoe too. He didn't like to, but he did.

Calciano: Which had more prestige, being able to shoe horses or being able to do blacksmithing, or were they both the same?

Wagner: I just don't know how to answer that question because they were both very important men, but I think it was the blacksmith when it come right down to it, I really do. At one time in my life I had a chance to go to work in a horseshoeing shop, doing nothing but horseshoeing. And I was a journeyman you could say, so I talked with another older man. That's one thing, I always associated with people older than myself. And I explained it to him that I had a chance to go to work in this horseshoeing shop. I was crazy about

horseshoeing. "Well," he says, "Fred, if I was you I'd keep the job in the blacksmith shop, because you can't tell. You're a young man now and you're pretty rugged, you're pretty strong, but", he says, "ten or fifteen years from now, maybe you'll be broke down and can't shoe horses anymore. Then what are you going to do? But if you've got the blacksmithing to fall back on, you'll be all right." I thought that was awful good advice, so I took his advice. But the horseshoeing game was quite a game, and this old man Foster was a wonderful shoer. That's where I learned the shoeing business.

Calciano: He himself did more shoeing than blacksmithing?

Wagner: Well, in his younger life he used to do a lot of blacksmithing, but in his older life he didn't. You see fitting shoes is about the easiest part of it; that's why I can still go out. Fitting the shoes is the easiest part of blacksmithing because you haven't much heavy stuff to lift. A shoe that weighs two pounds is an awful heavy shoe. So you see you have a lighter pair of tongs, you use a lighter hammer, and the work is easier all around, and that's what old man Foster done when he got quite a little age on him. His helper would do all the hard part.

Calciano: I see. How many horses would you say one man could shoe in a day?

Wagner: One man could shoe eight horses. I have shod ten, but it's a ten-hour day; it's no eight-hour day. And I want to tell you, you go home, and pardon my grammar, but the seat of your pants is dragging your tracks out.

Calciano: (Laughter) I bet! How much did you used to get for shoeing one horse?

Wagner: A driving horse was a dollar and a half. I look back and lots of times I've wondered how we did it. Just think, you paid shop rent, paid your help, paid the telephone bill, and the water; I don't know how we ever made it, honestly I don't. The prices today and the way they've been you know, that's so far back that it's hard to visualize that you did do them things for that kind of money.

Calciano: Do you remember what your phone bill used to be?

Wagner: Oh, wasn't very much. Maybe just a couple of dollars a month I guess; I don't remember.

Calciano: Could you tell me how you go about making a horseshoe? What the steps are?

Wagner: First thing you do, you take the measurement of a

horse's foot. The horseshoer has no rule.

Calciano: He doesn't?

Wagner: No, he just uses his pritchel. The tool that they punch the holes in a horseshoe with is called a pritchel. He takes the frog of the foot and the heel of the foot, and he just lays his pritchel across there from the heel over to the toe and doubles that length.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: If that's nine inches across there, or eight inches across there, or seven inches across there, he just multiplies it by two. Of course he doesn't go by inches; he has his pritchel there with a mark on it, see, and he just doubles that on a piece of iron and cuts it off. Well the first operation in making a shoe is you stick half of that straight bar into the fire.

Calciano: But first of all, how does he cut it off?

Wagner: Oh, you have a tool to cut it off with.

Calciano: A saw or a file?

Wagner: No, you do it all right on the anvil. You have a tool they call the cold-cut chisel. It's nothing more than a sharp edge chisel that the blacksmith holds on the metal. When the man hits it, you'd be surprised! You

could pretty near cut in half a piece of half inch by inch iron in one lick.

Calciano: Oh my.

Wagner: Yes. Well then you heat that iron bar a little past center and clear out to the edge. Well the first operation is to put it on the anvil. About an eight-pound hammer sits in front of the anvil, and the helper brings the hammer up and he lays it on the anvil. The blacksmith puts this piece of iron in there and with his hammer he bends it about a half of a bend see, and then while this end of the bar is still hot, he puts it over the horn of the anvil and puts what they call the bevel on the shoe. The blacksmith takes his hand hammer and the helper has his eight pound hammer and they both come in there, bing, bing, bing, bing, like that. It's quite a trick.

Calciano: Two men are hammering?

Wagner: Yes, and it's fast work. And then the blacksmith lays the shoe over on the flat side, and with the round end of the hammer he goes around the inside of the shoe. That makes it a little bit concaved on the inside so the shoe only bears on the outside of the hoof. All the weight is on the hoof; it don't bear on the foot.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: A horse's foot is encased in this hoof. The outside or horny part of the foot is called the hoof. What's encased inside of that hoof is his foot, and that's filled with blood vessels and ligaments and what have you. If your fingernail covered the end of your finger, there'd be a perfect horse's hoof. Fingernails are made out of the same material as far as I know. The fleshy part is what they call the sole, and the hoof is the part that hits the ground.

Calciano: Oh I see.

Wagner: Well there's a flaky part there, and when them flakes wear off, why then it sheds, see, just like your fingernail. The poor horse has no way of trimming them, so nature had to provide that it would flake off; this outside part wears off. That's the only way a horse has to trim his hoofs. So that's why a horse's foot needs to be trimmed every time new shoes are put on. But as far as making the shoe is concerned, the next operation is either to put a crease in the shoe or punch holes in it. Some shoes have a crease; the blacksmith has a tool that he uses to go right around,

and the helper he heats that just as fast as he can and the blacksmith just works it around to make a perfect crease in there.

Calciano: Why does he do that?

Wagner: That makes the place for the nailheads, so that the nailheads are even with the shoe. And the nail is tapered so that when the shoe wears there's always enough nail left to hold it from coming off. So then the next operation, the blacksmith turns the shoe around and puts the other end of the bar in the fire. Well it's the same thing except that this time the bend is already made. So then they take it over what they call the horn of the anvil.

Calciano: They put this hot piece of metal on the horn?

Wagner: Oh it's hot; I'll say it's hot! So the next operation is the same thing. They put the bevel on the outside with the flat face of the hammer. Then they turn that hammer in their hands so fast you don't even see them turn it, and they use the round face of the hammer to put that contour in there on the inside of the shoe. Then they turn the shoe back and crease that and punch four holes in it. And the iron is still hot when they get that all done.

Calciano: Well how do they know how much of a curve to make? Are

all horses' feet curved the same amount?

Wagner: No, but it's according to the length of the iron. That's what determines what size shoe you'd have. Say you had a piece of iron twelve inches long; that would make it just about what you'd call a number one shoe. Well then you've got to get a little longer piece to make a little bigger shoe. Have you seen these big Clydesdales?

Calciano: Yes.

Wagner: How much iron do you think it takes to make a shoe for one of them big Clydesdales?

Calciano: I don't know; an awful lot I guess.

Wagner: It takes twenty-seven inches of half by inch and a half iron to make a shoe for one of them big Clydesdales.

Calciano: My goodness, that's amazing!

Wagner: At least that long. Now think of a blacksmith putting that in a fire and bending it around and making a shoe out of it.

Calciano: Well now, do they all bend it the same amount or do ...?

Wagner: Well pretty near. You bend the front shoe a little bit more open and more round in the toe, and a hind shoe

is a little bit more pointed. We used to make up shoes ahead of time when business got a little slow. We used to work in the wintertime until six o'clock, but in winter you don't see much trade in a blacksmith shop after five, and I used to have to go from the blacksmith shop into the horseshoeing shop. We'd make extra horseshoes because the shop I worked in used to shoe all of Spreckels' racehorses over in Aptos. And I tell you, when you make a shoe that weighs eight ounces, you're using a pretty nice fine piece of steel, and the work has got to be pretty exact to get it to weigh eight ounces. That's what they put on *a* racehorse. And a man that shoes racehorses is generally classed as a plater. You take these men that follow the circuits, they're all classified as platers. Where they get the name is that the shoes they put on the horses are just little light plates.

Calciano: Is this a harder thing to do than regular horseshoeing?

Wagner: Well, it's a kind of a trade by itself. A plater might be perfect in his line of work, but he couldn't shoe a big draft horse. He could, but he don't want to. And the man that makes *a* business by shoeing a big draft horse, he doesn't like the plating business. So you

see it's kind of *a* thing where each man had his own line.

Calciano: How often would you have to reshoe a racehorse?

Wagner: They shoe them every race.

Calciano: Every race?

Wagner: Every race he's reshod, whether they just put the same shoes back on or whether he's shod new. And the trainer stays right there with the blacksmith, or with the plater. He tells him exactly how to trim the feet, how he wants them, and what weight to put on. And sometimes it's sideweighted, so the outside weighs a little more than the inside. That way it has what you call a grab on it. The plater shoes that horse exactly the way the trainer wants him shod. And you go to the fair up in Sacramento and them platers, they generally have a tent and *a* portable rig, and they have a big piece of plywood about four feet wide and about eight feet long and 3/4 of an inch thick, and that's where they stand the horse. And then they also have an implement that takes the angle of the foot, the degree that they want that foot to set on see. You either trim the heel off a little or you trim the toe off a little in order to get the correct angle from the

hair, where the coronet band is, to the point of the foot. That has a lot to do with a horse picking his foot up, and it has a lot to do with the way he gets it on the ground. It gives him the getaway for the next step, see. That's about as near as I can explain to you the shoeing of the horse.

Calciano: How often would you have to reshoe a draft animal?

Wagner: Well, you shoe a draft animal maybe every thirty days or every six weeks. It depends on what kind of work he's doing and how hard he wears shoes. Some horses wear shoes awful fast and on some horses they last a little longer.

Calciano: How often would you have to do a stagecoach horse?

Wagner: Well the same way. I used to shoe a little gray mare, her hind feet, every sixteen days. And when I made her shoe out of the best steel I could buy, they'd only wear two days longer. But that poor little horse was up and down on the pavement all day. The boys rode her when they were keeping track of the rigs you know, and that poor little horse, in the summertime she'd get what they call leg-weary.

Calciano: What's that?

Wagner: Well, they're just tired, that's all. They get to

shuffling along and they wear the shoes out awful fast. I've shod horses there on the delivery wagons, they'd get so they'd drag their hind feet. Well they would wear their toe off right square, so then you had to put a piece of steel there to protect their feet. I've often wished we could have had a, what do they call it to measure the mileage? A speedometer. If you could have had a speedometer on a wagon wheel, you'd see how far some of them poor horses went every day, and it would astonish you. I know some of them horses when I worked for Daniel's Transfer Company, they got awful, awful tired. But then at the Transfer Company, the three months in the summertime, three or four months, is where they pretty near made their year's pay, you see. Some of them horses used to get what they called flat feet. You take a flat-footed horse and they're hard to keep going. Lots of people think, oh, put a nice light shoe on, but that's the worst thing you could do. You want to put a medium shoe on a horse like that, and use a good wide shoe to protect the bottom of his foot. Because if he's flat-footed, his foot is right on the ground, see, and a stone or anything bruises it. But you know, a good job of horseshoeing will get you more work than anything.

Calciano: I can imagine.

Wagner: People could tell whether you'd done a good job or not, and they'd come back.

Calciano: Yes. But there's one thing I've been wondering: I seem to remember seeing pictures of blacksmith shops that showed barrels full of horseshoes. Were some of those shoes already manufactured?

Wagner: Oh, yes. We bought most of our shoes. For most jobs it didn't pay to make them. It wasn't necessary.

Calciano: Well, if the shoes were already manufactured, how could you do a bad job or a good job of shoeing?

Wagner: Oh the principal job in shoeing a horse, the most important part, is trimming the foot.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: Of course it's all important, all of it, the trimming of the foot, fitting the shoe, nailing it on and finishing it. Finishing it means the outside, you know. They drive the nails through and they twist them off with a shoeing hammer so that they're just about even with the hoof. You just leave barely enough for you to make your clinch. And you've got to make a good clinch; it can't be too long. The blacksmith uses the expression "Look at them clinches. You could hang your

hat on them." Some blacksmiths just take a quarter inch of the nail and bend it over; they just make a hook out of it. That's the trouble with the man who goes with me now. He makes awful poor clinches.

Calciano: How should it look?

Wagner: All right -- a clinch shouldn't be any longer than a nail is wide. So, you take your nail that's poking through on the outside, and the first thing you do you file the end off with a file, or if they're too long you nip them off with a pair of nippers. But you know I can ring them so that the nail that's left on the outside is just about as long as the nail is wide. Some people think that a great big hook on there is going to hold the shoes on, and that's the last thought in the world. Well then you hold an iron block under the nail and hammer it gently right out on the point. Don't just bend it down, drive it around on a curve. You don't need a big clinch. You do like I just said and that shoe will stay on there. Seems funny that the two best mechanics I worked with were both Irishmen. That blacksmith was an Irishman and the horseshoer was an Irishman.

Calciano: Oh really.

Wagner: And I'm a Deutschman, and we all cut them off fine.

Calciano: What were the Irishmen's names?

Wagner: The horseshoer's name was Jack Welch and the blacksmith's name was Cornelius Crowley. We called him Con; that's the only name he went by. And I learned a lot from both men.

Calciano: The nail that you use for horseshoeing doesn't have any head on it, does it?

Wagner: Oh yes.

Calciano: Oh it does?

Wagner: That's the philosophy of putting the crease in the shoe. The blacksmith takes that special tool (it's straight on one side and beveled on the other) and puts that on the shoe he's making and he just works along. He works it, and his helper hits it, and that cuts the crease in that hot shoe, see.

Calciano: Do you still do that or not?

Wagner: Never. The shoes now are pretty near all punched. But we used to punch our holes right in the crease we'd made. After the blacksmith gets done making the crease, he drops that tool right away and grabs a punch, and he sets it in that crease. You don't want to hit it too hard because it's on the anvil, see. You

ain't got it over any soft spot when it's on the anvil. You just give it a light lick, and you do it just about as quick as you can. You put that punch there and take it out and put it there and put it there and put it there, and then the helper sticks the shoe in the water and lays it where it belongs. But if you don't want a crease in them, why you just take your piece of metal and punch four holes in it. You punch them from the side that goes on the ground, not the side that touches the horse's foot, and that leaves the hole on the back about the size of the nail. Then you have another tool, which we call a countersink, that we put there and hit it and hit it and hit it, and that makes the place for the nail head to fit in.

Calciano: Oh, I see. The nailhead has to be level with the surface of the shoe, so you either make a crease before you punch or else you use the countersink.

Wagner: That's right.

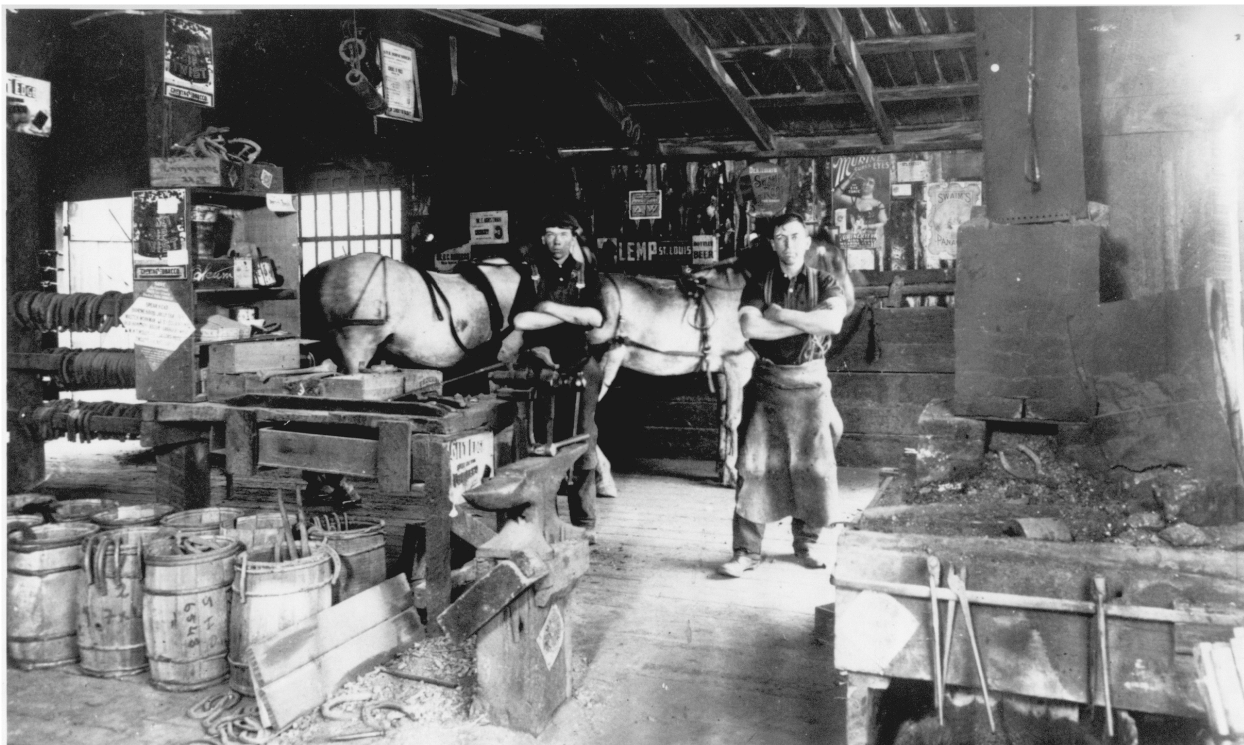
Shop Equipment

Wagner: You know I've got a picture here you might be interested in. Here's the interior of the blacksmith shop

on a busy day. I worked in both departments, the blacksmithing and the horseshoeing both.

Calciano: What was the equipment that you'd have in a blacksmith shop? Could you just start at one wall and go around the shop?

Wagner: Well, I'll tell you how things was lined up in my



Fred Wagner and helper

standing in the horseshoeing section

of Wagner's blacksmith shop

shop there on the Avenue. The first thing on the left-hand side was an old telephone and just a crude bench for a desk, you know. Next to that come the workbench where I had all kinds of files and hammers and drawers with punches and desk wrenches and all like that. Then there was a big vice on the end of that bench that was closest to the forge. And out in front of that bench was a pair of shears for cutting iron. And then there was what they called the tool bench, a square bench about three feet square with all kinds of tools stuck down in between two crevices. The handles hung down through the crevices. They were things like swedges or fullers or cut-off chisels and all that kind of stuff. You'd be surprised the number of tools we had. Then there was *a* bottom to it, and that held all kinds of stuff which we used to put in the anvil for different purposes, for bending and all that kind of stuff. Then there was the anvil and then the blacksmith forge. Then on the other side of the blacksmith forge was another bench and a great big rack there with two kinds of bolts, carriage bolts and machine bolts, all from a quarter by an inch up to half by six, all different dimensions, all labeled there in a great big rack. When I bought that shop out, if they wanted a

few bolts they'd run up to the hardware store for them. That's why the people couldn't make no money. So the first thing I done, I had my woodworker build me a good big bolt rack, and it cost me $85 to fill that rack with bolts. But when I wanted a bolt, I went there and got it; I didn't have to run uptown for it. Well then there was another department on that same bench, and we used that when we fixed buggy wheels. Of course that bolt rack didn't take up much room so we had our wheelhorse there. When buggy tires got loose and rattling you had to take all them bolts off and take the tire off, clean the spokes, and then put the tire in the forge and shrink it so it'd be the right size, and put it back on. And to do that we put it back on that horse, as we called it, wheel-horse, and put them bolts all back. And then a little further back was another wheelhorse where the woodworker put the wheels on when he wanted to do a job. And then at the back end of the shop, there was a big bench running cross-ways where all the woodworking tools were. The first thing, up where you could see it plain, was an eight-day clock. I don't know where I got it, but I had an eight-day clock there. And then the woodworkers tools -- saws and hammers and

drawknives and planes and spoke-shaves and tenon cutters and all that was all along on our little rack on the wall and on the bench. Then on the other side of the shop, at the end of the horse-showing shop, is where I kept my iron and my hardwood. I had a rack there for all kinds of hardwood.

Calciano: What kind did you use?

Wagner: Oak and hickory principally, and ash. I kept three kinds of wood to use for different things. And then up on top of the rafters we'd hang the rims -- each rim was half of a rim for a wheel, you know. And then on this side of the shop, it was nothing but an empty wall there, where you tied the horses. And then in the center here I had barrels of shoes, all the way from ought up to six, front and hinds.

Calciano: These were shoes that were already made?

Wagner: Yes, machine shoes; we bought them. A hundred pounds in a keg. They made them in the factory.

Calciano: Why did you ever bother to make your own shoes?

Wagner: Oh, we made shoes for special purposes, but for the general run of horses see, you just had them there in stock. And I'd set them oughts, ones, twos, threes, and the ones closest to me was the front shoe and the

ones the furthest away when I went to get them was the hind shoe. And then we'd put what we called calks on them. Some people wanted just a smooth shoe for driving horses, but soon as you started putting them on a team horse, you put what they called calks on them.

Calciano: What's that?

Wagner: Well, you take the heels of the shoe and you turn them up. You bend them both up. Then you take a piece of steel, half by five-eights, and you weld it across the toe. That piece of steel there gives the horse a chance on these chalk rock hills or in the mountains. It's what they call *a* toe calk, and it gives him *a* chance to hang on you see. Also the shoes wear longer because them big team horses, if you wouldn't put *a* calk on them, they'd wear them shoes out pretty quick. So this is what we used to do in the wintertime. They call it toeing up shoes; you'd tell your man, "Go toe up some shoes." When he got a bunch toed up, we hung them on the wall. We just had clamps on the wall where we used to hang them, on the beams up there. Then when we were busy and the horses were all tied there along the wall, we'd have a long pole with a hook on it, and we'd just get a couple down. It saved a lot of time,

you know, to have all these toe calks welded on, because it's quite a job to do that.

Calciano: Were your slow months during winter?

Wagner: Yes, I'd have two, three kegs of shoes all toed up and ready to put on. When I had that many, I'd leave them in the kegs right on the floor there. Oh, we also hung stuff along some of the supporting posts and also up on the rafters. We'd hang up single trees or clevises or anything that we were liable to sell during the summer see.

Calciano: Did you say single trees?

Wagner: Yes.

Calciano: What are those?

Wagner: Well, a single tree is what a horse pulls on. It's the bar that the traces are fastened onto. It's nothing more than that. Now a double tree is two single trees that are attached by rings to a big crossbar. The crossbar is fastened to the wagon right ahead of the front wheels. Both single trees can pivot because they're just fastened on by rings, and that way both horses have to pull the same amount of weight. But we always stored things like that up on the rafters.

Calciano: And then did you have anything placed along the front

wall?

Wagner: No, the front wall was taken up with them two big doors. Oh, I'll tell you what was right inside the door on the horseshoeing side. That corner there is where I kept my coal. Coal come in three hundred pounds sacks -- think of that.

Calciano: That's quite a bit.

Wagner: When the expressman would bring it up, I'd have him back up to the curb -- sidewalk delivery, see. And I'd say, "Instead of throwing it on the sidewalk, just set them sacks up on the tailgate." Then I'd back myself up to that tailgate and get the ears of that sack up on my shoulder and pack it in and dump it on the floor.

Calciano: You carried three hundred pound sacks?

Wagner: Oh yes. If I couldn't pack three hundred pounds, I wouldn't be a blacksmith.

Calciano: Oh my goodness!

Wagner: Here's a picture of the inside of my shop about 1907, and here's what the newspaper wrote about it.

Calciano: Oh, what a good picture. Let me read part of this article. Santa Cruz Sentinel News, January 18, 1953. "*[The shop's]* location was then *[at]* 337 Pacific

Avenue, a few doors south of the Hagemann hotel

"Between the anvil and the forge stands proprietor Fred Wagner wearing the traditional leather apron of the blacksmith. When the photographer called, Wagner and his helper had been shoeing one of the two horses behind them, in this, the horse-shoeing department of his shop, the main part of which was back of the camera.

"The horse at left, newly shod, was temporarily off duty from the delivery wagon at G. A. Deiter's bottled goods store several blocks up the avenue. Still in need of shoes, the other equine customer was next in line, probably to be shod with a fine new pair each of front and hind soft steel shoes selected from the kegs of shoes at lower left. Wagner stocked horseshoes, received in hundred pound kegs, sizes 0 to 7.

"Anvil, vice, and workbench are at left center. On the right is the forge with tongs in front. Apparently traveling billposters valued blacksmith shop space, for many advertising posters are seen displayed. The big one over Wagner's left shoulder is for Murine, an old-time eye tonic. Beer and chewing tabacco are represented *[as is]* swamproot, then widely

advertised ... directly above the neck of the first horse is a political card bespeaking the candidacy of W. F. Horstman for sheriff. Horstman was later and for many years a Boulder Creek councilman."

Calciano: What is swamproot?

Wagner: That was another medicine; I don't know what. That was some of your patent medicine. See this wall, I had a wall full of advertisements.

Calciano: You were paid for the space?

Wagner: No, no he never paid a cent.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: A guy would come in and say to me, "Can I tack up an ad?" So I'd say, "Why sure, go ahead." But when a circus come to town and they put an ad out on the front side of your shop, then they'd always give you a couple of tickets. But for the other ads I never got anything. I've gone to many a circus, though, where they'd just put an ad out in the front of the blacksmith shop. Oh lots of people put ads up. The blacksmith shop was a great place for hangers-on. Different ones would always congregate around an old blacksmith shop.

Making Wagon Tires

Calciano: What time did you open the shop in the morning?

Wagner: Seven o'clock in the morning. And the helper got there and had the area around the forge all swept out, every tool in its place, and a fire started.

Calciano: So he got there about when, six-thirty?

Wagner: Oh no, you could do all that in fifteen minutes. It wasn't much of *a* sweep up; it was just to see that all the tools were where they belonged.

Calciano: How much lunch time would you give the men who worked for you?

Wagner: We always took an hour.

Calciano: You pretty much needed it, I guess.

Wagner: Yes, we always took an hour. But it was hard work back then; you used your muscles. We didn't have all this electric welding and all. The method of working is all changed now. When I took up electric welding and the acetylene torch, well I practically had to learn all over. And with the cutting torch and electric welder, you don't have to be half as capable as you did in the old blacksmith days.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: Oh, if you make a mistake now, you just cut it off and start over. (Laughter) Well it's so! Take a pair of buggy shafts. You know how a shaft is made with a nice curve in it so it hooks onto the buggy? I want to tell you, it's awful thin, and when you ironed that out and made that thin, just like the paper on the wall, you had to be a mechanic. Now-adays they take it and weld it fast down there and heat it along here and they trim it and hammer it where it wants to go and then they heat it some more and hammer where it wants to go. It don't take much skill anymore. Just like them big wagon tires -- you had to take your measurement around the wheel, and then you had to lay the bar of iron out, on the floor and measure it and cut it off and roll it by hand. It took two men to do it. You couldn't hire a man to do that now. For instance Bob Bridges, he used to be an awful good customer of mine. He had a six-horse team, and I did all his work. Finally when the teaming give out he started a little dairy. I used to go out and visit him once in a while, and I'd say, "Well, Bob, how'd you like to go back to the good old teaming days?" "Who would you find to do the work?" he'd say. (Laughter)

Calciano: I'm sure you're right.

Wagner: You look back and you wonder how we used to get it done. Take for instance putting a big tire on a wheel, or two tires is what we generally did at one time. You have two bars of iron laying there on the floor, each one is an inch thick and three inches wide and sixteen feet long. You measure them the right length for the wheel that you want to put them on and you bend them with a hand turning device to roll them in a circle. Then you have to weld them together and put them on them wheels. I want to tell you, it was a big job.

Calciano: It must have taken a lot of muscle.

Wagner: Oh, actually the blacksmith prided himself on his big muscles. (Laughter) No, it doesn't take half the skill to do the work now that ours did, in the older days. Now don't get me wrong because it takes a lot today, but it's done so much easier. That's one thing I'm trying to impress on you, see. They've got the cutting torch and they've got all kinds of clamps and everything to put the work into the position that they want it, and then they just take it and weld it. In the old days you had to figure that all out and put it in the old blacksmith forge and lift it in and out. Why I want to tell you, you got good and tired.

Calciano: That's right, you had to lift up the whole tire in

order to weld the section that needed it.

Wagner: Well, it sits in a big circle you see, and you only put a few inches of it in a real hot fire. You have to have your fire so it don't spread all over and get that thing so hot that you can't handle it.

Calciano: Oh, yes.

Wagner: You've got to control that fire see. And they used to have coal that would let you get just a welding heat in there. You'd be surprised what you, could get with that old bellows putting the wind in there and that good coal. A lot of people say, "How'd you know when that was a welding heat?" But you just knew. Oh, they had wonderful blacksmith coal then. Today the blacksmith coal is something awful. But if you want to get a welding heat, you build yourself a nice big fire, see, and you blow it and then you let it rest a little. Then you heat it a little more and a little more. And then with a poker you open a hole through the coal there and you watch in there for that white heat. When you get that nice white heat you kind of feel it with your poker, and you open it up a little more and throw a little sand in there. That makes it kind of a flux on the outside so it can get hotter on the inside. And when you get it to what you know is a

welding heat, you take the top of the fire off. Then you let it settle for a little while and watch it. You have to be careful because you see you've got two pieces of iron that you're welding together, and you could burn one up before the other one got hot if you weren't careful. You've got to watch that so that the heat from the fire goes up into the metal evenly. It's quite a trick.

Calciano: Yes, it would be. How were the bellows operated?

Wagner: Oh, a bellows you know is nothing more than two compartments with a center in between that has a flapper valve. There's two flapper valves; one's in the bottom and one is in the center. Well, as you pulled the bellows up, the wind goes through the center valve to the top, and then as you shut the bellows down, that air stays up there because of that flapper valve in there. And that's what makes the air go down and into the blacksmith's fire.

Calciano: Did the blacksmith do it or his helper?

Wagner: No the helper done that; he pumps the bellows, and that's quite a job on a big welding job, a big heating. And then as soon as the blacksmith lifts that wheels or whatever he's welding, out of the fire, the helper lets go of the bellows pole and grabs a broom.

And the first thing he does, he brushes the scale off the metal, see, and then he grabs his sledgehammer and starts pounding and pounding and pounding until it's pounded together. Of course the blacksmith, he comes in with his hammer too. And then the helper no more than lets his sledgehammer down and he has to get around there and start blowing the bellows again. You couldn't hire anybody to do that kind of work today.

Calciano: A while ago you said that you always used to have a helper when you made horseshoes, that he helped with the pounding. Well how have you done it these last few years without a helper?

Wagner: Well, you take them small shoes, you can make them without a helper. But the real way to do it is to have a helper because, well like now, maybe I have to take two heats on each side of the shoe, where with a good man and a good helper, he makes that whole thing in one heat. Blacksmiths pride themselves on that see.

Tempering Metal

Calciano: Is it better for the metal to do it in just one heating?

Wagner: No, it doesn't make any difference to the metal. 'Course you could heat beyond a point where it would

hurt it; it would be what we call burnt. Burnt metal is nothing more than metal that's been heated too hot.

Calciano: Oh, you mean it crumbles and cracks and that type of thing?

Wagner: Yes, and especially on tool steel; if you heat tool steel too hot, you might just as well cut it off and start over.

Calciano: That's what they call the temper of the steel, isn't it?

Wagner: Temper, yes.

Calciano: And if you get it too hot you ruin the temper, is that it?

Wagner: If you heat it too hot, you've taken all the carbon and everything out of it.

Calciano: Oh, is that what happens. Does it have to be heated to a red heat or

Wagner: The lower the heat that you can temper a piece of steel at, the better, and that's what you've got to learn. You've got to learn your steel, see. Now towards the last there, they used to put out some wonderful steel, but some kinds you temper in oil and some you temper in water. And if you don't know which is which you say, "Well gee, that don't look right," and then you try your oil. When a blacksmith has his

steel there in the rack, he knows his steel. He knows which is oil tempering steel and he knows which water.

Calciano: How do you temper with oil or water?

Wagner: Well, they used to have what they called a regular tempering oil. The ordinary oil when you stick a piece of hot iron in it, it will flash right up in your face. It catches fire, you see. But a regular tempering oil, you could stick the hot iron in there and all that comes up is smoke. So you get your piece of steel hot, and like I say, the lower the heat it'll take the better, and you say "Well, I'm going to try it at that heat." And you quench it, oh say a half an inch, and then you put it down a little further into the oil so you don't have a line across your metal where it's all the same, where it's just abrupt. You want your heat gradual. And then you take it out of there, and if it's in oil you've got sand handy there, and you clean it in the sand. And then you have a brick, and you rub it with a brick, and then you watch the blue.

Calciano: What's the blue?

Wagner: Well it's just a color that comes when the thing is all nice and smooth. As the metal cools it changes color. If you quench it when it's golden brown, the

metal will be too brittle. If you wait too long and the color is all faded when you dip it, the tool will be too soft. You just wait till it gets down here to what you call a pigeon blue, then you dip it in the water, say about a half an inch. Then you pull it out and clean it off again and watch for your color to come. It depends on your steel -- sometimes the first time is just right. But the best temper is like I tell you, when you see that pigeon blue, or a little before, you clean it off. That's if it looks just right, and if it's not just right you quench it again.

Calciano: Let me see if I understand this. After you remove your tool from the fire, you pound it into the shape you want. Then you start quenching it until you see the blue come?

Wagner: Well let me tell you how we went about making a cold chisel.

Calciano: What type of tool is that?

Wagner: A cold chisel. A cold chisel is a chisel made for cutting cold iron or rivet heads or anything that you want to use it for.

Calciano: Oh, I see.

Wagner: So you get your half inch steel or your three-quarter

inch, or whatever dimension you want, and you take it and heat it and then you draw it out. You get the end of it just about as thin as you can; then you lay it down somewhere so it will cool. Well the next operation, if you haven't got an emery wheel like we didn't have for years, you have to file it. The first thing you do, you get *a* nice square edge across there, oh I'd say 3/16 of an inch thick. Then you turn around and put your chisel in the fire and you file a bevel on it. You've got to be sure to get both bevels the same. You have no tool to measure it with; you do that with your eye.

Calciano: You do this while it's still hot?

Wagner: While it's hot, yes. And when you get that all just the way you'd like to have it and cleaned up nice, you take it over to the forge. Well maybe you'd be making two, three, or maybe more, all at once, and you get them all over to the forge. Then you take them one at a time and put them in the forge and do like I tell you. You heat the end back about two inches or so and take it out, and you generally have a wire brush you use to brush it a little bit, and then either quench it in the water or quench it in the oil. And then you wait for that heat to spread through the tool again.

It travels down into the part you quenched. See if you would cool it clear up to where you stopped heating it, it would be so hard it wouldn't be right; it would be too hard.

Calciano: Oh, you only dip about half of the heated part?

Wagner: That's right. The main thing is to leave heat enough in the metal to drive that heat down to the point of the tool and to do it so you get the right color. You can't have too much heat because then it drives it so fast that it drives the color clear out. Tempering is quite an art, especially on those tools that these stonemasons used for cutting the tombstones for the cemetaries. You ought to see some of the tools they have -- all little fine pointed tools and everything. And I want to tell you, it's quite a trick to temper them tools.

Calciano: I can imagine. Now when you were making a cold chisel, after you had filed it all down and had gotten your beveled edges, if you didn't reheat it, what would happen to it?

Wagner: Oh, it wouldn't stand up because there'd be no temper in it. It's already been heated and drawed, see, so it's really softer than the original material because it's been through the fire.

Calciano: I see. How does putting it in the fire again make it strong?

Wagner: Just the way I'm telling you. You heat it back two and a half or so inches, and then you quench it either in oil or in water up so far and watch the heat go back down to the point. Now picks, you temper a pick in water.

Calciano: Do you mean the kind of pick men dig with?

Wagner: That's right. I could temper a pick so that I used to be able to hit it hard on a metal plate and it wouldn't break. I had a big iron plate there that we used to level stuff on, and when I got to feeling good, I would put a pick I'd tempered onto its handle and hit that iron plate with that pick and it wouldn't break. Of course you got to know how to hit it, too, because many a pick, the first lick somebody hits with it he ruins it because he hits it on a jerk, you might say. Well it just jerks the point right off of it. There used to be men right here in Santa Cruz. They called them pick and shovel men. They made their living with a pick and shovel. When all the water ditches and gas ditches were made, it was all done with manual labor. Pick and shovel, think of that.

Calciano: Did you make a lot of picks?

Wagner: No, we didn't make them; we bought them because of the eye of a pick. But when a pick gets dull, way dull, and it's too short to use, you resteel it. And the way you resteel it, you take the butt from the eye out, maybe it's only about eight inches or so, and you put it in a vice and split it. And then you take your new steel and you put it in the split. It's all beveled and it's got a little barb on the end here so when you put it in the split it will stick. Then when you get that all welded together and have put your new steel in both ends, you draw one end to a pick point (that's a square point), and the other out to a chisel point. A chisel point is about an inch and a half wide or inch and a quarter. Some people want them one way and some another, it depends on what you're doing; then they want it to be eleven and a half or twelve inches from the eye to the end.

Calciano: The eye is where the handle goes through?

Wagner: Yes.

Calciano: You said you didn't make them because of the eye. Is an eye too hard to do?

Wagner: Oh it can be done. I've got an old pick out in back that some blacksmith made. It's the crudest thing you've ever seen. Like in the mines, you know, when

they first started mining, there was a man right here in town that made cast iron picks and sent them up into the mines there. But of course cast iron isn't much of a pick.

Calciano: Not strong enough?

Wagner: Well, it's just that you can't sharpen it good enough. You can't sharpen it in the forge, and nobody had power or emery wheels. An emery wheel hadn't been thought of yet, that is out here it hadn't. In the East where they had all the big factories and all that, sure they had their emery wheels and everything.

Calciano: Did you use a helper on just about everything you made?

Wagner: Oh yes, you had to have a helper. A blacksmith has a great big square bench, and on three sides is tools with handles on them, see, and when you want a tool the helper just reaches in there and grabs it and holds it for you to hit. That's why a blacksmith has got to have a helper; there's so much of his work he can't do by himself; he's got to have a helper. For instance, he wants to split a piece of iron and bend it this way or that way. Well he has to cut it before he makes anything out of it, so he takes his hot

chisel ... You have a hot chisel and you have a cold chisel. A cold chisel is for cutting cold iron and hot chisels are for cutting hot iron ... So the blacksmith just grabs that hot chisel and then we have what we call a scrap laying around. A scrap is just a piece of soft metal about six inches square that you use so you don't hit the chisel on the face of the anvil. Well, the blacksmith cuts pretty near through, and then when he makes the last cut the helper puts the scrap up there on the face of the anvil. That way you don't have to be so particular. If you cut clear through, which you have to do, you hit that soft metal, and you'd be surprised how often you have got to replace, this scrap, because it gets all so creased up that it's no good anymore.

Calciano: I guess the anvil was very, very hard metal, wasn't it?

Wagner: Oh yes, the anvil had a good steel face to it. A Peter Wright anvil was the best anvil that ever was made. Everybody liked to use a Peter Wright anvil. The anvil I had when I worked for the county over there weighed four hundred and ten pounds. Nobody lifted that on and off of the anvil block.

Calciano: Too much even for a blacksmith's muscles!

Wagner: Yes it was. But I was a pretty husky lad when I was a young man. Well, just making a wheel, you had to pick that bar of iron up, sixteen feet long, and bend it into a ring. That was one of the toughest jobs a blacksmith had to do, and you had to be awful particular to get it good and round, because you'd ruin a man's wheel if it wasn't round. We used a template to make sure we had it round. The' template is the same circle as the wheel, you see. So you'd put that template on the wheel you're making, and just as soon as the wheel don't fit the, template you know whether you got to screw the screws down a little or loosen them up a little. You have to roll that bar so it's firm right around the whole wheel. And then when you weld it, you've got to be awful particular so you don't get that joint flat. You've got to have that the same contour as the rest of the wheel. Oh it was interesting, and it was hard work, but what wasn't.

Calciano: I guess that's right!

Building a Wheel

Calciano: When you made a wheel, you were really encasing a

wooden rim, weren't you?

Wagner: That's right. The spokes was held together by wooden pieces called felloes or fellies. The felloes is what made the rim. And on a fourteen spoke wheel it took seven fellies; on a sixteen spoke wheel, which you didn't see very often, it took eight. On team wagons, the front wheel has got twelve spokes on it, and the hind wheel has got fourteen spokes on it, so the front wheel has got six fellies and the hind wheel has got seven fellies. But then there is what they called a heavy express wheel and that would take a two and *a* half inch tire and carry a good load. They put a half rim on them. But let me tell you that it's a big job to put the fellies on some of those wheels. We used to use a big lever to squeeze the spokes together enough for the felly to get on. The helper is the one who did that. He pulled that spoke puller as hard as he could until he pinched them together enough for you to get that felly started on there, see. Then once the felly got on, well there was no more strain because it had been bored so that the spoke would fit through it.

Calciano: So you would pinch the spokes together to get the felly on and then when they were released they held the felly on tightly.

Wagner: Yes. When you get the felly on, your spoke is all right. But it's hard work. Them big circus wagons, you can't budge them spokes. They've got them very small wheels and six inch tires, and I found out that the way they do those wheels is by sawing the fellies in half. They're put on in two halves. And I've seen wheels belonging to big team wagons, and people have a terrible time getting them fellies on. Sometimes you have to do a little snitching: you nip a little corner off of the end of the spoke so that it will slide in easier. You don't like to do that; that's the last resort, but you see what that does. If you've got the corner nipped off, you don't have to pull the spoke clear past the hole in the felly, see. And when you get it on you just put a wedge in the end of the spoke to hold the felly tight. You know there's men that do nothing but the woodwork; they call them wheelwrights. They can really build a wheel. I remember one old woodworker who built two wheels that were just the same. Of course that's one time out of a thousand, but when they measured the outside circumference it didn't make a particle of difference which tire they put on which wheel. Just think of it. Well that was a lot of good luck as well as good workmanship, because you're

lucky if you can get it anywhere near that close. I've seen a pair of wheels where the outside circumference would be a half inch different, or three-quarters of an inch different. That don't mean nothing. Right?

Calciano: I guess not.

Wagner: And the way you measure that wheel, you have what you call a traverse wheel. It's nothing more than a wheel that's two feet around, and it's marked off in inches. You start in one of these felly joints and you mark it here with a piece of chalk. Then you run the traverse wheel around the wheel you're working on so you can find out how big it is. And very likely there will be a little difference between the two wheels. Setting tires takes more judgment than you'd think because you've got to kind of size them wheels up. Now on some wheels you maybe have to make the tire a half inch smaller because the inside dimension of that tire is a half inch smaller than its outside or because maybe the fellies will all give a little or maybe the hub looks like it will give a little, see. But you have to be careful not to get the rim too tight because there's no place for this wood to go and the wheel dishes. In other words, instead of the wheel setting nice like it should, the rim is not in line with the

hub, and the wheel looks something like a saucer. That blacksmith that I told you about was a wonderful blacksmith, an artist, but he dished his wheels and I didn't like that. So I says to myself, "Whenever I get a blacksmith shop, I'm not going to dish no wheel," and I had quite a reputation for setting wheels. And you'd be surprised how that helps your business. The teamsters all get on to that. If you see a man with a dished wheel, the first thing you ask is "Who set your tire?" And then you don't go to that person when you need your own wheels set.

Setting Buggy Tires

Calciano: How long would it take to set a pair of wagon wheels?

Wagner: Set the tires?

Calciano: Yes.

Wagner: Well there's something else. We used to set them buggy tires for three dollars a set. That meant the person left their buggy there. The first thing you had your man do was take a hold of a buggy you know, lift it up and shove a small trestle under each wheel. Then he'd take the wheels off, bring them in the shop, take them tires off, and clean the fellies and the spokes, you

know. Then they had what they called the tenon to the spoke. That's what goes through the rim, and maybe sometimes that was a little loose, so you had to put a wedge in it. Then you had to shrink the tire so it was just a little bit smaller than the wheel, put it back on, put it up on that rack again, put all the new bolts in, take a can of axle grease out with you, grease the axles and put the wheels back on, and all for three dollars!

Calciano: How long would it take you to do it?

Wagner: Well, the helper does the biggest part. That's the only way you can make any money, you see. You give your helper fifty cents a day. (Laughter) 'Course I don't think I ever had a helper for fifty cents a day -- seventy-five or so, it depended on what he could do, see. Well, it would take the helper close on to two and *a* half, three hours. Well you see he had to take all those little bolts out.

Calciano: Oh, that was something I wondered, the bolts screwed the rim onto the fellies?

Wagner: The bolts went through the rim to keep it from coming off when it did get loose.

Calciano: Well then how was it that the tops of the bolts didn't stick out and make bumps on the wheel?

Wagner: Well, because they are countersunk, see? I didn't think to explain that to you.

Calciano: Yes.

Wagner: See, the tire has a hole there, and then maybe it isn't deep enough, so when you've got that up on that wheelhorse, you have a brace with a little short bit that's good and sharp, and you run around there and ream them holes out so when the countersunk head goes in there it will be good and smooth.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: And you furnish the bolts and all that as well as the labor! And the worst of it was unscrewing all those bolts. Where the two joints are there's what they call the felly clip; it's a nice rounded clip and there's two bolts go through it, see. That's to keep the joint from working loose. And then if they're only bolted between every other spoke, you're in luck, but you get a buggy that's supposed to be a real good buggy and they're bolted between every spoke. That's the first thing you look at when you go to do the job because, boy, just think of it -- 16 spokes with felly clips between every one, and two bolts to each felly clip. And a big wagon tire, we only got a dollar or dollar

and a half for setting them.

Calciano: Oh, really? They were heavier ...

Wagner: All we got for putting on a big set of heavy tires, like I told you -- an inch thick and three inches wide, we got six dollars over the cost of the iron, for the labor. Talk about prices -- but your competitor was doing it, so if you didn't you lost out.

Calciano: I guess so.

"New Work" -- Building a Wagon

Wagner: Now you take new work for instance. That's what a good blacksmith used to like to do.

Calciano: What exactly do you mean when you say "new work"?

Wagner: Build new work, like building a wagon. The first thing in building *a* wagon was that the woodworker made the woodwork for the running gear. That's the part underneath the wagon bed or surrey or whatever goes on top. Well, they did that woodwork and they gave it a coat of priming paint which was nothing more than linseed oil and turpentine, so it would penetrate into the wood and keep that wood smooth. Then the first thing the blacksmith did, he turned that upside down

and welded the axles up and pinned them to the wood, the hind axle and the front axle.

Calciano: You had both a wooden axle and a steel one?

Wagner: The steel axle supported the wooden axle. For instance if they were making a spring wagon the woodworker would make the woodwork first -- that meant the hind axle, the reach, the front axle, and the spring block, which the front spring went on. Then when that was all made up it was set on a couple of trestles. If the wagon was going to be a heavier wagon and still be a spring wagon, they put what they called hounds on there, wooden hounds. Those were big braces that went from the axle, about six inches from where the wheel was, up about three or three and a half feet on the reach. That kept the hind end stiff, see. But if it was a light rig, they just put an iron brace from out by the wheel up a ways onto the reach, because that was heavy enough for an ordinary rig. But if a rig would have to take *a* beating, then you put these extra hounds in it.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: Yes. So you got them axles welded and the hounds made. And you had to be sure that the axles and braces were

the exact same distance from the reach, otherwise your wagon would have gone down the road like a crab, you know, trying to get to the ocean. And the helper had to help the blacksmith, and in his spare time he put what they called clips around the wood and bolted this iron stuff onto the wood. And when them axles were all put on and everything, then he turned it the other way.

Calciano: He put it on its wheels?

Wagner: Just like it was ready to put the wheels on, but he didn't put the wheels on yet. He put the springs on. Now then, there was a place on this woodwork that they called the spring block. That's the block that sets right on top of the wooden axle. Now that can be made out of wood, but in later years they commenced putting out cast-iron stuff; you could get them in cast iron. They fit down over the wood, and they had just the right curve for the spring that had to fit on top of them. And, everything you put on had to be square with the axle. It was nice work. Well now, when you got your spring blocks set, and the under part of the wagon was all ironed up too, then you set your springs on. The way you fastened the springs on was with spring clips, and you had to make those too. So the

blacksmith took and measured the right length, cut them off, and made one bend in them. Then the helper took them and cut the thread on each one. Then the blacksmith got them back and he made a second bend, because if you made both bends at once you'd have no way of cutting the thread, would you? That was because your thread cutter was an implement with handles that were a pretty good length, and you wouldn't be able to turn it and make the threads if you had both bends made on the spring clip.

Calciano: Yes.

Wagner: So you made two clips for each spring, and that was all that held the springs onto that axle.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: When you cut the thread, you know, about an inch and a half of thread was standard. Well sometimes you cut a little more or a little less, but, when the blacksmith gave the helper something, if he didn't say anything, the helper cut an inch and a half of thread on it. That was known between the two, see. All right, now after you put your springs on here and you set these clips, there was nothing more than that. The clip went over the spring, down along side your spring box, and

went clear down underneath the axle. Then there was a little yoke, whatever length it needed to be, that went through the ends of the clip, and you tightened them all up. Then you had to be careful not to make it too tight. If you drew this down too tight, this frame would maybe not be straight. Everything was on a level with your floor. Well, the only way you measured was from the center of the spring here. You measured each spring from the center to the floor. You kept tightening them up until the springs stayed right up there where they belonged all the time. When they were all right, then you cut them clip rods off smooth at the bottom of the nut. And all these other nuts, they were all square. It was beautiful work when you once got it done, and it was clean work. It wasn't like repair work or anything.

Calciano: I see. Did you make the springs?

Wagner: No you bought them. They made them in a spring factory.

Calciano: Were they elliptical springs or coil springs, or

Wagner: No, they were leaf springs. The first leaf was called the main leaf. It was a long curved bar of steel. And then how many leaves you wanted depended on what you

were going to use the wagon for. They'd build the spring up with as many leaves as was necessary. And each additional leaf got shorter and shorter. And of course the factory knew how many leaves you needed if you told them you wanted a wagon that would carry so much, a ton or two tons. They knew how big and heavy them springs ought to be to carry that weight. So once you got the springs on, the next thing was how you were going to set your body on from this spring to the other spring. You decided how high off the ground you wanted the body to be and whether it was to go down in between the springs, or to rest on top of them springs. So you either built the height up with blocks on top of the springs, or made something that let you drop the spring bar down between the springs. It went on the spring there, dropped down here and across here and then went up over the other spring. Get the idea?

Calciano: Yes. I think so.

Wagner: And that's the way you got the height exactly the way you wanted it. Your body was so far from the floor. Well the spring bar had to be clipped on exactly the same on each side. And you had to look out that you didn't have the bar setting this way or that way. You had to watch your step and have it perfectly right.

Then there was what they called a dead-axle wagon, like *a* team wagon. They were made on the same principle, only your axles didn't have any springs.

Calciano: I see. Was a dead-axle wagon used mainly for hauling?

Wagner: It was made for hauling, and it was astonishing what some of them wagons carried. You take the six-horse team wagon, it had a sixteen-foot bed on it, and it was capable of carrying at least ten tons.

Calciano: Goodness.

Wagner: And then there was a type of wagon called a broken-bed, cut-under wagon. The philosophy of that was that the front end of the wagon bed was high enough so that the wheels could turn right in under it. That way they could almost turn on a dime, see. That was what they meant by cut-under. And then the back end of your wagon was dropped down. If you continued this front end clear on back at the same height, your wagon would be way up in the air, so they dropped the wagon bed down once it was past the front wheels, and then it was not too high in the back end.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: That made it easy to load heavy stuff like pianos and all that. We used to build buggies, too. I remember

building a buggy there with a thousand-mile axle. They thought that was a wonderful thing in them days.

Calciano: A thousand miles?

Wagner: Yes. The axle had a groove in it with a couple of little holes underneath it and there was a piece of felt in there that held the oil. You used castor oil, and you could drive that buggy for a thousand miles without having to grease it.

Calciano: My goodness.

Wagner: You know this Krag Ranch that they're developing down by Aptos?

Calciano: Yes.

Wagner: Part of that land belonged to a man by the name of Langerman. He was a great big German, and he was a great friend of Foster's. Well we made him a buggy with one of these thousand-mile axles, and I remember when he come and took that buggy out of the paint shop. He had his wife with him, and he says, "Mama, look, it's got a hundred thousand mile axle in it!" (Laughter) Oh, my! I was helping and I said, "Oh, Mr. Langerman, it's not a hundred thousand, it's one thousand." So he said, "All right, when I go to Watsonville, I'll write it in my book, just how many

miles I got" Oh, I'll tell you it *was* comical. (Laughter) That was so he'd know when to grease the buggy.

Calciano: How often did you usually have to grease a buggy?

Wagner: Well, it depended on how much it was used. If you was going to go from here to Watsonville and back, you wanted to be sure your buggy was greased. Then when you come back, you better look at it again. But just driving around, oh, I never used to grease my buggy over once a week.

Calciano: It had never occurred to me that buggy wheels had to be greased.

Wagner: Oh yes. Now four of us took a trip from here to Fresno with a big camp wagon. We had four horses, and every other morning we'd grease that wagon.

Calciano: What kind of grease would you use?

Wagner: C & S Axle Grease. You could *see* that advertised on all the fence railings -- "Use C & S Axle Grease."

Calciano: And did surreys and one-horse carts need greasing too?

Wagner: Anything that had a wheel had to have grease. On the big wagons we didn't have to take the wheels off. Some of them were awful heavy, you know. The hubs were ten and twelve inches around! So they got so they bored a

hole in the hubs and put a pipe in there. Then they had a cap on that pipe and they just put the castor oil in there, and when that pipe got full, you knew you had plenty of oil.

Calciano: So you used to have to take the wheels off the ordinary wagons?

Wagner: On an ordinary wagon, up until about a two-and-a-half-inch axle, you took the wheel off.

Calciano: My goodness, wasn't that quite a job?

Wagner: Yes. You had a wagon jack; you jacked the wagon up and took the wheel off and smeared the grease on, and then you put it back on.

Calciano: What held the wheel onto the axle?

Wagner: Well, there was a big nut on the end of the spindle. The two right-hand wheels had a right-hand thread and the two left-hand wheels and a left-hand thread. They had to use a left-hand thread on those because if there was a right-hand thread on the left side, as the wheel turned, it would turn the nut right off.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: Yes, it would work that nut off. Now I want to show you a picture of a carriage shop. It's a blacksmith shop, but a carriage maker you know, he's a little

more refined, and he don't like to be called a blacksmith. He calls himself a carriage maker. So here's *a* carriage shop. That stood right across the street from Foster's blacksmith shop -- it's in the redevelopment district now. You could go to that shop and get a surrey built, have the cushions made, and have the fringe put on top. There was the trimming department upstairs, and downstairs was the blacksmith department. Then adjoining the blacksmith shop there was what you'd call a salesroom today, but they just called it a storeroom. It was where they had the finished product, see. And there was an elevator that used to take the carriages up into the paint shop. It was run by manpower; they used a winch.

Calciano: Imagine that.

Wagner: I want to tell you, you should have seen some of the work that come out of that shop.

Calciano: Whose shop was it?

Wagner: E. Bowman owned it. Santa Cruz Carriage Works was its name. Oh there was some fine rigs made in that shop. My father bought a surrey from them. Oh, we thought we was really somebody when we had that surrey. You know what a surrey is? It has two seats with a top and a

fringe around it. They always put that fringe on the top for some reason or other. When we got that surrey we was out here every Sunday morning, brushing it off and shining it. We went up and down and cleaned the harness. A lot of water has gone under the bridge since then.

Calciano: That's true. How much did a brand new carriage sell for?

Wagner: I think a surrey went for a hundred and seventy-five dollars.

Calciano: How long would it take to make one?

Wagner: Well, that's hard to tell too, because a blacksmith very likely never worked right steady on one job, you see. There'd be what you called your new work, and then there was your custom work. Well your custom work had to be done right when it was brought in, and the new work got done in piecemeal. Lou Williams was over a year building a wagon for Owens Brothers, but like I say, he had a lot of custom work to do. At times when there was a little slack, well then he worked on the new work.

Calciano: Would you usually build a wagon to somebody's specific order, or ...

Wagner: You'd always build a wagon to somebody's order or

design, that's all.

Calciano: If you had free time on your hands, did you ever just build a wagon and hope to sell it to somebody?

Wagner: Well, the way I used to do it, in the wintertime I'd buy up all the broken wagons I could find, because I could get them cheap. That is I'd buy them if they could be rebuilt, and then I'd give them a coat of paint and have them to sell in the springtime. It helped keep your man occupied during the winter, because in the winter the streets were muddy and business wasn't too good. So you'd have your man make up a lot of extra stuff like toeing up shoes (that's putting the toe calks on) and have that much done, because it took quite a little while to weld a toe calk on a shoe ... By the end of winter he'd have the whole side of the shop full of toed up shoes. Well that way, when a horse come in to be shod, you'd just have to take a pole with a hook on it and reach up on the wall and get whatever shoes you wanted and turn the heels on them and that was it. And the same way with single trees and different things, and hooks. Oh there was all manner of stuff to be made that you could sell during the summer. That's how you kept busy during the winter.

Calciano: You said a surrey would sell for about a hundred and seventy-five dollars. What about a regular hauling wagon?

Wagner: Well, a big heavy wagon, it got so Studebaker Brothers put out a good running gear and you couldn't compete anymore making a wagon, see. So the teamsters would buy the running gear and bring it into the shop, and then we'd raise the front bolster a little higher so the wheels could turn under the wagon bed, and iron it up a little stronger, and then build whatever kind of a rack they wanted. We used to call the top part a rack. If the man was going to haul wood, you'd make it either twelve or sixteen foot long and have the stake pockets along the side so you could pile four foot wood in there. Or if he was going to, well like for the Daniel's Transfer Company, I built a couple of wagons for them. That is after they bought the running gear I put a jumbo rack on it. They had a big flat bed about seven foot wide and about twelve foot long, and they'd haul hay or grain or anything they wanted hauled on there. You see all the freight come in on the Southern Pacific Railroad, and it had to be, hauled from the depot to the different business places.

THE TEAMING INDUSTRY

Calciano: Would a wagon that size have several horses pulling it?

Wagner: Oh it'd have two horses. Some of those wagons for hauling wood would have eight oxen pulling them. And it took real skill to be a teamster and work with that many animals.

Calciano: I can imagine.

Wagner: Oh, by the way, did you ever hear the record I helped make about teaming?

Calciano: I listened to it, yes. I liked it very much.

Wagner: Well it's all right, but there's too much other stuff in there to my way of thinking. You know, like poor Mrs. Bibbins' story. She was one of Grover's daughters. Her father used to have teams you know, and no doubt she rode around; in fact she rode with that Charlie Jones. He had the name of being a wonderful teamster. But I don't know, there is quite a lot of that jerk-line teaming that was left out of the recording.

Calciano: The Grovers owned a lumber mill, didn't they?

Wagner: Yes. They were prominent people here. There was three brothers of them. They were among the first big lumber people, you know. They had timber in back of Soquel

and in Scotts Valley, too. They were considered big business in them days.

Calciano: Did you know any of the Grovers?

Wagner: Yes, I knew all three brothers.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: And Mrs. Bibbins, she's older than I am, you know; she was old Frealon Grover's daughter. Frealon was his name. And all the teamsters or the blacksmiths or anybody, all they knowed him by was "Old God for mighty."

Calciano: Really? (Laughter) Why?

Wagner: You go and talk with Mrs. Bibbins; she'll tell you the same thing. She got the biggest kick out of that when we were all over to Mrs. Patten's to have that tape made. I said, "God for mighty," and she said, "Oh, for land's sake, Mr. Wagner, did you know my father?" I said, "That's the only name I knew him by."

Calciano: How did he get that name?

Wagner: Well, he didn't swear. But when anything went wrong, he'd say, "God for mighty." That was his swear word.

Calciano: Oh my.

Wagner: Yes. And the other brother was named Dwight, and the third one, I don't know what the third one's name was. But the trouble with the Grover's was that they liked to fool with racehorses. They had some good ones too.

Calciano: Have they lost their fortune?

Wagner: Well, the lumber business, you know, it kept getting worse and worse and tougher and tougher, but they were in business here for a long, long time. Maybe you'd enjoy going and visiting with Mrs. Bibbins.

Calciano: I might like to sometime, yes.

Jerk-line Teamsters

Calciano: I've got some questions I wanted to ask you about the teaming industry, because I didn't get a complete picture from the recording you helped make.

Wagner: Does your library have a copy?

Calciano: Yes, we have a tape recorded copy.

Wagner: Oh. Mrs. Patten's got it so it can be played over the phonograph. Are you folks going to put it on a record?

Calciano: We'll probably leave it on tape.

Wagner: Someday let me hear it, will you?

Calciano: You've never heard it?

Wagner: I've heard it yes. Maybe I hadn't ought to say this, but after it was all over I was kind of disappointed.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: Of course all the old jerk-line teamsters are gone, but if there were any jerk-line teamsters listening to it, they'd say, "Fred, what are you talking about? You left out a lot of stuff."

Calciano: Well, I'd like you to tell me all about it, if you would.

Wagner: Why don't you read this first. This is what I used when I made Mrs. Patten's record.

Calciano: Oh! These are your notes. All right, let me read them.

Wagner: "For the benefit of those who have never seen a jerk-line team, let me explain what a team is. Any two horses or mules hitched to a wagon or *a* farm implement is a team. When you add or hitch another team in front of the first team, you have a four-horse team. Then add another team in front and you have a six-horse team, and so on until you have twenty animals in the team, such as the twenty mule team Borax team. With up to six horses or mules, they are driven by reins, a pair to each team. The driver of such a team is

classified as a reinsman and sits on a high seat with three reins in each hand. I have seen eight horses driven with reins, but four reins in each hand is too bunglesome for convenience on mountain roads. In the show ring where they drive eight .with reins, they use a specially made rein.

"Now that you have a good idea of a team, I will endeavor to tell you about a jerk-line team. Let us say we are going to have twelve animals in this team. The driver that handles this kind-of team is classified as a single-line, a long-line, or a jerk-line teamster. He operates them differently than a reinsman. His wagon has no high seat. Instead he rides the nigh horse on the left side of the pole, or tongue, of the wagon, and he has a heavy leather strap running out to his lead animal. That is called the jerk line. From the lead animal's collar, or hame, there is an iron rod across to the bridle bit of the animal which is the nigh animal's teammate, whether horse or mule. This rod is called the jockey stick.

"Now let us classify this twelve animal team to their different positions. The team in front of the wheels and along side the pole or tongue are called the wheelers. The next pair, hitched to the point of

the tongue, are called the pointers. The next team are the swingers. They are hitched to the heavy rod connected to the front axle of the wagon by a chain called a fifth chain that runs under the pole and between the pointers. A fifth chain runs between the swingers to the next team called the eights. And the next team, hitched in the same manner, are called the tens. Another fifth chain runs between the tens and is hitched to the twelves, or leaders.

"Now you have a vivid picture of this twelve animal team hitched to two large wagons with the driver on his nigh horse. The only. control he has of this huge outfit is the brakes on the wagon, a long jerk line, his blacksnake which he carries draped around his neck and hanging along side his arms, and his word of mouth which is "Gee" and "Haw." And when he gets in a bad place he uses vocabulary that you would not like to hear. "Gee" means to go to the right, and "Haw" means to the left.

"Let us picture this teamster coming out of the mountains loaded with newly cut lumber and going over roads with hairpin turns and from twenty to forty percent grades. Like I said before, this jerk line was his principal control of the team. A steady pull on

the line signaled his leader to go to the left, or a couple of jerks on the line signaled his leader to go to the right. As the leader goes to the right, the jockey stick pushes against the other leader's bridle bit and he has to follow. And in making a left turn the jockey stick pulls on the bit and the animal comes to the left. Now picture this team on a slight downhill grade, coming to a tight inside turn. The teamster hugs the bank, and at a certain point he gives his pointers a signal, "Haw, Tom, come across Jerry". These animals immediately jump the fifth chain and pull directly to the left, and at the same time he is singing out to the rest of the team, "Whoa back, steady now," so the pointers can get the wagon well into the turn. Then in split second timing he commands Tom and Jerry to get back to their proper places.

"Bells were a prominent fixture on the leaders of the team. Five bright shiny brass bells fastened to a spring steel bow were attached to the hames of the lead team. These bells could be heard for a long distance and signaled to an oncoming team or other vehicles to turn out at the first opportunity and wait until the team got by. There were no two-way roads in those days, and meeting on a narrow road sometimes

created a problem of how to pass. It took men with strong hearts, steel nerves, and a lot of courage to handle a jerk-line team. I had a lot of respect for their courage and ability."

Calciano: If two big teams did meet on a narrow road, how did they back one up?

Wagner: Well, I'll tell you, you could hear these bells a long ways. And it's just like anything else, a certain number of teams are hauling out of a certain gulch for a certain lumber mill. Well they know, they all take about a certain time. Maybe a certain team starts a little earlier in the morning and another a little later, well those teamsters know about where they're going to meet. In fact as my father used to say, "Instinct ought to tell you that." Well that's what them men had; they had a lot of instinct, and they were loyal to each other. They were very loyal to each other. They'd know about where they were going to meet, and like I say, them bells you could hear for a long way. And some of them old teamsters, they could tell you by the sound of them bells just who was coming.

Calciano: Well if you had bells ringing on your own team, how could you hear bells way far away?

Wagner: Don't worry.

Calciano: I guess they did. (Laughter)

Wagner: Yes, in a canyon, you know, the bells would sound a long, long ways. If you've been out in the mountains and seen a sheep with a bell on her, you'll know what I mean. Nothing used to please me more than to go out to my grandmother's and hear the cows come off of the pasture on the side hills and down to the barn. They had to go under, an undercut under the road there and then around through the woods and come to the barn, and you could hear them bells all along the line. And a cow will stop every once in a while, I don't know why, but they'll walk about so far and then they'll stop, and you could hear just the minute them bells stopped. You'd always know when the old cows were taking a breather. (Laughter)

Calciano: This was near Santa Cruz?

Wagner: Yes. That was out just above the Mountain School on the Old San Jose Road.

Calciano: You said that when a team had to make a turn in the road, that it was the pointers the teamster yelled to.

Wagner: Well that's where them pointers come in, see. That's why they was called pointers, to point the tongue of

the wagon. A teamster went by the end of the wagon tongue, and if he could get that pointer to put the tongue where he wanted it, he could make the turn; if he couldn't get the tongue there, well then he couldn't make the turn.

Calciano: I see. You said that the pointers had to jump the fifth chain. What is the fifth chain?

Wagner: Well that's the chain that goes to all the teams in front ... You see the wheel team is hitched to a pair of double trees right by the front wheel. Well then the pointers, they're hitched on to the pole so they can do their work. Then you got to have something going out to the rest of them see, and that chain that goes down the middle, between each of the teams, is called the fifth chain. I think the way it got its name is that harnesses for a team of work horses have chain tugs, see. If you have two of them big work horses, well there's two tugs on this one and two tugs on the other, that's, four chains, and this chain going between is the fifth chain.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: And there's a fifth chain between each pair of horses, except the leaders.

Calciano: Oh, they're separate chains for each pair.

Wagner: Yes. Each time they are separate chains. They're fastened to the stretcher bars of each team of horses or to the yokes of the oxen.

Calciano: Oh, I see.

Wagner: If I remember right they're nine feet long. It's been so long since I made one.

Calciano: And when the horses turned, they'd have to step over them?

Wagner: Yes. Some of the teamsters were good enough to stop and let them get over, and some of them made them go over the chain while they were moving. And the mule is a better pointer than the horse.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: Because he's afraid of that chain, and he's going to get over it no matter what he's got to do.

Calciano: Did they ever mix mules and horses in one team?

Wagner: Oh yes. They used to have what you called a mixed team. Maybe three span of horses and three span of mules -- twelve animals. Watching those teams was quite interesting. Some of those old teamsters deserved a, lot of credit.

Calciano: Did they learn how to drive by experience, or would they train with an older man? Just how did they get

started?

Wagner: Well, it's just like everything else, somebody had to be the leader, and different ones would be the followers. Generally a young man would get a job helping on a big outfit like that, and he learned from experience. But that was quite a skill. You had to be good. And the same thing with driving the six-in-hands for the livery stables.

Six-in-hand Drivers

Wagner: I remember the rigs that used to come out of the City Stables. It would do your heart good to see some of the rigs that come out of there. They'd haul them people that were on the train coming from Monterey, see. They'd come over here from Monterey, and they'd have maybe two or three four-in-hands and one or two six-in-hands waiting for them. There was a darkie, a nigger -- there was three or four niggers here in Santa Cruz, Negroes I guess I should say. Bill Bishop was his name, but he was as fine a man as you'd ever want to deal with. Well he and another fellow were what they called the six-in-hand men, see. That's quite a responsibility when you got a rig that'll haul

sixteen or eighteen or twenty people. They had one rig in here, they called it the Queen of the Pacific, and it held twenty-two people.

Awaiting the arrival of a train at

the Southern Pacific depot

Calciano: Oh my.

Wagner: And when you put six horses out ahead of that, you want to have a man there that knows how to handle them. Well it was either Bill Bishop or Shady Brown. And to see them rigs going down Pacific Avenue, one behind the other, it was quite a sight. I've seen two six-in-hands, a four-in-hand, and a couple of surreys, all one behind the other going down to get them passengers.

Calciano: Bill Bishop was the colored fellow you said.

Wagner: He was colored.

Calciano: And Shady wasn't?

Wagner: No, he wasn't. Shady Brown used to be an old stage driver, and after he quit driving a stage he got to driving for Hopkin's livery stable. He drove the stage from Ben Lomond into Boulder Creek, and no matter where he was along the road, if people would say, "Mr. Driver, about what time is it?" he'd never look at his watch, and he'd hit the time within five or ten minutes.

Calciano: Oh my.

Wagner: Well, he'd been over the road so many times, and every day he'd leave Ben Lomond and he'd get into Big Basin within five or ten minutes of the time he was alloted.

Calciano: You said he later drove for Hopkins. Was Hopkins the owner of the City Stables?

Wagner: Yes, Milo Hopkins.

LIVERY STABLES

Calciano: How many livery stables were there in Santa Cruz around the turn of the century?

Wagner: There were five that I recall.

Calciano: What was the best stable?

Wagner: The City Livery Stable.

Calciano: Where was it located?

Wagner: You know where the Elks Building is on Pacific Avenue, right opposite Walnut Avenue?

Calciano: Yes.

Wagner: Well, that's where the City stables were. They went clear through to where Van's market is on Front Street. Where Van's Market is now used to be a horse corral. (Laughter)

Calciano: Oh, my.

Wagner: He had some pretty nice looking horses for livery stock. He also had the concession at the Big Trees,

and he also had a contract with the Southern Pacific Railroad to bring the tourists that come in here on the ten o'clock train. He'd meet them at the depot and take them around the cliff and up to the Big Trees and back. You know, I had quite an experience with the City Stables. I come pretty near to getting in trouble one night. I had a gray horse and a buggy out of the City Stables to go to a dance out above Soquel, a country dance. I got the girl in East Santa Cruz, and it was a beautiful evening. I drove down Seabright Avenue and out around the cliff because I had a lot of time to get to the dance. And that same evening a man that had been in jail had got let out of jail, and he was disturbing some people down at Seabright. There was a girl who lived there, and ... well he was just disturbing them. That's about all you can say. So I was working at a little shop over in East Santa Cruz for a man by the name of Smith, and a day or so later the constable come in there. I know'd him too, Walter Corey. And he says, "Fred, where was you Saturday night?" And I says, "What business is that of yours?" "Well," he says, "you had a gray horse and buggy out of the City Stables, didn't you?" "Yes." "Didn't you drive down Seabright Avenue?" "Yes." "Where'd you go

then?" "I went to a dance." "Who was with you?" I told him I had a girl with me. I said "I can prove to you wherever I was from seven o'clock Saturday night until pretty near two o'clock in the morning. Now what are you looking for?" Well then he told me. He says, "I believe you." Then he told me about this man just getting out of jail late Saturday evening, and where he got the gray horse and buggy nobody knows, but he was out around Seabright molesting them people out there. See how easy a man can be convicted on circumstantial evidence? I made up my mind that if ever I sat on a jury, I'd never convict a man on circumstantial evidence. Not after going through that.

Calciano: No, I can see your point!

Wagner: But getting back to the stable business, Swanton's was one of the first stables; they had a stable right where the Post Office is today.

Calciano: Was it a pretty good stable?

Wagner: Well I was only eight years old.

Calciano: What happened to it?

Wagner: It burnt down when I was eight years old.

Calciano: Oh dear.

Wagner: It was a livery stable in the back, and a lodging house in front. It was all combined.

Calciano: So let's see, that would be about 1886 that it burnt down?

Wagner: Yes, you're right.

Calciano: What about Cardiff Brothers. Where was their stable located?

Wagner: Cardiff's was way down Pacific Avenue, pretty near where my blacksmith shop was, only on the other side of the street. They were down just about where the bowling alley is today, between Cedar Street and Maple, somewhere along in there.

Calciano: And was theirs a fairly large company?

Wagner: Yes, they had a good stable too.

Calciano: Let's see, you mentioned five livery stables. Could you list them for me?

Wagner: All right, the, first livery stable, going down Mission Hill, the first livery stable was right there where that hardware store is now, on the corner of Mission and Vine.

Calciano: What was the name of the stable?

Wagner: I don't know what name that stable went under. The

last man that operated it was a man named Clarence Whaley, a very good friend of mine. I guess they called it the Whaley Stable. There's quite a history to that stable too. There was a man living upstairs at that livery stable and he got to fooling around with some other man's wife so they tarred and feathered him one night. (Laughter) The way they done it, they got into the stable and they took a horse and kept leading him back and forth across the stable floor. Of course the guy sleeping upstairs thought there was a horse got loose, so he come down to put the horse back in the stall, and when he got down to the foot of the stairs they grabbed him and tarred and feathered him.

Calciano: My goodness. I always thought that was just in story books. (Laughter)

Wagner: Ain't that something? That really happened, all right. Well to get on, as you went down Pacific Avenue, you know where Byrne Brothers store is? Byrne Brothers Hardware store?

Calciano: Yes.

Wagner: There was the San Lorenzo Stable. And that run clear back to Vine Street. They always had a corral in the

back of the stable, see. My sister-in-law's father and another man owned that livery stable. His name was Miller; William Miller, I think it was, and his partner was a man by the name of Lincoln. They owned the San Lorenzo Stables. Then let's see, you went down the street and on the left-hand side was the City Stable owned by Milo Hopkins. Then as you went across Soquel Avenue on Pacific was what they called the Avenue Stable. That was right about opposite Lincoln Street; and believe it or not, they made the Unique theater out of that old livery stable. That was a moving picture house.

Calciano: Of all things.

Wagner: And I made two big eyebolts that went in the joists on the upper floor for a trapeze actor to put on his act one night. Then as you went down further, on the right-hand side was the Bonner Stable. How many we got now? Four?

Calciano: Five, I believe.

Wagner: Well, on Soquel Avenue was Elsom Brothers' Stable. Gil Elsom and his brother had that stable. And Across the street from Elsoms' Stable was E. K. Shelby's horseshoeing parlor. And E. K. Shelby's horseshoeing shop run right into the City Stable. There was a door

that you could bring horses from the City Stable right into Shelby's horseshoeing parlor. I don't know who give it such a fancy name. (Laughter) Then in the summertime the City Stable had a branch stable up on Second Street when the Sea Beach Hotel was in its prime.

Calciano: They must have had a big business.

Wagner: They had calls enough for rigs up there from the tourists, you know. They'd want to go here and there. So Hopkins had a stable up there. That made seven, but that was only in the summertime for a couple of months.

Calciano: You didn't mention Cardiff brothers- in. your list. Had they stopped being a livery stable by then?

Wagner: Didn't I mention Cardiff? Well I said the Bonner Stables and that's the stable the Cardiffs bought. The Cardiff brothers run it for a long time and it changed hands a couple of times after that. They kept good horses too. That was a prominent stable.

Calciano: How long would a livery stable be able to keep a horse active?

Wagner: Do you mean the working span of a horse?

Calciano: Yes.

Wagner: Well it was nothing to have a horse work for ten years

or longer than that. They'd get them when they were young, you know, about four years old, and ten years would make them fourteen. Well I've seen good horses at 18 years of age. But of course you've got to commence favoring them, just like an old person. You can't do as much when you get older. I used to feel sorry for some of them livery horses. People would ride them and they'd say, "Well, let's get our money's worth," and they'd drive them pretty near to death, some of them.

Calciano: Where would the livery stables buy their horses?

Wagner: There used to be a lot of good horses raised around Hollister.

Calciano: Oh

Wagner: L.A. Daniels, when he started the Daniels Transfer Company, he always got his horses from around Hollister. He'd get some wonderful teams from over in there. And then there was a lot of people right here that would breed mares, you know, and would raise colts. Several people kept stallions. Now the Kingsley Ranch out there, Johnny Kingsley's father, he imported a horse there from France, and he raised some beautiful colts. Then there was a man by the name of John Sopher, he kept a, well I suppose you'd call it a

standard breed stallion, and he bred a lot of mares around the town. Then the horses, they'd all branch out, either into private parties or like you say, livery stables, or grocery stores, or doctors or what not. Every doctor in Santa Cruz had one or two horses.

Calciano: Were doctors' horses usually the fancy type horse that trotted along or...

Wagner: Oh, yes. Well, we just classified them as nice driving horses. Now there's a breed of horse that you don't see no more, and that's the Hambletonian. They were about the classiest looking horse and the most colorful driving horse that there was. They were a beautiful breed of horse and you don't see them no more.

Calciano: Why is that?

Wagner: Well, how come? Everything now has gone into saddle horses.

Calciano: Oh, I see.

THE WAGNER FAMILY

John Wagner -- Master Tanner

Calciano: Where was your father born?

Wagner: My father was born in Germany. He came to this country

when he was about nineteen years old. He was a tanner by trade and tanning was quite a big thing here in Santa Cruz in them days. He landed first in Stockton where he had a cousin from Germany that had preceded him about three or four years, and he already had a little tannery there. Well, my father was planning on working with him in that tannery, but the hot weather and the malaria fever were too much. My father couldn't stand it there, and he heard about these two big tanneries in Santa Cruz, so he come down here. In fact there was three big tanneries in Santa Cruz. The one that is the Satz Tannery today was Kron's tannery then, and Boston had a tannery right under the hill here, and Kirby had a tannery out there on Laurel Street. My father heard about these tanneries so he says to his cousin, "I'm going down to Santa Cruz and see if I can get a job down there." Well, when he first got here he didn't get a job, so he took a job on a farm out towards Capitola. And he finally got into Boston's tannery here, and it wasn't long until they found out what kind of a man he was. He learnt his trade in the old country you know. In fact all the Wagners, the whole Wagner clan, were tanners and glove makers, and they made some of the finest gloves you

wanted to see, from dress gloves to working gloves. So Kirby, he was a pretty shrewd old businessman, he enticed my father away from Boston's by paying him more money. After my father was there for quite a long time Kirby wanted to make tanners out of Chinamen. Cheap labor, see. So that was beyond my father's dignity. He said, "If you want to make Chinamen into tanners, you'll have to do it yourself." So he quit and formed a partnership with two other men, Anderson and Ziegler. Paul Sweet was an Englishman who had built a tannery up here in Scotts Valley and it was laying idle. So they took a ten year lease on that, and they worked that tannery for ten years.

Calciano: Where exactly was the tannery?

Wagner: The tannery was where you turn off the highway at Camp Evers and go over to Mount Herman. It was about where that sawmill is today. There was a big mountain fire in 1927 that come clear from Zayante, clear down into Pasatiempo and up here, and burnt my father's tannery up that year. I wish we had some pictures of it but in them days we never thought about taking pictures like you do now. Everything is pictures today.

Calciano: This is somewhat off the subject, but Porter Gulch

used to be called Tannery Gulch and I have wondered whose tannery was located there.

Wagner: A man by the name of Porter had a tannery there. He was a rich man from Watsonville.

Calciano: Oh, he had his own tannery!

Wagner: Yes. There was quite a few tanneries. Like I tell you, there was Boston's tannery right under the hill here, and then Kirby's tannery out on Laurel Street, and a man by the name of Berkeley had a little tannery out on River Street, and then the Kron tannery which is A. J. Salz now. Then there was the Porter tannery out at Porter Gulch, and some men by the name of Barr and Strieven, they were both Germans and good friends of my people, they had a tannery out on the old San Jose Road, just about opposite from the Mountain School. I think that's all there was around Santa Cruz.

Calciano: Who owned the Boston tannery?

Wagner: A man by the name of Boston.

Calciano: What happened to it?

Wagner: Well, it just deteriorated, you might say, after they didn't use it anymore. It stood there for a good many years and I don't know whether they tore it down or what. It was still standing there when I was quite a

young man.

Calciano: The Salz tannery is the only one that's still around, isn't it?

Wagner: Oh yes. That's the only one that's in town now.

Calciano: You said that Paul Sweet built the tannery your father ran.

Wagner: Yes. That must have been quite a prominent settlement at one time. There was several Spanish families there. Well the Majors, they were prominent people around Scotts Valley there. Anyway, Bob Anderson and Gottlieb Ziegler and my father all got together and they took a ten-year lease on that tannery and went out there and started. After the lease was up, the bark was getting further away, and a man with about a forty-five or fifty acre farm seemed to be more independent than any man in them days, so they all bought property. My father bought this land and Ziegler, he bought a place out on Soquel Avenue, just as you go down into Arana Gulch. Just a short time ago they demolished the house that he built and lived in all his life. And Anderson bought property out on Bay Street. He pretty near owned from Mission Street down to California Avenue, all facing on Bay Street. It was quite a number of acres. And they all done very well. They didn't get

very rich, but they were independent, and they lived happily and raised their families.

Calciano: How do you spell Ziegler?

Wagner: Z-I-E-G-L-E-R. I think his first name was Gottleib, if I remember right. Gottlieb Ziegler, Robert Anderson, and John Wagner. Ziegler and my father were both Germans.

Calciano: Your father met your mother over in this country, didn't he?

Wagner: Oh yes. They both come from Germany, but from different parts of Germany. My father was raised where they spoke high German and my mother come from where they spoke low German. They call that Plattdeutch. They talk down in the throat you know. And the vocabulary is just a little bit different.

Calciano: Isn't there a difference in religion between lower Germany and upper Germany too?

Wagner: Could be.

Calciano: I thought half of Germany is Catholic and half is Lutheran.

Wagner: Well, both my parents were Protestants. They didn't belong to the Catholic Church. They made a happy union. My father and mother got along very good. My mother was my father's second wife.

Calciano: That's right; I'd forgotten that. How long did your mother live?

Wagner: She lived to be eighty-two years old.

Calciano: Oh goodness.

Wagner: Yes, she died in 1932. My father was only seventy-nine when he passed away. Well, if a man lived to sixty-five or seventy years old in them days, he was an old man. Look at me, I'm eighty-six, and I don't think I'm an old man yet. When I was a kid I used to go to funerals, and if somebody sixty-five years old or sixty years old passed away the preacher (they preached altogether different sermons in them days), he'd say that man's life was such a short span on earth. Well I used to think, "What did he want to live any longer for?" Now I'm eighty-six years old and I ain't tired of life yet. But no matter when my time comes, I've had a good life. I've worked hard and played hard.

Calciano: Yes, you've led an interesting life. Do you by any chance know why your father left Germany?

Wagner: For the simple reason that he would have had to serve five years in the army. He wanted to find a country where there was an opportunity for a poor man and that was free of military rule. That was his biggest reason

for coming to America. That's what they called it in them days; they didn't call it coming to the United States, they says, "We're going to America."

Calciano: Yes, that's right. Did a lot of Germans leave because of the required military service?

Wagner: I guess they did. My mother had two uncles that had settled here already. They come here during the Gold Rush and made a little money in the mines, and then they bought acreage out on the Old San Jose Road. They had quite a big farm out there, and they got my mother's people to come out here. Her father and mother came and there was three girls and a boy. You ought to hear them people tell about coming to a country where they couldn't talk the language and couldn't understand or anything. They got to Sacramento and they had to change trains there. They didn't know what to do, but they got to talking with somebody that sold them their tickets or something, and he took them to a clock and pointed on the clock at four o'clock in the afternoon, because that's when the train left. That's all they could get out of him. So when the train come at four o'clock, they got on the train.

Calciano: And away they went! (Laughter)

Wagner: You know, I never did ask either one of my parents if they ever got homesick when they were here. I went away from home once; I worked in Stockton one summer, and I got so homesick up in Stockton, and I didn't know what was the matter with me. (Laughter)

Calciano: What was your mother's maiden name?

Wagner: Her name was Arndt.

Calciano: And when did they come to this area?

Wagner: Oh they come when my mother was about 18 years old, I think, or 17; something like that.

Calciano: About what year would that be?

Wagner: Well, they must have come here sometime in the 1860's. My father came here in the 1850's.

Grace McCall Wagner's Genealogy

Calciano: Does your wife's family trace back to pioneer days too?

Wagner: Oh yes, she goes way back. In fact I have a newspaper article here about her family. Would you like to read it?

Calciano: Yes. I think I'll read parts of it into the tape recorder. [Editors Note: The following text was read from an undated Santa Cruz Sentinel clipping. After

transcription, the editor wished to check the manuscript with the article for the original punctuation, spelling, and paragraphing. Unfortunately Mr. Wagner had mislaid his clipping, hence the following passage may not be wholly accurate*]*

Mrs. Wagner's mother was Mrs. Laura McCall whose father was Benito Amaya. "Among the ancestors in the early days of Spanish-Mexican California, Mrs. McCall can list the names of Rodriguez, Martinez, Demayon *[?]* Robles, Garcia, Amaya, Larios, and Linares. On her father's side of her genealogy Mrs. McCall can go back to her grandfather, Jose Antonio Amaya, who was born in southern California about 1794. An enlisted soldier, he served in the Monterey Cavalry Company and by 1832 was at Santa Cruz, a retired soldier with his wife Juliana Linares. Juliana Linares had come as a little girl with her father, Ygnacio, in the 1776 Anza party from Sonora. Her father was a native of San Rafael del. Orcavistas *[?].*

"On her husband's side Mrs. McCall's family goes back two long generations in Santa Cruz. Her husband's grandfather was Hugh Paul McCall, called Pablo by early Californians. A woodsman, he worked first in the timber of Zayante in 1850, and two years later moved

into Soquel valley. He married Dolores Moxica, granddaughter of another of the Guadalajara settlers to Branciforte in 1797. His son Francisco was born in 1852 and married Amelia Sweet, daughter of Paul Sweet, the Providence, Rhode Island, man who was here as early as 1840. A picturesque chapter in the story of Mrs. McCall's ancestory was that her father Benito Amaya went back to Missouri in the late 1840's when the Pathfinder left California, after leading forces in the brief fighting against the native Californians. In Missouri, Benito Amaya worked two years for Fremont but was back in time for the Gold Rush, perhaps because of it."

Wagner: My wife's grandfather, Mrs. McCall's father, laid out Water Street.

Calciano: Oh? That was Benito Amaya, he owned quite a big piece of land there in the Branciforte.

Calciano: And he laid out Water Street from where to where?

Wagner: From Branciforte Avenue out to Soquel, the intersection there. He owned a lot of land there. You know people wasn't so crazy for money in those days. If somebody wanted something, something they had, they'd give it to them. Look at my dad, he served here on the

City Council for two terms just for the honor. Not a penny of money in it. And when they got ready to build this reservoir up here (some of the businessmen and people in town did that), I can remember my dad going out and looking over the country. Finally they decided on getting the water from Laguna Creek, and that lasted the city for sixty-five years. Of course there wasn't very many people here then. Even so, all they had to build the reservoir with was a lot of mules and picks and shovels. That's what they built it with.

Calciano: Amazing.

Wagner: Today the engineering cost would be as much as the cost of building the reservoir.

Calciano: That's right.

THE FAMILY FARM

Calciano: You mentioned a while back that you were born here in Santa Cruz.

Wagner: I was born right here in this house, but that was when this house used to sit over on the brow of the hill here. My father had a chance to sell off fifteen acres, so he sold it off and moved the house back here. You know in them days, a man with about forty or fifty acres of land, a good team of horses, some cattle, why they called him an independent farmer, and

that's about the way you can class my father.

Calciano: It was a nice type of life. How many children were there in your family?

Wagner: I had two older brothers and a younger sister. There was a girl in between me and my brother. Lena was her name. They used to have terrible epidemics like diphtheria, and one year my mother said the children died off, oh it was pitiful, and that's what my sister passed away of. She was only two years old. My brother was seven years older than I was, or maybe eight.

Calciano: And you had still another brother?

Wagner: Yes, two older brothers. By the time my brother was only about thirteen years old, he had a shotgun already, and he had a dog, too. You'd be surprised at the wild game we used to have on the table. Cottontail rabbits, and quail, wild pigeons, and wild ducks. It's like I said *a* while ago, living in them days was altogether different than it is today. And looking back, you can't hardly imagine that we got along without any refrigeration. Now people couldn't get along without a deep freeze or a Frigidaire. 'Course in them days they dried a lot of fruit and salted down meat and stuff like that.

Calciano: Did you have a cold cellar, too?

Wagner: No, we had a cellar, but that's all. It led off of the kitchen, and we kept stuff down in that cellar. We had a big room outside where we kept the apples and potatoes, and my father had a couple barrels of wine.

Calciano: What did your father grow? What crops?

Wagner: Well, principally hay and corn, and we always had a big vegetable garden, and he had a diversified orchard, you might say. All kinds of fruit and grapes. The biggest part of the living came right off the ranch when you stop to think about it.

Calciano: Most of your food?

Wagner: Yes.

Buying the Land

Calciano: Was all this area part of your father's farm?

Wagner: My father owned forty-five acres in here at one time. This is part of Rancho Tres Ojos de Agua -- that means ranch of three springs of water.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: The rancho was granted to Nicholas Dodero in 1844. This man Dodero was an Italian, you know. Whether he deserted ship or how he got here, I don't know. A lot of people used to desert ship over in Monterey and

then come around the bay and settle here. There was several people that done that. Now whether he was one of them or not, I'm not sure. He married into a Spanish family and had nine children, and before he passed away he divided this four hundred and fifty acre rancho amongst his nine children. And he seen to it that each one had access to water even if it was just a running ditch; think of that. The running stream that furnished the water for the old mission down here started right up here at Spring Street in what is today Johnson's Kalkar Quarry. We still have riparian rights to that stream of water.

Calciano: Oh, really?

Wagner: But you can't get to it because they changed the course of it. The old pipe that's furnished us with water for years and years is laying right out there in the street. It goes from there clear up to that creek.

Calciano: It does?

Wagner: Yes, but the course has been changed now. It goes underground from here over to King Street, and down over Laurel Street hill. It goes out into the Neary Lagoon.

Calciano: Did the stream have a name?

Wagner: No.

Calciano: Did your father buy his land from one of the Dodero children?

Wagner: Yes. My father got Nicholas Dodero Junior's share of the property, which was about 45 acres. This part of the house was all that was on it; that means that this part of the house is over a hundred years old.

Calciano: Which part?

Wagner: That's in the back now. You see when we moved the house back here, we cut the house in half, moved this back first, then the other part, and then they built this part where we're sitting now. They built that on.

Calciano: Oh, I see. They didn't put the two halves of the house back together.' They shifted them around.

Wagner: That's right.

Calciano: What year did your father buy this farm?

Wagner: In 1873.

The Water Supply

Wagner: We had a windmill at the far end of the property up there, and the windmill used to suck the water from the creek up into a storage tank. Then from the tank

it would run down here by gravity.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: That was a problem too, because that was all the water we had and you had to depend on the wind to turn the windmill. You'd get your garden all up in nice shape and then the wind didn't blow for a while. We had a rigging on the tank there that told you how full the water was. There was a float inside the tank and a little business with a board on the outside that ran through a pulley so you could tell how much water was in there. So every once in a while we'd have to go easy on the water, but pretty soon the wind would start blowing and the tank would fill up. You could see the marker from the house here, and boy, when we saw that mill get that tank full of water, then we sure put the water on the vegetable garden. (Laughter) So now you turn the water loose on the lawns, and the water runs down the street here, a regular stream of water that would do a lot of good on a vegetable garden. The grass looks pretty, but the ground gets so hard, see, and pretty near all them lawns are on a little slope. Well with just a little bit of a slope and them sprinklers a going, water doesn't sink in

enough. I'm surprised that they're still using water as fluently as they are; I didn't think they'd do it. You know last winter we didn't get much rain. I thought by August or September they would be curbing us on water, but so far they haven't. I'm very glad to know it, too. I think that Newell Creek Dam up there must have more water in it than I think it's got. But instead of spending thirty-eight million dollars for *a* dam out here at Soquel Creek; why don't they put that money into something for desalting the water that's out there in the ocean? They've got to do it someday and it ain't going to be too far away either, because anyplace you go the water table is down. Take that little spring over here that furnished water down in Wagner's Park. 'Course they contaminated it; said it ain't fit for drinking, but when we first moved up here that's where I got all our drinking water. I'd take a gallon jug and go over to the spring and get a gallon of water and keep it there in the Frigidaire. I wouldn't be afraid to drink that water even now. But the point I'm trying to get at, it used to run a pretty good stream out of a three-quarter pipe down there in Wagner's Grove; now it just barely trinkles along, and next year at this time I bet you it won't

be running at all. I can take you up into the country, in the hills here, and most any place you want to go I'll show you where there used to be a water trough where the people used to water the horses. But they're dry as a bone now. All the wells around here and down in the San Joaquin Valley, they've lowered their pumps fifteen or twenty feet maybe. Look at the San Lorenzo River. Go across the bypass here and look down the San Lorenzo River; I don't think there's enough water for a fish to live in.

Calciano: It's pretty bad.

A "Diversified" Farm

Wagner: Oh, say, I have a newspaper clipping here, if you want to just glance through it. It's a write-up of my dad by Ernest Otto. Our place always was a place for the kids. The kids from all over the country gathered at our place.

Calciano: Oh really? Santa Cruz Sentinel, Sunday, May 16, 1943, "Old Santa Cruz", by Ernest Otto.

"John Wagner had one of the most complete diversified farms within the city limits. This farm was on High street along the curve of the road and

adjoining what was then the Henry Meyrick place, until recently the C. C. Moore property. This farm started on High Street was bordered by the sloping hillside and went across the plateau through the woods and gulches and ended on Evergreen street beyond the Evergreen cemetery.

"This was another of the farms frequently visited by the writer, who with Robert and John Wagner would go there following dismissal of school. The whole section is now owned by Henry Cowell." Oh, was Cowell the man that bought the land where the house used to stand?

Wagner: Yes, Harry Cowell bought that afterwards. He bought it from a man named Appleby, and then this fellow Sundean bought the land from Cowell and tore down the old Appleby house. But it was still standing when George Otto wrote this.

Calciano: "The large residence on the brow of the hill replaced a one story home. This part of the place was sold to R.H. Appleby, a retired capitalist of Minneapolis. It was in the horse and buggy days and the Applebys had an open barouche with wonderfully comparisoned black studs.

"The writer saw these horses get beyond control,

run away, go down Mission Hill. At the corner of Water street Mr. Appleby was thrown; the accident was fatal which later meant the disposal of the property. The beautiful home still stands." He says Mr. Appleby was killed?

Wagner: Mister?

Calciano: Yes.

Wagner: No, it's Mrs.

Calciano: I wondered if it weren't.

"The low home later was moved to Highland avenue, which did not exist when the writer would go to the farm."

Oh, this street was created more recently?

Wagner: That's right. It was just what they called a lane. It was nothing more than a right-of-way for the different people to get to these different pieces of property. They used to pasture the cows out there.

Calciano: Oh my goodness.

Wagner: Talk about seeing some changes!

Calciano: About what year was this street put through?

Wagner: Oh, you mean improved?

Calciano: Yes.

Wagner: Oh it wasn't improved until just up in the last few years. We never got our mail up here until the last five or six years. When we first come up here our mail used to be left down at the foot of the hill. We used to go down to High Street to get our mail. Think of it, a mile from the post office, and people living fifteen miles up in Bonny Doon got their mail every day. We lived *a* mile from the post office and had to walk down to High Street to get our mail.

Calciano: When was this part of the street made? The part that's so steep and curves down to High Street.

Wagner: Well it was first made years ago, but I don't think it was over five years ago, or six, when this whole street and the gutter and everything was put in. I don't think so, but I'm a poor hand at remembering dates. I'd hate to say the date.

Calciano: "It *[the house]* was on the brow of the hill and steps and landings led to the top for pedestrians. For horses, carriages and wagons the entrance was at the upper end of the place and circled about the hill sides *[sic]*. The section on this hillside was the great attraction which led the boys to the farm as the hillside was orchard and vineyard and luscious grapes ripened, starting with the early white grape, the

sweet waters and ended with the late white grapes, the verdels. Mr. Wagner knew how to cultivate table grapes and no boy would ever forget those purple black Hamburg, the Rose Peru, the red flaming Tokay and the sweetsome almost raisin, the muscats. Fruit trees with Hungarian prunes, egg plums, peaches, pears, apricots and apples were there but the grapes were what drew the boys." (Laughter) I can just see all of you scampering around. Was each bush staked up separately like they do now, or was there an arbor?

Wagner: Well, they were planted in rows up and down the hill, and whichever grape was in most demand, there were maybe two rows of them grapes, or only one row, or maybe only a half a row of some of them. Like them big Tokays -- I remember them very distinctly; we only had a half a row of them, but boy they used to be as big as your thumb, them red ones you know, them Tokays. Oh I tell you, a kid raised on a diversified farm like I was, he grows up with an altogether different knowledge of things than the kids who grow up today. You see animals, you see pigeons, you see chickens, you see ducks and geese and sheep and hogs, cows and calves. And when you see a new born colt and you see him grow up and turn to a horse, and you start working

them like I have, I want to tell you, you just worship them animals.

Calciano: It must have been wonderful. Did your father ever make wine?

Wagner: Oh yes, he made his own wine.

Calciano: Both white and red?

Wagner: No, he just made the red wine. Them sweetwaters, they were a wonderful eating grape. And I don't know but what my mother might have made some raisins out of the muscats. You know you dried stuff and salted it, like meat, you salted that. That's haw they kept stuff in them days. Dried apples and dried prunes, dried pears. I remember my mother used to have them all the time.

Calciano: Did she just spread them out in the sun?

Wagner: That's right, just set them out in the sun. And she had a big barrel of sauerkraut out there in the storeroom too.

Calciano: Oh really? (Laughter)

Wagner: No fooling.

Calciano: How did she make her sauerkraut?

Wagner: Well, they had a regular cutter, crude of course. And she'd always wash and cut them heads of cabbage in quarters see. And then we'd put the clothes basket

under two trestles and put this cutter on the trestles. It was nothing more than a box about 18 inches wide that had two knives going cross-ways in it. It had a place there where you put the cabbage, and you just kept running it across the cutters there, and the clothes basket had a nice clean sheet in it, all spread under there. They'd just keep cutting cabbage until they got that clothes basket pretty near full, and then they started putting it in a barrel with a little salt. They'd pound it down and add a little cabbage, a little salt, a little cabbage, a little salt, until it got that barrel about half full. Then they made a brine for it, and then they had to keep a weight on the lid all the time. My father had a nice clean board to fit in there and a great big rock. I remember when my mother wanted to get some sauerkraut we had to lift the rock out of the barrel before she could get the sauerkraut.

Calciano: Why did you have to keep a weight on it?

Wagner: I guess so the air couldn't get under it. I think the principal thing in keeping sauerkraut was so no air got under it, to keep it from fermenting. And then there'd be a little scum on top there, and you'd have to take a little off all the time. Why when my wife

and I got married, we started making sauerkraut, but just for two people it was too much trouble. Arid there's always a little waste, you know, around the top. You can buy sauerkraut now so much cheaper than you can make it, and you can buy good sauerkraut too.

Calciano: Yes, that's true. "Directly in front of the home was the flower garden, looked after by the women of the family." Are some of these flowers you have around your yard here cuttings from your mother's flower garden?

Wagner: Well I think some of them are because some of them rosebushes are pretty old. My mother always had a nice flower garden.

Calciano: "On arriving from school, like all farmer boys, the Wagners would change their school clothes for working clothes and the boys would be followed down the lane when milking time came and the cows with the tinkling of the sow bells *[sic]* would be driven to the barn.

"On the ranch was raised hay for feed and the corn and the pumpkins.

"What is now Wagner's Park was then Wagner's Gulch with much more greenery. On the second gulch borders a second vineyard was planted."

Wagner: That's when we moved back here, you see. Then every-

thing was pasture ground over here, so my father right away started an orchard back here, and on the other side of the canyon, there was quite a level place there, he put out a nice vineyard.

Calciano: About when did your father sell his front fifteen acres?

Wagner: Sometime in the '80's. I don't think I was over eight years old when he sold the place and then we moved back here.

Calciano: "It was a great place for the girl friends to visit. The gulch appealed to them, as on the borders and in the gulch were wild flowers and ferns including in those days in the damp mossy places five finger ferns and maiden hair ferns. The hillsides under the redwoods, buskeyes *[sic]*, oaks and laurels were covered with sword ferns and brakes." What are brakes? Is it a kind of a plant?

Wagner: A brake? Oh, that's a great big fern. Oh they get to be immense big ferns, and they branch out on the sides. They grow in the shade, you know, and they're beautiful.

Calciano: How lovely.

"The gulch was very popular as a picnic spot. Transportation was not so easy as now and groups could

easily walk to the gulch entrance only about a mile from town.

"When the cement plant was erected in the open potrero not far away ..." There was a cement plant down here?

Wagner: Yes, the cement plant was right out in the potrero there. You can see the foundation of the chimney yet when you go through the bypass from Mission Street, the bypass that connects with the highway going over the mountains. But you ain't going to see it long. There's a great big brick foundation there; the smokestack wasn't as large *as* the one out at the Salz Tannery, but I'll say it was two-thirds as large as that. That cement plant operated there for about ten years. It was closed when I can first remember it. They run from along in, oh, I don't know whether it was the '70's or just when, but anyhow, it was closed down when I was a kid going to school.

Calciano: Who ran it?

Wagner: They went broke I think. And the timber that was used for firing the boiler was cut right down here in Wagner's Gulch.

Calciano: "When the cement plant was erected in the open potrero not far away, material, a sort of marl, was mined on

the side hills of the gulch. This meant that some of the finest redwood trees of the gulch were cut down to make room for the mine." What's marl?

Wagner: Marl, well, it's not a sand and it's not a rock; it's in between. It's not in big chunks, but it's just about like a bunch of walnuts. And I don't know what they put with that to make cement. I couldn't tell you that. But that was where that was mined, right down there in the gulch.

Calciano: Can you still see where it was mined?

Wagner: Yes, but like everything else, the years have made a difference. It's kind of crowded in now. You can still see the color of it on the hillside, but of course the second growth redwoods have all come up around there too.

Calciano: Yes, that's true.

"The boys had great sport at this mine as at the top they would sit and start to slide and what a slide it was to the bottom of the gulch! The removal of the trees caused a different appearance. Still a beautiful spot it never regained its former beauty.

"A part of the ranch was subdivided and Highland avenue was cut through. John Wagner and the Robert

Wagners still reside on the old home farm. Fred Wagner, *a* son, still lives in Santa Cruz.

"Wagner's Park continues to be one of the popular picnic grounds."

When did you move up here?

Wagner: Well I moved up here in 1944.

Calciano: Oh I see. Well who is the John Wagner that lived up here in 1943?

Wagner: That was my brother, my oldest brother. He worked for forty odd years in a tannery up in Stockton, and then when he retired he didn't know what to do so my brother Bob says to him to build himself a little cabin in the back of Bob's place back here and live back there. So that's what he done.

Calciano: I see, and who lived in this house?

Wagner: This was rented for a long time. Finally my two brothers says to me, "What are we going to do with that old home over there?" They wanted to get some money out of it. So I said, "Well, get your heads together, and if the price suits us, my wife and I will buy it. If it don't, why we'll do something else." So he give me a good deal on it, I'll say that.

Calciano: Where had you been living before that?

Wagner: Oh we had a beautiful home out on Chanticleer Avenue. We went out there years ago. I was going to work until I was fifty years old and my wife was raising chickens. A person with a thousand or fifteen hundred chickens way back in them days could make a good living if you had everything paid for. But the chicken business got like everything else. A little man couldn't do nothing. Then after we sold that we moved out into town. Is there any more to that clipping?

Calciano: Yes, another paragraph.

"It was a beautiful stretch from Spring street to the end of that ridge.

"Before the eighties from Wagner's to the edge of the ridge the side hills were bare with the chalk rock exposed. It is unbelievable that it would be possible for such bare hillsides to grow such groups of trees as are now there."

Did your father plant some of those trees?

Wagner: Oh yes. I used to go over there when I was a schoolboy and plow for ten cents an hour.

Calciano: Oh my.

Wagner: I'd hitch up my horse and plow until it was time to go to school, and then run over home and change my clothes and get to school as quick as I could. And

then I'd come home as quick as I could and change my clothes and go over there And plow again. Ten cents an hour.

Calciano: Big money!

Wagner: Wasn't that good pay? Well that was a lot for a kid in them days.

Calciano: Sure.

Home Produced Food

Wagner: One of the chores my brothers and I had to do every week was fill my mother's woodbox with wild lilac.

Calciano: Lilac?

Wagner: Yes, wild lilac. My mother used to think it was the best. Every Wednesday night we had to fill the woodbox with lilac wood because Thursday was baking day. You know in them days they had a day for everything. And Wednesday night we had to fill the woodbox with that -- oh, that's a wonderful wood ...

Calciano: Why did she like lilac wood?

Wagner: Oh the heat; it held the even heat when she'd make a fire in there. At Christmas I've seen my mother get a dinner for twenty people with an old cast-iron wood

stove.

Calciano: What would you have on Christmas day? What kind of dinner?

Wagner: Oh sometimes we'd have a turkey; sometimes we'd have a goose; sometimes we'd have some chicken, and we'd always have mince pie. Oh, my mother could make mince pie! She would make her own lard, and somebody would ask my mother how she made such wonderful pie crust. "Well," she said, "when you open the lard can, just shut your eyes and dig in." That was the receit.

Calciano: She made it sound simple!

Wagner: That homemade lard was just as white and flaky as snow. And then when we killed a hog or two we always had sausage, and we had head cheese. Like I tell you, pretty near everything was raised on the place.

Calciano: What's head cheese?

Wagner: Well you take the meat off the cheeks and around the head and chop it up in little squares; they call it pressed meat now.

Calciano: Oh! (Laughter)

Wagner: They'd keep the stomach from the hog and turn it inside out and clean it all nice and put all this meat in there. Then they'd sew it up together and put it in a press so it pressed it and then sliced it, and it

looked just like this pressed meat that we get today, only we called it head cheese.

Calciano: Did it taste something like pressed meat too?

Wagner: Well yes, just about the same. We'd have two slices of homemade bread with a piece of that head cheese. And I want to tell you, you had something that was really good eating.

Calciano: You must have enjoyed it. Did your mother shop much in grocery stores?

Wagner: Oh, some. Yes.

Calciano: Were most of the grocery stores in the 1890's and 1900's located downtown?

Wagner: Right along on Pacific Avenue. The Bernheim brothers had a grocery. There were three brothers. You know where the Rittenhouse Building is?

Calciano: No.

Wagner: On the right-hand side of Pacific Avenue just a few doors below Church Street was where the Bernheims had a big grocery store and a dry goods store, and about half way down the connecting wall there was an archway that you could go from the dry goods store into the grocery store, or from the grocery store into the dry goods store. And right in the back there was an old

barn that they just tore down not long ago. I hated to see it go. It reminded me of old times. All the stores had horses and delivery wagons. They would have a solicitor go out in the morning with what they called a business buggy. Well, he'd go to all the different customers and get their orders, come back to the store, and put the order up. In the afternoon those goods were delivered. Just as you turn the corner from Mission Street on the right-hand side there is that big grocery store. It is McHugh and Bianchi now, but it was first occupied by old man Hinkle. Hinkle had a store there for years, and just a little further down was Williamson and Garrett. They had a big store. Down further was Frank Roberts. And they all had delivery wagons. Some of them had extra large wagons with two horses on them. They'd load that with groceries in the afternoon and deliver it to the houses, and it was the same way with the butcher shops.

Calciano: Now did most people make use of the delivery system, or did a lot of people go into the store and do their own shopping?

Wagner: A lot of people would go into the store and do their own shopping. When I was a schoolboy, I packed many a roll of butter and dozens of eggs to Bernheim's store.

My mother would leave a note there of what she wanted, and in the afternoon I'd walk from the school down there and pick up the basketful of groceries and bring them home.

Calciano: You sold butter and eggs to them?

Wagner: Yes, and all we done was have a little book, and on one page was a credit, and on the other page was a debit. When them pages were full they'd turn it over, and about once a year they'd go in and settle up their accounts. Well, that's the way we got along, you know. You had to have some income off the farm in order to raise the family and everything. My mother's butter would no more than get to the store when somebody would have an order for it saying, "We want Mrs. Wagner's butter."

Calciano: Oh really!

Wagner: That's right. Oh, she could make wonderful butter. And of course the eggs were always fresh.

Calciano: How did she make her butter?

Wagner: Well, she had the milk in this room here, a nice cool room, and skimmed that cream off the milk and then churned it. The main thing was to get the water out of the butter. Too many people left the water in there. The secret to making good butter was to work all that

water out of the butter. The water was in there after the cream had been churned into butter you see.

Calciano: Yes. Did she work it by hand?

Wagner: No, we had a churn.

Calciano: Then how did she get the water out?

Wagner: I think they put it in a big bowl and worked it. They had a big wide paddle, and they worked that paddle through there and worked that water out. She used to have a mold that held a pound of butter and had a beautiful floral piece in the bottom, you know. So when she pressed that butter into that mold and turned it up on the table, just think, there was a whole pound of butter on the table at one time and with that nice flower emblem on the top. Each one of us would dig in there for a chunk of butter. (Laughter)

Calciano: How many pounds would she make a day?

Wagner: Oh, that would be a hard question to answer. She had a mold that would make a two-pound roll, and it was nothing for me to take four rolls to town at one time.

Calciano: And how often would you take them down?

Wagner: Maybe once a week; I don't remember. But my mother took in quite a little money from the butter and eggs. She had a gold dollar that somebody up here had given

her for a two-pound roll of butter.

Calciano: Oh my!

Wagner: I don't know whatever became of that dollar, whether my sister got it or what. It got out of the family some way. Did you ever see a gold dollar?

Calciano: No.

Wagner: It's not much bigger than a dime.

Calciano: Oh really? Was a dollar the standard price for two pounds of butter?

Wagner: I think it was, yes.

Calciano: My, it's not much more expensive now than it was then.

Wagner: Well, when you had a farm like my father had here, two-thirds of the living came right off the farm, you might say. My father used to buy three or four barrels of flour at a time, and coffee and sugar, but the rest of the stuff come right off the farm. And when my mother baked bread, she baked five great big loaves of bread and a great big pan of biscuits every week. And were we crazy for them biscuits. We'd reach out for some of that good butter and put it on there. (Laughter) That's what you call real living.

Calciano: Yes, I can imagine. What kinds of food would you usually have for supper?

Wagner: Oh, now people say, "What'd you do without refrigeration?" Well, we used to dry lots of food. My mother used to dry prunes, apricots, peaches, and apples. We used to have a little machine that peeled the apples. If you put an apple on, it would peel it, and slice it, and core it, all in one operation.

Calciano: How convenient.

Wagner: The apple was cut into about five slices, and all mother had to do was slide them off and just lay them out on the drying trays.

Calciano: It sounds very simple. How did you preserve your meat and what kind of meat would you have?

Wagner: Well, salted pork was the main thing. Of course you had to buy beef. We never raised no beef. Veal, and pork and sausages, stuff like that, we had plenty of that.

Calciano: You had veal?

Wagner: Oh yes, every once in a while we'd kill a calf.

Calciano: Why wouldn't you let it grow up and have beef?

Wagner: Well, maybe it was a bull calf. I don't know; we liked veal you know. Of course we'd take half of it to the butcher because we had no way of keeping it. My father would sell half of the calf and keep the other half.

Then we would have a hog or two in the pen, and we'd have ham and bacon and chopped pork and sausages. Oh I want to tell you that the German people are very fond of sausages.

Calciano: Did your mother make her own sausage?

Wagner: Well, my father and all of us would have a hand in it. We even saved the blood from the hog and made blood sausages.

Calciano: Oh, my goodness!

Wagner: Yes, you slice that in the morning and put it in the frying pan, and you just get a little crisp on it. You put it with some good homemade bread, and I tell you, that tasted awful good.

Calciano: What did you use to put the skin on the sausage?

Wagner: Well, we took the intestines out and cleaned them thoroughly. Oh, that was a big job, turning them and cleaning them. There are a couple of old pieces of cowhorn around here yet, tapered you know, where they'd put that into the casing. There was quite a taper to it, and they'd put the meat in here and squeeze it down into the sausage.

Calciano: How did you keep your sausage from spoiling?

Wagner: It kept fairly well in that storeroom there. Of course

you couldn't keep it too long, but you could keep it quite a while.

Calciano: How long? A week? Two weeks?

Wagner: Oh, all of that. That's the trouble with everything today. You don't see no real good cured meat anymore. The first thing, the meat ain't old enough. They kill a critter before it's two years old. And then we had a smokehouse out back; you'd be surprised at the stuff we used to smoke. Ham and bacon, and even fish.

Calciano: What kind of wood did you get to make the smoke?

Wagner: Corncobs make the finest smoke you can get. A ham smoked with corncobs has got the finest flavor you ever want to taste. Next to that is oak bark. I don't know what they do today. Well, they use a lot of liquid stuff. They claim that's smoke now.

Calciano: Would your father smoke a whole bunch of meat all at. once?

Wagner: Oh yes. You could hang all the meat you wanted in the smokehouse.

Calciano: Would he do this two or three times a year?

Wagner: Oh, no, just about once a year is all. You know right in that storeroom back in there is an inside room. There was a trapdoor that's covered up now. We had a

cooler built right over it. But my brother and I used to hang our game right underneath the house here. And you'd be surprised how long you could keep game.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: Yes, quail or rabbits or something like that.

Calciano: How long?

Wagner: Oh, a week or ten days anyhow.

Calciano: My gracious!

Wagner: Just take the entrails out and hang them there with the hide on or the feathers. When you got ready to use them, just skin the feathers off or take the hide off. You'd be surprised how nice they tasted. My brother was quite a hunter. He used to bring home wild duck, wild pigeons, quail, rabbits. That ain't hard to take you know, to have something like that.

Calciano: When you smoked fish and ham and so forth, how long would you smoke it? Several days, or a week or two?

Wagner: Oh, it wouldn't take that long. I think about three or four days is all. I don't know how they could tell when it was done. Of course first, with the ham and different things, the grease would drip out of it. Pretty soon, the grease would stop dripping, and whether that had anything to do with it or not, I

don't know. But like my father used to say, "Instinct will tell you how to do it."

Calciano: Smoked ham wouldn't spoil, would it?

Wagner: Oh no, you could keep smoked ham for any length of time.

Calciano: Did you salt much of your meat?

Wagner: Oh yes, we always had a barrel of salt pork and a barrel of sauerkraut. (Laughter)

Calciano: Did you use the fat part of the animal to make salt pork?

Wagner: No, you just take any portion of the hog. You cut it in chunks and make a brine out of salt, and I think you have to take that brine off every once in a while in order to keep the meat. I don't know what my mother used to do, but she'd do something with that brine, or make new brine and put it back on and cover it up with a nice piece of cheesecloth. Sauerkraut was the same way. Every time you used sauerkraut there was a little bit of scum on the top that you had to take off.

Calciano: Did you have an icebox?

Wagner: No.

Calciano: When did you get your first icebox?

Wagner: We never did have an icebox.

Calciano: You just went from nothing to a refrigerator then?

Wagner: Yes. I don't think my folks ever had anything like that. I've often wondered how they kept stuff. Now with all the modern conveniences, we'd be lost with out a deep freeze or a Frigidaire, wouldn't we?

Calciano: We surely would. Was your milk always warm then?

Wagner: Oh no, you could keep that milk in that storeroom back there, and I want to tell you, it kept nice and cold.

Calciano: It did?

Wagner: Yes. We keep Seven-Up back there yet, and you'd be surprised. Lots of people think you have to have ice to make a drink, but lots of times we drink that Seven-Up, and it's plenty cool enough.

Calciano: How does that room stay so cold?

Wagner: Well, it's an inside room for one thing. I don't know. You get up some winter morning and go in there, and you ain't going to stay there very long. (Laughter) It's almost like going into an icebox. I know sometimes I'll go in there and my wife will be in the kitchen and she'll say, "Shut that door!" (Laughter)

Calciano: About how big is the storeroom?

Wagner: I'll show it to you. It's about 8 by 12. And if I built a new home today, I'd build an inside room for a storeroom, I really would. Well, just think, after you've had one so long, you get used to one. You'd be surprised how we kept milk and stuff when we lived up in the mountains. We made what we called an outdoor safe, about three foot square and maybe four foot high, and we put burlap around there, with the end of it stuck into a pan of water. That burlap would draw that water out of that pan and it would trickle all through the burlap. You'd be surprised how you can keep milk and water and stuff nice and cold. We'd put it under a shady tree where there was a little bit of a draft.

Calciano: The water evaporated and kept the safe cool?

Wagner: Yes. Necessity is the mother of invention, you know. (Laughter)

BUYING FOOD

The Butcher Wagons

Calciano: Were there many peddler carts?

Wagner: Well, they used to have butcher wagons go around. Some of the butchers in town would have a covered wagon,

and when they opened the back up, they'd have an iron bar that they could pull out with the scales hung on it. And you could buy any kind of meat you wanted from them. They weighed it down on scales just like in the butcher shop, and when you got what you wanted, they just shoved the scale back in the wagon and closed the back door.

Calciano: Did they have regular customers where they stopped?

Wagner: Oh yes, they had their own route. They never came up here, though, for some reason or other. I guess there wasn't enough trade up here, and still we lived within the city limits. Out by Vue de L'Eau, where my aunt and uncle and cousins lived, the butcher used to come there. Lots of times when us kids used to be around, about four or five kids, he'd cut us off a piece of bologna and never think nothing of it. Now they wouldn't give the skin off a sausage to a kid! (Laughter) That butcher would just take that bologna and give each of us kids a slice. Well, if you went to a butcher shop and you bought a pretty good order of meat, they'd give you a soup bone. So there you are. A soup bone made a nice big pot of soup; it helped out. I like soup; I go for soup yet. And then these butcher wagons would go out to the mountains and up the coast.

When Ike Kent worked for Walti, he used to go up the coast, up Liddell Creek and into the Ben Lomond Mountains. Then he'd have another route up the San Lorenzo valley and come down Empire Grade. Believe it or not, but he came down Empire Grade one night in the wintertime, and right up there about four miles there was this tree across the road, about an eight or ten inch tree. What was he going to do? He took his meat saw and a cleaver, and he chopped that tree and took it out so he could drive through. He got home about nine o'clock that night.

Calciano: A meat saw and a cleaver! (Laughter)

Wagner: You didn't stop them guys; they got in some way. And the fish wagons and vegetable wagons used to be the same way. There used to be a big Italian garden out by Soquel, and they used to put four horses on a big heavy spring wagon, peddling wagons they called them. About four or five o'clock in the morning they'd start from the ranch, and they got up about Ben Lomond to a resort called Rowardennan. Oh, that was a big resort. Boy, they had a bowling alley, a hotel, and just everything there. That's where Jim Jeffries trained when he fought Jack Johnson. Well, the wagon would stop there and unload anything a boarding house

needed. Of course if anybody was around when they went through Felton, they'd give them what they wanted. There was a lot of summer resorts along the line, so by the time that they got to Boulder Creek and back, it was late at night. And there was a lot of these wood camps, too, where on Sunday somebody would have *a* big load of stuff to take up. It was nothing to go up. Charlie Towns used to have a store on the corner of Walnut Avenue and Pacific. He'd load up a great big load of groceries and take it up to these camps. Things were altogether different in those days. You take people that worked in a sawmill ten miles away from Santa Cruz, why, they stayed there. How else was they going to get back and forth? Now people drive clear over the mountain to Sunnyvale and San Jose to go to work and still live here in Santa Cruz; just think of that. Why up on Old San Jose Road, it ain't over twelve miles from Santa Cruz, I remember all them men stayed in the camp. Around the mill you'd see cabins here and there and a bunkhouse too, but a lot of men preferred to sleep in a little cabin by themselves. I know a man that used to have four horses and a four-seater wagon; he'd drive out to Olive Springs the last thing Saturday night and bring *a* load

of them men into town, and then Sunday afternoon he'd start going around to the saloons where he thought he could find them and load them into the wagon and take them home. (Laughter)

Calciano: That was quite a business!

Milk Delivery

Calciano: Did people peddle things besides foodstuffs? Was clothing peddled door to door, or books, or anything like this?

Wagner: Well, oh there might be somebody come around with fruit in season, you know. As far as any other peddling, I can't think of anything right now. But take the dairymen, they used to have delivery wagons to peddle milk. I remember the Natural Bridge Dairy out here right where the state park is today; that was an old dairy place right there. A man by the name of Frank Bennett drove the milk wagon, a big heavy spring wagon with big heavy wheels that could stand the jar across the streetcar tracks and so on. And I guess there was about a dozen five-gallon cans behind the seat. Each can was in a pocket built specially so a can could fit in there. That was so the wagon could

shake around without breaking the cans. I don't just remember what they were made of, but right behind the seat was a two-gallon can with a long neck on it and a quart measure that fit over that for a cover. When he'd go to a house to deliver milk, he'd take that whole can with him, see, and take out the measure and pour it.

Calciano: That's how he delivered milk?

Wagner: That's how they delivered milk, and wherever they delivered milk the people would have a container sitting on the porch or somewhere, and he'd pour the milk in there and put the cover back and go to the next place.

Calciano: My gracious!

Wagner: Maybe the cat would get half of the milk before the people could come out, if they had it in an open container or something.

Calciano: Oh no! (Laughter) It doesn't sound very sanitary.

Wagner: Sanitary! If you could see the back end of some of the restaurants and some of the blacksmith shops and livery stables, you'd wonder how the people didn't die of I don't know what. Sanitary conditions were terrible when I was a young man. Why there was no

sewers; just the old two-holer.

Calciano: Oh boy. And the well was right next to it I suppose.

Wagner: Oh I guess so: (Laughter) Not very far away with some of them, I'd like to tell you that. I've seen the offal from the horseshoeing shop go out into a pile outside there, and we used to urinate right there in the corner, and I've seen the flies get off of that pile in the afternoon and you couldn't see the sun for flies. Big black flies by the thousands on that pile of horse manure and trimmings of the feet and what have you.

Calciano: Oh my goodness. Would you cart it away every few weeks?

Wagner: Oh yes, they'd cart it away. Why the vegetable men, those Italians I was telling you about, they took it for their gardens: They had two big teams, two-horse teams, and they had a wagon with big sideboards on it, and they were hauling, well, manure, that's what it was, from the different homes. Two teams continually hauling out to the vegetable garden. Sometimes they would pay you for some of it, and sometimes you were glad to give it away.

Calciano: What were the names of the Italian farmers?

Wagner: I don't remember; I don't think they had a name; it

was just the Italian garden. That's what people called it.

Local Cheese

Calciano: Where did you get your cheese, when you bought cheese?

Wagner: Well, one of the principal industries along the coast here was making butter and cheese. And them's the days when they put the cheese up on the counter and they had one of these gadgets with the knife on it and a circular hatchet. Well you'd call for ten cents or two bits worth of cheese, and they just moved that knife over to where it was supposed to be and cut you off *a* slice of cheese. Like the Indian who went in to buy ten cents worth of cheese, well that was such a small piece of cheese that when the grocery man cut it off, the Indian says, "Um, pretty near miss 'em." (Laughter) Oh, if you'd seen the grocery stores and the way food and stuff was kept. They'd put you in jail now for being unsanitary. Oh a lot of the stuff, crackers and different things, come in barrels, and they just sat there open. It wasn't covered up, and if you wanted crackers you went there and got some. Some farmer'd come in and he'd reach in and get a cracker. They wasn't so particular in them days as they are

now. Dry prunes were loose. That was another great fruit, you know.

Calciano: What kind of cheese did you like best back then? What would you get?

Wagner: Well, there wasn't as many kinds then as there are now. My father used to like limburger cheese, being a German you know, and I liked it too. In fact when I first got married I came home with some limburger cheese one night, and my wife didn't object to me having it, but she said, "You'd better put that in an empty lard bucket, and hang it up out in the woodshed." (Laughter)

Calciano: I don't blame her! That would be imported from Europe, wouldn't it?

Wagner: Oh yes. No, I don't think they had over two or three different kinds of cheese. My father used to buy what they called a green cheese, you know. It was a round cheese and you had to grate it. And he used to take his bread and butter, and, oh, us kids used to like it too. In fact my niece just brought me a little green cheese from down at Altadena where she lives. But it's so soft it don't grate good, so I says to the wife, "We'll keep it and see if it'll harden up." But the cheese that we used to get would be just as hard as

could be, and you'd grate that on your bread, and I tell you, it tasted good. You know there was a little grocery store way out on Mission Street there that sold cheese. The owner was a Portugee; he worked for Cowell and saved his money and he started a little store. And you know good cheese has got holes in it; you can't make it solid; it's no good that way. So Joe Majors made cheese, you know, and Joe was telling me, oh this is years ago, he says he took some cheese in to Picanso, and the next time he come in the store Picanso says, "Mr. Majors, I do not like your cheese; I want good solid cheese." I guess he thought he was getting more for his money with solid! (Laughter)

Calciano: Did you like the Majors' cheese? Was it good?

Wagner: They made good cheese. There's an old dairy that's still intact, right up this side of Davenport landing on the old road. They used to employ a cheesemaker and a buttermaker, and that took a lot of cows. The old building is still there, and the barn, oh I don't know how long it was, but it was further than from here over to across the street there, and they had four rows of cows in there.

Calciano: My goodness.

Wagner: And I know the man that was the buttermaker; I got

well acquainted with him in later years. I used to do his work for him. He had a six-horse team and did all kinds of work and still run the dairy up there. Pia Scaroni was his name. When he come to this country, he packed his blankets up the Coast Road looking for work.

Calciano: Oh my.

Wagner: Now that's doing pretty good. Well his son just sold the ranch for a million two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, cash money.

Calciano: That is pretty good. It was his father who was the buttermaker?

Wagner: It was his father that was the buttermaker. They had five girls and four boys I think, and the old man used to hitch up the spring wagon and bring the girls to the Laguna Creek dance hall there and, oh, we used to have some wonderful times. Many a glass of beer I've had with Pia Scaroni. After a dance, you know, we'd walk over to the bar; they had a little saloon right out on the road, and we'd get a glass of beer.

Calciano: When you were a boy did people garden much for pleasure, or was it mainly vegetable gardening?

Wagner: No, I don't think there was any pleasure attached to it then, no. Oh, we used to have a wonderful garden;

we used to plow it with a horse. We'd get in there with a plow and a horse and plow it up and then work it up and plant our stuff and take care of it, yes.

Calciano: You didn't have much problem with snails back then, did you?

Wagner: No, that's one thing you didn't have. You didn't have half the bugs and stuff that you have to fight now. I remember when I got married, my father had some of the finest celery and my mother-in-law used to tell about it. The way we got married, we just had a dinner in my wife's home, and the immediate family on both sides was invited. Weddings in them days wasn't like today, the big celebrations they put on now and all this and that. I've seen weddings right here in this room we're sitting in; my uncle got married here. Well you invited the immediate family and a couple of your best friends maybe, and that was all there was to it. My brother and his wife were married right in this room here and they celebrated their fiftieth anniversary right here.

Calciano: Oh my.

SCHOOL YEARS

The Old Mission Hill School

Calciano: A while ago you mentioned that you would plow for your father before and after school.

Wagner: Yes.

Calciano: Was your school nearby?

Wagner: Yes, there was the old Mission Hill School; it was just as you go down Mission Hill, on the right. Now the place has got buildings that, what would you call it now, they kind of congregate there to do different things for the schools. I don't know how you would classify it now, but there was a three story building sitting there when I was a kid. First you went up the steps, and then up another flight, and then you took a winding stair to get to the third floor.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: Well they put the kids up there you know. Oh I remember one time we had a terrible thunder and lightning storm and it just sounded like the building was going to be blowed to pieces. The kids all got excited, and the teacher says, "Now children, if you are very careful I'm going to excuse you, but go down the stairs very carefully." So we were all anxious to

get out of there.

Calciano: Was that the school that burned?

Wagner: No, the one that burned was over on Walnut Avenue.

Calciano: Oh, that's right. What happened to the Mission Hill School?

Wagner: They tore it down. First they took the top story off it; they said it wasn't safe so they took that off. Then they used it for a school for quite a while longer, and then they finally tore it down entirely. That was a rough place for the kids to play, right on that rocky sidehill there. Many a kid had his shins and nose skinned on that rock.

Calciano: Was it a school that went through the ninth grade?

Wagner: It went through the ninth grade. But you know, we were taught an awful lot. I've been complimented on my handwriting lots of times, and that's more than the kids can do today. They can't write so you can read it.

Calciano: That's right.

Wagner: Isn't it a shame. I was out on Mission Street at a drugstore the other day, and I had wrote a letter and I didn't have any stamps and I didn't have the address on the envelope. I asked the lady if I could sit down

at the soda counter there and she said, "Certainly." When I addressed that envelope she said, "My what beautiful handwriting." I didn't think very much of it, but I was taught the way to write. The paper was lined, see, and a capital letter took in four lines and the other letters just two lines, and I want to tell you, if you learn to write that way and you have the ambition about wanting to write, then you can really write a beautiful hand.

Calciano: Did they used to have you do curves and...

Wagner: Yes, what they called shading.

Calciano: Did you practice it every day in school?

Wagner: Well, yes. Reading, writing, arithmetic and spelling, well, and geography, that's about all I ever had for subjects.

Calciano: No music or any of that type of thing?

Wagner: Oh we used to sing.

Calciano: What time did you go to school in the morning?

Wagner: School was called in at 8:30, and then you had a little recess along about half past ten. Then you went back till twelve, and then you had an hour lunch. At one they'd call you again, and at quarter to three we

got out.

Calciano: That's quite early.

Boyhood Games

Calciano: After school would you help around the farm?

Wagner: Oh, yes, that's what I was going to say. We didn't loiter along the road or anywhere. If we wasn't home About a certain time, we had to give an account of ourselves. I didn't get very far from home when I was a school boy, I'll tell you that. I could go hunting or fishing or something, but as far as hanging around town, my Dad didn't have no use for that. You ought to be in better company than you'd find downtown. Now maybe I say this too much, but he wanted to know where you was all the time, that's one sure thing. And I don't blame him; I admired him for that as I grew up. I thought he was pretty severe when I was a kid, but gee, the way kids run loose today, it's scandalous. But what I was saying about school, as soon as we got home we had to change our clothes. That was the first thing we done. Then we went to the cupboard and got out a piece of bread and jelly, or piece of whatever was there, and then we had to go out and do our work.

You know with a farm like that, I think a man raised on a place like that is privileged. I feel so sorry for these poor kids that are living in these big subdivisions here; there's no place for them to play, only on the sidewalk. Isn't that pitiful? Oh, I can remember my father's hayfield; when he took the hay off, he'd make a baseball diamond there, and the whole neighborhood would play ball on Sunday. And then we'd have kite time, and we'd have mumblety-peg, and all them different things.

Calciano: Mumblety-peg, is that played with a knife you throw?

Wagner: Yes, with a knife. They'd make a peg, and each one would get three licks at the peg with his eyes open and three licks with his eyes shut, and the man that lost had to pull that peg out of the ground with his teeth. (Laughter) Oh yes, we used to have some, well we made our own amusement; that was it. Now with the kids today, everything is furnished for them. They've got a recreation director to tell them how to swim and so on and so forth. We had to learn that all by ourselves.

Calciano: Where did you used to go swimming? In the ocean?

Wagner: Down in the river.

Calciano: The river down here?

Wagner: Yes. One time there was a swimming hole right at the end of Laurel Street. I think they called it the Rennie swimming hole; there was a family living on Beach Hill by the name of Rennie. That's where we kids used to swim. We were kind of segregated in gangs, like the Beach Hill gang, and then down on the flat, they called them the Tar Flatters, and out at Bay View, they were the White Rats. Us kids up here were the Adobe Hill boys. And sometimes when we'd meet we'd clash, you know.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: Oh, yes, but nothing serious.

Calciano: My goodness. When you were in school would you go home for lunch?

Wagner: No, we took our lunch. In them days you could get those little round five-pound lard cans; they were about eight inches high and tapered, and that's all most of the kids had for a lunch pail. They'd have to paint them or mark them different colors so they'd know which was theirs. We'd just set them on the porch there. When school was out in the wintertime we could stay in by the stove where it was warm, and summertime we were always outside. There was a great big long

bench along one side of the schoolyard.

ETHNIC GROUPS IN SANTA CRUZ

Calciano: I know that after you finished your schooling you became a blacksmith apprentice?

Wagner: Yes.

Calciano: I have been wondering just what other trades used apprentices? Did a lot of them have apprentices and journeymen?

Wagner: Oh yes, the tinsmith, the plumber, the carpenter, the machinist, the blacksmith -- they all started at the bottom. Different ones that I went to school with, one was a plumber, one was a tinsmith. And tinsmiths, they don't have them anymore either. I can remember when old man Tait and his two sons had a tin shop, and they could make anything you wanted out of tin. There was a lot of use for tin things. Tin cups, tin plates, tin buckets, all that kind of stuff was all manufactured by hand. People worked hard back then. Well like these Italians I was talking about. You know they were a very industrious people. They could take a piece of land and do anything with it. You know up beyond the Odd Fellows Cemetery, that sidehill there used to be the most beautiful vineyards. And there were nice big

wineries down below there where they made the wine. They went there on them sidehills, when there was nothing but brush and grubbed that brush off and planted them grapes and cultivated them. They wasn't afraid to work. That's what built this country: hard work, ingenuity, and an ability, or whatever you want to call it, and nobody had any education. I knew many a man that couldn't even sign his name when I was a young man. Think of that. You know you can't hardly make the coming generation believe that.

Calciano: When the Southern European people came in, was there much-hostility towards them? On the East coast the coming of the Italians, the Poles, and the Irish always created resentment among the people that were already there, but California didn't seem to have as much of that. Is this right?

Wagner: No, the way I see it, California accepted them all. And they intermingled; they didn't seem to draw the line anywhere.

Germans and Irish

Wagner: Santa Cruz was made up of a lot of foreigners; there was Italians, there was Germans, there was Swiss, and

some of them become awful good citizens. Of course like everything, there was a little jealousy amongst them, you know. Now like when my brother was a boy, he was seven years older than I was, there was quite an Irish settlement up here. Some of them worked for Cowell in the lime kilns and driving teams and like that, and my brother had plenty of fights with the Irish boys. (Laughter) Like the Germans, the Germans go out and have a picnic and have all the beer they want, you know, and they sing and everything is happy and jolly and they just have a wonderful time. The Irishmen go out on a picnic and they take their whisky, and after a while it wouldn't be a picnic unless it ended up in a big fight. (Laughter)

Calciano: The entertainment for the day.

Wagner: Yes. Boy, I was on picnics with them Germans, and I want to tell you that they really could sing, yes.

Portuguese and Italians

Calciano: There were quite a few Portuguese people around here too, weren't there?

Wagner: Yes, there were quite a few.

Calciano: Were they mostly single men, or were they married men with families?

Wagner: Well they worked until they'd earned enough to get married. I've got Portuguese friends that are living here right now that are very good citizens, yes. Italians the same way. Well the wife and I, we've got quite a few Italian friends. There's something too, you take years ago, a man could go out and buy himself a piece of ground and work hard and clear the timber off and make himself a home. I've often looked back and wondered how they done it. You can take them same ranches that are all deteriorated and growing up into brush again, and put a person out there today with all the facilities to run the place, and he couldn't make *a* living. Times have changed. You might say, "Well why?" First thing, there's restrictions; there's a law for everything now. If an apple ain't just so big and so shiny, you can't sell it. And oh, anything you raise, it's the big markets that predominate now. Everything's got to be wrapped up and look pretty regardless of how it tastes.

Calciano: I'm afraid that's all too true, but there are advantages, too, in having government standards on quality, purity, and such.

Wagner: Yes, things are cleaner now.

Chinese and Japanese

Calciano: I guess Santa Cruz had a real Chinatown when you were a boy, didn't it?

Wagner: When I was a kid, the east side of Front Street was all Chinatown. It burned up in the 1894 fire. I've seen them, though, especially on their holidays. They would get up in the attic, and they'd stick a pole out through a window and have strings of fire-crackers clear to the ground. They'd set them off and they'd have these celebrations for days and days. And the firecracker papers would be all spread on the street and on the sidewalk a couple of inches thick. Everything was covered with them.

Calciano: Oh my.

Wagner: And they were awful good, them Chinamen. You could go into the stores or the laundries there, and they'd give you a little bag of candy and some of those Chinese nuts, you know, those soft-shelled nuts with something inside of them like a date. They were real nice. And then they used to take coconut and cut it in strips, and I don't know if they laid it in some kind of a solution or what, but then it got covered with sugar. The kids were awful fond of that. And there was

quite a bit of a Chinese population. In fact pretty near all of the vegetables that were raised around in them days were raised by the Chinamen.

Calciano: Where were their gardens?

Wagner: The north side of King Street from down by Davis Street or Storey Street clear up past Walnut Avenue was all China gardens, clear up to the foothills. Then there was the Italian gardens out here at the end of Ocean Street.

Calciano: What happened to the Chinese people?

Wagner: Well, just like everything else I guess. Like they say, every dog has its day, so I guess the Chinaman had his.

Calciano: Did a lot return to the old country or...

Wagner: Well a lot of them died off. There's a lot of them buried right down here in the Evergreen Cemetary. When I worked for the Daniels Transfer Company I used to see them. They'd sometimes bring the dead Chinamen out just with an express wagon.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: The poor ones, you know. They didn't have a hearse. And then the Chinese, they'd pile all this food on the grave, and of course the bums and the animals would

get the biggest part of the food.

Calciano: What kind of food would they put on their graves?

Wagner: Roast pig for one thing, and then all the other kinds of stuff. Like, somebody says to the Chinaman, "When do you suppose that Chinaman is going to come up and eat this food, John?" "Oh," he says, "when you think the American man is going to come up and smell all the flowers?" (Laughter)

Calciano: Oh my goodness. (Laughter) You said a lot of the Chinese died out. Weren't they married? Didn't they have families?

Wagner: Very few of them.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: There was very few. Some of the big merchants, they were classified as big merchants there in Chinatown, they were married and raised children and the kids grew up and went to the public schools. But the biggest part of them, they'd just have a kind of a boardinghouse or eating house, whatever you want to call it. It was nothing more than just an old barn or something converted into living quarters for them.

Calciano: I guess they came over to work on the railroads and such?

Wagner: Well, the biggest part of them got here when they built the railroad across the continent. I guess they built that with Chinese labor.

Calciano: And just the men came, not many women?

Wagner: I don't think so.

Calciano: Well now when the Japanese people came, most of them brought wives, didn't they?

Wagner: Yes, yes. Of course they come later, a little later. This man Swing that owned half interest in the Daniel's Transfer Company, his mother and him was on this big ranch of Stanford's up here at Vina.

Calciano: This is Leland Stanford?

Wagner: Yes. Stanford wanted to have the biggest vineyard in the world, and I guess he did, and they employed all Chinese labor. Frank Swing told me they had forty mules and they'd start in plowing the vineyard with a Chinaman driving each mule. I don't know how long it took them; he told me but I forgot, but I do know it took them forty plows to plow the vineyard. And then they'd do the hoeing in between, and the pruning, and all that, so they kept quite a bunch of Chinamen. Frank Swing's mother used to run the cookhouse for Stanford.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: Stanford was quite a prominent man in getting the railroad built, and he built the big university up here. He was quite an influential man.

Calciano: Yes, he was. What was the feeling in Santa Cruz when the Japanese people started to arrive?

Wagner: Oh, I don't know. Well, just like when the colored people or different denominations of foreigners come in here; we just accepted them, that was all.

Calciano: The reason I asked is because the Japanese people met a lot of hostility in certain parts of California, and I just wondered if any of this were present in Santa Cruz.

Wagner: That's one thing that impressed me the first time I went up into Oregon and Washington. You never seen any Japs up there; you'd see the white people in the strawberries. And I says, "How come don't you have any Japanese up here?" "Oh," they says, "they tried to get in here, but we run them out."

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: It's a different attitude in different places. Like all denominations, there's good and bad in all of them, you know.

Negroes

Calciano: You referred to the colored people a moment ago.

Wagner: Of course there wasn't so many colored people then. Now way up until the time my wife and I was married I don't think there was more than four or five colored people in Santa Cruz. And they were all mighty fine people. Like I told you about the City Stable, when they used to put out these big heavy rigs with six horses and maybe twenty people and take them to the Big Trees and back, why this one colored man, he was always one of the men that handled that outfit, and that was quite a responsibility. I can remember when there were only three colored people here in Santa Cruz. One was, well we called him Nigger Logan. He was a great big fat fellow, and a jolly old guy, too. He used to be a cook around the sawmill camps.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: He wasn't a bad guy. Then there was a little fellow, they called him Billy Johnson. He done the janitor work around the bank and for the business people there. He was very well thought of. Bill Bishop used to work in the City Stables. He was the one who would take out the six-in-hand. He was one of the drivers; they always used Billy Bishop or Warren Brown -- Shady

Brown was his nickname. Now where he ever got the name Shady Brown, I don't know. But them two, Shady Brown and Bill Bishop, were their four or six-in-hand drivers.

Calciano: Now Shady was a white man, wasn't he?

Wagner: Oh yes, yes he was a white man. And then there was another colored one; he had a bootblack stand on the Avenue there, but that was later. But I can remember when there wasn't a half a dozen.

Calciano: Did they have families here?

Wagner: Yes. No, Bill Bishop never married; Bill Bishop was a single man. And this little Johnson, he had a home over on South Branciforte Avenue. He was well thought of, jolly, always a laugh. You know there was a lot of Spanish people when I was a young fellow. Well, there was Zeke Rodriguez down here, he had a team. Joe Dodero had a team; Bob Rodriguez had a team. That was about the principal industry, and they were all good horsemen. Some of the finest horsemen were Spanish.

<u>Indians</u>

Calciano: There weren't any Indians still alive when you were a boy, were there?

Wagner: There was two Indian boys alive when I was going to

school. One of them, all I knew him by was Juan; that was the only name I know'd him by. He went to the old Mission Hill School. And then there was two women, Chepa and Manilla. They'd go around town with shawls around their heads. Poor old Chepa, she used to go to the butcher shop with a basket, and they'd give her a little piece of meat, and the grocery store would give her something you know. They just lived in poverty. Look what the County used to do for the destitute: fifteen dollars a month. Well by the time they rented a little shack somewhere, what'd they have left? Nothing. Now look at what they do. Today the old age pensioners are better off than the people in the middle class like myself. But like my dad always used to tell us, "Whatever you do, save a few dollars for your old age so the County won't have to bury you." That seemed to be a disgrace for anybody that held their head up a little bit. Now what do you have to be worried about? The County hospital will take care of you just as well as some other hospital. They have wonderful facilities out there now compared to what they used to have.

DEPRESSIONS AND SOCIAL WELFARE

Hard Times - 1897

Wagner: Now it's funny, when I went to work, the first shop I worked in I worked there from '.95 to '97. In '97 was hard times. You didn't call it a recession or a depression, it was just damn hard times, pardon me for my grammar. I was getting fifty cents a day; that's what apprentices got then. One Saturday night my boss handed me my three silver dollars and he says, "Fred, I don't want you to think I'm firing you," he says "but I just can't afford to keep you." Can you imagine that? Times was tough, wasn't they?

1907 Depression

Wagner: When I bought that blacksmith shop out, the first year I built up a good business, and in 1906 I figured, "Well here's where I'm going to really make a little money." I had made a profit in 1905, you see. But the earthquake in San Francisco, you'd be surprised what that done to Santa Cruz.

Calciano: I can imagine.

Wagner: All the teaming that come down the coast, which was all kinds on account of tanbark, railroad ties, wood

(there was a lot of wood burnt in them days), bituminous rock, and that kind of stuff. Oh, I had a wonderful trade of teamsters that hauled bituminous rock, but after the earthquake, everything shut down just like that.

Calciano: Oh my.

Wagner: They couldn't ship nothing into San Francisco. Some of the teams went into Boulder Creek; some of them went down toward Salinas and spread out; some of them got work around here, so I worked at that, but there wasn't half the teaming. And then in 1907 we got another bunch of hard times; we didn't even have money. Can you believe that? We had scrip in them days; I don't know how it was backed up; it must have been backed up by the government. They'd give you a piece of scrip for five, ten or twenty dollars, or whatever that meant, see. And they built a mill out here on the Old San Jose Road where men could go out there and work. And instead of pay, they'd get an order for groceries or a pair of shoes or clothes or whatever they needed. And that's all there was to it.

Calciano: Who built that mill?

Wagner: Some of the, I don't know just how it was done, but

they formed a small company. In them days, it's like I said to my father, "Dad, how'd you think of the things that you used to tell me you made in order to get by with?" "Well," he says, "I'll tell you, my boy. Necessity is the mother of invention." And that was the way with them people. They had a lot of ingenuity, a lot of determination, and they wasn't afraid to work. And that's what built this country. And that's I guess how they built that mill.

Calciano: What did you mean when you said there was no money?

Wagner: Well, it's like I say, you weren't given gold or silver, you were given scrip. It's just like if somebody gave you a dollar bill or-a five dollar bill now, only today your money is backed up by the government. And your money is insured when you put it in the bank, which it wasn't then in them days. And I don't know just how they got along, but they did. I'll tell you one experience I had. I had *a* young fellow that owed me a bill for three dollars for setting a pair of buggy tires. Well I think he owed that bill to me for a year and a half or so, and finally one Saturday afternoon he come in with his shoulders all thrown back and he says, "Fred, I want to pay you that

bill I owe you." So he had a piece of twenty dollar scrip, and he laid it down and he says, "I want the change in cash." I thought, "What am I going to do with this canary? I want that bill settled." So I'll tell you what I done. I give him three dollars in cash, and I wrote him out a check for fourteen dollars. He says, "I don't want that check; I want cash." I says, "Take it up to the bank and they'll cash it. I ain't got no money and neither have you." So he took it down to the bank and I was well acquainted with the cashier; I went to school with the cashier when he was a boy. So I had to go up to the bank about a week or ten days later, and I asked, "What did you give so and so on that fourteen dollar check I wrote the other day?" He said, "We gave him four dollars in cash and ten dollars in scrip." (Laughter) Well I know many a man that used to go into town, and they'd go into a place and buy a pair of socks with their scrip just in order to get maybe a couple of dollars or something like that. You see what I mean? They'd say, "Can't you give me a couple of dollars?"

Calciano: You're talking about silver and gold dollars, aren't you?

Wagner: Yes.

Calciano: They didn't like the paper money?

Wagner: Well, we didn't have as much paper in them days. It was all gold. I had six hundred dollars in my pocket one time, in twenty dollar gold pieces. I know an old Irishman who went back to New York, and wherever he was, at a hotel or any place, he was always throwing these twenty dollar gold pieces around. And they said to him, "You must be from California." And he says, "I am, and I'm proud of it." (Laughter)

Calciano: You said that the 1906 earthquake helped precipitate the hard times in this area, but did it do much physical damage to downtown Santa Cruz?

Wagner: Well, I can tell you it did do quite a little damage, yes. You know the Courthouse that's there now? I don't know how many tons of stuff they took off the top of that building in later years. Oh they were removing stuff off at least fifteen years after the earthquake, I guess, or maybe more. The top was kind of deteriorating and they thought it was dangerous, so they took a lot of the brick and a lot of the iron work out of the top there.

Calciano: I hadn't heard about that.

Wagner: And my blacksmith shop on Pacific Avenue, one of its inside chimneys laid crossways to the shop, and the other chimney laid lengthways to the shop. Oh, the iron was out of the rack, and everything was in an awful shape. And pretty near one-third of my trade was from people hauling stuff from the coast, and that business stopped just like that, you see: Talk about tough times! Some of these johnny-come-latelys, they ought to go through some of them things we had to and they'd appreciate what life is. And newly married; I'd just got married.

Calciano: Oh my.

Wagner: But I never thought nothing of it then, but I look back now and I say, "How in the world did I make it?" It didn't bother me. I thought, "Well, that's just life." Nowadays the least little thing that goes wrong, I get all worked up and excited. I wish I had some of that nerve stored up in a bottle. I could use some of it now and then. (Laughter) When I learned the blacksmith business, I said, "Well, I'm going to learn a trade that I don't think they'll get a machine to do." Just like filling a tooth in your head. They'll get the machinery to clean it, but it takes a human hand still to do it. It's the same way with horses.

Some guy thought he'd do a bright trick and he got a shoe that they pasted on the foot. Well, if it'll stay there and do the work and all, how're you going to get it off? The only way to get it off is to saw the horse's hoof off, and if you do that the horse can't travel no more until his hoof grows back.

Calciano: Oh, no!

Wagner: So that was a failure, see. But what I was getting at, I was telling you that I wanted to learn a trade that they couldn't get a machine to do. But instead they got a machine that done away with the horse -- the automobile. So there, you see.

Calciano: There was nothing you could do about it.

Wagner: That's what gets me today. You see someone in business, and things get tough for them, and they holler their heads off. Well, they ain't going through anything anymore than anybody else ever went through. I was just starting to read an article here a little while ago about people in my category, how they've got to match the dollars they saved years ago with the dollars belonging to somebody today that's making 25 dollars a day. Isn't it so?

Calciano: Yes.

Wagner: Look at the mechanics. You pay a mechanic for one hour's work as much as they paid me for ten. So them dollars that I've saved don't go very far.

<u>Welfare Payments and Workman's Compensation</u>

Wagner: Nowadays it seems that some of the people who are on welfare are better off than the middle class people like my wife and myself. We got, a lady friend, I don't envy it to her, but she gets glasses, she gets teeth, she gets insulin for her diabetes, and she even has a woman come in and clean house.

Calciano: Oh my gracious.

Wagner: Yes, and she's on welfare. And you hear a lot of it the same way. You take a single person, and maybe that's a little harder for them, but you take a couple that are on social welfare, and they're better off than my wife and I. You know lots of people say to me, "Why don't you spend all your money and get on social welfare?" I don't know; there's a little bit of pride in my old hide yet. I've never asked for nothing, and I hope I don't ever have to. That's the only way I got Social Security. Just think, after I was sixty-nine years old I went out and shod horses for two years to

get on Social Security. But I feel pretty proud that I was able to do it.

Calciano: Yes, it's a marvelous accomplishment.

Wagner: Then after that I got so much shoeing to do that I couldn't do it all and I took on a helper. Then I worked for three or four more years, but I didn't count that in on Social Security, because after you get in eight quarters, I think it is, you get the minimum. This unemployment insurance they have is all right to a certain extent, but the Workman's Compensation Act, that was one of the finest things they ever done for the workman. I don't know, I guess I'd have been in debt yet, but the Compensation took care of my arm for me when I had trouble with it. I got blood poisoning. I was laid up for three months with that arm; they were talking about cutting it off at one time: Well I wouldn't have been here if they did. I had to fight like the dickens to stay alive the way it was, and if they'd of cut that arm off, I would have laid back and went to sleep.

Calciano: When did all this happen?

Wagner: Oh, way back in 1922 this was, when I was working for Daniel's Transfer Company. They had taken a load of

lumber to Bonny Doon, and the horses sweat awful bad in those days. Well when they come back, one of the horses needed two new shoes. So I took the horse in the shop, and I must have had a little, bit of skin knocked off my elbow somewheres. I come home that night, and the next morning I got up and told my wife I didn't feel good. And she says, "What's the matter?" "Well," I says, "my arm hurts." So it just kept getting worse and worse and worse, and we had the doctor, and we kept putting it in epsom salts, and when it got to a certain point they took me to the hospital, this old hospital down under the hill here, and they operated on it. Thank God I can still bend it. But I just made up my mind that I was going to go back to work. But that's what I was going to say about the Workman's Compensation. It was a real good act.

Calciano: Yes, I think it was a very just and necessary act.

The Depression of the 1930's

Calciano: Your mention of the hard times of 1907 has made me wonder about the Depression of the thirties. All during those Depression years there were a lot of crackpot schemes that flourished in California. Did

Ham and Eggs ever make much of an impression on Santa Cruz? Or the Townsend Plan?

Wagner: Oh, the Townsend Plan, I remember that. What did you want to know about it?

Calciano: Did many people in Santa Cruz join it?

Wagner: Oh yes, that Townsend Plan, they've still got members right here in town.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: I'm pretty sure, yes. Townsend had some pretty good ideas, but he was shooting at too high a mark; that's the way I look at it.

Calciano: And what about the Ham and Eggs scheme? I guess its other name was Thirty Dollars every Thursday.

Wagner: Oh, there was some talk about it, but I don't think they ever got very far.

Calciano: Were there any other crackpot schemes?

Wagner: Well this fellow that comes from Los Angeles. What's his name? McLean ain't it?

Calciano: Oh, George McLean? The man who has been making speeches around the state?

Wagner: Yes, George McLean. He's got some ideas where everybody ought to have so much money for nothing.

Calciano: Yes, that's right.

Wagner: I often wonder where these guys think this money is coming from. I'll tell you something I'd like and that's this Medicare that they're trying to get for the old folks.

Calciano: Oh yes.

Wagner: I don't believe in socialized medicine, but I think the elderly people, like I said to you a while ago, the dollars that I saved when I worked for six dollars a day, I have to match them along side of a man that's getting fifteen or twenty dollars a day. I can't buy as much with my six dollars as he can buy with twenty-five, and that ain't quite right. But it's just like some people before me, I made as much with my two hands as a mechanic as my wife's father did with a four-horse team in his day, so you see it's the change of times that, brings it on. But the person that's caught in my category, that's tried to save a little money for his old age and then have this big boom hit him in the face, why it's kind of hard.

Calciano: Yes. Quite a number of people have been badly squeezed by the inflation.

Wagner: It's just like my brother next door. He raised two daughters, educated them, and made teachers out of

both of them, but it took every dime the man could get a hold of. He couldn't save no money. But he deserves credit to have educated his children the way he did.

Calciano: Yes he does.

Wagner: Back when I was a boy, there was a lot of people that had no education. Oh, there was many a man that couldn't even sign his name, and some of them done very well in their lifetime. There was old Pat Morrissey, for instance; Morrissey Avenue is named after him. He couldn't read and write. If he had seen his name in four foot letters he wouldn't have known what it meant. He was an industrious man, a hard worker; he raised a family and accumulated all that land. I've done work for old man Morrissey. Of course he was a pretty old man when I was in my prime.

Calciano: So there were a lot of fellows that couldn't read and write?

Wagner: Oh yes. Well it was no fault of theirs maybe. I don't know how you would account for it, but I want to tell you, there was some of those men that were mighty fine men, too. One thing, they were honest. If they said they'd do something, they'd do it, no matter what it took. So now sometimes I think we're getting too highly educated. We're forgetting

about common sense. Maybe I'm wrong there, but some of the things I see and everything, make me wonder. You know a person can be so highly educated that there'll be some little simple thing they don't know anything about. I just read an article on that the other day. Well, it's like one time I was on a job and they wanted to know the tensile strength of something. Well I don't know anything about the tensile strength of a piece of iron. I just said, "If you want something made, I'll make it so strong that you can't break it, if you tell me what it's going to be used for." Well now today they have a different way of doing that. Instead of taking so much material to do something with, they keep reducing it down and down and down, and it's just like aluminum. Aluminum is stronger than steel, and look how light it is. So you see, I'll go along with all of that, but in my day they didn't have as many scientists; it was just an instinct, you might say, that carried us through. It's just like you asking me how to build a wagon. We couldn't read a blueprint if somebody'd drawed it; the biggest part of the blacksmiths couldn't. But if you wanted something made, all you had to do was make a sketch of what you wanted made, and you got it. Times change.

Calciano: Yes, they do.

Wagner: I've seen some beautiful work done, and when I look back with the crude tools that we had, I wonder how we done it.

Calciano: Yes, you did some quite remarkable work.

EARLY SANTA CRUZ

Wagner: You know there was quite a lot of industries here in Santa Cruz in the 70's and 80's way back that far: lime kilns, tanneries, the bituminous mines up there, the powder mill, and out in Soquel they had a big paper mill and a chair factory.

Calciano: A chair factory?

Wagner: Yes. Oh I guess the only kind of chairs I ever seen come out of there were just common kitchen chairs.

Calciano: What happened to it?

Wagner: Like everything else, it went out of business.

Calciano: Was there much economic effect on the community when a business folded, such as when the powder works moved or the paper mill folded?

Wagner: Oh, I don't know. We didn't pay any attention to it. It's just like I told you about in '98; I was working

in a blacksmith shop and was only getting four bits a day. They laid me off because they couldn't afford to pay me. You never thought nothing of it; that was just the way the time was.

The Powder Works

Calciano: Are you familiar at all with the history of the powder works?

Wagner: Well, I couldn't tell you just when the powder works was established, but it was one of the principal industries we had here at one time, and it was giving employment to a lot of men. Of course a lot of people didn't like to work there; it was too dangerous. But like my brother, he worked there for a long time; he didn't like it, but he had to make a living for his family. There'd been several explosions up there. Several of the boys I went to school with got killed up there in the powder works.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: I think it was in '97, or sometime just about the time-of the Spanish-American War, they had a tremendous explosion up there. I think there's eleven fellows buried over here in one plot in the Odd

Fellows Cemetery; three or four of them were friends of mine. Two brothers that I went to school with, both of them got killed. There was a man that used to live right down here on High Street who was working up there. He was leaving to go home when the explosion come, and something hit him on the back of the head as he was walking out of the powder works and killed him dead right there. For a long time I could show you a piece of galvanized iron six foot long up in a redwood tree, just like you'd take a handkerchief and wrap it around something. Think of the force it took to do that.

Calciano: Yes.

Wagner: Yes, talk about excitement around Santa Cruz then, I want to tell you that everybody talked about the explosion. Another man that lived up here on High Street, they brought him home, and he died in about two or three days he was burnt so bad.

Calciano: Why did people work there? Did they get paid better than in other industries?

Wagner: Well, maybe they paid a little better than the ordinary common laborer or something. The powder works got to a point where they used to load shells there for hunters, for the sporting goods people, you know,

like shotgun shells. Then they maintained what they called a rifle range along the river there where they used to have a cannon that they'd shoot off to test the powder for strength and stuff like that. And they had a switchback that they used to take the cars up to the railroad that goes over the mountain here; I think it switchbacked four times. They had four or five great big grey horses; they hitched them one ahead of the other to pull them cars up and then the cars would come back by gravity. If ever you drive up to Big Tree road, just before you go into the Masonic Hall grounds (that's the old powder works) you can see a road that sticks up over the side hill there, and then it switches back and forth.

Calciano: I'll look for it next time I'm by there. Why did your brother work at the powder works instead of working downtown for somebody.

Wagner: I guess he couldn't find a job. A lot of young men have left Santa Cruz to go elsewhere to find work. I was very fortunate; I got a job in the blacksmith shop from one shop to another, and then I got into a shop where I could get to work on the forge, and I was in business when I was only twenty-six years old. I look back now and I think that I must have had a lot of

nerve to match my wits against a lot of them old-timers that had been in business for a long time.

The 1894 Fire

Calciano: I imagine Santa Cruz has undergone quite a change your lifetime?

Wagner: Oh yes. One of the biggest things to change the town was the 1894 fire. From Water Street clear down to Cooper Street, and on the other side of Cooper Street too, that was all burned down in the big fire.

Calciano: Do you remember that fire pretty well?

Wagner: Oh yes. My brother didn't come home that night and we was all wondering what was the matter with my brother, what could have happened to him. And we were just eating our breakfast when he came in. We ate early on Sunday; we'd get up on Sunday morning just like any other day in them days. I always did until I got to be a man and used to go to Saturday night dances, and then I'd lay in a little longer. Anyway, he come home and, oh, my father got awfully excited when my brother said that pretty near the whole town was burning.

Calciano: You hadn't seen the smoke from your house?

Wagner: Well, I guess we were all asleep; we never even heard anything. All they had was just an old bell for when

there was a fire, and if you were sound asleep you wouldn't hear it. If the wind was blowing just right, you wouldn't hear it either.

Calciano: They didn't have enough water to fight the fire, did they?

Wagner: Well, something went wrong with the water works. There was a broken pipe up here somewhere, and they couldn't get water. And that was one of the reasons so much of the town burned. They finally got a pumper outfit to come over on a special train from San Jose, and they pumped water out of the river. That was pretty good in them days, way back then. What gets me, I don't want to stick my neck out, but I'd like to put some write-ups in the paper like in the *Voice of the People*. Here we've been for about ten years trying to get a Courthouse, and God knows when we're going to get it now. I hate to find fault, but it's so. That fire burnt the Courthouse down in 1894 and in 1895, the year I went to work, they had already laid all the foundation with rock and dedicated it. I can show you right where the cornerstone is laid in the Courthouse there; I was 17 years old, and they done all that in that short of time.

Calciano: How efficient!

Wagner: The blacksmith shop set right about across the end of Front Street. When they cut Front Street through, they took off about half of that old building.

Calciano: Which shop was this?

Wagner: The one I went to work in as an apprentice. A man by the name of Frank Chandler had it. And right this side of that old blacksmith shop was the fair pavilion. They used to put on County Fairs there. You'd be surprised, fruit, and all kinds of minerals, and flowers, and livestock. I can remember going there with my mother when I was only a little kid.

Resort Hotels

Wagner: I've seen a lot of changes in Santa Cruz. I've seen the horse-drawn streetcars running up and down Pacific Avenue and coming out here onto Mission Street. You know the intersection at King and Mission?

Calciano: Yes.

Wagner: Well that whole triangle in there, pretty near back to where the school is now, was what they called the Pope House.

Calciano: That was a hotel, wasn't it.

Wagner: In those days there was a lot of houses where the

people used to come and stay for a month or maybe six weeks in the summertime. And that was one of the leading houses. And up the street a ways, on the left-hand side, was what they called the Bedell House. Down in town there was the Wilkins House, and the Pacific Ocean House.

Calciano: Were these actually houses? Not real hotels?

Wagner: Well, at the Pope House they had a main, big dining room, and then they had cottages where people could stay. They'd either stay in these cottages, or the big building that had the dining room and rooms upstairs. The Pope House kept their own bus that met the trains, and they raised their own poultry and had their own eggs. The property run clear through from Mission to King.

Calciano: It was quite extensive.

Wagner: Yes. And the streetcars used to run from way down at the mouth of the river clear up to the Pope House.

Calciano: I seem to remember reading that the Pope House was the most fashionable resort hotel in Santa Cruz.

Wagner: It was.

Calciano: Why was this? What made it more fashionable than the others?

Wagner: Well, the people were more congenial and more homelike. You know today a hotel is only a place where people go to sleep. In them days, I don't know, the living was different. People had time to go and visit, and like I say, they'd come in here on the trains, and maybe the family would stay for a month, some of the families from the hot valleys. And then maybe at the latter part of their visit, their husbands would come down for a day or two, or a week maybe. A lot of us attended the old Mission Hill School down here, and about half past ten in the morning we had a recess, and we could see the streetcar going down with the women and kids. All the kids had them little red pails with a shovel where they used to go and sit on the sand and play in the sand. Then in the afternoon they'd come back up the hill. Mission Hill has been cut down two or three times since I was a kid. It was pretty steep back then, and they used to keep an extra horse at the foot of the hill to help pull the car up when they had a heavy load. Then when they got to the top of the hill, they'd take the horse off, and he'd go back down the hill by himself and into a vacant lot there and wait till the next car come along.

Calciano: Nobody even led him down?

Wagner: Oh, no, he'd go back by himself. Then another hotel was the Swanton House. That was a place right on the corner, right where the Post Office is now. I was about eight years old when it was burnt down; I remember it very distinctly. My mother and my sister and I happened to be downtown that day, and the wind was blowing so hard that my sister-in-law that lived over on Garfield Street, that's on the other side of the river, she said that the cinders from the fire blew clear over there. They had quite a time keeping the fire from spreading to some of those buildings.

Calciano: This wasn't the big fire, though, was it?

Wagner: No, no. I was eight years old, so that must have been along about 1886 or so. You know Santa Cruz was a more beautiful city when I was a kid than it is today in a way. Now don't think I'm standing in the way of progress, or anything, but it had beautiful trees and homes and, I don't know, everything seems to be too open now. Look at that redevelopment they've got there. My God, when are they going to cover that up with buildings?

Calciano: I guess it's been vacant for quite some time now.

Wagner: When you look back and see the work that was ac-

complished with just horsepower and manpower, you wonder how it was done. Now you've got laws that you mustn't lift anything that weighs over fifty pounds, and you mustn't do this, and you mustn't do that. Look at me; I've been knocked around and kicked and trampled on with horses, and I'm in pretty good shape yet for a man eighty-five years old.

Calciano: You certainly look as if you are. (Laughter)

Wagner: Something else I was thinking of; would you believe that we had a flour mill down on lower Pacific Avenue? Pacific Avenue used to go up over the hill instead of going off towards the old Southern Pacific depot. That place they've cut through there where Washington Street goes now hadn't gone through yet, so Pacific Avenue went up over the hill and down the other side.

Calciano: I didn't know that.

Wagner: That's the way the old horse cars used to go. On the Fourth of July the people would have to get out and walk because the horse couldn't pull the car up the hill on the other side. And that's where the Grover's had their planing mill. And right this side of Grover's mill was the Centennial flour mill.

Calciano: Who ran that?

Wagner: That I couldn't tell you. That was only when I was a schoolboy.

Saloons and Speakeasies

Calciano: I've seen old insurance maps of Santa Cruz, and from their notations it would appear that Pacific Avenue was composed almost entirely of livery stables, saloons, and grocery stores. (Laughter)

Wagner: Yes, just think of it, livery stables, saloons, grocery stores, drugstores with doctors' offices upstairs, all on Pacific Avenue. We used to have a drugstore where you could go in and get a five-cent ice-cream soda, and a nice one too, about eight inches high you know. My father'd give my sister and I two bits on the Fourth of July. Think of it -- two bits. I'd buy her an ice-cream soda in that drugstore in the morning about eleven o'clock, and then in the afternoon, sometimes, she'd buy me one. And then we had ten cents apiece for firecrackers, and I think we brought a nickel home that we didn't spend at all. We spent twenty cents and kept a nickel. (Laughter) Well, that's thrift, ain't it?

Calciano: It certainly is.

Wagner: Have you ever seen the old Garibaldi Hotel?

Calciano: No.

Wagner: Well, in 1894, when the town burnt down, old man Costella lost his hotel which set right about, oh, a little opposite from the Pacific Title Company there on Cooper and Front. So he says, "If the town gets on fire again, I'm going to have my hotel where it won't burn down. And if my hotel burns down, it ain't going to set the town on fire." So he built his new one way back from the street. The back part of the building was pretty near on the river. And for years the old-timers from Santa Cruz gathered there once a year. But that was all taken down in the redevelopment.

Calciano: Oh.

Wagner: That was an old landmark. A lot of history goes with that place, especially during the bootlegging days.

Calciano: Oh really? I've heard tales about the bootlegging. Who were the big rumrunners in this area?

Wagner: Oh, Italians, mostly Italians. Costella was an Italian, and men that used to come in from the woods in the wintertime from the sawmills, they were Italians and they'd stay there at that hotel all winter.

Calciano: Who made the liquor during Prohibition and brought in the ...

Wagner: Some of the guys out in the woods somewhere. They'd make the liquor, and they brought it there to the Garibaldi Hotel. And you had to go through about three doors to get to where they'd serve the liquor.

Calciano: How did Prohibition hit Santa Cruz?

Wagner: Oh Prohibition has been the ruination of the country, if you want my opinion of it.

Calciano: Really?

Wagner: Between the, Prohibition and the Do-Gooders, we're in a bad situation. Prohibition started women to drinking that had never tasted a drop of liquor. I saw more respect in the real old-time saloons than you see in the cafes today.

Calciano: I guess Prohibition made drinking more socially acceptable in a way, didn't it?

Wagner: Well, yes. Of course during Prohibition everybody sneaked around to a speakeasy or a bootlegging joint, as they called it.

Calciano: Did you see very many speakeasies?

Wagner: Yes, there were quite a few. Mostly all run by foreigners, you might say.

Calciano: Italian?

Wagner: That's just what I was referring to. I know several Italians that had stills out in the hills. In fact I bought some pretty good whisky myself. (Laughter) People are going to drink and gamble, I don't care what you do. What I'd like to see in California is legalized gambling, and keep it out of politics. Look at the money that's going over the hill to Nevada; we might just as well have it here. But the trouble of it is, like everything else, the racketeers get a hold of it, and it's bad business.

Calciano: Nevada has been pretty successful in keeping the racketeers out, I guess.

Wagner: Oh yes, but the racketeers don't come to a small place, they're looking for the big cities. That's what I'm afraid of here; we'll get so big after a while we'll get the scum of the earth, the racketeers and everything else in here. Like I said before, Santa Cruz when I was a young man was a beautiful little city.

Calciano: There were a lot of saloons back then, weren't there?

Wagner: Oh yes, plenty of them. And as I said, there was more respect in some of the saloons in them days than you see in these cafes today. First thing, a woman wasn't

allowed in them, only in the back end, and a woman that went in the back end of a saloon wasn't considered very much. But today, why they go in the front door. Times have changed.

Calciano: Was there a lot of drinking in Santa Cruz?

Wagner: Well, the laboring class, like the men in the saw-mills, they wouldn't get to town very often, and what else was there for men to do? They'd go to a saloon and talk about their weeks' work. Maybe the mill in the gulch on the other side of the mountain had done more than their mill did, and well, they'd have a drink on that. They got drunk, but...

Calciano: They weren't rowdy?

Wagner: I couldn't help but see the difference when I was an apprentice in Foster's blacksmith shop. We had some iron work to do in the jail (the jail was right across the street from the Hall of Records) and I was only an apprentice, but all the people that were in jail then were elderly men. Then a few years back when they tore the jail down to build that annex to the Courthouse, they built a temporary jail down on Pacific Avenue. There was a big building down there, and I was working for the county then and done some of the iron work. That was the county jail, and that jail was filled up

with kids sixteen, eighteen, twenty years old, right there in jail. You couldn't help but draw the contrast, see. And when I was a kid, those old men in jail weren't bad men. You thought, "Well gee, the poor old man, he's in there for some minor thing." It wouldn't amount to a great deal maybe, but they'd put him in jail. I can remember old man McLaughlin. He was an old ragman; he had a one-horse wagon, and he'd go around buying, and then he'd come around in front of your place, "Rags, sacks, and bottles." Well many a kid has got a couple of dimes to go to a show by picking up bottles or sacks or something. This old McLaughlin, he weighed at least two hundred and fifty pounds.

Calciano: Oh my.

Wagner: He was a great big fat fellow, and jolly, talk about a Santa Claus. He was a real Santa Claus. Well he'd get so drunk sometimes that the only way to get him to jail was they'd get one of Daniel's transfer wagons. They'd throw him in the wagon and back the wagon up to the door, and then they'd pack him in.

Calciano: Oh no!

Wagner: Why that happened lots of times. The blacksmith shop

was right across the street, you know, and the man I was working for would say, "I wonder if they're unloading old McLaughlin again." That was a common occurrence. It was very likely when they were backed up there at the door that old McLaughlin was in the bottom of that wagon. (Laughter)

Breweries

Calciano: Speaking of liquor, beer was made locally, wasn't it?

Wagner: Yes, they had the old Bausch brewery. That was right over here on the corner of Ocean and Soquel Avenue. There's a eating house on the corner now. Of course that land has all been filled in. It used to be that when you'd go from Soquel Avenue down that little hill and turn into the brewery, you was right in their big cellar there. They used to back their brewery wagon into the cellar and load the beer kegs on it. And that cellar was cool enough that it kept the beer nice and cool. That's the philosophy of keeping beer -- keep it cool. Then in later years Carl Beck had a brewery out on Market Street, just before you cross the Branciforte Creek, and on the other side of the creek was the Ben Lomond winery. Them tunnels that they

stored the wine in are in the hill there yet. The grapes for some of the finest wine ever made (it took a prize in the Chicago World's Fair) were raised right up here on Ben Lomond mountain. That speaks pretty well for Santa Cruz.

Calciano: Yes it does. Was most of the beer sold in kegs, or did they sell it in bottles too?

Wagner: Well, mostly in kegs for a long, long time, and then finally Carl Beck got to bottling it. But Bausch's brewery, I don't think they sold anything only in kegs. Anyway they kept it in kegs in the saloons. They'd put the keg up on a rack, you know, and then they'd, well I've seen saloons were you'd see nice green grain several inches high growing on top of the beer keg. They'd take a burlap sack and put grain in it, flatten it out, and when that grain sprouted through the sack, then they'd lay it over the beer keg. It was quite a sight to see that.

Calciano: And that would keep it cool?

Wagner: Yes. They'd pour water on there during the day, you know, and I've seen that grain get up about seven or eight inches high before they'd take it away and put a fresh sack on. And them little roots down in that sack you know, and in that moisture, they kept the beer

nice and cold.

Calciano: That was standard practice?

Wagner: It was, yes. When the powder mill was running, you know, they had a couple hundred men working up there, and there was a Portugee fellow by the name of Joe Silvi who had a saloon right at the foot of Mission Hill. And you'd see them powder mill fellows; they'd have their wagons tied up there one behind the other on payday, and Joe Silvi would get a thousand or fifteen hundred dollars out of the bank and cash checks for them boys.

Calciano: That's quite a bit of money.

Wagner: Of course he got a lot of trade by doing that, you know. A pretty smart Portugee he was, and a fine fellow, too. And then around the corner was old Mike O'Keeffe, and down on the other side of the street was Bill Walker, and so on down the line.

Calciano: What happened to the breweries in Santa Cruz?

Wagner: Oh, well, like everything else, they just went out of business. There's been three different breweries here. Well in fact there was one brewery that had gone out of existence by the time I was a young man. A man by the name of Pepin had it. It was right at the foot of

Mission Hill on the left-hand side where River Street used to meet Mission Street. For a long time you could see a tunnel in the hillside there where they kept the beer.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: And then there was the one I told you about on the corner of Ocean Street and Soquel Avenue. Bausch was a very prominent man here years ago. He had quite a big landholding there. He had *a* brewery there, and right this side of it was what they called the Bausch's Gardens. They had a beautiful garden there. You know the German people, if they've got their beer, they're happy. They're just like the Italians with their wine, see. Well the Germans liked to congregate in places. Now like the Bausch's Garden over there, they had a great big dance hall, they had a bowling alley, they had tables around under the trees, and it was a beautiful spot. There was a nice big arch gate where you went in, and you could go in there on a Sunday afternoon and there'd be singing and dancing and everybody having a wonderful time. Then about 1910 or so, there was a bunch of people formed a company, and they built what they called the Santa Cruz Brewery down right where Neary Lagoon is, a little this side

on Blackburn Street, that's where it was

Calciano: Was that successful?

Wagner: That was quite a big establishment. They had an ice plant in conjunction with the brewery, and a big heavy-set German by the name of Max Stenz was the brewer.

Calciano: Did you know him?

Wagner: Yes. He used to come up to my blacksmith shop, so him and I got pretty well acquainted. I done quite a lot of work for the brewery. Of course before he'd give me his order he'd say, "Well, Fred, come on and we'll have a glass of beer." And then we'd go over to the Hagemann Hotel and have a glass of beer or two and then we'd come back and talk over what he wanted made or what he wanted to have done. Yes, just like Wagner's Park down here in the Gay Nineties, why the German's used to meet there. There was two societies here, the Arion Singing Society and the German Turnverein. A turnverein is just like a gymnasium, you know. So, I belonged to it when I was a young man, and I've seen some of the most wonderful picnics out there. They'd have their beer, you know, and their picnic lunch or barbecued meat, and the woods back there just echoed with singing and enjoyment.

Everybody had a wonderful time.

Calciano: It sounds as though you did.

Wagner: Today they ain't got time to go a picnicking.

Calciano: You mentioned the Ben Lomond winery a few minutes ago. There were more wine grapes growing back at that time than now, weren't there?

Wagner: Oh yes, the country was full of vineyards. And Vine Hill, you've heard talk about Vine Hill? Well that takes in from where the freeway is now over towards Loma Prieta, and there was vineyards all through there. There was a man by the name of John Jarvis, a very prominent man in the vineyard days; he even manufactured brandy out of grapes. I can remember my father used to get his brandy from Jarvis, and every once in a while he'd get a gallon of brandy. It would cost him four dollars. (Laughter) Just think of it, a whole gallon of brandy for four dollars!

Calciano: My goodness!

Wagner: And grapes was raised at the Ben Lomond Winery. It was up here on top of Empire Grade, where there's a big subdivision now. They had I couldn't tell you how many acres, but they kept a bunch of men working there the year around. And the wine that was made up there was

good, too. A lot of the grapes were hauled into town, but a lot of wine was made up there, and it took first prize in the Chicago World's Fair. That was quite something for a little place like Santa Cruz. And then George Bram was a German who lived way at the end of Branciforte Drive, up in the hills there. He had a winery that made awful good wine.

Calciano: Was there also a fellow named Meyers?

Wagner: Oh Meyers, yes. I think that was way up towards Loma Prieta, yes. I couldn't tell you much about that.

ENTERTAINMENT

Baseball

Calciano: I am curious about what people did in their spare time. Was baseball quite a big thing?

Wagner: Oh yes. At one time they played right where the Casa del Rey Hotel sits now. That's where the old folks are put up now, but it used to be that right there was a ball diamond. And then when the electric car run out to Vue de l'Eau they had a nice big ball diamond out there. And at one time Santa Cruz had a ball team; they called them the Sand Crabs, and they were on an equal with any of them around California. It was all

hometown boys, or pretty near; I guess some of them come in from other places.

Calciano: A professional team?

Wagner: Yes. They were real good ballplayers. There was four Williams boys -- Danny was a harness maker, and I can't-think of the names of the other ones, but they had a haberdashery store right on Pacific Avenue, two young fellows, and they done a pretty good business too. Well, the youngest one, he was the shortstop for the Sand Crab ball team. Yes, baseball was very popular.

Country Dances

Calciano: What about your evenings? You've mentioned country dances.

Wagner: Oh, there sure were good dances in them days. There used to be a place up above Soquel, out where Prescott's Inn is, up in that part of the country.

Calciano: That's Glen Haven Way, isn't it?

Wagner: Glen Haven Way, that's right, that's what I was trying to think of. Well, different people bought land out there when Grovers was done logging, and they cleared it off as good as they could and set out orchards.

Well take the Wessell ranch, way at the head of Glen Haven. Some of the finest apples in the country was raised up on that orchard, and I guess they are yet. A lot of the apples went over to Watsonville, and Watsonville got the credit for having the fine apples that come right from the Wessell ranch. Well there was a man by the name of Lunbeck who lived out there. I remember when Lunbeck drove an eight-horse team for Grovers. I was only a schoolboy, but I remember. After he got through driving teams for Grover, he bought this property up there and set out an orchard. And pretty near everybody that had an orchard of any size had what they called an apple house. That would be a building about twenty foot wide and forty or forty-five or fifty feet long where they stored their apples when the market wasn't right. Well then, after that apple house was cleaned out, it made a wonderful dance hall, so the. Lunbecks just added a little stage at the back end and the three boys made the music while the old man set at the door. They had an entrance with a little porch on it; the porch was all enclosed except where you come up the steps, so in the wintertime, or in the cold weather, you'd be halfway warm anyway. Anyhow, he tended to the door. Well, it

was four bits for admission, and for two bits apiece extra for you and your girlfriend, you were entitled to supper. Just think, all that for a dollar! And of course you generally had a dollar bottle of whiskey out on the buggy seat. (Laughter) So some of the finest times I ever had I had up in Glen Haven Way. And boy that old bass fiddle, when you'd come home after the dance and try to go to sleep you could hear drump, drumpp, drumppp. But, oh, we used to have some wonderful times. Well between twelve and one o'clock the music didn't play, and they had a lean-to built onto the side of the apple shed. They had a little kitchen there, and some of the finest homemade cakes, I can taste them yet. Mrs. Lunbeck used to make sandwiches and cake and coffee. That's what you got for supper for twenty-five cents.

Calciano: How wonderful.

Wagner: Oh but just think of it, you worked all day for a dollar and a half.

Calciano: Would you take girls out there, or would you go out alone and meet someone there?

Wagner: Well, I've taken girls from here out there, but there used to be five girls from Soquel drive up there in a

top buggy.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: I could name them right now, I think. And us boys, we tried to separate them. "Why are you coming up here in that top buggy? You're too crowded. The next time they have a dance, “I'd like to bring you up here." No sir, we couldn't separate them girls; they stuck together. But they were good company and good dancers, and we used to have a lot of fun.

Calciano: Did a fellow by the name of Mike Lodge play for some of your dances?

Wagner: No, I don't remember Mike Lodge ever playing, but I do remember when my wife and I used to drive over to Watsonville, he lived just the other side of Soquel, and he'd sit out there on the front porch playing the violin on a Sunday morning when we'd drive by. I remember that. Then another place where we used to have some wonderful times was right up here at Laguna Creek.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: They had a dance hall there and, oh, we used to have some wonderful times there. We danced the old year out and the new year in there two or three different times.

Calciano: When you were courting, where would you take a girl? To dances and what else?

Wagner: About the only other place you could take her was to the old armory to a dance, or take her down to the beach to a dance. If there was a show come to town you could take her to old Knight's Opera House, and then pretty soon the moving picture theater come along. That was quite a thing, you know. The first one they had was right across the street from Walnut Avenue on Pacific. It was called the Unique theater. Then they moved down and built that bigger one.

Calciano: Well now, when you took girls out, what time did you have to have them in by?

Wagner: Oh well, you go to them country dances and you didn't get home until two or three o'clock in the morning.

Calciano: So it wasn't much different from now, in a way. I talked to one person who's a little older than you and he said the girls were always chaperoned and he always had to have them back by ten o'clock. Things seemed a little more relaxed for you.

Wagner: Well, it's just like I told you, well like Pia Scaroni. He used to bring his daughters over there to Laguna Creek because they had no other way of getting there. And they'd stay until the dance was over

whether it was two, three o'clock in the morning. I've come from Laguna Creek when it was getting daylight already. (Laughter) I don't know, maybe I hadn't ought to say it, but this sex and stuff, they've talked about it so much now that I think the younger generation don't know what they're talking about. We never thought of such things when I was a young man. I don't know, we seemed to have more respect for a girl. We always told our folks where we were going, so that's all there was to it. You know you ought to see the bathing suits they had in the 1890's; it was more than you got on right now! (Laughter) Pardon me for trying to make a contrast with you, but the bathing suits was stockings, long skirts, jackets -- why if they got in the breakers they'd be lucky if they didn't get drownded. Just think of that outfit sopping wet on there.

Calciano: Oh, clammy! (Laughter)

Wagner: Why when I was a young man if you'd seen four inches of a woman's leg you thought you'd seen a whole lot! (Laughter)

Calciano: Times certainly change.

The Venetian Water Carnival

Wagner: You know, talking about entertainment and all, the Venetian Water Carnival used to be a big thing.

Calciano: Did you enjoy them?

Wagner: Well yes, but in the 1895 carnival on the river I packed bunting on my back from Leask's store down to the river until my feet were sore!

Calciano: Was this, while you were working for Leask?

Wagner: Yes, that's right. Well finally Mr. Leask says to me, "Can you drive a horse?" I says, "I was raised on a farm. I've been around horses all my life." Well," he says, "You go up to the house and you get my horse and buggy, and we'll do the delivering that way." So that's what I done after that. That was a beautiful affair, that carnival. I think it was in 1895. They dammed up the San Lorenzo River, and I want to tell you, right at the end of Laurel Street they had a great big grandstand, and they had the most beautiful floats and display of Chinese lanterns, and the illumination at night was really something.

Calciano: It sounds lovely.

Wagner: A man by the name of J. P. Smith owned the Ocean Villa up on Beach Hill there, and he financed it. Right on

the corner of Laurel Street, after you cross Pacific Avenue, they built a great big dance hall there, and he financed the whole thing. He had a bar in the back twice as long as this house.

Calciano: Oh my! Well, when they dammed up the river, why didn't buildings get flooded?

Wagner: Well, it just raised the river up so they could float these big barges they had. You see when they dammed the river down by the railroad bridge, that backed the water up, and all along from the cut-bias bridge pretty near up to the old covered bridge they could float one of these big barges that they had in there. And they had them in there by the dozen.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: It was a beautiful affair.

Calciano: Why did they discontinue them?

Wagner: Well, like everything else, the last one they had was it 1912, on what they called the island. You know the San Lorenzo River, after it gets through the cut-bias bridge there, there used to be two parts to it, so there was an island there. And the last one, I think it was in 1912, was on that island. I don't know why

things don't continue; you know, that's a hard question to answer.

Parades

Wagner: It's just like the big Fourth of July parades. Why don't we have any more Fourth of July parades?

Calciano: That used to be a really big holiday, didn't it?

Wagner: The Fourth of July was looked upon as really something. Pretty near every organization would build a float, and some of them floats were wonderful. People worked six days a week, ten hours a day, but they always had time to give several hours or more to help build one of them floats. Now you ask somebody to do something, and even though they only work five days a week, about six hours a day, they ain't got time to do nothing. I was down to that Soquel-a-rama Sunday, and if they don't take the automobiles out of that celebration, it's going to be nothing. We used to have some wonderful Old-timers celebrations with a big barbecue and a dance to see at night. It went over fine for several years, but pretty soon the automobiles came in. Kerrick's Laundry had five in there one time, and every automobile dealer put in a

car with a big sign on the side, "Let us Mar-Fac your car." Well the people that put themselves out to build a float or to get up some kind of an exhibit said, "If that's the way the parades are ..." It was just advertising; that's all it was. I got a friend that comes from Watsonville. He has the most beautiful team of horses, harness, and a carriage, and his son-in-law and wife were dressed with the clothes of the 1890's. It was wonderful, but they were put way at the tail end of the parade. So you see he puts himself out, why don't they put him somewhere in the middle of the parade? But, no, that offal from the horses might get ... Well the Horsemen participated in a big parade here, and we wanted to put the horses down there in that lot below the hill from the school there, and they wouldn't think about it. Oh, they couldn't let the horses be in there. Well, that's the way it goes.

Knight's Opera House

Calciano: A few minutes ago you mentioned Knight's Opera House.

Wagner: Yes, old Doctor Knight. He had the Knight's Opera House. He was a prominent doctor. He lived right on the corner there, right opposite the Santa Cruz Hotel,

in that two-story building.

Calciano: He owned the opera house?

Wagner: Yes. He owned the opera house, and boy, it was a pretty classy affair. They had nice plush seats and then nigger heaven was up above. That's what they used to call the balcony. Did you ever hear them two great comedians, Kolb and Dill? Well, they were two comedians, and whenever they come to town they generally played two nights. The admission to nigger heaven was a dollar, and I went both nights to the same place. (Laughter) Oh, they were a kick. Some things that I'd maybe missed the night before, I'd pick up the second night. Yes, they were two great comedians.

Calciano: Did the opera house go out of business?

Wagner: Well, it's like everything else, the road shows quit coming, you know, and I don't know when they tore it down. They tore it down to make room for something.

Calciano: About what year did it stop?

Wagner: Oh, it's like I tell you, dates I can't remember. When something went out, we didn't pay no attention; it happened all the time.

ROADS AND TRAVEL

Fashionable Residential Streets

Calciano: What was the most fashionable street to live on back around 1900?

Wagner: Well, Ocean View Avenue was considered a very popular, a very nice street. It had beautiful trees and it had nice homes. I won't say the aristocratic class lived there, but there were what you could-call the middle class of people. Old man Foster lived over on Ocean View Avenue and had a mighty nice home. I just seen where they had a fire in it a while back, and now it's going to be torn down. He had a barn out in the back of his home there, and I want to tell you, if I needed lumber I'd like-to get some of the lumber that went in there, because it was built out of all A number one redwood lumber, yes. When they took the top deck off the old Mission School down here (they condemned it; they said it wasn't fit for occupancy any more) well the floor joists were two by fourteen and twenty feet long without a knot in them. The man that tore it down had a saw down in the yard there, and he sawed it into two by-fours and sold it for lumber. Finest lumber you'd want to see. Maybe some of them listening to this won't like it, but it's the God darnest truth.

You know a lot of times the truth hurts.

Calciano: Yes. (Laughter) What were some of the other fashionable streets in town?

Wagner: Well, Garfield Street was a beautiful street in its day. It went right through where the redevelopment is now. The homes that we considered nice, beautiful homes, now they call them a home with a lot of gingerbread on them. Well what are these apartments they're building now? Nothing but square boxes! There isn't an artistic thing about them. And the architect gets a terrible price for drawing the plan.

Calciano: Now Garfield Street and Ocean View, were these built up about the 1890's or when?

Wagner: Well, in the 1880's.

Calciano: Didn't Walnut Street and around there have some good homes?

Wagner: Well downtown there was Church Street. Church Street had some beautiful homes on it. And after you got below Lincoln Street there were some very beautiful homes right on Pacific Avenue at one time.

Calciano: Oh my.

Wagner: Yes. Below Lincoln Street there wasn't a great deal but homes when I was a young man.

Calciano: Your wife once mentioned that there were just board sidewalks downtown.

Wagner: Yes, that's true. The first sidewalks they had was plank or board. I can remember the old Pacific Ocean House -- the porch set up a little bit higher than the street level. That was so the buses that met the train to bring the people from the depot to the Pacific Ocean House, when the bus backed up there they were almost on *a* level with the sidewalk, see. They'd only have maybe one step to step down. Otherwise, if the porch was clear down with the level of the street, they'd have maybe had to take three steps coming out of those buses. Santa Cruz was noted as a seaside resort when I was a schoolboy. There was a lot of people; people used to come here in the summer and they'd stay and enjoy themselves. They wouldn't come here Saturday night and look for a room and go on Sunday. They'd bring their baggage and stay for a month maybe if they were from some of the hot places in the San Joaquin and the Sacramento Valley. I shod horses for people that would drive over here from the San Joaquin Valley.

Calciano: I guess they didn't mind our fog if it meant avoiding the heat! One thing I was wondering, what are some of

the main street name changes that have occurred in Santa Cruz?

Wagner: You take a lot of the streets that were named after the old-timers that settled here, now they've changed the name. Like McIntyre was a very prominent name, and now it's Prospect Heights. When they subdivided this piece of land right here, this big subdivision here, it kind of made me feel bad. The land used to belong to my father, and there's every name you can think of there, but no Wagner Street. Bogard's son married a girl by the name of Estates and they named one of the streets after his son's wife. Now when he bought that property, if he had looked back over the records, he ought to have seen that part of the property was bought by my father in 1873.

Calciano: Yes it would have been nice to have a Wagner Drive.

Travel to San Francisco

Wagner: You know one thing they talk about a lot now is what the transportation in and out of Santa Cruz was like years ago. When my father come here, the only way of getting in and out of Santa Cruz was to go over the mountain on a stage to the East, or take a boat and go

that way. That's all there was until the railroad. How long do you think it took to go to San Francisco?

Calciano: I have no idea.

Wagner: Two days.

Calciano: Really?

Wagner: You left here about six o'clock in the morning and you changed horses about three times, maybe four, and you got to Alviso way late in the afternoon. You stayed at Alviso overnight in a hotel, and the next morning you took a boat and you went into San Francisco; 'course that didn't take all day. Then, if you could do your business and get ready to come home the next morning, you could take that boat in San Francisco and come over to Alviso and stay there that night, and then you'd take the stage and come home the next day, so you'd be gone four days. There's people who go up to San Francisco now and transact a little business and come back in four hours.

Calciano: That's right. How much did it cost to go up there?

Wagner: Well, this is just an estimate, but I think the fare for the round trip was something like $16.

Calciano: Oh, that's a lot ...

Wagner: Well, but you take the stage coach and six horses you

know, and you got to change them two or three times, and pay the driver and all that.

Calciano: That was a sizable amount of money back then.

Wagner: Yes. Well there was some things that took quite a little money. Speaking of travel, would you believe I rode ten thousand miles in a cart?

Calciano: Ten thousand!

Wagner: Yes, ma'am.

Calciano: Where?

Wagner: Back and forth to work. I can sit down with a paper and a pencil and prove it to you. I wore out a set of axles and a set of wheels.

Calciano: I guess that settles it.

Wagner: Well, when I had this shop I used to drive in from East Santa Cruz in the morning. It was over a mile, but we'll call it a mile, and then go home for dinner, back after dinner, and home at night. Four miles a day for six days is twenty-four miles a week. Multiply that by fifty-two weeks for eight years and see what you get. Then I drove it from here before I was married clear over to East Santa Cruz for five years, add that up.

Calciano: You're right.

Early Automobiles

Wagner: We used to have some good times with the horses. You could enjoy the scenery much better than you can now. You go so fast now. We kept a double team, a little driving team. Two horses and a buggy. I remember we drove over to Watsonville one Sunday, and coming home, it was nothing but a dirt road, and dust, oh boy! The automobiles was coming in pretty good, and we were in the ditch about half of the time, off to the side of the road.

Calciano: Heavens.

Wagner: You had to get pretty near into the ditch when an automobile came. It was just a wagon road you might say. And about the time the dust would clear, here'd be another car come by. (Laughter) When we got home I says, "I hate to do it, but we're going to have to give up this horse game."

Calciano: About what year was that?

Wagner: 1915.

Calciano: You bought a car then?

Wagner: Yes, a Model T. (Laughter)

(To wife) Now you tell her about going around the

Cliff Drive.

Mrs. Wagner: If you start down here you can go around the Cliff Drive and Mission Street and come back where you started. We did that all the time, so we thought we knew how to drive pretty well. Then one day we thought we'd go the other way, and that was just like going on a new road!

Calciano: Oh really!

Mrs. Wagner: All the turns were just opposite, and we'd just make it, you know.

Wagner: For about a week, every night after work we'd go out Mission Street and around and come out down to the beach. Well I got so I thought I could drive pretty good, and the wife says "Let's start at the beach and go around that way." (Laughter)

Calciano: I guess you had to teach yourself how to drive?

Wagner: Yes, that's right.

Calciano: How much of a lesson did you have? Did the salesman show you how to start it and that was it, or what?

Wagner: That was it, yes.

Mrs. Wagner: That's why we kept on the same road all the time.

Calciano: Oh, that's funny. What was the first automobile you

saw in Santa Cruz?

Wagner: Well, I'd have to think about the first automobile I saw, but the first bicycle I saw (outside of them big high-wheeled ones with the little low wheel) was a young fellow that was a dry goods clerk for A. C. Snyder. Snyder had a dry goods store there on Pacific Avenue and he bought a regular low-wheeled bicycle. They called them the safety bicycle in them days, because them high-wheel bicycles was dangerous. When they come out with these two wheels the same size and so close to the ground, they called them a safety bicycle. Anyway, he come riding up Pacific Avenue one morning on that bicycle. I was working in the store there on Pacific Avenue for Samuel Leask. I wasn't cut out for a dry goods clerk and I didn't stay there long, but I can remember when he come riding up on that. And then the first two automobiles that I can remember of belonged to D. Wilder's father and George Cardiff's brother. They had two, I don't know, I think they were Maxwells. But anyhow they was just a little bit better than a wagon; they didn't even have a windshield on them, and I think one of them steered with a handle bar instead of a wheel. They were the first two automobiles I ever remember seeing in Santa

Cruz.

Calciano: What did you think when you saw them? Did you think that they would ever replace the horse?

Wagner: I always figured there'd be nothing take the place of the horse, of course, but they did. Then one of the first guys that got an idea to make a team wagon into a truck or whatever you want to call it built it right in my blacksmith shop, right on Pacific Avenue. He had some discs made and he installed the engine up in the front end, but it never was a success. It didn't amount to nothing, but he spent a lot of money on it.

Calciano: So people thought cars were mainly a curiosity and didn't really sense that they were going to revolutionize everything?

Wagner: No, they didn't. Well it was a great change, just like we're going through now, you know. That was a great thing to do away with the horse and have something that run along like an automobile was supposed to go. And like everything else, it's been improved on. The first ones were pretty crude, I'll tell you. You had to take an old pump jack along with you, and if you got a flat tire somewhere, you had to get out and change the tire, fix it, and pump it up by hand.

Dirt Highways

Calciano: Do you remember when the highways came to Santa Cruz?

Wagner: Oh, somewhere in the early twenties. The highway first was completed from Santa Cruz to the Sand Hill schoolhouse; that's right at the head of Scotts Valley there. And then from there it went on up, and finally they got it clear over the mountain. I remember going over to my niece's graduation exercises when she graduated from State Normal over in San Jose. That was when the road from Santa Cruz to San Jose, clear over the mountain, was nothing but gravel. You could tighten up all the bolts in your automobile when you got back home. (Laughter)

Calciano: It must have been awful.

Wagner: But we thought that was something. My goodness, we could go clear over to San Jose and back in one day.

Calciano: What year was that?

Wagner: Well let's see when was that, well along about between 1915 and 1917 or '18, somewhere along in there.

Calciano: What about the roads going down to Watsonville?

Wagner: Well, they were just dirt roads, that's all, until the county finally started oiling the roads. They would grade them and wet them and get them to a nice surface

and then oil them. As late as when I first went to work for the county, each supervisorial district had a big water tank on a truck. And previous to that they had the horses. It helped to keep the dust settled, but that's about all you could say for it. And then out in Branciforte district they'd take one of the horses out and go down into the creek and hitch them to this horsepower pump and pump the water out of the creek into the water wagon. The wagon had a sprinkler on the back end and the driver could work a lever from his seat and open the sprinkler when he wanted it. Then there was something that was pretty interesting out here on Cliff Drive. A couple of brothers, Tom and Ned Armstrong, they invented a wave motor. They installed it out there and the waves drove the pump that pumped the water up into the tank, and for years they sprinkled the whole Cliff Drive with salt water. It helped settle the dust, but looking back now it didn't do a great deal of good. And then after that they got to using this crude oil. That was pretty good, but that would wear into holes, too. So I guess the concrete and this blacktopping they have now is the best they could find up to the present time. You know they used to mine this bitumen up here in the

mountains. It went to San Francisco. Why there used to be as high as three carloads a day go out of Gondola up there. Gondola was just a siding there on the Scaroni ranch that they used for loading. United Railroads in San Francisco had a standing order, I think, for a car a week. Every week they'd send a car, the United Railroads did, just to keep the streets paved in between the tracks and so on.

Calciano: The bitumen mines were up near the Majors' ranch, weren't they?

Wagner: That's right. Up along the coast. Oh, you know this Tom Majors is still alive?

Calciano: Yes, I interviewed him a while ago.

Wagner: When you was talking with him I suppose he told you about his grandfather's mill over here, didn't he?

Calciano: Yes. He said it was over near Escalona. Was it still standing when you were a boy?

Wagner: It was still standing when I was a young man, yes.

Calciano: When did it go out of operation?

Wagner: Oh, that I couldn't tell you. That's the one thing I'm lacking on is the dates. I can tell you about all the different things, but when it comes to dates, I wouldn't like to put down the date. But I do know one thing. Majors had a write-up in the paper about his

grandfather, and he said the spring that ran his grandfather's mill was in Rancho Tres Ojos de Agua. Well that's all wrong. I remember the mill had an over-shot wheel. The flume where it ran out was still there when I was a kid, and there used to be a kind of a circle cut in the chalk rock there where about a third of the wheel run back. That saved making the flume so long, see. And Rancho Tres Ojos de Agua is this ranch here and it doesn't go over that far. You know a lot of the city officials think that that big Westlake spring over there is in Rancho Tres Ojos de. Agua, but it's not. Go to the Hall of Records if you don't believe me; I can show you where the dividing line is over there between Rancho Tres Ojos de Agua and Rancho Refugio.

Calciano: So Majors' mill was on Refugio?

Wagner: Yes, it went on Refugio. It was an old run-down dilapidated mill, but they did use it after the waterwheel had deteriorated. There was a man who went out to the Thompson Ranch and got a steam engine mounted on wheels, and he used that to drive the old mill's threshing machine to make the flour.

Calciano: How interesting.

FUNERALS, FRATERNAL GROUPS, AND CHURCHES

The Death of Bob Majors

Wagner: You know the Majors brothers' uncle, Bob Majors, he got shot right in John Merrill's saloon down there right on Pacific Avenue, just about two doors below the Pure Foods Center there. Oh, it was over almost nothing -- over an argument about some tools. That was when they first opened up the bitumen mine up here about 1885. Bob Majors was the foreman; he opened up the mine, and this fellow Harris worked for him on a percentage, so much *a* ton or something. They had an argument over the tools and they got into kind of a to-do. And Harris was in town and Bob Majors was in town, and Harris made the remark, "The first time I *see* Bob Majors, I'm going to kill him." So somebody says to Bob Majors, "They says Harris is over there in John Merrill's saloon, and he's gunning for you." That's what they used to say, see, "He's gunning for you." "Well," he says, "let's go over and see." I don't know, men were, they had more courage in them days or something; maybe they were more foolish, I don't know. Anyway, it was in the wintertime, around Christmas, and that's when all the laboring men come into town. So Majors just put his revolver in his

overcoat pocket, and just as he walked through the door Harris took a shot at him, and it hit him here in the groin. Well Bob Majors just shot him from the hip and killed him. He didn't even *take* the gun out of the overcoat pocket.

Calciano: Majors died though, didn't he?

Wagner: Oh yes, I remember going up to see him with my father. Him and my father were great friends; he lived up there by the city reservoir. Gangrene set in, you know, and he died a horrible death. And the doctors in them days they didn't have very good kinds of medicines or anything, you know. If it had been a day like now they could have operated on him and saved his life and there'd be nothing to it.

Calciano: About what year was that?

Wagner: Oh, that was the early part of the nineties, I think, maybe in the eighties yet, I don't know, but somewhere. I don't think I was over ten years old. But times were different back then. Take the funerals they used to have; look what a funeral is today. If you don't spend five dollars or more for a floral piece, you'd better not send anything. My mother used to go out there to the garden when somebody passed away and

pick some beautiful flowers and go back in and put some ferns around it and take that down. Sometimes there's more to that little bouquet of flowers than there is to somebody that gets a hold of the phone and says, "Hey, send a nice floral piece over to the undertaking parlor for me, and charge it to my account."

Irish Wakes

Calciano: When you were a boy, was the body kept at the house?

Wagner: Normally kept at the house.

Calciano: Wasn't it rather hard on the family, especially on young children, when the dead person remained in the house?

Wagner: Well, they used to call them a wake; they never left that corpse without somebody in the room. Just think of that, night and day, especially night, there was always somebody to sit up with the corpse, one or two people. The Irish, they would all get drunk! (Laughter) Oh, I won't say all of them. I had a friend that come from Michigan who was raised right along side of an Irish family. One time one of them died and they had such a big affair with the candles all around

(the Catholics always burned candles, you know) and I guess they pushed the coffin around or something. Anyhow the coffin got on fire and it burnt one end of it pretty bad. The next day they come over and wanted to know if this fellow's father wouldn't go to town and get another coffin. He says, "What's the matter with that coffin I brought out? That was a good coffin." So they says, "It's a little too short for him; we wish you'd go and get another one." (Laughter) I don't know how true it is, but I don't ever remember that man lying. I could tell you some Irish wake stories that happened right here in Santa Cruz.

Calciano: Oh really! Were there very many Irish people here?

Wagner: Quite a few; pretty near the whole flat down there around the Laurel School there was Irish. A lot of Irish lived there. And right here on High Street there was quite a few Irish.

Calciano: What did they work at mainly?

Wagner: Oh, some of them were just common laborers, and some of them were mechanics. San Francisco at one time had a lot of Irish horseshoers and good ones too, yes.

An Odd Fellows Funeral Ceremony

Wagner: You know, about these funerals, my father's wish was to be buried out of the Odd Fellows Hall. He was a wonderful Odd Fellow; he lived up to their teachings and passed through the chairs. And when I joined the Odd Fellows I was the last one he give the Past Grand's charge to, and the Past Grand's Charge takes three full pages out of the ritual.

Calciano: Oh my.

Wagner: He give me that committed to memory. When I was a kid, when he'd go to milk the cows, he'd always commence to muttering see, and I'd be working in the horse stable or doing something and go by there and. I'd say, "What in the devil. Is the old man going nuts or crazy, or what's wrong with him?" After I got to be a man and knew what he'd done in the Odd Fellows, I bet when he'd go to milking them cows that that's what he was doing, reciting that. It was generally on a Friday too, and that's when the Lodge met. Oh, he had that down pat. I tell you, when a man lives up to the teachings of the Odd Fellows and the Masons, or any fraternal order, but them two especially, he's really a good man. When I took my third degree I says to my

father, "I don't think I can live up to all this stuff." "Oh," he says, "don't let that bother you. Do the best you can."

Calciano: You were a third degree Odd Fellow?

Wagner: Yes. You see you can take three degrees. You're initiated and then you take the first, second, and third degree. Then if you want to get higher up you join what they call the Encampment. That was a branch of the Odd Fellows and they used to come out and, oh, you ought to see the dress, the way they dress with the big hat with a plume on it and brass buttons and they'd take part in parades and things. I can remember the GAR parades. The first parades I seen were the GAR -- that was the Grand Army of the Republic after the Civil War. The GAR, they'd march, but the poor old fellows kept getting older and passing off, and I can remember when there was only about three of them left and they'd haul them in nice carriages with horses. They couldn't walk any more so they rode. Whenever they'd go by you'd take your hat off and show some respect for them. Today you don't even take your hat off to the flag. I noticed that down there in Soquel. Young men and older men, anybody from teenagers on up, why I can't help it, when I see the American flag I

take my hat off. Respect. I was just talking with a man this morning downtown, and he says respect is something that we don't practice anymore. Look at the kids -- nowadays they tell the schoolteacher to go to hell. When they took the whip away from the schoolteacher, they took the character, the discipline, the manners; they took it all away. Maybe I'm wrong.

Calciano: A lot has changed for the good, but there's a lot that we've lost, too.

Wagner: Oh yes. Now don't think that I'm not in favor of progress; I've progressed along with the rest. Well just think, I was a blacksmith, and if I didn't take up electric welding and acetylene welding, I wouldn't of held a job towards the last. I could see the handwriting on the wall. I says, "I've got to take this up too, if I want a job." So the same way with civic duties and progress, or whatever you want to call it. I've tried to keep abreast of it. I got rid of my horse and buggy, as bad as I hated to, and bought an automobile. (Laughter)

Calciano: You said your father wanted to be buried out of the Odd Fellows Hall. Was he?

Wagner: Yes he was, and he was such a good Odd Fellow that the

traffic to the cemetery was incredible; there was all horses and buggies and the hearse was pulled with horses too. Well the pallbearers took him up in the Odd Fellows Hall and they had their ceremony up there, just like you would have in a church, and then they brought him down. Pallbearers used to walk along side the hearse from wherever the service was read, clear out to the Odd Fellows' Cemetery.

Calciano: Oh my.

Wagner: And Ocean Street, you might say it was just sand, and deep sand too. And three men walked on each side of the hearse. You couldn't hire a man to be a pallbearer today, but friends of the deceased thought it was an honor to be a pallbearer and to help lay the man away.

Calciano: What year did your father die?

Wagner: He died in 1914, just a few days before Christmas. I had a job up in the country at the petroleum mine and we stopped here one Sunday, my wife and I, on our way from her place. We had come down to visit the both of them, and my father says to me, "I only got one wish -- I want to eat Christmas dinner with the family and then they can take me anytime." But he died just two days before Christmas. He didn't get his wish.

Calciano: What did he die from?

Wagner: Oh, his liver, I guess, had gone completely wrong. He used to suffer with the most ungodly pains under his shoulder blades. We took him to seven different doctors, and pretty near every one said every organ in his body was as good as a young man's except his liver. Well, you only got to have one go wrong. And he always said he wanted to die with his boots on. Well my mother and my sister were here when they had dinner, and he went in that back room there and laid down on the couch, and they thought something was wrong. They heard him breathing awful hard so they went in there, and they just got one boot off of him when he passed away. He always wore boots, but he says, "When I die, I'm going to die with my boots on." I want to tell you, you talk about your rugged pioneers; he was one of them.

Church Attendance

Calciano: Do you think people were more church-going back when you were a boy?

Wagner: Well, there was a lot of church-going people, yes. I never attended church to amount to anything, but I was pretty much like my father. He followed the teachings

of the Odd Fellows, and if you live up to their teachings, it's just as good as if you belong to the church, I think.

Calciano: You hear a lot nowadays about how people have drifted away from churches. You don't think that people were that much more devoted to church-going when you were a boy than now?

Wagner: Well, you can't hardly say that, I don't think. I think people were more sincere. If they went to church, they went to a church for a purpose. Today people maybe go to church on Easter Sunday just to show off what a fine hat they've got, or something like that. Of course they had those people in them days too. There was a businessman here that they said, "He don't go to church to bow his head in prayer, he just bows his head to *see* how he's going to beat somebody out of something during the next week." Well, there you are. And people were more superstitious in them days, you see.

Calciano: Oh they were?

Wagner: Yes. Some of them went to church to relieve their conscience or something. I couldn't tell you just exactly why, though.

Calciano: But it wasn't a situation where everybody went, and those who didn't go were outcasts, was it?

Wagner: Oh no.

Calciano: It was pretty much "Do as you want?"

Wagner: Yes. And they were sincere in their beliefs. Today I don't know, very likely they are today, but I don't get around as much as I did when I was a younger man.

Calciano: What were the big churches in town?

Wagner: Well the Catholics, for one thing, were a pretty strong church. They always were. A lot of people have got it against the Catholics, but I can say one thing for the Catholics, I think their children are more disciplined; they're more polite. I really do. Maybe I hadn't ought to say that, but from what I've observed, that's the way it is. Then there was the different denominations just like they have now, and they all had their churches.

Calciano: Methodists, Presbyterian.

Wagner: Congregational.

Calciano: Were there many of these little Churches of God and Assemblies of God and such? All the small ones?

Wagner: Oh, I don't believe there was over four or five churches here in Santa Cruz when I was a youngster.

<u>Fraternal Groups</u>

Wagner: That's the trouble with any organization. You see it so often. There will be a fine group, a big group, and all of a sudden some of them don't agree with what's going on and they pull out and start something else. Just like the Horsemen's Association. I always was for one big Horsemen's Association in Santa Cruz County. Well, it was divided up, and *now* there's one in Watsonville, one in Santa Cruz, and one in San Lorenzo between Felton and Boulder Creek there. And there's a little jealousy between them. Wouldn't it be better if they were all in one. You see it so many times. Well look at the Odd Fellows Lodge. At one time they were separated. There was the San Lorenzo and the Branciforte. They both owned the property jointly because everything they done had to be done jointly. Well when I was taking an active part in the Odd Fellows we had a round table meeting one time and each man had his say, so when it come around to me I says "The best thing, the way I see it, is to consolidate these two lodges and make one lodge out of it." I . says, "We're taking out two nights meeting at our own hall when we could have one meeting and have that other night to rent out so we'd get some revenue

coming in." That was when both groups were in pretty bad circumstances financially. Oh, you ought to have heard the hollering about it. Just like Democrats and Republicans, "Well you damn Democrats," and that's the way it was with them lodges, see. We took the same oath and we were living under the same charter and the same by-laws and still we were two different lodges. That's what I could never understand. But now they're consolidated again and they've really gone ahead; that's really something.

Calciano: The Odd Fellows and the Masons, were they sort of the same ...

Wagner: Well, no, of course maybe the Masons think they're a little better than the Odd Fellows, I don't know, but we had men in the Odd Fellows that belonged to the Masons and the Odd Fellows both.

Calciano: Oh, you could belong to both?

Wagner: Oh yes.

Calciano: Now, what about the Elks Club? Is that like Odd Fellows or is that different again?

Wagner: Well, it's a fraternal organization, that's what it is, and I think they're a very good organization. They've done a lot of good for deprived children and

like that. They put on a nice party at Christmas for the people of the younger generation that don't have a very good home. Just like any fraternal order, they help the underdog.

Calciano: Are the Lions a fraternal group or a service group?

Wagner: Oh, I don't know about the Lions; I think they're a bunch of businessmen that get together to kind of consult one another about the times and so on and so forth.

Calciano: Was there a Moose Lodge here or not?

Wagner: Oh yes, they had a very big membership, too; it's still going as far as I know, yes.

Calciano: Now that's a fraternal group again, isn't it?

Wagner: They're a fraternal order. It's just like the Foresters of America. I paid dues into the Foresters of America for fifty-two years, and now, in my old age, when I could use the service of their doctor or get a discount on my medicine, they're defunct. They just disbanded, and they're extinct.

Calciano: Oh dear.

Wagner: And we were the Banner Court of the state of California. That meant we were the largest group of Foresters in California. At one time we had six

hundred members in this little town.

Calciano: Oh my, what group was this?

Wagner: Foresters of America. Now they've still got the Ancient Order of Foresters; I don't know how strong• they are, but they're still in existence. When I belonged to the Foresters of America they used to give doctor services and sick benefits, see, since it was. a fraternal order. Well Doctor Morgan was the doctor for the Foresters of America for years. One of the brothers come up one night before they called the meeting to order, and he said, "Boys, I've got some news for you." What is it? "Doc Morgan's changed the color of his pills. He used to give everybody pink pills; now he's giving some black ones." (Laughter) "Well," he said, "Look out for the pill -- when they give you a black pill, you ain't got long to live."

Calciano: (Laughter) Oh, no.

Wagner: Oh, we used to have a lot of fun.

MEDICINE

Doctors

Wagner: Well, Doctor Morgan, he was the son of a rancher that

had a big ranch that was out on the, well, they call it Soquel Drive today; back then they called it the Soquel Road. Right out there around Thurber Lane, where it goes up there to that Santa Cruz Gardens subdivision, that whole country belonged to old John Morgan. And next to the Morgan Ranch was the Winkle Ranch. There was only about four ranches between here and Soquel when I was *a* young man. Doctor Morgan. Boy, he was a proud little rooster. He used to wear a plug hat and a cutaway coat. All the doctors had a drugstore which they kind of had for a headquarters. They'd have an office too, but they'd hang around the drugstore a good deal.

Calciano: Well, did the doctors have office hours at all?

Wagner: Oh, yes. They all had office hours.

Calciano: Who were some of the other doctors in town?

Wagner: Oh, the oldest doctor, the man that vaccinated me when I was a kid, was old Doctor Fagan. He had a home right on Mission Street, right opposite where King and Mission come together. He kept his own driving horse and a cow and a man to do the gardening and a servant. You know when I was a kid, a lot of the young girls were servants for these people who could afford to hire them. Now there's something you don't see any

more; what happened to the servant girl? Well, there is no such thing as a servant girl. And then, let's see, there was Doctor Congdon. He had an office right, well you know where the title company is there on Pacific Avenue? Well upstairs there Dr. Congdon had an office, and it was nothing to see Dr. Congdon's horse tied to a hitching post there on Pacific Avenue. He kept two driving horses. Then there was old Doctor Bailey. He was over on Front Street. And let's see, who else? Oh, there was different ones that come along as time went on.

Calciano: Did you ever know Dr. C. L. Anderson?

Wagner: Yes, I remember him very well.

Calciano: What type of fellow was he?

Wagner: Well, he was a kind of a tall man. I never got acquainted with him; I wasn't on speaking terms with him.

Calciano: Do you think he was well liked in town?

Wagner: Oh yes, he was well liked, very well liked.

Calciano: Well now, you say they all hung around a particular drugstore?

Wagner: Well, you know, just like today, you go to a doctor

today and he might tell you, "Well, you take this up to such and such drugstore." Well sometimes I wonder if he's getting a cut on them prescriptions; or how the business is done.

Calciano: Did all the doctors have pretty good reputations, or were some of them sort of thought to be not too good?

Wagner: Well, old doctor Vaux, they say he never could do a good job of surgery or prescribe for you unless he was drunk. (Laughter) That's what everybody used to say. Get old Dr. Vaux, if you can get him when he's sober. Well that was pretty hard to do, too.

Calciano: Oh, my.

Wagner: Now, let's see, who else was there. Oh, there were different ones. That's about all I can think of right now. That goes way back. I can remember things when I was a schoolboy better than I can something that happened a year ago.

Calciano: Do you remember Dr. Phillips?

Wagner: Oh, yes, the Phillips brothers, that's right. The two Doctor Phillipses. They were more advanced than these that I've been telling you about, see.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: And then who else? There's a doctor living up in Bonny

Doon right now, he's got a crippled hand. Oh, he was Dr. Phillips' son. One of the Dr. Phillipses sons. He was a very good doctor. Of course now there are different medicines; medical science has accomplished more in the last ten or fifteen years than they have in the last fifty, I think, don't you?

Calciano: Yes, it's incredible.

Wagner: Yes. I know a man that had his leg cut off years ago. He got shot out in the country and they just took a door off the hinges and made an operating table and cut his leg off, and all they gave him was a drink of whiskey. (Laughter) I worked with the man, so I don't think he was lying when he told me that, I know a man that had his arm shot off in the civil war. He said they killed just as many men behind the cannon as they did out in front of it. (Laughter) He was an old man when I knew him.

Smallpox and Diphtheria

Calciano: You mentioned that you got vaccinated when you were a child. Was that smallpox vaccination?

Wagner: Yes, we had a case of smallpox when I was a kid. There was a German family lived right up on top of Mission

Hill, right next to the school grounds, and they got smallpox so they closed the school down and blockaded the street there for a while.

Calciano: That must have alarmed everyone.

Wagner: Oh, yes.

Calciano: Do I also remember your mentioning once that you had diphtheria injections too?

Wagner: I'm pretty sure they vaccinated for that. When I was a youngster there was a lot of diphtheria epidemics. My sister, she was older than me, passed away with diphtheria. And the sister that come after me, I think she had diphtheria four or five times. And you know, sulphur, they put sulphur in your throat. They never had those little instruments that they could blow it in with, the kind with the little bellows to it. Instead my father would roll up a piece of paper and just put a little pinch of sulphur on it and my sister would open her mouth and he'd blow it down her throat. Such crude things as that. You tell it to people today and they can't hardly believe you. But, I've been through all those things. And there was a lady doctor, Mrs. Chamberlin; she had a reputation of being as good a doctor as there was in Santa Cruz for diphtheria. She pulled my sister out. I've seen her drive up here

with her little sorrel horse and buggy; she'd have a hat on and then a big shawl tied around her head for warmth. She'd tie her horse to the hitching post that used to be out in front here and come on in. I can see her just as if it were the day before yesterday. And faithful, she'd be here every morning. And then when you fumigated the house after the diphtheria was all over, you know how that was done?

Calciano: How?

Wagner: You'd go to the stove and get some coals and put them in a pan of some kind and go through the house and sprinkle a little sulphur on it to get the fumes around through the house.

Calciano: Oh, that must have smelled nice: (Laughter) Did children get measles and mumps too?

Wagner: Oh yes, that all went with it. I had the measles and mumps. You know sometimes the kids would get the mumps so bad they'd have to be lanced. My wife's brother, he had the mumps so bad he's got a scar behind his ear here now where he was lanced for the mumps. Oh, sometimes you'd get a head on you like a balloon.

Calciano: Did the mothers use various herbs and home tonics to try to make the children feel better?

Wagner: Oh yes. And now my wife's mother, she had a lot of different remedies for different things, and some of them were very good too, very good. They'd get the herbs right out of the mountains. I remember taking my wife's mother for *a* ride and she come home with all different kinds of things to make tea and stuff for poultices.

Quack Physicians

Calciano: Were there very many quacks around? Doctors who would come through town and promise to cure you and then

Wagner: Yes, I know there used to be. There was one guy that'd come through town and he called himself the Great Ferdon. He'd sell you a dollar bottle of medicine that would cure almost everything. It was supposed to be good for all kinds of things. They always had a good entertainer with them, too. They'd have a rig that had a platform, you know, and looking back on it, I think they were really smart, because they'd have this entertainment going on and then they'd say, "Now just for five minutes we'll sell this elixir, this elixir of life." That's what he called it, elixir of life, a dollar a bottle, and you ought to see the people run up there with a silver dollar in their hand. And as soon as the five minutes was up, here'd be people with

the money trying to get a bottle. "No, times up, can't sell no more."

Calciano: Oh.

Wagner: See, he had a talking point there. They were so anxious to spend he said, "I've got them coming now, but I don't want to wear them out." So then he'd have a little more entertainment and so on. And I remember one night some fellow got up on the stand there to have a carbuncle removed from his head. So the doctor put a little something on it and then he took his knuckles and rubbed it. He said, "Don't you think it's gone now?" "No," the fellow says, "I don't think so?" So then he really rubbed hard and he said to the guy, "Do you think it's gone?" "Yes, it's gone now," he says. (Laughter) But boy, I could see him rubbing that poor devil's skull with his knuckles. The first time he said, "No, it's still there," but when he asked him the second time, "Yes it's gone," he says. He didn't want any more rubbing. And then he'd sell medicine again for so many minutes, and then no matter how many people were there with their money he'd say, "Sales off; no more selling for a while now." Oh, they were pretty smart them guys.

Calciano: What did the people in town think about somebody like

that.

Wagner: Oh well they, like Barnum says, you know, there's a sucker born every minute, and I guess there was plenty of them in those days.

Calciano: What was the tonic, mainly alcohol or what?

Wagner: I don't know; some kind of syrup with a little alcohol in it. I guess that's all it was. And then there'd be, I don't know, kids seemed to have tapeworms in them days. Different doctors would come and put up at Knight's Opera House and they'd put on a show and different things. And then they'd have a place the next day where you'd bring your child to have the tapeworms removed. I don't know, my folks never would fall for anything like that no matter what was wrong with any of us.

Calciano: Thank Heavens, yes.

Wagner: They always figured that a local doctor knew as much as pretty near anybody, and that's where we'd go.

Patent Medicines

Calciano: I guess there were a lot of patent medicines?

Wagner: Oh patent medicines, yes. There in my blacksmith shop the whole wall was full of ads for patent medicines.

But Murine, just think of that, way back when I had my blacksmith shop Murine was one of the principal things on the wall.

Calciano: That was for tired eyes?

Wagner: Yes. I keep a bottle of it out in my little medicine chest.

Calciano: And Carter's Little Liver Pills date back a long time, don't they?

Wagner: Oh yes, that's just what I was trying to think of, Carter's Little Liver Pills. My, I can remember them ever since I was a schoolboy. I quit taking all kinds of vitamins and I'm drinking wine now. Every forenoon I go and get me a glass of wine, and sometimes in the afternoon, and I think it's doing me just as much good as all the pills I've been taking.

Calciano: Probably is.

Wagner: I'll tell you one thing, the dentists were really good in the old days. I've got two teeth in my head yet, in my lower jaw, that Dr. Parker filled when I was about twenty-one years old. And every dentist that looks in my mouth says, "Who in the world put them fillings in?"

Calciano: They're still good, then?

Wagner: Yes. If I'd have taken better care of my teeth, like I do now with the few I got left in the bottom here, I think I could have retained all my uppers. You didn't brush your teeth when I was a kid.

Calciano: I guess nobody thought about it.

Wagner: No.

Calciano: Was there toothpaste for sale?

Wagner: When I become a young man and started brushing my teeth they had what they called Arnica Tooth Soap. It'd come in a little tin box with a lid to it, and you took your brush and wet it and rubbed over there until you got enough on, and I want to tell you that that was some of the best toothpaste I ever used. It didn't taste the nicest, I'll say that, but it done the work. And when it comes right down to it, just pure salt is as good a thing to brush your teeth with as anything.

Hospitals

Calciano: People didn't use hospitals very much at all in the early days, did they?

Wagner: Why there was no hospitals, only the County Hospital where the poor old people went. The first hospital

here in Santa Cruz was in Laudman's old hall over in East Santa Cruz, right where the fire department is now, at the corner of Benito and Soquel. There was a two-story building there and they made a hospital out of that. That was around 1902 or '03.

Calciano: Who owned the hospital?

Wagner: Oh, that's so long ago I don't remember. A couple of the prominent doctors I guess. Then the next hospital was right down here on the corner of High Street where the bypass goes now. They took an old house and made it into a hospital. It was all right, I guess. It had an operating room.

Calciano: When did it start?

Wagner: Oh, about 1910. Mrs. Atwood was the name of the lady who run it.

Calciano: Did she own it?

Wagner: Well, there was several doctors here that had it. And I want to tell you that while it was pretty good for that time, it was pretty crude too, just like the old blacksmith shop along side it. But it saved my wife's life. She was confined and had a Cesarean birth there.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: Thank God there was a doctor, a very good friend of

ours, that came back from Chicago or some one of them states, and had seen a Cesarean operation performed. That was the last resort they could do for my wife. He wasn't our doctor either.

Calciano: Which fellow was he?

Wagner: Dr. Gates, a very prominent doctor here in Santa Cruz, and a very good doctor. So they called in Dr. Gates and he put her in that makeshift of a hospital up on High Street. It was just an old home; I wish you could have seen it. (Laughter)

Calciano: It wasn't much?

Wagner: Talk about sanitary conditions! So I took my wife up there and he performed the operation. We lost the child, but my wife lived, which was a godsend.

Calciano: Well that was quite something back then, wasn't it?

Wagner: Oh yes. That was the first one in Santa Cruz. The other doctors in town had never even seen a Cesarean.

Calciano: What kind of anesthetic did they have?

Wagner: Just chloroform. That was all there was.

Calciano: That was before Miss Hanly's hospital then?

Wagner: Oh long before. That was a good hospital too. There was a woman, that Miss Hanly. When she had the salt baths down at the beach and the hospital up there I

think she done humanity a lot of good.

Calciano: We were talking about doctors earlier, and I've been wondering also about the lawyers.

Wagner: Oh sure, and I want to tell you Santa Cruz had some mighty fine district attorneys. They were so far ahead of what they've got today, it's pitiful.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: They had a little district attorney here one time; his name was Carl Lindsay and his father was a blacksmith. He was in business when I was a young man. Yes sir, his son was a district attorney, and I want to tell you, you talk about a cockier man, oh boy, he was a proud little rooster. Then old Doctor Knight, his oldest boy, well his only boy, he was a district attorney and made a wonderful lawyer. But then you commenced to go down the hill again. His son, Dr. Knight's grandson, Ben Knight, was the district attorney when I was working for the county (that was along in 1935), but he commenced to be a push-over. That's the trouble today -- there's too many yes-men. Thank God I never was a yes-man. I'll stand up for my rights yet today.

Calciano: Good. Let's see, I guess Younger was one of the early lawyers.

Wagner: You know where the Tea Cup Chinese restaurant is? Charlie Younger had his office up there and one of the McIntyre sisters, she just passed away a little while ago, her sister worked for Charlie Younger for years. Yes, Charlie Younger was a mighty fine man.

LOCAL GOVERNMENT AND POLITICS

City Government

Calciano: Was there ever much scandal in the city government or county government?

Wagner: Oh, they had what you call political bosses, you might say.

Calciano: They did?

Wagner: Yes. I remember an old German when my father was elected on the Council, there's no doubt in my mind that what this old German, being a German and my father German, that he might have had something to do with electing my father, see. My father wasn't in office very long until he wanted him to do something that wasn't just exactly right.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: But when you start talking about scandal and things

like that you're sticking your neck out.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: Well, I'll tell you what did happen here. We was hornswoggled out of the water bonds. Maybe you heard something about that.

Calciano: I've heard a little bit about it, but why don't you tell me more.

Wagner: Well, they sent a man back East to pay off these bonds and I don't know what happened, but anyhow, we had to pay them bonds twice. I guess that *was* the biggest scandal I know of that happened.

Calciano: It really upset the town?

Wagner: Oh yes.

Calciano: And were the politicians quite above board or?

Wagner: Well, they accused one man, poor man, of being implicated in it, but I don't know whether he was really or not, so I wouldn't want to quote myself on it. You know it's awfully easy to accuse a man of something, but to prove it, that's something else. And I think a man is innocent until he's proven guilty. I know we belong to that little organization out there, the Grange Lodge, and they get remarks passed around, you know, and there's no background to it.

Calciano: Yes, that happens.

Wagner: Well, in any organization you see it that way.

Calciano: Did you think the city government was better or worse in the earlier days before Civil Service?

Wagner: Well, there's two ways of looking at that. The city employees right now are against having this charter changed. Well, there's things in that charter that's good and there's things that isn't. My belief is that if the head of any administration or any department is an honest man, he'll have honest government. The only thing that I see about Civil Service is that it helps pack the weakling along. They talk about their merits, well merits when I was a young man was a lot different from the merits today. Now don't think that. I'm not in favor of advancement and giving people a better chance, but sometimes the more you do for people the more they demand. Now I remember one councilman that run for office here, he demanded a full day's work, conscientiously done, and that's what he <u>demanded</u>. Today, the less they do, the better they seem to like it. So there Civil Service protects a person more because it's pretty hard to get a man discharged or fired. So it's a question that deserves a lot of study on both sides, and I'm not qualified to make that

decision. As far as I'm concerned, I always would rather work without Civil Service. When my merits and my ability won't carry me through a job, I don't want that job. I had a job one time where I was advancing a helper pretty much, and some of the folks in there (we was working for a big contracting outfit) says, "Fred, you're foolish. That boy's going to take your job away from you." I says, "Whenever he's capable of taking my job away from me, I'm not needed here any longer." Now that's the way I used to be. Maybe I had the wrong attitude, I don't know. There's too many lame ducks in the country today. And they're everywhere. You can take the city, the state, and the further up you go into the national government the more lame ducks there are.

Calciano: How important was the mayor in our city?

Wagner: Well the mayor was very important. Now take for instance when my father served on the council, he served there for a couple of terms when it was an honor to be elected. He served without pay and he was looked upon as one of the leading citizens.

Calciano: Yes, he was.

Wagner: But we had what they call political bosses, you know.

Calciano: Yes, I'd like to know more about that.

Wagner: It's the same way in any big city or small town. That was when we used to have the wards, different wards, you know. We had four different wards and a councilman elected from each ward. Well, I didn't see nothing wrong with that. It's the same way with the county. There used to be five supervisorial districts and every year the Grand Juries would bring in a report that there was too much duplication of equipment. They said, "Why not have it all one and get rid of some of this duplication of equipment?" Well, now they've got it all under one and they're doing less work than they did when each one had an individual district. I've followed that pretty close. They've got all kinds of wonderful equipment, the county has, but every little job you see is let out on contract. Now why is that? What do they want with the equipment? Now I just heard that they're not going to have any more "laborers," they're going to have "maintenance men." (Laughter) Well it gives them a higher rating and a higher salary, that's the whole amount of that, I think.

Calciano: I imagine you're right. The mayor was more important to the city around the turn of the century than he is

now, wasn't he?

Wagner: That's right. I think the mayor had a little more responsibility then. You see everybody now has an assistant or an advisory group or something like that, so the mayor just sits back and lets the rest of them do the work.

Calciano: What did the mayor do in running the government? Did he have quite a bit of control over the town?

Wagner: Well, I don't know in regard to that. When they used to have their council meeting, they'd get together and discuss their projects and decide them amongst themselves. It's just like I told you, in 1894 when half of the town burnt down, well it was up to the mayor and the councilmen of that day to get behind some project and build a new courthouse, and by 1895 they started building a new courthouse. Look at this redevelopment project they've got here now. It's been ten years and there is a lot of dissatisfaction. I see now where the Granite Construction Company is going to realign that brand new street that they've got running from Water Street down to Front Street. That means taking out the new sewers, water pipes, pavement, and all that.

Calciano: Oh no!

Wagner: Well that's the way I see it.

County Government

Calciano: What was the relationship between the city government and the county government? Did they have to work pretty closely together?

Wagner: No, they didn't work as close together in them days as they're doing today. The only thing that they used to holler about in them days was when some supervisorial district would run down into the city.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: There's a big vote in the city, you see, and sometimes the city would vote in a man that was well acquainted with the problems of the city, and out in the district, where they're supposed to be elected from, the man from out in the country gets beaten.

Calciano: Oh I see, yes. I guess there was more a feeling of country then than there is now.

Wagner: Well, a supervisor in them days, if he was a good road man and done the things for the people in his outlying district, why he was looked upon as a pretty good man. Today things have changed.

Calciano: In a way it seems that he really bears very little relationship to his district.

Wagner: Well back then they figured they'd do all they could. It's just like when George Ley and George Morgan were supervisors here. They give their districts more money for the tax dollar than any men that I knew of.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: They were pretty hard masters, but it's just a matter of getting a days work out of you, and that's the only way to get things done.

Calciano: Did the councilmen and supervisors spend more time in their work than they do now?

Wagner: No I won't say that; I won't say that.

Calciano: It's a harder job now?

Wagner: I think it's a harder job now; there's more people, and there's more things to contend with, and there's more people to try to please. I think that's a pretty good answer to that. Of course now they get a good salary, and that makes quite a difference. Back then you served just for the honor that they'd give you.

Calciano: Yes, that's true. Did the Mayor and Councilmen used to have elaborate election campaigns?

Wagner: Oh yes, election campaigns were a great thing in them

days. We used to have torch-light parades in the evening and all sorts of things.

Calciano: Oh my!

Wagner: They really went out, and they were good clean campaigns, the way I see it. Oh of course there'd be *a* little slander in with it too, but nothing like it is today.

Calciano: I've heard that in some small towns the candidates for mayor would visit everybody's home, talk with the family, and give out cigars. Did they do that type of thing here, or not?

Wagner: Well just like we had a Supreme Court judge here, old Judge Lucas Smith. He started campaigning the next day after each election. He didn't forget you right away. He had a great big seven or eight gallon hat and he always tipped his hat to the ladies. He was the most polite man you ever seen. He didn't just wait until a few weeks or months before election time to go out to do his campaigning; he campaigned all the time. He was just that kind of a man.

Calciano: Would the candidates throw parties or give away things?

Wagner: Well cigars and drinks, I guess, were the principal things.

Calciano: Was Santa Cruz mostly Republican or mostly Democratic?

Wagner: Santa Cruz has been mostly Democratic.

Calciano: And the whole county, what's that been?

Wagner: Well, in my younger life I never paid too much attention to that, see, but I think you'd be right in saying that it was Democratic.

Calciano: Were people as conscious of party affiliation back then, do you think?

Wagner: Oh sure. That's one reason they started closing the saloons on election day; there was too many fist fights. (Laughter) The Democrat and Republican would meet at the polls and get in a little argument, and after having a few drinks under their belt they'd settle it in a fist fight.

Calciano: (Laughter) How long would it take for you to hear the election returns?

Wagner: Well in the city election it was just like now, the people would stay up all night to get the returns, and those would generally be in by daylight. The Sentinel used to be a morning paper, and you'd get the biggest part of the returns the next morning out of the paper. That's about the only way you could find out unless somebody had a telephone and would telephone to somebody and get the returns. Anybody living like we

did here had to depend on the newspaper for pretty near all our information.

Calciano: When did you get your first radio?

Wagner: Well in '14 I had a job out in the country and we had an old phonograph that somebody brought into camp. There was about five families living there, and we thought that was the most wonderful thing we'd ever seen. (Laughter) The radio wasn't till later, but we must have got one when they first come out. We had to keep up with the Joneses, you know!

Calciano: Yes. Did you use the radio much for newscasts and things like that, or was it purely for entertainment?

Wagner: Well, mostly for entertainment, I think. As far as I'm concerned it was. I couldn't answer for all the people, you know; maybe somebody else has a different view.

Santa Cruz Newspapers

Calciano: Were the newspapers Republican, Democratic, or neutral?

Wagner: Well, it's just like people who take the middle of the road; there's some people, you know, that don't like to come right out and express themselves, so they take

the middle of the road, and they either can drive to the left or the right.

Calciano: The papers were pretty much that way, then?

Wagner: Yes. I wouldn't want to express myself there, but you should find out from some other source.

Calciano: Well I understood that the Sentinel was a Republican paper.

Wagner: Yes, it is.

Calciano: Did your family always take the Sentinel?

Wagner: Yes, the Sentinel has been delivered to our family for, oh golly, I hate to say how long. All of my lifetime, anyway.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: Oh yes. My folks took the Sentinel before I was born I guess. And I'm eighty-six years old, and we still take the Sentinel. I get provoked at them sometimes because there's more Santa Cruz news in the San Jose Mercury than there is right here in our own paper.

Calciano: Isn't that strange.

Wagner: Yes it is.

Calciano: I've heard a lot of people say that.

Wagner: Another thing, they're so opposed to liquor that they

won't even take a liquor advertisement. You've noticed that maybe?

Calciano: No, I never have.

Wagner: Well, everybody has a right to their own opinion, you know; it's still *a* free country. I don't know how long it'll be that way.

Calciano: Did your family ever take the Surf?

Wagner: I don't remember that we ever subscribed to the Surf.

Calciano: Wasn't there a *News* for a while?

Wagner: Yes, there was a *News*. My brother was a printer, and he worked on the Santa Cruz News for quite a long time.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: Then there was a Daily Record at one time.

Calciano: What was that?

Wagner: Oh, that was just a small paper and it'd come out daily. And some of them small papers, they'd publish things that the Sentinel wouldn't publish. Like I tell you, it's middle-of-the-road.

Calciano: Yes, I have noticed the Watsonville paper carries a lot more of the not too favorable Santa Cruz news. Wagner: Oh yes. That man Piratsky that used to publish the Pajaronian, I want to tell you, he wasn't

afraid to expose things about in plain English. A lot of them old fellows had a lot of intestinal fortitude; there's too many whishy-washies today who don't know where they're at.

Calciano: Did you ever see the Penny Press by McHugh?

Wagner: Oh yes, I took that for quite a while. There was a man that if he would have put his thoughts to something besides ridicule and finding so many faults, he could have really accomplished something. He sure believed in exposing anybody and everybody. (Laughter)

Calciano: I guess he really stuck his neck out, didn't he.

Wagner: Yes. I kind of liked Tom McHugh; he wasn't a bad sort of a fellow. But if you find fault with pretty near everybody, you can't be a good guy.

Calciano: Were there strong editorials written back when you were a child?

Wagner: Oh yes. You know the Santa Cruz Sentinel was published in the morning and the Santa Cruz Surf was published in the evening. And the editors, one was the grandfather to this man that's publishing the Sentinel now. The other was this little man Taylor; he was only a little fellow about five-foot tall. Well those two used to be at loggerheads all the time, always giving each other the gate.

Calciano: It made lively reading?

Wagner: Well, for instance like one time, I don't know just what Taylor did to McPherson, but McPherson says "Artie Taylor provokes me so much I could swallow him." (Laughter) Taylor come out in the next issue of his paper; he says, "Well, if Duncan would have swallowed me, he'd have more brains in his stomach than he's got in his head." (Laughter) I remember that incident. So you see it was *a* kind of a game of wits. That little Taylor, he run for mayor one time and got elected.

Calciano: He did!

Wagner: And there's one thing he accomplished that they had tried to get done for years and years, and that WA to open up the Cliff Drive. Of course it's different now than it was then, but you used to have to go clear around the whole block as you went out West Cliff Drive from the beach. The Cowell property had a big warehouse there, and I don't know how he done it, but he opened that Cliff Drive through there. So that was one accomplishment if nothing else. Lots of people say, "I'll do this," or "I'll do that," and then they never materialize it.

Calciano: How long was he mayor?

Wagner: I don't know whether it was one or two terms.

Calciano: Was a term a year or two years or ...

Wagner: Four.

Calciano: Oh, a four year term.

Wagner: Yes, and he done all right.

Municipal Projects

Wagner: It's just like some of the projects they've got right now. I hear them advocating another bridge across the San Lorenzo River. Some say to put it from Walnut Avenue across. Now look what that would mean. When I had my blacksmith shop on lower Pacific Avenue, I signed a petition to have a bridge built across Pacific Avenue over to Broadway which would have been a good deal. Broadway was to continue out and go down through Arana gulch and meet Capitola Drive, and from there on it would take you clear over to Capitola and out towards Watsonville which would have been a wonderful thing. But just like now, what stops projects right now? The lack of money. And that's what stopped them in them days. Same way with opening up Cedar Street. There was a movement afoot one time to open up Cedar Street, but lack of funds stopped it.

They would have been wonderful projects.

Calciano: I wonder if they ever will get Pacific through to Broadway?

Wagner: Oh, I don't know. They need another bridge across the river, but where I don't know. But as far as Walnut Avenue, look what that is near.

Calciano: That's right in the middle of the town.

Wagner: Yes. I still think Broadway is the best bet. The trouble of it is with the people in the evening getting out of town. It's just like this by-pass we've got going through here now. What would have ever happened if they hadn't got that to come? And this last job that they've just completed, from Mission Street down to Chestnut Avenue, you'd be surprised the traffic that goes down there.

Calciano: Oh really? The other day when we were talking about the downtown area, you mentioned a cut-bias bridge.

Wagner: Well, that's what the Riverside Avenue bridge is today. We called it the cut-bias bridge. That is that's what we called the first bridge that was built; the one that's there now is the second bridge.

Calciano: Why did you call it that?

Wagner: Well, it cut across and it didn't come clear around

into Santa Cruz to go to the beach so it just cut by us, I guess, to get to the beach quicker.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: At least that's the way I had it told to me.

Calciano: I guess everybody used that bridge?

Wagner: Oh that was used a lot. I don't know how many times I drove across there with a horse and buggy.

Calciano: Speaking of bridges and the river reminds me that I've been wanting to ask you about the times when the river has flooded.

Wagner: Well, there was one wet winter when the river got so high that George Cardiff told me that the horses in his livery stable were standing in about two feet of water.

Calciano: My goodness.

Wagner: Well, the floods used to come up Pacific Avenue to Cathcart Street.

Calciano: How often would the river flood?

Wagner: Well, pretty near every winter we saw what we called "high water." Sometimes it was higher than at other times. I've seen the San Lorenzo River just floating with logs.

Calciano: How often would it get into the business district?

Wagner: Well, it'd have to get pretty high to get way over on Pacific Avenue. I've seen the water come right across Water Street at May Street where it'd be pretty near to a horse's knees. In fact I was coming from East Santa Cruz one night and there were some men and women there trying to get home, and they couldn't get across there. I don't know how many I hauled across there with my cart. I'd come across there with a horse and cart and get two people in the cart and take them across and come back and get two more. That was right across Water Street where May Street is today.

Calciano: My goodness! I guess the river levees they've put in now ought to fix most of that?

Wagner: Oh yes, and you'd be surprised the amount of made land there is in Santa Cruz, what you call man-made land.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: I was downtown this morning and on Center Street they took down some apartments there. I don't know what they're going to build there, but where they took them apartments out the ground is at least three feet lower than the sidewalk and the streets. You could see that the other is all made ground around there. Right out

on River Street there where Petroff's motel is, right across from the Santa Cruz Lumber Company, that's all made land in there. When Hihn was a big lumber operator here, in order to hold his good men during slack times he'd bring a donkey engine in from the sawmills or from the logging woods and set it up there in the river, and they'd drag the gravel out of the river and up onto that land there. Then he had little dump cars with horses hauling them up and dumping them. So pretty near all that land in there is all made land.

Calciano: I understand that the river once went through the town about where the library is now?

Wagner: The river at one time went around that way. Instead of going the way it does, it come around, let's see, I don't know exactly where because that's before my time. All I know about it was that the river went around and emptied into what they call Neary's Lagoon down there. Now that's all filled up with the dirt that come out of that cut that they made going through from Mission Street down to Chestnut. That all went down there in Neary's Lagoon and they've got big apartment houses built there now.

Calciano: Oh my.

Wagner: But that's where they claim the river went one time. Why when they built the city Auditorium there, you ought to have seen it; they drove pilings there in the sand for I don't know how many feet deep, so there was a river bed there at sometime. I guess my father remembered it when the river was there.

Calciano: What changed the course of the river?

Wagner: I don't know whether it was nature that done it or whether it was just a channel made by men that the winter made a big channel out of.

Calciano: One day you told me that Highland was opened up only recently.

Wagner: Highland here? Oh, I should say so. When we moved back here the street didn't even have a name; we called it the lane. That's all it was, the lane. And living within one mile of the Post Office, we never got no mail delivery, and people living on top of Empire Grade and Bonny Doon, they had a mail delivery up there. We got our mail down at the foot of the hill there, and that was as late as the early '50's.

Calciano: Was there a foot path going down or?

Wagner: Oh, there's been a road and a foot path both for years. Back in the early days the road went right

straight down the hill after you got over the top.

Calciano: It didn't have the bend?

Wagner: No, that was built later. My father give five hundred dollars towards having that road built around there.

Calciano: My. When was it built?

Wagner: Oh, that's quite a number of years ago. About 1912, I suppose. You know that cement walk that goes right down? Well that goes right along side the old driveway.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: We still have the right of way to that sidewalk.

Calciano: You do?

Wagner: Same way with the riparian rights we got here to the water that comes out of the spring up there. But to get them we'd have to take the water through the street and pump it with a pump of some kind, and of course they wouldn't allow you to do that. But that's where we got our water for years and years. Say, did you know the State militia camped here for, oh, I don't know how many years?

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: There was a camp down here where Harvey West Stadium is that took in that whole flat from just a little

this side of Potrero Street clear up to the foothills. And you know that hill that comes down that looks something like a horse's back over there at the end of Harvey West Stadium? Well we always called that Horseback Hill. But when the Militia camped down there (I was only a kid of twelve or fourteen years) the officers fed the soldiers so much tripe that they named that hill Tripe Hill.

Calciano: Oh!

Wagner: They had a sham battle on it; the enemy was on the other side of Tripe Hill, see, when this sham battle took place, and as they were approaching to make a raid on the camp why they had the sham battle there on Tripe Hill. It was quite a thing. And then at night they'd always have two or three full brass bands, and they'd have their entertainment and put on these big drills, you know. That was just about the time that we moved the house back here. My father cleared out a little place back in the woods there and put a big long bench there, and we used to go down there in the evening and watch the dress parades.

Calciano: I bet you liked that.

Wagner: Yes. And then they camped at one time out on King

Street. When I was a young man I don't think there were over two houses the full length of King Street on the north side. There was a great big cow pasture in there and they camped there. Then another place where they had a camp was up on top of De Laveaga Park.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: I had a friend that had a four-seater, and he'd take four horses, you know, and change them off. He'd drive four for a while and then change them and put on four fresh ones. He'd drive back and forth from the top of Branciforte up to De Laveaga Park and haul soldiers back and forth, ten cents one way. He made quite a little money while they were up there.

Calciano: How enterprising.

PROMINENT CITIZENS

C.C. Moore -- The 1915 World's Fair

Calciano: I've been wanting to ask you about several of the prominent citizens in Santa Cruz. The other day you mentioned the 1915 World's Fair and C. C. Moore...

Wagner: C. C. Moore had a lot to do with putting on the 1915 World's Fair. You know he owned this whole country around here. He had a golf links of his own right off

High Street.

Calciano: He did? What was his work with the World's Fair?

Wagner: Well he was at the head of it. I don't remember just what position he had, but he was a pretty influential man in putting on the World's Fair. That was really a Fair that 1915 Fair.

Calciano: Where was it?

Wagner: In North Beach in San Francisco. There's some of the buildings still standing there that were in that World's Fair.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: Yes. That Oregon building made quite an impression on me. They had pillars made of real pine trees. Oh, I should judge there was maybe twenty foot pillars at the entrance to the building, you know, and some of them pretty near four foot in diameter. And another exhibit I seen there was the Swede's. They had a piece of two-inch round iron, and a piece of two inch round cobalt steel just as bright as a silver dollar. They had them welded together, and you couldn't see a hammer mark or a dent or nothing. Now how they done that, I don't know. Being a blacksmith, you know, I was very interested.

Calciano: Did a lot of people from here go up to the World's Fair?

Wagner: Oh yes, there was quite a few went up. We went up and enjoyed it very much.

Calciano: Did you go by train?

Wagner: Yes, that was about the only way you could get there was to go up on a train. That was really a World's Fair. The one they had in '39 on Treasure Island, that was just an overgrown carnival the way I see it. (Laughter) It was pretty good, but it was no comparison to the 1915. The 1915 was a wonderful exhibit.

Fred Swanton

Calciano: Did you know Fred Swanton?

Wagner: Oh yes. Fred Swanton was way ahead of his time for this little town.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: He was a promoter and he was a mighty good man for the town. He's the man that got electricity into the town in the first place.

Calciano: I didn't realize that.

Wagner: He developed what they called the Big Creek Light and

Power Company. Big Creek is about twenty miles up the coast. Well up in the canyon they had this powerhouse, and right from the powerhouse they had what they called the penstock where they corralled the water from the top there, and that furnished the power to drive the generator that made the electricity.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: And going up the coast in the evening or in the night, which I've done many a many a time, them three wires, them big copper wires that brought the electricity into Santa Cruz, they hummed and the music they made, it was just like music to your ears to hear the sound of them wires up there. I can't exactly explain it now how it was, but it was interesting.

Calciano: Was that the start of the Coast Counties Electric Company?

Wagner: Let's see, first they called it the Big Creek Light and Power Company, and then Coast Counties Gas and Electric company took it over and now it's P.G. and E. Yes, Swanton was a great promoter for Santa Cruz. He used to get a band of music and charter a train with plenty of liquor aboard and tour the whole San Joaquin and the Sacramento Valley, and you'd be surprised the

tourists he brought in here.

Calciano: Well, I'm glad to know that.

Wagner: And he was a great promoter for down at the beach at the time the big Casino burnt down. Nobody knew what to do for the tourists so out in back where that Casa del Rey Hotel is now he built what they called the tented city there. He built little cottages and they put the tourists in them little cottages. You can see them scattered all over the country where people bought them and took them out to their places. He was a wonderful man.

Calciano: Somebody told me that a lot of people lost money investing in the things he promoted.

Wagner: Well, the biggest part of the money that they lost was when they put their money into the Ocean Shore Railroad.

Calciano: Oh.

Wagner: That was done by private subscription. I had one friend that lost seven thousand dollars in that. Yes, his life savings.

Calciano: What a tragedy.

Wagner: Well, of course, when a man does nothing, you can't condemn him. And of course sometimes a man maybe takes

on a little bigger project than he can go through with; well then he's condemned right away. It's just like when I worked for the County, I used to sharpen their scarifier teeth. Well, it was a kind of a touchy job. If you got them too hard they'd break; if you didn't get them hard enough, they didn't wear quite long enough and once in a while some would break. There was a machinist who worked there; him and I just worked together like that. We'd help each other out on lots of projects, and he was a pretty witty guy. I was always backward; I never could stick up for myself. So this supervisor come in with one of the men, and they had a whole back end of a pickup full of these scarifier teeth, and he says, "Look Fred, here's one that broke." And this other fellow spoke up, "Yes, but how many hundred did he sharpen for you that didn't break?" See? But I never thought of that. I just thought, "Oh, there's one broke; I guess I'll have to stand to blame for it," but my friend spoke right up to them. And that's the way it goes; you can do a hundred good deeds, just like Fred Swanton, but make one mistake that costs somebody a little money and you'll never hear the end of it.

Calciano: Yes.

Wagner: Any man that's a foreman or tries to do something, he'll find some of the labor saying, "Oh, I don't like him." And another person will let them get by with murder so they don't give a good day's work, and they say, "Oh, he's the best boss I ever worked for."

Calciano: Yes. (Laughter)

Wagner: And you'll find that in pretty near every walk of life.

Fred Walti

Calciano: Are there any people that I haven't mentioned that you'd like to talk about?

Wagner: Oh, Fred Walti was quite a prominent man here in Santa Cruz. His son's still living. His name is Fred, too.

Calciano: Is this the meat-packing Walti?

Wagner: That's right. He was the forerunner of that packing house out there. I remember when he just started in the butcher business, him and his father-in-law, a man by the name of Schilling. Walti and Schilling was the first name of the company. They had a little slaughterhouse out in the country there by Arana Gulch, and the butcher shop run from Pacific Avenue through to Front Street, see. The back of the shop was

on Front Street and everything that come into the butcher shop come in through from Front Street; the butcher shop faced on Pacific Avenue.

Calciano: Was this when you were a very young man?

Wagner: Yes, I was a young man when they had the butcher shop there. I would say it was way back about the turn of the century, somewhere along in there. Then they just kept growing and growing, and then they started the Walti slaughterhouse out here where the railroad could bring the stuff in. And then he got to slaughtering enough cattle that he had these big delivery wagons that would take meat out as far as Salinas, maybe, or like that. And now it's got to be quite a big establishment. And there's a young man in there now, Ranconi, maybe you've heard the name. He started by driving a delivery wagon as a butcher boy, and he's got a very good position there with that Walti-Schilling Company now. I told you about the delivery wagons that they had. Every establishment, you might say, had a delivery wagon. People would phone in an order for meat and then they'd hire these young boys to drive these delivery wagons and deliver the stuff to whoever had an order in. There's something. When I was a young man you went to a butcher shop to buy

meat; you went to a grocery store to get groceries; you went to a dry goods store to get your dry goods. Now you can go under one roof. Look at that joint they've got down there by Capitola, and they talk about architecture for buildings! The buildings they used to build with so much gingerbread on them aren't so bad when you look what they're building today -- nothing but square boxes, that's all they are.

Calciano: Are you referring to the Disco discount store?

Wagner: Yes. The wife wasn't satisfied and she got me to take her out there the other day. It's something new, see. I think you get just what you pay for; you go and buy a lot of that cheap stuff out there and you get just what you pay for. And I still believe in giving the little man a chance. I like to go and trade with some little man instead of the big corporation and like that. Of course my trade won't make anybody rich, but it's the principle of the thing, the way I look at it.

The Cowell Family

Calciano: There is one family I was wondering if you could tell me about, and that's the Cowell family.

Wagner: Oh, sure. Harry Cowell owned a big house right across

the street here where my father's hayfield was. A man named Sundean bought the land several years ago and tore the old house down. Now he has five lots for sale here on the brow of this hill. He only wants ten thousand apiece for them! My father sold all that land for only 9,000 dollars.

Calciano: That's a good example of inflation.

Wagner: Yes it is. You know there's an interesting story about that house that Cowell bought. A man by the name of Appleby built the fine home and barn over there, and he was going to live here in Santa Cruz. He kept two spans of horses; I think one span he rode and the other one was just a driving team. Some people say they were a pair of stallions, but they wasn't stallions, they were just ordinary geldings. Anyway, Mrs. Appleby went to town one afternoon with her beautiful buggy and horses, and going down Mission Hill, which was a good deal steeper then than it is now, something went wrong. The harness or something broke, nobody knows, but anyhow she was throwed out and killed. Well, Appleby was discouraged I guess, so he just packed up and went back to Minneapolis where he come from. So then the place lay idle for *a* long, long time, and then there was an inkling that Harry

Cowell was going to get married. I don't know whether there was any truth in it or not, but that's what they told me you know. And he finally bought that place.

Calciano: But he never lived in it, did he?

Wagner: No, never even lived in it. He had a man sleep there at night and kind of watch things. But it was a beautiful place; I wish you could have seen the barn. The barn was finished up inside like some houses.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: Them box stalls for them horses were all lined with tongue and groove lumber.

Calciano: Oh my.

Wagner: Oh it was a beautiful barn, and he had some beautiful carriages. There were some awful nice carriages around Santa Cruz when I was a young man.

Calciano: When was the house torn down?

Wagner: When Sundean bought it. Sundean finally bought it and subdivided it, and all the hillside where the vineyards and the orchards was, he just cut it off like this and straightened it out, and he's got five building lots up there and about four down on another plateau there. The lots are just laying there. He wants $10,000 for each one of them on the top; whether

he gets it or not, I don't know.

Calciano: That's a lot of money.

Wagner: Yes it is.

Calciano: Did you know the Cowells at all?

Wagner: Oh sure I did. You know this Harry Cowell that died just lately? Well when they speak of Cowell, they think that that's old man Cowell, but I knew Cowell's father. I was an apprentice in Foster's blacksmith shop when he did all the Cowell horseshoeing.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: And I can remember old man Cowell driving up there. Him and Foster were great friends. And he had a double team, a sorrel and a black horse.

Calciano: What type of fellow was he?

Wagner: Rough and ready I guess. They had to be in them days.

Calciano: Not somebody you really got friendly with?

Wagner: No, to tell you the truth I never conversed with him. Well I was only a kid, seventeen years old, and kids must be seen and not heard in them days you know. Now kids four years old, five years old, talk to you like a person.

Calciano: That's right. Was Cowell a rather big man or not?

Wagner: Well he wasn't as tall as Harry, but he was chunkier; he was a very heavyset man.

Calciano: There were two boys, weren't there? Harry and Ernest?

Wagner: Yes Ernest was the other son.

Calciano: Was he down here some too?

Wagner: Oh yes, he was on the ranch here. As far as I know there was two boys and three girls. One of the girls got killed right here on the Cowell Ranch. You heard about that?

Calciano: Yes I have.

Wagner: I could show you pretty near the exact spot.

Calciano: Really?

Wagner: My brother and I used to hunt over that whole country. We knew that Cowell Ranch as exactly as we knew anything.

Calciano: Oh good. I'll have some questions about the ranch in a moment, but I want to ask you something else about the Cowell brothers. Somebody told me that Harry was the happy brother and that Ernest was the stern one. Is that right or not?

Wagner: Oh yes, yes. Ernest was; they *were* two different calibers all together.

Calciano: Really?

Wagner: Oh yes, Ernest was stern and different. I used to have a picture here of Harry Cowell and the blacksmith that I learned my trade under. It was taken years ago when the city had the volunteer fire teams. You know years ago, before we had any fire protection, all we had was the Pilots and the Alerts. They were the two different hose teams. Well there'd be about eight or ten men with these big high-wheeled carts and the hose wrapped around there, and they'd have tournaments. They used to go over to Watsonville and Watsonville would come over here and they'd go to San Jose. Well Harry Cowell and this blacksmith that I learned my trade with was very good friends, and they both belonged to the Alerts. I had a picture of them and I lent it to somebody for advertising purposes and I never got it back. I wish I had it because I knew all the men on there. Of course I was sixteen years old when they were in their twenties.

Calciano: What did you think of Harry Cowell?

Wagner: Well, he was a mighty fine man.

Calciano: Did the townspeople like the Cowell family very much or not?

Wagner: Well, of course the old man, Henry Cowell, he was a

land-grabber, you might say, and I guess he wasn't any too particular how he done it sometimes, just like the Hihns.

Calciano: Can you give me any examples?

Wagner: You know the way High Street narrows up here after you leave Bay Street, after you make that first turn? It's only a little narrow road there for a while and right inside to the right you see two fences with a driveway between them. Well the people up on the mountain used to come through there and some Cowell got mad at them or something and locked the gate on them. So a man by the name of Chace donated that part of High Street there to the county for a road.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: Of course in them days you never thought there was going to be anything else but horses and wagons and all. And it was plenty good enough for horses and wagons, but for this day and age, it's too narrow.

Calciano: Exactly where on High Street do you mean?

Wagner: Well you know where that rock house is that they just remodeled? Well you go up a little further to make the turn to the University there and from there on up pretty near to where the old city reservoir used to

be, that's what the Chace people gave to the county. They were very prominent butchers here in Santa Cruz.

Calciano: That's very interesting!

Wagner: I want to show you something here. Maybe you've seen that picture before?

Calciano: Is that one of the Cowell oxteams?

Wagner: That's one of the Cowell teams. Now there's been quite a discussion about that. I've had people tell me that these are all trail wagons back here, but that's not so.

Calciano: They're all what?

Wagner: Well, when two wagons are hitched together, they call the second wagon a trail wagon. The lead wagon and the trail wagon, that's the way it's explained.

Calciano: Oh, I see.

Wagner: Well I've had people say, "Oh look, they pulled three wagons with an oxteam." They never done no such a thing, because these teams used to drive right up to where Windy Hill Farm is up here. That joins on to the Cowell property.

Calciano: Oh.

Wagner: And they used to go right over the horizon there in the afternoon with that wood. That was all hauled off

of the west side of the San Lorenzo Drive up there. They called it the Big Tree Road in them days. I can show you a place on the road there where it come down just like that. They used to have to tie maybe a cord or a cord and a half of wood behind the wagons so it would drag on the ground and slow the wagons, and then slide the hind wheels besides. Well it was so steep they couldn't even go up with an empty wagon. They used to come in from the back of the ranch up there. I knew those oxen just as well as I knew my horses.

Calciano: And they didn't have three wagons?

Wagner: No, it just looks that way. The most they ever had was one wagon.

Calciano: Did you shoe these oxen?

Wagner: No, I don't think Cowell ever shod oxen. In the sawmills they shod them, but I don't think Cowell ever shod any oxen; I don't know. You can see in the picture here that they're all barefooted.

Calciano: Oh yes.

Wagner: They had a blacksmith on the ranch for years and years, but they didn't have a horseshoer. They used to take the horses to town.

Calciano: Why didn't this fellow do any horseshoeing?

Wagner: Well, he was an elderly man and just didn't want to, that's all. There's lot of blacksmiths that couldn't shoe a horse.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: Yes. And then there was men that could blacksmith and shoe both.

A TOUR THROUGH UNIVERSITY PROPERTY

(During April, 1964, the interviewer drove Mr. Wagner around the University campus. The following conversation was recorded at that time.)

Wagner: There is the cookhouse. And there is where the hog pen used to be.

Calciano: Hog pen! Right by the cookhouse?

Wagner: Oh, every cookhouse had a pigpen on account of the garbage.

Calciano: Wasn't it kind of smelly?

Wagner: I knew a man that bought a place up on Mill Creek, and he was doing some yard work around just a little below his house, and he run into all kind of bones. He says "Oh, boy, where in the world did those bones come from?" Well I told him they come from a hog pen!

Hill Road
Old Red
Chinquapin Rd.
Rincon Road
BIG QUARRY
SITE OF NATURAL SCIENCES 1
GATE
PARKED CAR
LOWER QUARRY
SLAUGHTER HOUSE
N
Empire Grade Rd.
POWDER HOUSE
BLACKSMITH SHOP
OIL TANK
KILNS
COOPERAGE
COOK HOUSE
BULL BARN
CARRIAGE HOUSE
RANCH HOUSE
GRANARY
High St.
Bay St.
FOUNDATION OF BARREL STAVE MILL
STONE HOUSE

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA SANTA CRUZ

Route Taken by Fred Wagner and Elizabeth Calciano April 27, 1964

There's the little railroad, not railroad but the carline, that used to bring the rock from the quarry. And then they'd dump it right up on top there, you know, into the kilns. There's more of them kilns left than I thought there was. There ought to be about four or five arches there. And then them big loads of wood, when they wanted wood in there, oh, they had piles of wood all around here, but if they needed wood in there they just took and drove in there as far as they could get with the oxteam, and then they took a pair of oxen and hitched them on the hind end of the wagon and pushed it the rest of the way.

Calciano: I see, and they dumped the rock in the top of the kiln.

Wagner: Yes. The rock from the quarry was dumped in the top ready to be burned into lime.

Calciano: And they put the fire in down below. Then where did they haul out the lime? From down below?

Wagner: Yes, they took the lime right out of the arch in the bottom. This space between the kilns and this building was all covered up at one time.

Calciano: Oh it was?

Wagner: And then they'd store that lime under that building. There were teams to haul it down to the warehouse or

whichever way.

Calciano: And then this was a big oil tank I guess.

Wagner: Yes, it was.

Calciano: For the lime burning or?

Wagner: Well that's been put there in later years. It was for fuel when they stopped using wood.

Calciano: Did you used to watch them make lime up here on the ranch?

Wagner: Well I'll tell you, there was something funny, too. Some of that limerock has got to have gas in it to help it burn. I used to see them sometimes when they were getting the rock out of the quarry. They'd put a certain pile here and a certain pile there that was no good. Most of these were foreigners, Portuguese or Italians. And I'd say "What's the. matter there," and they'd say, "You gotta no gas. You gotta no gas". Well he couldn't tell me what he was talking about, you know. So the way they do, they have these big kilns, you know, and they pile that rock in there a certain way and then they take this big eight-foot wood and they shove it in there and get it to burn. And between the wood and the gas, why it just keeps burning and burning and burning until it just burns that lime all up into a crumbly mess. It ain't like powder; it would

be more like *a* lot of grit, you know. I didn't know them kilns were still standing. I'm glad they're preserving them things. Well then, after it gets burnt down they take it out. The lime would be so hot and they'd just let it cool enough so it wouldn't burn the barrel; that's when they started drawing it, and them poor fellows, I know some of them would just bleed at the nose. That is not all of them, but some of them you know. And then them barrels, they were made right there. That big long building, behind the kilns here, the upstairs of it was the cooper shop. I suppose that's all been explained to you, hasn't it?

Calciano: I've been told that it was the cooperage, but I have never been inside the upper portion of it. How did they make the barrels?

Wagner: Well, they had what they called coopers, you know. The first thing, they didn't even have iron hoops. They'd go out into the woods and cut what they called liners. That was just a piece of hazel about six feet long. The woods were just full of hazel. I've got a friend living right up here on Empire Grade, and when he was a young fellow, him and his father used to go out and cut them hazel poles. And then, just as you go in past that little rock house at the entrance there, you see

an old foundation there where a building burnt down.

Calciano: Yes.

Wagner: Well there was a mill there called a stave mill where they made the barrel staves and the heads. I know several kids, they used to go up there and work on Saturdays. One boy is a man now and is living out on the West side there.

Calciano: Who is that?

Wagner: His name is Frank Mello. His father used to work there. Well then the coopers, they had a kind of a stand. I never seen them make a barrel to tell you the truth. But there's a way of starting it, you know, and then they put that hoop around with that hazel. They soaked the hazel branches in a big vat so they'd be pliable and they made them about right. Then that underneath part of this long building here is where they stored a lot of lime until they got ready to haul it. They had a big long warehouse down there at the end of Bay Street; they just tore it down not long ago. And that lime was stored there and there was a little car track, it wasn't a railroad track, it was a car track, and it went right into the center of that building and clear down over the cliff there and out

onto the wharf which Cowell operated himself. He had his own steamships and everything. The cars would go down by gravity and they'd have to pull the cars back with horses. They had a big brown horse and a grey horse; I used to shoe them in my blacksmith shop.

Calciano: Oh really?

Wagner: Yes. And then they had lime and cement that they'd deliver to anybody that wanted it, and they'd use the same two horses to deliver it with.

This was all a big hayfield at one time. It was quite a sight when they were plowing here, and if it looked like it was going to rain and they wanted to get everything plowed that they could, they'd have every head of horse and mule they had in here plowing.

Calciano: That must have been quite a sight.

Wagner: There's where my brother and I would come in and walk right beyond them trees.

Calciano: This is when you used to hunt?

Wagner: Yes and then we could start hunting anywhere here.

Calciano: Wasn't Cowell pretty fussy about people hunting on his property?

Wagner: Oh towards the last, but when we were young fellows, why as long as you didn't shoot cattle or do any

destruction, why they never used to bother my brother or I.

Have you ever been in this big quarry up here?

Calciano: Yes, isn't that marvelous!

Wagner: They took out some rock and then they took out more, and I think they went down a third level. That's the quarry where the cars used to run from. They went clear from up here down to the lime kilns on gravity, right down through that canyon there. Of course like I tell you, things have changed so much -- that great big pile of stuff wasn't there then and you've got to visualize it. But that canyon goes right straight down.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: There used to be a place over in here somewhere that we called the potato patch. That was good hunting around there for them cottontail rabbits.

Calciano: I've heard there were lots of them.

Wagner: Yes. Many a ton of rock has been hauled out over that road. You know when they quit burning the wood down here they moved to the lime kilns over there by what they call Rincon. Well they burnt oil over there, and they hauled the rock from here.

Well from here clear on down, this all was farming at one time. That was a hayfield. I don't know how many, oh, there's maybe four or five hundred acres in here. And then later they cut it off and made a fence down here and used this for pasture. You can visualize that canyon with the tram cars going right straight down there.

Calciano: Yes, I see now how you mean. Why did he chose to put his kilns so far down? Why didn't he have his kilns up near where they were doing the work?

Wagner: Well, it's fifty-fifty. It's a shorter distance to haul the finished product out that way, and better roads maybe. The road going up to this quarry, maybe you couldn't get over it in the wintertime, see. I've seen Bay Street so bad that when the horses couldn't make it anymore, they put the oxteams on.

Calciano: Oh my. Was this a quarry too? This little quarry here?

Wagner: There was a lot of rocks taken out of there. There's several places on the ranch here where they tried to get out limerock.

Calciano: There's a quarry over there towards town, isn't there? It's a very small one?

Wagner: Yes.

Calciano: What's the story on that one?

Wagner: Well, I guess the rock didn't have enough gas in it. (Laughter) Now that I couldn't vouch for, but there must be something wrong or they would have opened it up and made it bigger. This quarry back here,

I guess, was the best quarry on the ranch.

Calciano: You mean the great big one?

Wagner: Yes. Now this is the way them oxteams used to come in, right along that fence there. The road goes out over there and comes out way over in Rincon. And just as they come across that flat there, that's the last glimpse we'd get of them from down home.

There's the old place where they kept the driving horses and the saddle horses and the carriages.

Calciano: Did you know Frank George?

Wagner: Oh, I knew Frank George well. I guess this is the only job Frank George ever had. Well he come here when he was a young man. Now that's a little bull barn up there, what they used to call a bull barn, but they were all oxen that Cowell had. You see a bull barn is different from a horse barn. The cattle all just stand in a row there.

Calciano: Oh.

Wagner: In a horse barn they have stalls.

Calciano: I see. How many oxen did he have I wonder?

Wagner: Oh, he had five teams at one time. Five times eight is forty. And then there was lots of extra ones. This is all made ground around here. That's where you kind of lose your bearings; just look at the junk you've got here. Here's where the Santa Cruz Hardware stored their powder when they were getting the rock to line the river.

Calciano: In that little house?

Wagner: That's right. Here's where they got all the rock that went into the river. They lined both sides of the river right through town.

Calciano: Out of this, small quarry?

Wagner: Yes. They had a great big plant set up here. Now that's that canyon that those little cars used to come down.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: You know what that building was? The slaughter house.

Calciano: Oh!

Wagner: They used to slaughter their own beef here. But the

hogs, they used to kill them down below. *[Hiking up to the Natural Sciences building]*

Calciano: These are the old picket fences, aren't they?

Wagner: Do you know those old pickets are worth more than the new ones.

Calciano: Isn't that funny.

Wagner: Yes. Some of the people give more for them old pickets than they do for the new ones.

Calciano: Over there it looks as if they just nailed the stringers onto a regular old tree.

Wagner: Yes. Well, I think that's an old gate post.

Calciano: Oh, that is a gate post. It's enormous!

Wagner: Just think, sometime or other this road was way up here. This is the old Red Hill Road, I'll gamble on it. The hinges must be over on the other side -- now how do I know that?

Calciano: Because you see the latch on this side?

Wagner: Yes. See that staple where the hook goes. Oh, when they put that in they figured it was going to stay there for a while, didn't they?

Calciano: Yes! Here's the other one over here.

Wagner: Oh yes, all deteriorated. And look there's the hinge -- made by a blacksmith. That was quite a job to make

that. Look at the size of that post. Think of a man taking a log like that to make a gate post! Well, he only wanted to make it once and have it last, and that's where he was smart.

Calciano: It's about twelve feet high and about eighteen inches across.

Wagner: All of that. This other post was bigger than that. It's all of two feet.

Calciano: Some gate post!

Wagner: See all the original timber that's been taken out of here? That's all the original timber. These others all are second growth. Wherever you see a cluster like that, there's been an immense tree taken out of there.

Calciano: Yes. What kind of tree is this?

Wagner: That's a hazel. That's what I was telling you. Them hazels grew in clumps and they got as big as your thumb, see. And when they were just about the size of your finger or your thumb, there's what they used to make the hoops for the lime barrels.

Calciano: I see.

Wagner: Just think what nature put on this earth for people to use. Like my father used to say "With a little ingenuity and necessity, people find a way." Something

we kids used to do was go hazel nutting when the hazel nuts were ripe.

Calciano: Oh, this is what you get hazel nuts from!

Wagner: Yes. Now there's something funny about the oaks; they've been dying off here lately. You never seen that years ago.

Calciano: Oh really? I just assumed that they got old and died. Do you think it's a disease?

Wagner: I don't know. That's what I said, I can't imagine what's got the matter with them. But it started here about four or five years ago, a little at a time.

Calciano: Now what kind of tree is that?

Wagner: Oh I think it's a bay. You know for years and years we called them laurel. Laurel trees, laurel leaves and all that. And then they got to calling them bay.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: Yes. Cowell had a bunch of elk over in there at one time. See that big high fence?

Calciano: Is that why that's there? What did he have those for?

Wagner: Just for curiosity I guess. He was a big hand for animals. I remember one Sunday us boys were coming from up the coast and one of these elks had got out

and Harry Cowell had just lassoed it and had it tied to a water hydrant way down there on Mission Street.

Calciano: Oh my goodness.

Wagner: Oh he was a wonderful horseman.

Calciano: Yes, he had quite a reputation for being a good horseman.

Wagner: He was good. Both riding and driving. He used to keep racehorses at the fair at Sacramento.

Calciano: Oh?

Wagner: I made a friend of mine a fireplace stand with a pair of tongs and shovel and so on, and the handle to lift the set around with was a shoe that come off of one of Harry Cowell's strutting horses.

Calciano: Oh really? Do you do any ornamental iron work?

Wagner: Oh I used to. My this trip has been nice.

Calciano: Oh, it's been fun for me. I never mind going out for a walk.

Wagner: Good for you. That's the finest thing a person can do. I claim that a hundred years from now people will have legs about a foot long. They'll have no use for them. They even have push-button cars now. (Laughter)

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