The Bancroft Library

University of California • Berkeley

REGIONAL ORAL HISTORY OFFICE

Index

ROY D. GRAVES PHOTOGRAPH COLLECTION
1888-1971

Prepared by

Regional Cultural History Project

Berkeley

1964

Roy D. Graves - 1962

June 10, 1971
SF Chronicle

Roy Graves, Bay History Expert, Dies

Roy Graves, one of the foremost authorities on the pictorial history of the Bay Area, died last Saturday at the age of 82, friends learned yesterday.

During a lifetime of activity with the California Historical Society, he collected and indexed the Society's extensive collection of historic photographs. More than 20 books on California history have used pictures from this collection.

Born in San Francisco, Mr. Graves followed his father into the railroad industry in 1905, becoming a fireman on a wood - burning engine on the old North Shore Railroad line between Sausalito and Cazadero.

In 1912, he became an engineer on a steam ferry, later serving as chief engineer on Sacramento and San Joaquin riverboats. Turned down by the military at the outbreak of World War I because he had two children, Mr. Graves joined the merchant marine as an engineering officer during that conflict.

After World War I, he spent 11 years as a stationary engineer at the California & Hawaiian Sugar refinery in Crockett. Moving to San Francisco in the 1930s, he worked as a stationary engineer at the Opera House here.

He retired from his last job as the operator of the drawbridge at Fourth and Channel streets here in 1959.

Survivors include his wife, Ethel W. Graves; a son, Norbert W. Graves, and a daughter, Mrs. Jeanne Ferrari, all of San Francisco; a sister, Mrs. V. F. Thoney of Mill Valley; two grandchildren and three great - grandchildren.

A Requiem Mass was recited for Mr. Graves last Monday at St. Ignatius Catholic Church, Fulton street and Parker avenue. Burial will be at Holy Cross Cemetery, Colma.

Negotiations are underway to acquire this collection for the Bancroft Library. The collection is now in the custody of Mr. Graves and any inquiries should be addressed to him at 1201 Moraga Street, San Francisco, California.

Roy D. Graves

1888 - June 4, 1971

Photograph collection now in Bancroft Library.

INTRODUCTION

Roy D. Graves, son of a native San Franciscan and grandson of a Forty-niner, has since his early years been interested in taking and collecting pictures of San Francisco, the Bay Area, Northern California, and particularly of land and marine transportation. His work career, beginning in 1903 when he was just fourteen years old, was chiefly one or another engineering position involved with transportation, and from this developed his interest in railroads and boats. The hours of his work were such as to leave him considerable time for his hobby, so that by the time he retired in 1959 at the age of seventy, he had amassed a substantial photograph collection. For many years writers on Northern California history have trekked to the home of Roy Graves for historical information, photographic illustrations, or identification of elements in pictures, and acknowledgements to Roy Graves in their subsequent books are myriad.

In 1960 Dr. J.S. Holliday, then Assistant Director of Bancroft Library, contacted Mr. Graves about acquiring

INTRODUCTION

Guy E. Dawson, son of a native San Francisco, was grandson of a forty-niner, has since his early years been interested in taking and collecting photographs of San Francisco, the Bay Area, Northern California, and particularly of local and nearby transportation. His work career, beginning in 1907 when he was just fourteen years old, was chiefly one of working as professional photo-lithographer with photographers, and then thus developed his interest in railroads and boats. The bonus of his work were such as to leave his penetrating eye for his hobby, so that by the time he retired in 1959 at the age of seventy, he had amassed a monumental photographic collection. For many years relatives on Northern California History have tracked in the home of Bay Area for historical information, photographic illustrations, or identification of elusive in photos, and acknowledgements to Guy Dawson in their achievement books are myriad.

In 1960 Mr. F.S. Holliday, then Assistant Director of Bancroft Library, contacted Mr. Dawson about acquiring

for Bancroft Library both his photographic collection and a large collection of glass plate negatives given to Mr. Graves by Louis S. Slevin, a photographer in the Carmel-Monterey area during the period 1900-1920. No final arrangements were made at that time for the collections. Although officially retired, Mr. and Mrs. Graves had taken on new duties as joint curators of the Marin Historical Society Museum and Mr. Graves did not have the time he needed for his photographs.

By a fortunate happenstance, Orrin Wickersham June, proprietor of the Wickersham Galleries in New York and a devotee of history, made a trip in 1963 to California carrying an introduction to Dr. Holliday, by then a professor at San Francisco State College, for his historical guidance. Dr. Holliday referred Mr. June to Mr. Graves as an expert on local history and the two men spent several days together touring the historical landmarks of the area. Mr. June became so enthusiastic about the history of the area and so impressed by Mr. Graves' knowledge and photographs that he negotiated an option to buy the entire Graves collection for donation to Bancroft Library. At that time he purchased the Slevin photograph collection from Mr. Graves and generously

The Bancroft Library both has photographic collections and a large collection of glass plate negatives given to Mr. Graves by Louis S. Slavin, a photographer in the Carmel-Monterey area during the period 1920-1930. No final arrangements were made at that time for the collections. Although officially retired, Mr. and Mrs. Graves had been on the brink as point negatives of the Marin Historical Society among and Mr. Graves did not have the time to accept for sale photographs.

By a fortunate happenstance, Orpin Photographs Ltd., proprietors of the Kingsmen Galleries in New York and Lawrence of Oakland, made a trip in 1967 to California carrying an introduction to Mr. Calliday, or then a professor at San Francisco State College, for his historical opinions. Mr. Calliday referred Mr. Orpin to Mr. Graves as an expert on local history and the two men spent several days together touring the historical landmarks of the area. Mr. Orpin became so enthusiastic about the history of the area and so impressed by Mr. Graves' knowledge and photographs that he negotiated an option to buy the entire Graves collection for donation to Bancroft Library. At that time he purchased the Slavin photographs collection from Mr. Graves and generously

donated it to Bancroft Library. Arrangements were made through Director George P. Hammond and Assistant Director Robert H. Becker. Realizing that much of the value of the photographs (up to that time uncaptioned) lay in Mr. Graves' detailed descriptions, Mr. June provided funds for the tape-recorded captioning of many of the volumes. Mr. and Mrs. Graves both retired from the curatorship of the Marin Historical Society and Mr. Graves has since then been at work on the collection. The collection is presently at the Graves' home at 1201 Moraga and will eventually be housed in Bancroft Library.

The following descriptions of the photographs, identified by volume and picture number, were tape-recorded by Roy Graves, working with Willa Baum of the Regional Cultural History Project, during the fall of 1963. The weekly captioning sessions were held in Mr. Graves' den, a compact basement room lined with shelves of albums and decorated with mementoes of old railroading and steamship days. In the next room were files and files of negatives and plates and Mr. Graves' small but efficient darkroom. Mrs. Graves always appeared with a tray of cookies and hot coffee. Between sessions, Mr. Graves arranged pictures in the appropriate volumes and captioned by type-

located in the Lowell Library. Acknowledgments were made through Librarian George T. Lemmond and Assistant Librarian Robert B. Barker. Realizing that much of the value of the photographs (or at that time photographed) lay in Mr. Graves' detailed descriptions, Dr. Jerr provided funds for the tape-recorded notations of many of the volumes. Mr. and Mrs. Graves both retired from the administration of the North Carolina Society and Mr. Graves has since then been at work on the collection. The collection is presently in the Graves' home at 1203 Grove and will eventually be moved to Lowell's Library.

The following descriptions of the photographs, identified by volume and picture number, were tape-recorded by Jay Graves, working with Title Deeds of the Colonial Colonial History Projects, during the fall of 1963. The weekly participating members were Dr. Graves' son, a company lieutenant were filled with shelves of books and decorated with souvenirs of his relinquishing and treasuring days. In the near room were files and files of negatives and plates and Mr. Graves' small but efficient darkroom. Mrs. Graves always appeared with a tray of goodies and hot coffee. Grandson Lowell, Jr. Graves arranged pictures in the appropriate volumes and certificated by Tape-

writer or white pencil the numerous railroad, steamship, and ferry boat volumes. He continues to acquire, print, and arrange new pictures, so the collection increases daily.

The Regional Cultural History Project was established to document the historical development of Northern California through tape-recorded interviews. It is administered by the Bancroft Library Subcommittee of the Library Committee of the Academic Senate, and by Assistant University Librarian Julian Michel.

Willa Klug Baum
Head

Regional Cultural History Project
General Library
University of California at Berkeley
July 31, 1964

either or both parts the numerous pictures, pamphlets, and fancy item volumes. Its contents is dazzling, prints, and showing the pictures, so the collection overwhelmed.

The Regional Oral History Project was established to preserve the historical development of Northern California through tape-recorded interviews. It is administered by the Bancroft Library Regionalists of the Library committee of the Academic Senate, and by Southern University Library Action Council.

Lilla Long Lowe
1984

Regional Oral History Project
General Library
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ALBUM S.P.C:	South Pacific Coast R.R. (Owned by S.P.Co.) Locomotives; Train Equipment; Stations & Scenes. Alameda to Santa Cruz & Boulder Creek. Ferry to San Francisco. (1876 to 1906)		344
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Additional Photographs are being added to above from boxes and as acquired.

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Additional Photographs are added as acquired and from the boxes.

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California St. Cable R.R.
Sutter St. R.R.
Market St. Ry.
Powell St. Ry.
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Municipal Ry. of S.F.
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Park & Ocean R.R. (")
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Power Houses of the various lines in S.F. 623

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11 ALBUMS Total 4090

Photographs being added
as acquired.

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&
DUPLICATES OF PHOTOGRAPHS IN ALBUMS.

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STREET CARS:	(ALL TYPES--S.F., BAY AREA,ETC.)	307	#@
SOUTHERN PACIFIC LOCOMOTIVES:		327	
" "	STATIONS & SCENES:	256	@
" "	DUPLICATES:	432	#
NORTHWESTERN PACIFIC:	(EQUIPMENT; STATIONS & SCENES,ETC.)	243	@
" "	: (DUPLICATES)	843	#
VIRGINIA & TRUCKEE and CARSON & COLORADO R.Rs:	(NEVADA)	66	#@
MOUNT TAMALPAIS Ry.	(EQUIPMENT: STATIONS & SCENES)	13	@
MARINE:	OCEAN STEAMERS:	245	#@
"	BAY BOATS: (FERRY: TUGS: SCOWS,ETC.)	308	#@
"	SAILING VESSELS.	126	#@
"	NAVAL: ALL TYPES)	151	@
SAN FRANCISCO:	(1906 to Date)	90	@
" " , BAY AREA.	(DUPLICATES)	288	#
NORTH BAY COUNTIES:	(SONOMA;NAPA; SOLANO; LAKE; MENDOCINO; HUMBOLDT; DEL NORTE.)	200	#@
CALIFORNIA VIEWS:	(MISCELLANEOUS)	253	#@
" "	(") (9"x 11" to 11"x 15")	146	?
MISCELLANEOUS PHOTOS:	(ALL SIZES)	96	#@
RAILROAD:	(VARIOUS) (4"x 5") (some ferry) (All Duplicates & Originals that were copied)	645	#
SAN FRANCISCO:	(TO BE PLACES IN NEW ALBUMS) (ALL DATES. ALSO "CHINATOWN") " some Duplicates.	535	#@
CALIFORNIA:	VARIOUS SCENES; TOWNS; PLACES,Etc.((some Nevada)	750	#@
" :	" " " " " (PHOTOS TAKEN BY ROY D. GRAVES. (8"x 8",etc.)	58	@
TRAVELS:	(" " " " " various sizes)	75	#@
	Total This Page:	8160	

#@-To Be Put in Albums & Duplicates.
@-To be put in Albums. #-Duplicates.

1201 Moraga Street,
San Francisco, California.

July 31, 1964.

Mrs. Willa Baum,
The RCHP Room 486
General Library,
University of California.
Berkeley, California.

Dear Mrs. Baum:

Herein are the lists of Album Titles, their numbers, the number of photographs in each and information pertaining to them.

Also the list of photographs in boxes to be placed in proper albums and duplicates of many that are in the albums and duplicates of those to be put in the albums.

In the present count there are 17,269 photos in the albums and 8,160 in the boxes making a total of 25,429 photos counted. (Some Job) Ethel was of great help.

In addition to the above there are other boxes and cartons of photographs that are to be segregated and counted as soon as I can get to them.

Just now I am busy trying to get all the captions in all albums and loose pictures.

Several new albums will have to be started to take care of many photos that are not to go into the listed albums--such as counties other than Marin;Alameda and Contra Costa, Etc., other San Francisco pictures that are of recent origin, other transportation and marine and many others. The "Chinatown" pictures are a case in point.

I will be looking for the Index to the albums that are already numbered in regard to the pictures therein so that I can go ahead and caption them properly.

Hope the enclosed lists will help out and will let you know of any recent development.

Kindest regards to you and the Staff at Bancroft.

Sincerely,

Roger Scowcroft

ROY DANIEL GRAVES
A BIOGRAPHY

Born in San Francisco, (1111 Clay Street), March 21, 1889.

Son of Hiram A. add Amy H. (Culver) Graves.

Named at birth Roy Chadwick Culver Graves. (The Daniel was taken at Confirmation. Known since Confirmation as ROY D. GRAVES.

Grandfather was Hiram T. Graves, a California Pioneer of 1849, who was born in Batavia, N.Y.

Maternal Grandfather, James H. Culver, was born in Medina, N.Y. Grandmothers were both of Dutch ancestry, Paternal born in Chatham, N.Y., Maternal born in Kingston, N.Y.

I am of English and Dutch ancestry, a descendent of John Graves, who was born in England and came to the American Colonies with his wife in 1635 and settled in Concord, Mass.

I lived all my life in the S.F. Bay area; San Francisco, Oakland, Rodeo, Richmond, Albany, Sausalito, Mill Valley, San Anselmo and San Rafael.

Schooling: Did not graduate from Grammar School.
Attended Washington Grammar and St. Bridget's Schools in San Francisco and Swett Grammar and St. Anthony's School and St. Joseph's Academy at 5th & Jackson Sts. in Oakland.

Married Ethel Walsh on March 30, 1910 at St. James Church in S.F. I first met my wife at San Anselmo in 1898.

Children: Norbert Walsh Graves born Jan. 12, 1911.
Jeanne Marie Graves born Apr. 10, 1915.

Norbert married Alice O'Grady in Berkeley---no children.

Jeanne married Attilio Ferrari in S.F. Two children (Anthony David Ferrari and Marie Jeanne Ferrari.)

Occupations: Apprentice machinist with Shreve & Co. in S.F. in 1903.
Worked part time after school at "Oakland Tribune" 1903.

Apprentice machinist and machinist helper for North Shore Ry. at Sausalito--1904 and 1905.

Locomotive fireman North Shore Ry., later Northwestern Pacifis R.R., 1906 to 1908 with an interval of a few months in 1907 on the Mill Valley & Mount Tamalpais Scenic Ry.
Also a short time in locomotive service on the Santa Fe' and Southern Pacific. 1908

At sea in the engineroom of Str. "Nevadan" of the American Hawaiin S.S. Co. 1909

Marine fireman on the Key Route ferries from 1909 to 1913.
EXAMINED AND RECEIVED first U.S.Steamboat Inspection Service Marine Engineers License, June 1912.

Engineer Lowell High School, San Francisco, from 1913 to 1918. Resigned to again go to sea during First World War.
At sea during 1918 until the Armistice in November.
With the Key Route for a month and Chief Engineer on the Rodeo-Vallejo Ferry Boats, 1918 to 1920.
Chief Engineer on Tugs of the California-Hawaiian Sugar Co. 1920 to 1931.

Engineer State Refrigeration Terminal San Francisco, 1931 to 1938.

Engineer War Memorial, (Veteran's Building and Civic Opera House, San Francisco, 1938 to Dec. 1941.

Engineer, Board of Works, S.F., on Fourth and Channel Sts. Drawbridge, S.F., 1941 to 1959.
Retired, (Maximum Age Limit as Employee for City of S.F.) April 1, 1959.

Curator Marin County Historical Society Museum in San Rafael, April 18, 1959 to Sept. 1, 1963.

From this latter date to present am working on my large collection of Pioneer San Francisco; Vicinity of S.F.; Transportation; marine; and many other photographs so that they may be identifiable to anyone who in the future may be interested in them.

Roy D. Graves

December 13, 1963.

My collection of photographs dates back to about 1902 or 1903 when I took pictures with a "Hawkeye" box camera of scenes and events and also of friends and many other subjects.
The first interest was when my grandmother would cut out pictures of scenes and events from the old pictorial papers; "Wasp"; "News Letter" or the "Argonaut" and others and would paste them in albums. I still have some of these old clippings but the albums are gone.
Being interested in railroads I started to collect pictures of locomotives, cars, stations, scenes, etc. pertaining to same with the result, from about 1920 to date, I have one of the largest collections on transportation, both land and marine. Photographs of the above and old San Francisco and other views are still being collected and identified and put into proper photographic albums: Locomotives; cars, both R.R. and street cars; Stations; Scenes; Sailing Ships; Ocean Steamers; Ferry Boats; Old San Francisco and Vicinity; California; Nevada; Prominent Personages; Events and many other subjects.

Roy D. Graves.

Many an Author Makes a Pilgrimage to Uncle Roy

By Margot Patterson Doss

THERE IS a host of unacclaimed, often unacknowledged and sometimes unthanked individuals without whose help the books of this world would never see the stamp of ink.

Some of them are librarians. Some are editors, some teachers, some typists. Some are members of writers' families. Some are friends with long patience and willing ears.

One, a pleasant, elderly, mustached gentleman who has probably made a greater contribution to more books about San Francisco and its environs than any other single living source, defies classification.

His name is Roy Graves. If it seems vaguely familiar, it may be because you remember seeing it under one or another picture, in Lucius Beebe's "The Central Pacific & The Southern Pacific Railroads," say, or in John Haskell Kemble's "San Francisco Bay, a Pictorial Maritime History," or more recently in "Adolph Sutro, a Biography," by Robert and M. F. Stewart.

Pictures, especially old photos, are one of the things for which Uncle Roy, as he is familiarly known to dozens of writers, is a dependable resource. When the Public Library, the Pioneers, the Bancroft, the Mechanics, the Sutro, the Historical Society and the Maritime Museum libraries have all been combed, without turning up just the right photographs, then it is time to make a pilgrimage to Uncle Roy.

In a crowded, museum-like little room in the basement of

his home at 1201 Moraga, neatly filed where he can reach out behind a big roll-top desk and put his hand on them, Roy Graves has 50,000 or more photographs, a fifth of them on glass plates. It is an eclectic private archive on San Francisco accumulated during the last 60 years. Uncle Roy shares it with the compilers of books as happily as a boy of ten might display his baseball cards.

PHOTOGRAPHS alone could make the Roy Graves collection as remarkable as the Bettman Archive of New York, but it is only part of the story.

The other part is memorabilia and facts. In his museum cases, Uncle Roy has passes to such forgotten places as Woodward's Gardens, on dozens of now defunct railroads and car lines, rail spikes, medals, signals, posters, coupling pins, lanterns, glove button hooks and an ivory police whistle.

The facts are in his mind, which includes a memory with fantastic recall.

As Lucius Beebe, who has called on him many times, says: "None of us in our right minds would think of doing a book without consulting him for names, dates, places and pictures. He is a bottomless repository of accurate information. Every writer meets old gentlemen who love to talk about the days before the Fire of '06. Most of them are happily imaginative fabricators, remembering garrulously what they think you want them to remember. Not Roy. Roy is the great exception, the McCoy."

Morgan North, of the publishing firm of Howell-North, which specializes in Western Americana, puts it another way: "Roy has a very odd mind. He not only knows who is in old San Francisco pictures, but frequently where they lived, what they did, and where they are now interred. A good example is a Western Addition photograph from the Sutro estate the Stewarts used in their biography of Mayor Sutro. Roy knew everybody who lived in the houses on those sandhills."

Asked how he did it, Roy Graves demurred. "Oh, that one was easy. I grew up out there. Those people were our neighbors when I was a boy."

SOME ARE NOT so easy. Then Uncle Roy reaches for his collection of train schedules, municipal reports, early city directories, newspapers and begins checking. He does not stop until he has identified a point of reference.

Such dogged research

would be expected of a college-trained historian. It is unusual in a man whose formal schooling ceased when he was 14.

The positions he found in a long and active life soon exposed him to an education no institution could match. As a fireman on the "crookedest railroad in the world," he watched visitors from all over the world ride up to Mount Tamalpais on the Mill Valley and Mt. Tamalpais Scenic Railway.

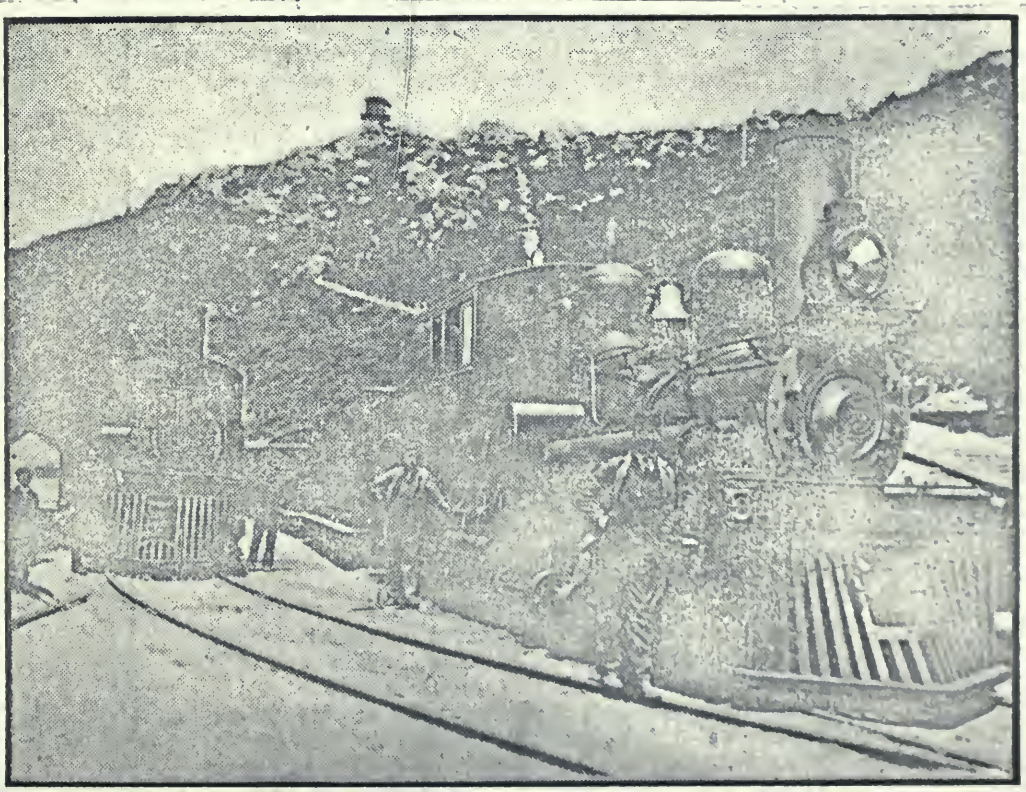
When the automobile ended railroad sightseeing, he turned his abilities to the Bay and became, in time, the chief engineer on the California-Hawaiian Sugar Company tug Crolona.

When he retired from active employment at the age of 69, five years ago, he was the operating engineer on the Fourth street drawbridge, employed by the City and county of San Francisco. Through it all, he soaked up the first hand information and observation that has since made him a treasure trove of local history.

Another man might have been content to sit in the sun and dream. Not Uncle Roy. With his wife Ethel, a merry-eyed, white-haired lady who shares his interests, Roy retired to a new position. Uncle Roy is too modest to call himself a curator, but this is the niche he fills at the Marin County Historical Society Museum.

On Wednesdays and Saturdays from 2 until 5, as scores of happy children in nearby Boyd Park have discovered, the Graves are to be found at the museum, 1025 B street, San Rafael. "Tell us about the ferry boats, Mr. Graves!" they clamor. "Tell us about the railroad that went up Tam. Tell us about . . ."

For the children, as for the writers, Uncle Roy remembers. And he tells them.



MT. TAMALPAIS RAILWAY, 1907, ROY GRAVES (FIREMAN) RIGHT

AS A SOURCE of facts and photographs, Roy Graves has contributed to the following books:

"The Earth Shook—The Sky Burned." By William Bronson.
"Cable Car Carnival," by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg.
"Chronicles of San Quentin," by Kenneth Lamott.
"Pacific Slope Railroads," by George R. Abdill.
"San Francisco Bay," by John Haskell Kemble.
"Of Walking Beams and Paddle Wheels," by George Harlan and Clement Fisher, Jr.
"Short Line Junction," by Jack R. Wagner.
"In Old San Francisco," by Albert Tolf.
"San Francisco's Golden Era," by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg.
"Pony Express, the Great Gamble'" by Roy S. Bloss.
"Comstock Mining and Miners," by Eliot Lord.
"Adolph Sutro," A Biography," by Robert E., Jr., and M. F. Stewart.
"Redwood Railways," by Gilbert Kneiss.
"Steamcars to the Comstock," by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg.
"Narrow Gauge in the Rockies," by Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg.
"Sierra Railway," by Dorothy Newell Deane.
"The Crookedest Railroad in the World," by T. G. Wurm and A. C. Graves.
"Railroads of Nevada and Eastern California," by David F. Myrick, Vol. I.
"The Cable Cars of San Francisco," by Phil and Mike Palmer.
"The Central Pacific & The Southern Pacific Railroads," by Lucius Beebe.

BIOGRAPHICAL INTERVIEW WITH ROY GRAVES May 2, 1960

Baum: I thought today we could just go through your life, a very short biography. I suppose we should begin with when you were born. Were you born in San Francisco?

Graves: Yes. I was born here in San Francisco on Clay Street between Mason and Taylor; it would really be between what was once known as Yerba Buena Street, which is the street west of Mason Street off of Clay. The peculiar number I had of the house was 1111, four ones. That used to get people mixed up. My grandmother would go down to the store and she'd say she'd want things delivered to 1111 Clay. Well they'd look and wonder what 1111 Clay was. Then she'd have to say "one, one, one, one Clay Street."That's the number of the house that I was born in. That was on March 21, 1889. I don't know the hour. I guess my mother told me, but I can't remember what hour it was, but the attending

Graves: physician was Dr. James W. Ward and I don't think he's been dead too many years.

Baum: What was your father's occupation?

Graves: At the time he was with the Pullman —Palace Car Company they called it. It was afterwards the Pullman Co. The old name for that was the Pullman-Palace Car Company and he was a Pullman conductor at that time.

Baum: You say "at that time." What other things did he do?

Graves: Well before I was born he was a station agent with the North Pacific Coast Railroad. Then for a while he transferred to the Southern Pacific and he was at Alma which is below Los Gatos on the narrow gauge that used to run through there. He was at one time at Goshen; that's in the San Joaquin Valley. Then I think from there he went on with the Pullman Company.

Baum: This was the Pullman Company of Chicago?

Graves: Yes.

Baum: Did the Pullman Company start out here?

Graves: No, this is the Pacific division out here. But, of course, at that time there was a Pacific division here. Jesse P. Meehan was the superintendent at that time of the Pullman Palace Car Company.

Baum: So your father was a railroad man?

Graves: Yes. He was a telegrapher originally and that's how he met my mother. She was a telegrapher too. She worked for the old primitive telephone company here in San Francisco and had to be a telegrapher besides, and over the single wire they used to have, she got to hearing this Hiram Graves come in, you know, and Amy Culver, and that's how they got acquainted. So they made a date. Hiram A. Graves was my father.

Baum: And what was your mother's name?

Graves: Amy Culver.

Baum: Did you have any brothers and sisters?

Graves: Oh yes. I had a sister and a brother. My sister was

Graves: older than I was. I think it would be about four and a half years. I was born in March and she was born in July, you see, in 1884, and that would make it just lacking five years. My brother was two years, lacking one day, younger than me. He was born on the twentieth of March in 1891 and I was born March 21, 1889. I'm the only one left of that whole family now.

Baum: Where had your father come from?

Graves: He was born in San Francisco too.

Baum: You mean you are second generation? You go back that far?

Graves: Oh yes. He was born on Mason Street between Vallejo and Green Streets. The spot was a bank up off Mason Street and it is still there right against Russian Hill. And my mother was born on Jesse Street just off Fourth Street. Where St. Patrick's

Graves: Church is now was where she was born. They gave up the house because they wanted to build the St. Patrick's Church there.

Baum: Wasn't that rather unusual back in those days to have your parents native San Franciscans?

Graves: Well, it was, yes. And my grandfather, Hiram [redacted] Throop Graves, [redacted] came here in 1849 in October.

Baum: Oh, so he was right in on the beginning.

Graves: He was one of the pioneers. Now when my mother's father came I don't know, but the directories go pretty far back for him as far as I can see. He was a pattern maker. He came from New York.

Baum: Your maternal grandfather was a pattern maker from New York?

Graves: Yes and he came from Medina, New York and my grandfather Graves came from Batavia, New York. My real grandmother on the Graves side [redacted] was from New York too. And his second wife--I don't know just where she came from; grandmother died when my father was less than

Travers! Church is just one vision she has been. They live on the Grand Sentinel [illegible] to build her it.

Interlude (Lucre leave).

Laura! Beauty that [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Travers! Well, it's true, too. But [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Graves: two years old. Then he had an older brother seven years older than himself, Charles. And then the old aunt, the maiden aunt, Hannah Graves was raising these two boys for her brother, my grandfather. Then he married again--I don't know just how old my father was, but the second wife took the boys in and was just the same as a mother to them. I can remember her very well, you know. She was a wonderful mother. Then she had two daughters by this second marriage, my two aunts. One was Bessie, and that's not Elizabeth--it was just Bessie. Mind you being christened "Bessie." The other one was Augusta. An Augustus runs through the family quite frequently. My father was Hiram Augustus and the peculiar thing too, the second wife of my grandfather was Augusta Taylor. It just happened to be a coincidence. And then, of course, there was Augustus Graves that my father's middle name was named after, the brother to my grandfather. We used to call him Uncle Gus.

Baum: Did your grandfathers both move across the country or did they come around across Panama?

Graves: No. My grandfather Graves--when they, he and others, couldn't get transportation they formed a company, the Contestoga Company. They chartered a sailing vessel by the name of "Belvedere"; it was "Belvedera" by right with an "a" on the end of it instead of the way it is spelled here, Belvedere. And they set sail from New York. Oh I have the whole thing down as far as dates. But they arrived here on October 12, 1849.

Baum: They came all the way around the Horn?

Graves: They came around the Horn a hundred and some odd days, sailing.

Baum: What was your grandfather Graves' occupation?

Graves: It would be like my father. He had various occupations. When he came here he just came out to mine and he went to the mines. Here's one thing too when you think of what could have been. He had a mining claim a quarter of a mile from the center of the town of Auburn, California.

Graves: That was one of his mines; then he drifted from there to the Yuba River which would be up in Sierra County. The directories of San Francisco don't show him at the time he arrived until about 1851 when he arrived back in San Francisco after giving up mining and he went into the branch Mint as an assistant coiner. Mr. Eckfeldt, superintendent of the Branch Mint on Commercial Street, who came out from the Philadelphia Mint, was a friend of his. I guess they knew each other and that's how he got into the mint. Then he went into the grocery business for a little bit with this Eckfeldt. I have the old bill heads, you know, showing the name. Then from there my grandfather went into the retail wire business. He called his company the California Wire Works. Now as far as the Works were concerned, there were no works but he was the outlet for the different wire companies and screens.

Baum: Where was the wire manufactured?

Graves: One of the manufacturers was the Hallid~~ay~~ie Company, Andrew Hallid~~ay~~ie Company ~~the~~ was the manufacturer down at North Beach. ~~And~~ They made screens and spark arresters and fences and all like that, also wire ropes and cabl

Baum: And the California Wire Works was the retail outlet?

Graves: Well, it was wholesale and retail both. They didn't manufacture; that was just what they called the store. Because in the earthquake of 1868 there was considerable damage to H.T.Graves' store on Clay Street where the wire coils had fallen down and broke open and raised havoc in the place. Then after a few years Andrew Hallid~~ay~~ie, who was the inventor of the cable car, the grip on the cable car, ~~he~~ came in with ~~them~~ him. And under the name of the California Wire Works was the name of Hallid~~ay~~ie and Graves. And then when Graves, Hiram my grandfather, went into the banking business on Clay Street--I think it was the Masonic bank--he gave up his wire works part of it and Hallid~~ay~~ie took over.

Graves: From then on until Hallidie died it was the California Wire Works. Hallidie died in 1900 and my grandfather died I think a year later. And my Culver grandfather, my mother's father, died in 1899. Culver and Hallidie were very great friends because Hallidie through the old Mechanics Institute here... Of course you know the Mechanics Institute through its wonderful library they have here on Post Street--the Mechanics Library. Hallidie was at one time president. My grandfather Culver was secretary for years and also secretary of the fairs they used to have. They used to have an annual fair at the old Mechanics Pavilion. They owned the pavilion where the Civic Auditorium is now in San Francisco. They owned that. They used to have some wonderful FAIRS there. So, as I say, when I came along---

Baum: You said your grandfather went into banking?

Graves: He went into banking for a while. That had to be liquidated. I don't think it went over very well. He had--why you'd look at

Graves: the directories and what he was connected with--he and his father [redacted]. My great-grandfather came out here later and went back for a while and then came out again. I guess my grandfather must have gone back because [redacted] the marriage license to my real grandmother shows he was married in New York state. I think he was married in Albany in New York, in the capitol of New York. Then, of course, he came back out here because his business was here. He had to come by ship [redacted] because the railroads didn't come here until 1869. He was here his second trip out. Of course when he went back to get married it had to be before that because my father was born in 1861 in San Francisco. So that's that part of it. And as I say I came along then in 1889; my sister was ahead of me in 1884 and my brother in 1891.

Baum: And where did you go to school?

Graves: Well, I went to various schools too. The first school I ever attended was the Washington Grammar School and that was on the corner of Mason and Washington which is

Graves: just around the corner from the house I was born in just one block down.

Baum: Did you stay at this same home? Same address?

Graves: We moved to East Oakland. When I was a little boy--must have been three years old I guess. ~~We moved to east Oakland.~~ My grandfather Culver built the big house which still stands on what I always call "fifteen and fifteen." It was on East 15th Street between 15th and 16th Avenues. The house is still there. Across the street was a convent and a church called St. Anthony's Church in East Oakland. We lived there and then at various times we'd move back to San Francisco for a while as conditions changed. Then we'd go back to East Oakland.

Baum: Back to the same house? A family home?

Graves: The old home in East Oakland. Of course the home that I was born in was my grandfolk's home and it came into the hands of my grandmother whose name was Elizabeth Culver until the fire wiped it out in 1906. Then, of course, she

Graves: was living across the bay with us--she was renting this house, she wasn't living there. The people who had the house were a German family and we were very well acquainted with them. She was renting the other half of the house. The house was a peculiar thing; this is something that should be mentioned; it had all big rooms in that house. Our side--it was a double house. When it was built there was a great friend of my grandfather's named Spaulding and he built half of it and my grandfather built the other half; it looked just like one big house.

Baum: Was this customary at that time?

Graves: Yes. Right today you'll see these double houses. It looks like one house but two entrances.

Baum: I assumed a person built the other half to rent, but two people might want it together.

Graves: No. Two people. Spaulding owned one half and then he turned his half over through a business deal to my grandfather and he owned both--my grandmother had

Graves: both houses at the time of the earthquake. Now here's the peculiar part of those houses. You couldn't see the roof very well from the street because it had one of those false fronts across the two bay windows. And behind that false front he built three more rooms. And eventually on top of that he built another one called his observatory where he had a telescope. Now the lot was thirty-five foot frontage and the lot was seventy feet deep. It went through to a little street called Malvina Place and that's still existing. It is Malvina Place off Mason between Sacramento and Clay Streets. We had thirteen rooms, all large; the other house had nine. To the top of our nine rooms was the three and the one on top of the house made the thirteen. Now you figure out how you can get thirteen rooms and nine rooms which are twenty two rooms on a 35 x 70 ft. lot. We had plenty of room and a little kind of a boarded back yard too. You know, kind of a little back entrance there; it wasn't a yard. It was really a

Graves: little kind of an entrance in the back from the little alley as we called it, Malvina Place. And then the basement stairs went down there. Included in this house were two rooms in the basement. They rented those rooms in the basement. The one on our side to a tailor. I don't know who had the one next door. We used to call it "next door." Down at the corner from our home was a bakery which was one of the old homes built in the fifties. Across the street was the butcher shop and --why I'm mentioning this is because in the "Cable Car Carnival" by Beebe in the stories of the first cable car that came up Clay Street the baker woke up early in the morning and when the car went by he tossed a bouquet of flowers out the window. And that's the bakery at the corner of Mason and Clay Streets.

Baum: You have some photographs of that haven't you?

Graves: Well, it's no photograph. It's a drawing of that. Of course we have photographs of the cable road and the original cars that used to run up Clay Street past the

Graves: house. Now I don't remember those original cable cars. When I came along the system had been changed three years before I was born. And the cars that you see now on Powell Street are what we used to call--there are two types of them on Powell Street. One is what they call a Bombay roof. And if you'll notice them there is a kind of a curved roof that looks like a very antique looking car. It looks like an old omnibus. The other ones are flat tops. They're square. Now the Bombay roofs were built in 1886 and just imagine, those things are running in perfect condition today; the other ones, on account of the Midwinter Fair in 1894, they had to augment their lines because they extended their Sacramento Street line out to the park. They had to have more cars so Holman built quite a few cars for this extension and they were built in 1893 and they are still running. The reason they are running is because they were stored, a lot of them, on those two lines, the Sacramento Street line and the outer

Graves: Jackson Street line at Sacramento and Presédio Avenue. Otherwise they would all have been burned up with the rest of them at Mason and Washington when the power house burned in 1906. All the Powell Street cars that ran on Powell and all the Jackson Street cars stored at Mason and Washington Streets were all burned in the fire of 1906. And they didn't have to build any to run on Powell and Jackson, but they did to run on the Clay and Sacramento Streets lines. They built new cars after the fire to take the place of the ones they had to use on Powell Street ~~which are being used today~~.

Baum: When you were going to school as a boy you were travelling back and forth between East Oakland and San Francisco.

Graves: Yes. Well now of course I went to school in East Oakland. I went to a kindergarten; it was under the Sisters of Mercy, a convent out there called Lourdes Academy at the time. It shouldn't be confused with the Lourdes Church, Our Lady of Lourdes Church down on Lake Merritt. That was not even known then. Where the Lady of Lourdes Church on Lake Merritt is today was just simply a wilderness. An old muddy road pretty near impassable in the winter. We would ~~winter would~~

Graves: come down by there on that end of the lake from Piedmont as we used to go walking. But this convent had this kindergarten for both boys and girls. We were about five or six years old. I went there and as usual the first day that a child will go to school he bawls his head off, cries. And the nun delegated one of my great chums who is still alive today (we are very great friends) to entertain me. It didn't work so she delegated him to take me home. So I had to go home. Well, that was just the first day. I stayed on there and then back to San Francisco again. San Francisco for a while--it was a long walk to school. It was different from what they do today. They have buses now to pick up children and they have the street cars and so forth to take you there. But we lived on Clay Street and Mason Street and the convent school was St. Bridget's out on Broadway and Van Ness. And my sister and I would start hiking in the morning to go to school. At noon time we'd walk home, have our lunch, walk back, and at three o'clock we'd walk home. And of course San Francisco

Graves: is quite a hilly place. But Pacific Avenue was called then Pacific Street partly, and part Pacific Avenue; I have to tell you about that. But that was the level, a kind of a level street. And we'd walk along that until we got to Taylor Street; that was level between Pacific and Clay. And we'd walk home that way. The only hill, real hill we had was from Taylor down to our house and back up again.

Baum: Your folks must have been quite determined to send you to parochial schools if you went that far.

Graves: Yes, I went back to East Oakland and I finished up my school days at St. Anthony's, a parochial school which was run by the Christian Brothers. My school days weren't very extensive--I didn't finish the seventh grade.

Baum: Why did you stop?

Graves: There were different conditions of the family that made me stop and one of them was that I was just tired of going to school. I was living then with my grandmother; my folks were separated. And I went to work for Shreve and Co., the gold and silversmiths in San Francisco.

Baum: How old were you then?

Graves: Let's see. That would be 1903; I was then fourteen years old. There was no such a thing as a law to force the children to be in school. Now talking about that. There used to be quite a few people in East Oakland, [redacted] Portuguese people and so on--and Manuel or Antonio would be in the class, and all of a sudden one or the other would be missing. And the Teacher Brother would ask the child's brother why. "Oh," he said, "he won't be back any more. He's got a job in the cotton mill." You know, in that cotton mill they'd hire those poor children there as young as eleven years old working in that cotton mill. And I can remember the church across the street--you see they used to have a white hearse and white horses for children. It was very common to see a funeral. And, of course TB took a lot of them off. And they had at one time worked in the old jute mill in East Oakland which was down around, I think, East 10th Street and 5th Avenue. [redacted]

Graves: Of course they gave that all up even with adults. [redacted]. And the prison at San Quentin has the mill now where they make the sacks and all like that, [redacted] and that was done by outsiders at one time and that used to take a lot of them off. So [redacted] they went to work there at the cotton mill.

Baum: This was common, then, for a boy of fourteen to quit school and go to work.

Graves: Oh yes. Even younger than that. I've seen apprentice boys [redacted] thirteen years old or something like that. But of course we got a big salary; I used to get $3.00 a week for that.

Baum: That was more money then.

Graves: Oh yes, that was money. [laughter] The gold and silversmiths, you know what they are in diamonds and all like that, but you wouldn't believe it but we were apprentice machinists at the Shreve and Co. The reason for that is they did all their own [redacted] die work to make these [redacted] dies for pins and ear rings and all that. And that all had to be on regular machines. Then we had the upkeep of the factory, the machine shop. and repairs.

Baum: Were there many other apprentices of your age?

Graves: No, the other apprentice was older than I was. I think he was about seventeen or eighteen years old. He was the other apprentice. One of the machinists was a very, very old man; he was Swiss and he'd have the job of scraping these big dies for bowls and all like that with a hammer and chisel. He'd work for hours and hours on those things because it had to be very perfect. One of the biggest things we had when we moved from Fremont and Market where the factory was to Bryant Street between Third and Fourth, when the first "California" was being built which was a cruiser. The Native Sons of the Golden West and the Native Daughters of the Golden West were going to present a punch set to the ship and we made that punch set out there. And that took, oh days--for the big die for the punch bowl to make a perfect one when they drop it. They put a big plate of silver on there, annealed, and they drop this hammer on it and it gets the shape of the bowl. By the time they get through with

Graves: it it is a thing of beauty. But I thought that after six months there when they didn't raise my pay which they promised to do I went and asked about it. They refused to give me any pay so then I quit. And I worked a half a day in the old California Saw Works; that was a dirty old place. I went over to my father who was then a conductor on the North Pacific Coast Railroad from Sausalito to Cazadero. So I told him. He said, "Well, come over with me." So I went over with him and I got a job in the shop as an apprentice machinist. And then there were too many apprentices after a while and the union was in force there so---

Baum: Oh, they were already unionized?

Graves: Yes.

Baum: How about Shreve and Co.?

Graves: No. That had nothing to do with the unions whatever.

Baum: Just the railroad workers?

Graves: Railroad work. And the master mechanic of this railroad over there was Mr. J.K. Brassill. It was then called the North Shore Railroad; it was a narrow gauge road. They had electric trains running

Graves: between Sausalito and San Rafael and Mill Valley at the time. That was a regular, what you'd call standard gauge or broad gauge [redacted] in those days. The master mechanic told me that he'd give me the job all right with one promise. That I wouldn't get the railroad fever and want to go out firing on the railroad. So I promised him. But the opportunity came. Of course that was my ambition--to be on a locomotive. When they put me back as a helper there was no time credit to you as an apprentice in being a helper. So I put my proposition up to him and he smiled. It was hard to get [redacted] firemen there so he hired me as a fireman [redacted] providing my eyesight was all right. That was another thing. I had to go have my eyes[redacted] examined because I had glasses. And I went to the doctor in Sausalito and he examined me and he said, "What do you use these for?" [redacted] "Well," I [redacted] said, "I don't know. They said I needed them." "They are just window glass," he said. "If you're as sound in wind and limb as you are in your eyesight you are perfect." So I got passed to be a

Graves: fireman on the road. And then, at the same time, there were [redacted] three others of us all the same age that were hired on the road. We were just sixteen and seventeen. [redacted] Then there was one young fellow a little older than us who was hired also. [redacted] We had wood burners [redacted]--they called them wood burners because they burnt cord wood instead of oil. The sticks of wood were four foot long and they were all the way from four or five inches or more in width, [redacted] just chopped up in sticks. [redacted] We'd fire those. Sometimes there would be one a little bit too wide and it wouldn't go in the firebox door and we'd heave that overboard which was against the rules. But we didn't want to chop it up. They gave us an axe to do that too beside firing the thing and keeping the engine clean. Of course we had oil burners there too and that, [redacted] was a nice job on those. So that went along until what they call "stealing a fireman." [redacted]

Graves: The master mechanic of the Mt. Tamalpias road WANTED a fireman up there and he induced me to go up there for a while. Well, the man that I replaced was supposed to be a kind of travelling agent to get people to come and take this ride up Mt. Tamalpias. I was up there for a few months. And then I came back--

Baum: What was this travelling agent supposed to do?

Graves: Well, he went all over the world. He would just go in hotels with his pamphlets and advertise the Mt. Tamalpias railroad. "When you come to California and San Francisco, don't fail to take the ride up Mt. Tamalpias." That was his job. His name was Bem and he was a very handsome looking man and he could meet the public. He made good at it. Because the crowds came---

Baum: Not just locally, but he would go far--

Graves: All over. No, not locally. Oh, they had the Peck-Judah, who were travel agents for most steamship and train companies and, of course, they had this local business and also they'd advertise all throughout the world too. But

Graves: this Joe Bem was the personal contact with these people. "If you're coming to San Francisco don't fail to take that ride." Which you could see that he produced because the crowds would be getting more and more as the time went on. But he never did come back. They hired somebody else and I went back to the narrow gauge until I quit. I got the swell head. This way: on the narrow gauge road were ones that they called "boomers". They'd come here today and go on and of course they'd like to get seniority. They'd induce us young fellows to quit. So they told me I was losing all kinds of time and everything working for a little narrow gauge road so I thought that I agreed with them. So I went to work for the Santa Fe Railroad.

Baum: Was there a sort of a prestige system among the railroads based on the gauge?

Graves: Oh yes, if it was a little pike, they used to call it, why it wasn't much. They used to call it "two streaks of rust and a right of way." [Laughter] So I went over to Richmond and oh gosh, with open arms they took me on. How I ever

Graves: got by [redacted] --

Baum: As a fireman?

Graves: As a fireman on the Santa Fe. How I ever got by with my age, without them catching it. They put me on. [redacted] I put my age up as nineteen then and I passed the doctor, went to Fresno, and took the examination that they'd require for mainline duty, and I was on freight trains and so forth working there. [redacted] About three weeks later I had a job at Riverbank. That's down in the San Joaquin Valley near Escalon; it is south of Stockton. They had a work train there in a gravel pit. They were taking gravel out [redacted] for making what was going to be a terminal out there after while. So a man came up from Richmond and he had a telegram that he had brought from Richmond to give to me. [redacted] We were having dinner then at noontime when he came on the train. And the telegram read, "Remove R.D.Graves from service at once account not being of age." So that was the end of my railroad career out on the railroad.

Baum: Why was there a limitation on age?

Graves: Twenty-one years of age you had to be.

Baum: Was this a union regulation?

Graves: No no. That was a rule of the company. The Southern Pacific would take you as young as eighteen years of age providing you had your parent's consent. But the Santa Fe was strict about being of age. So that was the end of what you call operating on a railroad. I got a job with the SP hostling engines. They call them hostlers the same as they do in a stable with horses. The hostler means they put the engines away; they service them and all like that. I worked there at the Southern Pacific, West Oakland, for quite a while, and was also a stationary fireman there. I was firing a boiler that was there providing steam for the shops and so forth. From there I went to sea. I went with the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company. That was in 1909 and the ship that I sailed on was called the "Nevadan." The American-Hawaiian Steamship Company, at that time, named all their vessels after the states with the "n" on it. Just the same as you'd

Graves: say a Coloradan, Nevadan and Californian and Missourian, Texan, Hawaiian. Those were the name of their ships. I happened to pick this "Nevadan" which ran between San Francisco and Salina Cruz in Mexico, and Seattle. The other ones are what they call "The Triangle". These other ships used to go from here to Seattle, Seattle to Hawaii, Hawaii to Salina Cruz. That was before the Canal. At Salina Cruz there was the three hundred mile railroad that crossed the Isthmus of Tehuantepec between Salina Cruz and Porto Mexico on the Atlantic side. The railroad had box cars which were the American style with the exception that the roof of these box cars was hinged. When they got in to each terminal they just simply put the crane on the dock to lift the freight. They would just open these roofs and lay them on the side of the car just like opening a box. And then the cargo already had their slings on because on the other side between New

Graves: York and Port of Mexico was also the American-Hawaiian Steamship Company and their ships would bring the cargo down to the Port of Mexico, they'd pick it right out of the ship and put it into these box cars and when the box cars were full they'd close the roof and they'd transport them three hundred miles across the isthmus to Salina Cruz where they'd be opened up again and we'd pick them up and put them into our ships and bring them up here. That was pre-Panama Canal. The Panama Canal eliminated that entirely.

Baum: How long did you work on that job?

Graves: One trip. I was in love then with my future wife. We were to be married and I wanted to get a job home. I didn't want to be going to sea and be married.

Baum: She was a San Francisco girl?

Graves: She was a San Francisco girl; she was born here too. My wife was born on Tehama Street between Fifth and Sixth and her mother ~~brother~~ was born in San Francisco too. Her mother was born on Taylor and Valapariso Street on Russian Hill. Her father came from Lowell, Massachusetts. He was born there.

Graves: He was what we called the "foreign" part, because he wasn't born here. My parents and her mother were born here while her father was out of state. He went on the police force in San Francisco in 1890 just about three months after she was born. He was a policeman right up to the time he died. He retired from the actual police force about a year or so before he died. He was with James Rolph who was the Mayor of San Francisco, James Rolph, Jr. He was his first appointee when he became mayor and he stayed with him until he died. Of course Rolph became governor later on and he wanted Ethel's father to go to Sacramento but he couldn't see that. He was then seventy past and he couldn't see giving up his home here at his age; but the Governor gave him charge of the office here in the state building. Then he took sick and he died before Ethel and I were married. I got a job with the Key Route, the Key Route Ferry boats. I went on there as a fireman, in 1909.

Baum: Most always, then, you were in some phase of transportation.

Graves: Well yes. I have to bring that up too. It was only in later years that I became what you call standing still. In other words what you call a stationary engineer. Later on the title became power engineer; that meant to supply power or do that kind of work in an engine room ashore. But the Key Route part of it--I went on as a fireman when they put on an extra boat in 1909. The commuter traffic got so heavy there that they had to put on an extra boat to run a fifteen minute service in the afternoon between four and six. That's how I got that job. And I was with the Key Route, I guess, about four years. I got to be an Engineer and got my license from the United States government and was an engineer there. We got married in 1910, March 30th. We'd have been married before that but there were objections about waiting until I became of age. So we didn't wait very much

Graves: longer after I was twenty-one years of age we got married. We were married at St. James Church in the Mission--that was on Twenty-third and Guerrero Sts. And talking about that--we had a kind of renewal of wedding vows here this last month, last March 30th for the fiftieth anniversary at the same church. Not the same priest because he has been dead these twenty years. He was an old man. So that's the marriage. And then, of course, our son came along the following year in 1911.

Baum: What's his name?

Graves: His name is Norbert Walsh Graves. He lives now in Berkeley and he's with the Cummings studio. He is a designer of stained glass windows in churches, lodges and so forth. He has been with that for a good many years and he is still with it. That's his occupation now. And, of course, my daughter came in 1915. She was born in April, 1915. Her name is ~~Jeanne~~ Jeanne Marie; now

Graves: her name is Ferrari, her married name. There are no grandchildren by my son, but two grandchildren by my daughter who are Anthony, my grandson, and Marie, my grandaughter. One is twenty-one and the other is eighteen.

Baum: You'll have great grandchildren before too long.

Graves: ~~While~~ I was with the Key Route from 1909 to 1913. ~~the first world war came on. Before WWI--it was 1913--four years later and~~ I had my engineers license and the Western Pacific came into being. The Western Pacific Railroad came in and we might as well add on to that that I was a fireman on the boat. They chartered a boat from the Key Route to take the first passengers from the Western Pacific, the first train into Oakland. ~~And~~ We went over to the Western Pacific and waited until that train came in and the passengers who were for ~~came to~~ San Francisco we took over. So that was kind of an honor we had of being the first ferry to take the first passengers for the Western Pacific Railroad. Why they chartered the boat--they had one of their own called the

Graves: "Telephone", but they didn't use that. They wanted the "Yerba Buena" which was the first "Yerba Buena," the small one that the Key Route owned at that time. So then I got the job at what you call a dock engineer there for a while. I was a standby in case of a breakdown during the rush hour. We would get this boat ready. We'd have steam up and We'd have the engine warmed up in case of anything. The crew would come aboard and we just got off and they'd take it out.

Baum: An extra.

Graves: That was an extra. That was what they called dock engineer. ~~The job,~~ When I wanted to go to work on the new Western Pacific Ferry boat, they were going to give me the job ~~that~~ BUT they had already promised a man in Seattle. The man who had introduced me to the Western Pacific said "Here,"--by the way it was Timothy Riordan; he was the head of the Board of Works at the time under Rolph--He said, "There's a new school out here. The man that's THERE IS supposed to go to the hall of justice--if you want to go stationary

Graves: engineer there's a job out there." So I said, "Well I'll go out and look at it." Which I did and it looked pretty good to me--More money and all like that. So I quit the Key Route and went to work there. That was the end of the ferry boat business for some years and I went to work in the Lowell High School in 1913. I was there for five years or a little over. I went there in April, 1913 and in June--

Baum: This was as an engineer?

Graves: Engineer at the heating plant and in charge of all the plumbing and, you know, taking the mechanical work of the school. And the war came on. Of course my daughter was born while there was a Fair. And the Fair was on in 1915 and, of course, the war was on too but we weren't in it yet. And in 1917 when we got in there then a whole lot of engineers ~~them were~~ taking leaves of absences from these jobs and going ~~in~~ into the Naval Reserve. So I was going to be patriotic too, so I applied to the Naval Reserve. While I

Graves: was being signed up there a great friend of ours who was already in the Naval Reserve said "What are you doing here?" And when I told him, he said, "Forget it. If you're going to be patriotic why don't you ~~stay in~~ go into the merchant marine?" Well, I took his advice and I went in the merchant marine during the First World War and I was fortunate; the first job I had was with the tow boat, the "Hercules." We'd tow ~~these~~ a coal barge which was a converted sailing ship called the "Celtic Monarch", ~~a coal barge.~~ to Vancouver Island. Afterwards it became a famous ship here, an iron ship called the "Rolph," for James Rolph because he owned it. They re-rigged her into sail and she sailed during the war. Because anything that would float or sail or skip over the water or anything like that they used. We'd come down ~~with these~~ after leaving the barge, with log rafts from the Columbia River and we'd pick up this nine hundred foot log raft and ~~pull the log raft.~~ tow it. The log raft was built like a cigar; it drew about twenty feet of water and it was about ten feet above the water the shape of a cigar. It was over a million some odd hundred thousands of feet of logs and this thing chained together with chains. ~~And~~

Graves: We'd start from the Columbia River and bring that down the coast. ~~and~~ If we made two or three knots an hour we were fast. The only time we ever exceeded that was when we'd get in the current off Point Arena here and sail a little FASTER. But when they wouldn't come into San Francisco ~~and when~~ we'd go sailing by the Golden Gate--we'd start in the morning and we'd be off Point Reyes about ten o'clock ~~in the morning~~ and at sundown we'd be at Point Montara still in the sight of San Francisco. I'd say, "this is not for me." [laughter]

Baum: Did this job not have much prestige? Being such a slow boat?

Graves: Well, it was a wonderful job. It was very good. It was a huge tug and she's still in existence. The Western Pacific bought her afterwards and used her to tow the car floats across the bay before they got the new car ferry that they have now, the "Las Plumas," they call it, which means "the feather." Of course the Plumas is the Feather River; that's their emblem, the feather. They named it after the river which is the Rio de Las Plumas. And then, of course, the

Graves: "Hercules"--I don't think she's destroyed yet. I think she's kind of a standby; I think they still have her. But I quit.

Baum: Why did you quit?

Graves: Well because we were sixteen days between Astoria and San Diego. We'd run up the coast here to San Francisco and we'd come in and the captain would want to pick up the two north-bound tugs the same afternoon that we got in. So my wife would have to come down and say "hello and goodbye" and away we'd go. Well, I didn't want that. She had the two children and we lived right in the same block at that time as we do now.

Baum: So you didn't get to see the family and it took too long on trips.

Graves: Too long, yes. You'd be a month or twenty-eight to thirty-one days between the time we'd leave until we'd get back. Going north we went as far as Union Bay which is pretty near to the Straits of Georgia up in the Vancouver Islands where we'd take the coal barge up to

Graves: the coal fields above ~~Nitinat,~~ Nanaimo.

Baum: Were the men on this unionized?

Graves: Oh yes, everybody.

Baum: Didn't the Union do something about these long trips or stopovers?

Graves: No. There couldn't be any stop overs. We had oil enough to take us for the whole trip. We had two thousand barrels of oil in the tug boat ~~and~~ in between bulkheads. We had no tanks; the hull of the ship was the oil tank; it was a huge ship with a big powerful engine. Of course you couldn't run that engine to pull the log rafts too hard because if you did you'd pull them apart. That's why they lost so many--by pulling them too hard. This Captain that we had, this Captain Kitchworth; he was one of the most successful men to ever pull a log raft down the coast. And the reason he did that was when it would get stormy he'd look in the engine room door and tell you to cut down so much on the receiver pressure. He knew ~~when~~ from the low pressure receiver pressure ~~is~~ just about the revolutions of the engine. And sometimes

Trevor: We could [illegible] where [illegible] Anything.

Daniel: Does [illegible] (to Trevor)

Trevor: Oh yeah, definitely.

Daniel: [illegible] [illegible]

Advisor?

Trevor: No. There wouldn't be any [illegible] for the whole trip.

Always is some way to find an [illegible] [illegible] to all in the big [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] of the city and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Graves: we'd just turn over to keep the cable, which was over a thousand to twelve hundred feet long, between the tug boat and the barge which was a quarter of a mile behind us, from getting slack. We'd just keep the weight of that thing up. The reason that that was is to allow that log raft to roll in the trough of the sea instead of pulling it over the waves which would make it go this way--bend it. By pulling it over the waves it would just bend like a piece of lead pipe. And the first thing you know the logs would get loose and you'd lose the whole raft. There would be a million feet of logs floating in the ocean which was terrible. So he just let it glide. Sometimes we'd wake up in the morning and the log raft would be right outside our door about a quarter of a mile away. It would be going the same way with us, right off over there. By the afternoon it would be around the other side. When it would calm down we'd just speed up a little bit and it would follow behind us. They had passengers on that log

Graves: raft. There were about, oh I guess, a thousand sea gulls. And the sea gulls would follow ~~that~~ the raft and the reason the sea gulls would float all the way down on that log raft was because the movement of the logs would dislodge water snakes; they were full of water snakes from lying in the water, ~~you know~~, in the Columbia River and ~~they~~ as soon as these snakes would make an appearance the sea gulls would grab them. And then they'd have a regular feast day, ~~you know~~, fighting amongst themselves to chew up ~~this~~ these water snakes. That's why they followed us down. We called them the passengers. Of course when we'd get to San Diego ~~they~~ as soon as the tow boat went along side the log raft they'd all fly away. I don't know where they'd go. I suppose fly all the way home or something.

Baum: They'd lost their home by then.

Graves: But they were pretty good. They could go all the way up and down the coast. Like another job I had here on the tow boat of the Crockett Sugar Refinery. Of course that's getting

Graves: ahead of the tale. But talking about seagulls--we'd come down San Pablo Bay and we'd be about two miles off the Pinole shoals and you wouldn't see a sea gull anyplace. But just let the cook take the garbage bucket and dump it overboard and you'd see specks begin to appear and before you knew it there'd be a hundred of them all fighting in the water there for the scraps ~~on~~ FROM the tables ~~and everything~~. They have an awful eagle-eye, those fellows. There's no brotherly love amongst them.

Baum: I've seen that.

Graves: Oh yes, there's no brotherly love amongst the sea gulls.

Baum: You decided, then, to get off this tow boat.

Graves: Yes. Of course, all you had to do is simply wink your eye and they'd grab you for a job because during the war ~~they~~ MEN were at a premium, you know. They were licensed men. So I got this job on a steam schooner called the "Chehalis." I went aboard her. That was a pretty good sized boat; it was a lumber carrier. And the reason that ~~was~~ it was an essential job WAS because in the First World War airplanes were

Graves: mostly built of spruce, ~~of wood~~. They were wooden airplanes then and spruce lumber seasoned, very highly seasoned for a long time, was what they used. ~~and~~ We would transport that down here and it would be under guard both up there and when it would get here against sabotage. ~~Against the spruce. But~~ We had sealed orders. The first day I went out on this "Chehalis" we wondered what the sealed orders were. Well, you can imagine the consternation the next morning when I was on watch--I was first assistant engineer. I went on at eight o'clock in the morning until twelve, and then, of course, eight at night until twelve midnight. That's the way we worked--four on and eight off; those were ~~that was~~ the watches. We'd begin to get the bells down in the engine room to slow down and ~~if~~ it was foggy and we'd hear the whistle blowing--all the time fog. And it was stop and go and back up and what we called back and filling around and we wondered what the deuce is going on up there. So the oiler went up and he came down and said "I don't know, but gosh, I think we're in luck." I said, "Why?" He said, "I think it's a salvage job. It looks like a big passenger

Graves: ship in distress up here. If we tow that in it will be wonderful, salvage, you know." Well, fine and dandy. I was relieved at twelve o'clock; the second assistant engineer came down and I went up on deck--the fog began to clear then--what should greet our eyes was a little tug boat called the "Benita Juarez" with a broken log raft, broken in two, and our sealed orders were to pick up that log raft and that tow boat because they were out of provisions and fuel and everything else and tow them into San Francisco. We had no wireless. We had no communication whatever. So you can imagine my wife wondering. I used to always phone when we'd get to Aberdeen, Washington in Gray's Harbor. I'd phone home that we were up there safe. Of course, you know, torpedoes--although they didn't have that in the Pacific much, but you couldn't tell when they might have it. So she began to get worried and we had a friend that was in the merchant exchange and she called him up. His name was Jerry Daily. She called him up.

Graves: ~~Her.~~ He said, "I can't tell you all about it, but rest assured everything's all right because I know what they're doing." But what made it worse. Instead of bringing that whole tow boat and the broken log raft into San Francisco the crazy Captain on that thing decided that he'd go on down the coast on the "Benita Juarez" with the result that he lost everything and it floated ashore in the Monterey Bay--the log raft. ~~And~~ The municipal wharf at Monterey that is there now is built from the logs that they salvaged on the beach at Monterey ~~and built the municipal wharf out of logs that they lost on that log raft.~~ So whatever became of the "Benita Juarez" I think she went to the Philippines and they had an explosion or something--that was the end of her. But we went on. ~~And~~ Then I stayed on that boat and the flu came along--the terrible Spanish flu in 1918. ~~And~~ I'd get in and I used to phone home at four o'clock in the morning and say that we were in and I'd be home at a certain time. We had an arrangement where I'd come home in San Francisco while the second engineer ~~he would take~~ relieved me. He liked to go ashore and spend

Graves: his time in Aberdeen, which was a very nice arrangement. So I came home and Mamma and my boy were bothdown with the flu. So nothing doing I wasn't going to sea when they were dying like they were at that time. Of course, she had a mild form and the boy had a mild form. I had the one day flu at one time there. You'd feel terrible and the next day you're all right, which was one of the peculaarities of that disease at the time. I laid off and of course the ship sailed. When she sailed the chief engineer had laid off the trip before with the influenza. We thought he was going to die. He wanted to sail, but the Captain wouldn't have it. He said "You'll just spread that all through the ship. You'll have to stay home." He did. So I met him down at Stuart and Market Street later before the Southern Pacific Building was there at a little place where they used to have furnishings for seamen. He ran out there and hollered at me and he said, "Do you want a job while you're ashore?" I said, "Sure, what is it?" "Go over to see Rasmussen at the Key Route. They are looking for engineers. Everybody says they're

building

Graves: talking about tying up the Key Route because they can't get anybody to run the boats because everybody is down with the flu ~~over there~~." ~~So~~ I went over to the Key Route and while I was over there working as an engineer on the steamer, "Claremont"--that was the ferry boat that I was assigned to at the time--the Marine Engineers Association got a hold of me and said, "You want a chief engineer's job?" I said "I haven't got the license for it." "Well," he ~~says~~ said, "get it!" I ~~says~~ said, "Now can I get it?" "Well," he ~~says~~ said, "tell them the conditions and all like that, work it out and take the examination and so on." I said, "What is it?" He said, "~~Ther~~ There's an automobile ferry starting up between Rodeo and Vallejo." And he ~~says~~ said, "They are looking for engineers up there and it would be a pretty good job because there'd be big pay in it." So I went up to the Custom House. First I went to--arranged to get the job on this auto ferry and I went to the custom house and got the license and I went up there. I was up there a year and a

Graves: half on that thing. The little boat was called the "Issaquah."

Baum: A little auto ferry.

Graves: A little automobile ferry, yes. It ran from the little town of Rodeo which was nothing but a little village at that time to South Vallejo. And that was about October, ~~1908~~ 1918. Foolish like, we all moved up there. I gave up the house here on Moraga Street and we moved to Rodeo. We lived there for three years--a little over three years. And in the mean time I had a disagreement with the boss up there and I left there and went on a couple of miles up to the Crockett Sugar Refinery, the California-Hawaiian Sugar Refinery Corporation which had two tow boats which towed the water into the sugar refinery. Now when you say "towing the water into the sugar refinery"it may sound peculiar, but Contra Costa County is very shy on water. And they used to get their water for the making of the sugar--which is two million gallons per day--from the river by taking these barges

Graves: up there. They'd hold a half a million gallons a piece. We'd take them up until we found fresh water in the river where we'd sink the barges--open the valves in the barges and they'd sink, you know, filling up with water and when they were full we'd turn around and tow them back to Crockett. And that would be two trips a day. That's all you could do because we'd have to go sometimes as far as Rio Vista and Antioch and those places to get the water.

Baum: Don't they still do that? Import water?

Graves: No. They don't import it any more. They've got it right into the sugar refinery from the Eastbay Municipal Utility District. I was there for eleven years on that job. I'd still be there--I guess, of course, I'd be retired now on age and all--but they found water up in a place called Soscol ~~Sosko, (?)~~ which is up near Napa. They piped the water down. They spent over a million dollars on this installation of pumps and so forth up in this place called Soscol ~~Sosko~~ to bring the water down to the Crockett Sugar Refinery across the Carquinez Bridge. If there was no Carquinez

Graves: Bridge, why it would never have happened. But they gave me a job in the sugar refinery as a pump repair man. And of course, going to work with a whistle and quitting with a whistle, it was not my line because I never did it except when I was a little boy as an apprentice in the shops. On all these jobs we were our own bosses; we just made our watches to suit ourselves. Sometimes we'd work 24 hours and then take forty-eight hours home.

Baum: You worked when it was necessary and then you were off.

Graves: Then we were off. Of course at the sugar refinery job they had very large tugs. There was a crew all together of about nine on the tug and there were two on the barge and we had a cook. They boarded and logged us right on the boat. I had a wonderful room there and we had wonderful eats. They were wonderful people to work for, the Crockett Sugar Refinery. They'd do anything for you; they did all the work I'd order to do on the boat, they kept it up in first class shape providing they spent the money on it that it would run for one year and closed down for the overhauling

Graves: period which we did,-Barring accidents like ~~the~~ a log ~~and~~ in the propeller or something else where you'd have to go to the drydock. But, as I say, that was the best job I ~~'ve~~ had until I got this last job ~~I had~~. Of course that's getting ahead of the time too. ~~Then~~ When I didn't like this job in the mill, and the state had installed a refrigeration plant on the waterfront down here, I was employed as an engineer by the state. It was at Pier 48 on the end of the Embarcadero. It was called the State Refrigeration Terminal, ~~and~~ that had just started up.

Baum: What was that for?

Graves: That was for the State of California. That was for the exporting only of pears, grapes and so forth into foreign ships to go to Europe. It had to be foreign trade because the other private refrigeration plants kicked pretty much about it. But as long as it was going to be this foreign thing, and the long haul between the refrigeration plants to the ship used to allow the fruit to begin to sweat after coming out of refrigeration; it would get frost on it and then would rot in the ship from mildew and so forth. So what they

Graves: wanted was a "ship-sider" they call it. Just take it right out of refrigeration and put it in the ship.

Baum? Would it keep cool enough on the ship?

Graves: Oh yes, they had their own refrigeration plant on the ship. But it was that interval between one refrigeration plant where it would take the warmth and start to take the moisture in, that was the trouble. And then, of course, it would freeze when it got on the ship and it would kind of break up the fruit. So I went there as a refrigeration engineer and I was there for eight years.

Baum:& You've certainly had a lot of different kinds of jobs.

Graves: And then the next job was what I'd call a pretty nice job because it would be something that I think a lot of people would like to have and I was fortunate enough to get it. The city of San Francisco, I think every five years, [redacted] have an examination to replenish the Civil Service list for engineers and for all trades--clerks, stenographers and everything. The list runs out at certain intervals. So I took the examination and somebody said, "Oh gosh, even if you get a call you'll be lucky." But I was lucky. It seemed I

Graves: hit number eighteen on the list at that time out of a hundred and some odd and fortunately there were a lot of retirements. A lot of new plants were starting up. It was a sad occasion because the one whom I replaced died. And I had to replace a man who had just died at the War Memorial--that's the Veteran's Building and the Opera House. Fortunately, the chief engineer there knew me years ago before that and he was glad to know that I was coming there because we knew each other. So I stayed there and it was a wonderful job because all these operas, all these lectures, all the ballets and so forth--we were all in on it, because we had to go back and forth between the Veteran's Building where the engine room was and through a tunnel under that park. There's a huge tunnel under there that takes all the pipe lines and steam, water an everything from one building to the other. There was a sidewalk through there and that's where we'd go from our engine room over to the Opera House right under the stage.

Baum: You had engineering duties there?

However all manner stations on the line of that time had at a bewildered and were not and particularly liking more a lot of refreshments. A lot of men [illegible] were waiting on. It was a man occasion because [illegible] I [illegible] there. And I had to replace a man who had just [illegible] at the [illegible] Wabash's Building and Loan Bonus. Fortunately, the relief employee began soon so [illegible] and he was glad to know that I [illegible] [illegible] to [illegible] more after. So I guess that's [illegible] it was a [illegible] because all those morning all [illegible] [illegible] and so forth-on were [illegible] [illegible] back and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Graves: Engineering duties. We had the heating plant and of course it was a very nice job because the fuel was gas and it was automatic.

Baum: About what year was this?

Graves: I went to work there in 1938; I went from the refrigeration plant. I went to the refrigeration plant in 1931 and was eight years there. The only reason that that was was because they had brought the water into the sugar refinery and, as I say, I quit there on account of that. It was a beautiful engine room at the War Memorial and I was pretty fat; I was, oh, about forty pounds more than I am now and I shouldn't have done what I did, but the old heart gave out while I was there and I was laid up for about six months. I got over it pretty good by just staying in bed and the doctor told me, "That's the only medicine I can give you is just stay there until it heals."--which it did, and I went back for a while and they were very good to me. They'd do all the climbing and so forth. But I knew I couldn't keep that up; I wasn't supposed to do any more climbing and in the Opera House and

Graves: and the Veteran's Building both there are elevators, but you'd be surprised at the area above what you see there--the attics and the ventilating systems up in those attics. You have to go ~~in~~ To tanks that are up there and a lot of it is ladder climbing. So I knew that there was a man going to retire on one of the draw-bridges and you can transfer after you have put in your probation. You can transfer to anything you want in the city after you put in your probation which is six months. I was there for a little over three years at the Opera House. ~~So on Christams night~~ I put in the application for this transfer and they told me to report to the Fourth Street Bridge, the Fourth and Channel Street Drawbridge. So I went down to the Fourth and Channel Street Drawbridge Christmas night of 1941, just after Pearl Harbor. The war came on the same month on the seventh and I went down there and, of course there were all kinds of orders about blackouts and what we should do and all like that. But it was a job just fitted for what was wrong with me and I call it now an old man's job.

[illegible] and the Yukon's [illegible] with [illegible] in [illegible], but they'd be surprised at the [illegible] which you see [illegible] artists and the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. You have to go [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] better situation. So I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

Graves: ~~Because~~ If a vessel came up that channel and they blew the three whistles for the drawbridge you'd open it and let them in, then you'd just sit down with a book or whatever you'd want to do until the next boat came along which were few and far between.

Baum? Did you get some historical work done?

Graves: A lot of it was done down there. That was the longest job that I held from 1941 until April a year ago. I was down there for seventeen years on the bridge, 1941 to 1959. So from there on I was retired where you see me now. But I did a lot of this photography work and so forth while I was on that bridge. ~~Because the~~ We'd have different shifts. We'd change every so often from day shift on to an afternoon shift and then a night shift. The night shift there wasn't too much to do ~~down there~~ so we'd have a little what we called "spot", a little snooze, and I'd do this photo work in the morning. But now I do the same thing and don't know how I did it and have to go to work at the same time because it keeps me so busy now doing that, the photo work and so forth.

Graves: Of course I took on this museum job that we have now twice a week in San Rafael at the Marin County Society's Museum there on Wednesdays and Saturday. That takes up two days, but it's interesting and it's more a pleasure than it is work, so I don't call that work.

(end of interview)

(End of interview)

26 December 1963

Baum: Now we've finished the identification of the photographs you have in albums, although I know you are getting more pictures daily and adding them to the albums. Away back in May of 1960 we did an autobiographical interview which we want to include with the captions on the photographs, but we didn't get the story of how you gathered together this huge collection of pictures. Could you tell me when you started collecting these historical pictures?

Graves: It started with my grandmother cutting pictures out of the paper. Then I started taking pictures with my box camera and collecting those.

Then, of course, being interested in railroads, I began to look for pictures and from 1922 on it started. Mind you, I started with one of those albums that you see there that Mr. Young gave me from the bank. He gave

Graves: me two or three of them but I only half-filled one. And I had everything in it, Santa Fe and everything else. Well, the first thing you know it got too small for that, so I started the other ones, putting another railroad in another one.

Baum: So it started with your interest in the railroads.

Graves: Yes, that I started collecting extensively. And then, of course, it moved on to old San Francisco starting with the street cars and then the old buildings that I remembered -- I wanted pictures of those because the earthquake took them all.

Baum: Where did you get some of these pictures?

Graves: From people ~~you~~ who had them, who collected pictures. And a lot of them came from a lot of originals that I had too; people gave me the original. They said, "Oh, I don't want this old thing, take it." If you open that drawer, I'll show them to you.

Baum: How did they know you were collecting?

Graves: Well, I'd ask people if they had the pictures.

Baum: Was there any special way that you got in touch with people who had pictures?

Graves: No.

Baum: Now, of course, people know that you're a collector.

Graves: Well, there were five of us started on this railroad collection. Out of the five there are only two of us left; three of them are dead. Eddie Laws, Johnnny Hogan, and Ed Young: Eddie was an engineer on the road; John Hogan; Ed Young, who was with the German Bank -- of course it was the San Francisco Bank afterwards. They're all dead. The only ones left are Willis Silverthorn and myself, the only two of the original collectors of these pictures. Silverthorn is retired now, in Sausalito. He was an engineer on the road. And then of course this man who just died whom I went to

[illegible]

Graves: the hospital to see, Joslyn, whom I knew was going to go, he was a photographer for Southern Pacific. And most of these pictures of the Southern Pacific locomotives that I have there -- I used to send him a dollar and he'd send me twelve pictures, post-card size. Every month I'd send a dollar and I kept getting these pictures from him.

Baum: What was this Mr. Joslyn's job?

Graves: David Joslyn. He was originally a draftsman for the Southern Pacific but they put him on doing the photographs because he was a pretty good photographer.

Baum: And so whenever you got a little spare cash, a dollar, you sent --

Graves: Well, talking about spare cash, if Ethel was here we'd get a kick out of her because she used to say, "Wasting your money getting those darn pictures, when I need the money!" And Norbert, my son, used to say, "Oh, poor Joslyn." Well, Joslyn was laid off at one time and

Graves: I guess he depended a lot on that money. We got quite friendly.

Then there's another man in Southern California -- I don't know whether you ever look at that corny picture called "Petticoat Junction" or not -- but he's a sound technician for that. His name is Gerald ~~Bass~~ Best, and he's quite a collector, steamboat collector and railroads. He and Karl Kortum, we all worked together. Why, if I wanted I could fill up sheets with the names of people who were collecting.

Now, a lot of these streetcar pictures a fellow named Dick Schlich gave me. He gave me some pictures which I have to put away, very nice ones of the old streetcars and different things in San Francisco. Oh, I could go on and on about collecting these pictures and the exchanging back and forth.

Baum: Did you have any club where you met together?

Graves: Yes, the Railway and Locomotive Historical Society. We meet monthly. It's quite a thing; the headquarters for that, the parent organization, is in Boston at the Baker Library at Harvard University. They started out in 1920 as a railroad historical society, turned into pictures -- I've never gotten pictures from them but I've sent pictures to them. Now the only thing of the Donohue road in the Smithsonian Institution in Washington, D.C., are ~~is~~ my pictures. I went there one time and he [curator] showed me some pictures from Joslyn that they had there. "Well,"I said, "they're incomplete."

"Well, I wish we could get the whole complete," he said, "because Peter Donohue was quite a character, went around and started the Union Iron Works."

"I'll send them on," I said, which I did, along with the originals of what they alread had. Then they sent me some pictures done by the WPA, drawings, of

Graves: the James N. Donohue ferryboat. As I say, It's back and forth, back and forth. And a lot of money spent too, if you want to know.

Baum: And back in the days when it was hard to come by.

Graves: Yes, and then not only that but afterwards -- I used to have this job done. I have a lot of those 5 x 7 negatives there that were done by Allens photography establishment on Market Street, and it was a dollar, a special rate just for us fellows because he knew us, for each one. Well, it got to where the pictures were beginning to cost me fifteen to twenty dollars a month, so I said, "Gee whiz, we can't do this." Well, we were staying in San Anselmo and I got a photographic outfit, a couple of little trays and everything, and I got these plates that my mother found in Mill Valley, and I printed and developed them and they turned out pretty good, so that started me. I would never have the collection if I didn't do it myself.

Baum: When did you start doing your own printing and developing?

Graves: That would be -- Well, of course when I was a boy I used to take those old Solio prints, you know, where you stick them on the window with the sunlight, and then after you develop them -- I forget what the solution was, to tell you the truth -- and I still have some of those. This would be in about the 1920s, I guess, when we were staying in San Anselmo. These plates, my mother found all these plates that a woman wanted to throw out, in her attic and my mother knew I was interested in photographs and she asked for them and the woman was tickled to death to think that she could give them to somebody who would be interested. I knew I couldn't take those down and have them processed for about four bits apiece so I started doing them myself. And from then on...

Baum: The pictures your mother rescued, are they in your Marin County book?

Graves: I think so, the Mill Valley ones. Oh, and I'll show you a picture of David Joslyn. He took his own pictures. He

Graves: had a time business on his camera. And he stood on the old "Collis P. Huntington," which was an old Southern Pacific No. One, and ~~he~~ took his own pictures. He's not too old in this picture, but he was seventy-seven when he died at the Southern Pacific Hosptial last week, Friday, December 13, 1963. ~~He died.~~

Baum: Now, these men, Ed Laws, John Hogan, Ed Young, Willis Silverthorn, were all railroadmen, except Ed Young, and they were all particularly interested in ~~the~~ railroad pictures.

Graves: Yes, and Ed Young belonged to this ~~railway~~ Railway and Locomotive Historical Society long before I did. He got me interested in it, ~~made~~ had me join. ~~XXX~~ Afterwards there were enough here to form what we call a chapter; five of us got together ~~here~~ in Berkeley to form what they call the Pacific Coast Chapter of the Railway and Locomotive Historical Society. Now this chapter has over three

Graves: hundred and some odd members. But in 1935, I think, we formed it; of the original members of the chapter there are only two of us left, Gilbert Kneiss and myself.

Baum: I thought it was the twenties.

Graves: It was the thirties when we started to go whole hog.

Baum: So then you had to get these pictures from before.

Graves: Oh, yes, these were all gone before I was born. Some of my pictures even show when they were scrapped, you see.

Baum: Now, how did you get the Slevin collection?

Graves: Well, you see that picture there with the smoke coming out of the stack? He had that picture in what they called the Railroad Magazine; L.S. Slevin, Louis Stanislaus Slevin, Carmel, California, and I sent for it. I asked him the price first, and he said twenty-five cents, and I got the picture.

I was down there in Carmel one time and I said I'm going to see this fellow. He had the store for the

Graves: newspapers and periodicals and artists supplies and all that type of thing, a regular stationery store, and I went to see him there. "Well," he said, "I have the negatives all at home. Are you interested in that railroad?" "Yes, I used to work for the Northwestern Pacific." "Well, you come down to the house and see me." I did, and I don't think I got back ~~from~~ INTO the woods until about two o'clock in the morning and that was the beginning of a wonderful friendship.

He was very much crippled. He had had infantile paralysis one time, like Franklin Roosevelt, and he had to use canes. He'd fall down, and he always used to say, "Don't pick me up. I know how to get up." He was quite a figure in Carmel, the first postmaster. He was there since 1903.

Well, after that we sent pictures back and forth, and never a piece of change ever passed ~~after hand~~. It

Graves: was always give and take. After a time, when he got really bad, he strongly hinted that he would like to have a good partner in the store and he'd set him up without any downpayment or anything. He was getting so he couldn't take care of it and he said he wanted somebody very much interested. I know if I said, "What about me coming down?" he'd have jumped at it. But I know that with the other employees whom he used to have in the store it would have been a hard row to hoe. I never went any further with it.

Eventually they had to sell the store, and it's now a leather store in the middle of the block on Ocean Avenue, below Delores. He wanted to move up to San Jose to a rest home, he and his wife, who was very sick too. But what to do with the collection? He said, "If you'll come down to Carmel with

Graves: your car and pick this collection up, I'll give it to you. The only string on it," he said, "I may get orders. Will you print the orders for me?" I said, "Sure." But I don't think there were two or three of them that I ever did.

Along with these pictures he had me take all his effects, his books, his papers. Oh gosh, the whole thing behind here is nothing but Slevin. And these glass plates of Carmel, which The Bancroft Library has now. You know there's a story about coming over the Santa Cruz mountains in the blackout with those plates in the back of the car. Over a ton of them.

He wanted to eat in a certain restaurant in Santa Cruz and so we went through Santa Cruz, which was a mistake. And as soon as we left the town, at the border, it was all lights out because it was during the war. Well, what a time we had going over there at two

Graves: o'clock in the morning without any lights over the Santa Cruz grade. A man ahead of us was "cheating," he had his lights on, every once in a while, and I kept in his lights when I could. What a night! [Laughter]

After the first place he lived in San Jose his wife died and he moved from his place in the southeast part of town over to the Alameda, the main road between San Jose and Santa Clara, a resthome there. He used to get around a bit and we used to tell him, "Louis, when you come back from San Jose don't get off the bus here and walk across that road. It's only a few blocks to Santa Clara, so go on, and make the turn and pay them an extra nickel because they stop right smack in front of the house where you live." But no, and for five cents he lost his life. He got off the bus, started to cross with his cane, and he was hit. He died the next morning, not a broken bone, but just shock, the doctor said.

Graves: There was no charge against the young married girl who hit him. Louis's brother Joe, who was curator of herpitology at the Academy of Sciences, quite a factor down there at the time he was alive, told her, "I know my brother's condition. I can just picture what happened. Absolutely no charge against this young lady, it was absolutely his fault." The poor girl was practically in hysterics.

They had the funeral and they moved his body to Monterey, his old stamping-ground, and he is buried there with his wife.

I went through the effects here one day, the stuff I brought up here that I was supposed to keep for him. It scared me to death because you couldn't dispose of anything without going leaf by leaf through these books because there would be whole sheets of postage stamps, with imperfect perforations, stamps that weren't printed

Drawing: Some are so rather without the image revealed (in) who big bus. Dolly's brother Abe, who was ignorant of

Applications of the lessons of Darwinism, quite a lively

[illegible] on his side in the [illegible] and [illegible]. "I [illegible]

or problem in condition. I am just [illegible] and

[illegible]." Instead of [illegible] only [illegible]

land. It was [illegible] life fully." [illegible] that [illegible]

[illegible] in [illegible].

They had [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible], [illegible] [illegible]-[illegible], [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible] with [illegible] site.

I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]. [illegible] [illegible]

I [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible].

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[illegible] [illegible] [illegible], [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

[illegible]

Graves: right, which was valuable philately. So I took them all out. And Joe told me, "Everything that Louis had I have duplicates of except the stamps. That's the only thing that's of any monetary value in the whole works." Of course he [Louis] had already given me the plates, the negatives, that was mine. That was one good thing; it was not willed to me, it was given to me. So Joe said, "Try to find the stamps, and that's all I want." And he disposed of the stamps for the estate.

Anyway, that's the story of the Slevin collection. And in those boxes over there are some eight or nine hundred pictures on double-weight paper. [Laughing] We were all down there when he wanted to dispose of these things, but first he wanted to look at all of them. He sat on an ottoman. Allen Knight, who has Slevin's ship collection, collection of ship pictures, and I were there. And we knew we'd be there four or five days instead

Graves: of four or five hours. Oh, gosh, we didn't get out of there until late, late at night.

Baum: You mentioned the collection you got from Ellen Jorgensen.

Graves: ~~But~~ We didn't get it from her, we got it from the bushes. It was thrown out.

Baum: She had thrown them out?

Graves: No, no, ~~XXXXXX~~ she had given ~~it~~ them to the Keys ~~System~~ sisters, why I don't know. I don't think the ~~Key System~~ Key sisters cared, but they did collect an awful lot of stuff. Those Keys sisters had a house so full that when they pulled them all down to sort them out they were ankle deep on the floor. We had to kick the papers aside to walk around the rooms, every room in the house. They must have had newspapers there from the time Lincoln was assassinated. And periodicals, The Argonaut, The Wasp. The schoolchildren got them, and I hope the school

Graves: department has preserved those old newspapers because they were valuable -- President McKinley, and the Spanish-American War. Even railroad timetables and pamphlets were in this house. And out in the backyard we saw them there, and we thought well, more old papers, but when we looked at them they were these glass plates and these celluloid negatives. We piled them in the car, and when we got home we found they were all stuck together and we thought, "Well, no use in keeping these." But they were still wet so I took them because I wanted to see what they were and I pulled them apart as carefully as I could and all the middle of them were perfectly all right, the water hadn't gotten in. Just black around the edge; I have hundreds of those that are black around the edge. And the same with the glass plates. Of course it's a good thing we found them when they were wet because if they ever should have dried it would be just solid, couldn't pull them apart, sealed, the emulsion.

Baum: When did you have time for the collecting and putting the pictures in the books?

Graves: Well, I had a lot of night-shift work, both on the refrigiration plant and also on the bridge and also at the opera house. And when I was on the night-shift I'd go to bed around a quarter to one and I'd get up around eight or nine o'clock and I'd have all day because I didn't have to go to work until eight o'clock at night. I did a lot of the picture work in the darkroom at that time. You know, Ethel was always after me: "Why don't you tell what that is when you put them in the album?" "I know what they are, I'm the only one who's going to look at them." But now other people want to know what they are, and that's my job now.

Baum: Did Mrs. Graves approve of your hobby?

Graves: Oh, yes, and it was something to keep me going, you know, ~~and~~ after I retired four years ago --

Graves: Then of course I had that museum for four-and-a-half years over there in San Rafael. It got to be a chore after a while, traveling back and forth. Now they're doing very well over there without me. And as I say, "Don't ever think that you're indispensable," because none of us are. They're doing very well.

There are other picture-collectors besides me, too. Joslyn gave his collection to a man named Dunscomb. They were working quite a bit together on these SP boats and Joslyn sold his collection of negatives to him. The poor man was sick and he knew he would never use them again anyway. But I guess he had hundreds and thousands of negatives. Just the negatives. He'd make the pictures for different people but he never made any for himself.

Silverthorn's collection -- he's got pictures of all kinds of engines just mixed up in one volume. He never went in for it extensively.

Roy D. Graves - Age 17 Years

Summit of Mt. Tamalpais, June 1907
Roy D. Graves, Fireman, in extreme right

On Steamer "Henry J. Biddle" 1928
Roy D. Graves, Chief Engineer, second from left

Roy D. Graves - Taken About 1950

Roy and Ethel Graves - 1962

Roy D. Graves Library - Showing Pictorial Albums

Mr. O.W. June, right, Sonoma Mission, July 1963

Captions of Pictures

Captions of Pictures

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