

Regional Oral History Office
The Bancroft Library

University of California
Berkeley, California

Western Mining in the Twentieth Century Oral History Series

Norman Cleaveland

DREDGE MINING FOR GOLD, MALAYSIAN TIN, DIAMONDS, 1921-1966;
EXPOSING THE 1883 MURDER OF WILLIAM RAYMOND MORLEY

With Introductions by
Peter Lawson-Johnston and
Edwards H. Metcalf

Interviews Conducted by
Eleanor Swent
in 1994

Since 1954 the Regional Oral History Office has been interviewing leading participants in or well-placed witnesses to major events in the development of Northern California, the West, and the Nation. Oral history is a modern research technique involving an interviewee and an informed interviewer in spontaneous conversation. The taped record is transcribed, lightly edited for continuity and clarity, and reviewed by the interviewee. The resulting manuscript is typed in final form, indexed, bound with photographs and illustrative materials, and placed in The Bancroft Library at the University of California, Berkeley, and other research collections for scholarly use. Because it is primary material, oral history is not intended to present the final, verified, or complete narrative of events. It is a spoken account, offered by the interviewee in response to questioning, and as such it is reflective, partisan, deeply involved, and irreplaceable.

All uses of this manuscript are covered by a legal agreement between The Regents of the University of California and Norman Cleaveland dated December 15, 1994. The manuscript is thereby made available for research purposes. All literary rights in the manuscript, including the right to publish, are reserved to The Bancroft Library of the University of California, Berkeley. No part of the manuscript may be quoted for publication without the written permission of the Director of The Bancroft Library of the University of California, Berkeley.

Requests for permission to quote for publication should be addressed to the Regional Oral History Office, 486 Library, University of California, Berkeley 94720, and should include identification of the specific passages to be quoted, anticipated use of the passages, and identification of the user. The legal agreement with Norman Cleaveland requires that he be notified of the request and allowed thirty days in which to respond.

It is recommended that this oral history be cited as follows:

Norman Cleaveland, "Dredge Mining for Gold, Malaysian Tin, Diamonds, 1921-1966; Exposing the 1883 Murder of William Raymond Morley," an oral history conducted in 1994 by Eleanor Swent, Regional Oral History Office, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley, 1995.

Copy no. _____

Cataloging information

CLEAVELAND, Norman (b. 1901)

Dredge miner

Dredge Mining for Gold, Malaysian Tin, Diamonds, 1921-1966; Exposing the 1883 Murder of William Raymond Morley, 1995, xviii, 154 pp.

California background, Olympic gold medalist, Stanford rugby team, Paris, 1924; dredge mining for gold in California and Alaska, tin in Malaya (1929-1932, 1947-1966), diamonds in Brazil; WWII air force service pilot; Pauley Reparations Commission, 1946; implementation of Briggs Plan for anticommunist enclaves in Malaya, 1947-1950; development of Cleaveland circular jig for concentrating ores; relationship with Herbert Hoover family; cover-up of grandfather Morley's murder by the Santa Fe Ring.

Introductions by Peter Lawson-Johnston, Chairman, Zemex Corporation, formerly Pacific Tin; and Edwards Huntington Metcalf, Overseer, Huntington Library and Art Gallery.

Interviewed in 1994 by Eleanor Swent for Western Mining in the Twentieth Century Oral History Series. Regional Oral History Office, The Bancroft Library, University of California, Berkeley.

NORMAN CLEAVELAND An appreciation by Mort Richardson

Norman Cleaveland, 96, passed away on June 6, 1997 at his home in Santa Fe, NM. He is survived by his three daughters, Helen Powell, Alice Cleaveland and Sarah Cleaveland, all of England.

Cleaveland is best remembered for his dedication to the field of placer mining. While growing up, he worked on gold dredges in Yuba

and Natomas, CA. Newton Cleaveland, Norman Cleaveland's father, was employed by W.P. Hammond, founder of the Yuba Consolidated Gold Dredging Co., Norman Cleaveland was in partnership with his father and Frank Adams, mining attorney, in gold dredge mining in California in the 1930s.

In 1930, Norman started his

dredging career in the Far East with operations in Malaya's tin fields, Thailand and Burma. He returned to California in 1932 and wrote numerous technical papers on dredge mining for tin, gold and diamonds.

He originated the concept of a continuous dragline dredge, called the COG deep mining dredge, that

Cleaveland (Continued on page 93)

OBITUARIES

Cleaveland (Continued from page 92) he jointly developed with Patrick O'Neill and Roland Guntert. Its basic design has been elaborated



CLEAVELAND upon to mine manganese nodules in the deep oceans. He was one of the most innovative engineers in the development of the bucket ladder mining dredge and its processing systems.

After World War II, Cleaveland returned to Malaya and joined Pacific Tin Consolidated Corp. as president. He became involved with the resistance of the communist insurrection or emergency, as it was called. This was the theme for his book, *Bang! Bang! in Ampang,*

Dredging Tin During Malaya's Communist Emergency.

Cleaveland retired from PacTin in 1966 but remained on the board of directors. During those years, Cleaveland experimented with the idea of a circular jig that he patented. It is used to dredge and recover diamonds. He also spent more time at his family ranch in Datil, NM and with his sister, Lorraine in Santa Fe.

Cleaveland served as chairman of the first World Dredging Conference in 1967. He continued to support the conference for the next 10 years. During this time we developed a close relationship. This led to his support for my acquisition of Consolidated Placer Dredging Co. in San Francisco.

In 1994, Norman Cleaveland was chosen for the Western Mining

in the 20th Century Oral History Series by the University of California-Berkeley, Bancroft Library. ■

In Memorium:

Norman Cleaveland, Legendary Dredge Miner

On June 6, in Santa Fe, NM, Norman Cleaveland, 96, passed away at his home after a brief period of illness.

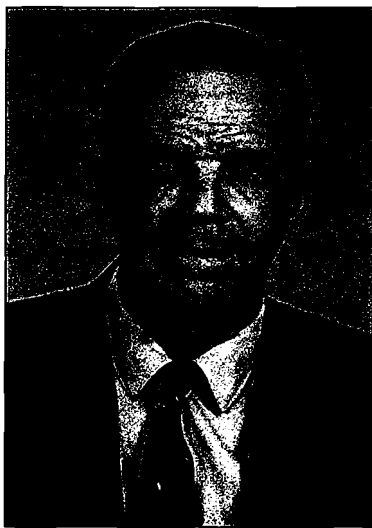
He is survived by his three daughters, Helen Powell, Alice and Sarah Cleaveland; all of England.

Cleaveland is recognized as a Gold Medal winner in the 1924 Olympics in Paris. He was a member of the U.S.A. Rugby football team, organized by Stanford University, where he was quarterback. Over the years, Cleaveland has been invited to rugby gatherings around the world. Special recognition of Cleaveland's gold medal status was reported in WDMC in May 1991.

Norman Cleaveland is best remembered for his dedication to the field of placer mining. While growing up, Norman worked on gold dredges in Yuba and Natomas, California. Newton Cleaveland, Norman's father, was employed by W.P. Hammond, founder of the **Yuba Consolidated Gold Dredging Co.**, prior to the turn of the century. Newton had been studying medicine at Stanford University but was persuaded by Hammond to join Yuba to dredge gold. Newton became general manager, building Yuba dredges for gold and tin. Norman was in partnership with his father and Frank Adams, mining attorney, gold dredge mining in California in the 1930's.

In 1930, Norman commenced his dredging career in the Far East with operations in Malaya's tin fields, Siam (Thailand), and Burma. He returned to California in 1932 and became an author of numerous technical papers about dredge mining for tin, gold, and diamonds.

He originated the concept of a "Continuous Dragline Dredge," coined the "COG" deep mining dredge, which he jointly developed with Patrick O'Neill and Roland Guntert. Its basic design has been elaborated upon by engineering and mining groups around the world, aimed at mining manganese nodules in the deep oceans. He was one of the most innovative engineers in the development of the bucket ladder mining dredge and its processing systems, including jigs, and much is yet to be learned and applied from his earlier experimentation.



Norman Cleaveland

After WWII, Norman returned to Malaya and joined **Pacific Tin Consolidated Corp.** as president. He became involved with resistance of the communist insurrection or "emergency," as it was called. This was the theme for his book, "Bang! Bang! in Ampang, Dredging Tin During Malaya's Communist Emergency," published in 1973 (WDMC).

He retired from PacTin in 1966 and remained on the board of directors. During those years, Norman experimented with his idea of a circular jig and became involved with the development of Mineracao Tejucana, MG, Brazil, with the patented Cleaveland Circular Jig, used to dredge and recover diamonds.

Norman also spent more time at his family ranch in Datil, New Mexico, and with his sister Lorraine in Santa Fe. He studied the history of New Mexico. This led to the writing of his first book, "The Morleys-Young Upstarts on the Southwest Frontier" (Calvin Horn Publisher, Inc., Albuquerque, NM, 1971). This is a story of Cleaveland's grandmother and grandfather, William Raymond Morley. His research and writings proved that the infamous "New Mexico Ring," led by the former governor, assassinated his grandfather. This was done in connection with Morley's exposure of the Ring through his newspaper.

Norman served as chairman of the first **WODCON (World Dredging Conference)** in May 1967 in New York. He was keynote speaker at the first luncheon at the Waldorf Astoria, speaking about his diamond dredging experiences in Brazil. He continued to support WODCON and WODA for the next 10 years, during which we developed a close relationship, leading to his support for my acquisition of **Consolidated Placer Dredging Co.** in San Francisco, 1977.

In 1994, Norman Cleaveland was chosen for the "Western Mining in the 20th Century Oral History Series" by the University of California, Berkeley, The Bancroft Library. The document resulted from interviews conducted in 1994, which were entitled "Dredge Mining for Gold, Malaysian Tin, Diamonds, 1921-1966; Exposing the 1883 Murder of William Raymond Morley". □



Cleaveland at the bull gear on a PacTin dredge in Malaysia.

By, Mort J. Richardson, publisher and president of Consolidated Placer Dredging Co. (CPD)

APPENDICES

Publications by Norman Cleaveland	142
Essays by Norman Cleaveland: "The Approximate Truth about the Santa Fe Ring," December 24, 1994; "Some Wishful Thinking about the Santa Fe Ring," May 1, 1995; "More about the Times New Mexico was a Terrorist State," June 6, 1995	143
"Cracking the Ring: History Buff Searches for Truth Behind Grandfather's Violent Death," by Fern Lyon, <u>New Mexico Magazine</u> , March 1991	148

INDEX	153
-------	-----

TABLE OF CONTENTS--Norman Cleaveland

PREFACE	i
INTRODUCTION--by Peter Lawson-Johnston	x
INTRODUCTION--by Edwards H. Metcalf	xii
INTERVIEW HISTORY--by Eleanor Swent	xv
BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION	xviii
I EARLY YEARS AND EDUCATION	1
Born in California, Childhood in New Mexico	1
Father, Newton Cleaveland, Stanford Alumnus	1
A Plot to Steal the Golden Bear	8
Playing on the Stanford Rugby Team	11
Playing American Football at Stanford	12
Olympic Gold Medal Winner, Paris, 1924	13
General Nelson Miles	18
Playing for the Olympic Club	20
Emily Dole	21
Stanford Professors Guido and Charles Marx	23
Posing as a Sourdough, Alaska, 1921	25
II TIN DREDGING, MALAYA, 1929	31
The Deepest Digging Dredge in the World	31
Building the Hicks Marine Engine on Fisherman's Wharf	34
Physical Dangers in Malaya	38
III DREDGING GOLD IN CALIFORNIA, 1932 TO 1941	43
Return to Stanford to Study Mining Engineering	43
The Roaring River Gold Dredging Company; Catching High-graders	45
Herb Way, a Lifelong Colleague	52
IV WORLD WAR II	55
Officer in the Field Artillery Reserves	55
Mother and Son Take Flight Training	56
America's Lack of Readiness	57
Qualifying as a Service Pilot	60
Jackie Cochran and the Women's Flying Corps	60
Commanding Officer of the Headquarters Squadron of the Los Angeles Air Defense Wing	61
V GOLD MINING IN CENTRAL AMERICA AFTER THE WAR	68
Nicaragua and Dictator Somoza	68
Jimmy Angel	68
Costa Rica; Gorgeous Country	70

VI	RETURN TO MALAYA, 1947	71
	Pacific Tin Company	71
	A Mining Operation Becomes a War	72
	The Briggs Plan to Combat the Communist Guerrillas	74
	The International Tin Agreement and Price Controls	78
	Reclamation Required in Malaya	85
	Retirement and Planting Redwoods in Somerset	86
VII	SERVING WITH THE REPARATIONS COMMISSION IN KOREA AND MANCHURIA, 1946	89
	Ed Pauley	89
	Assessing the Rebuilding of South Korea; No Free Enterprise for Gold Mines	92
	Examining Devastation in Coal Mines of Manchuria	94
	Foiling the Russians in a Drinking Contest	95
	Russian Betrayal of the Treaty of Friendship and Alliance	98
VIII	PIONEERING CLEVELAND CIRCULAR JIG FOR DIAMOND MINING	100
	Diamantina, Brazil, in the 1950s	100
	The Cleveland Circular Jig Proved in Use with Diamonds	102
	African Adventures	105
	President of the World Dredging Council	110
IX	POST-RETIREMENT IN SOMERSET AND NEW MEXICO	114
	A Consulting Job in Alaska	114
	Peter Lawson-Johnston	115
	Return to New Mexico	116
	Relationship with Several Members of the Hoover Family	117
	Charles McLean	117
	Hulda Hoover	117
	Lou Henry (Hoover)	118
	Herbert Hoover	119
	A Heritage of Active Populism	120
X	THE COVER-UP OF WILLIAM MORLEY'S MURDER BY THE SANTA FE RING	121
	Chief Location Engineer for the Santa Fe Railroad	121
	The Agenda of the Western History Association and University Presses	122
	Frank Warner Angel's 1878 Report of the Tunstall Murder	124
	Morley Edits the Cimarron Newspaper Opposing the Santa Fe Ring	125
	The "Dear Ben" Letter, Evidence of Murderous Intentions	127
	Civil War Enmities Persisted	128
	Persecution of Grandmother Morley	128
	Axtell's Return to New Mexico and Morley's "Accidental" Death	129
	Establishment Historians Deny Importance of Angel's Report	130
	Movie Producers Still Protect the Santa Fe Ring	131
	Morley's Engineering Achievements: The Route to Guaymas	132
	Engineering the Famed Royal Gorge Route in Colorado	132
	Grandmother Morley, a Grand Educated Woman Living in Terror	132
	The Colfax County War, the Railroads, the Santa Fe Ring	135
	TAPE GUIDE	141

PREFACE

The oral history series on Western Mining in the Twentieth Century documents the lives of leaders in mining, metallurgy, geology, education in the earth and materials sciences, mining law, and the pertinent government bodies. The field includes metal, non-metal, and industrial minerals, but not petroleum.

Mining has changed greatly in this century: in the technology and technical education; in the organization of corporations; in the perception of the national strategic importance of minerals; in the labor movement; and in consideration of health and environmental effects of mining.

The idea of an oral history series to document these developments in twentieth century mining had been on the drawing board of the Regional Oral History Office for more than twenty years. The project finally got underway on January 25, 1986, when Mrs. Willa Baum, Mr. and Mrs. Philip Bradley, Professor and Mrs. Douglas Fuerstenau, Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Heimbucher, Mrs. Donald McLaughlin, and Mr. and Mrs. Langan Swent met at the Swent home to plan the project, and Professor Fuerstenau agreed to serve as Principal Investigator.

An advisory committee was selected which included representatives from the materials science and mineral engineering faculty and a professor of history of science at the University of California at Berkeley; a professor emeritus of history from the California Institute of Technology; and executives of mining companies.

We note with much regret the death of three members of the original advisory committee, all of whom were very much interested in the project. Rodman Paul, Professor Emeritus of History, California Institute of Technology, sent a hand-written note of encouragement just a few weeks before his death from cancer. Charles Meyer, Professor Emeritus of Geology, University of California at Berkeley, was not only an advisor but was also on the list of people to be interviewed, because of the significance of his recognition of the importance of plate tectonics in the genesis of copper deposits. His death in 1987 ended both roles. Langan Swent delighted in referring to himself as "chief technical advisor" to the series. He abetted the project from its beginning, directly with his wise counsel and store of information, and indirectly by his patience as the oral histories took more and more of his wife's time and attention. He completed the review of his own oral history transcript when he was in the hospital just before his death in 1992.

Thanks are due to other members of the advisory committee who have helped in selecting interviewees, suggesting research topics, and raising funds.

Unfortunately, by the time the project was organized several of the original list of interviewees were no longer available and others were in failing health; therefore, arrangements for interviews were begun even without established funding.

The project was presented to the San Francisco section of the American Institute of Mining, Metallurgical, and Petroleum Engineers (AIME) on "Old-timers Night," March 10, 1986, when Philip Read Bradley, Jr., was the speaker. This section and the Southern California section provided initial funding and organizational sponsorship.

The Northern and Southern California sections of the Woman's Auxiliary to the AIME (WAAIME), the California Mining Association, and the Mining and Metallurgical Society of America (MMSA) were early supporters. Several alumni of the University of California College of Engineering donated in response to a letter from Professor James Evans, the chairman of the Department of Materials Science and Mineral Engineering. Other individual and corporate donors are listed in the volumes. The project is ongoing, and funds continue to be sought.

Some members of the AIME, WAAIME, and MMSA have been particularly helpful: Ray Beebe, Katherine Bradley, Henry Colen, Ward Downey, David Huggins, John Kiely, Noel Kirshenbaum, and Cole McFarland.

The first five interviewees were all born in 1904 or earlier. Horace Albright, mining lawyer and president of United States Potash Company, was ninety-six years old when interviewed. Although brief, this interview will add another dimension to the many publications about a man known primarily as a conservationist.

James Boyd was director of the industry division of the military government of Germany after World War II, director of the U.S. Bureau of Mines, dean of the Colorado School of Mines, vice president of Kennecott Copper Corporation, president of Copper Range, and executive director of the National Commission on Materials Policy. He had reviewed the transcript of his lengthy oral history just before his death in November, 1987. In 1990, he was inducted into the National Mining Hall of Fame, Leadville, Colorado.

Philip Bradley, Jr., mining engineer, was a member of the California Mining Board for thirty-two years, most of them as chairman. He also founded the parent organization of the California Mining Association, as well as the Western Governors Mining Advisory Council. His uncle, Frederick Worthen Bradley, who figures in the oral history, was in the

first group inducted into the National Mining Hall of Fame, Leadville, Colorado, in 1988.

Frank McQuiston, metallurgist, vice president of Newmont Mining Corporation, died before his oral history was complete; thirteen hours of taped interviews with him were supplemented by three hours with his friend and associate, Robert Shoemaker.

Gordon Oakeshott, geologist, was president of the National Association of Geology Teachers and chief of the California Division of Mines and Geology.

These oral histories establish the framework for the series; subsequent oral histories amplify the basic themes.

Future researchers will turn to these oral histories to learn how decisions were made which led to changes in mining engineering education, corporate structures, and technology, as well as public policy regarding minerals. In addition, the interviews stimulate the deposit, by interviewees and others, of a number of documents, photographs, memoirs, and other materials related to twentieth century mining in the West. This collection is being added to The Bancroft Library's extensive holdings.

The Regional Oral History Office is under the direction of Willa Baum, division head, and under the administrative direction of The Bancroft Library.

Interviews were conducted by Malca Chall and Eleanor Swent.

Willa K. Baum, Division Head
Regional Oral History Office

Eleanor Swent, Project Director
Western Mining in the Twentieth
Century Series

December 1993
Regional Oral History Office
University of California, Berkeley

Western Mining in the Twentieth Century Oral History Series
Interviews Completed, July 1995

- Horace Albright, Mining Lawyer and Executive, U.S. Potash Company, U.S. Borax, 1933-1962, 1989
- Samuel S. Arentz, Jr., Mining Engineer, Consultant, and Entrepreneur in Nevada and Utah, 1934-1992, 1993
- James Boyd, Minerals and Critical Materials Management: Military and Government Administrator and Mining Executive, 1941-1987, 1988
- Philip Read Bradley, Jr., A Mining Engineer in Alaska, Canada, the Western United States, Latin America, and Southeast Asia, 1988
- Catherine C. Campbell, Ian and Catherine Campbell, Geologists: Teaching, Government Service, Editing, 1989
- William Clark, Reporting on California's Gold Mines for the State Division of Mines and Geology, 1951-1979, 1993
- Norman Cleaveland, Dredge Mining for Gold, Malaysian Tin, Diamonds, 1921-1966; Exposing the 1883 Murder of William Raymond Morley, 1995
- James T. Curry, Sr., Metallurgist for Empire Star Mine and Newmont Exploration, 1932-1955; Plant Manager for Calaveras Cement Company, 1956-1975, 1990
- J. Ward Downey, Mining and Construction Engineer, Industrial Management Consultant, 1936 to the 1990s, 1992
- Hedley S. "Pete" Fowler, Mining Engineer in the Americas, India, and Africa, 1933-1983, 1992
- James Mack Gerstley, Executive, U.S. Borax & Chemical Corporation; Trustee, Pomona College; Civic Leader, San Francisco Asian Art Museum, 1991
- Robert M. Haldeman, Managing Copper Mines in Chile: Braden, CODELCO, Minerec, Pudahuel; Developing Controlled Bacterial Leaching of Copper from Sulfide Ores; 1941-1993, 1995
- John F. Havard, Mining Engineer and Executive, 1935-1981, 1992
- Wayne Hazen, Plutonium Technology Applied to Mineral Processing; Solvent Extraction; Building Hazen Research; 1940-1993, 1995

- George Heikes, Mining Geologist on Four Continents, 1924-1974, 1992
- Helen R. Henshaw, Recollections of Life with Paul Henshaw: Latin America, Homestake Mining Company, 1988
- Homestake Mine Workers, Lead, South Dakota, 1929-1993, interviews with Clarence Kravig, Wayne Harford, and Kenneth Kinghorn, 1995
- Lewis L. Huelsdonk, Manager of Gold and Chrome Mines, Spokesman for Gold Mining, 1935-1974, 1988
- James Jensen, Chemical and Metallurgical Process Engineer: Making Deuterium, Extracting Salines and Base and Heavy Metals, 1938-1990s, 1993
- Arthur I. Johnson, Mining and Metallurgical Engineer in the Black Hills: Pegmatites and Rare Minerals, 1922 to the 1990s, 1990
- Evan Just, Geologist: Engineering and Mining Journal, Marshall Plan, Cyprus Mines Corporation, and Stanford University, 1922-1980, 1989
- Robert Kendall, Mining Borax, Shaft-Freezing in Potash Mines, U.S. Borax, Inc., 1954-1988, 1994
- Plato Malozemoff, A Life in Mining: Siberia to Chairman of Newmont Mining Corporation, 1909-1985, 1990
- James and Malcolm McPherson, Brothers in Mining, 1992
- Frank Woods McQuiston, Jr., Metallurgist for Newmont Mining Corporation and U.S. Atomic Energy Commission, 1934-1982, 1989
- Gordon B. Oakeshott, The California Division of Mines and Geology, 1948-1974, 1988
- James H. Orr, An Entrepreneur in Mining in North and South America, 1930s to 1990s, 1995
- Vincent D. Perry, A Half Century as Mining and Exploration Geologist with the Anaconda Company, 1991
- Carl Randolph, Research Manager to President, U.S. Borax & Chemical Corporation, 1957-1986, 1992
- John Reed, Pioneer in Applied Rock Mechanics, Braden Mine, Chile, 1944-1950; St. Joseph Lead Company, 1955-1960; Colorado School of Mines, 1960-1972, 1993
- Joseph Rosenblatt, EIMCO, Pioneer in Underground Mining Machinery and Process Equipment, 1926-1963, 1992

Eugene David Smith, Working on the Twenty-Mule Team: Laborer to Vice President, U.S. Borax & Chemical Corporation, 1941-1989,
1993

Swent, Langan W., Working for Safety and Health in Underground Mines: San Luis and Homestake Mining Companies, 1946-1992, 1995

James V. Thompson, Mining and Metallurgical Engineer: the Philippine Islands; Dorr, Humphreys, Kaiser Engineers Companies; 1940-1990s,
1992

Interviews In Process

Donald Dickey, Oriental Mine
Warren Fenzi, Phelps Dodge
Frank Joklik, Kennecott
Marian Lane, mine doctor's wife
John Livermore, geologist
McLaughlin Mine, model for resource development
Simon Strauss, Asarco, metals market analyst

ADVISORS TO THE SERIES, WESTERN MINING IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Professor Douglas Fuerstenau, Principal Investigator
Plato Malozemoff Professor, Department of Materials Science and
Mineral Engineering, University of California, Berkeley

Robert R. Beebe
Senior Vice President (retired),
Homestake Mining Company

Mr. Joseph P. Matoney
Vice President (retired)
Coal, Kaiser Engineers, Inc.

Mr. Philip R. Bradley
Former Chairman, California State
Mining and Geology Board

Mrs. Donald H. McLaughlin
Founder, Save San Francisco Bay
Association

Henry Colen
President, San Francisco Mining
Associates

Professor Malcolm McPherson
Massey Professor of Mining
Engineering, Virginia Polytechnic
Institute and State University

Professor Neville G. Cook
Department of Materials Science and
Mineral Engineering, University of
California, Berkeley

*Professor Emeritus Charles Meyer,
Department of Geology, University of
California, Berkeley

J. Ward Downey
Engineering and Industrial
Management Consultant

Professor H. Frank Morrison
Department of Materials Science and
Mineral Engineering, University of
California, Berkeley

Professor Roger Hahn, Department of
History, University of California,
Berkeley

Professor Joseph A. Pask
Department of Materials Science and
Mineral Engineering, University of
California, Berkeley

*Mr. John Havard
Senior Vice President (retired),
Kaiser Engineers, Inc.

*Professor Emeritus Rodman Paul,
Department of History, California
Institute of Technology

Mr. Clifford Heimbucher, C.P.A.
Consultant, Varian Associates, Inc.

*Mr. Langan W. Swent
Vice President (retired), Homestake
Mining Company

Mr. John R. Kiely
Senior Executive Consultant
(retired), Bechtel, Inc.

* Deceased during the period of the
project

Noel Kirshenbaum
Manager, Mineral Products
Development, Placer Dome U.S.

Plato Malozemoff
Chairman Emeritus, Newmont Mining
Corporation

The Regional Oral History Office
would like to express its thanks to the organizations
and individuals whose encouragement and support have made possible
The Western Mining in the Twentieth Century Series.

DONORS TO
THE WESTERN MINING IN THE TWENTIETH CENTURY
ORAL HISTORY SERIES
1986-1995

Organizations

American Institute of Mining, Metallurgical, and Petroleum Engineers,
San Francisco, Southern California, and Black Hills Sections
Woman's Auxiliary to the AIME, Southern California and Northern California
Sections
California Mining Association
The Jackling Fund of the Mining and Metallurgical Society of America
South Dakota School of Mines and Technology

Corporations

Bechtel Group Incorporated
Cyprus Amax Minerals Company
Chemical Lime Company
EIMCO Process Equipment Company
E. M. Warburg, Pincus & Co., Inc.
Freeport-McMoRan
Hazen Research, Inc.
Helca Mining Company
Homestake Mining Company
Kennecott Corporation
Krebs Engineers
Magma Copper Company
Newmont Mining Corporation
Phelps Dodge Corporation
United States Borax & Chemical Corporation
Wharf Resources, Limited

Patrons

Bechtel Foundation	James M. Gerstley
James Boyd	Robert M. Haldeman
Arthur C. Bradley	William Randolph Hearst Foundation
Catherine C. Campbell	The Hearst Foundation, Inc.
Barbara H. and James T. Curry, Jr.	Mrs. Paul C. Henshaw, in memory of
Donald Dickey	her husband, Paul C. Henshaw
Wayne Dowdey	James H. Jensen
J. Ward and Alberta P. Downey	Arthur I. Johnson

Arthur H. Kinneberg
 Dean A. McGee
 Mrs. Frank W. McQuiston, Jr., in
 memory of Frank W. McQuiston, Jr.
 Gordon B. Oakeshott
 Vincent D. Perry
 Plato Malozemoff Foundation
 Public Resource Foundation
 Carl L. Randolph
 Joseph Rosenblatt
 Berne Schepman
 Langan and Eleanor Swent

Individuals

Claude J. Artero	Sheila Kelley
Charles and Lois Barber	James C. Kimble
Rebecca Bender	Noel W. Kirshenbaum
Marjorie Bjorlo	Nancy H. Landwehr
Bruce A. Bolt	Carl F. Love
Clemence DeGraw Jandrey Boyd	Plato Malozemoff
James Brown Boyd, Harry Bruce Boyd, Douglas Cane Boyd, and Hudson Boyd in memory of James Boyd	Sylvia C. McLaughlin, in memory of Jay Kimpston Swent
Philip and Katherine Bradley	Frances B. Messinger
Albert T. Chandler	L. Arthur Norman, Jr.
William B. Clark	Patrick O'Neill
Stanley Dempsey	Richard W. Rees
John and Dagmar Dern	Jane A. Rummel
Elisabeth L. Egenhoff	Richard M. Stewart
Christine Finney	Simon D. Strauss
H. S. Pete Fowler	John R. Struthers
Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Fuerstenau	Virginia Bradley Sutherland, in memory of Helen R. Henshaw
Louis R. Goldsmith	James V. Thompson
Jayne K. Haldane	John J. Trelawney
Bonnie, Russell, and Steve Harford	William I. Watson
Mason L. and Marie J. Hill	Barbara A. Whitton in memory of William B. Whitton
Gael Hodgkins	William B. Whitton
Mrs. Bruce S. Howard, in memory of Henry Harland Bradley	Judy D. Woodward
Lewis L. Huelsdonk	
Ruth B. Hume	
Howard Janin	
Jack M. Jones	
Alfred Juhl	
Evan Just	

INTRODUCTION--by Peter Lawson-Johnston

My dear friend Norman Cleaveland, as long as I have known him (which dates back to the late fifties), has over the years championed an ongoing series of worthy crusades, which he has approached with great persistence, relish, and gusto.

I first met Norman in Kuala Lumpur, Malaysia, where I had been sent by the Pacific Tin Consolidated Corporation to learn something about the tin dredging business. Norman, then president of the company and who resided there, took me under his wing enthusiastically.

Having numerous fond recollections of that lengthy visit, one that stands out was walking with Norman through a palm oil plantation one afternoon when I confronted a huge snake. Norman cabled our New York office, "Lawson-Johnston survives cobra encounter."

It is not easy to forget Norman waterskiing with great aplomb and grace on one of the company's muddy dredge ponds--which shouldn't have surprised me since he was only 58 at the time. He approached the sport with fearless abandon.

We got on well together and under his tutelage I was soon learning the business, hobnobbing with all his mover-and-shaker pals and discovering how Norman had crusaded against the communist menace to our dredging operations during the "emergency."

Single-handedly he had arranged for the importation of weapons with which to confront the enemy, had the dredges equipped with armor plate to protect the employees, and arranged to transport workers to and from the dredges in armored vehicles for their safety. He alone was responsible for Pacific Tin's continuing operations throughout the "Bang, Bang," as he called it.

Another crusade of Norman's involved his opposition to the dumping of tin on the market by the U.S. government which, of course, negatively affected the price of our product. He was unceasing in his sharp and concise flood of letters to anyone who could help the cause. His effort was pivotal in delaying GSA's disposal program.

Then there was the "Cleaveland Circular Jig" that revolutionized the recovery of diamonds, which he invented, copyrighted, and promoted. He overcame the doubts of the disbelievers and finally persevered--a fortune in diamonds thus recovered successfully as a result.

Norman has three magnificent daughters very close in age--one of whom, Alice, I'm proud to say, is my goddaughter. On the occasion of the

birth of his youngest he cabled the New York office as follows: "Ann gave birth--same equipment as the previous two."

After retiring from Pacific Tin (now called Zemex Corporation), Norman embarked on yet another crusade--to expose the cover-up of his maternal grandfather's murder by the Santa Fe Ring. His persistent and dogged investigation of the affair combined with his gifted writing ability has certainly resulted in capturing the attention of the people of New Mexico and beyond.

Norman Cleaveland embodies the commendable trait, all too seldom possessed by most, of pursuing his goals with single-minded determination, ethically, cheerfully and brilliantly. The world is a better place because of him.

Peter Lawson-Johnston
Chairman, Zemex Corporation (formerly
Pacific Tin)

May 1995
New York, New York

INTRODUCTION--by Edwards H. Metcalf

I was very pleased to accept the invitation to write about my good friend Norman Cleaveland who has had a storybook of experiences from being in the Olympic games in 1924 in the sport of rugby in which the American team won the gold medal; this was the last time that rugby was contested for in the Olympic games.

I met Norman in 1931 through my wife, Jane King Metcalf, when he was courting Jane Goodfellow of Berkeley, California, and we met at parties off and on in those days. World War II came upon us and I joined up in the navy while Norman, who had been in the artillery reserve before the war, changed over to the officers crew in the air force and had training at Muroc. He was flying P-38s (Lockheed twin-boom fighter planes) as a service pilot and after the war we got together again in Northern California. In the meantime I had married and moved to Southern California. We saw each other off and on.

In 1948, my wife and I had a trip planned to go from South America to Africa, and then from Africa we wanted to meet Norman in Malaya and see the tin mining which he was doing with the Guggenheim interests. As our ship neared Malaya, we had thought we would leave the ship at Pinang and go from there to Kuala Lumpur. However, we received a wireless telling us to cancel the Pinang stop and get off at Singapore, which was the next stop of our ship.

We followed these orders which also told us to fly from Singapore to Kuala Lumpur and not to take the night train. At the time of landing, the arrival at the Kuala Lumpur airport, we noticed to our surprise some Spitfires and light bombers of the Royal Air Force. We learned that they were going out on two sorties a day against the Viet Cong. However, that did not disturb us particularly, and the next day we were to be taken out to the tin dredge which Norman was operating about 20-odd miles from Kuala Lumpur. Norman told us that after breakfast we would leave in his car and we let it go at that and had a pleasant night in his home.

The next morning after breakfast we were told our car had arrived so we left and going out the front door I never noticed any automobile. There was an armored personnel carrier parked in front; there were a group of men around it. Not knowing what this was all about, we just looked to Norman for instructions. He told us this was a company car but a private military vehicle and had, I believe, seven armed guards. Before we were seated, he handed Mrs. Metcalf a .45 Colt automatic, which she had never used before, but was shown how to operate it. I was handed a .45 and we proceeded out to the tin mines. We had no incidents going out; however, the operations were protected by private armed forces.

This was the first part of getting into the Viet Cong situation in Malaya, Indochina, and China.

After an uneventful day we came back in the same armed carrier and arranged to go out the next day to visit sites around Kuala Lumpur. This time they had arranged to see the bat caves which was an interesting rock formation in the flat of a beautiful valley. We went in Norman's personal vehicle, with a native driver, and as we approached, we noticed the nervousness of the driver. Norman knew that I wanted to take pictures so we didn't pay much attention but he did direct the driver where to go and we stopped in this field before we got out of the vehicle and I walked towards the cave for a little closer look. By this time I noticed that the driver was quite agitated so we got our pictures and got back to the car and returned to the city of Kuala Lumpur. We learned later that the driver had been very nervous because the Viet Cong were living in the caves and sensible people did not go out to visit this area. However, Norman knew that I wanted to take pictures of the area.

The next day we had a luncheon appointment up at Selangor, the leper colony, which was quite famous and known worldwide. We proceeded to our destination and eventually arrived and met the armed guard at the gate, and we went in. The armed guard was not of military forces, but part of the private armed guard that the colony kept to keep the Viet Cong from coming in and stealing their supplies. It was a most interesting experience, and to hear^{of} the work that they were doing from the doctors. When the afternoon had passed, we returned to Kuala Lumpur and spent the next day seeing the sights of the city and a cricket game, and Norman put us on the plane back to Singapore for our ship.

From here we traveled to Saigon and we of course had to go up the river on our Royal InterOcean steamship that we had come from South America in. The captain of the ship told all passengers to stay in their cabins, but Mrs. Metcalf and I, along with William MacKenzie, who was an internee during the war with the Japanese. He was a British citizen and had conducted his business out of Hong Kong.

We did not know that the ship was taking aboard a squad of French soldiers. But we soon realized it as while we were playing ball on the protected half deck, there was a volley of machine guns that opened up from the river bank and our ship answered back with machine gun fire from these French troops that we had taken aboard. William MacKenzie had hit the deck as soon as the machine guns opened, and Mrs. Metcalf and I went for the stairway for below-deck protection. This was just at the time that the French were being driven out of Dien Bien Phu and the French realized their country was going to lose and they were interested in leaving themselves.

This is just an example of our experiences with Norman. Now at his more advanced age, he settled down to historical subjects in writing on the history, not of mining, but of early New Mexico in which his family and his grandfather had been participants. I am looking forward to the final publication of Angel's Report of 1878, which is an interesting story, and Norman, I am sure, is going to see it into publication.

I do feel honored to have been able to say a few words about one of the trips we had with Norman in Malaya when he was handling the tin mines for the Guggenheims.

Edwards Huntington Metcalf, Ll.D.
Member, Board of Overseers,
Huntington Library and Art Gallery;
Member, Advisory Board, Pepperdine
University

July 1995
Arcadia, California

INTERVIEW HISTORY--by Eleanor Swent

Norman Cleaveland's name was on our list of possible interviewees from the first days of the Western Mining in the Twentieth Century Oral History Series because of his development of the Cleaveland circular jig and his long career in dredge mining, principally for tin in Malaysia. His father, Newton Cleaveland, was general manager of Yuba Consolidated Goldfields Company, which was founded by W. P. Hammon of Oroville, California, in 1898, and built and operated dredges throughout the world.

Since Norman now lives in New Mexico, we feared an interview with him might not be possible. The lucky break came at the meeting of the Southern California section of AIME/SME in October 1994, when we presented the oral history of Robert Kendall, an enthusiast of another artifact of early California mining, the Cornish pump. After dinner that evening, Mort Richardson, president of Consolidated Placer Dredging Company and publisher of World Dredging Mining and Construction magazine, introduced himself to me and suggested that I interview Norman Cleaveland. I assured him that I was more than willing, provided that Mr. Cleaveland was available. Within a few days Mort talked with him, secured his consent to be interviewed, and arranged for the necessary funding. I hurried to research Cleaveland's career before going to Santa Fe a few weeks later for the interviews.

In preparation, I talked with some of the few Americans who know dredge mining: Herbert Way, John Wells, and Allen Wright, all of whom generously helped me. Noel Kirshenbaum, project manager for Placer Dome, a mining company with a history in dredging, shared his knowledge of the "land-going ships." (The terminology of dredging is mostly nautical, and the dredge captain or master commanded the same authority as that of a seagoing ship.)

The long piles of gravel left as detritus by the dredges are still visible in many places in California, but only one bucket dredge still operates, Yuba Twenty-One, on Hammonton Road near Marysville. David Sbaffi, manager of Cal-Sierra Development Company, kindly gave me a tour of the dredge operations there. Dredges are close to immortal; they are dismantled, shipped from one end of the world to the other, rebuilt, and put to work again. Most of the old dredges are still operating somewhere far from their origin. It is a complicated business to keep track of them, however, as the same one might be renumbered when remodeled.

Norman Cleaveland is also a writer, and before I interviewed him I read his book, Bang! Bang! in Ampang, about his Malaysian experience, and skimmed The Morleys and a magazine article about his athletic activity at Stanford. Years before, when I lived in New Mexico, I had read his

mother's well-known book, No Life for a Lady, about her mother's experience on a ranch near Datil, New Mexico.

On a sunny day in December 1994, I flew to Albuquerque, rented a car, and drove to Santa Fe. Cleaveland's spacious home hugs the plateau near the junction of the Santa Fe Trail and the Old Pecos Trail. It is in the Santa Fe tradition, low and earth-colored, with a sheltered patio. There are many bookshelves, and a pleasant mixture of New Mexican and Asian decorative objects.

At ninety-three, he was alert and well dressed; still gallant, although two automobile accidents in recent years have left him stooped. He apologized for the fact that his housekeeper had been called away by a death in her family, but I settled into his guest suite and we began to get acquainted. This was when I learned the importance of the gold medal he won at the 1924 Olympics, and his "obsession" (his word) with uncovering the facts of his grandfather's murder in 1883, which he believes was ordered by members of a cabal known as the Santa Fe Ring and master-minded by the Big Four of the Southern Pacific Railroad

He was indignant that a recent Western History Association meeting in Albuquerque had not included him on the program, nor had any of the attenders accepted his invitation to come to Santa Fe to look at a display on his mantel of documents which support his claims. One is a letter from the president of the association, who courteously agreed with him.

Norman Cleaveland is intelligent and gracious about his "obsession." We reached an agreement that after he told me about his career in mining, then I would record all he wanted to say about his grandfather. He kept to the bargain, and the interview proceeded well. We followed a demanding schedule, interviewing morning and afternoon, with time out for a drive to Lamy, good lunches, and short siestas. In the evenings we talked, mostly about the Santa Fe Ring.

Cleaveland played a significant role in supporting the anti-communist uprisings in Malaya in 1948-1954. I elected not to question him in depth about that because he seemed to have explored it as fully in his book Bang! Bang! In Ampang as he wanted to.

The tapes needed considerable light editing to limit false starts, although some were retained to indicate the conversational character of the interview. The transcript was sent to Mr. Cleaveland for review, and he went over it very thoroughly, making many changes of diction and adding material to amplify or clarify.

Introductions were written by two colleagues who are also friends: Peter Lawson-Johnston, chairman of Zemex Corporation (formerly Pacific

Tin) and godfather to Cleaveland's daughter Alice; and Edwards Huntington Metcalf, member of the Board of Overseers of the Huntington Library and Art Gallery, who has assisted Cleaveland in his historical research at that library.

Cleaveland's books and pamphlets which supplement the information in the oral history are in the mining collection at The Bancroft Library. The tapes of the interview are also available for study at The Bancroft Library.

Eleanor Swent
Interviewer/Editor

July 1995
Regional Oral History Office
The Bancroft Library
University of California, Berkeley

Regional Oral History Office
Room 486 The Bancroft Library

University of California
Berkeley, California 94720

BIOGRAPHICAL INFORMATION

(Please write clearly. Use black ink.)

Your full name NORMAN CLEAVELAND

Date of birth April 4, 1901 Birthplace Oakland, California

Father's full name Newton Cleaveland dredge mining engineer
President, Yuba Manufacturing Co.; General Manager, Natomas Co.,
Occupation Yuba Consolidated Goldfields Birthplace Quebec, Canada

Mother's full name Agnes Morley Cleaveland

Occupation rancher/author Birthplace Cimarron, New Mexico

Your spouse Ann Thring Cleaveland

Occupation farmer Birthplace Somerset, England

Your children Helen Cleaveland (Powell)
Alice Cleaveland
Sarah Cleaveland (Gascoyne)

Where did you grow up? California and New Mexico

Present community Santa Fe, New Mexico

Education Stanford University, mechanical engineering/mining engineering

Occupation(s) retired dredge mining engineer; dredging for gold, tin, diamonds;
twenty-two years in Malaysia; developer of the Cleaveland circular jig

Areas of expertise dredge mining; founder, World Dredging Association;
Olympic gold medal (rugby), Paris, 1924; New Mexico historian (Santa Fe Ring)

Other interests or activities New Mexico Historical Society

Organizations in which you are active _____

I EARLY YEARS AND EDUCATION

[Interview 1: December 15, 1994] ##¹

Born in California, Childhood in New Mexico

Swent: We agreed that we won't talk today about your mother's family. Your mother has written extensively about it, and so have you. At the end of the interview, we'll have time for you to tell about your grandfather and your mother's family. So let's begin with your telling us where you were born and when.

Cleaveland: I was born in Oakland, California, April 4, 1901. At the time, my mother was living in Oroville, where my father was engaged in the early development of gold dredging.

Swent: He was working with Hammon?

Cleaveland: With W. P. Hammon, who was more or less the founder of the industry. My father had worked for him prior to going to Stanford.

Father, Newton Cleaveland, Stanford Alumnus

Swent: Let's hear just a little bit about your father.

Cleaveland: He came from a line of doctors. His father was a doctor, and his grandfather was a doctor. He thought he was born in Maine, but when they completed the final survey of the boundary between [the States and] Canada, they found out he

¹## This symbol indicates a tape or tape segment has begun or ended. A guide to the tapes follows the transcript.

was born in Canada. He had been voting in the United States for quite a while so he had to get himself naturalized. He was really born in Canada.

His father came to California in the early 1880s for reasons of health. My father, grandfather, and grandmother came to California around through Panama. They went down to Panama, crossed the isthmus there, and took another boat up to San Francisco. My grandfather died when my father was fourteen. My father then left school and went to work for W. P. Hammon, who was running a nursery for fruit trees in the Oroville area.

In the course of drilling wells to irrigate the trees, Mr. Hammon saw that there was gold in the gravel, and he became interested in recovering this gold. He had heard about a chap down in New Zealand who had developed a dredge that did it quite well, so he brought him up to Oroville and they went through some experimentation in building dredges.

At about that time, Leland Stanford founded his university. To enter Stanford--the way that Leland Stanford visualized his institution, and the way David Starr Jordan, the first president of Stanford, visualized it--you needed no qualifications at all except that you could write intelligently and were properly motivated. So father, when this opportunity developed, my dad went down to Stanford. He was given a sheet of paper to write 300 words on any subject that he wanted to, just to demonstrate that he could write, and write intelligently. When he passed that test, he then appeared before an admissions committee of professors who quizzed him as to why he thought he should have a college education. If this committee believed that he might be able to make it, he was allowed into Stanford on probation for one year. After passing that test he was a registered Stanford student who regarded Stanford to be the greatest of human institutions--just as Stanford planned.

Swent: And he hadn't even gone to high school.

Cleaveland: He hadn't gone to high school, no. No, he hadn't gone to high school. He was working for a living, and was faced with kind of a dreary future, and here was this golden opportunity, which was the way Stanford visualized it. He considered that the University of California cost too much. Stanford was to be a poor boys' school, for those who couldn't afford to go to Berkeley, and didn't have to go through all the razzmatazz that you had to go through to get into Berkeley.

So there my father studied premedicine. Stanford didn't have a medical school at that time, but they had a premedical department in which my father started to study. He was going up to San Francisco later.

But my mother appears on the scene. In those days, you didn't put your wife to work and then go ahead with your studies. You damn well went to work yourself, and so W. P. Hammon was glad to have my father back to carry on with his gold dredging development.

Swent: So he went back up to--

Cleaveland: Yes, he went back up to Oroville.

Swent: He graduated, you said, in 1899--

Cleaveland: Yes, 1899. My mother graduated in zero-zero, aughty-ought as they called it. That's what they called it. They were married I think pretty much on her graduation day, and went back up to Oroville. Things were developing quite well.

Then my grandmother, who was living in Datil [New Mexico], sent my mother a telegram saying an emergency had arisen on the ranch and she was greatly needed. My mother always told me that was not quite true; my grandmother wanted to see her first grandson. That was what Granny had in mind. [laughing] But my mother took me out to Datil. I don't know whether you want--

Swent: Sure, that's fine.

Cleaveland: --some of the details of the trip to Datil. Of course, we went by train as far as Magdalena, and to Magdalena, Granny sent a buckboard and a team with a young lad doing the driving. We started off early in the morning. It was about forty miles from Magdalena across the San Augustin plains to Granny's house. My mother took a supply of diapers, some bottles of milk, and our baggage.

Swent: She wrote about this in her book.

Cleaveland: I don't think so.

Swent: It was a long trip.

Cleaveland: It was a one-day trip. It was a full day, forty miles. My mother was very concerned at the start because the lad obviously didn't handle the team well. The team was kind of

skittish, and he was a tenderfoot, that was what they called newcomers then. But my mother couldn't help because she had to carry me in her arms.

We got well out onto the plains, nearly halfway to Granny's when a coyote trotted across the road in front of us. To my mother's horror, the lad dropped the reins, reached under the seat, and grabbed a rifle. My mother shouted, "Don't shoot, don't shoot, don't shoot!" She couldn't restrain him physically, because I was in her arms. The lad shot. The team bolted, broke the traces, and away they went across the plains.

Swent: An adventure for you!

Cleaveland: The lad ran after them. My mother sat there for about three hours before anybody came along. In those days, they were hauling freight between Magdalena and Springerville, Arizona. In fact, the whole eastern part of Arizona was being supplied from Magdalena, which was the closest railhead. After about three hours, a freighter comes along with a covered wagon, but he was fully loaded. The only place he could put further passengers was on top a coop of chickens in the back end of the wagon, where my mother couldn't sit up straight, because of the cover.

The rocking of the wagon was sickening, the smell of the chickens was also sickening. But worst of all, the milk turned sour, and I would not abide sour milk. So I nearly squalled my lungs out. Then Mom ran out of diapers, so she was in a horrible mess.

Swent: She describes this in her book. [Agnes Morley Cleaveland, *No Life For a Lady*, Houghton Mifflin, Boston 1941.]

Cleaveland: No. The freighter had--he planned to camp that night, but he kept going until about two o'clock, when we arrived in Datil, where the Baldwins had a post office-store there. They took care of us and the freighter.

Our team arrived on back at the ranch before dawn. Of course, my grandmother and everybody at the ranch was very alarmed when the team came in, and about an hour later, the driver, very, very weary, came in too. But until the driver arrived, they couldn't imagine what had happened.

By daybreak, Granny had another team hitched up and was headed for Datil where she was delighted to find her daughter and her grandson.

Swent: I think you said you spent a lot of your childhood in Datil.

Cleaveland: Oh, yes.

Swent: And you started school in--

Cleaveland: Yes, started school in Silver City. There were no schools in Datil. There were only parochial schools in Magdalena that my mother didn't think very much of, and if you were going to go to Magdalena, you might as well go to Silver City, which had a good public school system. There she acquired a dairy about two miles out of Silver City which she ran to make ends meet. I rode every day into Silver City on my pony, as did numerous other students, put our horses in the stable, and then rode back home after school was out.

Swent: But your father was still up in Oroville?

Cleaveland: Yes. He was still in Oroville. He would come out at Christmastime and other times. I don't know all the details but apparently he was doing quite well in Oroville.

Swent: Did you go to school in Oroville at all?

Cleaveland: No, I didn't go to school in Oroville. From Silver City, we went to Berkeley. By that time, my father's office--W. P. Hammon--had moved to San Francisco. That was where the headquarters of the Yuba Manufacturing Company, Yuba Consolidated Gold Fields, and most other of Hammon's operations were located.

Swent: And they had moved their shops to Benicia?

Cleaveland: They had their shops first in Marysville; then they moved their shops to Benicia. Marysville is where I first went after graduating from Stanford. I went up to Marysville and entered the shops up there. That's where I started, but then they moved the shops down to Benicia, and moved me too, see. I worked in Benicia for about a year, maybe a little longer.

Then my father sold several dredges to the Anglo-Oriental Malaya Company, a British firm, that had holdings in Malaya.

Swent: Well, let's not jump up to that quite yet. Let's go back a little bit. You started school in Silver City, but then you came out to Berkeley.

Cleaveland: To Berkeley, yes.

Swent: You went, you said, to Emerson?

Cleaveland: To Emerson School, yes.

Swent: And your home was on--

Cleaveland: The home was on Kelsey Street when we went to Emerson. That was just a temporary thing. Then we eventually moved up to Cedar Street, and I went to the Hillside School, which was the closest school. I started to Berkeley High School in due course, but in my last two years, my father moved out to a farm halfway between Walnut Creek and Concord. I then attended Mt. Diablo Union High in Concord. Our farm of seventy acres was about halfway between Walnut Creek and Concord and now Cleaveland Avenue runs through it.

Swent: Tell about that.

Cleaveland: [laughs] Pop bought two cows, he bought two horses, he bought six pigs, he bought a plow, mowing machine, hay rake, and everything, for the use of his son. Loraine and I started to school. For the first year we had a surrey for getting to school with the help of Kate who, with the help of Annie, pulled the plow, mowing machine, hay rake, wagon, etc.

Swent: Loraine was your sister?

Cleaveland: Loraine was my sister, eighteen months younger than I. But we had a surrey, and Old Kate pulled the surrey. We went off to school, three miles to school.

Swent: This was Mt. Diablo?

Cleaveland: Yes, Mt. Diablo Union High School. Very good, very good. Then we would put Kate in the stable and give her a feed, and hitched her up again, and go trotting back to the farm in time to milk the cows and feed the pigs and the horses and everything. My dad was quite sure that I should be kept occupied, I shouldn't have any spare time, and I didn't.

But when World War I started, the shipyards in the area started paying what then was considered fantastic wages.

Swent: Yes, there is Crockett up there--

Cleaveland: Yes, there's a Crockett, but this was the next town below Martinez on the Straits. But anyway, there were shipbuilders in the area who were paying fantastic wages for those days.

Most of the able-bodied high school boys quit school and went to work in the shipyards. But my dad would have none of that.

There were only thirty-eight males in the high school, and about three times that number of girls. Oh, we had great fun then.

Swent: I'm sure you did!

Cleaveland: But then, in the second year, my dad felt flush, so he bought a Model T Ford. We put Kate back in the pasture and placed the surrey under cover. We were the first students in Mt. Diablo Union High School to arrive regularly in an automobile. We were some punkins. But daily before we left the farm, I had to milk the cows, I had to feed the pigs, I had to take care of all the chores twice a day. World War I was over but not the excitement such as a summer being hazed by my uncle, Ray Morley, who included me in his "kindergarten outfit" that substituted for the cowboys who had gone to war from New Mexico.

From Concord, I went to Stanford.

Swent: There was no question that you would go to Stanford?

Cleaveland: No, no, no. My father, as I say, to him, Stanford was the most--greatest of all human institutions, and now, the president of the university had been a Stanford contemporary of his.

Swent: I did want to mention, you said that when you were living on this farm out beyond Walnut Creek, that your father was taking the train to San Francisco.

Cleaveland: Yes, there was a train in those days called the Oakland and Antioch Railroad. It ran from Oakland through a tunnel, went over to Lafayette and Walnut Creek, Concord, and eventually went on up to Sacramento. They had to take a ferry at Antioch.

Swent: Well, they would take a ferry from Oakland to San Francisco.

Cleaveland: Yes. Well, they took a ferry from Oakland to San Francisco. It took my dad about an hour to get to San Francisco from Walnut Creek.

Swent: That's remarkable. It's no faster than that today.

Cleaveland: That's right. The roads weren't very good but this--. And I don't know when the Oakland and Antioch went broke.

Swent: You graduated from high school in 19--

Cleaveland: Nineteen-nineteen. And entered Stanford in the fall of 1919. Here is the big point--the tuition at Stanford was then fifteen dollars per quarter.

Swent: My goodness. [laughter]

Cleaveland: And there were some 2,000 men, and there were about 500 women.

Swent: What fun!

Cleaveland: Oh, well, it was fun. Life started to pick up for me in those days.

Swent: You must have had a wonderful time.

A Plot to Steal the Golden Bear

Cleaveland: In Berkeley, there were two very close friends I had who were going to Stanford. We were renegades, oh, we were--

Swent: What are their names?

Cleaveland: James Snyder and Emmett MacDonald. Jimmy's father had gone to Stanford. In Berkeley, those "being for Stanford" were outcasts. We were really treated very badly at times, such as the Big Game.

Swent: Out of step with everybody--

Cleaveland: Being for Stanford was not tolerated in Berkeley. But that inspired us to make our plans for revenge. It took us, oh, at least two years to find out--we sneaked and we investigated and we sneaked and we investigated--to find out where the Golden Bear was kept. We finally found it. It took a lot of sneaking, it took a lot of things, because the Blue Bellies were very careful, very, very careful. They knew that the Golden Bear was an object in the same danger as Stanford's Axe had been.

Anyway, we found out where the Golden Bear was. So we planned, and when we got to Stanford, we would come up and get

it. Oh, we planned and planned and planned. But we had plenty of time. We checked periodically to be sure that the Bear had not been moved. We planned not to do the job as freshmen--we'd wait until we got to be sophomores or juniors.

But Emmett MacDonald spilled the beans when we got to Stanford, to some upperclassmen, including the editor of the Stanford "Dippy," the daily student paper there, and a couple of other big wheels. They wanted to go right up right now and get that bear.

So one night, after I'd only been in school about three or four weeks, there was a knock on the door and here were several upperclassmen who demanded I join them together with Emmett MacDonald and Jimmy. They had three cars, one a high-powered roadster which had been selected to haul the Golden Bear back to Stanford. They also had some crowbars and sledge hammers.

We stopped for refreshments in San Francisco before we caught the last ferry, I think at two-thirty a.m., from San Francisco to Oakland. We then drove to Bancroft Way and the campus. The Bear was in a secluded closet under the bleachers of the old Cal track. A very heavy sliding door and two stout other doors had to be opened. We exercised our plans. That we did. The old football field, the old track are no longer there any more.

So we timed this all very carefully. We had flashlights to see and signal with. It was about three-thirty in the morning. And bang, bang, bang, we knocked off locks and things like that, and smashed down doors. This was on Bancroft Way. I was in the getaway car as a guide, which was a sports car-- We made much noise and the police lights started to flash before we got underway.

##

Cleaveland: We put the Bear on the back and tied it down. I rode on a fender holding on, and guiding the car back to Palo Alto, all through back streets and roads. We knew we couldn't appear on the main streets with a big Bear on our--does California still have the Bear?

Swent: I have no idea.

Cleaveland: But anyway, we got to Palo Alto. Of course, they were waiting for us.

- Swent: Must have been a big event.
- Cleaveland: It was for us, because it was the first violation of a signed agreement between the two schools forbidding such raids. The big headlines were that we would be expelled. But we were only put on probation and had to return the bear. They got a new Bear, Golden Bear, California's Bear. [imitates the cheering] They used to carry this onto the field and into rallies. I don't know whether they still do or not.
- Swent: I have no idea. So that must have gotten you off to a great start.
- Cleaveland: A great start. The president of Stanford University, Dr. Ray Lyman Wilbur, called my father by phone, and told him the story. Then my father, when I remained quiet, started telling me about what bad boys those Stanford raiders had been and what punishment they deserved. He kept needling me in an effort to encourage me to confess. That I eventually did. Actually he was just as pleased as Dr. Wilbur and Jimmy's father had been. My father also knew Jimmy's father who was also pleased but publicly all had to deplore the violation of an agreement.
- Swent: So you studied mechanical engineering?
- Cleaveland: Mechanical engineering, because dredge mining is 95 percent mechanical and 5 percent mining. It's excavating material, and recovering the gold is mostly by gravity concentration.
- Swent: So you did plan from the beginning to go--
- Cleaveland: Yes. I was always looking for the easy way, and it was very interesting. It opened up world-wide possibilities. People in the Yuba Company had nearly all been to Alaska, and to South America. Some of them had been up to Siberia, New Zealand, and Southeast Asia.
- Swent: And of course, your father was very prominent.
- Cleaveland: Yes, he had a world-wide reputation. I would have been silly to follow any other line. As it turned out, it was about as exciting as it could be, because tin ore, cassiterite, is recovered very similarly to gold, with gravity concentration. Then also, I eventually helped develop the use of dredges to recover diamonds.
- Swent: Yes. We'll get into that a little bit later. What were some of the things that you studied at Stanford at that time that were useful to you later?

Cleaveland: The mechanical engineering, they had regulated courses that you had to follow, heavy on mathematics, physics, chemistry, and structural design. We had very little in the way of literature, history, and law. But we had a course in English. Incidentally, one of my classmates was John Steinbeck.

Swent: He was one of your classmates?

Cleaveland: Yes, he was one. I didn't know him very well nor did I always agree with him politically, but we were on cordial speaking terms. We were in the same class in English together, but I didn't do as well as he did.

Swent: Were your studies useful to you later on, do you think?

Cleaveland: Oh, yes, insofar as you trained your mind to be an engineer-- Integral calculus--oh, did I barely scrape through by the skin of my teeth.

Swent: Was there anything that you needed later?

Cleaveland: Never, never used calculus. Never used it. It was just something that was hard to do, and you were forced to do it. I believe calculus is rarely used. [laughs] I had times when I could have used it, but I always managed to get by without using it. There are two phases of calculus: differential calculus and integral calculus. The differential wasn't too bad. But integral, oh, it was tough. And I just barely, barely scraped through it.

I became involved in a lot of extracurricular activities, particularly football, which was time-consuming, and I scraped through most of my courses.

Playing on the Stanford Rugby Team

Swent: We do have to mention briefly your rugby experience. I think it has been pretty well written up.

Cleaveland: Well, that was the experience of a lifetime.

Swent: Yes. Let's talk just briefly about that.

Cleaveland: Stanford and California abandoned American football after--I think it was 1906--because during the previous season there had been nineteen casualties in football. The game had gotten

so rough, and there was not adequate protection. We didn't have face masks. Head gear and padding were not adequate. Stanford and California and nearly all California schools changed to rugby. So when I was first in Berkeley, the big game was rugby. I played rugby on the sandlots and at Berkeley High. We didn't play it at Concord because we didn't have enough boys to field a team.

But most California schools switched back to American football in World War I because the army stepped in with what they called the Student Army Training Corps and took control of the academic life by what they called the SATC, Student Army Training Corps. By command from Washington, D.C. They reverted back to American football. But Cal moved quicker than Stanford did. They moved a couple of years before Stanford did. But by the time I had arrived there, Stanford had just changed back to American football.

When I arrived in Stanford, I weighed 135 pounds. On the first cut of the freshman team, I was eliminated, because what can they do with a 135-pound football player? This was the identical experience that my uncle, Ray Morley, had had. He went to Michigan to play football, and they had thrown him out because he was too small. Probably he also only weighed 135 pounds.

But I did play rugby, see. Our big rugby event was going up to British Columbia for the Christmas holidays--oh, what a great experience that was! Talk about fun, fun, fun! I won't go into all the details. But we went up on coastal steamers or on the train, and when we got there, we were greeted royally. Then we played rugby there four times in a week and we had fun, fun, fun. But I'm getting away from the main part of the story. I might say it resulted in a couple or more marriages. [laughs] But not mine.

Playing American Football at Stanford

Cleveland: I didn't get anywhere playing American football until my junior year. By that time I weighed about 150 pounds. I was then on the squad. I was still too feeble to really play football, but I gradually gained weight. So in my senior year I was weighing 170 and I was playing both rugby and American football. In rugby you learn to kick. One of the things I could always do, I could kick. And I gradually got better at carrying the ball.

Olympic Gold Medal Winner, Paris, 1924

Cleaveland: The big event of my senior year was the Olympic games of 1924, when rugby was played as the opening event of the Olympic games in Paris. In 1920, the Olympic games were in Antwerp, where they were largely military, because it was right after the war, and it was largely a military operation. To the surprise of the European countries, the Americans won the gold medal for rugby at Antwerp, due largely to a fellow named "Dink" Templeton. Have you ever heard of Dink Templeton?

Swent: Yes, I have.

Cleaveland: Well, there is a character who should never be forgotten. There was a character of all characters. He played both rugby and American football, largely because of his kicking ability and his general orneriness. But he won the final Antwerp Olympic rugby game with a sixty-yard drop kick in the rain. Then he placed in the broad jump. He was an all-around athlete, and a real character, oh, a real character. He also coached--he made his reputation as a track and field coach. He could do most everything in track and field and could teach others.

Swent: Was he still coaching when you were there?

Cleaveland: Yes. He was just starting to coach. But he could high jump, he could hurdle, he could pole vault, and he'd go out on the field and nothing ever bothered him. Some people could beat him, but nobody had better form than he did. He could throw the discus, he threw the shot, and he really was a fantastic coach. But it was 1920 when he won the final Olympic rugby game.

In 1924, the Olympics were in Paris. The French had what they thought was the best rugby team in the world at that time. They had beaten Ireland, Scotland, Wales, and England, all through the season, and they thought that their team was the best team in the world. So they wanted to start the Olympic games with a French victory. They were very anxious about how the Olympics would catch on in Paris. Paris wasn't a notoriously sporting place; they took more time on the arts, music, and cultural affairs. So in 1924 they decided they would start the Olympics with rugby.

Well, the people on the U.S. East Coast didn't know much about rugby. The Olympic committee in New York was dubious about rugby, but the French said, "You're the Olympic

champions, and you've got to come." So Olympic officials in New York called up Stanford for information. Harry Maloney, who was a general all-around athletic coach and trainer at Stanford, was also on the Olympic Committee. "Oh," he said, "we can get you an Olympic team; we'll get you a good team." So they agreed, and Harry was told to get a rugby team together.

So we had tryouts every Sunday in San Francisco's Ewing Field. Ewing Field was an old baseball field where the San Francisco Seals used to be. Players from Stanford drove up to San Francisco every Sunday. Others came over from Berkeley and elsewhere in the Bay Area. We had tryouts every Sunday until mid-March, when they finally selected the team, which was predominantly from Stanford, then came California, and then came Santa Clara. But we were all from the Bay Area. We had been friends for years, and we had competed against each other many times. We were a big, happy family before we started.

So we take off in early April for Paris. Oh, what a trip. We went to Niagara Falls, and we went to New York. When we got to New York, they were very supercilious about us. They didn't know much about rugby, and they told us we had to behave, and they started telling us what to wear, they started telling us how to behave. We thought, "You jerks. You don't know anything about rugby."

But anyway, they got us on a rather slow steamer, and we head for England, because we want to get some practice, play some English teams. In six days, we played three top English teams. We only won one of the games, but we were weary and we were learning, see. We were royally entertained. Rugby, that's just--I could spend the rest of the day recalling experiences. But we take the ferry from England over to Boulogne in France. Oh, it was mid-April, late April. Rough, oh, I've never been on such a rough ride. We were seasick and we felt battered around.

We landed in Boulogne. Well, the French had goofed off, and they hadn't told the officials in Boulogne that we were coming. So they said we couldn't get off the boat, we didn't have any visas. So we said, "That's what you think. You watch us, see if we get off this boat." We charged through the gendarmes and through the barriers. The French officials called the American consul who was in town and came on the run to see what all the riot was about. He phoned Paris, and they told him, "Sure, they should be allowed to enter France, they're our guests." But we missed the boat train. So we

didn't get into Paris until midnight in a pouring down rain. The people who had arranged to meet us met the boat train. We weren't on, they didn't know what the hell was going on.

An American news reporter comes up and finds out what we're doing, and he doesn't know anything about us, but he gets us into a hotel. The next morning, the Paris papers featured the "Big riot in Boulogne." The American team had arrived, they had fought the gendarmes, and they had pushed through barriers. Oh, we were really taken apart in the press.

So we had a grievance. The French, we sparred with the French. We wouldn't give an inch and the French wouldn't give either. But anyway, by the time--we played Rumania first. The crowd was very anti, anti-American. We beat Rumania without any trouble.

Then came the final game for the Olympic championship against the French, the great French team that we'd heard so much about. Well, the betting--and I'm sorry to say that some of the players may have put up some money on the betting--the odds were five to one against us.

The American cruiser *Pittsburgh* was in one of the French ports, and the crew was planning to visit Paris and be our supporters. Well, someone had enough sense to cancel that-- [laughs] If a gang of U.S. sailors had been at the game, the consequences could have been horrible. It was said to be the worst riot in Olympic history without any sailors.

But anyway, the French came to the Columbus stadium, which was jampacked, absolutely confident they were going to wipe us off the field. We really had our dander up. A lot of things we knew about by playing American football the French were yet to learn. Being the favorite, the French players were not at all happy with the crowd and probably would rather not play the game. Oh, we gave them a waxing. The biggest riot in the history of the Olympic games took place. Fortunately, such a possibility had been anticipated and they had a big barrier fence that kept the crowd off the field but they started beating up Americans in the stands.

Swent: This was after the game?

Cleaveland: No, this was during the game. The only way they could get the injured Americans into an ambulance was to bring them onto the field. So they were laying them out on the field, waiting for the ambulances to come. We thought that some were dead, and

we thought that it was only a matter of time before we would be dead, also.

But anyway, we won 17 to 3. When the game was over, the crowd was in a terrific turmoil. There was a band playing up on the stands. I couldn't hear them, but could see them playing. Finally, somebody tapped me on the shoulder and pointed to the American flag that was being raised on the flagpole, so I turned from the band and started facing the flag. There was somebody in Berkeley (who some of the team knew) was there, and he had bet I think \$5,000, and had five to one odds. Before the game was over, he had gone out and bought several cases of champagne, put them on our dressing tables in the dressing room.

Fortunately, the dressing rooms were connected to the field by a tunnel. It opened out well into the field. So we sneaked down through the tunnel and into our dressing room, where all the champagne was on the tables.

That night, we have the big banquet which you usually have after major rugby games, with all the high officials, the American embassy and all the French officials--this was supposed to be a "hands across the sea" friendship affair. But not all the French players were there. But the French newspapers switched sides, changed their role 180 degrees, and we became great heroes. This was a wise thing to do. After that, we would walk into a restaurant or a saloon, and receive an ovation. And Paris, I can assure you, is one of the best places in the world to be a hero. I can't think of any better place to be a hero. We had a real glorious three or four days there before we left.

Then we parted our ways; four of us, two California boys and two Stanford boys, four of us, started taking a tour of Europe. We went down into Spain, then across and up through the Mediterranean, down Italy, and then back up through Switzerland and down the Rhine, through Holland. Then we came back to Paris.

##

Cleaveland: We were broke, but we had tickets to get home. Well, the bulk of the Olympics in those days were not until July. See, they all got on a boat, the whole team did, track and field and the crew and the boxers and the fencers, and they came over together in July. Well, we were still early June by the time we got back from our tour. We played the French on May 18th. Then came the soccer, which was the biggest event of the

Olympics by far. Then there were a few other events, but the track and field and the swimmers and the gymnasts and the crews all came over on one boat in mid-July.

I wanted to stay and see the show out. So I went to the American Olympic headquarters in Paris and I explained the situation, that I had a ticket back to the States and I would like to have a job, so that I could get room and board. In charge was a military man, a fellow named Captain McCabe, I remember him. He said to come back in the afternoon, he would think about it.

Well, in the same big room and overhearing our conversation was a British officer. Their Olympic committee was in the same room. When I came back, Captain McCabe says, "Will you chop wood?" He had bet the British officer that I would accept.

I said, "Yes, I would chop wood."

He says, "Well, if you'll chop wood, go out to Chateau de Rocancour," which was going to be the headquarters of the team which came over on the boat. Chateau de Rocancour was out near Versailles, and it was a chateau that had been given to some French general by Napoleon as a reward for his service--oh, a gorgeous place, about forty acres, big stone wall clear around it, big mansion house. We had seen it previously, because before we played we were shown it while they were putting up barracks on it and putting up dining facilities, so that later the American athletes could stay there.

So I was kind of familiar with it, and I was to go out to the chateau and chop wood. I had been out twice to the chateau before, so I knew what the general situation was. One of our rugby team was a civil engineer, a fellow named Al Williams, from Cornell, who was high up in the Western Pacific Railroad, because he was a very competent engineer. On one of our trips to see the chateau, he had questioned a well that they had just drilled. He said the pump was not big enough, the pipes weren't big enough, and several other things. I had listened because I was training to be an engineer. This guy was experienced and must know what he's talking about.

So anyway, when they send me out to the chateau, I learn that the American Women's Club of Paris is holding practice social events, a dinner party, teas, and things, so that they would be able to entertain properly when the time came. So when I go out to the chateau with the superintendent, a Frenchman, I am approached by another military man who had

just graduated from West Point, very unhappy out there, because he wants to see Paris. He didn't go over there to stay in this one place and help with all the furniture, etc.

So I said, "Well, I'll take your place." So he arranged for me to take his place. He had already accommodated what they called the Prince's Quarters in the chateau, which were some select rooms in the chateau which for a time during World War II were Eisenhower's headquarters.

Well, before I came out, I knew I had to have working clothes. That's what they told me. Well, for a stranger, trying to buy working clothes in Paris is quite difficult. I didn't know where--I went around, I couldn't find anything but peasant clothes: pantaloons, blouses, stockings. So I got a complete peasant set; I had pantaloons, I had a blouse, and I had the right kind of hat. So the servants in the chateau were rather shocked, "Take him back; here's a damn peasant living in the prince's quarters."

But anyway, I had a crew of eight workmen who spoke nothing but French, and I used them to polish up--I had a smattering of French, but this was a great opportunity to learn French. I had to do enough physical work to show them what I wanted done.

One of the first things I tell the superintendent is, "This damn well isn't going to work. It's not going to work." I explained the pump--and the pipes--. He became very, very indignant, because who was this damn peasant, American kid here, telling him that this well won't work?

The word got back to Paris headquarters. Well, in about a week, they got it all together, and sure enough, it didn't work. So they had to come to me and ask what to do. I knew what to do. I mean, I knew what Al Williams had told me to do. So they got a bigger pipe and they got a proper pump. Everything worked out fine. So that kind of established my credentials, peasant or not.

General Nelson Miles

Cleveland: But the big thing, the really big thing, in that situation was, the head of the American Women's Club of Paris was the daughter of General Nelson Miles. Now, General Nelson Miles, I had heard about, of course. He was a Civil War hero. He

was the fellow who had captured Geronimo. He had been in the Indian wars here. He knew Datil. He knew my family. But in Chateau de Rocancour I didn't know who the hell he was. To me he was just a retired army general named Miles, very congenial sort of a fellow. But actually he knew Datil. He had roamed around there looking for Geronimo. He knew my family. But I didn't know that, and he didn't know that. But we got along well.

Early on they had a big garden party. I had on my pantaloons, I had on my blouse, and my stockings. I had to see one of the officials; something had happened. I was kind of prowling through the shrubbery trying to see where he was.

General Miles spotted me. He came in and grabbed me and led me out onto the lawn, and bellowed out in his very ample military voice, "Ladies and gentleman, I want to introduce to you a real American boy, Norman Cleaveland!" And there I was --most everybody burst out in laughter, because here I am standing with my pantaloons on. Until then, everybody had mistaken me for a peasant.

But the sad part of it, had I known who he was-- I didn't know who he was until the following year when he died. And all these obituaries gave all his Civil War record and all his Indian fighting records.

Swent: You would have loved to talk to him.

Cleaveland: Oh, I would have loved to talk to him. Oh, I would. And he would have been interested in talking to me, because he knew my grandmother. He knew my mother. But he didn't expect this guy in these pantaloons to be-- . So that was the big disappointment over there.

Swent: How long did you stay there, then?

Cleaveland: When Colonel Thompson, who was head of the mines up in Butte--

Swent: He was with Newmont.

Cleaveland: Yes. He was also head of the Olympic committee. When he came out to the chateau and met me, he said, "I've been hearing that you've been doing quite a job, and I want you to understand that from the time you started, you're on our payroll and will get \$200 a month." Well, in those days, \$200 a month was a lot, because when I went to work eventually, I went to work for \$100, which was the standard going for engineers just out of school. So I played it right. I

thanked him profusely, but I told him that my objective was to see the Olympics. I was having the time of my life. He could be assured I would continue on just as I had, but I wanted to be free to see the events that I wanted to see, and he was entirely in agreement.

But in a reward for that, for taking that stance--in those days and up until fairly recently, after the Olympics, there was a two-day British Empire-versus-United States contest. They used to have it. It was after the Olympics. So they picked the team and sent them back to London for this two days of events, and they put me--I wasn't on the team, but they assigned me officially to that team as assistant baggage manager.

Which meant I went back to England again and got into the top row to all the banquets and hoopla. I think the highlight of that was a garden party in Buckingham Palace. We're standing in a circle, and standing next to me was Al White, who had won the springboard diving championship. Somebody said, "When you do these flips, do you really need a springboard?"

Al said, "Not necessarily."

The inquirer asked, "Do you mean to tell me that you can just do a backflip here?"

Al said, "Yes," and he did one. Just standing there--. I think probably the first backflip ever done in gardens at Buckingham Palace. But it really took the wind out of everybody to have him flip--and just continue the conversation.

But we didn't meet the crown prince; we met some of the princes, at banquets and things. But then I got on a boat and came home. Stopped off in Datil, where my book story picks up.

Playing for the Olympic Club

Swent: Yes. But when did you go to Hawaii, then?

Cleaveland: Hawaii was '25, the following year. Then when I was moved from Marysville to Benicia, I then was able to play with the Olympic Club in San Francisco. So the Olympic Club decided it

was about time that somebody put a halt on this winning streak of the Golden Bear's "Wonder Teams".

So they enticed--on gentlemanly grounds--they gathered up all the dissidents in the Bay Area, all the fellows I knew, of course. We were the first ones to beat the Golden Bear's Wonder Teams. This was a big event for the Olympic Club, of course, and a big news event. In reward for that, the Olympic Club arranged for us to play a Hawaiian all-star team in Honolulu, which was a dream trip, because in those days, it took us four days to get there on a steamer, all of us having fun. We stayed at the Moana Hotel on Waikiki Beach, which was then only moderately developed, and I had friends. One was Duke Kahanamoku, who was a champion swimmer, and his brother Norman taught me how to do surfboarding. All a great amount of fun.

Emily Dole

Cleaveland: And, as I was telling you, Emily Dole, who was a very close friend of my mother's, who was a daughter of the Governor Dole, who was the first governor of Hawaii and the founder of the Dole pineapple works. He was then quite elderly. I think he was in his nineties or something like that. I went to Emily's hundredth birthday out near Walnut Creek. The previous day, she had been driven up from Riverside to Walnut Creek in one day. At her birthday celebration, she got up and met every one of the guests and took them around and introduced them.

She had two brothers come to the party, one of them ninety-six and one of them ninety-three. And I don't know when she died. I never found out. But that was her hundredth birthday. She sat most of the time, of course, but she knew everybody, she carried on conversations. And her brothers were fully alert.

But there was a whole series of Doles that all went to Stanford, all were athletes, and as I say, Emily was a very close friend of my mother's.

Swent: She entertained you, then?

Cleaveland: Entertained me. But when I got to Hawaii, she arranged for me to have lunch with her father, ex-Governor Dole, who was the real patriarch of the--. He had a typical Hawaiian house but

very elaborate, and he was very, very gracious. Of course, a real historical figure.

We won the game, which was the first time that a mainland team had done that. Then we had celebrations, of course. Then we get on the boat, and we're no longer in training, and we have four days back to San Francisco--oh, boy, what fun.

When we arrive in San Francisco, they have the fire boats out and usher us in. We are then ushered into cars with our names on the sides, big flag, and we were paraded up Market Street. The Olympic Club did things right in those days.

Swent: Well, that was wonderful.

Cleaveland: That was all after the Olympics. It was while I was living in Benicia.

Swent: Let's go back to Stanford a bit. I wanted to talk about the Alaska summer particularly.

Cleaveland: Yes.

Swent: Before that, did you work summers?

Cleaveland: Yes, I worked summers in the shop.

Swent: In Benicia?

Cleaveland: Yes, Benicia. I worked in the shop, or around some mining operation. I knew exactly what I wanted to do. It was dredge mining. My dad knew what I needed to do, and it was to get mechanical engineering training, which was the all-important thing. The mining was supplementary. But after I was into it, I was constantly involved with miners who were always talking a different language than I was. They were talking the mining engineers' language, which was different from the mechanical engineers.

So when I came back from Malaya the first time, I wanted to prove that my scholastic ability wasn't reflected at Stanford, the fact that I just skinned through by the skin of my teeth.

Swent: You didn't do too well.

Cleaveland: Oh, no. You had to have grade points; you know what they are, do you?

Swent: Yes.

Stanford Professors Guido and Charles Marx

Cleaveland: You had to have as many grade points as you had units. I was just on the verge. In fact, what I had been forced to do because of opposition--I encountered some very serious opposition in the mechanical engineering department, because the head of the department was a fellow named Guido Marx who I thought was an out-and-out communist, and who apparently thought football should be abolished. Every quarter, I had to get him to approve my study list. We would have an argument. "When are you going to stop wasting your time?" He overdid it.

His brother, Charles Marx, was head of the civil engineering department. An entirely different kind of a guy. Charles Marx was just my idea of what a scholar should be. Charles Marx was a fellow who designed the Stanford stadium, using all the very latest techniques of excavation with tractors and scrapers and things, which I knew about, because that's what Yuba Manufacturing Company built.

He also was very much in favor of sports--but his younger brother, Guido, was an activist who liked to get out on the street corner and raise a row, and who liked to get his name and his picture in the paper, and just gloat. Every list rating of the students' standing in the mechanical engineering department, the last three men were usually football players. So I was hard-pressed.

So I joined the ROTC, where football players were just as good as the people. For every D that Guido gave me, I could get a B out of the ROTC. So then I had my C, and I could keep playing football.

Well, of course, Guido hated the ROTC. That was militarism, and everything, and he probably thought that they were giving me higher grades than I deserved. He always was very reluctant to sign my study lists, trying to talk me out of being in the ROTC, trying to talk me out of playing football. But I knew exactly what I wanted to do.

Swent: And you wanted to be a mechanical engineer.

Cleaveland: And I wanted the mechanical engineering. That was what I really wanted to do, and I finally did. I got it in spite of him. But not in spite of his brother, who I took a couple of courses with and he did quite well by me.

Before I arrived in Stanford sports were supervised by a professor named Frank Angell. He was head of the psychology department and one of his brothers was president of Yale and the other was president of Michigan.

Swent: Oh, yes.

Cleaveland: Another brother head of Michigan. And he was head of the psychology department at Stanford, and a very ardent follower of sports. Always--he really believed in them, see. He had been Dr. Jordan's choice to be in charge of sports, but he was tossed out when Jordan left, and they put in a guy named Mitchell, who thought that football should be abolished, who was anti. And of course, football players found that out early.

Angell Field at Stanford is named after him, but I think the greatest honor I ever received at Stanford was when Professor Angell and Professor Marx took me to lunch and told me that they had been following the situation, and they wanted me to know that they were very much on my side. That was real good, as was the lunch.

[Cleaveland was declared ineligible to play on Stanford's team; the ruling was reversed, but too late. The following three paragraphs were added later.]

At the time, 1924, I was devastated and in retrospect I still believe it was the dirtiest trick ever played on me. And certainly it was a dirty trick because it was too late for retribution after the Pacific Coast Conference by a vote of 7 to 1 ruled in effect that I had been eligible to play in both the Big Game against Cal and the Rose Bowl game against Notre Dame.

Knut Rockne, Notre Dame's great football coach, in an extremely sportsmanlike gesture, had requested that I be included in Stanford's team, but he was not even thanked publicly for such a gracious gesture. He had probably been as well informed as was the Pacific Coast Conference in which the only dissenting vote about a case, identical to mine, had been Stanford's. Even the head of Stanford's Law School publicly declared that the rule applied in my case was not retroactive and did not apply to me.

While I was devastated at the time, in retrospect, the nasty ruling was probably one of the most fortunate events in my life. Had I finished the season with Stanford I almost certainly would have then turned professional as many of my teammates did. And consequently, my subsequent life would certainly have been far different than it turned out to be, i.e., extremely happy and not to be traded for any other I have ever heard about.

Posing as a Sourdough, Alaska, 1921 ##

Swent: When did you go to Alaska?

Cleaveland: In 1921, when I was a junior at Stanford and my football career was underway.

Swent: The summer.

Cleaveland: Summer, yes. They were building two dredges--

Swent: Yuba Manufacturing?

Cleaveland: Yuba Manufacturing Company, in Nome. We went up by boat from Seattle through the Aleutian islands up to Nome. Oh, rough, rough, rough. Ooh, rough. The site of the operations was about three miles out of Nome, and the dredges were on two other ships that came up. They unloaded the ships onto the beach, then hauled them up to the construction site, mostly by trucks, but we had one team of wonderful horses, which was useful because we had to maneuver around on the beaches a good deal.

Swent: Were you dredging beach sand?

Cleaveland: No, we were back about three miles back--it was a third beachline; it was a former beachline and was frozen.

Swent: But an old--

Cleaveland: Yes, it was an old beachline. We were on what they called a third beachline, which was really where the main values were, the third beachline. My job was to check off unloaded material--I spent all day of every day in Nome. I slept and had two meals a day at the camp on the third beachline, but then I checked--I knew the parts; I had been involved in the

manufacturing of the parts--see that they were all checked off, be sure that they were loaded and sent out to the construction site. We had a construction crew. So most of my time was in Nome, which in those days still had a lot of the boardwalks and things, and the old historic places were still intact.

Swent: The boom in Nome was right around 1902, wasn't it?

Cleaveland: Yes, early 1900s. This was 1921.

Swent: So it wasn't too much after that when you were there.

Cleaveland: No, it was--there were fringes all around. All the stories you hear about all the old--all the dives and everything were there. I became acquainted with nearly everybody in town. They were all cordial and friendly. So I got a very thorough knowledge of what was going on in Nome, because I was in Nome fussing around most of the time.

What worried me a little bit is that on the way from Seattle to Nome, I hadn't seen anything but just great big old waves. I had seen a volcano as we came through the Aleutian islands, a volcano that was erupting. But I wanted to see something beside the tundra around Nome, which was barren and as unattractive as it could be. So I started home; I wanted to go down to St. Michael at the mouth of the Yukon River and go up the Yukon.

Well, they didn't have any passenger boats that did that, but they did have a mail launch.

Swent: From Nome up the Yukon?

Cleaveland: From St. Michael, right on up to Fairbanks. But they didn't take passengers. So my problem, and I gambled pretty heavily on this, was to go down to St. Michael and sweet-talk the launch operator, who was a postal employee, to take me on as one of his crew on the launch. It took some doing and I doubt that the captain of the launch believed my yarn that I had to do some assesment work on my mining claim near Fairbanks.

So we started from St. Michael, got into the Yukon River. And boy, that lower place, birds, birds, birds. I never saw anything like it in my life. Then we were stopping at all points along the river, delivering the mail and collecting the mail, which was giving me a little time to wander around. People would, when they heard I was from Nome, come running up, because they had some friends in Nome, and I could tell

them what Joe Blow was doing and how things were generally. They thought I was a sourdough even if the captain had his doubts.

I took the stance, because I had learned early on, and you probably know this too, if you know Alaska, you have chichakas and you have sourdoughs. Sourdoughs are somebody who has spent a winter in Alaska, and chichakas haven't spent a winter. There was very much discrimination. If you're a sourdough, you're one of the boys. So I could pose--my pose was that I was a sourdough who had a claim--you always had a claim, see, if you were a sourdough--up near Fairbanks; I had to do the assessment work. Everybody knew you had to do your assessment work--and I was on my way up to do the assessment work on my claim in--.

So everybody, I would meet people all along the way, and it was interesting, because every little town you stopped in, and I got to be real friends with the skipper of the launch. We got up quite a ways, I think it was Nenana or someplace, and then we switched to another tug that pushed a big barge ahead of it. We got off the mail launch. With this barge, I could get around in front of the barge, on the bow of the barge, be out of sight of anybody, where I could do some exercising. I was on my way to playing football, and I wasn't getting much exercise. But we were changing passengers along the way.

One day, I was doing pushups in front of--behind the--in the secluded place, and I looked up and here was a guy watching me. He said, "What the hell are you doing?"

I said, "Well, I'm just taking a little exercise."

He said, "Your name is Cleaveland, and you play football for Stanford." He introduced himself, he was a U.S. Minerals Department, and a Stanford graduate, see. [laughs]

So I said, "Don't tell anybody." So he promised not to tell anybody. [laughter] He was very anxious that I go with him. He was going on some venture, but I was pressed for time and had to get back in time to practice football and whatnot.

There was a train that ran from Fairbanks down to Cordova. At Kodiak, I got on the train and went down. By that time, I had picked up two pals who were sourdoughs and were going to the mainland, and we were kind of traveling together. They were the genuine thing; I was just a fraud. But they were very disappointed in me because when we got to

Cordova, I made a reservation on the next steamer out, and I went first class, because I was on an expense account. They didn't know that. They went steerage, and they thought I should go steerage too. I was wasting my money.

We stayed in Cordova several days. That was an interesting place. Then the steamer came and we started for home. About the second--we stopped all along the line, a whole series of towns--a rather attractive gal and her father and mother got on board. She was from USC [University of Southern California]. She was studying physical culture or something. Her father was a medical man. He was an osteopath.

Well, this gal, she knew who I was. She was from USC. So we discussed the whys and wherefores of things. I had to drop a lot of my fraud. But anyway, I finally got back to Stanford, and we kept in contact. The great day came when we played USC, a big enemy, of course, wicked boys. And this gal comes up, and she still knows me.

A lot of the USC team were fraternity brothers of mine. I was a Sigma Chi. So when I met them after the game--USC beat us, I think--anyway, oh, they were down on me. I was a dirty stinker, and how could anybody be as low as I was. And what was the trouble? I detected this on the field, that I was a marked man. But they had a real grievance against me.

What I had done, I had talked this girl into giving me the USC signals. What had happened was what she had done down at USC. She was in a course where there were three or four USC players, including the captain. She was dating one of the USC players, and he had told her what the signals were, thinking that a woman wouldn't understand. But she was smart enough to understand. This was before the days of the huddle. Signals were called loud enough for both teams to hear.

Well, in one class that she attended was the captain of the USC team. He came to class early one time, and he started diagramming plays on the blackboard, and this gal would tell him the signal for the play. Boy, he really blew his top. Here was this gal who knew the signals. So he tells the coach, and the coach is livid. It's a leak in the security.

So they go around to this gal's bedroom. She is not there; they break in. There on her dresser is my picture. Oh, oh. So, they grab her when first they can. She gets furious that they have broken into her room. She blows up and won't tell them a damn thing. "No, I don't know anything

about this." But the relationship went on between the USC end and her. It wasn't about me, but they figured that she obviously had told me. So they had to change the signals, which was very difficult for them to do at the last minute. They charged me with being the low down--oh, I was sneaking in and getting USC's signals.

Those were the days before the huddle. The signals were called loudly. So I had a hard time clearing my reputation with the USC team.

Swent: So your trip to Alaska had dire consequences!

Cleaveland: Yes. It ended up in dire consequences. But with plenty of excitement. But that was 1921, and there was a lot of things going on after that. But that trip up the Yukon River, oh, it was a glorious trip.

Swent: Have you been back?

Cleaveland: Oh, yes, I've been back. I've been back to Nome a number of times, just on a consulting basis. I spent a week or two up there looking over things. But I understood the Nome situation quite well from my experience up there. And we've supplied further equipment.

Swent: Are they still dredging there?

Cleaveland: I don't know that they are. They have fussed around up there quite a bit. I don't think they're still dredging. The ground is frozen, and the expense of thawing the ground is quite a bit.

Swent: It's frozen all year?

Cleaveland: Yes, it's permafrost. So you have to drill down and pump water in. You use cold water to do it, but it's an expensive operation, and you can't get anywhere until the tundra is thawed. But no, the background of Nome was still visible to me when I was there. As I say, it was only ten or a few years, so Jack London's stories were all there. His sites were all there. And there were old-timers there that knew all about that and I usually sought those guys out, because they all had good stories to tell.

Swent: This was Yukon Gold Company?

Cleaveland: Yes. That was a Guggenheim outfit. They didn't operate in Nome. They were up around Fairbanks. I'm not quite sure. But the Yukon Gold Company went down to Malaya.

Swent: Did you make any contact with them on this trip?

Cleaveland: No, not at that point.

Swent: This was strictly for Yuba?

Cleaveland: Yes, this was strictly for Yuba. The Yukon Gold Company moved intact down to Malaya. They took their equipment with them. Then they were on the New York Stock Exchange, and there was a ruling on the exchange that the name couldn't be totally deceptive. The Yukon Gold Company didn't correctly describe mining tin in Malaya. [laughter] So they changed their name to Pacific Tin Consolidated Corporation. But most of the employees that I first dealt with were old Yukon Gold people.

Swent: And they had mined around Fairbanks?

Cleaveland: Yes, up around Fairbanks someplace. I'm not quite sure where their mining was done, but it was up around Fairbanks, in that--well into the interior. None of them had been to Nome. But when I first went out to Malaya, it was still called the Yukon Gold Company, and they were all old stiffs from Alaska, and very competent guys. Very competent guys. But by the time I became involved, the name was changed. It was one of the oldest companies on the New York Stock Exchange, that Yukon Gold Company was. Then they had to change the name to Pacific Tin Consolidated.

II TIN DREDGING, MALAYA, 1929

The Deepest Digging Dredge in the World

Swent: Well, let's get back, then. When you graduated from Stanford, you went to work for Yuba first in Marysville and then in Benicia?

Cleaveland: Yes.

Swent: And you stayed with them, then, until you went to Malaya?

Cleaveland: Yes. I went directly to Malaya.

Swent: How did that come about?

Cleaveland: Yuba, we built the deepest digging dredge in the world at that time in Benicia. We shipped it to Malaya. I went along after it, and was on hand. In charge of construction was an extremely competent man named Paul Morse who had also been in charge at Nome. I believe he was the most competent dredge builder in the business and both he and his wife were particularly congenial friends.

Swent: But you went as a Yuba employee.

Cleaveland: Yes. This was for the British firm, Anglo-Oriental. Of course, I got thoroughly acquainted with the Yukon Gold boys when I was down there. But after the war, I served pretty near three years with Anglo-Oriental, which--Yuba provided the management and the equipment and things for Anglo-Oriental. Then I get my cousin involved about this time.

Swent: This was in 1929?

- Cleaveland: Yes, '30, in there, '30, '31. You said that Malozemoff graduated in '31?¹
- Swent: Yes.
- Cleaveland: Well, maybe Bill was a year ahead of him.
- Swent: He must have been.
- Cleaveland: Yes, because Bill was out there by 1930.
- Swent: Your cousin; this is Bill Warren.
- Cleaveland: Yes. I've always thought he was a classmate, because I have done consulting work for Plato. I did some diamonds exploration for him. But he and Bill I know were close friends; I thought they were classmates. But when Bill came out, they sent him very promptly, or the general manager down there took him to Nigeria, where a new dredge field was in the making, and which Bill played a part in, in the prospecting and things. He made his contact with the management in London. He married the right gal there, and he ends up as the chief executive officer of the world's largest tin mining company.
- Swent: London Tin?
- Cleaveland: Yes, that was it. But he was an extremely competent engineer, very competent engineer. He graduated number one from mining school in Berkeley. You can't be a dummy when you do that.
- Swent: No, no. So when you went out to Malaya with Anglo-Oriental, then, where did you go?
- Cleaveland: First, I went to Ipoh--
- Swent: Is that a port?
- Cleaveland: No, it's not a port.
- Swent: It's inland.
- Cleaveland: It's the capital of the state of Perak. It has a big tin deposit, big tin deposits.
- Swent: How was the dredge shipped?
- Cleaveland: It was all dismantled and shipped--

¹Plato Malozemoff, A Life in Mining: Siberia to Chairman of Newmont Mining Corporation, 1909-1985, Regional Oral History Office, University of California, Berkeley, 1990.

Swent: To Port Swettenham?

Cleaveland: Port Swettenham, yes. And then it was shipped and then reassembled.

Swent: So you were doing something similar to what you had done in Nome?

Cleaveland: Yes, identical.

Swent: Was it a similar dredge?

Cleaveland: Bigger. The dredge was bigger, a good deal bigger, much bigger, in Malaya. There are a lot of dredges now that dig deeper than 100 feet, but it was the first dredge in the world--it was one of the two dredges that I was involved in, in construction.

Swent: And the cables and everything were shipped?

Cleaveland: Everything was shipped, yes. Everything.

Swent: My goodness. It must be just tremendous.

Cleaveland: Well, it's quite an operation, because you've got to have the whole works there. Everything has got to be there and it helps a lot when the boss is as competent as Paul Morse.

Swent: And you had to find the workmen?

Cleaveland: We brought over quite a few American workmen. Paul Morse was our chief construction man, and he was a real old-timer. He had built dredges for Yuba, he had been with Yuba most of his life. He was a very competent dredge builder and a very nice guy. He saw to it that everything was hunky-dory. He knew how to do it.

Swent: Was this all metal, or did you have a wooden superstructure?

Cleaveland: No, everything was metal.

Swent: All metal by then.

Cleaveland: The hull and the whole thing. No, there was no wood. Very--probably was some someplace, I don't remember any of it. It was all metal, and lots of welding, lots of hydraulic presses and riveting hammers, and ordinary construction work, like bridge construction. But the local workers got the hang of it quite well, quickly.

- Swent: Had other dredges been operating?
- Cleaveland: Oh, yes. There had been all sorts of dredges. There was quite a--this was one of the big dredging fields in the world.
- Swent: But this was the largest?
- Cleaveland: This was the largest, yes. This one was the largest. We built two of them almost simultaneously, not quite. We built one dredge with thirteen-cubic-foot buckets, which isn't unusual--most dredges around Natomas had eighteen-cubic-foot buckets. This was a thirteen-cubic-foot. And one dredge with nine-cubic-foot buckets.
- Swent: So the buckets were not so large.
- Cleaveland: No, the buckets weren't so large.
- Swent: It was the ladder that was longer than usual.
- Cleaveland: Yes, a long ladder. We were the first ones to dig deeper than 100 feet below pond level. There's a lot of dredges now that go down below 100 feet, but at that time, ours was the first one to break the 100-foot level.

Building the Hicks Marine Engine on Fisherman's Wharf ##

- Swent: You were just telling me about an experience that you had on Fisherman's Wharf. You hadn't mentioned that to me before. When were you at Fisherman's Wharf?
- Cleaveland: It was when I was with the Yuba Manufacturing Company in Benicia. Besides mining machinery, they built a farm tractor, the Yuba Balltread Tractor. They built other equipment. They built pumps, they built a specialized fishing boat engine. It was developed and it was designed for the fishermen on Fisherman's Wharf. It was called the Hicks Marine Engine.

It had some unique features, because most of those fishermen were catching crabs. They had to get close to the cliffs. These engines, there was a whole series of them, were specially adapted to those fishing boats that were built on Fisherman's Wharf for crab fisherman.

The engine was unique insofar as it was very slow, "ponky-ponk," and reliable at less than 100 rpm. Fishing boats get up close to the cliffs where the crabs are. Fishermen had to maintain power and control but they had to move very slowly. We guaranteed that our engines would run as slowly as 80 rpm up to 400 rpm. They throttled on the intake valves rather than on the carburetor. After adjustment, the carburetor was touched as little as possible, because they had to have a very precise control, and for safety reasons.

The skipper's cabin was usually above the engine thus making it possible for him to control the throttle with a foot. Engine speed was determined by how far the intake valves opened. This control was possible because the valves were mounted on an eccentric which could be controlled by the fisherman's foot. I've never seen such throttles on any other engine, but I was on Fisherman's Wharf long enough to see why it was essential that they have complete control of the boat at the slowest speeds possible. The crabs were right close to those cliffs, where any mishaps could be fatal.

When they'd get up very close, they'd lower the speed down to about 100 rpm. They had bigger propellers than higher speed marine engines, because the engine was turning so slowly. We built a series of engines, one 5-horsepower per cylinder, one 6-horsepower per cylinder, and one 8. We built one-cylinder, two-, three-, and four-cylinder engines. Four 8-horsepower cylinders would provide 32 horsepower. The fuel was gasoline.

So we had nearly a complete range of horsepower for fishermen but all engines accelerated on the intake valves. It was a very specialized engine.

Swent: Did you build the boats also, or just the engines?

Cleaveland: No, we just built the engines. And we had practically a monopoly. I would say that over 80 percent of the fishing boats at Fisherman's Wharf had our engines. So we had a sales place there, and a repair shop. The site of our sales and repair shop later became Joe DiMaggio's restaurant. I don't know if you remember that--

Swent: Oh, yes, of course.

Cleaveland: Yes. Well, that was the site of our shop setup. We had a Mike Gerald, because the fishermen all spoke Sicilian, so we had to have an interpreter there to deal with the fishermen. They all spoke Sicilian.

Swent: This was in the 1920s.

Cleaveland: This was in the twenties, yes.

Swent: After you had graduated--

Cleaveland: After I had graduated from Stanford, yes. So I guess for a year or two, I worked on Fisherman's Wharf. It was quite an adventure, because Mike was a character. He was one of the first to build a restaurant there, Fisherman's Grotto, which after twenty or fifteen years was still going, one of the leading places there. It had a big picture of Mike in there, and his sons were running it. I got a big cheer the last time I came in, because Mike and I were real good friends.

He was a promoter type of guy who was quite a political leader in that area. He had started with a fishing boat himself which he eventually sold. I think it was about two years that I spent on Fisherman's Wharf.

Swent: Your parents by this time had lost their house in the Berkeley fire of 1923 and rebuilt in the same location, you said?

Cleaveland: Yes, this was after the Berkeley fire and before I went to Malaya.

Swent: Yes. Did you live at home?

Cleaveland: Yes, I lived in Berkeley.

Swent: And commute to Benicia?

Cleaveland: No, I lived in the hotel in Benicia the whole time. The name --I don't remember. It was on the waterfront and had very congenial management. But when I was on Fisherman's Wharf, I lived in Berkeley and commuted to Fisherman's Wharf.

Swent: And your father was working in the city also?

Cleaveland: Yes, he was at 433 California Street, fourth floor, I think, Balfour Building. The next floor up were all of W. P. Hammon's affairs. The Balfour Building was cater-corner to the Bank of California. I spent quite a bit of time in the Balfour Building, too.

Swent: That must have been a good experience.

Cleaveland: It was a colorful experience, because the Sicilians are very volatile people, and it was before--it gradually developed primarily into a tourist attraction.

Swent: It was not for tourists then.

Cleaveland: Right. But Mike was among the first to build a restaurant. We had our repair facility and shop, showrooms and what, in the same building that Joe DiMaggio bought for his restaurant. Mike was a very colorful character. He couldn't understand it, every morning he would grab the newspapers and check the stock markets because he was pretty near a millionaire, because he in 1925--no, earlier than that, '23, '24--he had sold his fishing boat engine, he had hocked his house, raised all the money he could and bought Bank of Italy stock. He was just blossoming out on that, richer every day.

Well, every morning when we would open up the shop, Mike would be looking to see what his bank stock was doing. And then he wanted to know how much I had. I didn't have any. Well, to him, I was just absolutely nuts, because he was getting rich, and I was not getting rich. He couldn't understand, because here I'd been to a university and all these things, and he was a poor ignorant fisherman who was getting rich, and I wasn't.

But after I graduated, my father with considerable ceremony told me solemnly that he had one bit of advice that he wanted to give me: Never, never own shares in any institution that you did not control. So to me, that was the gospel. He had done it very emphatically, that under no circumstances should I ever become involved in the stock market.

While I was in Marysville, I was staying in a rooming house--it was just a place where I slept. It was run by the sister of the manager of the local bank, which had been taken over by the Bank of Italy. The manager of that bank came to see his sister periodically. He told me in 1925, "Norman, if I were you, I would buy Bank of Italy shares. I feel sure that's going up." And had I done so, I would have been nearly as rich as Mike.

But in the background was my father's solemn warning, never to--well, the Bank of Italy shares did boom. I didn't have any, and Mike had plenty, and couldn't understand why I could be so stupid, and he, just a poor ignorant fisherman, was getting wealthy. It was a long time before I violated my father's advice.

Swent: And did he keep his money through the crash?

Cleaveland: Mike?

Swent: Yes.

Cleaveland: Oh, he kept it. Oh, he was wealthy. The first thing he started doing was he invested in this restaurant, which was a huge success. He had a quite large family. The last time-- oh, I haven't been there for thirty years. But the last time I went in there, the sons were there. They recognized me; I got a hearty welcome. We talked about the good old days.

Swent: Well, that's good.

Cleaveland: These opportunities kept blossoming out, and right under my feet. But that was shortly before I went to Malaya.

Physical Dangers in Malaya

Swent: Yes, and I think you told me that your mother didn't think you ought to go to Malaya, because it was so dangerous.

Cleaveland: Oh, yes. My dad was deeply concerned also.

Swent: Yes, but your father sent you, didn't he?

Cleaveland: Yes, he did, but he was--I was putting on the pressure to do so. No, he wasn't--I wouldn't have gone if my dad had had his way. I started turning the screws; I wanted to go.

Swent: Because it was so very dangerous--

Cleaveland: It was dangerous physically. Which it was. There wasn't any question about it. It was very dangerous.

Swent: Because of--?

Cleaveland: Of diseases, various fevers and things. They had malaria under control, but there were half a dozen other diseases that they really never controlled until World War II, when the army really went in there and made thorough studies. After the war, everything changed. One thing was, they had greatly increased control of the health, and also they had air conditioning. Now, my first term out in Malaya--

Swent: Yes, let's talk about that.

Cleaveland: You had to sleep under mosquito nets. You had to keep away from mosquitos. You had no screens on your windows, and you had to sleep--and this was before they had developed Flit [insecticide] and things like that. A mosquito net was a stifling thing to sleep under. You just started to sweat and sweat, and you seemed to be in a little puddle by morning. You would be weakened and depressed.

Swent: Did you sleep on beds?

Cleaveland: Yes, you slept on a bed--

Swent: Mattress?

Cleaveland: Well, a regular bed, formal bed, but no cover.

Swent: Not cots.

Cleaveland: No. We had regular beds, but they had a mosquito net that went right down to the floor.

Swent: I was just thinking, a mattress gets awfully hot.

Cleaveland: The mosquito net--it was confining and stifling. But they were absolutely essential.

Swent: Did you have a company staff house, or guest--

Cleaveland: Yes, we had regular--we had really nice houses.

Swent: This was in Ipoh?

Cleaveland: In Ipoh, yes. I had a lovely house in Ipoh adjoining the golf course, right near the race track. And also had a beautiful garden and plenty of excellent servants. But I had to sleep under a mosquito net, which meant that my sleep wasn't very good much of the time.

But after the war, two things had happened. They knew what these other diseases were. I can't name them right off the bat. But disease control was a big help. And also, they had air conditioning. You didn't need the mosquito nets anymore.

Swent: Huge difference.

Cleaveland: And that made the huge difference, when you could sleep well at night and your office was cool. Traveling up and down the road getting there and back was humid and warm, but it was tolerable. Malaya became a very pleasant place to be. But it was the air conditioning, which is power-consuming of course, and it was things that they didn't have when I went down there the first time.

I must say that it was disconcerting when I was there, because a friend would just topple over, and you didn't know why. The family didn't know why, the doctors didn't know why. They called--it wasn't malaria--it was what they called Japanese water fever, and that was nearly everything else. Of course, everything else was a series of different diseases.

Swent: Japanese water fever.

Cleaveland: Water fever. [laughs] Anything that wasn't malaria, was Japanese water fever. But if you had Japanese water fever, the doctors didn't know what to do with you. They would try to work on it, but they didn't have control of it. But the army got control of that.

But cholera was still quite prevalent. Now, that's a wicked disease. Cholera was quite prevalent. They knew that that was different than malaria, but they didn't know how to cure it. It was just too bad.

That was the one big no-no about the tropics. That is what I worried about, that's what my family worried about. My solution to that was going to be that I was going to keep myself physically fit. When I first arrived, I startled the local populace quite a bit because I did considerable jogging. They would look behind to see who was chasing me, and look in front to see who I was chasing. Most everybody thought I was nuts.

Swent: Nobody did that.

Cleaveland: Nobody did that. I did that to stay in shape when I wasn't playing rugby. In Ipoh, oh, they had good facilities. They had a nice golf course, they had good grass tennis courts, we played rugby, and good swimming, excellent. It wasn't hard to keep in physical shape.

But I went one step further and started off being a teetotaller. I think I've explained this to you before.

Swent: Tell it again.

Cleaveland: Well, anyway, I wasn't going to touch liquor. At first, I noticed that people would kind of glance at each other, and I wondered why. And after two or three months, I learned that the only possible excuse for not drinking was that you were venereal [syphilitic]. So they suspected that when I turned down the cocktail or other drink, I was doing so because I was venereal. So I had to drink enough to clear up that theory.

Swent: But not so much that you ruined your health.

Cleaveland: Yes, not so much that I ruined my health. Well, I was a controlled drinker.

But another thing too was--and this was traditional--people reserved making their final judgment of you as a person until they had seen you well drunk, as you behaved when you were really about to topple over. Being able to hold your liquor and behave in a gentlemanly fashion, that was one of the final tests of a gentleman. So a couple of times along the line, you had to indulge in liquor, such as try to drink somebody under the table.

Swent: Was this for women as well as men?

Cleaveland: No, not so much for women. No, women were immune from this. I'm not sure that they came under the venereal thing either. But no, women were not supposed to get roaring drunk, but men sometimes were. You were supposed to, after you had won the championship. You had to support your teammates in really getting it down.

I found that I could hold my liquor well enough.

Swent: And the Americans were a very small minority.

Cleaveland: Oh, yes, very small. Very few. They were a very small minority, and were sometimes looked upon with suspicion.

Swent: It was mostly English?

Cleaveland: Yes, the Europeans were mostly English. There were some French; there were French companies out there, and some Dutch, and some Portuguese. And of all the European races, the natives were I think prouder of having Portuguese blood than any other. For a while, the Portuguese ran that country down there. The Portuguese probably were the best colonialists of all the European races. They forbade their women from leaving Portugal. So if a man wanted a family--by government policy, intermarriage became a way of colonializing. It was a part of

the colonization. This did much to remove the racial barriers. Any Malayan who had Portuguese blood seemed very proud of that. Much more so than what they called stengahs, that had other European--

Swent: What did they call them?

Cleaveland: Stengah. Stengah means one half. It could be a drink, but it was a crossbreed--it means half. But the native with Portuguese names and Portuguese were the haughty ones, and were looked upon by other natives more than the British or the Dutch, who were strict non--you shouldn't intermarry with the natives. Both the British and the Dutch were very strict about that. But the Portuguese, that was as a matter of policy, that's what they encouraged, and they built up communities that were stengahs, and those people were, when I was there.

Swent: That's interesting.

Cleaveland: I found out in Malaya that I could hold my own in alcohol consumption, and that's what I used to advantage up in Manchuria, when I was drinking against the Russians. They failed to drink me down. But that was eyeball-to-eyeball, tough-guy stuff up there.

Swent: But you learned it in Malaya.

Cleaveland: But I learned how to do it in Malaya.

III DREDGING GOLD IN CALIFORNIA, 1932 TO 1941

Return to Stanford to Study Mining Engineering

- Swent: You were there just two years, your first--
- Cleaveland: Yes, two years on my first tour, and then I went back to Stanford.
- Swent: So then you went back to Stanford, and this time you studied mining.
- Cleaveland: Yes, I studied mining. And then I went into business of my own.
- Swent: Yes, tell about that.

##

- Cleaveland: And I did that because dredging was a mining operation, and I was dealing with mining people, and they were always drifting into mining terms and things which I didn't think they really understood themselves--geological terms. And if they found out that I didn't know some of these things, they would put on the pressure. I felt a little bit on the defensive. So I wanted to go back and become informed so I could toss these names around in discussions without knowing any more than the mining engineers.

And also, I wanted to prove first of all that I wasn't as dumb as my scholastic record at Stanford indicated. My Stanford record showed that I couldn't have been any lower and still graduate. I wanted to show that if given a chance, and not having to play football and all the things I was doing, basketball and everything else, the polo and the--I mean, all

of those things that were extracurricular activities, were making me look rather stupid.

So this time I was free of that. I was going in a nonsense, I was going to get a master's degree in the mining school, with Theodore Hoover the head of the Mining Department. He was very friendly and cordial and cooperative, and fairly in agreement with what my motives were.

But I had been, as I told you, registered in Stanford just about three days, when knock-knock on my door. I said, "Come in," and in stepped two big burly football players--who I recognized. I had never met them before.

They said, "Mr. Cleaveland, could you teach us how to play rugby?"

[laughs] All my good intentions were out the window, because I could teach them how to play rugby.

Swent: You ended up as the rugby coach.

Cleaveland: I was the rugby coach, the playing member. We had a club, so it wasn't--we called ourselves the Stanford Rugby Club, and we didn't have the same eligibility rules that others did. And we kept ourselves distinct; we drove the board of athletic control nuts, because we were always just a little bit off the beat and were not being pushed around as much as some athletes were.

Angell by that time was in a wheelchair. He was not well physically. But about the second day of our practice, it was a lovely day, sunny, out comes Dr. Angell in his wheelchair to the sidelines. Of course, I stop all the practice, take everybody over, and introduce him to everybody. They were all delighted to meet him.

Swent: Of course.

Cleaveland: And he seemed delighted to be met. But the whole time that we played there, any time the weather was good, we could expect Dr. Angell to be out in his wheelchair. And of course, all the players paid a lot of attention to him.

Eventually, as I told you, he and "Daddy" Marx took me to lunch. And as far as I was concerned, I think that I appreciated that more than any other honor I ever received at Stanford. I had the highest regard for both of them, and for both of them to take me out and tell me that they had been

watching the developments and wanted me to know for sure that they approved of what I was doing. That probably made me a little bit cocky, too. But we had fun there.

Swent: So you were just there for a year?

Cleaveland: Just a year, yes. And of course, I had a hell of a time--I didn't get my master's degree, didn't even come close. But I got what I wanted, which was the nomenclature. I took geological courses. I took some mining courses. I learned what all these words were about and how to use them, and I could stand up to any mining engineer and look him straight in the eye and answer his questions in his own language.

Swent: And you had been out on the job and knew what it was about.

Cleaveland: I had been out on the job, oh, yes, all that.

The Roaring River Gold Dredging Company; Catching High-graders

Cleaveland: So I was never going to work for anybody again. I got together a property, I raised some money, and I organized the Roaring River Gold Dredging Company.

Swent: How did you get money in the early thirties?

Cleaveland: Well, it was hard to get. It wasn't easy. It wasn't easy. But gold was looked upon pretty good. I got enough to--

Swent: How much did you need?

Cleaveland: Not very much. I think I got \$75,000 as I remember.

Swent: That's quite a lot.

Cleaveland: Yes. I designed the dredge for the property that I had, which was right. I was right about that.

Swent: Where was the property?

Cleaveland: It was a place called Roaring River. It was a tributary to Clear Creek, but it's about sixteen miles from Redding, up in Shasta County. Intermittently, it would be roaring, in the wintertime. There was a big drainage area behind it. So in the winter, it really roared, but in the summer, it was just a trickle.

Swent: So you were working in the gravel that the river brought down?

Cleaveland: Yes, I was just working on the gravel that the river brought down. It was quite a good operation. It didn't last very long. And up there is where I got tangled up with the high-grading.

Swent: Yes, let's hear about that.

Cleaveland: Yes. One of my key young men was a winchman, they were called--let me think of his name, it will come to me--his name was Newton Thurman Blodgett.

Swent: A relative?

Cleaveland: No.

Swent: Newton?

Cleaveland: Newton, yes, but he was named after my father because my father was the general manager of Yuba Goldfields, and Charlie Thurman was the superintendent under my father, and his [the winchman's] father named his son Newton Thurman Blodgett.

Swent: For his two bosses.

Cleaveland: Yes. But his father was named Blodgett, but I've forgotten what his name was. He was an elderly guy, but he had worked all his life on dredges. He was a very handy man to have around. I had him around because I relied on him a great deal. He had spent his whole career dredging. His son was one of the winchmen I hired. He was a nice kid, very confident.

But one day, Mr. Blodgett came up to me and said, "Norman, Norman," and then he turned and walked away. I couldn't understand. He came back a little bit later and said, "Norman, Norman." And he walked away again.

Oh, I knew that something was wrong, very wrong. The trouble was, his son was involved in this high-grading scam. He couldn't bring himself to reveal it, but he couldn't tolerate having it going on. So I had a hole burned through a plate so from a concealed spot I could see the cleanup of what we called the save-all. It was so the spill from the buckets that missed the hopper didn't go on the sluices. It was called a save-all.

From a secluded place, I could observe the save-all, which is cleaned up periodically. On the next cleanup day, I went in to my hideaway, and the Johnson brothers started to clean the save-all, which was a two-man job. I could see them but they couldn't see me. They were cleaning up the amalgam, putting it in a handkerchief which was put in their pockets.

So I stepped around out to grab them. When they saw me, they threw their handkerchiefs into the pond. I said, "What's that you threw into the pond?"

"Oh, it was just--."

I said, "No way. I've been watching you for about ten minutes." They realized that I had caught them. I said, "You go to the winchroom and think it over. You've got two options here. You can work with me or you can fight me. It's your decision. I don't want you; I want the guy who's buying the amalgam from you. I know that you've been stealing it for quite a while. I know you're stealing it, but you can fight me, or you can help me, because what I want is to get the guy you've been selling it to. Talk it over for a few minutes, and then come and tell me whether you're going to fight me or whether you're going to help me."

So they finally came back and said, "We'll help you."

They said, "We've been selling it to Mr. Adolph Dabrowski," who ran the biggest jewelry store in Redding, a rather pretentious place. Redding was the county seat of Shasta County and he was the chairman of the Republican Party in Shasta County. Eventually we had to postpone the trial for a month or so because his attorney was taken away to serve on the California Supreme Court. Dabrowski had been a leader in Shasta County.

Well, to make a long story short, I got into the car with one of the Johnsons and headed for Redding, sixteen miles away, to talk with Dabrowski. We were down the road about four or five miles, when Johnson jerked out the ignition key and turned the motor off.

He said, "You haven't any authority to take me anywhere."

I said, "You put that key back. I've got all the authority I need. Now, you put that key back in there and start this car up again."

He paused a little before he followed instructions and we went on.

I had in my pocket, and quite obviously, what was called a gas gun, which I carried with me during cleanups. It was a little tube of, I don't know what kind of gas it was, but it was a defensive weapon--it was just debilitating. I believed it would be more effective than a pistol. You wouldn't kill anybody with it, but you could defend yourself.

He knew that I had something on me, so he turned the key on. We went on into Redding. We were both dirty, because cleanup day is a splash day where you put on old clothes and get splattered with mud.

When we entered Dabrowski's store, he greeted us, "Ah, Johnson. Got some more gold for me?"

I said, "No, Mr. Dabrowski, he hasn't any more gold for you. My name is Cleaveland." He really did a double take. I said, "I've come to check your records."

He said, "I haven't any records."

I said, "You're trying to tell me that you're buying gold and not keeping any records? Don't tell me that."

"Oh, no, no, no." He became flustered and soon clammed up and wouldn't say anything. So I called the sheriff from a pay phone outside. I told him roughly what was happening, that I was down at Dabrowski's store with a fellow I had caught stealing gold, and would like a little help. The sheriff came down, and the first thing he said was, "Are you going after Dabrowski?"

I said, "Well, I don't know yet. But I just caught this fellow Johnson here red-handed."

The sheriff said, "Well, you better talk to the district attorney. We'll go up and talk to him."

So I said, "What about Johnson?"

He said, "Turn him loose. He can't run. He has a family and everything. Turn him loose after I question him."

So we talked to the district attorney and I told them the story. They pricked up their ears. Because Dabrowski was a powerful man with them. I was told, "There's two people you

want to confer with right away. One is a fellow named John Bongard, who is the state officer in charge of high-grading. His office is in the Ferry Building of San Francisco. And Charles Rich, of the Secret Service." Gold stealing was of concern to the Secret Service because gold had to do with the banks and mints. High-graders were their concern.

So I went to see Bongard, and he said, "Dabrowski? We've been trying to get that guy for a long time." And he called up Rich, and then we went to see him. He also said that he had long hoped to catch Dabrowski.

"Oh," he said, "will you back me up?"

I said, "Sure, why not?"

He said, "If you are willing to do that, you're the only mine manager in California that I've met yet who would." Now, my father was in the background telling me to get out of that, get out of that, get out of that. He was scared. Dad was really scared. But Rich said, "If you will back me up, I'll back you up."

I said, "Sure."

So we went up to Redding, the three of us, and they interviewed my entire crew, about eighteen men. They were skilled cross-examiners. They nailed those guilty quite quickly, the guys who were stealing. Rich and Bongard told me what the game plan was. They wanted to charge Dabrowski not with buying stolen gold but with converting stolen property. It wasn't a theft, it was a conversion of stolen property. This was a novel approach.

And to do that, we had to have the full cooperation of the six men that we knew had been involved in stealing gold. So we couldn't make criminals out of them, because if we did, they couldn't testify in court. But we had to punish them. So we had to get full cooperation from the thieves. We explained to them what we were up to--Bongard and Rich, who were skilled at this, and they could convince these six men that we were going to charge them with high-grading, but we were going to keep them under six weeks of incarceration, because longer than that, there's a division in there between being a crime and being a misadventure or something. What we had to do was to get them to confess with the understanding that they were only going to get six weeks in jail. If sent to prison, they would then be criminals, and their testimony would not stand up in court.

It was kind of an elaborate affair, but it was the way Bongard and Rich did it. We had them all up, they were all convicted to six weeks in the Redding jail. Then we sued Dabrowski for conversion of stolen property.

In their investigations, both Rich and Bongard found out that there were sizeable amounts of high-graded gold coming from Yuba and from Natomas being bought by Dabrowski. Well, I immediately went to Yuba, where I was well known, and I went to Natomas also, and I told them what had happened. I wanted some support. I wanted them to join me because both had been losing far more than I had. Neither one of them would do it.

Swent: Had they not suspected that anything was being stolen?

Cleaveland: What they didn't want, they didn't want to get involved, and that was what Rich had bumped into previously. He said, "When they get right down to it, the mine managers will back off." So they did, for I guess the same reason that my dad was against what I was doing.

But what they would do, they would get me the best of legal services. I had one of the best lawyers in San Francisco handling the case at the expense of Yuba and Natomas. This was very helpful.

Swent: Who was your lawyer?

Cleaveland: I've got all the records--I can't think of it just right now. But he was a very, very competent lawyer.

So we went up to the trial. By this time, we were making headlines daily, front page headlines in the Redding paper, because Dabrowski was such a prominent guy in Shasta County. At the first session of court, the district attorney asked, "Have you ever met the judge?"

I said, "No, I haven't met him." So I came in to meet the judge. I went up with the district attorney, and he introduced me to the judge.

Then he said to the judge, "Tell Mr. Cleaveland what's on the docket board in your office."

He had chalked on his board, "Dabrowski versus that Stanford S.O.B." [laughs] He was from California. That was the way that he had looked at the case. But he confessed, to his embarrassment, the district attorney kind of knew that--.

But anyway, I saw the board eventually, and that's right, it was "Dabrowski versus that Stanford S.O.B." [laughs]

But anyway, my lawyers assured me we weren't going to win, but we were not going to lose; we were going to make a step forward, which we did. The jury trial lasted about a week. I was cross-examined in an effort to prove that I was "the biggest crook ever in Shasta County." But I think I grinned it off.

##

Swent: So what was the outcome of the trial?

Cleaveland: Of course, my expenses were all being paid by Natomas and Yuba.

Swent: But you didn't win the case?

Cleaveland: No. My lawyer, when he looked over the whole situation and realized what it was, was--and sure enough, when the jury was out, Dabrowski--. But we were getting publicity. Here was a guy being hauled up, not for dealing in illegal gold but conversion of stolen property. He was being put to considerable expense and was getting much unfavorable publicity. It was a sad conclusion to his political and business career.

So when the jury returned not guilty, see, then Dabrowski made a public statement saying that I should have been sent to San Quentin many years ago. My lawyers--I didn't have anything to do with it--sued Dabrowski for libel. By that time, they made it go. I think that he settled for--I think it was for \$20,000, or some such sizeable amount.

But what it did, I toured the gold fields of California and Nevada with Rich, who had undercover men in most gold fields who were reporting to him. We'd meet with the undercover man together and get a report about what was going on. Dabrowski had a brother in Tonopah who was also buying high-graded gold. So they clamped down on him. It was an unhappy day for high-graders and I was viewed with much suspicion by workmen when I visited other dredges.

What we got out of it was just exactly what Rich and Bongard wanted, which was to throw the fear of God into those dealing high-graded gold. Of course, the mining papers gave us plenty of publicity. I didn't make any money out of it but I didn't lose any money either. I had a lot of fun and put a

real kink--I imagine it's all gone by now--in the high-grading racket.

But when I would show up after that on any mining operation, [laughs] they would begin to frown and turn and walk the other way. I was the dirty bad guy who had caused much trouble.

Swent: To whom? Not to management?

Cleaveland: Oh, no. It was workmen, who were stealing gold. [laughs] Because the amount of gold stolen is an amazing amount. We found, we established the amount of it. And of course, the Secret Service knew this, Bongard knew this. But we made buying of stolen gold much less attractive in California. And I had quite a bit of fun, even if I didn't make any friends.

My dad didn't like to talk about it, and he didn't want me to, for the simple reason that the managers of Natomas, the managers of Yuba, wouldn't join me. They would hire me the best lawyers, so I was the front guy out taking the heat. But the defense in Redding told them that I was the biggest crook that ever came to Shasta County. That was almost the opening statement of the defense's lawyer. And that these high-graders were working for me, and I was trying to shake down poor Mr. Dabrowski. That was the defense.

So the defense was a constant attack on me personally, to show that poor Mr. Dabrowski was being picked on. And he won this. I was the biggest crook that ever came to--that was the official thing. And Mr. Dabrowski was innocent. But that finished him and he soon retired from business and politics.

Swent: What happened to the Roaring River Company?

Cleaveland: We finally finished the property. We made some money. I gave it to the shareholders. I sold the dredge which was taken down to Randsburg; Herb Way went with the dredge.

Herb Way, a Lifelong Colleague

Swent: How did you get hold of Herb Way?

Cleaveland: I was prospecting on the Merced River on behalf--I think it was the Crocker National Bank who had a lot of property down there, and they wanted to find out how valuable it was from a

gold standpoint. There is gold down there, and there had been some mining also.

I had a keystone drill and a crew. A keystone drill brings up a sample as it goes down. This is recorded by the fellow in charge. The sample is panned, the gold is weighed, and it's all recorded. When you get to bedrock, you finally make a calculation that tells you what the estimated value is in cents per cubic yard.

Swent: How much did you need at that time to be economical?

Cleaveland: Oh, that was after the gold price had jumped once. We needed about fifteen cents, or above ten cents. That property, in that area, what it was running was very marginal. My panner got sick and had to retire. I didn't have a panner.

Swent: Is that the most important man?

Cleaveland: The most important work man on the drill crew, because he has to be accurate. For some reason or other, I drove up into the foothills. It wasn't to find a panner, but I saw somebody down on a creek panning. I stopped and went down to see who it was. It was Herb Way.

He had just graduated from Berkeley High School, hadn't been able to find a job, wasn't going to college, and he had a gold pan and he was going to make his living panning on the Merced River. I watched him for a while and I could see he knew how to pan. So I asked him if he wanted a job, and he said yes.

So I put him in the crew panning samples. We never parted company for the rest of our careers. He turned out to be a real crackerjack. He was the best man I know for getting things started, to set up a camp, get a drilling crew together, start the wheels turning. Once you've gotten everything going and he'd done the prospecting and you had your reports in, move him on. Don't let him get entangled up with the main office. He didn't belong there, see. [laughs] He could disrupt things very shortly. But left on his own, out on the field, he would really get the job done for you. He went all around the world.

Swent: So he was up in the Roaring River--

Cleaveland: He was up in the Roaring River, he went out--took him out to Malaya and elsewhere.

Swent: Did you close down the Roaring River because you were going to Malaya?

Cleaveland: No, no. Because we ran out of gold.

Swent: Then you went to Randsburg, you said.

Cleaveland: I never went to Randsburg. Herb did; I didn't.

Swent: For you?

Cleaveland: No, for my dad. That was pretty much of a disaster, but that's where my dad had his first stroke, which eventually finished him. But Herb, I took him out to Malaya--

IV WORLD WAR II

Officer in the Field Artillery Reserves

Swent: Well, the war came.

Cleaveland: Oh, the war came, yes. I was in the reserves, field artillery. But I was overage in grade for the simple reason that nearly all the time since I left school, I hadn't been in the country, or I was in places where I couldn't attend summer camps, and couldn't take correspondence courses. When you're in the reserves, you're supposed to spend six weeks in the summer, you're supposed to take correspondence courses, in which case you are promoted routinely. But I didn't go to summer camps; I didn't do the correspondence courses.

Swent: So what was your rank at this time?

Cleaveland: My rank, first it was second lieutenant. Then I was promoted to first lieutenant, and that's as far as I got. When I came back from Malaya, I arrived by ship--this was before flying. I stopped off in Shanghai just after the Japs had attacked Shanghai--

Swent: This was in 1931 or '32?

Cleaveland: I passed through Shanghai in the spring of 1932, soon after the Japs had caused extensive damage in Shanghai. It was in there someplace. I was there right after, and I saw all the desolation. They made a mess. Then I went on to Japan, where there was much hostility towards Americans. I got on a ship there and went back to the States, fully convinced that war was on the way. The Japs had behaved very, very badly. Historically, the Japs usually attacked without warning. It wasn't just Pearl Harbor; that was their standard practice.

They had done it twice against China. No warning, just bang, and then declare war afterwards.

I arrived in San Francisco absolutely convinced that war was in the offing. I went out to the Presidio to check on my sad first lieutenant commission, and they arranged for me, so that I wouldn't lose my commission, to spend all my Sundays in the Presidio doing make-up work and stuff. But just so I'd have credit to maintain my commission, as low as it was. I think it was a first lieutenant.

Mother and Son Take Flight Training

Swent: You had already learned to fly by now?

Cleaveland: Yes. I had learned to fly in Malaya.

Swent: Is that where you learned?

Cleaveland: Yes, that's where I learned to fly. The British had flying clubs. Gipsy Moths with 90-horsepower engines. Boy, they were great machines. At the Kuala Lumpur Flying Club, for a nominal membership fee, you could be taught to fly. So I got myself a flying license, and whenever I was in Kuala Lumpur, I spent quite a bit of time at the flying club, building up my flying time.

I didn't tell my family that I was doing this. I was afraid that they would be worried. When I arrived home, and I was unpacking my gear, my mother was standing beside me, and she saw my goggles. She said, "What are those?"

So I produced my flying license. She disappeared, and came back with a letter saying that she had passed the ground school for flying. I said, "The reason I didn't tell you is I was afraid you would worry. You had enough to worry about."

So she went and got a letter showing that she had passed the ground school tests, but because of her eyesight, she couldn't take the flying test. She said, "I didn't tell you because I didn't want you to worry." [laughs] This was typical of my mother. She was always one up on me. But she had passed the ground school work, and she had applied for flying training. I was put back in my place, as usual.

America's Lack of Readiness

Swent: So did you tell the people at the Presidio that you were a pilot?

Cleaveland: Oh, I went to the Presidio. They were a little distressed there, and they were right, but I didn't know it. I should have joined the British reserves in Malaya because I would have been welcomed there and received credit in the U.S.A. I didn't realize that this was a possibility. I knew that Bill Warren was in the British reserves for a while, but it didn't occur to me. But that's what I should have done. Then I would have maintained my rank and got promotions and everything else, and I would have had some useful experience. But had I realized that, I probably would have missed a lot of exciting flying in the Air Corps.

In the Presidio, they had a thing called a Bishop trainer; I'm not quite sure what the first name was, because there is a flying trainer that I get it mixed up with. The regiment I was assigned to was 155-millimeter guns, which had been developed in World War I, and which had proved to be a very, very effective weapon. Its barrel was about six inches in diameter.

This trainer, now--it may have been a Bishop trainer, but I'm not sure because there was a trainer also for blind flying--but anyway, what they had laid out in front of you, in a place bigger than this room, was a little small countryside. It had railroad stations, and it had little orchards, and farms, and windmills and things. You had a little contraption that you put a ball bearing in, and you put a blank .22 shell behind the ball bearing. You went like this--

Swent: Put it on your eye.

Cleaveland: -and you made all the adjustments you would use on a 155 gun. You'd pull the trigger, boop, and the ball bearing would go out, and you would observe and correct. Then you'd go ahead, and you were having fun. It was a real plaything.

But what I found out for sure was that I was assigned to 155 guns, 433rd Field Artillery. This weapon, which was a thoroughly tested, battle-tried success, there were only two in the United States. They were back at the Aberdeen Range in--

Swent: The proving ground.

Cleaveland: The proving ground, being tested for the range tables. Which was essential to control the fire of these guns. You had to have range tables. And they hadn't developed those yet. They only had two of these in the whole damn army, and we were on the verge of war. You couldn't want a better example of how utterly unprepared--. And of course, the Japanese knew this. The Germans knew this.

But I was up there firing this on Sundays, getting my credit so that I wouldn't be tossed out of the reserves completely, when shortly before war was declared, and when it was just a matter of days--we knew it was coming--I got a letter from the field artillery that I had been changed from field artillery to an open pool of officers. They didn't want any officers that were overage in grade. That was a sure sign that he was a dud. So I was in a pool of dud officers.

And of course, as soon as I was placed in the pool, the air corps picked me up, and the next week, I got a notice to report at Hamilton Field.

Swent: Was this before Pearl Harbor?

Cleaveland: No, this was after Pearl Harbor. So I reported to Hamilton Field, first lieutenant, overage in grade. They were all in wild confusion, of course. It was just utter chaos, because Pearl Harbor had happened, and just how unprepared we were was so apparent in everything.

Here comes in this old broken-down overage-in-grade officer from the field artillery. How the hell do we use him in the air corps? Well, they assigned me to the Oakland airport, to be a distribution point officer. Well, there wasn't anybody there who could tell me quite what that meant, but I gathered eventually that I was supposed to see that planes were refueled and the facilities were available, because they intended to make Oakland airport a training center.

Well, I joined in the confusion. I went out to the Oakland airport, and there wasn't anybody to report to. Things were just utter confusion. I found out the first day I was there that the army had no rights on the Oakland airport. They hadn't any rights there, but I was sent over there to see that everybody was supplied.

So I went down to the Oakland City Council and told them that I wanted the rights. [chuckle] Of course, they were overeager to be helpful and cooperative, so they leased the

Oakland airport to me for a dollar a month--I mean, the army facility. It was all pretty sloppy and loose, but at least I had something.

Well, I soon got a rocket for that, because when I started operating, I ran into the engineer corps, who should have done what I did. Because they were responsible for making improvement and expansion, and according to army regulations, they could only spend for improvements 25 percent of the amount that was paid for it in the way of rentals. So the air corps was limited to twenty-five cents a month for improvements by this damn fool officer who had gone out and leased the airport.

Of course, we got it straightened out. But oh, everything was in confusion.

Another thing I got in trouble for was that all the profits from the slot machines and the coke machines and the newspaper stands all came under my control. Well, I didn't know what to do with cash from the coke machines, etc. I put it all in the squadron funds. I had, oh, several thousand dollars in that. And according to regulations, I wasn't allowed to have more than five hundred. So I really got burned for having ten times as much money as I was supposed to, and I was ordered next to get rid of it.

Well, I had to get rid of it some way. At that time every month we were having to take a series of exercises that ended up with I think a 200-yard run, but we were chinning ourselves and pushups, everything we did was timed. But nobody was very enthusiastic. We just went through the motions. Which made the tests superficial, because nobody was really trying.

So I got three or four officers, and we took the squadron funds, which were vastly above what we were legally allowed to have--

##

Cleveland: --and went over to the Presidio, went over to San Francisco, and bought fountain pens and cameras and pocketknives and all sorts of little things, and we put these on display at the airport for those who won each event, and the first ten would get a pocketknife, and the guy who won would get a camera. So I spent all this surplus money we had.

When the enlisted men saw such rewards, they all really tried. So the next thing that happened was that there was an investigation team immediately sent over to Oakland to see what in the hell was going on--we were by far the most athletic in the whole damn Fourth Air Force. There was nobody close. For the simple reason that all our guys were trying. They found it wasn't a fraud; we had merely rewarded them for their performance, so everybody was working themselves to complete the job.

Swent: They were motivated.

Cleaveland: And once they put a stop to that, because we ran out of money, but we got our squadron fund down to where it was within the limits.

Qualifying as a Service Pilot

Cleaveland: And during the meantime, we were training P-38 pilots there. I had a flying license, a commercial flying license. It wasn't very difficult for me to fly some of the trainer planes and get myself qualified as what they call a service pilot. Get wings, with flying status and all of that. I wouldn't be allowed in combat; I hadn't had fighter training. But then I could fly airplanes. Then I got a twin-engine rating, so I could fly airplanes with twin engines.

Then I got more and more testing planes that had been repaired, and ferrying people around, big wheels [important people] around. I went back to Washington any number of times.

Swent: Did you spend all the war here on the mainland?

Cleaveland: Mostly--I got up and down into Mexico, and got up into Alaska, and a few things like that, but I never got into combat. But I was flying like mad the whole time.

Jackie Cochran and the Women's Flying Corps

Cleaveland: And ended up with Jackie Cochran; she had the women's flying corps. I was called in to the general's office one day, and he said, "Cleaveland, can you get along with Jackie Cochran?"

I said, "Well, I've met her, she seems to be a pleasant person. I don't know why not."

He said, "Well, we've lost two officers already." The trouble with her was, if things didn't go just the way she wanted, she picked up the phone and called the head of the air force in Washington--I've forgotten what his name was; it will come to me--who was a personal friend of hers, and heads started to roll. Everybody was scared of Jackie Cochran.

I said, "Well, I'll give it a try. She seems to be a pleasant person."

So he said, "You're in charge of the Women's Flying Corps in the Fourth Air Force."

Swent: This was when you were down in Los Angeles?

Cleaveland: No, I hadn't got there yet. I was still in Oakland. But I met Jackie. She made good sense to me. She absolutely was adamant on certain things. The women had to have no discrimination against them. They had to have good airplanes, they had to be maintained properly, they had to have good quarters--I mean, everything that seemed rational to me. I couldn't see anything wrong with all her cases. I fitted in as best I could.

What women pilots did was to tow targets, which I had done, radar calibration, flying out over the ocean and back so they could test the radar against them, to check it. Things that I had done. And the women pilots were doing it. They were ferrying people around, which I had done. So I did my best to see that they got an even break, and they would pay for some flying equipment and facilities, and everything. And Jackie and I got along fine. I found few problems there. That was maintained pretty much to the end of my career in the Bay Area.

Commanding Officer of the Headquarters Squadron of the Los Angeles Air Defense Wing

Cleaveland: My career didn't end there. I was transferred out to Muroc in Edwards Air Force Field out in the Mojave Desert where they were doing testing, and then I was called in to Los Angeles to

be commander of the Headquarters Squadron of the Los Angeles Air Defense Wing. This was quite a rosy title. Some people in Hollywood thought that that must be really something, a commanding officer of the Headquarters Squadron of the Los Angeles Air Defense Wing.

Well, all I was, was sort of a caretaker or janitor who saw to it that the carpets were replaced--[laughter]. I was just a janitor, see, really. But I got lots of attention out of that.

Swent: Sounds very impressive.

Cleaveland: Very impressive.

Swent: You had a beautiful uniform.

Cleaveland: Had a uniform on. And I had wings, and I was a commanding officer.

Swent: Were you a major by now?

Cleaveland: Yes, I was up to being a major, but still was over-age in grade.

Swent: Well, that's pretty high.

Cleaveland: But then, I crash-landed the general's "golden cow". I think I told you that story about rescuing this fellow out at San Clemente Island.

Swent: You might just tell it again.

Cleaveland: Well, it was about nine o'clock in the evening, and I was at the officers' club in Los Angeles. It was in a downtown building. The officers' club was a jolly place.

They called me up there and told me that they had just received a radio from San Clemente Island that one of the operators of the radar--they had a radar out there--had a burst appendix. Prompt surgery was necessary. Could I fly to the rescue?

Swent: So you got the general's plane and you started out for San Clemente to rescue the man with the ruptured appendix.

Cleaveland: Oh, yes.

Swent: You went out to Glendale and got the general's plane.

Cleaveland: Yes, we got the golden cow, because there wasn't any other plane available that would handle a man on a stretcher. When they phoned me, I said if they had a C-78 on the line, if the plane was available, I would have no trouble with the flight strips under construction out on San Clemente. They were in the process of building them, so they usually had a place to land, but it fluctuated, and the C-78--we called it the "Bamboo Bomber," because it was a fabric covered plane with a wooden frame, and twin engines.

Swent: But they didn't have any of those?

Cleaveland: When I got out to Glendale, there weren't any Bamboo Bombers. So I had to get some kind of a plane in which a man on a stretcher could be handled. So it had to be a rather big plane. The only plane that was on the line--they were all sorts of fighters and trainers but there weren't any planes that could do what I wanted done, except a Lockheed's plane called the C-40, which was a military version of one of their transport planes, a small one, but it would do the job. But I didn't have enough pilot time in it on record--when they had the hearing--they finally had a hearing of the crash, like they always do--it turned out that I had forty minutes as a copilot on the C-40, and "Fighter" Johnson, who flew as my copilot, he had thirty minutes. So there was scant experience in the cockpit.

But I had been flying all kinds of airplanes. All I needed to know was which button or lever did what. So at first, I tried to find the crew chief, the fellow who was in charge of the plane's maintenance. But he probably got wind that I was looking for him, so he probably went into hiding, because he didn't want to go flying out over the Pacific Ocean with a pilot not qualified to fly the plane. My copilot and good friend was "Fighter" Johnson, who was supposed to be recovering from combat fatigue in the South Pacific.

I had talked Fighter Johnson into flying. I said, "You're just the man I'm looking for. How much time do you have on a C-40?"

"Oh," he said, "twenty or thirty hours."

I said, "You're just the man I'm looking for, because I have thirty or forty hours. I need a copilot. Here's a wonderful chance to be heroes. We'll just fly out to San Clemente and save this guy's life."

"Oh," he said, "I'd like to be a hero."

So off we went to San Clemente.

Swent: The island.

Cleaveland: The island, yes, which is about ninety miles off the coast. On the radio, I told them our estimated time of arrival, and before that, "Put a car with its headlights on at each end of the most useful landing strip." Because it didn't have any field lights or wind socks yet.

So after we got out maybe halfway there, we saw dimly on the horizon a couple of lights. That was where we were supposed to land. So I circled the selected strips a couple of times and then came down low, very low, to check how the wind was blowing. I then landed.

I never made a smoother landing. We just greased the plane in. That gave me some false confidence--I thought, Cleaveland, you are really some pilot. Here you've got an airplane you don't know much about, and you just grease in a landing on a strip under construction. Without knowing the wind sock or anything else.

The patient was put in the plane, stretcher and all, and then both Fighter and I thought the rest would be just a piece of cake, because getting back to Glendale was no problem. We couldn't miss the continent very well. But we hadn't been airborne very long until Fighter pointed to the ammeter. It showed that we weren't charging any electricity. "Oooh," he said. The charger wasn't working.

So I said, "Fighter, what kind of landing gear do we have? Is it hydraulic or is it electric?"

"Oooh," he said again, "I forgot." And I didn't know which it was, but I did know that we'd better conserve what little electricity we had, because it was being consumed very fast.

So I turned off all the lights. I tried to operate the radio but no response. The radio wasn't working and we would probably be regarded as an "unidentified plane" by the Los Angeles air defense. We could be shot down. I still didn't know how the landing gear came down. If it was electric, we were in real deep trouble. But in all the vast experience I'd had on that plane--about thirty minutes as copilot, as it develops in the hearing--but I circled the airport, and I tried to call the tower. No response.

We tried to lower the landing gear, and the little light on the instrument panel that normally showed red when the wheels were up and yellow when the wheels were down, flickered vaguely. It was kind of an orange. It wasn't red, it wasn't yellow, but it was vaguely flickering. We could see that it was trying to do something, we didn't know what. We tried to look out; we couldn't see the wheels from the cockpit.

Then Fighter said, "Well, cut the throttle, and if the wheels are up, the siren will sound." Usually a siren sounds if the throttle is cut when the wheels are up.

So we cut the throttles; there was no siren. So we thought, well, the wheels must be down. But as a matter of fact, the wheels weren't down. There was no electricity for the siren.

So we came down and landed the plane's belly in the Glendale airport. It terrified me when we first hit the ground, because I knew that our type of plane was inclined to burst into flames. So we started cutting all the throttles and switches as we slid noisily to a stop. We hustled the patient and stretcher out of the plane, and the ambulance was there very soon. And just as we were putting him in the ambulance, he said, "These planes make quite a bit of noise when they land, don't they?"

Fighter said, "Yes, sometimes they make quite a bit of noise."

But Fighter and I had had previous experiences flying in which things hadn't worked out just the way we wanted. So I shook hands with him and said, "Fighter, you and I must never fly together again." We had been extremely lucky and we both received a commendation from the commanding general.

We never flew again with each other.

Swent: But you were heroes, you saved his life.

Cleaveland: Oh, yes. Of course, the general was deeply concerned that his "Golden Cow" was--not totally demolished, but it was badly bent. So when I was at his office promptly at eight the next morning, and he had called the hospital, they had told him that they had operated on the fellow with the burst appendix, and the prognosis was good. So we had saved his life.

Swent: Good.

Cleaveland: So the general gave both Fighter and me a formal commendation--for messing up his plane. This was nice of him.

Swent: Yes.

Cleaveland: Fighter--we seemed doomed when we flew together. Always something happened.

Swent: This must have been near the end of the war?

Cleaveland: Yes. It was getting toward the end. That's where I finished up, with Jackie Cochran. That was when I really did one of the many stupidest things I have done.

Jackie and I were having dinner together in March Field, down near Riverside. We were talking business. As we left the dining room we encountered some "one-armed bandits" which helped keep the club financially sound. It was a quarter machine. We were talking, and she was just putting in quarters and quarters, and nothing would happen. Finally she ran out of quarters. She said, "I've got to go get some more quarters." I knew full well that my responsibility was to keep others away from the machine until she returned with a fresh supply of quarters.

Well, the devil stepped in and made me do what I did, against my best judgment and good intentions. I knew for sure that I was doing wrong. But the devil overwhelmed me. I put a quarter in the machine and pulled the crank, and hit the jackpot. Quarters all over the floor.

Jackie comes back, and here her machine is--emptied by someone who certainly knew better. You own the machine until you abandon it. She hadn't abandoned it; she had merely gone to get some more quarters, which she had told me she was doing. And here the damn fool, who knew perfectly well that under no circumstances should he touch that machine until she abandoned it--. And she did her best to say it didn't make any difference; "Don't worry." But I was never more embarrassed in my life as I picked up those quarters off the floor, and tried to give them to Jackie. She of course wouldn't take them.

Swent: I would say if that's the worst thing you ever did in your life, you're lucky.

Cleaveland: Our relationship apparently wasn't hurt. We got along well afterwards, but I think she realized how really embarrassed I

was. I knew when I pulled the quarter out, "You shouldn't do this." And I know the devil was in charge of me.

Swent: Let's move on a little bit, shall we? When you got discharged from the army, was that after the end of the war?

Cleaveland: Yes, it was after the end of the war. I was discharged from active duty in Beale Field up in the Sacramento Valley. It was south of Marysville. I went right from there to Nicaragua.

V GOLD MINING IN CENTRAL AMERICA AFTER THE WAR

Nicaragua and Dictator Somoza

Swent: Back into mining.

Cleaveland: Where I met a couple of friends who during the war had been encouraged to seek a mining concession in Nicaragua. Somoza was the dictator of Nicaragua, so we had, I think, three memorable meetings with Somoza.

Swent: This is to go back into dredge mining?

Cleaveland: Yes. We were looking for--we had equipment. I had the Roaring River dredge, and other equipment. We were looking for some ground to dredge. We got the right to certain areas, exclusive rights, to do the prospecting. That's where I met Jimmy Angel.

Jimmy Angel

Swent: Was he one of the group?

Cleaveland: No. Jimmy had a plane rental service, but he had a Ford tri-motor, which I had never flown, and just for sentimental reasons, I wanted to fly a Ford tri-motor. It was kind of appealing. And Jimmy invites me to come and be copilot while he flies across the continent down in Nicaragua to pick up a--typical of Jimmy--a cargo of empty brandy bottles to take to a distillery.

But anyway, during this flight, we became cordial, friendly, and he started--I had heard of Jimmy for many years.

He was a notorious flier who was involved--he had flown in World War I, he had flown in most of the revolutions after the war, and a was great storyteller.

He started telling me his story of Angel Falls, which is the highest waterfall in the world; it is now a well-known tourist attraction in Venezuela. Well, Jimmy--it's a long story. He had just discovered it, and he wanted me to go back with him. He wanted somebody with placer mining experience, because he thought he had found a huge gold deposit, and I was to get involved. We were to build an air strip, and we were to all become rich mining placer gold. It was a typical lost gold mine story which Jimmy told very convincingly.

Well, Jimmy had a friend in Berkeley that I knew who was a good mining engineer. His name doesn't come right to me, but I knew this guy was a good mining engineer. I wanted to talk to him, because I would believe what he told me. If he had been with Jimmy down in Venezuela, I would find out whether it was worth fussing with.

Well, I went back to Berkeley, looked this fellow up, and talked about it, and he gave Jimmy full credit. He said, "We didn't find anything to disprove Jimmy's story."

##

Swent: So your friend in Berkeley thought that possibly Jimmy Angel had a gold mine.

Cleaveland: Oh, yes. And while I was thinking of going back down, I got a phone call from the Guggenheims.

Swent: Tell me first, what came of the Nicaragua venture? Anything?

Cleaveland: Oh, Nicaragua--nothing. I didn't find anything there. We just traversed a lot of the country and stuff. I don't believe we left much there; I don't believe it was ever there. But we came to terms with Somoza.

Swent: Did you ever get a dredge down there?

Cleaveland: No, no. We never did anything. But I did have two or three conversations with Somoza.

Swent: But you never did any mining?

Cleaveland: Never did any mining there, no. He was a real twister. I never did anything except talk to Somoza, and learned that for

thirteen years he had been a secondhand car salesman in Texas. [laughter] And boy, he was bad news. He was real bad news. Didn't do anything to encourage me to go to Nicaragua. Except for meeting Jimmy Angel.

Costa Rica; Gorgeous Country

Cleaveland: Then we went down to Costa Rica. Oh, that was a glorious place. And we found at first some old workings, and indications of fabulous wealth. For a while, I thought we had found a bonanza.

Swent: Where was this?

Cleaveland: On the Oso Peninsula, which is on the west coast of Costa Rica. It opens out onto the Pacific Ocean. Kind of a remote area, and oh, gorgeous, gorgeous, gorgeous country. And all of Costa Rica, I just fell in love with the country. The capital is about 5,000 feet elevation. Near the capital was this huge volcano that goes up to about 14,000 feet. On the sides is very, very fertile ground. You can pick any climate you want by just going up and down on that mountain. I didn't go up and down on it, but they grow all kinds of fruit. Bananas were their main crop.

Swent: So what happened to your mine?

Cleaveland: Well, yes. It never developed. My guess, there were \$20 million spent by other people after we got through there. I was never--nobody ever found anything. We found indications of the old workings, and we got some very, very rich shows. But we couldn't expand them to where they amounted to anything in total.

But what I just fell in love with was with the forests and the trees and the climate, and the people. The people were--except they didn't want to work very hard. If you wanted to get the labor, we had to find some refugees from Nicaragua or Panama, order some through there, because Costa Ricans didn't really want to work--get them to work was really difficult.

Swent: So you had to give up and go back home, then?

Cleaveland: Yes. We had to give up and go back to the States. Then the Guggenheims got hold of me.

VI RETURN TO MALAYA, 1947

Pacific Tin Company

Swent: How did that come about?

Cleaveland: They were down in Malaya, see, with the Yukon Gold Company, which had moved out of Alaska almost intact with their equipment and everything else. They had gone down to Malaya, and they were there during my term with Anglo-Oriental. They were all Americans, or most of them were. So I got acquainted with the Yukon Gold Company.

I knew Malaya, and after World War II my cousin Bill was CEO [chief executive officer] of the largest tin mining company in the state. I wanted to have a peek and so did the Guggenheims.

I had never been with them before, but I knew much about them and was favorably impressed. I went out there with the idea of just doing a consulting job, but when I got out there--

Swent: This time you flew out, I suppose.

Cleaveland: Yes, we flew out that time. We just would island-hop. We flew to Honolulu, and then we flew to Midway, and we flew to Guam, and we flew to the Philippines, and we finally ended up in Singapore. It was three or four days, but--

Swent: Could you fly to Kuala Lumpur then?

Cleaveland: No, we had to go up on the train.

Swent: The train from Singapore.

Cleaveland: But what happened, the manager of the Guggenheim operation, whom I knew--

Swent: By now it's called Pacific Tin.

Cleaveland: Pacific Tin, yes. It had just changed its name. It was Pacific Tin.

But the manager's wife became very ill and had to leave. So he asked me if I would stand by until they got a new manager out there. So I said, "Sure. That will give me a chance to get acquainted and see more, and do the job I wanted."

Swent: How big an operation was it? How many dredges?

Cleaveland: They had four dredges. This was just about the temporary job I wanted, because it would give me an inside view. I had a lot of friends out there from my previous days. My cousin was number-one miner in the country, but this was just a temporary--I had no idea of making it permanent.

A Mining Operation Becomes a War

Cleaveland: But then the revolution broke out, the violence started. Herb was over there. I brought Herb over to do some checking, prospecting. Then that changed the whole picture again, because we were no longer engaged in a mining operation, we were engaged in a crucial war.

Swent: You described this in your book.¹

Cleaveland: Oh, yes. From there on, my book tells the bang-bang story.

Swent: But there might be more that you'd want to say about the mining aspect of it.

Cleaveland: Well, it was very difficult and very frustrating. You couldn't get supplies. It was very hard to get food, or most anything after the war. To get food to feed your workmen, to get clothes to clothe them, was all very difficult. The British were a little not very bright in that case because we

¹ Norman Cleaveland, Bang! Bang! In Ampang, Symcon Publishing Co., San Pedro, CA, 1973

ordered--I think they were 20,000 tons of rice--anyway, a lot of the rice we needed. And the British wouldn't let us do it, because it wasn't fair for some to have food without the rest, everybody having food.

Well, that didn't make sense to me. Better to have some food than none. But at this time in England, the Fabians had control. Well, that made an entire new ball game in Malaya.

Swent: Where were you shipping your concentrate?

Cleaveland: There were smelters in Singapore, and we sent our concentrates--

Swent: And were you still able to ship freely?

Cleaveland: Oh, yes.

Swent: With no problem?

Cleaveland: No, no problem there. But then the Americans declared a political war on us and the Korean War broke out--Lyndon Johnson--this is where I really tangled with the Stanford University press--

Swent: Well, I think you went into that in your book too, didn't you?

Cleaveland: Yes. But that I haven't got over quite yet, because I think the Stanford University press is valid even if not very smart at times, in my opinion. I certainly don't believe the University of California press is valid if they compete for business outside of the campus as the University of New Mexico press does, and if it also deliberately fibs. Also, I believe that an association of Western University presses would lead to disaster.

Swent: What was known as the emergency in Malaya was about six years.

Cleaveland: Something on that order, I've forgotten, yes.

Swent: And it was declared I think in 19--

Cleaveland: It started in 1948, '47 or '48.

Swent: And then the Korean War began in 1950--

Cleaveland: And then it carried on into about 1952, in there.

Swent: And the Korean War started in 1950.

Cleaveland: Churchill came back into power in 1951.

Swent: And that really helped you--

Cleaveland: That really changed it, because he knew what was going on, he knew what the problem was. When he wiped out--well, they wiped themselves out. There were half a dozen or more real activists, Cambridge graduates, who were famous at the time, in control of the British Colonial Office. They eventually escaped to Russia and said, "I told you so."

The Briggs Plan to Combat the Communist Guerrillas

Swent: Yes. I'd like to know some of the things that you didn't cover so much in your book. You mentioned the Briggs Plan.

Cleaveland: The Briggs Plan, yes.

Swent: Did that hold up, did that continue after the emergency?

Cleaveland: Yes. It was developed--we at Ampang, we were just on the outskirts of Kuala Lumpur. Kuala Lumpur, of course, was the capital of Malaya. It was the center of political activity. We were very much in the center of the violence and things going on on the margin because the town of Ampang was bordered by the jungle. So the guerrillas camped in the jungle, came out and raided the town, and then went back into the jungle, and the police and army couldn't find them.

Swent: This must have been true of a lot of the other mines as well.

Cleaveland: Yes. But it was not quite as much, because we were so near the capital, close to supplies. We were right near the capital, and the other mines were further out. Oh, no, the ones that really took a beating were the rubber estates, because the planter would be out there, way out on his own. They were shooting them, murdering them, right, left, and center. They were really helpless.

Swent: You were in a very dangerous place.

Cleaveland: Oh, it was a dangerous place. And I was in direct contact with Li Chin Fee. I think I've mentioned his name, who was the communist commissar in Ampang. He absolutely dominated. By law, we were forced to deal with the labor unions. Well, Li Chin Fee controlled the labor unions, which was the way the

Fabian boys in London wanted it. They saw to it that we were forced to deal with Commie boys. They had almost a no-lose deal going.

We had several hundred acres of mining land in the area bordered with the jungle, leading to Ampang, which was six miles from Kuala Lumpur where everything took place. Li Chin Fee had control of the labor unions. He killed whenever necessary to make his presence felt.

We had, the company had, relations with Colonel H. S. Lee--

Swent: He was the one who wrote the introduction to your book.

Cleaveland: Yes, he's the one who wrote the introduction to that book. He was a brilliant double-first [top honors] at Cambridge. He was a Cambridge blue in tennis. He was one of the most brilliant minds I've ever encountered. He was running some mines there, and he was also head of the Malayan Chinese Association, which dominated the Chinese in Malaya. They were a major factor in Malaya. H. S. was made minister of finance, which was a critical position in the new government there.

But I had both social and business contact with him, because he had some mines in Malaya that he was running, paying us a royalty. We were on very cordial terms.

I went to him, relied on him more, because he knew how things worked behind the scenes. In fact, he was one of those who were working them. I was guided by him to a great extent. He developed what eventually became the Briggs Plan. He was the guy who figured out the Briggs Plan. When Briggs came out to Malaya to take over very early on as commander of the British troops there, H. S. had a meeting of some leaders in Malaya. He laid out this plan.

Swent: But you had already pioneered--

Cleaveland: Yes, we were doing it. We were following it, and it was showing signs that it was going to work. We could see that. But we didn't get it in full swing. But H. S. introduced this plan. General Briggs was there, cross-questioning us, and he eventually, with the aid of H. S. and others, started this project going, with a comprehensive plan that involved the whole state of Malaya.

It eventually did work. We went through some rough, rough periods before we succeeded.

Swent: I guess we should say what it is; it sounded like a very enlightened plan.

Cleaveland: What it involved principally was getting most of the Chinese convinced; 80 percent or more of the Chinese were actively opposed to communism. They were followers of Chiang Kai-Shek. Our major problem was the British Colonial Office who were backing the C.T.s [communist terrorists].

Swent: Was this connected with the Briggs plan?

Cleaveland: I'm outlining the groundwork for the Briggs plan. The Briggs plan was to gather in all those who were anticommunist, and put them in resettlement areas where they would be safer and where living conditions would be better. I'll tell you about Ampang, because we did it there.

Swent: Yes, and that's where it started?

Cleaveland: Ampang is where it started, yes. It was with H. S. Lee's full cooperation, because he was mining in the area.

Swent: Right. Was this sort of a pilot project, you would say?

Cleaveland: Yes, it was a pilot project. That's the proper way of putting it. Of his plan for the whole country.

What we did was we built a big military style fence, rolling barbed wire clear around the town--with only two gates. So entrance or exit could only be attained through the two gates.

Inside, we stepped up health care, schools, libraries, recreational facilities, to make life more attractive inside than outside. Playing fields for soccer and basketball and proper supervision were made available. The Red Cross had an aid station. We brought in some Red Cross nurses from England. The Rotary Club, oil companies, banks, motor car agencies, etc., lent a hand but the miners, both Chinese and American, were the most deeply involved.

Swent: How does this compare with a company town?

Cleaveland: That wasn't a single company town because there were several Chinese mines involved and the inhabitants were nearly all Chinese. Even Kuala Lumpur was mostly Chinese.

Swent: Had you had any sort of company town before that?

Cleaveland: No, we had no company town.

Swent: You didn't provide housing for anybody?

Cleaveland: Yes, in remote areas we had company housing. We had housing, but not much in Ampang. In isolated areas we would have what you might call a company town. But Ampang was too close to both Kuala Lumpur and the jungle.

Swent: So were all the people in this resettlement area employed by you?

Cleaveland: No, no. It was just the people who didn't want to kowtow to the communist terrorists, CTs they were called. They probably were less than 20 percent of the population but they had terrorized the majority into submission. They had an ideal set-up because much of Ampang, the town, was bordered by jungle. So the guerrillas merely had to step in from the jungle, do their dirty work, and slip back into the jungle again, where they were hard to find. Our fence helped keep them out of the town, protected the people from the marauders. Thus in addition to security, the vast majority had improved living conditions in Ampang.

It was the right plan. It eventually worked, because the government started from the south of Malaya, and gradually built town after town northward. At first, the big fence was necessary. That made it look like a concentration camp, and that's what critics hollered about from the start. When the Kennedys came out, they were appalled at this horrible concentration camp where we were keeping all the poor people under our control. But the people were delighted to be under our control, because they were being protected from the CTs.

Swent: Did you maintain this for the entire time that you were out there? You were out there then for twenty years.

Cleaveland: No, only for the last few years.

Swent: Did this continue?

Cleaveland: Oh, it worked. General Templer put a lot of oomph into it. This was started before he arrived, but after he arrived, he put all the government behind this plan. It was called the Briggs Plan because Briggs was the commanding general when the plan was initiated. But it was not Briggs who conceived of the plan. That was H. S. Lee, an extremely competent miner who had been a "Double First" at Cambridge, on Chiang Kai Shek's staff during World War II, was Malaya's first minister

of finance, and a very highly regarded personal friend of mine. He wrote the forward to my book *Bang! Bang! In Ampang*, published 1973 by Symcon Publishing Company, San Pedro, California. We initiated an example of it there in Ampang, which was close to the nation's capital, Kuala Lumpur. The "big wheels" had ready access to what we were doing.

Swent: Well, you were paying for it.

Cleaveland: Well, we were contributing towards it.

Swent: Contributing, I see.

Cleaveland: We were contributing. The government was paying for some of it. Not enough until Templer came out and put the full government behind it.

Swent: So Pacific Tin was just one of the contributors to the Briggs Plan?

Cleaveland: Yes, that's right.

Swent: I see.

Cleaveland: But we were by far the largest operator in the Ampang area, by far. There were other mines there, but small ones. H. S. Lee himself had some mines there, for which he was paying us tribute, and we worked together on such details as his water supply, etc. We were in frequent contact.

Swent: You mean you were dredging on other pieces of property?

Cleaveland: Yes, some of the land we dredged we did not own but paid the owners a tribute just as H. S. paid us for the undredgable land we owned in Malaysia. About eighty percent of the people involved were Chinese.

The International Tin Agreement and Price Controls

Cleaveland: The International Tin Agreement came in there about that time. The first International Tin Agreement was developed when I was out there in the early 1930s.

Swent: In the thirties.

Cleaveland: In the thirties, yes. That was prewar. But that agreement died out with the war. We brought it back to life, because it had a very sound basis.

Swent: In 1956 was the first International Tin Agreement. Thirty-one was the International Tin Committee, and then there was a study group in '47, and the Council on the First Five-Year Agreement was '56. So that was just at the end of the--

Cleaveland: Yes, we had an agreement during the early 1930s, but that did not survive World War II.

Swent: So did this have any effect on you when this came out?

Cleaveland: Oh, it was vital. Oh, vital, absolutely vital. Because many Americans looked upon this agreement as a scam--especially Lyndon Johnson. The Stanford University press became involved and pictured this agreement as a cartel in which the American taxpayer was being gouged--

Swent: So the United States did not sign the agreement.

Cleaveland: Not the first time, no. They were very anti-, because they were by far the major consumer--they were consuming about 60 percent of the world's tin and not producing any.

Swent: But it affected your exports from Malaya.

Cleaveland: Yes. But the U.S.A. was consuming 60 or 70 percent of Malaya's exports. There was no tin produced in the United States.

Swent: No.

Cleaveland: So when the price of tin was raised, the Americans were having to pay the most of it. We were sitting ducks, because America was by far the world's largest tin consumer; it had no producers, so there was no political support for producers, none. But there was lots of political support for consumers, who wanted the lowest price possible. American Steel Company made tin plate, and they all wanted the price of tin to stay down. We wanted the tin price to go up. We were producing it; it's a wasting asset.

The principles of the Tin Agreement, to me, were without question. Of course, I was gaining by it, but we established it prewar, they had a tin agreement, whereby the quotas would be allotted to countries based on consumption, so that there wasn't a big surplus of tin on the market to keep the price

down. And we were restricting production, because it's a wasting asset, as is oil, gas, or copper, all of them wasting assets--there isn't any more when the present supply is gone, it's gone for good.

Well, there's no sense in using a wasting asset to have an economic battle about who can produce it for the least amount of money. You want a respectable price for it. Have to keep yourself going. But it was a golden opportunity for politicians in Washington to jump on--

Swent: Specifically what effect did it have on you in Ampang? How did it--

Cleaveland: Oh, it had everything.

Swent: What happened?

Cleaveland: The price of tin determined our income and the income of the country. When the price of tin dropped our income also dropped. The country's income was also lowered--

Swent: So when the Tin Agreement went into effect--

Cleaveland: Then the price of tin came up. That brought the tin price up. Because we controlled our production. We had an international agreement in which there were consumers and producers, who established how much tin each producing country could produce.

Swent: So it had a good effect on you.

Cleaveland: Yes. But some consumers wanted us to cut each other's throats so consumers could get cheap tin.

Swent: But for you, immediately the effect was good.

Cleaveland: Yes. But that's what we favored, and that's what the United Nations eventually supported.

Swent: How did you become aware of this? I'm thinking of you, sitting in Ampang, running four dredges, and the tin price is established in Singapore. Did you vary your shipment with the tin prices?

Cleaveland: No. When we had no agreement, we just shipped all the tin we could produce.

Swent: You didn't pay any attention to price?

Cleaveland: We certainly paid attention because tin is a wasting asset. But when the Korean War broke out, the world's tin supply was endangered for the free world so the tin price skyrocketed, because the consumers in the United States realized that their supply was threatened; the government knew that they had better build up their stockpiles. The tin consumers also knew they better build up their stockpiles. And as in the Korean War, the price of everything went up. The price of wheat and rice and most commodities went up, because of fear that markets would become chaotic.

Tin was picked out by American politicians because there are no tin producers in America to vote in election. But tin consumers vote and want cheap tin.

Swent: So what happened to you in Ampang?

Cleaveland: Well, we were very unhappy when the tin price dropped when it should have been going up as were other commodities. We were also unhappy because we were being strongly denounced by President Lyndon Johnson and other American politicians when the Communists were very close to taking over Malaya and its tin.

Swent: In '51?

Cleaveland: Yes, the tin price was down in '51. It's normal today, as it has been for the last thirty years or so; ever since the U.S.A. joined the International Tin Agreement under the auspices of the United Nations. They now get together, the consumers and the producers, and they figure out how much tin is needed to control the price of a wasting asset. As the CEO of the only American tin-producing company in Malaya, I played a role in this by establishing a public relations office in Washington, D.C., and in lobbying numerous American politicians and tin consumers in the U.S.A.

Swent: Yes. But I still--I know in some kinds of mining, for instance--well, copper, when the price is high, you mine more copper.

Cleaveland: Yes, that's right.

Swent: And your reserves become larger.

Cleaveland: Yes, that's right.

Swent: And reserve which is uneconomic when the price is low becomes economic when the prices are high.

Cleaveland: Yes.

Swent: Did this sort of thing happen to you?

Cleaveland: That was exactly the same with us in Malaysia.

Swent: You had areas that you could mine when the price was up?

Cleaveland: Yes, that was quite true.

Swent: So when you got word from Singapore that the price was up a dollar a ton, you would go out and dredge in different areas?

Cleaveland: That's right. But a dredge is a clumsy piece of equipment whose prearranged course is not easily changed.

Swent: This is what I'm wondering: how flexible were you?

Cleaveland: A dredge is far less flexible than an open-cast or an underground mine in being selective with what is mined. Otherwise, marketing problems are much the same. Of major importance in nearly all mining marketing problems is usually the fact that the product is a wasting asset. You had so much tin, it cost you so much to produce it, the market was at such and such a place, and the price was set in Singapore by bidding for it. When the Korean War broke out, this endangered the entire Orient and thanks to sabotage in the British Colonial Office, Malaysia was on the verge of becoming a communist state.

See, during World War II there was a frightful shortage of tin, because the Japanese controlled Southeast Asia, but the people in Bolivia and Nigeria benefitted. That's why Bill Warren was called back to go down in Nigeria and develop mines down there, to get tin to supply the British demand and American demand for tin when most of the tin was under the control of the Japanese.

Swent: So as manager, was this a decision that you made, or did you have a geologist who made these decisions for you?

Cleaveland: Well, no, we didn't have a geologist. You have very few geologists in dredge mining. [chuckle] You drill it, you know what the estimated value of it is, you know what the formation is, because you've drilled through it. Geologists have a major place in mining, but not in dredge mining.

Swent: Not in dredge mining. But I understand that sampling is really crucial.

Cleaveland: Oh, yes. Sampling, it is crucial. Oh, yes, you've got to get that right. No, that is a meticulous and crucial job where experience and integrity are vital.

Swent: Did you have American samplers, or did you use Malayan samplers?

Cleaveland: We used Herb Way. In Malaya, we did. The other companies had their men.

Swent: But Herb Way was your sampler?

Cleaveland: He ran the drill crews. He personally, when it got down to the nitty-gritty, he took over personally and weighed samples and recorded things. But Herb was in complete control, very competent and completely reliable.

Swent: Was he the one who decided where you did your dredging?

Cleaveland: Yes. Then we'd map this all out and study it, and decide how we were going to mine it, and what to expect. We were very close. We were within 10 percent of what we estimated. That spoke well for the prospectors, speaks well for the operators; but to be in command, you have to know what your estimated value of the land is, what it's going to cost you to mine that land, and what is possible and what is not. You're just in a constant study of market values, you're studying prospecting and operating costs, and you've made your calculations. Herb never let us down.

Swent: It must be awfully complicated to move one of those dredges.

Cleaveland: They can't move very much or very fast. Dredges are in a pond. No, what you do, you plan where you're going to operate, in what direction. You can reverse--you can turn the dredge around in the pond and go off some other way, but you can't leave the pond unless you dismantle the dredge. That all has to be determined before you build a dredge.

Swent: And if the price fluctuates--

Cleaveland: And if the price fluctuates, that's something you have to keep in mind. You're constantly watching the price like a hawk the whole time. You've got your operating plans. You have alternate variations, contingency things that are possible. But that's all part of the--almost all done before you start operating, because you're limited to what you can do once you get going. But you have to be very, very meticulous before you get going, because it's very difficult to change things.

You can't move the dredge intact except to where it can dig itself.

Swent: Were you operating four distinct areas? Were your dredges in very different areas?

Cleaveland: Oh, yes. We had four dredges. They were over 100 miles apart. We had a couple of dredges up in Perak, we had others down in Selangor, over 100 miles apart. But they were in mining fields, we called them, where tin occurred. Tin doesn't occur all over Malaya; it's where the contact between the granite and the limestone occurs. Tin ore, cassiterite, occurs along that contact. Erosion carries the ore in alluvial deposits downstream. The tin ore is extracted from the dredged material by gravity concentration in jigs. The best jig designed so far is the Cleaveland Circular Jig. It is twenty-two feet in diameter and is equally efficient for the recovery of gold and diamonds.

Swent: Was it similar at each of your sites? Did you have a similar operation at each site; was your concentration the same at each site?

Cleaveland: Oh, yes, it was very similar, yes.

Swent: You didn't have clay at one or--

Cleaveland: Oh, yes, the clay would be a real problem. But its location and character was determined while prospecting. You know where the clay was and how to handle it.

Swent: So you were using different methods at each dredge?

Cleaveland: Yes. You built your dredge to mine the property. What you did, you prospected a property, you determine how deep you had to dig, you had to determine what the values were, you made all your calculations, and then you designed the dredge to mine that piece of property.

Swent: And the dredges were built at Benicia and shipped over?

Cleaveland: In Malaya most of the dredges were manufactured in Europe. They were designed there. The parts were made there. The parts were shipped to [the field] and reassembled on the property. Then you couldn't move them. You were confined-- well, you could move them, but you had to take them all apart again.

Swent: Are your dredges all still out there?

Cleaveland: I think so. Some of them have been moved.

Reclamation Required in Malaya

Swent: Are they still operating?

Cleaveland: Some of them probably are. I just don't know what the latest situation is. I haven't been there for over ten years. Most of the fields that I was operating in have been exhausted. One of the things we did in Malaya which should have been done in California, because it can be done, we did it out there, is to resoil--i.e., leave the land so it can be used for agriculture in the future. Our tailings, within a few years, was mostly rice paddies or agricultural land, because we put the coarse material back on the bottom, and put the soil on top; we left the land about the way it was before we started dredging. All we had taken out was the tin ore.

Swent: Why did you do it differently?

Cleaveland: Well, it was just cheaper to not do it. I have no apologies for a lot of California mining, which was done very sloppily. They should have put those rocks back on the bottom, as can be done. We did it. I did it for most of my dredging career.

Swent: What motivated you to do it?

Cleaveland: The laws, for one thing. In Malaya it had to be done.

Swent: In Malaya they had laws?

Cleaveland: Yes, laws. You had to leave the land so it took a few years for it to get--. But the fields that I mined out there in Malaya are largely rice paddies now, or building sites. In Ampang, nearly all our tailings are built over. But some other places, such as Tanjong Tuolang--they're some twenty miles or so from Kuala Lumpur--were nothing but a jungle swamp before we started dredging. We improved it vastly, because we removed all the trees; we put the soil all back so that within a few years it was far more useful than before it was dredged. It's just a question of how you handle the tailings.

To do what we did in Malaya might cost a little more for the equipment and how it was operated. But we didn't leave devastation behind, we left land which within a few years

would be rice paddies, or it would have houses built on it. No, miners missed the boat in California.

Swent: You said this was a requirement of the Malayan law.

Cleaveland: Yes. And they had inspectors that were out there. But it was just a question of design. You could design a dredge to do this. It might have been a little more expensive, but I don't think there's much difference in it. After I operated in Malaya, I was always aghast at what I had done wrong in California. [laughter] I hope it's mostly overcome by now.

Swent: I don't know.

Cleaveland: But it's just a question of putting the land back as you found it. You can put your boulders on the bottom. You may have to pump material back, which is rather expensive but not too much.

For a year or so in Malaya, you left a swamp behind you, but gradually, Mother Nature takes over. The grass starts to grow and you can plow or build on it. All that's been removed is the minerals that you want.

Retirement and Planting Redwoods in Somerset

Swent: I guess we're about finished up in Malaya. You were there for twenty years this time. You were president of the company, and then you retired.

Cleaveland: Yes. I retired to England.

Swent: You were married.

Cleaveland: We were married, built a nice house in Somerset.

Swent: Let's get you out of Malaya first. Someone succeeded you there; the company continued?

Cleaveland: Yes, the company continued on for a while. But I'm told that the government has taken it over and changed everything.

Swent: You reached retirement age.

Cleaveland: The land that we had is all now overbuilt and I haven't seen it for a long time. But nothing is constant except change. The last time I was in Kuala Lumpur, I had a hard time finding

my way around. Everything was changed, well, not everything, but it wasn't like the good old days.

Swent: So you married an English woman, and that's why you retired--

Cleaveland: Yes, I married an English girl in Singapore. I built a nice home in Somerset on land that I bought from my father-in-law, a part of the old manor land that was traditional in the family for years and years. I think it was about ten acres. I planted a lot of redwood trees on it. Had some pasture for the ponies of our three children.

Swent: I thought you said there were already some redwoods there.

Cleaveland: Oh, yes, there were some redwoods there. They were flourishing. When I saw these redwoods, I got busy, because redwood trees fascinate me. So I planted more redwood trees. Two or three thousand years from now--[laughter] maybe they'll still be there; I hope so.

They have a stand of redwoods on the river--they call it a river; it's a good-sized creek. It's a darn sight bigger than this Santa Fe River, anyway. Oh, they were gorgeous trees about six foot in diameter, and they were about 200 feet high, and they were kind of protected. When I'm amongst them, I kind of feel like I'm back in Santa Cruz or Muir Woods or some other place in California where I was born. When I get in redwood trees, I sort of lose my balance. There's something in the atmosphere, a sense of stability and--oh, oh, it's a great feeling.

So I planted a lot of redwood trees in Somerset, which I trust won't be destroyed by an atomic bomb. [laughs]

Swent: Oh, heavens! No, I hope not. No.

Cleaveland: But Somerset is a beautiful spot. Rolling country, very green because they get lots of rain there, lots of rain. The climate is not quite what I like. You wear Wellington boots most of the time. You wear a raincoat most of the time, and a rain hat. The wind is too much and it's too cold.

Swent: But that's the price you pay for all that green.

Cleaveland: Yes, that's what keeps things green. And you have a fireplace, and on your property, you have lots of firewood. So you spend much time with a chainsaw and an axe splitting wood to keep the fireplace going. You also have a furnace, of course. So you're comfortable, and you look out the window,

and it's dreary, but there are the redwoods. You feel the mystique.

And then the sun comes out, and in the spring, the flowers start to bloom. It's glorious; it's really glorious. If you want to eat some fish, you can go out in the stream. They stock the stream, all the owners of the property all the way down the stream, each owner puts in so many fish, and then you put in--you don't put in little minnows, you put in twelve-inch trout. But when you pull them out, if they haven't grown to eighteen inches you throw them back. There's always good fishing in that stream. And you stumble along and all of a sudden, here are some old ruins, and here are some things that you know are old, old, old, that just blend into the surroundings. And you come six miles away, you come to Glastonbury, which is one of the most fascinating places in the world. Legend blends into history about such folks as King Arthur, and probably some of your ancestors once roamed about in this country.

VII SERVING WITH THE REPARATIONS COMMISSION IN KOREA AND
MANCHURIA, 1946

[Interview 2: December 16, 1994] ##

Ed Pauley

Swent: We're continuing on the second day here. Yesterday we had just gotten you up to the point where you were retiring from Malaya, but there were a couple of things that we had really not talked about in any detail at all. I think we had just mentioned your Reparations Commission time in Manchuria. So I'd like to talk more about that. How did that come about?

Cleaveland: It came about through an old friend of mine, Ed Pauley. I don't know whether the Pauley Oil Company is still in existence or not. Ed Pauley was a promoter who made a real fortune in the oil business, and he became treasurer of the Democratic party.

He couldn't tolerate Henry Wallace, who was vice president, and had been vice president I think for three terms under Roosevelt. When Roosevelt ran for president for the fourth time, Pauley dug in his heels.

Swent: This is 1944?

Cleaveland: Forty-four, yes, because he knew, or suspected, that Roosevelt wasn't going to survive the next four years. In that case, Wallace would become president.

Swent: Had you known Ed Pauley?

Cleaveland: Oh, yes. We weren't intimate, but he went to Cal, was on the Cal football squad, and was a congenial guy. I had done odd jobs here and there for him, and he had many interests.

Swent: What do you mean by odd jobs?

Cleaveland: He would get some gold operation going or something, placer job or something somebody would bring to him, and he would call me up and ask me to be a consultant. I went out with him a couple of times; he had his private plane and pilot. We once had a wonderful trip up to Redding. We hired a car in Redding, went over the hill onto the Trinity River. Anyway, we were on cordial terms.

Swent: You had checked out some gold prospects for him.

Cleaveland: Yes. He was making scads of money. And he was treasurer of the Democratic party under President Roosevelt. I have forgotten the name of his close political associate. The two of them were determined that Wallace must not become president. When Roosevelt said, in effect, "If you're going to replace Wallace, who with?" Pauley said, "Truman."

And so when Truman was elected, Truman made Pauley his personal ambassador. Thus when reparations problems with the Japanese in Manchuria needed attention, Pauley headed a Reparations Commission to go over to Manchuria, assess the damage that the Russians had done in their invasion of Manchuria.

Swent: For the damage that the Russians had done?

Cleaveland: Yes, what the Russians had done. They wanted the information so they could deal with the Russians and deal with the Chinese, and deal with the Japanese. And also, we were doing an intelligence job. In Washington they wanted to know what the hell had gone on. That was really the basis of it. It was all dressed up as President Truman's personal operation, because he wanted to know.

Swent: So it was damages done by both the Japanese and the Russians?

Cleaveland: Yes. Of course, the Japanese had done most of their damage prewar, when they took Manchuria away from the Chinese. The Japanese had taken over Manchuria and built up a very productive industrial complex based on Manchuria's plentiful natural resources. Also Manchuria could readily be defended by the Japanese.

Swent: You went to Korea also. And there you were assessing damage done by the Japanese?

Cleaveland: Yes. It was Japanese. We visited both North and South Korea--it was split then--we went to Seoul and up to North Korea, which was under Communist rule. Then we went from there on up into Manchuria, getting deeper into Communist control. The Russians had supplied the communists up there with most of the armament that they needed, which they had taken from the Japanese. Our destination was Harbin, which was the Russian Manchurian headquarters, and also the headquarters of the Chinese Communists in Manchuria.

We inched our way up, visiting mines and cities and manufacturing plants. We had, I think it was twenty-three members when we left Tokyo. Ed Pauley was the head of it. He had experts on textiles, farming, manufacturing, and mining; all people he had picked to be his advisors.

Swent: Were there other mining people?

Cleaveland: Yes. There were a couple of other fellows who had more underground experience than I had had.

Swent: Do you remember who they were?

Cleaveland: No, I don't. I've got a copy of our report here; I'll get it and show you. Now, I may be wrong about other mining engineers. I'm not just sure. We started off from Tokyo, MacArthur's headquarters, where we operated about a week, maybe ten days--

Swent: And this was when?

Cleaveland: That was mid-'46, I think. Rehabilitation of Japan was underway. MacArthur was in charge. That was very, very interesting; he was certainly doing a terrific job. At his headquarters, crowds of people would show up when he arrived in the morning.

Swent: Did you see this?

Cleaveland: Oh, yes. When he came out for lunch, there would be another crowd. When he came back from lunch, there would be a crowd. The guards and soldiers around the headquarters were all about six-foot-six. Great big burly men who impressed the Japanese very much. MacArthur went through all the gestures of the conqueror. It was a great show, and the Japanese just lapped it up. Apparently, this was just the right way that a conqueror should behave.

We had contact, only on the very limited basis--and I didn't meet MacArthur personally. Pauley did.

Assessing the Rebuilding of South Korea; No Free Enterprise for Gold Mines

Cleaveland: But off we go to Korea. It was pretty grim there. The U.S. Army had some scholars delegated to establish a democracy in South Korea. These were experts which were going to train the Koreans to have a president and a cabinet with the usual departments similar to those in Washington. I took exception to those guys after a couple of meetings. They were all liberals, way off to the left.

Swent: In what way?

Cleaveland: Well, they were going to make Korea into a very socialistic state. They were going to build a democracy in southern Korea of very liberal Democrats. [laughs] They weren't going to have Republican opposition. And I think this is the first time that Pauley realized what I was up to, because we met with the South Korean cabinet, which the army had developed. This was the cabinet meeting, and they had a Department of the Interior, a Department of War, and so on, just like it was in Washington. They had an American expert with each Korean. They had Koreans who were being coached in American democracy and they had a cabinet meeting for our benefit, to show us how this was working.

Pauley was there. I had already tangled with a couple of these fellows. They were going to "improve" on democracy a bit. So they explained to Pauley how all this was going to work. Of course they had to have more money. They were going to work on Pauley to get them some more money. That was one of the big objectives, and they went into a song and dance about what a splendid cabinet this was going to be if they could just get a little more money.

They got along on that pretty well until I asked if they had Korea's gold mines working yet. No, they hadn't. They had some pretty good gold mines. I had never been there, but I'd heard about them. So I registered surprise. "You want money and you've got gold mines? Well, we'd better go up and take a look at them, and maybe we can get you some money."

"Oh, no, no, no, that would be exploitation."

Well, it was ridiculous. They had built all around the gold mines, which they didn't want me to look at, because apparently that was something they had stuck over in the corner. I was going to offer them, perhaps with Pauley's approval, a percentage, a royalty and start the free-enterprise ball rolling. Pauley got a big kick out of it, because these guys really sounded silly. They wanted to keep the gold mine, they didn't want to have the gold mine operated on a capitalistic basis. I was offering them a royalty, but first I wanted to have a look so that Pauley wouldn't have to go back to Truman and get some money for them. I was suggesting that their problem might be solved with the gold mines.

Well, it developed into a pretty lively discussion. Pauley got a kick out of it and I got a kick out of it. Later that evening General John Hodge, in command of the U.S. forces in Korea, put on a little cocktail party in our honor. And when I arrived, he said, "Oh, you're the guy that caused all the confusion in the cabinet meeting." [laughing] That was a good show.

But anyway, so we go off from South Korea into North Korea.

Swent: Excuse me a minute: did you look at any mines at all in South Korea?

Cleaveland: No, no, mines were not on our agenda even though I wanted to see the gold mines. [laughing]

Swent: Not even coal mines?

Cleaveland: Oh, we saw plenty of them up in Manchuria--

Swent: But in Korea?

Cleaveland: No, in Korea--no, not in Korea. We didn't see any mines there.

Swent: Because they also had coal.

Cleaveland: Oh, yes, they've got coal there. Well, that was the whole thing, see. How about leasing me the gold mine and let's get the ball in play. But they weren't going to have capitalists in there, or any guy who was going to take a royalty off it. No, no, they were a pretty foxy lot, these army delegates, and it wasn't good, because they weren't going to teach the Koreans how to be Americans, they were going to teach them how

to be a nice socialist state they had dreamed up. Apparently here they saw a chance to start at grassroots and build up a society that they had dreamed about.

But here they encountered dirty old wicked reactionaries who wanted to take over their gold mines, and do it like they did in the United States.

Swent: Was it the same in North Korea?

Cleaveland: We went to North Korea, all very tightly controlled. A couple of days up there. We had one big party up there which downed Pauley. They drank him under the table. It was carefully planned, I believe, because of what happened to us in Communist Harbin.

Swent: So you didn't visit any mines in North Korea?

Cleaveland: No, no. We just had that one visit, and it was pretty disastrous. Pauley wasn't the only one that suffered from the effects of the party. But it also put us on alert for what was ahead of us because we were going to get deeper and deeper and deeper into a North Korean atmosphere as we worked our way north. Both the Russian and Chinese Communist headquarters were in Harbin.

Examining Devastation in Coal Mines of Manchuria

Cleaveland: When we eventually got to Harbin, there were only six of us left, of the original twenty-three. Pauley was hauled off to recuperate right after North Korea, and the rest of them dropped off in time, because the Chinese and the Russians were making it tougher and tougher, as we were getting closer to Harbin.

Swent: So you were one of only six?

Cleaveland: Yes, only six left when we got to Harbin. I was the oldest of the survivors and, as it just turned out, four of the other five were fairly young guys, and most had been football players.

Swent: You were only in your late forties.

Cleaveland: Yes. I was in good shape.

Swent: And you were the oldest?

Cleaveland: I was the oldest, yes. But all the other elderly men had tumbled off down the line, which no doubt was as the communists had planned it. They were grinding away on us. When we got to Harbin, then bango, we were confronted with the commanding general of the Russian army in Manchuria, General Zhuraleff. We had intelligence reports of that army from the Japanese. We had intelligence reports from the Chinese Nationalists, and we had information from American sources-- all of them underplayed--even we underplayed it, as I have found out since. We estimated that the Russians came in to Manchuria with 750,000 troops. I have since seen Russian reports which are official. They had 1,500,000 troops in Manchuria. Apparently we missed it just 100 percent.

Their main objective was destruction. What the Russians didn't want was a strong industrial nation right on their border. They wanted it under communist control, and they wanted it weak even under communist control.

Swent: Did you ever visit any mines?

Cleaveland: Oh, yes. I went to half a dozen coal mines. I can show you the report on that. They had some real big ones, real big ones. They had all been devastated. It was shocking, it really was.

But when we arrived in Harbin, we had hardly any experts at all. But we had some darn good, sturdy guys. Four of them were football players not long off the football field. [laughs] They got into the spirit of things. Of course, we were met elaborately in Harbin, and we had consultation, and we extended greetings. And we are told that tomorrow night, there would be a welcoming banquet for us in the Harbin Yacht Club.

Foiling the Russians in a Drinking Contest

Swent: Yacht club?

Cleaveland: Oh, yes. There's a big river up there. Also, there would be a show at the Harbin Opera House. Right off the bat, two social events in one evening. Oh, oh, better watch it! What they had obviously planned was to get us roaring drunk at the yacht club, and then take us to the opera house, and put us on

public display. But we had some K rations. You know what K rations are?

Swent: Yes, army field rations.

Cleaveland: We ate all the cheese and all the butter before we went. Our game plan was that we would make a pal of the Russian alongside of us, and we never drank unless he drank. We were drinking against the guy next to us.

It's all told in Bang! Bang! In Ampang, and probably better than I'm telling it to you now. But our plans worked. When I first met the commanding general of the Russian forces of all Manchuria, in a modest manner and through an interpreter, I said, "We are going to another party after this, so if any of us pass up a drink or two, it won't mean any disrespect. We merely want to be able to do justice to our Chinese hosts also."

He hit the table with his fist and said, "No! We expect you to drink us drink for drink." Can you imagine a host--? [laughs]

So I, [hits table] said, "Right! We will drink you drink for drink." So that removed all doubt as to what we faced-- they had a big orchestra; it was an elaborate affair.

##

Cleaveland: We were the last remnants of the Pauley Commission and they now intended to wipe us out. No, there wasn't any doubt; their plans were obvious.

So fortunately, after about the second toast to the glorious Red Army and to the glorious United States in vodka, a field geologist--H. M. Thorne--a real tough guy from Wyoming, jumped up and grabbed his partner's glass, and shouted, "The son of a bitch has been drinking water!" [laughter] The Russians didn't know what he said, but he yelled, "Vodka, vodka!" see, and the waiters came with vodka. He filled the glass with vodka and shoved it under this guy's nose, to make him drink it. And the guy drank it. Then he gave him two. Then it was very tense.

Then this Russian left the table. Well, from then on, any time we had a toast Thorne just pointed elaborately to the vacant chair beside him and grinned. And of course, it made a shambles of the whole drinking competition.

So we went on and had the banquet, and had the singing choruses and other entertainment. Oh--the big thing--we were dancing. Russian men dance with each other. I was introduced to a big, burly Russian, who the interpreter had said something like, "This is Joe Blow, he is a newspaper journalist, but he used to be a blacksmith, but under the Soviet system it's possible for a blacksmith to become a journalist."

I said, "Hell, that wouldn't be an advancement in America. Blacksmiths are held in much higher regard than just mere journalists. They get paid more, and--" [laughs]

Anyway, we get to bantering back and forth. When the dancing starts, this fellow comes up and wants to dance with me. Well, I said, "Sure." I thought I was going to lead. But he thought he was going to lead.

We started to fight it out and see who was going to lead. That cleared the dance floor while we had a sort of wrestling match to see who was going to lead. All of a sudden, he backed off and then came forward and whacked me very hard on the back--oh--with the flat of his hand. That really rattled my teeth.

Well, I instinctively reacted by digging my knuckles into his shoulder muscles. You know, if you dig your knuckles in like that you temporarily paralyze the arm. And I did.

But he then grabbed me and kissed me right on the mouth. Well, that kind of did me down. Since childhood, I had never been kissed on the mouth by a man before. But others rushed up because they thought that possibly we were starting World War III.

Swent: That must have been quite an experience.

Cleaveland: Oh! But to have it occur under those circumstances. I was theoretically representing the president of the United States before the commanding general of the Russian forces, with a million and a half men. And all his staff were there. Order was quickly restored.

But we had to leave early and go to the opera house with a big sign across its entrance, "Welcome to Pauley Commission," and it was jam-packed. But we grabbed our Russian drinking opponents to come with us. We had further drinking to do, and we didn't know how the night was going to end. Each one of us had a Russian in uniform.

We go in there, and we're welcomed by the so-called mayor, and they put on a propaganda show, all in Chinese--but you could detect what was going on--the capitalists were abusing the poor peasants and workmen. It was all in Chinese.

After the first act, I decided that it wasn't very hospitable to give us this kind of a show, in a language we didn't understand. So I got up and thanked the mayor and others and explained we had a very busy day ahead. We had to get up early the next morning and so on. We appreciated all the courtesies shown to us but we would have to leave now. So we walked out amid mild applause.

Swent: So what was the upshot of your inspection and reparations? How did you feel about that?

Cleveland: I think we did the best that we could. From Manchuria, we went over to Shanghai and to Peking, and then on back to the States, where we met together, some of us, including Pauley. We wrote the report, which I have a copy of, and which was submitted to President Truman.

Russian Betrayal of the Treaty of Friendship and Alliance

Swent: Did this encourage you to continue in government service?

Cleveland: [laughs] No. No, and I didn't need any encouragement or discouragement. But I was told verbally that Truman was very pleased. I just got that verbally. I think the Russians learned that we weren't pushovers, and that we were recording what had happened. Underestimating them; there isn't any question about it, we underestimated them. It was a horrible situation that we reported.

The Russians and the Chinese, Chiang Kai-Shek, had just signed, under the auspices of the United Nations, a Treaty of Friendship and Alliance. It was a lofty document. Every single provision in it had been broken before they even wrote it, but there it is. The Treaty of Friendship and Alliance under the auspices of the United Nations, all was going to be sweetness, peaceful and light in the orient.

Swent: But you saw that it wasn't.

Cleveland: Oh, [laughs]. And it made a travesty of the United Nations, because of what had actually happened.

Swent: So what you saw was that they had really destroyed things?

Cleaveland: Oh, they were just going to wipe it out. The worst example I think I saw was a big mining area, which was remote, at least thirty miles from anywhere, way off in the mud, and it was a self-contained community, had hospitals and all the amenities. But it was underground mining, coal, and the coal had all been destroyed by underground fires, all the facilities had been destroyed including the big power plants so urgently needed at the time.

They had destroyed a huge industrial structure. They claimed eventually that this was "war booty" but they didn't claim this until we got back to Washington--and that they were removing this equipment as "war booty". What they were doing, they were fixing them so they would never run again, because they didn't want political power or industry there. But to get to a very remote community and find that the mines were still burning, and that all its facilities of civilization had been destroyed was really shocking.

Swent: Were there people still there?

Cleaveland: There were people still there, and living under horrible conditions, because they had a shortage of food, no medical facilities. They destroyed the hospital. I've got an article on that. They had just absolutely wiped out civilization in this remote area. And of course, all those that could escape got away from it, but it caused terrific hardship, and the workmen were nearly all Chinese. It was absolutely incredible. They were tearing up the railroads; universities just devastated, libraries, everything.

The Russians' explanation was that local mobs got out of hand. They encouraged that, and they took moving pictures of some of this destruction going on, showing that it was done by the local people. Well, the local people aren't going to tear up their own hospital and their own school and libraries. But everything was deceptive and destructive. The idea was to not have a civilization in Manchuria that would be a threat to the Russians.

VIII PIONEERING CLEVELAND CIRCULAR JIG FOR DIAMOND MINING

Diamantina, Brazil, in the 1950s

Swent: Well, let's move on then. You went back to Washington and turned in your report. Then you were looking for another job?

Cleveland: I was available. I still had a lot of mining equipment in California, which I would like to get into operation. Still had the Roaring River dredge and other mining equipment. So I knew what I was looking for, but that's where the Guggenheims stepped in.

Swent: So then you went from there out to Malaya, and we've really covered that pretty well yesterday, I think. Now, when did you go to Brazil?

Cleveland: The Brazilian affair was, I think, in the late 1950s, I believe it was.

Swent: This was for Pacific Tin, wasn't it?

Cleveland: Yes. That was for Pacific Tin. And I want to get this quite straight. Let me ponder a little about that. I went through the Pacific Tin routine going down there. I went down myself and had a look under the guidance of some Brazilians. Then I sent Herb down as usual.

Swent: Herb was an employee of Pacific Tin?

Cleveland: Yes. And did prospecting. No, that was Pacific Tin.

Swent: Was this diamonds?

Cleveland: Diamonds, yes.

- Swent: Was this before or after the African--?
- Cleaveland: No, this is before. When I got into diamonds, naturally, you run into--you think of South Africa immediately, of course.
- Swent: Because the African adventure was in 1957.
- Cleaveland: Yes. Well, then this was all in there, in the mid-1950s, I guess, before that.
- Swent: And where in Brazil did you go?
- Cleaveland: To a place called Diamantina. It's in the interior; on the Jequitinhonha River. Prior to the development of diamonds in South Africa, Brazil used to be the diamond center of the world. And Diamantina and the Jequitinhonha River was the diamond center, way back when.
- Swent: Had other people dredged there too?
- Cleaveland: No, nobody had dredged there. They all worked it out by other means, mostly by hand. Some mechanical excavating equipment, but none really very impressive. And when the South Africans developed, they undercut them pricewise. See, Brazil had slaves. They came over from Angola, across on the bulge [of Africa]. The slaves did most of the work. The Brazilians are rather benevolent with their slaves. But the Jequitinhonha River was a big valley, fifty or sixty miles from Diamantina.

But the source of the diamonds was a conglomerate cap which covered a large portion of South America at one time, and was diamondiferous. The same formation was over parts of Africa. This shows that at one time, South America and Africa were joined. That conglomerate is one of the indications of it.

But we went through the usual drill of prospecting, and we designed the dredges, and built the dredges. They worked out really quite well. I used the Cleaveland circular jigs on them, and that was the first big use of them. They turned out to be really good.

The Cleaveland Circular Jig Proved in Use with Diamonds

Swent: This might be the time to get into the Cleaveland circular jigs.

Cleaveland: [laughs]

Swent: You'll have to enlighten me, because I have information here that says that you had Bendelari jigs, and Jeffrey Baum jigs, and Harz jigs. Please instruct me.

Cleaveland: Well, a jig is an agitator. What it does, it agitates a feed to concentrate and size the material that is run over the jig bed. The water is agitated, and the heavy material comes down on through the jig bed which is supported by a screen. The concentrates are taken out of a spigot on the bottom of the jig.

Swent: What is it made of? Metal?

Cleaveland: Metal, yes. What it is, is an improvement on panning. It's gravity concentration. The jig bed is usually a fairly closely screened cassiterite, iron ore, so that it allows the larger mineral sizes of values to drop through.

Swent: This is when you're mining tin ore?

Cleaveland: Yes. It's much the same thing as mining tin ore. That's why we used it. We used the same mining tin ore. For diamonds we made the jig bed a little coarser, because we were looking for the larger diamonds. Diamonds are hard to concentrate. The specific gravity of diamonds is not much greater than quartz. But the diamond is unique insofar as the surface tension of water is less than for most minerals. Therefore, the diamond responds to agitation in water more than most other materials.

So you recover diamonds just very much the way you recover gold, not because the diamonds are heavier, but because they don't have as much surface tension. So the jigs were used in South Africa, conventional jigs, on recovery plants. There wasn't anything new in using jigs for diamonds.

Swent: But they had not used them on dredges?

Cleaveland: They hadn't been used on dredges to recover diamonds.

Another thing--the standard dredge jig bed was about thirty-six inches square, fed from one end and discharged from

the other side. Well, my theory was, that you should feed the jig in the center, have it round, so that the discharge was over the perimeter.

Swent: In all directions?

Cleaveland: Yes. It had a skimmer to keep the feed moving and the depth of bed uniform. Thus as the feed decelerated, concentration of the heavier particles was encouraged.

Swent: From the middle?

Cleaveland: After some testing, we got the jigs up to where they were twenty-two foot in diameter and more efficient.

Swent: Twenty-two feet?

Cleaveland: Yes.

Swent: As opposed to thirty-six inches?

Cleaveland: Yes.

Swent: That's a big difference.

Cleaveland: We were economizing on moving parts and increasing capacity. I puttered around a good deal in Malaya, starting off with small jigs and building them bigger and bigger. How big could you build them? Well, when you got more than twenty-two feet, you were getting hard pressed for deck space on the dredge. Finally, we settled for twenty-two-foot in diameter.

Swent: That's big.

Cleaveland: And it works out very well.

Swent: So you had been using them for the tin ore in Malaya?

Cleaveland: We hadn't used them on that size. We had been using them on a smaller size.

Swent: I didn't know whether you had pioneered them in the tin or in the diamonds.

Cleaveland: We pioneered them first in the tin. But it was just a theory of decelerating, to assist the concentration. When you decelerate, that's a concentrating influence on the mineral. In theory and in practice my jig was an improvement.

I wasn't the first one to conceive of the circular jig. It had been talked about and discussed. But I was the first one to really build and put them in service on a large scale. I'm sure that they are the best way to recover diamonds and the best way to recover tin ore.

Swent: It was your name that was given to them.

Cleaveland: Yes. Well, I did the basic work, largely with Herb's help. He was always putting in his two bits worth. He was actually conducting the tests. We started building jigs, trapezoidal jigs, where we had a narrow feed and a wide exit. This led to a circular jig.

##

Swent: You were just saying that now your jigs are being copied--

Cleaveland: By people who build trapezoidal jigs. They just put them all together so that they form a circle. They are individual trapezoidal jigs. But that complicates it so you can't put a skimmer on. One of the things that increases the capacity of the circular jig is you've got a skimmer helping to move the light stuff. It just skims the top. A fan-shaped thing--you've seen pictures of them--so that it's skimming off the top the whole time. So you're increasing the capacity by skimming off the top, the stuff which hasn't any value. Thus you can increase the feed. The patent is for the skimmer.

No, there isn't a great demand these years for jigs. Gold and diamonds and tin and everything else in the placer mining field are playing out. But there is no question but that the circular jig is a step forward. It isn't the only way to do the job--other jigs have been working for nearly a century, so you can't say they don't work, but the Cleaveland jig just gives you greater capacity, makes better use of your floor space, and has been proven as efficient as any. We have built them and operated them, worked out the bugs that develop, of course, in anything new, and I think Mort Richardson, my friend in southern California, can supply this better recovery system. But there's lots of competition, of course. I don't know of any new dredges built recently. There are so many old dredges lying around that if anybody wants a dredge, they usually can buy one of the old ones and move it.

Swent: So did you take a dredge down to Brazil from Yuba?

- Cleaveland: Yes. We took them down the usual way. I think we moved it from Malaya; yes, we moved it from Malaya.
- Swent: Just took it apart and shipped it over?
- Cleaveland: Took it apart, and then put it all together again. Because there is an abundance of old dredges around lying idle, and you're restricted a bit by them, by their basic design, but it's usually much cheaper than having to build a new one.
- Swent: Yes. So what came of the Brazilian venture?
- Cleaveland: As far as I know it has kind of drizzled out. At ninety-four I'm getting close to retirement--
- Swent: Hmm, not really. You have another ten years.
- Cleaveland: Yes. Well, I went over to Africa, naturally, because that was where the diamonds are.

African Adventures

- Swent: And that was a joint venture with Natomas?
- Cleaveland: Yes.
- Swent: On the Mamberi River.
- Cleaveland: I had forgotten all about that. Now that you mention it, however, I now remember. This is a twilight zone of my career.
- The world's largest diamond research laboratory for diamond equipment is in Johannesburg. That's operated by the Oppenheimers, and the diamond cartel. They have a really splendid institution there that studies all the phases of diamond recovery.
- Swent: That's the DeBeers?
- Cleaveland: DeBeers, yes. I'm going to have to be a little cagey here. I mean to get things in order chronologically. I went over to Africa, talked to the top people there. They were a bit cagey about somebody coming from the outside--naturally. But I made a trip, I got acquainted with the diamond research laboratory,

was very impressed, and I wanted them to take ahold, or allow me access.

I went up the southwest coast of Africa, Skeleton Beach, where there were diamonds being mined.

Swent: Well, the Mamberi River is what I have.

Cleaveland: Yes, that's probably it. I don't know where the Mamberi River is--but that was probably it. That was probably this thing. But the southwest coast of Africa is diamondiferous. The diamonds are brought down from rivers from the interior of Africa, but it is a wild and woolly place, because fresh water is scarce. When ships were wrecked down there, crews and passengers were cast up on the beach, and survivors of the wreck often died of thirst. Very morbid--they called it I think Skeleton Coast or something like that.

I'm a bit confused, because I'm trying to get it in sequence. But to wind the thing up, did Herb mention Allen Wright to you, or did Mort Richardson mention Allen Wright to you?

Swent: Yes, he did. I have the name.

Cleaveland: Well, Allen Wright is an individual entrepreneur like Mort is. He lives over in Lafayette. He was a neighbor in Berkeley. He was a dredge operator. He is a very competent guy who for reasons I could never quite understand never went to a university. That didn't hold him back much. He was competent enough to become a good mining man.

Allen came out and met me in South Africa. I can't remember why--[laughs]. I know we met with some of the top officials. I've forgotten what we talked about.

I also know that I eventually go up to England and meet Harry Oppenheimer in his London office headquarters on kind of unusual circumstances. I went in to the building that they have there, and there was a doorman in uniform. I said I wanted to speak to somebody about diamonds. The doorman went to a phone and down came a young fellow who questioned me, and then took me right up to see Harry Oppenheimer. I was right there, boom, boom. Without an appointment.

He knew what I was doing, and told me that he would make available the research facilities in South Africa, if I wanted to carry on my experiments, which was just exactly what I wanted. Very gracious, very helpful.

In the meantime, he had sent two engineers over to Brazil to see what the hell I was doing in Brazil. They went out to the operations; I was entirely agreeable to that. One of them, a fellow I got to know quite well, he was the son of one of the directors of the company. They went from Brazil up to New York to talk to Pacific Tin, the Guggenheims. The Guggenheims had changed by then--several had died or retired--they were changing heads, with mixed emotions on my part. I wasn't very happy about some of the boys that were stepping into power.

There was one I had full confidence in who is now still the chairman. He is named Peter Lawson-Johnston, whose mother was a Guggenheim and whose father was a British diplomat. He is the godfather of my daughter Alice, and has been attentive in that capacity.

The original Guggenheims that I bumped into, boy, they were something, they were real go-ers. I was very much impressed. But as they dropped off, wore out, I wasn't very happy with some of their replacements. I was getting right on the verge of retirement, and when these lads from South Africa went up to New York, some of the people up there in the Guggenheims apparently thought that I was selling out to Oppenheimer. I was a naughty guy. Which wasn't the case at all, but that was a rumor that was good enough for them.

I had been through that sort of thing for much of my life. I said, "I'm getting tired of it. I think I'll just throw in the sponge here and go out to Datil." Which was what I did. I did some consulting work. I wandered around the world quite a bit.

Swent: But this diamond venture was nearly ten years before you retired.

Cleaveland: Yes. But I resigned from Pacific Tin at about that time.

Swent: Not until 1966, according to my records.

Cleaveland: Not until 1966? Well, maybe--

Swent: I think so. Then you continued as a director.

Cleaveland: Yes, I continued as a director. Well, I'm becoming forgetful.

Swent: The diamond venture that I have this paper on which John Wells sent to me was in 1957 and 1958.

Cleaveland: Read it to me.

Swent: "Pacific Tin and Natomas entered a joint venture, 1957 and '58, to investigate an alluvial concession held by Pacific Tin on the Mamberi River."

Cleaveland: That was in South Africa.

Swent: "The entire project was abandoned in 1958, after African work failed to demonstrate suitable potential in the area under consideration."

Cleaveland: Yes. That was--yes.

Swent: That was one, but you did others.

Cleaveland: Yes. That was part of this thing that I'm talking about. I don't know, I think it was about that time that Allen Wright got involved in it.

Swent: And when I talked to Herb Way, he said that he got very sick in Africa.

Cleaveland: Oh, yes.

Swent: He ended up in a Paris hospital.

Cleaveland: Yes, yes.

Swent: So that may have had something to do with--

Cleaveland: Yes. Herb knew about the Mamberi River, because Herb was the guy on the ground. We scouted around the Belgian Congo and the French Congo. I'm confused about this, because they have changed many names since I was there.

Swent: That's true. Africa is very hard to keep up with.

Cleaveland: Yes. Once I went down with the blessing of a French company--

Swent: Well, let's see. He mentioned that company, I think. The SME Diamond Company? Is that the French company?

Cleaveland: Yes. That was it. I think the French company--

Swent: Societe Miniere or something of the sort maybe? [pause] He didn't name the company, just the SME Company, that's all I have.

Cleaveland: I spent about two months down there.

Swent: Herb got very sick. He had three different kinds of worms.

Cleaveland: [laughs] Poor Herb.

And they had nothing but black medics with dubious training. He was really sick and really isolated. When I got to him, he was rightly feeling very sorry for himself.

Swent: He must have been very ill.

Cleaveland: He was very ill, he was very ill. But it didn't stop him. He recovered.

Swent: Speaking of Herb Way, I should have brought this up yesterday, but he spoke of working on the Selangor River. That was in Malaya, I think, wasn't it? He said there were Chinese coolies, men and women, and they were working in twenty-foot-deep muck. He set up a dispensary in the evening and treated leech bites. He said there were eight-inch leeches.

Cleaveland: Yes, that would be Malaya and on the Selangor River.

Swent: Huge leeches, eight inches long, and also snakes in this twenty-foot-deep muck, and the workers were working in this stuff. In the evening he would have a dispensary and treated their leech bites, which was a pretty wonderful thing to do, I thought. But I guess his health held up in Malaya.

Cleaveland: Yes, yes. I remember, in Africa, I eventually got to him. On the way to see Herb, I had a real adventure. They had an aerial service that ran once a week. Just a small plane.

Swent: So this was not dredging on the beach, then? This was up in the interior?

Cleaveland: Yes, we were looking for diamonds in those days. Herb was doing his routine job of opening up a prospecting venture on this area. But to get to it--this was a close call--I had to get on this little dingfod plane that ran once a week, and only carried about four or five passengers, and made about four or five landings at different places in the jungle.

I am trying to think of the name of the place--Berberati. I'll never forget that. I was told to get off at the third landing of the plane, and Herb would be there. So I got off the plane at the third stop. There was only one person there and it wasn't Herb. I went up and said, "Ici Berberati?"

"No, this is not Berberati." [laughter] The plane was getting ready to take off. So I ran out onto the runway waving my hands, because I wasn't supposed to get off until the next stop. If that guy hadn't been there, I would have been there for a week. I wouldn't have known where I was, except that I was in the middle of the jungle.

So I ran out onto the runway waving my arms, and they came back to see what I wanted. "Ici Berberati?" That was about the limit of my French.

"No, this is not Berberati. Berberati's the next stop." But oh, it would have been--I would have really been isolated. So I got back on the plane, and Herb was at Berberati. But it was a close call.

They pulled some of Herb's teeth. They thought that that was part of his problem. They were pulled by a black man who didn't know much about tooth-pulling. Herb had--I'm surprised he hasn't told you about it, but he was very vivid about this guy pulling out his teeth.

Swent: Well, when you're out in the jungle and have a toothache, you're in a bad way.

Cleaveland: Yes. I haven't heard Herb's leech story. I'm not quite familiar with it. But I know that leeches--I can tell you some leech stories. [laughs] But I'm not quite sure if I know what Herb's story was.

Swent: Did you ever get into the leeches yourself?

Cleaveland: Oh, yes. You're bound to get into leeches if you stomp around in the jungle swamps. Leeches are one of the many drawbacks.

Swent: So it wasn't all just glamour.

Cleaveland: Oh, no. It wasn't all glamour. It was far from all being glamour.

President of the World Dredging Council

Swent: You were president of the World Dredging Council, I believe it was called?

Cleaveland: Yes. Mort Richardson, he promoted this World Dredging thing.

Swent: Was that when you were still in Malaya, or after you retired?

Cleaveland: I was on the point of retiring. He came to New York and really staged a big show there.

Swent: Where did Mort come into your life?

Cleaveland: That's where he came into it, was the World Dredging Council. He's quite a promoter.

Swent: He didn't work for Pacific Tin?

Cleaveland: No, he didn't work for it. But where I first met him was World Dredging Council, in New York, one of the big hotels there, major hotels. I think he appointed me keynote speaker. I'm not quite sure.

Swent: I have a speech here, an awfully clever speech--I enjoyed reading it. John Wells also gave this to me, a speech that you gave in October 1967 to the Ocean Mining Symposium in Los Angeles. But that was Ocean Mining. That's something else. "Some Systems for Ocean Mining." An awfully good speech, about--

Cleaveland: I've forgotten all about that.

Swent: --using dredges for mining in the ocean. But that was another organization, I guess.

Cleaveland: Yes. I remember the organization.

Swent: But the Dredging Council was in New York?

Cleaveland: New York, yes.

Swent: Well, let's get back to that. You were the keynote speaker.

Cleaveland: Yes, I was the keynote speaker.

Swent: You must have been a very good speaker.

Cleaveland: Well, not very good, really. But I've had some adventures along the line, and they were a bit out of the usual, and I can generally get by with telling some stories.

Swent: So this World Dredging organization consisted of dredge--operators, manufacturers? There aren't very many manufacturers.

Cleaveland: Yes. I think operators and manufacturers, and it isn't a booming industry.

##

Swent: Does this organization still exist, do you know?

Cleaveland: Not that I'm aware of. Mort still publishes his mining periodical. I don't know whether they hold annual meetings or not. I haven't been to one for a long time. I attended one in San Francisco, I remember. I can remember the one down in Los Angeles, the Ocean Mining thing.

Swent: I enjoyed reading this.

Cleaveland: I'll have to read it. I don't know what--read it to me.

Swent: I'll just read this one part. "A breakdown on a dredge meant that few, if any, member of the operating crews or repair gangs would get out of their working clothes until the dredge was running again. Anything that broke was made thicker, and soon dredge designers became known as thickening engineers. Some of their equipment was made thick enough to be in full time operation over sixty years later, but alas, by then, under the supervision of old stiffs like myself, about the same age as the dredges, and also getting thicker, both between the ears and at the waistline." [laughter] So I thought you were a pretty clever speaker.

Did you ever get to Bolivia?

Cleaveland: Yes. I never did much there except look. I got there and traveled around a bit--

Swent: Looked at the dredges?

Cleaveland: And looked for the--yes. That was when Chuck, my brother-in-law, was there.

Swent: Chuck McLean?

Cleaveland: Yes, he worked there. I never operated there, but I had a memorable trip across from Brazil crossing the Andes mountains. Going into Bolivia, there was quite a bit of dredging had been done. I knew it by name, but I had never seen it. Chuck was working there, so I had incentive to have a look around. I never operated there.

Then I went on up the coast. The Guggenheims had some big operations down there, I'm not sure if it was Peru or Chile, big operations. Not metals; what the hell was it? I visited them and I went on to Ecuador. I've been in Colombia several times, because there was quite a bit of dredging in Colombia.

Swent: A lot of dredging at Pato.

Cleaveland: Yes, Pato, I've been there. I never operated there, but I've had a couple of visits there.

Swent: Yuba dredges.

Cleaveland: Yes, that's right. I was involved in the design of dredges that were operated down there. Pat O'Neal, who was a good friend of mine, was the manager down there. I spent quite a bit of time puttering around, but the political problems there are pretty fierce. I backed out of there without any thought of going back.

I think there is probably a lot of mining to be done in Colombia, but the politics are pretty rough, really rough. High-grading and under government supervision, a lot of bang-bang going on. I thought that I had all that I wanted in Malaya. Didn't want to waste any more time.

IX POST-RETIREMENT IN SOMERSET AND NEW MEXICO

Swent: So you retired then in 1966 to Somerset. But you were continuing to commute to New York as director of Pacific Tin.

Cleaveland: Yes, and I came out here occasionally--

Swent: To Datil?

Cleaveland: To Datil.

A Consulting Job in Alaska

Swent: And you were doing consulting.

Cleaveland: Yes, doing the odd consulting job. I went for Homestake a couple of times, up to Alaska. I knew the lads; I'm trying to think of their names, in Homestake, on quite a cordial basis. Their office is up California Street a little ways. I remember going up to Nome for Homestake with one of their executives, a very interesting trip because of the memories of previous visits there, and what the possibilities were. They still had the problem of the frozen tundra, which hasn't been solved yet. But there's surely a lot of gold left up there.

And I think there has been a lot taken out offshore of Nome. I think they've had a big dredge up there offshore, which would be the thing to do if you have a place to take cover during the winter. It would then be just a seasonal working. I once schemed about that.

Swent: When you're doing ocean mining up there, though, is it frozen?

Cleaveland: No, not always, that's the advantage of ocean mining. It's not always frozen. You don't have the frozen tundra. But during winter you do have ice and other problems.

Swent: So you've dealt with about the whole range of problems, haven't you?

Cleaveland: Oh, yes. And like any problem, you just start gnawing on it. Sometimes you get ahead of it, and sometimes it gets ahead of you. Then you have to back off. That's what the mining engineer does: he goes in and does the best he can, until he gets beyond his resources. No, it's a fascinating life.

Peter Lawson-Johnston

Swent: Did you retire from Pacific Tin, or are you still connected with them?

Cleaveland: No, I'm in no way connected any more except for a very useful pension. I still am on cordial terms with Peter Lawson-Johnston, who is the chairman. He's a very personable fellow, and we have joint memories of all sorts of things.

To me, he is a genuine Guggenheim. His mother was a Guggenheim, and he inherited competence--because the original Guggenheims were really something. They were really unusual. Competence was what they had, and they didn't tolerate incompetence around them. It was always a pleasure to work under those circumstances, when you knew that your support was competent, and you would be rewarded for being competent.

Swent: When did you come back out to New Mexico?

Cleaveland: I moved to England when I first retired. That was my home then. I built a home there.

Swent: Right. You were in Somerset. We've talked about that.

Cleaveland: Yes. Then I came over at least once or twice a year to New York and to Datil, and to here [Santa Fe]. I was always in contact with Loraine [Lavender]--

Swent: Loraine was your sister who lived here.

Cleaveland: Yes. She was my sister. She was the one that I think did more than anybody else to get me involved in history.

Swent: Yes. We're going to leave that for tomorrow.

Cleaveland: Yes. [laughs]

Return to New Mexico

Swent: So you moved back here not too many years ago.

Cleaveland: Oh, I guess ten years. Something like that. But I still didn't make this my headquarters. My headquarters were more down at Datil. But when my sister died, rather prematurely, she willed this property to my three daughters.

Swent: And they all live in England.

Cleaveland: Yes, they all live in England. But she was devoted to them. There was a mutual affection there, very much so. To them, Aunt Loraine was really something, and she saw to it that she was something when they were around. So the house had a cook, housekeeper, and a gardener. I just moved in and kept the ball in play.

Swent: Well, you're certainly very comfortable here.

Cleaveland: It's a comfortable house. And on my behalf the bank has taken over much of my affairs, taxes, income, etc.--not entirely satisfactorily, but having reached ninety-four, the income tax reports seem no easier than during yesteryear.

Swent: No. Well, you're very comfortable here.

Cleaveland: The bank now looks after the garden and the house maintenance.

Swent: And you also still have the ranch down at Datil?

Cleaveland: Oh, yes. And I've got good, reliable caretakers down there.

Swent: That's good.

Cleaveland: This is a little piece of property. The bank tried to oust me out of it, and perhaps I really should move. But wait a while, at least until I'm 100. If I move, they'd try to put me in some old folks' home or something. Lovely; they've got a couple of retirement places here that are really quite luxurious. But I'm not interested at present.

Relationship with Several Members of the Hoover Family

Swent: There were a couple of things that we didn't get on the tape yet that I thought we'd do now. You had mentioned Chuck McLean a few moments ago. Let's get into that family connection, and also I'd like to have you tell how your mother and Lou Henry became friends, and Loraine and Hulda Hoover.

Cleaveland: Yes.

Charles McLean

Swent: So let's start with Chuck. Chuck McLean is a mining engineer who operated one of the last dredges to operate in California.

Cleaveland: Yes. He's a Stanford graduate.

Swent: And how is he related to you?

Cleaveland: Well, it's through Hulda. Hulda was the daughter of Theodore Hoover. Theodore Hoover was head of the Stanford Mining Department when I went down to get my master's degree there. [laughs] I took a year, three quarters, at Stanford in graduate work in the mining school there, and in the geology department.

Swent: Yes, we talked about that.

Hulda Hoover

Cleaveland: Yes. But Hulda was in the background. She was Loraine's roommate in the Kappa Kappa Gamma house at Stanford.

Hulda was an activist, very much so. She spent quite a bit of time up in Sacramento harassing the poor politicians. She organized the League of Women Voters in California, which Loraine joined along with other groups.

Incidentally, my mother, before she died, was chairman of the League of California Women's Clubs. My mother was a natural-born harasser of the public. She could get up and bring down the house. And Loraine inherited a lot of that

ability, a lot of her mother's character. When she came to Santa Fe from California after Hulda had worked her over in Sacramento, she picked on poor Santa Fe and promptly became involved in the League of Women Voters. But she was active generally, she was president of New Mexico's historical society for two terms.

Swent: So then when you went out to Malaya, you brought Chuck out there?

Cleaveland: Yes. That was after I'd been there quite a long time, but when Chuck graduated from Stanford, he came right on out to--

Swent: This is Hulda's son.

Cleaveland: Hulda's son. I arranged that with Hulda before he graduated. Chuck's a very competent guy.

Swent: Were you already married?

Cleaveland: No, I wasn't.

Swent: Which one of you married first?

Cleaveland: I was married first. Chuck followed. I married Ann, and then Ann's sister came out to Malaya to visit Ann, and Chuck grabbed her.

Swent: And married her.

Cleaveland: And married her. So Chuck has the same combination in England. He never built a house there, and he hasn't been divorced. He's still married.

Swent: His wife is here, in California.

Cleaveland: His wife is very active physically. She plays very good tennis.

Lou Henry (Hoover)

Swent: You told me how your mother and Lou Henry Hoover became friends at Stanford.

Cleaveland: Yes. When my mother went to Stanford, she learned from the curricula that they had a blacksmithing course, part of the

Mechanical Engineering Department. I went through the same drill there. It was part of the mechanical engineering training, to learn a bit about blacksmithing. My mother had been shoeing her horse for quite a while, but she thought she could improve on her style and technique, so to the horror of her sorority sisters, she signed up for blacksmithing, and went to the shop.

And another girl was there named Lou Henry, who was in almost the same situation; her family were ranchers in California. Lou Henry had been shoeing her horse and thinking that she could benefit from some more instruction. The two girls made quite a sensation, because it was unusual in those days for a woman to be a blacksmith. But it forged a very close lifelong relationship. Lou Henry was a very charming person. Of course, she had a terrific career as the wife of a mining engineer. She had a lot of time out in the Far East. Herbert Hoover has, too. He always seemed interested in talking about the Orient because he'd gone to--

Herbert Hoover

- Swent: So you had a nice personal relationship with Herbert Hoover, then.
- Cleaveland: Oh, yes. He also had a son at Stanford. I knew him quite well. He was a nice guy, real nice guy. No-nonsense kind of a fellow, but very--you could tell that he was--
- Swent: Who was this? Herbert or his son?
- Cleaveland: Herbert. Well, the son too. But two and two make four. Not four and three-quarters, or anything like that. To him, to spend money you didn't have was incomprehensible. The idea of building up the national debt was deplorable. Deficits should be depleted, they were not to be enhanced ten times as F.D.R. [Franklin Delano Roosevelt] did before a completely unprepared U.S.A. became involved in World War II. Because of unpreparedness Churchill referred to World War II as "The Unnecessary War".
- Swent: Did you have any contact with President Hoover when he was president?
- Cleaveland: I had dinner with him a couple of times when he was president. It was a cordial relationship, but it wasn't intimate in any

way. I wasn't on any job or doing anything officially. No, but my mother was quite close to him, and she was an activist. She was out beating the drums, and she was very much in favor of his policies. That was derived from her populist background--I think that Hoover instinctively was a populist also.

A Heritage of Active Populism

Cleaveland: My mother never quite knew where she was politically as was my grandmother. Both were very active suffragettes. That was going to be the solution. Once women could vote, the world was going to be a bowl of cherries. But when my mother first registered, to the horror of my father and to most of my mother's friends, she registered as a socialist, in Berkeley. Now, you know what a socialist in Berkeley is. Her friends couldn't conceive of it.

What she turns out to be eventually was a true-blue, dark blue, a Republican anti-socialist. But she was a populist the whole time. The populism goes way back. That was what my grandfather was, that was what my grandmother was. And they were active populists, they had a Populist party at that time, and they were part of it. But populism is a little bit vague. It eventually attracts a bunch of screwballs that get everything all gummed up.

But fundamentally, they want to look out for the little guy, they want to make two and two make four, they want your debts paid, they don't want war, but they don't want to be pushovers either. Churchill--I don't know that he was a populist, because he had an aristocratic background, but to him, this World War II was "the unnecessary war". He kept emphasizing that. It didn't need at all to happen if we had been even reasonably prepared.

Swent: Our tape is just ending. I'm sorry. Maybe it's time for us to stop.

X THE COVER-UP OF WILLIAM MORLEY'S MURDER BY THE SANTA FE RING

Chief Location Engineer for the Santa Fe Railroad ##

Swent: We've pretty well covered your mining career, which was what I came up here to do, but we made a bargain when I came that if you would talk about mining to me, that then we would have a session talking about what has become your major interest in these last years, which is to protest the revisionist history that has been accepted about the death of your grandfather, William Raymond Morley. In your book *The Morleys*¹, which was published in 1971 by Albuquerque's Calvin Horn, you told the story as you then knew it about your grandfather. He died long before you were born, of course; he died when your mother was a little girl.

Cleaveland: Yes. Eight years old.

Swent: She was eight years old. And then when you became an adult, you became aware that you thought the story of your grandfather's death was erroneous, and you wrote a book which was published in 1971. So let's begin, then, and you can tell the things that you have become aware of that bother you now.

Cleaveland: Yes. Well, my grandfather was chief location engineer for the Atchison, Topeka, and Santa Fe Railroad, who built westward on a land grant and were interrupted in New Mexico by the Southern Pacific Railroad, that had a monopoly in California, very much of a bonanza, and who were trying to protect that monopoly by building eastward from California on the essential land grants. It would have been almost impossible to finance railroads across the wilderness of the West without the land grants which had been approved by Congress. They were able to build those railroads only because of land grants, and if the

¹ Norman Cleaveland, *The Morleys: Young Upstarts on the Southwest Frontier*, 1971.

Southern Pacific built eastward on them, nobody could build westward on them. It was that simple.

A railroad that eventually became the S. P. [Southern Pacific] blocked the Union Pacific in Utah in 1869. The Union Pacific then became a feeder for the Southern Pacific. The "Big Four" in California--that is, Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, George Crocker, and Mark Hopkins--were associated in a particularly well-coordinated team known as "California's Big Four."

Swent: I think most of this, we already have.

Cleaveland: Yes. Okay. But they also controlled the politics in New Mexico, because New Mexico was a territory being ruled from Washington, D.C., on a colonial basis. All top officials were being appointed by the president, and the president was taking his orders from the so-called "Robber Barons" of that period, which included "California's Big Four." I think that's all well accepted history.

And the Santa Fe Ring, their chief function was to cover up and write the history of New Mexico, to cover up the cover-up. They have done so with great success, because--

Swent: And it's your feeling that they are still influential.

Cleaveland: Oh, the apologists for the Santa Fe Ring are still dominant. They're still dominant. The educational system has historians and histories, and the money allocated for education, which is ample, a very large segment of that money is used to write and publish history. From my own personal knowledge, I know that when it comes to dealing with the Santa Fe Ring, fully qualified scholars sometimes do not hesitate to fib in a manner completely intolerable to engineers. To me it is fraudulent for scholars being financed by public funds to fib in covering up the crime committed by the notorious Santa Fe Ring who were disciples of "California's Big Four." That is proved conclusively, at least to me, by my re-published book about my grandparents, *The Morleys*.

The Agenda of the Western History Association and University Presses

Cleaveland: It's been further confirmed to me by the formation of the forthcoming Western History Association, which vows to revise

western history by university presses, financed publicly, and going to behave just as does the University of New Mexico Press, which to me is at times corrupt. To me, it's a real crisis that we're facing, when publicly-financed scholars become corrupt. I won't say all of New Mexico's historians are corrupt; but I believe most of them know much about the Santa Fe Ring and the latter-day apologists for that group of scoundrels. I am completely convinced that my grandfather was murdered and that I am the leading living authority on the subject and have fretted about it for about ninety years.

He was murdered so that the Santa Fe Ring would cease to be under his vigorous attack. He was not only a railroad builder, but he ran a newspaper. Some of his relatives were populists, when populists included Charles Dana of the *New York Sun*, and fellows in New Mexico, like Reverend F. J. Tolby, who was murdered obviously because of the articles that were published under his name in the *New York Sun*. Also I think he probably wrote them with the cooperation of my grandfather. I don't know that for sure, but that's probable. But there's no question but he was brutally, brutally murdered, and that the murder of Tolby was well documented in the reports of Frank Warner Angel, a federal investigator, whose reports have yet to be indexed and published and which were not mentioned in Dr. Laurence Murphy's best-selling book¹, published by the University of New Mexico Press in 1974. That book definitely implies that Morley probably was responsible for the murder--in spite of Angel's reports which Dr. Murphy did not mention.

Swent: You were talking about the murder of Tolby. You're repeating things that you have already written about. I just hate for you to waste too much of your energy on things that are already well documented.

Cleaveland: Yes, I don't want to waste my energy, but I want to--this story has to be told in any authorized biography of me.

Swent: That's true. We want to be sure and move on to the things that are not so well known.

Cleaveland: But I will balk like a mule if this part is omitted because exposure of both past crimes of the Santa Fe Ring and plans for the future by apologists for the Ring is, I believe, the major achievement in my life.

¹ *Philmont: A History of the Cimarron County*, Dr. Laurence Murphy, 1974.

Frank Warner Angel's 1878 Report of the Tunstall Murder

Swent: But let's go on to your grandfather and what you found out about him in recent years.

Cleaveland: Yes. Well, just as an accumulation of evidence, which has gradually built up from my constant pressure on New Mexico's historians to come to grips with this, to publish Angel's reports, which will put the ball in play. Engineers would have indexed and published those reports a century ago.

Swent: Now let's tell what Angel's reports are, and your experience with them.

Cleaveland: Yes. Angel's reports, to me, were very significant when they were written. They have become perhaps ten times as significant since then because they've been covered up for over 130 years. The covering up of Angel's reports emphasizes their importance.

The original report was assembled in 1878, in Washington.

Swent: What do the reports deal with?

Cleaveland: Frank Warner Angel was a federal investigator. He was sent out to New Mexico to report on the death of John Henry Tunstall. John Henry Tunstall was an English aristocrat--the adventurous type--who came out to New Mexico and started up a bank and a business, some cattle business, in Lincoln County. Of course, he promptly encountered the local authorities, who were members of the Santa Fe Ring.

Swent: Right. And Angel's report was--

Cleaveland: Was about the murder. The British embassy in Washington demanded an explanation, because Tunstall was shot down by a sheriff's posse, a fully qualified sheriff's posse, who merely shot him down in cold blood, left the body where it fell, and where it stayed for twenty-four hours or so before Billy the Kid or some other friends of Tunstall came back and gathered it up.

Swent: So Angel's report on this was made public, or made in 1878, but your grandfather wasn't killed for five years after that.

Cleaveland: No, that's quite true, but by 1878, he was at dagger's point with the Santa Fe Ring. Because the Santa Fe Ring was trying to block the Santa Fe Railroad from getting into New Mexico.

He was location engineer; he had been in New Mexico before that. He first arrived around the early 1870s, and at one time, was chief executive officer of the Maxwell Land Grant and Railroad Company, which controlled the land on which the Santa Fe Trail came over Raton Pass.

That was incidental to him. He was interested in the railroad possibilities.

Swent: I think you should explain why you think Angel's report has anything to do with an event that happened five years later.

Cleaveland: Oh, okay. Morley bumped into what was called the Santa Fe Ring. That was what my grandfather had called them repeatedly in letters which I have, the original letters to his wife, in which he many times refers to the Santa Fe Ring. And he's talking about these disciples of the Southern Pacific Railroad. They were called the Santa Fe Ring because they dominated New Mexico. By their domination, they planned to block the AT&SF Railroad from entering the Territory of New Mexico.

Morley Edits the Cimarron Newspaper Opposing the Santa Fe Ring

Cleaveland: My grandfather starts up a newspaper called *The Cimarron News and Press*. At that time, Cimarron was the county seat of Colfax County. The Santa Fe Trail came through Colfax County en route to Santa Fe. Therefore, the Maxwell Land Grant was very important, and what was said about the Santa Fe Ring was also very important.

My grandfather was a Populist. Reverend Tolby, who was later murdered, was also a Populist. He was supporting my grandfather--I haven't seen any documentary evidence, but according to family tradition and other traditions, my grandfather assisted Tolby in writing the letters that he did to the editor of the *New York Sun*, whose editor, Dana, was a Populist.

Now, my grandfather's uncle was a fellow named Tibbles who was editor of the *Lincoln Independent*. Lincoln was the capital of Nebraska.

Swent: Lincoln.

Cleaveland: Lincoln, yes. A Lincoln, Nebraska, paper, which was the mouthpiece of the Populist party. The Populist party was really a weak third party, but they were kicking up as much of a stink as they could because of the corruption that was going on in connection with the railroads and other things.

Swent: Let's get back to the Angel report.

Cleaveland: Yes, okay. So Angel, as I say, was a federal investigator. I've never been able to document this, but there are insinuations in several reports that he had been in New Mexico before he came out this time. So he wasn't a novice. In fact, that is very strongly suggested in some articles that appeared in the Santa Fe papers attacking Angel.

But he was sent out here to answer the queries that were coming in from the British embassy about the murder of John Henry Tunstall, an Englishman, in New Mexico. As I say, Tolby during the Civil War had been a chaplain and was a Populist, and he was a close friend of my grandparents. His name was used, anyway, on those letters that were published in the *New York Sun* who at that time was feared greatly because they had displayed enough influence to force the resignation of Vice President Colfax, after whom Colfax County had been named. He had become involved in some railroad land grant scandals.

Swent: Yes, but what about the cover-up of the report?

Cleaveland: Angel's report--he came out from Washington, D.C., for that purpose. He went to Lincoln County. He investigated thoroughly and collected numerous documents including a six-page affidavit signed by William H. Bonney, who was Billy the Kid. But Angel hadn't yet learned much about the Santa Fe Ring.

When he came back from Lincoln County to Santa Fe to talk to the heads of the Ring, again, apparently he was quite content that there wasn't much going on in Lincoln County that wasn't also going on elsewhere in New Mexico.

But it was on his way home when he hit Cimarron that he became inspired to conclude in his report, "It is seldom that history states more corruption, fraud, mismanagement, plots and murders than New Mexico has been the theatre under the administration of Governor Axtel [sic]." My grandfather was not in Cimarron at the time but he still was an owner-editor of the *Cimarron News & Press*. Angel was given a copy, because some folks in Cimarron had just stolen a trunk from Thomas B. Catron, who was U.S. Attorney for New Mexico, a federal

appointee. In his trunk were found some very incriminating documents about some of the crimes being committed by the Santa Fe Ring. Some of these documents were published by the *Cimarron News & Press*.

The "Dear Ben" Letter, Evidence of Murderous Intentions

Cleaveland: But anyway, when on his way home, to answer your question directly, Angel learned about that letter for the first time. He felt compelled to return to Santa Fe. I haven't seen that mentioned in any historical account. He was on his way home, he got to Cimarron, he got the evidence of skullduggery going on, because of a document that had been stolen--that had been found in the trunk stolen from Thomas B. Catron, a leader of the Santa Fe Ring. Particularly there was a letter by Governor Axtell which became known as the "Dear Ben" letter. It explained that by orders of the governor, a troop of cavalry was being sent to Cimarron to arrest Clay Allison, a flamboyant Confederate cavalry veteran who hated "Damyankes" such as Morley and once destroyed Morley's printing press. But after the Santa Fe Ring grossly abused Mrs. Morley with a federal indictment for robbing the Cimarron post office "with force and arms," Allison and his vigilante gang of Southern combat veterans turned against the Santa Fe Ring. That is why federal troops were called out to murder both Morley and Allison. Also it helps explain why I am so obsessed about the "Great New Mexico Cover-Up."

Angel's report--Angel then became really excited. He hadn't been excited at all about Lincoln County, but the "Dear Ben" letter really excited him. Here was evidence of cold-blooded murders being sponsored by the governor and other Ring members. So Angel returns to Santa Fe almost incoherent in his rage. Those papers are delivered to the secretary of the interior and are called to the attention of the president, and then filed in the Washington archives. The part that deals with Lincoln County and the murder of Tunstall were sent to England, and after being indexed and published are filed in London's British Foreign Office archives.

They were discovered or leaked some eighty years later by sheer coincidence, and when they were called to the attention of historians in New Mexico, a few of them hurried to Washington and found that nearly all of Angel's reports, some 2,000 hand-written pages, were intact in the archives.

Historians involved then made microfilms of selected portions. "Cafeteria-style research" I call it.

The reports that were sent to London were properly indexed, properly published, put in the archives so most anyone could find them. I sent a signal to my daughter in London to get me a copy, which she did. Thus I have a photocopy by the archives of that part of Angel's reports that deal with the murder of Tunstall.

Swent: And this pretty well condemns the Santa Fe Ring, does it?

Cleaveland: Oh, yes. It doesn't mention the Santa Fe Ring, but it puts in their letters, copies of letters that were written by members of the Ring. Of particular interest was a letter by Governor S. B. Axtell, a letter that became known as the "Dear Ben" letter. This explains Axtell's instructions to send a troop of cavalry to Cimarron under conditions that certainly would have resulted in the murder of some of the enemies of the Ring. Listed for murder were W. R. Morley, Frank Springer, H. M. Porter, and Clay Allison.

Civil War Enmities Persisted

Swent: And Morley was your grandfather?

Cleaveland: Morley was my grandfather. You can read the so-called "Dear Ben" letter. This was a criminal act without a doubt, because the Ring felt compelled to kill Clay Allison, who had changed sides. He first had been a "hit man" for the Santa Fe Ring, because he was a Confederate veteran. Morley had marched with Sherman to the sea. They were natural enemies. Clay was doing whatever the Ring said they wanted done, which was banging those who were interfering.

Persecution of Grandmother Morley

Cleaveland: But when the Ring started persecuting my grandmother, in an effort to influence my grandfather, they wickedly persecuted her by having her summoned before a federal grand jury in Santa Fe who indicted her for robbing the Cimarron post office "with force and arms." It was utterly ridiculous, but in the course of doing that, they had, in effect, condemned her to at

least four trips between Cimarron and Santa Fe over some of the roughest sections of the Santa Fe Trail at a time she was pregnant. She was summoned down to Santa Fe to be indicted. Then she had to wait six months for a trial. However, they never did bring her to trial, because Clay Allison stepped in.

He had been a Southern cavalryman, and was particularly gallant with the women. He kept his fights amongst the men, and he wouldn't tolerate the abuse of women. So he issues a vocal proclamation, according to all accounts, that if Mrs. Morley was ever brought to trial, no man would leave the courtroom alive.

Most everybody in New Mexico was amused because the federal courtroom was in the shadow of Fort Marcy, which was the headquarters of the military in New Mexico. In effect, Allison had said that he would gather up some of his Confederate combat veterans and blow the damn Yankees out of their fort before shooting all the men in the federal courtroom.

Clay was not a man to trifle with. The Ring didn't dare charge him with contempt of court, because they knew that to do so would just make things worse. Also they didn't dare ignore his warning. So my grandmother was never tried in a federal court for post office robbery "with force and arms."

The indictment was finally removed from the court docket but "with leave to reinstate same." The indictment could be reinstated.

Governor S. B. Axtell was replaced because of Angel's report--well, I won't say sacked, he was relieved of duty as governor, replaced by the Civil War hero, General Lew Wallace. But after a change of administrations in Washington, D.C., Axtell was returned to New Mexico as chief justice of the Supreme Court, and also as judge of the First Judicial District, where most of the legal action took place in New Mexico.

Axtell's Return to New Mexico and Morley's "Accidental" Death

Swent: This was Axtell?

Cleveland: Yes, that was Axtell. Here came this guy who had just plotted to have my grandfather murdered, and he had the power to

reinstate the indictment of my grandmother. She naturally packs up her three kids and goes back to Iowa. She is really in terror, because her indictment can be renewed at any time. She happens to be in Chicago at the time my grandfather was murdered down in Mexico. It was very shortly after Axtell returned to New Mexico.

My grandfather was murdered under very confused circumstances in a remote area of Chihuahua, Mexico. At the time, it was ruled as an accident, but after careful investigation that story falls all apart. There isn't any question in my mind but that my grandfather was murdered. However, some historians still say he was killed accidentally. That takes the burden off the Santa Fe Ring. They don't have to explain, and all the coincidences and all the doubts are used to the advantage of the Santa Fe Ring. Most of the historians involved are supported by public funds allocated for education. And that stands to this day. The funds allocated for education by the state go to the numerous history departments in New Mexico and are being used to mislead the public--"fraud" say I.

##

Cleaveland: --just an outright swindle. And that is why I am so obsessed about it, because I would say it runs into hundreds of millions of dollars of funds have been used to deceive, and for scholars to corrupt themselves, as they have done without a doubt in regard to my book, *The Morleys*. See, they lied about it in the *New Mexico Historical Review*. That killed it dead. They then refused to publish my article that you have, entitled "The Great New Mexico Cover-up," which I fully documented, as you've seen. It's about Angel's report that we were talking about.

Establishment Historians Deny Importance of Angel's Report

Cleaveland: Angel's reports, photocopies of them, I am told now have been in New Mexico for at least two years. Historians still claim that they are going to publish them after indexing them. But after two years they haven't done it yet. The last time I talked to the historian in charge, he said, "We have a student working on them." Well, they could keep the project going for thirty, forty years, with a student working on them.

Swent: Two thousand pages.

Cleaveland: Two thousand pages, and the indexing of them. They claim they haven't sufficient funds. But they seem reluctant to discuss the subject. See, those letters up there [indicating display on mantel] are indications that some people agree with me. They know that my grandfather was murdered. But it's also confused by phony history, and this Western History Association, which has just come into blossom, interlocks all the Western university presses. All are financed publicly. They apparently are dedicated to revising Western history. That, to me, is utterly shocking and shouldn't be tolerated, just another swindle on a colossal basis. Because according to their published program, they don't intend to discuss railroads, Angel's reports, or the Santa Fe Ring.

No, no, to me, it is one of the most important projects that I've ever been engaged in. That is why I'm totally obsessed, and why people naturally cross the street when they see me coming. But they all know--the historians know that my grandfather was murdered. A couple of years ago the Historical Society of New Mexico brought out a speaker all the way from California to apologize for the Santa Fe Ring, at the 1992 annual meeting of the New Mexico Historical Society. In response I merely announced to an auditorium full of historians that the Santa Fe Ring murdered my Grandfather Morley. There was no response.

Swent: We should say that you published the book, *The Morleys*, which came out in 1971, and since then, you have published yourself several pamphlets, and you've written any number of articles--

Cleaveland: Oh, yes.

Swent: --which have been published. And of course, a lot of letters to the editors.

Cleaveland: That's right. That display I have up there [on the mantel] is for the benefit of any historian that wants to talk to the well-informed grandson of William Raymond Morley, who still plays a very important role in New Mexico history.

Movie Producers Still Protect the Santa Fe Ring

Cleaveland: Now, my mother was deceived, her mother had been terrorized, really terrorized, by the Santa Fe Ring, really abused. That's what caused Clay Allison to change sides. And I might say that a few years ago, Hal Wallis, one of the leading

producers I think of Universal Studios in Hollywood, enthusiastically took an option on my story of Clay Allison for a movie. He renewed the option twice but I was told that he could not get clearance by the New Mexico State Motion Picture Production Bureau. A movie about Clay Allison and the Santa Fe Ring is not tolerated. I was told that there would have been at least \$20 million involved in the proposed production.

Morley's Engineering Achievements: The Route to Guaymas

Swent: You just feel terribly frustrated.

Cleveland: It certainly frustrates me. One is because my grandfather may well have been the most significant activist of his era in New Mexico. The railroad was extremely important. He eventually broke the monopoly in California by building a railroad across the Sonora Desert. At the time, this was a fabulous achievement. It undoubtedly broke the monopoly, and the Santa Fe Railroad got into California as a result of that, and became one of the top railroads in the nation. This was inevitable because nearly everybody in California welcomed with loud cheers another railroad to compete with the Southern Pacific. It was a blessing for California.

Engineering the Famed Royal Gorge Route in Colorado

Swent: He also engineered the Colorado sensation.

Cleveland: Oh, yes, up there at the Royal Gorge. There's hardly anything more sensational in railroad history than the Royal Gorge War, in which Morley was a leading factor. The midnight ride. And abruptly thereafter he was murdered when he was only thirty-six, in the prime of life.

Grandmother Morley, a Grand Educated Woman Living in Terror

Cleveland: I'll outline roughly the conditions of my grandmother. You can see why she moved way down at the end of the line in Datil, to stay out of the mainstream. She could have taken

the kids back to Iowa, but her husband had substantial holdings in New Mexico and Colorado, and had she left the territory, she would have lost them faster than she eventually did anyway. Eventually she lost nearly all of them, not all of them, but almost all of them, which was inevitable for as long as the Santa Fe Ring completely dominated New Mexico.

She was the most admirable person that I've ever known. But she never told her children about how their father died. This was for their own protection. In those days, knowing too much could be terminal, because the Santa Fe Ring murdered-- this was an integral part of their political process. That is why I now become obsessed. I bother a lot of people. They don't have to stay around me very long until they get bothered, because I am obsessed. It is because of the murder, and the covering-up of a murder is illegal.

That's what the taxpayers' money is being spent for, and I believe this Western History Association is the greatest scam since I don't know when. It's all going to be based on public funds. It's all going to be based on revising history the way they want it to be, and they are going to follow the practices of the University of New Mexico Press, which I believe is an obvious swindle.

In the book that I wrote, one of their Ph.D.'s just comes right out and lies, and it's supported by the university press. Anything goes, if you're defending the Santa Fe Ring in New Mexico. But it happened. The Ring leaders were criminals. The murder of my grandfather was a criminal act. The plot to murder him earlier was a criminal act. The murder of Tolby--and there were many other murders. Many people at the time knew it, my grandmother particularly. She packs up the kids and moves back to Iowa when Axtell is returned--can you imagine, a guy who is guilty of being involved in numerous murders, and therefore being replaced as governor, then coming back as chief justice of the Supreme Court, and also judge of the First Judicial District? That contradicts all the elemental theories of legal practice. On his return he was in charge of the lower courts, also he was in charge of the highest courts, and he was a murderer, and my grandmother knew it. And she was still in the shadow of the indictment for having robbed the Cimarron post office "with force and arms." The statute of limitations still hadn't expired. That was a pure scam. The whole thing caused New Mexico to become a terrorist state in which knowing too much could be terminal.

In the course of Granny's persecution, she was hauled down to Santa Fe over the roughest sections of the Santa Fe

Trail, and then back. Her trial never took place. It was scheduled for the following February. This meant that she would have to come down to Santa Fe again. As long as her home was in Cimarron, she'd have to keep going back to Santa Fe. So 600 miles over some of the roughest sections of the Santa Fe Trail, while she was pregnant, would be suffered even if the courts finally found her innocent. The next step to torment her was to murder her husband. No doubt her children and herself were also in mortal danger.

To protect her own children, she didn't tell them what happened. She was one of the most benevolent influences in my life. She was a grand person, a really grand person. She may have been the only woman in New Mexico who had a university degree in those days. She had a degree from the University of Iowa in English literature. She had a very substantial library, with many of the classics in it. Where it's gone, I don't know. She was an accomplished pianist and owned a splendid Steinway piano. She had a good singing voice and loved to sing and dance.

There were no schools in Datil but Granny saw to it that her kids read good literature any time they weren't busy being useful on ranch chores. They all got university educations. Her children were well educated, and nobody had more fun than they had. Granny arranged that, as you will learn if you read *No Life for a Lady*, by Agnes Morley Cleaveland, my mother.

Swent: Yes, that's wonderful--

Cleaveland: And you can see that they were really having a ball, and they weren't being worried by much but having a good time. That was due to the way my grandmother planned it.

Her influence on me was very significant. She was very convincing. She actively supported women's suffrage, she was an avid prohibitionist, she was a do-gooder in the best sense of the word. But oh, what a hideous mauling she took from the Santa Fe Ring. I am never going to give up shouting about this, because New Mexico's historians now know it. They know it damn well, and apparently they are reluctant to talk to me about it. They don't seem to want to know more. I have the originals of those letters published in my book *The Morleys*. Many of New Mexico's historians know this. But they damn well don't want to come out and say so in public.

Swent: Actually, the Santa Fe Ring were Republicans, weren't they?

Cleaveland: Yes, they were Republicans. But I'm saying it was the sore-headed Democrats--that's what apologists for the Santa Fe Ring called their critics. The Santa Fe Ring leaders have said that the only people who quarrel with the Ring were sore-headed Democrats. That was a political ploy. Sore-headed Democrats called them the Santa Fe Ring. But apologists for the Ring claim that there was no such thing. The hell there wasn't! They were sponsored by the Robber Barons, they were part of the spirit of the times, which included the probability of murder for those who opposed them, and most people in New Mexico knew it. If you want to confirm this, then check with some of the old Hispanic families and some of the Indians. They took an awful beating from the Santa Fe Ring. They had a--[laughs] you talk to some of the old families and say--try to tell them there wasn't a Santa Fe Ring. [laughs] There damn well was one, and they were in absolute control, they murdered whenever it was convenient, or they violated any other law that interfered with their activities. They completely dominated New Mexico during their heyday and established a reign of terror.

And now, the Western History Association seems poised to revise history much as did the Santa Fe Ring, but more gently. I would be surprised if the Association resorts to murder. But from personal experience, I know that the Historical Society in New Mexico and the University of New Mexico Press at times deliberately do not tell the truth, and that means that they're corrupt. And they know it, and they know that I know it, and that's why they avoid me. I am considered to be obsessed, a guy who's daffy, getting old, in twilight dementia, they call it. But if they want to see the documents, they can come around and take a look. They're available.

The Colfax County War, the Railroads, the Santa Fe Ring

Cleaveland: I've given you a copy of *The Great New Mexico Cover-Up*, which it was, the great New Mexico cover-up, and it's still in force, still in force, and being expanded. Now they're going to cover up not only for New Mexico, but for the entire West and at public expense.

Angel's reports, they say, are going to be published, and going to be indexed. You can believe that portion that deals with the murder in Lincoln County, because it was filed in England. It was filed some 130 years ago. But it hasn't been

published. Most New Mexican historians know about it. On microfilm I have seen enough portions of Angel's report to convince me that some of the Ring leaders should have been prosecuted. Also I have been told that it is illegal to cover up a murder, for which there is no statute of limitations. Perhaps I should hire a lawyer and start suing some publicly supported historians. Covering up murders is illegal. Ask your friendly neighborhood lawyer. And the murder of my grandfather was covered up.

Swent: You're certainly doing your very best to expose it.

Cleaveland: I am doing it, and it's the biggest job I've ever had in my life, the most important job I've ever had.

Swent: And you're doing a very good job.

Cleaveland: And if I achieve it, it will be my greatest achievement.

Swent: Well, I think you are achieving it.

Cleaveland: That is what I'm hoping. That's why I'm obsessed, because-- what they did both to my grandmother and to my grandfather.

Swent: You're keeping people aware of it, very definitely.

Cleaveland: Yes. And all they have to do is look at the record. You can't--you have to avoid looking at it, just like they've done. They won't come and look at my records. And when historians are no longer inquisitive, Lord help us. And when they try to set up a great public relations exercise to cover up what they know is true, Lord help us some more.

Swent: You just have to believe that the public is wise enough eventually to see through this.

Cleaveland: Yes. Well, but the trend as I read it is the other way, that the public relations experts are winning. They're going to get all the university presses in the West to revise all Western history. You can tell by their program that they're not going to discuss railroads, they're not going to discuss the Santa Fe Ring, and they're not going to discuss Angel's report. No, no. They can't do that. They've got to leave that out. But then, leaving that out, then they will fix up the Indians and the Spaniards, and do everything all over, but the Santa Fe Ring will probably remain sort of a myth. We can't answer questions about why there wasn't prosecution. There should have been prosecution in the courts, and there certainly should have been court-martials. I mean, the army

was violating all sorts of rules and regulations when they sent the Buffalo Soldiers up to Cimarron. They sent them up there to provoke Clay Allison, who had served in General Bedford Forrest's cavalry. Later General Forrest was a founder of the Ku Klux Klan. Allison was a racist of the first order. Ring leaders send up a troop of black soldiers to arrest him. They know perfectly well what they're doing. They're provoking violence, and the governor's orders said, "If there's any resistance, shoot him down, and all those who stand with him." That's what the governor ordered.

And Allison was almost certain to resist. After having been invited to meet the governor, he's not going to be arrested on false charges by some Buffalo Soldiers. He's not only going to be shot down, but all those who stand with him. Governor Axtell named in his "Dear Ben" letter who is going to stand with Allison: Morley, Springer, and Porter. Clean up the lot. Three of the Buffalo Soldiers were shot down by friends of Allison in a Cimarron saloon. They were the only real casualties of this extremely vicious plot. In a subsequent letter in Angel's report, Morley described that plot as "treacherous." Nobody was arrested for shooting down the Buffalo Soldiers. The Ring didn't bother about them very much.

But they were sacrificed. The fact that they were controversial was used to be a cause to murder Morley, Springer, and Porter. Oh, it was a vicious plot, and everybody will know this once they see Angel's report. Scholars would be greatly assisted if Angel's reports were indexed and published. Now only portions are available on microfilm. You're restricted when you use microfilm. After about a half an hour of that, you're about ready to put it up for another day.

Swent: I'd like to have you tell how effective you've been with your grandson, though.

Cleaveland: [laughing] Yes, yes, yes.

Swent: You've certainly got him educated.

Cleaveland: Yes. I was talking to my grandson George the other day on the telephone. He is about three years old. He says, "The Santa Fe Ring was naughty, naughty!" [laughs] And George is certainly right. His mother knows all the facts, and his aunts know all the facts. After I am gone, they are going to have to deal with George who thinks that the Santa Fe Ring was naughty. And it's about time the historians took their clue

and agreed with George that the Santa Fe Ring was "naughty, naughty."

Swent: Well, I think that probably somebody will get the right story before long.

Cleaveland: They should. It's here, they know it's here. It's readily available.

Swent: Right.

Cleaveland: [indicates his display of documents] The official letterhead of the Western History Association, there it is. They say it. "They agree with you." The historians do. Well, why the hell don't they say so then? And read what Marc Simmons says.

Swent: I think the tape is just about over.

Cleaveland: Okay.

[The following section was added later by Mr. Cleaveland]

Swent: Why do you seem so certain that your Grandfather Morley was murdered?

Cleaveland: My conviction results from numerous facts which include the behavior of some historians who I think also believe that Morley was murdered by hesitate to say so because of the influence that apologists for the Santa Fe Ring still have.

My mother's wavering opinions on the subject have also been a factor as were the rather emotional conversations I had with the highly respected late Ada Springer Davis, a daughter of Frank Springer and a very cordial neighbor in Santa Fe. I believe she was a goddaughter of my grandmother Ada McPherson Morley. But the conclusive facts I believe involve my mother's conviction that her father did not leave a will.

If this was true it would reflect disparagingly on his attorney and business partner Frank Springer who was particularly well informed about the Santa Fe Ring's extremely treacherous plot to murder both Morley and Springer. This was only one of the indications that Morley was the archenemy of the notorious Santa Fe Ring and that murder was included in the Ring's normal operating procedure in dealing with their enemies.

One of Springer's fiduciary responsibilities would have been to be sure that his client was properly protected with a

will. Springer was certainly one of the most competent lawyers in the Territory of New Mexico which was then a terrorist state due to the crimes being committed by the Santa Fe Ring who were in complete political control.

Some of those crimes were well documented in the 1878 reports of Frank Warner Angel, a federal investigator. The current reluctance to index and publish these reports supports my belief that some apologists for the Santa Fe Ring are still trying to maintain the century-old cover up of the Ring's misdeeds, particularly the murder of Grandfather Morley.

I believe Grandfather's will was included in the two boxes of documents that Ada Springer Davis burned at her father's orders shortly before he died.

Finally, my numerous statements on the subject for many years have been unchallenged by scholars as far as I know.

Had Morley's will survived, the present confusion about who owned what in both Colfax County and Denver, Colorado, would have been greatly reduced.

My mother's final book was about Colfax County and was entitled *Satan's Paradise*.¹ On page 78 she said: "Had strict legalism prevailed in my case I would have inherited my share of my father's one-time considerable holdings in the Maxwell Land Grant and thereafter have been in the role of an heiress. But legalism did not prevail. Exactly what did is one of the many answers which the overworked Recording Angel presumably has on his agenda."

Of course, my grandmother Morley was thoroughly terrorized by the murder of her husband after she had been indicated by a federal grand jury in Santa Fe for robbing the Cimarron Post Office "with force and arms." To protect her three children and herself she sought refuge in the then remote Datil Mountains.

In discussing her father's death my mother usually explained that at the time some people claimed that he was murdered but that she had two pamphlets, one published by the AT&SF and the other by the American Society of Civil Engineers that claimed the death was accidental.

¹Houghton-Mifflin, 1952.

After careful consideration and consultation with medics I am convinced that both pamphlets provided glaringly false accounts, probably to protect Morley's family from further terrorism until eventually the pamphlets would be exposed as false. I feel sure that after Angel's 1878 Reports are eventually indexed and published the objective of the AT&SF and the American Society of Civil Engineers will be realized. There will be general acceptance of Morley's death as a murder in spite of the continuing efforts of apologists for the Santa Fe Ring.

TAPE GUIDE--Norman Cleaveland

Interview 1: December 15, 1994

Tape 1, Side A	1
Tape 1, Side B	9
Tape 2, Side A	16
Tape 2, Side B	25
Tape 3, Side A	34
Tape 3, Side B	43
Tape 4, Side A	51
Tape 4, Side B	59
Tape 5, Side A	69
Tape 5, Side B	78

Interview 2: December 16, 1994

Tape 6, Side A	89
Tape 6, Side B	96
Tape 7, Side A	104
Tape 7, Side B	112
Tape 8, Side A	121
Tape 8, Side B	130

Publications by Norman Cleaveland

Bang! Bang! In Ampang; Dredging Tin During Malaya's "Emergency", Symcon Publishing Company, San Pedro, California, 1973

The Healer: The Story of Francis Schlatter, Norman Cleaveland, editor, Sunstone Press, Santa Fe, New Mexico, 1989

The Morleys, Young Upstarts on the Southwest Frontier, with George Fitzpatrick, Calvin Horn press, Albuquerque, New Mexico, 1971

Pamphlets:

The Great Santa Fe Coverup, for Santa Fe Historical Society, November 1, 1978

Can New Mexico's Historians Improve Their Discipline?, for the New Mexico Historical Society, Santa Fe, April 15-18, 1982

Comments Made to the Huntington Westerners, San Marino, California, September 19, 1987

A Synopsis of the Great New Mexico Cover-Up, for the Historical Society of New Mexico, Socorro, April 13-15, 1989

Some Highlights of William R. Morley's Contributions to the Pioneer Development of the Southwest--Including California, introduction by Fern Lyon, undated

THE APPROXIMATE TRUTH ABOUT THE SANTA FE RING

By NORMAN CLEVELAND

12/24/94

The Santa Fe Ring was a clique of highly competent lawyers who, after the Civil War, were appointed to all top political posts in New Mexico by U.S. Presidents at a time the Territory was being ruled from Washington D.C. on a colonial basis. Ring leaders were also disciples of the Southern Pacific Railroad who were building eastward from California along approved Land Grant Routes in an effort to maintain their bonanza California monopoly. The owners of the S.P.: Leland Stanford, Collis P. Huntington, George Crocker and Mark Hopkins became known as "California's Big Four" and historians later included them with the nation's "Robber Barons".

When the westward building Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad reached New Mexico during 1878 they encountered violence known as the Colfax County War. Murder became an integral part of the Ring's political procedure, as was well-documented in the exhaustive 1878 reports of Frank Warner Angel, a federal investigator. He concluded: "It is seldom history states more corruption, fraud, mismanagement, plots and murders than New Mexico has been the theatre under the administration of Governor Axtel(sic)."

Angel's Reports were covered up for some eighty years but, when eventually indexed and published will no doubt clarify the covered up murders instigated in both the so-called Colfax County and the Lincoln County Wars which occurred almost simultaneously. Those reports tend to confirm that New Mexico had become a terrorist state dominated by the Santa Fe Ring and that William Raymond Morley was one of the Ring's victims.

In all probability, had one of the Ring's really weird multiple murder plots materialized, a plot documented in Angel's Reports and which included Gov. Axtell's instructions for the murder of Clay Allison together with W.R. Morley, Frank Springer and H.M. Porter a major bloodbath would have almost certainly erupted when Clay's battle-hardened Confederate followers sought to avenge the death of their revered leader. They hated Damyankees, particularly those who had marched through Georgia, as had Morley.

If Ring leaders and the military did not know this they certainly should have and thus Angel's Reports should have led to court martials as well as to criminal prosecution of Ring leaders in some civilian courts.

But, instead of prosecuting the guilty, the Ring-dominated federal grand jury in Santa Fe indicted Mrs. Morley for robbing a post office "with force and arms". Allison, the ever-gallant Confederate cavalryman, then greatly amused most New Mexicans with an edict: "Bring Mrs. Morley to trial and not a man will leave the courtroom alive." That courtroom was in the shadow of Santa Fe's Fort Marcy, the headquarters of the U.S. Army in New Mexico. Both Ring leaders and the military apparently knew better than to charge Allison with "contempt of court" or to ignore his warning.

Ring leaders apparently also realized that to retain their firm control of New Mexico they had to silence both Allison and Morley. Therefore, treacherously, a troop of Buffalo Soldiers was sent to Colfax County to murder Allison together with Morley and two of Morley's associates: Frank Springer and H.M. Porter.

(over)

Morley was forewarned in time to notify the other intended victims but with the immunity usually enjoyed by Ring supporters, two of the troopers were shot down in a Cimarron saloon by friends of Allison. Subsequently Morley was killed under highly confused circumstances in a Chihuahua wilderness shortly after Axtell, who had been replaced as New Mexico's governor in consequence of Angel's Reports, incredibly, was returned to New Mexico as both Chief Justice and the judge for the First Judicial District where most of the legal action in New Mexico took place. This further travesty occurred after a change of administration in Washington D.C. and indicated that the influence of the Robber Barons remained intact and further corruption was assured.

Allison was eventually killed in a wagon accident and was buried in Pecos, Texas, where the inscription on his tombstone reads, "He never killed a man who didn't need killing."

The reign of terror established by the Ring leaders in New Mexico, diminished slowly into the 20th century and has had a profound influence on the recorded history. Fortunately, "The Great New Mexico Cover-Up" is starting to unravel and the eventual publication of the 1878 Reports of Frank Warner Angel will, no doubt, be very helpful in bringing New Mexico's recorded history closer to the approximate truth.

Because of the vast wastage of money being allocated for education, a proper investigation of this matter is obviously urgent.

SOME WISHFUL THINKING ABOUT THE SANTA FE RING

By Norman Cleaveland 5/1/95

At my 94th birthday party in Santa Fe on April 4, 1995, I announced that from recent experience I believed that in New Mexico, those who die before reaching 100 do so prematurely. Then I invited all present to my 100th birthday party on April 4, 2001.

Before that time I expect the 1878 Reports of Frank Warner Angel, a federal investigator, to be indexed and published. Hopefully, then they will become the object of careful research by scholars. If so, the scholars involved probably will be better informed about the numerous crimes committed by New Mexico's notorious Santa Fe Ring, notorious because of their exhaustive efforts, for over a century, to cover up the crimes at huge public expense.

The murder of my grandfather William Raymond Morley was one of these crimes and the terrorizing of my grandmother, Ada McPherson Morley, took place both before and after her husband was murdered.

A substantial portion of the money allocated for education has been spent to maintain this fraud, the termination of which, will be a great relief for New Mexico's taxpayers who also will be forewarned about such organizations as the Western History Association. Apparently they have adopted UNM's policy of avoiding investigations or discussions of the Ring's crimes at least until after the 1878 reports of Frank Warner Angel have been indexed and published.

One of Angel's conclusions was, **"It is seldom history states more corruption, fraud, mismanagement, plots and murders than New Mexico has been the theatre under the administration of Governor Axtel(sic)."**

MORE ABOUT THE TIMES NEW MEXICO WAS A TERRORIST STATE
By Norman Cleaveland 6/6/95

I have long been puzzled by the apparent reluctance of Santa Fe's schools of higher education to promote the publication of the 1878 Reports of Frank Warner Angel, a federal investigator. After being indexed and published those some 2000 pages of handwritten reports will provide a bonanza of information for scholars concerned with New Mexico history, particularly in regard to the notorious Santa Fe Ring and their murder of my grandfather, William Raymond Morley. He was the archenemy of the Ring many of whose crimes were documented by Angel and will be revealed upon publication of his 1878 reports.

I believe that before becoming fully qualified as a historian in New Mexico, candidates should be required to take a ride on the train that runs along a scenic portion of the Santa Fe Trail between Lamy and Las Vegas. The original rails were located for the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railroad by their Chief Location Engineer, William Raymond Morley. He was also an owner-editor of The Cimarron News & Press which claimed a circulation "second to none in New Mexico."

This rail ride provides a good idea of how extremely rough was the old Santa Fe Trail, especially for a buckboard before the days of bulldozers and other modern road building equipment. My Granny Ada McPherson Morley used a buckboard and a two-horse team to make the 300 or so mile round trip between Cimarron and Santa Fe during July of 1875. She had been summoned to appear before the Federal Grand Jury in Santa Fe to face charges that she had robbed the Cimarron Post Office "with force and arms." The U. S. Grand Jury in Santa Fe indicted her to appear in Santa Fe's federal court six months later, i.e. Feb., 1876.

She gave birth to William Raymond Morley, Jr., on March 17, 1876, and thus she was about one month pregnant when she faced the federal grand jury and would have been eight months pregnant had she appeared in court. Then if found innocent she would have travelled 600 miles or more over extremely primitive roads not only having had to endure acute discomfort and hardship physically and mentally but financially as well.

However the Ring's "hit-man" in Colfax County, a Confederate Cavalry veteran and usually an ardent hater of Damyankees such as Morley, Clay Allison, proclaimed, "Bring Mrs. Morley to trial and not a man will leave the courtroom alive." The courtroom involved was in the shadow of Fort Marcy, the headquarters of the U.S. Army in New Mexico.

It is unlikely that either the Santa Fe Ring or the U.S. Army found Allison's proclamation amusing but the Ring did not charge their "hit man" with contempt of court. The Ring also withdrew the charges against Mrs. Morley on the federal court docket but "with leave to reinstate same." Granny remained in the shadow of this demonic indictment until the statute of limitations expired. That was long after the Ring had murdered her husband.

Once scholars become as disenchanted with the Santa Fe Ring as Allison did he will probably replace Billy the Kid as the State's top gunfighter in the era of the Santa Fe Ring.

At the time that William Raymond Morley was murdered, Frank Springer was his legal adviser and his partner in some very profitable business ventures. Thus Springer probably was also terrorized into participating in the century-old cover up of Angel's Reports, particularly after the popular Rev. F. J. Tolby, a good friend of both the Morleys and the Springers, was murdered by the Ring. Springer documented the details of the Tolby murder for Angel.

William Raymond Morley, Jr.National Football Hall of Fame

At Columbia University Morley earned a degree as a Mining Engineer and was captain of the first football team to beat Yale. After a mining career in Old Mexico, long enough to become well acquainted with Pancho Villa, Morley returned to his family's ranch in New Mexico's Datil Mountains. While a rancher he became a founder of New Mexico's Cattle Growers Association and the president of Magdalena's First National Bank. After his death he was inducted into two National Halls of Fame, one for football and the other as cowboy.

National Cowboy Hall of Fame

My mother, Agnes Morley Cleaveland, was four years old at the time Angel was in New Mexico. As an adult she wrote extensively about New Mexico but never mentioned Angel. Apparently Granny knew that to be well informed in New Mexico could be terminal, therefore, for the safety of her children and herself, she did not divulge all that she knew about past events.

One of Angel's conclusions was "It is seldom history states more corruption, fraud, mismanagement, plots and murders than New Mexico has been the theatre under the administration of Governor Axtel(sic)."

Together with New Mexico's historians I am greatly indebted to the highly respected late Ada Springer Davis, a classmate of my Uncle Ray Morley, Jr. at Columbia University. She was probably a goddaughter of Granny Ada Morley. Mrs. Davis was particularly forthcoming during our discussions of family affairs.

William Raymond Morley, Jr. lived to be the only man in New Mexico ever to be inducted into two National Halls of Fame--one as a football player for Columbia University where he also earned a degree as a Mining Engineer. The other National Hall of Fame was for his extraordinary competence as a cowboy. After graduation from Columbia Uncle Ray practiced his profession as a Mining Engineer in Old Mexico until family problems required his attention in New Mexico.

A proper investigation seems justified.

CRACKING THE RING

History buff searches for truth
behind grandfather's violent death

by Fern Lyon

Have you ever received a computerized promotion letter that started out like this?

**"[Your name in large print],
CONGRATULATIONS!**

**YOU'RE ON TOP OF THE
WINNERS' LIST.**

**YOU'LL BE RECEIVING ONE
MILLION DOLLARS!"**

When Norman Cleaveland received such a letter, he answered: "Many thanks for your very generous offer. If I was 70 years or so younger, I would probably accept. But next April I'll be 90, so haven't much time to fuss with a million bucks."

Then he went on to educate the generous donors about New Mexico history and the part played in it by his grandfather, William R. Morley, who was, among other things, location engineer for the Santa Fe Railway back in the late 1870s and early 1880s. He ended his letter with a strong hint that the million dollars would be better used to improve the competence of historians examining the conditions that led to his grandfather's

death in 1883 at the age of 36.

Those were the days of robber barons intent on building transcontinental railroads for fun and profit. Robber barons corrupted federal government officials and established mutual-benefit arrangements with local officials. The local officials were often already organized into what were then called "rings." By definition, rings were involved in a variety of disreputable local enterprises and available for expansion.

The Territory of New Mexico was ideal for such jiggery-pokery. Top territorial government officials were federally appointed, not elected. In New Mexico they seem often to have been selected under the influence of powerful, robber baron lobbyists in Washington, D.C. These officials and what was known as the Santa Fe Ring controlled local officials on every level down to deputy sheriffs and justices of the peace. In addition the Santa Fe Ring controlled many major decision makers like newspaper editors and saloon keepers. The

Santa Fe Ring had a well-established local reputation for rigging elections, swindling landowners and committing violence.

Cleaveland's grandfather Morley lived in Cimarron near the epicenter of railroad-building activities in the 1870s. Ring shenanigans there in Colfax County aroused Morley to the point that he took over the local newspaper to expose general malfeasance. His friend F.J. Tolby, local circuit riding preacher, had similar aspirations. He wrote a series of letters castigating the Santa Fe Ring and got them published in the *New York Sun*, a muckraking newspaper that robber barons were sure to read. Tolby was murdered in Taos Canyon riding home from preaching in Elizabethtown. This was Sept. 14, 1875.

Historians who arouse Cleaveland's wrath to this day say it is an unsolved mystery. Quite a number of historians, however, agree with him that the Santa Fe Ring was responsible.

At about this same time the entire Morley family, including Mrs.

Morley's strong-minded mother, Mary E. McPherson, became deeply involved. McPherson even filed formal charges of corruption against the governor, the chief of justice of the Territorial Supreme Court and the Territorial U.S. district attorney.

Mrs. Morley decided things had gone far enough and unceremoniously extracted some of her mother's vituperative letters from a pile of outgoing mail on the Cimarron Post Office counter. She was indicted for robbing the U.S. Mails "with force of arms." The case was dropped "with leave to reinstate same" when it was learned she was pregnant.

The day after the baby, William Ray Morley II, was born, the governor and a military detail from Fort Union were scheduled to go to Cimarron to suppress what the governor termed a "dangerous insurrection." The governor planned for the military to shoot down any opposition. That would, of course, have included William R. Morley. The plan became known and nothing came of it at the time.

The whole rigamarole came to be called the Colfax County War, like the Lincoln County War.

News of these wars, adding to continuing pressure from McPherson and new pressure from the British Embassy (exercised over the murder of one of their high-born citizens, John Henry Tunstall, in Lincoln County), reached the U.S. attorney general in Washington, D.C. He sent an investigator to find out what was going on.



William R. Morley is shown here during his Army days with the Iowa Infantry in Taylorsville, Iowa. Norman Cleaveland hopes to prove that his grandfather Morley was killed because of his opposition to the infamous Santa Fe Ring.

Federal Agent Frank Warner Angel did a thorough job of it. Among other things he reported of New Mexico politics: "It is seldom that history states more corruption, frauds, mismanagement, plots and murders. . . ."

As a result of Angel's reports, the governor, the chief justice and the district attorney were removed from office, at least temporarily in 1878.

Almost a century later, when Cleaveland was working with George Fitzpatrick (longtime editor of this magazine) on a book *The Morleys—Young Upstarts on the Southwest Frontier*, the two of them realized that Angel's reports had been covered up so efficiently that historians virtually ignored them for nearly 80 years.

(They got clues to the Angel Reports from a biography of Tunstall published in 1965 in which the British author frequently refers to "Judge Angel." Just last summer Norman obtained long-lost parts of the reports from British archives.)

By the time of Morley's mysterious death in 1883, the Santa Fe Ring was again going strong. By that time, Morley had become prominent in railroad construction and was in Mexico serving as chief engineer for the Mexico Central Railroad.

Newspapers at the time had conflicting reports: Morley had been shot at point-blank range through the heart. He was shot through the head. He had died instantly. He had lived long enough to climb down from the buggy and calm the horses. These contradictions,

added to the fact that Morley was more than likely to return to New Mexico and make trouble for the Ring, leads Cleaveland to doubt the stories. But at the time they were accepted.

Morley's body was immediately returned from Mexico to his home in Las Vegas. He was given an elaborate funeral. A public subscription funded an impressive monument, an 18-foot tall Italian marble "broken shaft" signifying the death of a young man, with a bronze plaque featuring a bas-relief profile and a eulogy. He was buried in Las Vegas' cemetery. When Cleaveland's beloved grandmother Morley died in the 1920s she was buried beside her husband.

Just a few years ago Cleaveland discovered the historic cemetery was being neglected, the Morley monument vandalized, the bronze plaque used for target practice. Understandably outraged, he decided to remove the remains and the monument to the family's Datil ranch, where they are now.

While he was at it, he had archaeologists examine Morley's remains to ascertain if indeed he had been killed by a bullet through the head or through the chest. No sign of shots nor any bullet could be found. He is convinced that Morley was murdered by some other means. He feels so strongly about it that he wrote the following paragraphs:

"I have proved conclusively that the account circulated by the Atchison, Topeka & Santa Fe Railway [to newspapers] after the funeral of my grandfather Morley,



In his later years, William R. Morley is shown in this photograph appearing in a 1905 issue of the Santa Fe Employees' Magazine. There are several conflicting accounts about how Morley met his untimely death.

was false. Definitely he was not shot through the heart at point-blank range by a .44-caliber Winchester carbine. Nor thereafter did he climb down from a carriage and walk and talk for quite awhile.

How he was killed I do not know, but I believe the obviously absurd account circulated by the AT&SF was intended to be challenged eventually to expose the murder at a time far more convenient for both granny and the AT&SF.

"In the future this exposure will probably be considered one of the most significant achievements in my life, and I hope to continue to blow a whistle for as long as resources allocated for education are used to conceal rather than reveal the crimes and corruption in New Mexico during my grandparents' era."

But Cleaveland's life has been full of significant achievements.

For opens there's his 1924 Olympic gold medal for rugby. The team defeated the favored home French team against tremendous odds. Parisian fans were incensed. Gendarmes had to escort the American team off the field for their own safety. "We never did get to stand and have the *Star Spangled* played over us!" he says. Moviemakers have approached him about a film to be based on all that. Watch for it.

The Olympic rugby team grew out of a famous Stanford University football team on which Cleaveland was a star halfback. He also participated in the first East-West postseason game. Shriners recently presented him with a handsome

trophy commemorating that fact.

Although he was born and received most of his schooling in the Bay Area, Cleaveland spent a lot of his youth on the family ranch near Datil. His grandmother Morley had taken her three young children there after his grandfather was killed. His mother, Agnes Morley Cleaveland, wrote a best seller about growing up in Datil country, *No Life For A Lady*, and clung to her roots there all her life.

His uncle William Ray Morley II, a college Hall of Fame football player himself, ran the ranch when Cleaveland was young. During World War I Uncle Ray used him and other teenagers as his "kindergarten outfit."

Both Agnes and Ray are gone now, but Cleaveland continues to visit the ranch regularly to "recharge batteries."

After college and the Olympics Cleaveland began working with his father, Newton Cleaveland, who was manager of Yuba Manufacturing Co., making mining dredges.

In Cleaveland's most exciting adventure there, he was given the job of escorting Soviet engineers who wanted to buy American mining dredges. Negotiations were next to impossible until an ex-Imperial guard to the czar, who had escaped the Russian Revolution through Manchuria, found out about them and offered to act as interpreter. In spite of themselves, the Communists were impressed by him and bought six dredges.

That success led to a job managing tin mines in Malaya for a Brit-



Agnes Morley Cleaveland, Norman's mother, stayed in Datil all of her life and wrote a book about growing up in the area, No Life for a Lady.

ish firm. After World War II Malaya became Malaysia and Cleaveland began working for the New York firm Pacific Tin Consolidated there, eventually becoming its president.

All this time he served as a sort of Yankee liaison between American visitors and, first, the British colonial officials; then, after the war, with Malaysian government officials. Dignitaries he escorted included presidential candidates John Dewey, Adlai Stevenson and John F. Kennedy and Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas.

Communist guerrillas infested Malaysia after World War II, attacking local government and industrial installations. That included the tin-dredging operations. Cleaveland and his charges routinely traveled in armored vehicles with armed escorts. He has written a book about it, *Bang! Bang! In Ampang*.

During World War II he served in the Air Force as a service pilot because he was considered too old for other duty. When the war ended, President Harry S. Truman appointed him to the Pauley Mission investigating Russian devastation of Manchurian industrial establishments during the final few weeks of the conflict. Cleaveland helped write the Pauley Report. He is convinced that there has been a reprehensible cover-up of facts by historians and politicians there, too. So far he hasn't done much about that.

Following the Manchurian interlude, he returned to Malaysia.

In 1955 he married the daughter of the last British admiral to command the Singapore Naval Base. They established a home in Kuala Lumpur, the capital of Malaysia. Their three daughters now live in England, carrying on the family tradition of adventurous living—but that's three other stories.

When he retired in the late 1960s, he made Santa Fe his headquarters with his sister, the late Loraine Cleaveland Lavender. She was also quite a person and could well be the subject of still another story.

We say "headquarters" because he was kept busy on the board of Pacific Tin as well as on dredge-mining consultant jobs all over the world—Angel Fall in Venezuela, for example, and West Africa, New Zealand, Alaska, wherever.

It was during this time that he proved St. Matthew's dictum right: A prophet is not without honor save in his own country. He was invited to visit a proposed gold-dredging operation in Hillsboro. He arrived there in his battered old pickup truck with a license plate reading Datil-1. The miners at the site took one look and unceremoniously dismissed him. No hick from Datil could tell them how to dredge for gold! The enterprise came to nothing.

For the last 20 years or so Cleaveland has diligently tracked down every possible source of information about the death of his grandfather. He has found neglected documents and information in California, Kansas, Colo-



The gravesite of William R. Morley was moved to Datil by Cleaveland recently because the original gravesite in Las Vegas, N.M., was so heavily vandalized.

rado, the National Archives and in Britain. He has written extensively on the subject himself. He has given speeches, appeared on TV programs.

In 1988 he sponsored a seminar in Cimarron attended by leading Southwest historians. All this has been to set the record straight about his grandfather. In 1989, the Historical Society of New Mexico honored him with its Board of Directors' Award for his contributions to the study of history in New Mexico.

Last October about 40 people attended a memorial service at the Datil ranch site of his grandparents' reburial. Among them were family, friends and a number of distinguished historians and archaeologists. The Rev. "Jake" Snyder of the First Baptist Church of Datil, who is also a rancher and looks after the place, conducted the simple rites.

"I don't know, of course, but I think the Morleys would want to be here," Rev. Snyder said. Then he looked around at the lovely setting, a quiet meadow with blue sky overhead, surrounded by the friendly Datil Mountains. "And I think heaven must be a lot like this."

Cleaveland agrees.

Fern Lyon writes New Mexico Magazine's monthly Southwest Bookshelf column and is the author of the book Los Alamos: The First Forty Years.

INDEX--Norman Cleaveland

- Allison, Clay, 127-129, 131-132, 137
 Angel, Frank Warner, 24, 44, 123-131, 135, 136
 Angel, Jimmy, 68
 Axtell, Governor, 126-130
- Bongard, John, 49-52
 Briggs Plan, 74-78
- Cleaveland, Agnes Morley (mother), 3-5, 38, 56, 117-120, 131, 134
 Cleaveland, Ann (wife), 118
 Cleaveland, Newton (father), 1-3, 5-7, 10, 36, 37, 38, 49, 54
 Cleaveland, Norman
 college student, Olympic athlete, 8-30
 historian, 115-138
 mining engineer, 31-115
 Cleaveland circular jig, 100-104
 Cochran, Jackie, 60-61, 66
- Dabrowski, Adolph, 47-51
 DeBeers [Company], 105
 diamond mining, 100-108
 Dole, Emily, 21
 dredges
 in Africa, 105-106
 in Alaska, 25-27, 29
 in Brazil, 100-101
 in California, 45-54
 in Colombia, 113
 in Malaya, 30-34, 38-42, 56, 71-73, 85-86, 109
 ocean mining, 111, 114-115
 repairing, 112
 using a jig, 101-104
- Geraldi, Mike, 35-38
 gold mining, 2, 45-54, 114
 Guggenheim family and companies, 69-72, 107, 113-115
- Hammon, W. P., 1-2, 3, 5
- Hicks marine engine, 34-35
 high-grading on a gold dredge, 46-52
 Hodge, John, 93
 Homestake Mining Company, 114
 Hoover, Herbert, 119-120
 Hoover, Hulda, 117-118
 Hoover, Lou Henry, 118-119
 Hoover, Theodore, 44, 117
- International Tin Agreement, 78-81
- jig, Cleaveland circular, 100-104
 Johnson, "Fighter", 63-66
- Lavender, Loraine (sister), 6, 115-118
 Lawson-Johnston, Peter, x-xi, 107, 115
 Lee, H. S., 75-78
 Li Chin Fee, 74
- MacArthur, Douglas, 91
 MacDonald, Emmett, 8-9
 McLean, Charles, 112, 117
 Marx, Charles and Guido, 23-24
 Metcalf, Edwards H., xii-xiv
 Miles, Nelson, 18-19
 mining
 diamond, 100-108
 gold, 2, 45-54, 114
 tin, 31-34, 78-84, 103
 Morley, Ada McPherson (grandmother), 3-4, 122-136
 Morley, Ray (uncle), 12
 Morley, William R. (grandfather), 121-137
 Morse, Paul, 31, 33
- Natomas Company, 51, 52, 105, 108
- Olympic Club, San Francisco, 20-22
 Olympic games, 1924, 13-20

- Oppenheimer, Harry, 106
- Pacific Tin Consolidated Corporation, 30, 71-72, 78, 100, 107-108, 114-115
- Pauley, Ed, 89-94, 98
- reclamation of mines, 85-86
- Rich, Charles, 49-51
- Richardson, Mort, 104, 110
- Roaring River Gold Dredging Company, 45-46, 52, 54, 68, 100-105
- rugby, 11-16, 21-22, 44
- Russians, 95-99
- Santa Fe Railroad, 121, 124, 125
- Santa Fe Ring, 121-137
- Snyder, James, 8-10
- Somoza, Anastasio, 68, 69, 70
- Stanford University, 2-3, 7-10
athletics, 11-14, 24-25, 28, 44
rivalry with University of California, 8-10
studies, 10-11, 23-24, 43, 45
- tailings, 85-86
- Templeton, Dink, 13
- tin mining, 31-34, 78-84, 103
- Tolby, F. J., 123, 125, 126
- Truman, Harry S, 90
- Tunstall, John Henry, 124, 126, 127
- University of California
athletics, 8-12, 14, 21
- Wallace, Henry, 89, 90
- Warren, Bill (cousin), 32, 71, 82
- Way, Herb, 52-54, 72, 83, 100, 104, 108-110
- Wells, John, 107
- Wilbur, Ray Lyman, 10
- Williams, Al, 17
- Women's Flying Corps, 61
- World Dredging Council, 110-111
- World War II, 55-67
- Wright, Allen, 106, 108
- Yuba Manufacturing Company, 5, 25, 30-37, 51-52
- Yukon Gold Company, 29-30, 71
- Zhuraleff, General, 95, 96

Eleanor Herz Swent

Born in Lead, South Dakota, where her father became chief metallurgist for the Homestake Mining Company. Her mother was a high school geology teacher before marriage.

Attended schools in Lead, South Dakota, Dana Hall School, and Wellesley College, Massachusetts. Phi Beta Kappa. M.A. in English, University of Denver. Assistant to the President, Elmira College, New York. Married to Langan Waterman Swent, mining engineer.

Since marriage has lived in Tayoltita, Durango, Mexico; Lead, South Dakota; Grants, New Mexico; Piedmont, California.

Teacher of English as a Second Language to adults in the Oakland, California public schools. Author of an independent oral history project, Newcomers to the East Bay, interviews with Asian refugees and immigrants. Oral historian for the Oakland Neighborhood History Project.

Interviewer, Regional Oral History Office since 1985, specializing in mining history.

