

The names and personalities in this yarn are of course fictitious and any likeness to you or someone you know is merely coincidental.

Blake Calls the Turn.

By Frank Crowe

It was ~~late~~ Dec "27" The job hungry boss ^{"Harry"} called the big wigs of the M.K. Clan to Spokane to bid on two mysterious dams ^{and} with power houses on the Spokane River. We all piled into Spokane to find the Davenport Hotel looking like a National Contractor's Convention. Every state represented.

After about a weeks work over very meager plans we gave our boss our best guess as to what the job would cost then all he had to do was to guess how much profit he could put on and still get the job.

It was evening. We had made our guess and Harry had made his so we were ready to relax.

We had dinner together after
which we congregated in a
cozy ^{corner} of the Davenport ~~Hotel~~ lobby
for a social session. Of course
the topic of the day was "Contracting"
It's the same in all Crafts. If
you ever happen in at a Cow
Camp Bunk House after dinner
the conversation will be busting
Bronks or Branding Bulls. ~~our~~
Well! ~~The game~~ Contracting was ~~game~~ ^{our}
Harry started the program with
a statement that we would
get practically all the work if
our competitors would look
over the work on the ground
like we do instead of finding out
all the local conditions and color
from the Bar tender at the
nearest saloon to the proposed
job.

This lead to a story of how he [Harry] in his younger days strolled over a road job one afternoon that started at Carson City and ended at Lake Tahoe [20 miles] and got back to Carson in time for dinner.

This brought on an ^{early day} exploit. It seems Ray left The Dalles early one morning to give the Cape Horn job the once over before breakfast. He drives down and crosses the Columbia on the Bridge of the Gods hence down the river bottom to a place opposite the Great Palisade on the side of which the Cape Horn Highway was to be built. Ray left his car and started ~~to~~ through dense underbrush ~~to the~~ towards the mountain side. After penetrating the jungle about 1/2 mile he smelled

a very sour stretch. shortly
thereafter a moonshiner plant
loomed up and there sat
the moonshiner not the old
Kentucky type with long whiskers
and a squirrel gun but the
Bohunk type with a sawoff
shot gun. Well! Ray had to
convince the gentleman that
he was a lowly contractor
and not a Revenue Agent.
To do this he even had to
sample his ware. This over
with he went his way up the
mountain. Commenting you
know if I had not met up with
that "stall" I would have been
back for an early breakfast.