

Interviewee: Ray Girardin

Interviewer: Maurice Kelman

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MK: Ray, we were talking about reminiscences of photographers and their eccentricities, what comes to mind?

RG: Well, newspaper photographers in the '20s and '30s and into the '40s were an entirely different breed of persons than I've ever known. Ah, they were an entity all to themselves, they were fine craftsmen, very brave, they were taking gangsters' pictures, getting clobbered as a result, but that didn't faze them. They'd do anything, go anyplace to get a picture, but aside from getting pictures their lives were a little bit complicated. for instance, there was a murder on what was then Rowena in Detroit (now Mack) in a very fancy blind pig near Woodward. A St. Louis hoodlum had come to Detroit to visit and apparently some old friends caught up with him and shot him at the bar in this speakeasy, shot him several times and killed him. We covered the story and I learned later from my photographer that he went back after we had left and talked with the cop that they assigned to guard the place and said to him, "Look, you have a family," and he said, "Yes, and three children."

~~and~~ <sup>T</sup> the police were paid very little in those days. This was about 1933, '32 and there were a lot of wonderfully thick and tempting looking steaks and roasts in the refrigerator of this blind pig. So my photographer said, "look let me take some of these out to your house ~~and~~ <sup>and they're</sup> only going to be thrown out" and the policeman was young and didn't know much about procedures, didn't want to probably, <sup>He</sup> ~~said to him go ahead and gave him~~ <sup>the photographer</sup> his address. So my man took the steaks ~~and~~ <sup>the cop</sup> a few roasts out to ~~his~~ house and went back to this place ~~XX~~ whose name was the Stork Club ~~in~~ in a truck, <sup>this</sup> ~~which~~ surprised the cop on guard a little bit and he also, the potographer had a friend with him and they backed the truck up and the policeman asked him what he planned to do, he said that little piano in there was ~~XX~~ the piano the entertainers used and it was moved around from table to table and it was quite small and <sup>he said</sup> "I'm going to take it home to my little girl ~~and~~ she's just learning the piano and it'll be nice for her and she'll be very happy with it, and the copy said well you can't and he said what do you mean I

can't, and he said well I'm not supposed to let anything out of here  
and my guy said "Well you let the steaks out goddamn well you're  
going to let this out too." They had a <sup>loud, long</sup> ~~terrible~~ argument with my  
man threatening everything but the policeman, to his eternal  
credit stood his ground and wouldn't <sup>release</sup> ~~let~~ the piano <sup>out</sup> ~~but~~ made a  
terrible enemy out of my photographer who thought ~~he was really~~  
~~wrong and thought that~~ ~~he~~ he was double-crossed. He was the  
same <sup>photographer</sup> ~~one~~ who was with me in Hamtramack <sup>when</sup> ~~one time~~, we went with the  
~~sh~~ sherriff's office who decided ~~to~~ because of newspaper publicity  
to ~~make~~ raid a number of houses of prostitution and, of course,  
when we arrived at the houses there wasn't <sup>anybody</sup> ~~anybody~~ in them, <sup>They</sup>  
had all been ~~tip~~ tipped off. However, my photographer found a big  
~~whatshmacallit~~  
wicker/life basket in the first house we went in and I noticed  
some dresses in the thing and then the next house more dresses.  
Finally, <sup>it was</sup> ~~the thing was over~~ you know just flowing over with dresses  
and I said ~~look~~ what in god's name are you going to do with those,  
he said, " take them home to my wife and I said not whores dresses



in that neighborhood than if he would have left them in ~~their~~ <sup>along the state</sup>  
~~highway~~ <sup>highway</sup> ~~original spot at the road side.~~

The newspaper used to work on a theory, I guess, of photo-  
graphers couldn't write or couldn't count because it was a  
reporter's job to handle the expenses on any trip or ~~any~~ on any  
assignment. ~~He~~ <sup>would</sup> used to pay for the photographer's meals and his  
hotel room, or whatever. Well, this resulted in too many ~~trips~~ <sup>disagreements</sup>  
and they had to change ~~that~~ <sup>plan</sup> because the reporter's took to passing  
bakeries ~~and XXXXXXX~~ somewhere and finding a big bag of donuts to  
give to the photographer just before dinner time and the photographer  
was ~~XX~~ always hungry but a dozen donuts which then cost may 10 or 15  
cents would tend to wear the edge off his appetite and save \$2 or  
\$3 <sup>from</sup> ~~off~~ the dinner cost. The photographers ~~began to~~ after a few years  
of ~~being (laugh) Ah~~ <sup>around</sup> carrying bags of donuts ~~and~~ eating them just  
before dinner ~~time~~ began to get a little suspicious, so that  
custom was given up and the photographers were then allowed to buy  
their own ~~and~~ meals and pay for their hotels and charge the company.

Photographers have one fate in common they are mostly garrulous

...., ~~they were taught that it was hell~~, and to be couped up in

space  
an automobile or any small ~~XXXXX~~ for many hours with them was

sometimes very trying because you would be thinking of ~~this~~ <sup>the</sup> story

and its ramifications and they would be talking about something

entirely remote probably a childhood recollection or a recollection

from their experiences of the night before but they ~~Ah! Ah!~~ I can

recall one time going ~~up~~ to a ~~meeting in~~ ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Battle Creek

and I was in the car with this photographer ~~XX~~ from the Times

from early that morning till we got to the Post Tavern Motel late

at night. He said he'd get a double room with me and I said Oh my

God no you ~~XXXXX~~ couldn't stand it you ~~w~~ouldn't get a minutes

sleep and he said Why? I said Well you know I'm not that long from

the army and something happened to me and I have to have all the

lights on and the water running as hard as it can in the bathtub

and in the sink in the bathroom with the door open before I can go

to sleep and I ~~xxx~~ don't think you can sleep that way and <sup>so</sup> he agreed

so he got another room and that was the only way I ~~could have gotten~~ <sup>got any Rest</sup> <sup>at all</sup>

<sup>night</sup>  
~~any sleep~~ he ~~xxxx~~ would have talked ~~xxx~~ all night

They wer anything they would talk to anybody. We got into a little town one night and it was a very secret assignment ~~and~~ nobody was to know that ~~we're~~ we're from a newspaper ~~and~~ ~~XXXXXX~~ or what we're doing there and I had to get an address so I said you wait in the car and don't talk to a soul. I impressed upon him the secrecy of the thing and that I'm going to the post office to see if I can russel up an address. So I did and when I came back ~~X~~ ~~saw~~ ~~my~~ ~~photographer~~ ~~was~~ ~~not~~ ~~in~~ ~~the~~ ~~car~~ ~~my~~ ~~photographer~~ ~~was~~ not in the car but I saw a pool room and headed directly ~~X~~ for the pool room and he was there and he wasn't only there but he was showing all the poeple who hung around the pool room how to operate his camera and ~~his~~ <sup>to</sup> was explaining ~~the~~ them the duties of a newspaper photographer and told him all about the ~~work~~, ~~the~~ workings of ~~was~~ ~~with~~ the Times, why we were in town and a little bit about what we we're doing there. Fortunately he didn't know the whole ~~sp~~ory and after we finished our work there I think it was (have I talked about Battle Creek yet).

MK: No

RG: We ah shut if off again I'm a little mixed up as to whether

Unfortunately we got what we wanted from tne small town without

the people actually ~~knowing~~ knowing but it didn't do my heart<sup>?</sup> any

our very  
good cause I know that ~~xxx~~ super secret assignment was almost

all over that poolroom. This man never stopped talking after I

had been riding with him in the small car since early in the

morning and it was late at night when we got to the hotel in

Battle Creek and he said we'll get a double room and I said no

you won't be able to sleep with me you know I just got back from

the army a short time ago and I hope I get over it but I haven't

yet I can't sleep at night unless the water's running full flush

in the bathroom in the bathtub and alos in the sink and all the

lights are on so that, night I had privacy, he didn't bother me

at night, I slept in a room by myself and got a little rest from

the conversation and I managed to make another excuse the next day

and take the train back to Detroit so he could drive. He Ah was

married to some \_\_\_\_\_ left notes around all the

time, sent notes to them all the time. There were little love notes



and the other photographer somehow got hold of them, I guess he gave them to him, he was so proud and they kept them, interesting, she was a former burlesk actress I understand and she Ah writing well ~~she~~ probably danced better than she wrote, she didn't write too well but she wanted to come down and see the newspaper and he wouldn't bring her down. He had told me this, he didn't think that it was his wife's place to come down there a man's business establishment.

However, on Easter as a special treat on Easter Sunday he did bring her down. He got all dressed up in a white suit so ~~she~~ was in her finest Ah attire ~~and~~ and on holidays and comings we use the back elevator in the back of the building to get up to the City Room the front lobby and the front elevators ~~never~~ were open so it was a rainy day and they had got on and we had temporarily ~~operating~~ the elevator at that time a fella who weighed ~~about~~ 300 lbs. he had his glands sorta ran away with him I guess and ~~his mental powers~~ weren't gargantuan but just the body, he like ~~this~~ <sup>d</sup> photographer and when the two of them got on, I guess in an effort to show his high

regard ~~for~~ the photographer he put his arm around him and squeezed him

~~AAAAAA~~ and he squeezed him so hard that the photographer fainted and

fell into a puddle of water that had been dragged in from the wet

streets outside. The elevator ! by this time / at the City ~~XXXX~~

floor  
~~AND THE WOMAN~~ room ~~AND THE WOMAN~~ and the door opened and

the woman the wife terrified ran out screaming he's murdered my

husband he's murdered my husband. Now a lot of odd things happen in

the city room but this did startled the two or ~~KKK~~ three men who were

at work there at that time, They went back to the elevator and saw

lying  
that it was their photographer in some water and they pulled

him out on dry ground assured her that he would be alright, which he was

in a little while, and the fellow who almost caved in his ribs was

remorseful you know like an ape is after the ape has done something

wrong he didn't intend to hurt him he liked him and he couldn't under-

stand why the wife called the vile name she called him. ~~XXXXXXXX~~

~~XXXXXXXX~~ I guess I shouldn't say that they were probably just a few

Ah terms in German that she picked up from the burlesk ~~XXXX~~ circuit.

MK: Ray what about Mr. Logan and the Ohio Pen?

RG: Mr. Logan was a photographer, Mike Logan ~~was~~ who was really a good craftsman and he his only handicap was ~~that~~ he was deaf and he sometimes got the assignments <sup>a little</sup> mixed up and ~~was~~

~~XXXXXXXX~~ took pictures of the wrong people which resulted not only

in confusion in the office ~~but~~ sometimes Ah some unhappiness for

poor Mr. Logan. We were down in Columbus, Ohio, the Ohio state

penitentiary <sup>had</sup> a terribly tragic fire, 342 inmates were burned to

death in this fire and the remaining prisoners rioted, took over the

prison and ~~was~~ ~~was~~ everything was in a terrible turmoil, they were

getting the national guard, and they hadn't ~~g~~ come in yet, they tried

to send ~~us~~ some city police in but when they were within two blocks

of the penitentiary I guess ~~was~~ word got to the inmates and they

began screaming and hollering because the most unpopular person to any

convict is a policeman unless a judge is an exception <sup>al</sup> SOB and he might

crowd <sup>d</sup> then

out ~~the~~ cop but the police/ realized that was a mistake and they

couldn't ~~do~~ do anything so they went back to directing traffic ~~was~~

or closing up a widow that I kept ~~her~~ her children fed by selling whiskey illegally because it was during prohibition. Logan, we wanted to get some pitutres inside so I had some passes and I made one and I made one out to the bearer and I signed the wardens name <sup>Now</sup> that might have been Ah I don't think the warden knew about this and maybe I didn't have time to tell him but I figured I was rendering <sup>him a</sup> kindness because I don't think that warden could write even his name I'm pretty sure he couldn't but I could be wrong. At any rate I gave it to Logan and got him inside the gate and I saw that he was <sup>getting</sup> <sup>well</sup> along ~~in~~ in the prison yard one <sup>inmate</sup> was carrying his heavy photographer case and another was pointing things out to him and they seemed to be giving him the red carpet treatment, so I went back into the main office of the prison where the governor was just opening a board of inquiry into what caused the fire who was responsible for all the deaths and I was to cover that. Well the door suddenly opened after we were underway and it was my photographer, Mr. Logan, with his camera broken <sup>He's</sup> ~~bleeding~~ bleeding slightly from a cut above his eye, I looked disheveled as they say and he yelled. You know he didn't realized he was talking so

"Ray!"  
loud he yelled ~~Rick~~ and I got up and tried to <sup>go out +</sup> talk to him in the hall quietly but before I could leave the room he said, them bastards are tough out there. They were lifers of course and robbers and rapists and he told me what happened. It seems that he was getting along fine but he got over to <sup>a</sup> part of the prison called white city and this is where the toughest inmates were <sup>housed</sup> ~~out~~ and when he got there one of them walked up to him and said How'd you get in here, are you the stool pigeon for the warden <sup>?</sup> and he said yes ~~and~~ they didn't quite ~~XXXXXX~~ accept this and they repeated it and Ah ~~XXXX~~ He then understood ~~SSS~~ so he showed them the pass and they said what's your name and he said Logan ~~XXXXXX~~ the guy said look at this lying bastard he said his name is Logan and <sup>right</sup> ~~write~~ here it says his name is Bearer which was on the pass I had written so they kicked the hell out of him ~~and~~ broke his camera <sup>and</sup> He left the prison. It was a sorta faulty communication there that caused some <sup>so much trouble</sup> ~~extravelent~~ in the world, this time between inmate and photographer.

MK: Ray ~~was~~ one standard cliché in movies of the 30's is the surly

gangster attacking the photographer, did that actually happen?

RG: Well yeh we used to get an awful lot of brawls unfortunately, Ah

they Ah gangsters and others usually on the other side of the law would become enraged at the sight of the camera. Now I think some of them feared that Ah if their picture got in the paper others would come in and identify them in other crimes ~~and~~ Ah they might have kids in school ~~and~~ they didn't want their pictures in so that the neighborhood and other school children and parents would know about the difficulties they were in. Because they usually had a respectable front in the neighborhood where they lived. But whatever it is even though you knew the person ~~XXX~~ well he'd top at sight of a blow his ~~XXXXXXXX~~ the/camera and photographers were getting punched and we'd try to save them and we'd get punched and ~~XX~~ we had some pretty good brawls and it was awfully hard to avoid them because it would start so fast but one photographer on the Free Press and it's a wonder he didn't wind up getting really punched because everyone picked on him ~~X~~. Now the two largest factions during

At the time the tape was made up and I wouldn't understand what was being said.

~~XXX~~ prohibition \_\_\_\_\_ prohibition at least in Detroit with the Purple Gang and another gang we have no name for but since ~~XXXXXX~~

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

has become in some circles we popular<sup>ly</sup> call Mafia or I don't know

what that means but they were of <sup>S</sup> Cicilian decent or Italian, <sup>and well the</sup> ~~but the~~

Purple were of Jewish decent Ah were Jews and Moss looked <sup>like he</sup> could pass

as either an Italian or a Jew, hewas Jewsih, well the Italians would

see him ~~and~~ and they would say One of our own son of a bitching \_\_\_\_\_

~~would~~ <sup>to</sup> kick the hell out of him before he could get any of them. The

jews one of our own people wanted to murder him even ~~XXXX~~ if he didn't

have a camera he'd get slugged walking the street ;in Detroit by some

of the gangsters. Well he left the newspaper business and became quite

successful at taking <sup>pictures</sup> of little children looking at Santa Clause, at

Christmas time in Department stores. He made a lot of money in that

business which he started in this country and got about as far away

as he could get from his former environment ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> that would have

anything to do with photography ~~XXXXXX~~ I think \_\_\_\_\_

little kiddies looking at Santa Clause. But Ah there were many, ~~things~~

oh things like this would happen, I remember two

*Pause in tape*

the camera would cause people to go berserk for instance, two men

~~XXX~~ Diamond Bill Delemonty and Frank Salimony were being tried for

murdering two <sup>plainclothes</sup> ~~really fine~~ policemen, they were bootleggers and they

had a large shipment on the way over from Canada and they ~~had~~ had

45 automatics in their ~~XXX~~ automobiles and these two plain clothes

policemen were walking over to their car and the theory was that

they didn't want to be caught with the guns on their possession so

they shot and killed the two policeman and they were on trial for

it. Now all during, I'd known them before that and all during the

trial the photographers ~~and XXX~~ the defendants and the lawyers and

the reporters were all friendly and that's usually the way it is

and ah were talking all the time passing news on to one another

and everything was fine. When the jury walked in and pronounced them

guilty announced their verdict that they were guilty of murder in the

first degree and one photographer who had been particularly friendly



with them picked up his camera ~~and~~ they became two enraged, berserk men and it took many police to hold them down and get them back in their cells and just a few minutes before that they had been on the friendliest of terms with this man and they knew that had been his business they'd pose for him for pictures before that time. But it was the sight of the camera that did <sup>very</sup> ~~many~~ strange things to many many people. And of course it was immediately a natural enemy and they sought to destroy it and the person who was ~~XXXXX~~ manipulating it.

Photographers had, ~~now~~ I'm not complimenting all of them with this, but many of them had a fate in common <sup>fanet?</sup> ~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~ and that was that they were bagarious <sup>gregarious?</sup> particularly for pretty ~~young~~ young girls, they like their company, they like their to talk with them, meet them. We'd go to a small town or any town and Ah if it wasn't a story of great ~~in~~ immediacy Ah your photographer would disappear he would just go you wouldn't have a clue. Now if you had been around for a while what ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ you'd do would be to go to



MK: Ray am I right in assuming that photography played a ~~XX~~ much larger role in newspapers in ~~XXX~~ the pre-television era?

RG: Yes ~~XXXXXX~~ a very important role. There just almost had to be pictures to accompany every good story and a lot of stories that weren't so good. In the prisoner salomin???? story ~~XXXX~~ the reporter photographer would be expected to come back with still art

If the person were not available to have his or her picture taken

where  
I mean if they were dead, or in the hospital ~~XX~~ they couldn't get their picture taken they~~XXX~~ were to come back with a still art

This sometimes posed a problem, the method used to get that ~~XXXX~~ sometimes might

from the paper  
be called extreme in vary cases where the person/would ask the lady

of the house please get them a glass of water and when she came

back he ~~XXX~~ and the big pictures that had been on the piano would

both be gone because she refused to give her picture. Often the

reporters would come back with pictures. Incidentally if the people

were cooperative you took every picture not just one but every picture

of the subject so your opposition wouldn't get any and then sent them

back after a reasonable length of time.(which means when the story is of no longer interest). But often the picture would have to be identified in the morgue if the person had been killed, murdered, and you didn't know him or anybody who could ~~XX~~ say Yes this is a picture of that person, you'd have to go to the morgue get all the attendants around ~~XXXX~~ and have a consensus as to whether this is the one. We had only once that I know of did ~~we have picture~~ the apparent picture and all the others????? on the papers ~~XX~~ of a dead person without saying the person was dead and that was a man who escaped from Crownpoint with Dillinger with John Dillinger do we have that, we don't have that. Dillinger broke out of jail in Crownpoint Indiana using a bar of soap made to look like a revolver and he took with him another inmate six'two inch black male. Obviously they weren't going to stay together ~~g~~ because they'd be too easily detected. The hunt for Dillinger was intense and one day I had a call from the office to Port Huron that the man who escaped with Dillinger had been shot by the police and so he was in

the hospital unconscious but they were still questioning him as to where ~~XXXX~~ Dillinger went where he was who was he with in Port Huron. I'm sure the man didn't know what he was being asked. My photographer had some difficulty getting there because by the time he arrived the man was dead but his eyes were still open and he didn't look it, I said take his picture. It's too important not to have it. So he took and we used on the front page in the paper not mentioning the fact that he was dead and ~~XXXX~~ no one that I know of ever knew it. Actually I <sup>had</sup> been standing there for an hour or so and he didn't look any different dead than he had looked alive but they wanted a picture to go with it and preferably if it were a picture that your photographer was taking ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ it had to be an action picture. That is, it's not just someone looking into the camera, you have your subject if possible doing something getting undressed, shaving telephone (the telephone was used interminably) <sup>really</sup> ~~and~~ and or something with action in it. Now the best pictures of course are the ones that were not staged. Some of the staging went quite a <sup>way</sup> ~~way~~, but the best

ones were the ones where the photographers was there while the shooting was still was going on. The expressions on the faces of people, the very action although the camera shot the action they were doing something when the picture was taken and that was the kind that ~~was~~ the photographers were striving for constantly, and that was why it was important for them to get there early ~~XXXX~~ on the story.

MK; Suppose Ray that that famous picture of Dillinger shaking hands with the Warden —

RG: Share or the Sherriff

MK: the Sherriff —

~~RG~~ RG: I think it was

MK; that that was staged at the suggestion of the photographer.

RG: it undoubtedly was. I don't ~~XX~~ know that to be a fact but my guess is definitely.

MK: it did ~~XX~~ the Sherriff no good whatever

RG: I have a ~~Y~~ hunch that the Sherriff you know things like this have been done the paper would be out to quotation marks "get some one in

office" and K you know for his own reasons. Maybe the person was  
a thief and couldn't prove it, maybe he was incompetent whatever  
their reasons. and the photographer knowing that would have him  
do ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ something that might turn up ~~XX~~ and getting right  
between the eyes later and as that Dillinger picture did in  
whether  
Crownpoint. Now I don't know ~~XX~~ that was innocently staged or whether  
something behind that I've heard different kinds of stories about it  
but Phil Callif was the Sheriff and some others with Dillingers  
arms around these fellows smiling into the camera as if old school-  
mates and buddies. The We had an incident in Detroit ~~XXXX~~  
\_\_\_\_\_ oh, the extradition of Merdon Lloyd  
Goodrich ~~for~~ the murder of, the sex murder of an old girlfriend  
Lillian Gallaher in the early 30's and it was brutally on in New York  
and we the reporters and photographers and <sup>Duncan</sup> Documan McCray was  
prosecuting attorney and was down for the extradition and ~~XXX~~ one  
of his aids <sup>e</sup> and we were all just dead tired when we got on the train  
to come back. We got a special car because ah the prisoner and some





never finished and nothing came of . But the picture was taken innocently ~~XXX~~ and I thought it was ~~X~~ hitting below the belt really.

It \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ there was no explanation at all.

MK: Ray what about editor<sup>a</sup>lizing by ~~XXXX~~ photography?

RG: Well that was ~~XXX~~ done very frequently and I suppose still is to some extent in some papers. The artists can do a great deal of photography to make the subject look better or look like an idiot and I recall one paper was having a feud with the prosecuting attorney out in Macomb County. When they took a picture of him he would be completely bald while in real life he did have some hair and his ears would be twice normal size and he looked like a moran. Now I assume that the artist <sup>had</sup> ~~that~~ done all the work, on the other hand the artist could make the combination of photographer and artist could make the person look more intelligent, much more acceptable ~~and he does look~~ and he does look naturally and there are ah ~~XXX~~ Yes a photographer and artist can make him look completely ridiculous. And many a person has lost out in

*An elective*

~~a lots of~~ jobs because of the photographs that have been printed.

Of course, the reaction probably ~~XX~~ the reaction of people who didn't want their pictures taken and whose pictures were taken probably wasn't as great after the bulbs came in. See before that they took flash powder shots and they were terrifying things. Instead of a light bulb the ~~XXXX~~ photographer had to ~~test~~ <sup>attached to his</sup> whose camera sort of a metal container that was oh maybe 8 inches long and <sup>any</sup> 1 inch high and he'd fill that with flash powder. Now maybe I'm exagrating the amount of powder but it was a lot of powder and then attached to that was a trigger which sparked ~~X~~ it, that was all attached to his camera. He'd pull the trigger, <sup>there'd</sup> the spark would hit the powder and ~~it would~~ be a terrific roar accompanied by a huge cloud of dirty smoke that would ascend. Now the subject, <sup>didn't</sup> as a rule ~~didn't~~ know much about this didn't know the noise was ~~XX~~ coming ~~XX~~ didn't know the smoke was coming and was <sup>it</sup> a terrifying thing but and they'd react ~~XXX~~ violently quite often even very nice people <sup>in</sup> whose homes they ~~XX~~ photographer would go to take a picture of the daughter who was going to be married for instance,

~~XXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXXX~~

she'd be, at a future date she'd be for the newspaper picture she'd have her ~~XXXXXXXX~~ bridal gown on, have some flowers around and make the setting look very nice for the ~~XXXXX~~ society page. The photographer go in, the house had probably been just redecorated, because of the upcoming nuptials so the photographer would go in with the society reporter and they couldn't tell these people because ~~XXXXX~~ obviously they wouldn't want them to take the picture. He'd take this <sup>picture</sup> ~~trick-to~~ setting off his bomb like noise and the smoke which would ruin their home, scare the young bride right out of her gown practically and of course the ~~XXXX~~ brides mother and father if he were there and any brothers and sisters would want to <sup>lynch</sup> ~~wrench~~ the photographer because they just couldn't have a wedding ~~XX~~ in that or a wedding reception <sup>or anything else</sup> in that house with all those dirty walls and ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ ceilings from the powder. It ruined more homes and ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ more reputations and scared more people but in <sup>then</sup> ~~then~~ came the 30's and the flash <sup>guns</sup> ~~kinds~~ were eliminated in favor of the bulbs.

<sup>powder</sup>  
MK: The flash bulbs also posed a physical menace to the photographer  
himself

RG: Yes many photographers were badly injured <sup>they</sup> that had parts of their  
hands blown off. Many of my friends that happened to in Detroit.

Precisely how that happened I don't know but <sup>in the</sup> any explosion their <sup>fingers or</sup>  
hands would be in the wrong place and Of course, when an accident/would  
like that  
happen on top of the rest it, it was really bedlam in the bride's home

or the county jail. Oh, one of my first assignments I recall I had to  
go to <sup>the</sup> a psychopathic ward of Receiving Hospital, the Women's section,

early one morning with a photographer. To talk to a woman who was  
a bit disturbed. When we walked in we awakened the other—this was a

large ward, our very presence I guess awakened <sup>most of</sup> the other poor sick

people in the ward ~~XX~~ and I talked with this ~~XXX~~ woman patient and got

the information I wanted. Incidentally ~~she~~ was rational even though

she was in <sup>the</sup> a psychopathic ward and then I told my photographer to go

ahead and he took the picture setting off <sup>this</sup> the bomb in the ladies mad

house at Receiving and I thought ~~X~~ we wouldn't get out alive ~~XXXXXX~~

they were screaming and crying and tearing up sheets, they were trying to get out through the bars in the windows. It was a horrible <sup>scene</sup> ~~seen~~ so ~~we~~ we made our way out of there and left it up to the nurses and doctors and <sup>attendants</sup> ~~tendants~~ ~~who were~~ to quiet the poor patients ~~down~~ again. We weren't <sup>very</sup> welcome over there after that with flash <sup>power</sup> ~~bulbs~~ or any kind of camera. I had no idea <sup>really</sup> ~~when~~ the thing when we took it what the reaction would be maybe later in day we could of told them something about it ahead of time but it was early in the morning and they weren't ready for it and we weren't either.

MK: There was a photographer's story connected with the Ypsilanti

Torch murders

RG: Yes, well the mother of one of the , I don't know what to refer to them, one of the men who committed the murders ah was sitting in front of her home in the rocking chair on the lawn during the ~~XXXX~~ height of this thing and ah in the sun a nice looking lady and a <sup>ed</sup> you know just so burdened with sorrow because of what her son had

and he was in jail and I saw in the distance a photographer from another paper hiding behind trees and sort of advancing towards the house and I couldn't it didn't make any sense to me ah but he was obviously sneaking up on this ~~woman~~ lady's ~~woman~~ to take her picture. Photographers used to take the picture and then ask because if they ask first the answer usually was No and then they'd make it difficult for the photographer to take his picture so he'd just shoot. So I saw finally what he was up to ~~XXX~~ and he jumped up from behind a tree and shot a picture of the woman and ran and the reason I was puzzled is that I thought he knew what I knew about her. The poor woman was blind and never knew that he was in the neighborhood or ~~that~~ he wanted a picture or ~~XXXXX~~ had taken her picture but he was self ~~personified~~ ~~personified~~ personified.

Right here there were two voices ↓ John's head before  
 First person: These photographers  
 Second person: WHAT — RG: Ugh ?

? County problem that was common on most of the newspapers was financial and ~~XXX~~ if anything more of ~~money~~ money was ~~expensive~~ more of a problem with the photographer's <sup>even the</sup> ~~with~~ reporters and that seemed quite a bit. But this one fellow lived quite a ways from his

office and didn't have a car and called a cab driver over and said look don't throw your flag, I'll lie down in the tunnel of your car and you drive me to this address and then I have \$2.75 and you can keep the money. So the cab driver agreed and the photographer and equipment got jammed into the tunnel of the car and it was a horribly hot day and a miserable ride out there got to his house paid him the money and a week later ~~XX XXXX~~ or a few days rather he the photographer had come into some money like a paycheck and took a cab home and sat up normally in the back seat and when he got out to his house he found that the bill was \$1.95 but he didn't <sup>know</sup> that two weeks before the cab company had reduced their <sup>fare</sup> rates.

This same fellow was due home one night and his wife was looking out the window not wondering any longer what was detaining him she'd given that up years before because he was always it seemed detained for the darrest reasons but she saw him walking up the street a little unsteadily and saw him take a bottle out of his pocket and hit himself hard over the head and then opened his cellar and pulled down





and had the same complaint, it was the worst paint job he had ever seen and he wouldn't pay them and ~~he said do it again~~ do it again he said, paint it right. He said <sup>me!!</sup> it's going to cost you three times. He said I don;t care what it cost just paint this ~~right~~ house so it will look right and be a creidt to the neighborhood and I can hold my head high when I walk down the street. ~~Finally~~ Finally he ~~did~~ did raise the money God knows how but he didn't pay them off. It was the most painted house in the city of Detroit. It shown for miles and the only reason was that it took him that long to get the money to pay them for even their first coat of paint but he paid them for three.

MK: Ray

RG: One of the photographers, the night before the 500 mile race on memorial Day, in the 30's in Indianapolis found himself close to a bunch of other newspaper ~~men~~ men in his room at the hotel. They had been working ~~real~~ hard in very hot weather for several days prior to the race, getting advance pitutres in an d ~~he~~ he went to sleeeep befor the others left. When he got up to hurry and get dressed in the morning

to get out on the race track ~~XXX~~ he found that his trousers were missing and he only had the one suit. His money was gone to but that ~~didn't~~ wasn't as serious as the fact that he didn't have any pants. So he tried to borrow trousers from everyone, he couldn't get any ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ that would fit but some ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Assistant Manager of the Hotel found him a rain coat, Now it was about 90 degrees ~~and the raincoat~~ of heat, it was Indianapolis at its worst, and the raincoat was three sizes too large for him but he grabbed a cab and got out to the track and he had his credentials to get in and was running around the in-field <sup>with the racecar</sup> taking pictures and the people in the stands saw him and began hooting at him and hollering that there is an insame man. The ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ <sup>went over</sup> ~~XXXXXX~~ policemen were ready to throw him out but he convinced them who he was and what his problem was so they were going to let him stay. But during that race he got as much attention, as everyone tells me as the cars that were involved in it. When I talked to him about it afterwards he said well I couldn't very well stay home, I was sent to get some pictures and I got them. He never did

find his pants but the next day he was able to buy some because the stores which had been closed on Memorial Day were reopened.

Tuesday, August 10, 1971  
Ray's 26th Anniversary

MK: Ray I understand that our subject is Blind Pigs

RG: Oh yes, I lived through many of them and the period ~~XXXXXX~~ in

Detroit. Incidentally a Blind Pig is, I think, somewhat <sup>of a</sup> colloquialism,

its rather peculiar to Detroit because of ~~XXXXXX~~ <sup>they were</sup> \_\_\_\_\_

\_\_\_\_\_ called speak easies in ~~XXXXXX~~ most other

cities and occasionally they <sup>were</sup> are referred to in Detroit as speak easies

But these ~~people~~ I've talked to outside of Detroit about Blind Pigs, <sup>and</sup> they

give me a strange look because in their town <sup>they were</sup> they known as speak easies.

However, ~~XXXX~~ they were very plentiful. No trouble finding them at

all. NO trouble during prohibition or very little to get liquor ~~XX~~

when you wanted ~~XX~~ it or beer, whatever. There is one that was our favorite

near the Times for several years was operated by two men ~~XXX~~ Jimmy and

Gil and who was referred to as Jimmy King's. It was a flat, a rather

large flat, ~~XX~~ just across the street from the Times above a store, the

rooms in it were quite spacious, and the ceilings were high and it was

old fashioned and did accommodate a number of people. It had the usual

one way glass on the door where they could see who rang the ~~XXXX~~ buzzer

and either admit them or not. But it was predominately patronized  
by newspaper people and the owners all referred <sup>to</sup> us who work on the  
paper as sort of one of them, where <sup>as</sup> anyone else in the rest of  
the clientele was made up of lawyers <sup>and other</sup> the professional people, even  
cops <sup>in</sup> and various grades of the police dept., and robbers. It was  
quite a mixture of people but everyone except the newspaper man  
a regular customer, was referred <sup>to</sup> by ~~to~~ them as an outsider or a stranger  
I should say, stranger is the word. ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ Now the person  
<sup>be one who</sup> could have went there everyday but even if he wasn't working on the  
paper <sup>for</sup> ~~for~~ some reason, they referred to them as a stranger. ~~XXX~~  
Well I dropped in one morning and there <sup>were</sup> was no other customers there  
and I was chatting with Jimmy and he was lamenting the fact  
that the ice man hadn't arrived. Now this was before the , this  
was when ice was the principle <sup>al</sup> material used to cool beer, <sup>and</sup> all other  
drinks before the electrical applicances were refined for saloon  
use. He said that I don't know whats the matter with the guy he  
hasn't come here ~~yet~~ yet and ~~XXXX~~ just sure than anything some stranger

will come in and want a mixed drink. Well just as he said it the  
 buzzer rang and the three lawyers who came in all asked for  
 Whiskey Sour so he went right ahead and ~~mixed up whatever a~~ <sup>I forgot what a</sup> Whiskey  
 sour calls for ~~in~~ <sup>the</sup> mixing of ~~liquor,~~ <sup>juice</sup> orange juice and ice, <sup>+</sup> sugar.

? sound like  
 with of two  
 version  
 written

But ice was used in the actual shaking of the drink. So Jim went  
 right ahead and mixed the ingredients & put them in a big ~~shaker~~  
 shaker and I could hear the clinking and clanking of the shaker and  
 poured out the drinks and rang up the money and came ~~back~~ back to  
 the other end of the bar where I was and I said ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~ Jimmy  
 quietly to him, ~~XXXXXX~~ Jimmy I thought you didn't have a bit of ice  
 in the place, and he said <sup>I</sup> he didn't and he showed me about four dice  
 he had in his hand and he said I ~~used~~ used these, those suckers won't  
 know the difference anyway. They didn't. He was always able to  
~~make~~ make the customer happy whether he had what he wanted or not.

One eventually <sup>Repeal</sup> when Gil came in I had an ~~idea~~ idea, ~~ah~~ we knew the  
 liquor wholesale liquor store ~~was opening~~ <sup>would have</sup> in Detroit was opening  
 the next on a certain morning with ~~the~~ X number of brands. So I

talked the office into giving me the money to buy a bottle, ~~XX~~ be the first one there and buy a bottle of everything they had for sale, whiskey, gin, and whatever else, and immediately rush it over to the city chemist who was alerted with his assistance <sup>to</sup> and they'd analyze it because, you know, during ~~XXXX~~ prohibition there <sup>was</sup> is a lot of bad whiskey, people were going blind and dying and having all sorts of things from this bad whiskey, and I thought maybe some of that could ~~XX~~ creep into the ~~new~~ batch and we <sup>id</sup> would have <sup>had</sup> one hell of a story and I suppose perform a public service if we found that it was bad. So I got the money and was <sup>I</sup> first in line, I had a halper and we put a bottle of everything in the cab that I had hired for the morning and took it <sup>over</sup> up to the chemist and the chemist worked on it and graded, oh I also had a bottle of ~~g~~ Jimmy King's bootleg whiskey, <sup>that</sup> we'd been drinking for so many years and they had that graded to. Now when the chemist came back with ~~XXX~~ grading every brand that we gave him, <sup>==</sup> there wasn't anything poisonous, some was pretty awful stuff but it wasn't 'lethal, and the bootleg whiskey rated much higher than many of the

<sup>That</sup> brands which were legally on sale but what the office didn't know and I didn't both <sup>and</sup>, I guess I forgot to tell them, was that it only takes about a desert spoon <sup>full</sup> of wiskey to have it completely ~~analyzed~~ analyzed or maybe a little less ~~so~~ so I had, the bottles were almost full when they got through with their experiments and I had ~~them~~ a whole cab ~~full~~ full of ~~the~~ wiskey, graded, and took it to <sup>a</sup> friends apartment and we lined it up around the apartment according to its merit, you know the best would be on the extreme right and then we worked to the left. Well the party lasted about four days before it was finally exhausted, called people in. But it was very reassuring, I had a story anyway saying that there wasn't any poison wiskey's being sold and I'm sure that that reassured a lot of people so we <sup>probably</sup> performed a public service anyway, even though it was <sup>a</sup> rather ~~a~~ high price.

MK: Ralph Nader would be proud of you

RG: Ha Ha Ha Ha. There were all sorts of blind pigs ~~as~~, as I say, around the city and ~~very famous~~ <sup>they were</sup> ~~in~~ their very fancy with orchestra, top flight entertainers, Ted <sup>Lewis</sup> ~~Louis~~, for instance, people who were at the <sup>the</sup> height of their careers at that time and rather expensive