

Greenspring Reminiscences

from the Final Fifteen Years

By Johnny Johnsson

The seventeenth annual journal of The Mining History Association included a history of the Greenspring Quarry, which operated for more than a century. Mining does not take place without people, however, so this reminiscence will highlight some of the human interactions associated with that particular Arundel Corporation quarry, located near Baltimore, Maryland, especially in the final years of its operation.¹

Quarry Management

One of the interesting things about Greenspring is that those who worked there, both supervisory and hourly, usually did not live near the quarry. A few came from Baltimore City, but most came from rural areas of northern Baltimore County or Carroll County. Operations Manager Ed Beck hailed from Berrett, in Carroll County, and had discovered over time that ex-farmers like himself made pretty good quarry workers.

After interviewing at Pier 2, Pratt Street, Ed started working for Bill Miller in Arundel's Quality Control Laboratory in 1958.² Ed went on to positions at other company locations, steadily working his way up the production ladder. He ran the swing shift at the nearby Woodberry Quarry, went to Delight, Waterloo, and Linthicum, and eventually returned to Greenspring, where he became general superintendent. Ed recognized that farmers had mechanical ability, were strong and would work hard for long hours, and didn't mind getting dirty.

My good friend Stanley Klapp came to Greenspring in December 1974, as another of Beck's Carroll County farm hirees over the years. Stanley, sometimes called "Pop" or "Straw Boss," started out as quarry



Wintry pit operations in February 1996. It was the hard-working employees in the pit and plant who sustained the Greenspring Quarry for so many years.

superintendent, replacing V. Summerfield who had had a heart attack. After plant manager Andy Jazinski retired, Klapp held that position until May 1993. Klapp transferred to manage the Maryland Stone operation at ESSROC in Frederick, Maryland, in 1993, and finally retired in February 2008.

Supervisor Ernie Pittinger, known as “Blue Leader,” started around 1979, and night maintenance supervisor John Harpine was hired in 1980. Pit supervisor John Thornton worked at Greenspring, then oversaw the Delight operation. Prior to having a sufficient number of these supervisors, Stanley Klapp worked a lot of nights with the maintenance crew.

Klapp, who could fix anything and still can, sold me my first tractor and mower. Sometimes I would give him eggs and he would give me scrap-ple. Other managers might buy a new pump, but Klapp would personally rebuild the old one. I think he came from the post-Depression school of “use it up, wear it out, make it do, or do without.” That was before “recycling” was in vogue. He kept his expenses in order and his operation was very profitable for the company. Klapp would often chew on, but not smoke, a cigar, and we observed that his chewing rate was directly proportional to his stress level.

Ralph Daniels was the equipment superintendent during the late 1970s and early 1980s, and Les Pollard worked in the storeroom. He took over when Daniels retired in the early 1980s and worked until about 1990. I remember Pollard, whom they called “Limey,” but I never met Daniels, though I would have loved to have bent their ears for a good story or two.

Al Snyder was construction field foreman for the erection of the Greenspring Plant in 1961. He would have known good company history from the Construction Division side and had retired near Hanover, Pennsylvania, where I now work. Unfortunately I did not know that until I read of his recent death in the newspaper. He worked for Vic Hertslet, who was VP of Construction and

whom I met at several company reunions when he was way up in years, but I never got to spend specific time recording company history with him either.

From time-to-time you would hear names mentioned, such as Mason Schoolfield, who was Frank Yount’s boss during the 1960s. Frank was first hired in 1962 as an engineer. After his first-day introductions he was assigned to substitute for geologist Brian McCoy on a survey party with Arundel’s chief geologist, Mr. Timlin, at the Pasadena sand operation. McCoy was out because he had been diagnosed with rapid-onset diabetes.³ Yount went on to design quarry and ready-mix



*Stanley Klapp at the Arundel
Christmas dinner, December 2004.*

plant improvements for operations such as Easton Terminal and Wolfe Street Concrete Plant until 1965, when he took over as manager of the Maryland Slag operations at Bethlehem Steel's Sparrows Point Plant.⁴ He left in 1972 to go to Chantilly Crushed Stone in Virginia, and then returned to Arundel in December 1977 to open the Havre de Grace Quarry.

Harry W. "Slug" Schlegelmilch became operations manager in the 1970s and was involved in the filming of "The Arundel Story" movie. He came from General Refractories Company in the refractory clay and brick industry, and hired me in 1985 in Arundel's main office at 110 West Road in Towson, Maryland. His administrative assistant, William "Bill" Stricker—supposedly a direct descendant of General John Stricker of War of 1812-fame in Baltimore—would telephone the quarry after the slope hoist was installed to inquire whether "the up and downer was going up and down." Quarry personnel affectionately referred to the hoist as "Elgood."

The safety manager for Greenspring for a number of years was John Tores. He would meet with Mine Safety and Health Administration inspectors to deal with inspections and citations. Some of the MSHA inspectors who visited Greenspring, MSHA ID No. 18-00002, included Bob Madenford, Charles "Mac" McNeal, Carl Spohn, Bob Carter, and Bob Polkinghorne. Polkinghorne—now that's a good Cornish mining name—would sponsor an eight-hour winter safety training event in Westminster, near where he lived. Some of these gentlemen had worked at Bethlehem Steel's Grace underground iron mine near Morgantown, Pennsylvania, until it closed in 1977, and had then started with MSHA in its infancy. They had real mining experience, a union background, and some common sense, unlike many of today's MSHA inspectors.

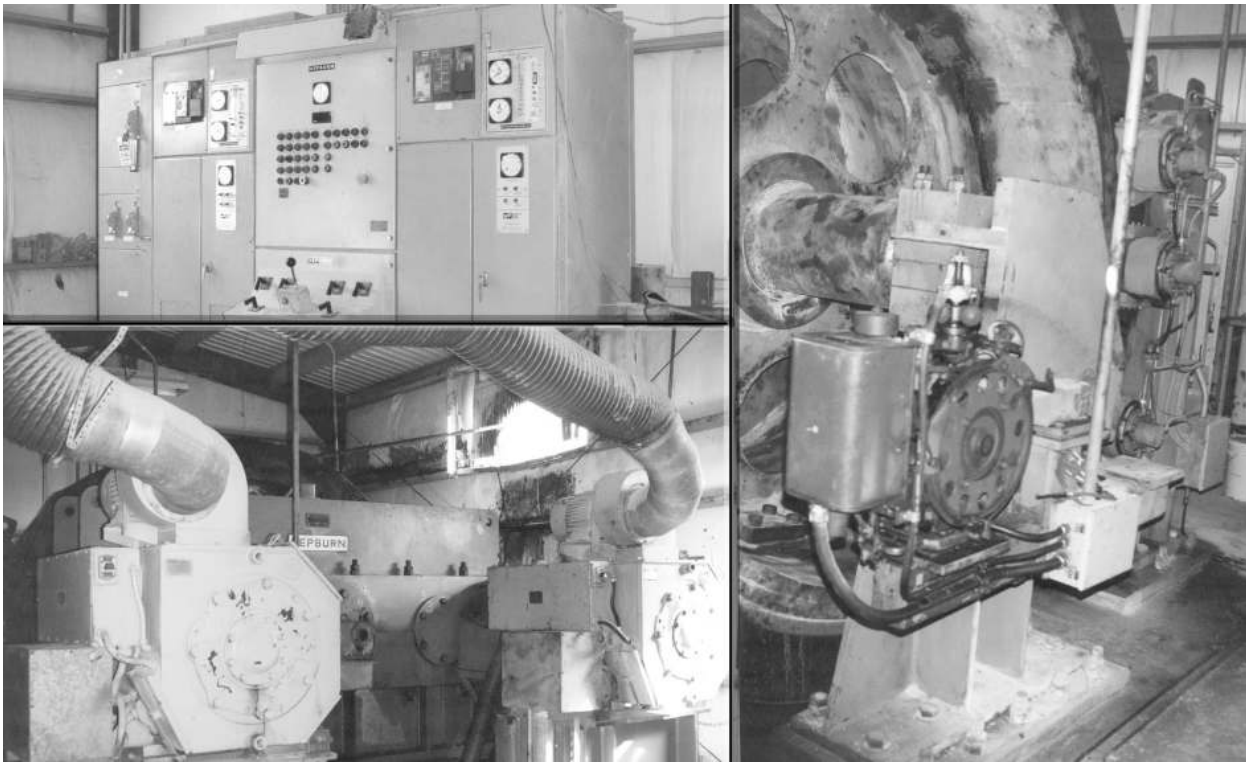
Tores left the company some time after a drill-er's helper, Charles Fick, was killed in a pit accident in 1989. Tores was succeeded by Ed Rider, who had come over from the concrete side of the

business to assist with safety. Under Rider's active direction and participation, and with strong support and encouragement from Corporate in Florida, not only Greenspring's, but all of the Arundel Division's safety performance improved greatly.

Equipment Suppliers

The quarry also had many parts and equipment suppliers, for what would a mine be without the necessary equipment, parts, and materials? Some of these salesmen included John Brown and Chris Kunkel from Alban Tractor Company (Caterpillar); Mark Fitzgerald, later an Arundel Sales VP; Mike Burke and others from Dryden Oil; Don Matthews, F. Evans Bildstein, and Joe Nawrocki from Explosives Experts; and John Logan of McClung-Logan (Euclid). Others were Bryson Christhilf; Jerry Tucker of L. B. Smith (Terex and O&K Shovels); Jay Kunkel with his tires; and Bob Logan with bearings and parts from Bush-Miller. I contracted with Paul Duffey from Gill-Simpson electrical for a power-factor correction project, and set up meetings with Baltimore Gas and Electric Company representatives. Representatives from fuel companies, pipe suppliers, belt salesmen, and many others also went in and out of the quarry entrance gates, located at 7100 Greenspring Avenue. Purchasing Manager Jack Duerr and Slug's assistant Bill Stricker were helpful to me in whatever dealings I needed to have with outside suppliers; that is, until they took the early retirement incentive along with Ed Beck and Slug in 1990.

While the hoist installation project was going on, circa 1985, representatives from Elgood-Mayo, out of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, and engineers from Hepburn hoists in Canada frequented the site. And many officials from other quarry companies, considering if the hoist might be applicable to their own operations, visited to see it operate. Dave Shaughnessy, a local automation expert, kept the hoist running so that we would not have to call upon Hepburn from Canada all



The equipment that ran the slope hoist at the Greenspring Quarry. Clockwise from the upper left: the Slope hoist SCR automation panel, the Lilly controller and hydraulic disc brake system, and the twin 400hp DC drive motors. This hoist was rare for its time in being completely automated, requiring no regular operator. It did, however, require a number of equipment suppliers to install and help maintain it.

the time. Jerry Wheeler was a jack-of-all-trades contractor. Just as in any business that has operated for a long time, the list of suppliers and customers involved is nearly endless, for they helped make things happen with their dynamic interaction.

Nicknames and CB Handles

Workers often receive nicknames through the course of their employment. Some of these names might be considered terms of affection, but they might just as well be deriding words of embarrassment or something in between, depending on the situation. Whether at a farm, a factory, or a mine, the names sometimes relate to a work task specific to that workplace. In other cases a con-

nection is made to a personality or physical trait of the person so named. If you made a mistake it made for good fodder for a potential nickname, as there seems to be no end to teasing in the mining industry.

For years, supervisors and management had two-way radios, with a base station and repeater on Wright (later Mills) Communications' radio tower on a northern high hill on the property. In a surface mining operation, such as Greenspring, CB radios eventually supplanted these two-way radios, and someone's CB handle was often, though not always, his nickname used over the radio. In the 1990s you began to see pagers and cell phones, and the two-way radio tower was torn down in 1999.

Although a complete account of Green-



A group portrait from the employee Christmas luncheon, December 1993.

spring's employees over the years is infeasible, a selection of first names, nicknames, CB handles, and full names the author recalls, mostly from the late 1980s and 1990s, bears mentioning. The Zile brothers, Eric "Lightnin" and Dave, both worked at the quarry, mostly in the storeroom, as did Mirrel Beck for a time. Brothers James and Ulysses "Uly" Seibles, one a mechanic and the other a loader operator, ended up retiring from Brooklyn. The Kohlers were on night shift, with Elmer Cool, Wheatley, Eidloff, and Beyer. Tex and Marty worked in the shop, although some doubted their abilities as mechanics when a wheel on Trackman's pickup truck suddenly flew off into some farm field one night.

Mark Tipton, later tragically killed in a roadside refueling accident after he ran out of gas, was hired as a welder after Tom Haga left. Haga had succeeded earlier welders such as Ernie Carrier and Thomas Wheatley. Eddie Petillo or "Wirenut" was briefly an electrician. I'll never forget the time I razzed him for "double-dumping the hoist

car," when he manually put a double-load into the skip from the measuring pocket. Al Brown or "Brownie" was a light-skinned black supervisor who worked at Greenspring and Delight during the 1970s. He ended up as supervisor at the Brooklyn Barge Unloading Terminal in Baltimore before retiring around 1990.⁵

Bill Calvert and later Gilbert Ashley weighed customer trucks on the scale. Scale operators were also known as shipping clerks, and were members of Teamsters Local 311. Ashley started at the old Savage Quarry in September 1962 with Nello L. Teer, then shuffled between the Delight and Greenspring quarries. Lou Gray was a teamster and inter-plant courier for many years. He ended up running the water truck that controlled dust, among other things. He now runs a lawn-care business and mows several company locations.

Part-time trapper Lester Hackler operated mobile equipment and then transferred to Brooklyn to run the Manitowoc clamshell unloading crane until he retired. Jack Reid known as "JR"

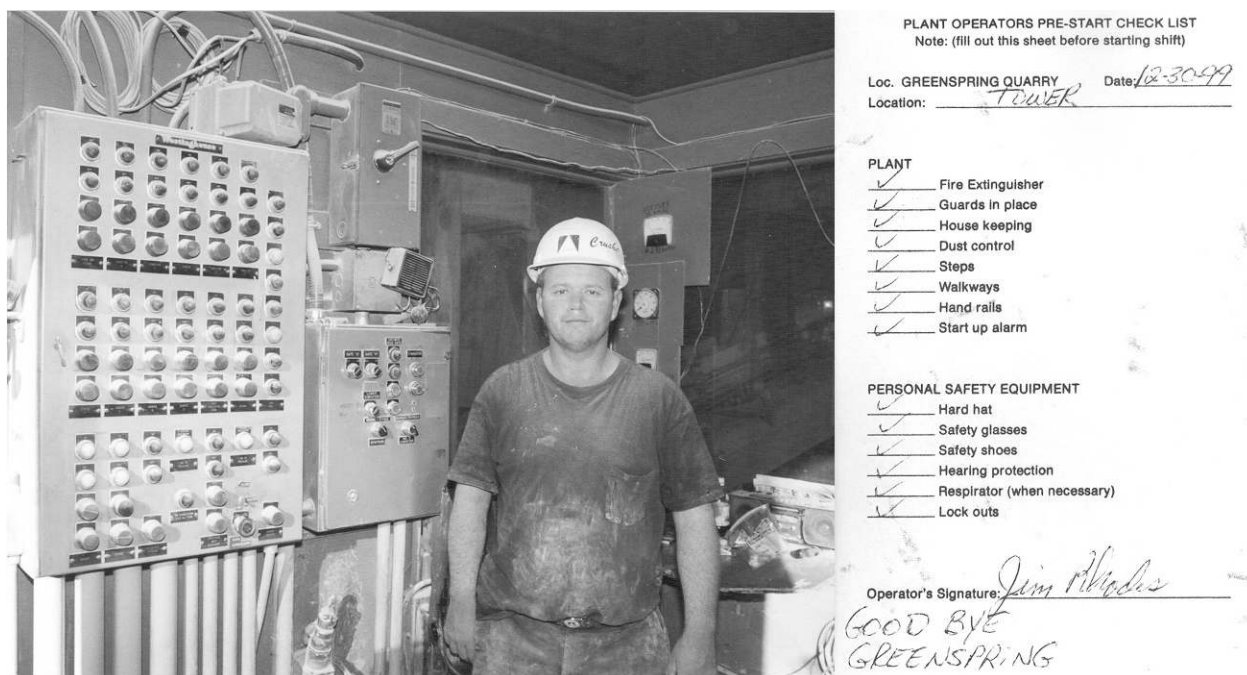
or “Captain Rock” was a first-class operator who ran the Bucyrus 88B shovel, then also ended up on the crane at Brooklyn until retiring in 2011.

“Big Jim” Conaway, a fair-skinned farmer who later died of skin cancer, worked on the drilling crew. Norley White ran a yard loader for years and retired after forty-four years with the company, having started at Greenspring in 1955. “Crusherman Jim” Rhodes and Ralph “Ralphie” Bloom ran portions of the plant. Kevin Knauff fueled and lubricated equipment and his brother “Crusherman Dave” was also employed at the quarry. Bill Larkins drove a truck. His grandfather had brought a Bucyrus-Erie cable shovel down from the Vanderbilts’ Sagamore horse farm in Worthington Valley to work at the McMahon Quarry in the 1920s.

Joe Kupisch was another Teamster and a shop steward, known for his ornery and gruff demeanor. He would hang way out of his truck window in order to back up, because he never learned how to use its mirrors. Richard Hess was a supervisor

who had been to Delight, to Florida, and to Maryland Slag. His original handle of “Hardrock” morphed into “Travellin’ Man” because of his multiple moves. Hess once undertook the perilous assignment of carrying a power cable for the pumps over the highwall, and he was also razzed for keeping his pickup truck too clean for a quarry. Ron Raley ran shovels mostly. Also known as “Ronnie Rock” or “Hardtoe,” he was able to transfer to Arundel’s Havre de Grace Quarry and retire from there in 2008. He ran Cat 245 hydraulic shovels at Greenspring, then worked the O&K RH40D and the big RH75C at Havre de Grace.

“Waterboy,” “Slim,” “Teddy Bear,” “Shep,” “Guitar Man,” “Payloader,” and “Queen,” were a few of the many CB handles or nicknames that the men adopted. Charlie Nardiello was tall and thin; I guess that’s how he got the name “Slim.” He left Greenspring and became supervisor at Brooklyn and then over on Maryland’s Eastern Shore. Ernest Schuster ran a loader and operated the Northwest dropball crane to break oversize



Jim Rhodes at the Finishing Plant operator's control panel, and his final checklist bidding "Good Bye Greenspring", 30 December 1999.

boulders. Steve Rohrbaugh and Sylvester Kirkland were truck drivers. Teddy Bear and Shep were also truck drivers who transferred to Havre de Grace and retired from there.

Superintendent John Bildstein was labeled “Trackman” for his crawler-track fixing activities on one of the drills. He had grown up on a farm and was strong and had good mechanical abilities. His father was with Explosives Engineers and Johnny knew all about drilling and blasting. He ended up as the quarry manager for the final seven years of Greenspring’s operations. “Sleepy” or “Jake” was the handle for perpetual truck driver Willie Marshall, who retired after entertaining us all with his singing and dancing at social functions. He started in 1964 at the Pasadena sand operation and moved on to Linthicum and Woodberry, before winding up at Greenspring.

Terry Caudill was known as “Minuteman”

for always showing up for work at the last minute. He tried to stick me with the nickname “Stud Muffin,” when I was out at the quarry, but it didn’t take. I became known as “Deputy Dawg,” which was much more fitting, given my environmental compliance role in the division.⁶

A Couple of Stories

An entire book could be written about the crazy stories and practical jokes involving folks at Greenspring. Some are only recalled when former employees get together to reminisce and possibly exaggerate. An outsider might not even consider the stories funny or understand the point of the matter. Some involve severe mechanical breakdowns or near-misses, whereas others relate to extreme weather events, whether winter snow and ice, mud, floods, rockslides, heat and humidity, or



Co-workers buffing the pickup truck of Richard Hess (front left) at his farewell luncheon in July 1998.

dust and wind.⁷

I was involved in several such incidents, the most memorable being my project involving Billy Strickland's gypsy painters from down South. They camped out on the site to sandblast and paint the wash plant with water-based paint over a wet Memorial Day weekend. Richard Hess' uncle, Harry Sherman, was the laborer who ran the wash plant. As it rained the next week, Harry radioed, "Trackman, Trackman! Gray paint's running down and I'm getting it all over my hands!"

You know, they always remember your screw-ups, but seldom your successes. I was the one who contracted for the job and selected the water-based paint. But another time I did deliver some sweet revenge to agitator "Trackman" Bildstein in the form of a literal "sponge" cake! Trackman's table knife wouldn't cut it, so we patched up the chocolate icing and left it for the mechanics, Mar-

ty, James, and Tex. Tex's sharp knife managed to cut it, but with the remark, "This cake's like rubber!"

Quarry folks sometimes played jokes on salesmen who visited Greenspring, often without an appointment. They taped cardboard over vehicle headlights, punched holes in the bottom of tobacco spit cups, and sometimes kept moving around the shop area or hid in the loft or storeroom so as not to have to interact with an unwanted salesman.

I heard one story about a salesman who was delivering a quote for a piece of mobile equipment, maybe a loader or truck. He was known for being a little snoopy, so somebody in management altered the price on a competing quote to a significantly lower number, and then left it on the desk in an obvious place so that he could read it while the manager left the office to get coffee or some-



Johnny Bildstein (far left) speaks at the Greenspring farewell party, 30 December 1999.



The author's four-year-old son Karl with truck driver Donald Nash in a Euclid R60 haul truck taking the last load of rock to the skip hoist (right), 30 December 1999.

thing. They said his eyeballs nearly popped out of his head as he craned his neck to read the altered number upside down. I guess management was trying to teach him a lesson about cheating.

Another alteration involved Eric Zile fabricating a memorandum from a disliked company manager thanking all employees who had voluntarily participated in supporting the company at some zoning meeting, and expressing disappointment in those who had not done so. At just the right moment the memo was delivered to practical joker Johnny Bildstein, knowing full well that he had worked late solving some problem at the quarry on the night of the meeting.

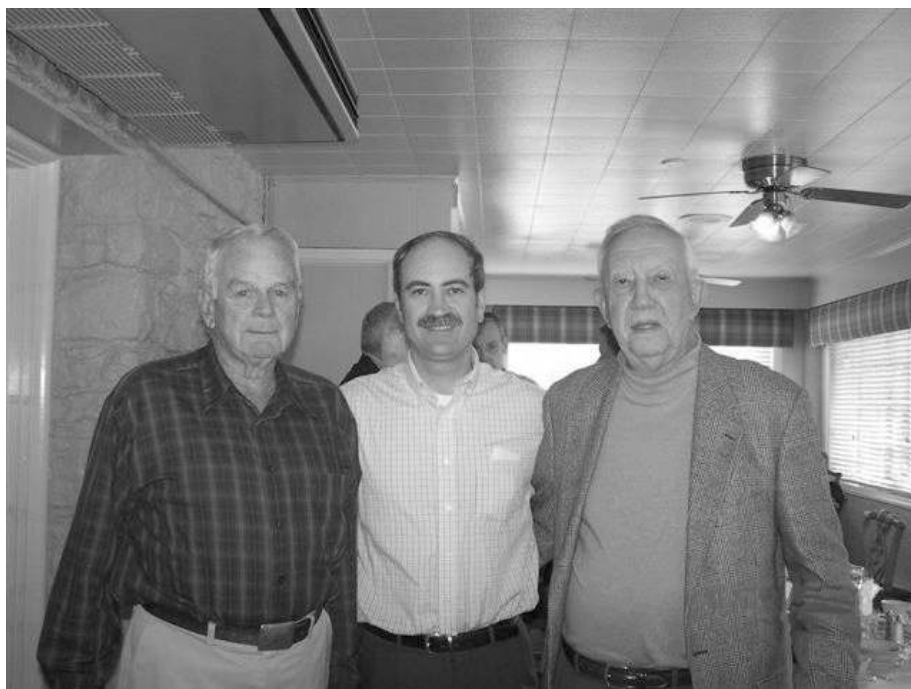
At that moment Bildstein was again working hard, this time tightening the loose grizzly bar bolts in the primary crusher. When handed the

letter in the middle of that frustrating task, his temper rose, his face turned red, and he finished the job enraged. As he burst from the primary, Stanley Klapp had to stop him and reassure him that the memo was not true and was just a joke, or an alteration altercation might have happened. Rumor has it that those grizzly bar bolts never got loose again!

Greenspring's Final Days

Former Greenspring employees will not soon forget the morning popcorn and coffee sessions in the office trailer, when supervisors and office staff or salesmen took a few minutes to communicate a little about business, and a lot about everything from politics to what happened at the A-town Inn

*Ed Beck, Johnny Johnsson,
and Frank Yount at an
Arundel Corporation
reunion in October 2006.*



over the weekend. Hourly employees often played cards during lunch in the break room, something they continue to this day at the reunion picnics. Christmas parties and farewell gatherings were held in the shop. Of course, all good things must come to an end, and through the 1990s Greenspring's end-of-the-century deadline for shut-down rapidly approached.

With employment uncertainties, it became difficult to keep good employees, so some retired early or moved on to other endeavors. But the following employees, with their nicknames, remained at Greenspring to the bitter end in December 1999:

Gilbert "Boss Hogg" Ashley,
William "Teddy Baer" Baer,
John "Trackman" Bildstein,
Les "Guitar Man" Bowser,
Steve "Flat Rock" Coen,
Shep "Sheppy" Forrest,
Lou "Dust Buster" Gray,
William "Crusherman Bill" or "Smiley" or
"Smokey" Hare,
John "Harpie" Harpine,

Kevin "3Ks" Knauff,
Donald "Ducky" Nash,
William "Uncle Bill" Null,
Ben "Speed Bump" Rainey,
Ron "Hardtoe" or "Ronnie Rock" Raley,
Tony "Peaches" Raper,
Jim "Crusherman Jim" Rhodes,
Will "Wilbur" Roane,
Steve "Jeanne" Stambaugh,
David "Diesel Dave" States.

Johnny "Deputy Dawg" Johnsson does not appear on that list because I worked out of the Division office, and thus was technically not a Greenspring employee. But I will always remember the telephone number 410-486-8863 for the many calls I made to the quarry office. I was always treated with respect, not like some unwanted cold-call salesman or peddler of wares. With mixed feelings, I ended up with the responsibility or task of attempting to write a history of Greenspring and its employees. My efforts have been well received, but I would have just as soon seen the quarry continue to operate in perpetuity. ■

Johnny Johnsson, a mining engineer and professional engineer, served as operations engineer at Arundel Corporation from 1985 to 1990, then became the company's director of environmental compliance. In these positions

he maintained a good rapport with the employees and management of the Greenspring Quarry. He regularly attends the annual Greenspring Quarry reunion cook-outs hosted by former plant manager Johnny Bildstein.

Notes

1. Johnny Johnsson, "Arundel's Greenspring Quarry, 1877-1999," *Mining History Journal* 17 (2010): 62-89.
2. I may have met Bill Miller once before he died; he retired just before I started working. My first company car, in June 1985, was a 1982 Buick Skylark that had been assigned to Bill Miller. I, too, had started working in Arundel's Quality Control Lab at Greenspring, and at Wolfe Street on the Fort McHenry Tunnel Project, during the summer of 1983, and later at the Havre de Grace Quarry in 1983 and 1984.
3. One of my first days of summer work in 1983 involved riding with geologist Brian McCoy to Ephrata, Pennsylvania, to visit a sandstone quarry for potential acquisition. Several years later Brian ended up working for me, and, as his health deteriorated due to various complications of diabetes, I saw him forced to retire for medical reasons and then was a pall-bearer at his funeral.
4. The Maryland Slag Company was a subsidiary of Arundel Corporation that had been in operation at Bethlehem Steel's Sparrows Point plant since the 1920s. Blast furnace slag was recycled for aggregate use, and a lightweight aggregate was also produced. It boomed and thrived into the 1970s, shipping product all over the Chesapeake Bay region by truck and barge. By the late 1970s it declined, as the steel plant ceased producing significant quantities of traditional slag, making granulated slag for Newcem for use as a poz-zolan in concrete. Arundel opened Havre de Grace Quarry to provide material to replace the volume of slag business lost, and the remaining equipment and limited operations of Maryland Slag were sold to C. J. Langenfelter and Sons circa 1990. Greenspring and plants like it received used cone crushers from Maryland Slag.
5. Al "Brownie" Brown is the man pointing out the high-water mark left by Tropical Storm Agnes on the tracks of the Northwest 80-D Shovel in June 1972 in: Johnsson, "Arundel's Greenspring Quarry," 74.
6. Richard Mattingly, manager of our Maryland Rock sand operations down in Leonardtown, Maryland, is the one who humorously gave me the nickname "Deputy Dawg" when I was appointed the environmental compliance officer and began making rounds to division operations to assist in our compliance with environmental permits and regulations. I had to ensure that operations like Greenspring were following their water permits, sampling and monitoring their discharge water, and controlling the dust emanating from the plant and the entrance.
7. The south wall of the quarry was steep and well-shaded, allowing huge blue-green icicles and ice flows to accumulate there in the cold winter months, and making one wonder if any sunlight ever reached into the deep shadows of the pit.