

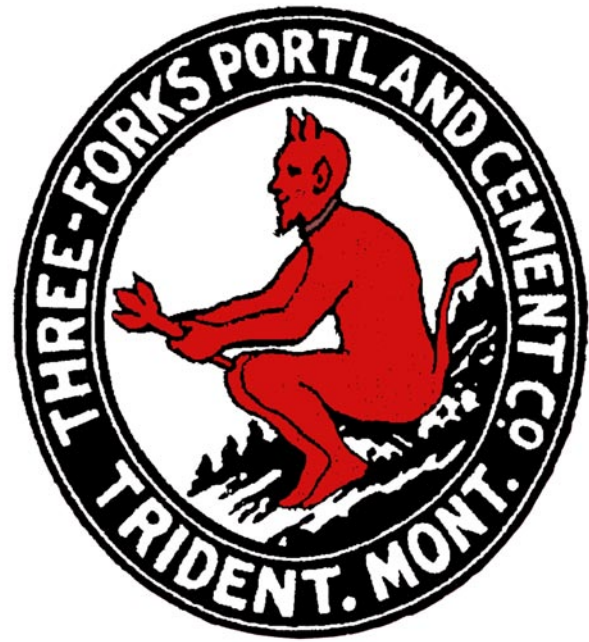
Red Devil Cement

Nearly everyone has a collection of some kind and collectors of nostalgia have some of the strangest stuff. For a small class of collectors, one of the most coveted items is an old cement bag. These particular cement bags are made of burlap or canvas and have the famous Red Devil Portland cement logo emblazoned on them.

Red Devil Cement was the brand of only two cement companies, Union Portland Cement Company and Three Forks Portland Cement Company. Union Portland Cement Company was established in 1907 near Morgan, Utah is located just a few miles from a strange rock formation called the Devil's Slide. Both Union and Three Forks (Trident) cement companies had the same major stockholders and eventually became part of Ideal Cement (now Holcim (US)). The logo for Red Devil Cement was appropriate for both plants. The devil, trident in hand, seems to be sliding down a slope.

The Red Devil cloth cement bags saw some hard use. Cement plants asked that their clients return the cloth bags for recycling. Plant employees repaired the bags by sewing holes and patching larger holes. In the 40s, many of these bag repairers were women. Some of the women workers at the Trident plant were; Gail Winnifred Clark, Edna Pearl Knight, Bertie House, Myrtle Roundtree, Mable Scollard, Alice Tomlinson, and Ethelyn Berninger.

In 1947, the Red Devil brand of cement was homogenized



Brand logo of Red Devil Cement Courtesy of Holcim (US) Trident Plant

with the rest of Ideal Cement Company's brand and were no longer made of cloth. But the Red Devil cloth bags have become a rare prize. One is in the Headwaters Heritage Museum and other collectors have them framed and hanging in places of honor.

A Christmas to Remember

Reprinted from the December 1956 issue of the Ideal Cement Mixer

Chief Chemist A. D. Burkett, Trident

The Christmas I remember the best was in 1922. It was the custom here for the Trident school to stage rather an elaborate Christmas program at the local theatre. The whole town invariably turned out for it.

At the close of the program Santa, of course, always appeared to distribute the candy and gifts which were piled high around the decorated tree.

Our Northern Pacific Depot agent [N. A. Smith] conceived the idea of adding spice to the usual routine.

When the program was under way he would dash in with a telegram from Santa, advising: "I'm now leaving Bozeman and heading in your direction." Calm would scarcely be restored before he would appear with another telegram: "Now in Manhattan but not much snow; may be hard to come on through."

Bedlam!

More program - then the final telegram filed from Logan - "Broken runner on sleigh, and two reindeer very lame, but will try to get to Trident."

Pandemonium!

Santa did get through, and during a rousing welcome realized that my two year old son, Bill, who had been sitting next to me was missing. The theatre yielded no clue. On arriving home I found Bill being consoled by his mother. His first sight of a Santa had scared him stiff, and he was sobbing and muttering: "I don't

like the big fat man with whiskers."

Thirty-three subsequent Christmases have brought their special delights and variations. But, that was a night to remember.

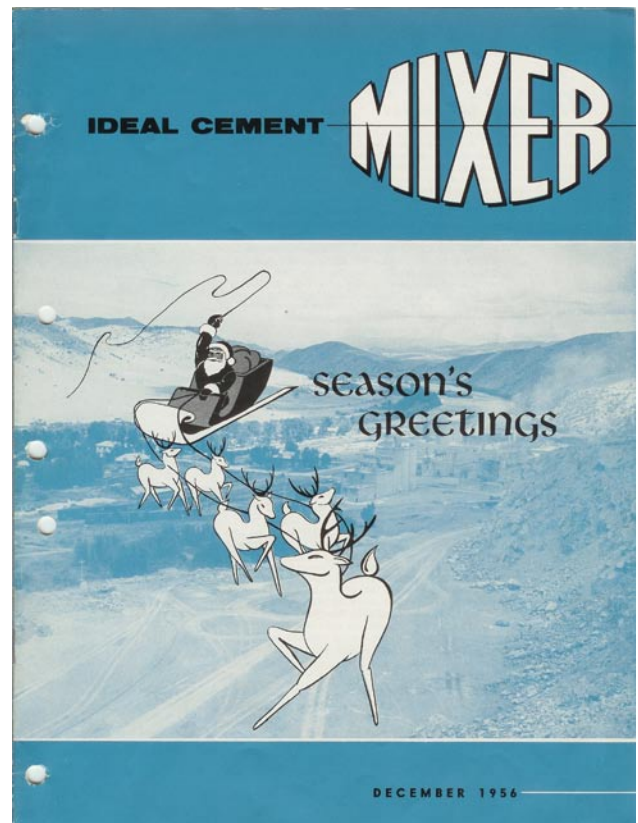


Image of cover courtesy of Holcim (US) Trident Plant