Ernest Kraft: This is an interview with Helen Hodges [Bower], whose name is Mrs. H.B., who lives in Hamilton, Montana on February 5, 1965. Mrs. Bower was the daughter of the first refuge manager, Andrew Hodges. They came to Ravalli in 1909. Now, would you just go ahead and tell your story, Mrs. Bower, as you remember it as you came into Ravalli?

Helen Bower: I remember Dad came from Colorado and came to southwestern Colorado from Ouray. He came in August and my mother and I came in October. We arrived the 17th of October, the day before they unloaded the buffalo at Ravalli. These were the buffalo that were shipped in from the Conrad Estate in Kalispell. The headquarters buildings were not completed and we lived in the old Buckle Park Hotel that was run by Mr. and Mrs. Ethel, grandparents of Edith Daniels, who I believe is a post mistress in Dixon now. It was there that I made my first mud pies. I thought I had really accomplished something when I made my first mud pies. However, I might say here that I am an adopted daughter. My mother thought it would be a sin if anybody ever saw a child that she adopted dirty. So I was never allowed to ever touch the dirt when we lived in Colorado. When I came out here and the Daniels girls and I made our first mud pies, needless to say, my mother was very horrified. I was a very small child. You wouldn’t believe it to look at me now, but I was a very, very small child.

EK: How old?

HB: I was almost five. I was five in November after our arrival in October.

EK: How did you come into Ravalli? By...

HB: Train.

EK: By train.

HB: We came by train. Then we ran the road to the park. My next experience with the dirt was...I don’t know who the hired man was, but he plowed up that meadowland just west of the headquarters house and that was my delight. I remember falling in the furrow behind that man as he plowed. I did it all day. I don’t know why I didn’t drop, but that was just the most fun I ever had in my life, following behind that plow. I played in the dirt. I began to grow and I didn’t stop ever since (laughter).

There was no school out there nearby. When I was school age, we went into Dixon and had the rooms, what was called a section house, there. Opposite the depot in Dixon. We stayed there.
from Sunday evening until Friday evening. Of course, we had only a team and a spring wagon to drive back and forth with. So we stayed there.

EK: Did your father take you down and then come back?

HB: Yes. In cold weather, we would heat bricks to put in the wagon to keep our feet warm because we had very cold winters then. Nothing like they have now. The following year, the neighbors went together, the people in the community. Before this, I should say that in 1910 the reservation was opened to homesteaders. Previous to that, we got our mail in Dixon. Then there were only the Pauline’s on the way to Dixon. There were a few families in Dixon: the Daniel’s and the Bernatz’s. Mr. Bernatz was the postmaster there at that time.

EK: Pauline Creek is name after the Pauline’s that lived there in front of the Pauline Creek.

HB: Right, I know. There was another house there. I think it was built soon after that. A family by the name of Campbell lived there next to the Pauline’s and that was called the Campbell place.

Clarence “Cy” Young: ...That’s where Tetners live now.

HB: Then there was a family that moved north of there...I mean east of there and their name was...

CY: Brooklayer (?)

HB: Brooklayer (?)

Unidentified Female Speaker: Oh, she’s still there.

HB: Of course this was later and later years because...

CY: The homesteaders started coming.

HB: Yes. The homesteaders came in the spring of 1910. Of course, it was the year they suffered, 1910, when they had the horrible forest fire. I can remember that we turned on the stove...not the electricity—we had none. We lighted the lamp...

CY: In the middle of the day.

HB: In the middle of the day. Ashes fell just...white ashes fell everywhere.

EK: That was the fire that started around Superior.
HB: And, yes, and in Wallace the area.

EK: Wallace.

HB: Wallace.

CY: Started right on the Salmon River and it burned everything near and clear to the county. Started in Spokane and came down through Thompson Falls. Once you’re there that’s all the old 1910 burn. Same way on Fish Creek where you go hunting over there; that was all 1910 burn.

HB: When the school was built, I walked a mile and half to grade school. It was three-quarters of a mile until I would meet the Coleman youngsters and go on with them. Dad used to go as far as I was alone to rake the path for when the snow was deep. He would fix me pretty and I wasn’t very tall so I jumped in his tracks in the snow. We had winters forty below and it stayed that way for a long time. I remember the house would crack and pop it was so cold in the wintertime.

EK: That house was...how big a house was it at that time?

HB: It had four rooms.

EK: Four rooms.

HB: A square house with four rooms. It had a screened porch on the front and the back.

EK: Did it face the South?

HB: Yes.

EK: Later it was remodeled to face the East.

HB: Oh was it? While I was there, they did enclose the back porch, a portion of the back porch, and made a kitchen.

EK: What other buildings were there?

HB: The barn was there.

EK: Now that is staying on the location where our offices are at this time.

HB: The barn was there and there was a type of machine shed built on the north side of that. A few years later, they built another building south of that. Used that for machines.
CY: That was an old blacksmith’s shop for a long time. It was right there close to where the horn pile is now. That the other building sat side by side. We built—

HB: Then there was a little Indian—

CY: Cabin.

HB: A log cabin down at the creek.

CY: Right at the end of the bridge. The South end of the bridge.

HB: Is that still there?

CY: No, it’s been gone for quite a while.

HB: That’s a shame because that was an old landmark long before we ever got there.

CY: Sure was.

EK: I’d like to ask something right here now. In the very beginning it says…it tells about enclosed huts. Enclosed lean-tos for buffalo. This to me, I can’t believe that they built shelters for the buffalo. That is a misstatement.

HB: Misstatement entirely.

CY: There’s just that one little shed that we keep the drag hairs and stuff in over there. We built an antelope pen and that’s the only shelter that I ever knew of.

EK: Well you know what I’m talking about. You heard this report too that they had built shelters for the buffalo in the winter and out on the range.

HB: No, no.

EK: Absolutely not.

CY: The only thing that was good out on the range that I know of was the three or four little pens that they would throw coyote baits in this pen and then screen it in and left a hole for the coyotes to go in and out of those pens. That’s the only thing that I ever found out on the range. That I ever knew of.

HB: There used to be out by a spring, perhaps four or five miles east and up on the side of the hill a ways. It’s an Indian spring and there were Indian cabins there.

Helen Hodges Bower Interview, OH 149-004a, Archives and Special Collections, Mansfield Library, University of Montana-Missoula.
EK: The buffalo...the story is that the buffalo rubbed those down the first year they were there. The fences.

HB: Not the cabins.

EK: Well that’s the story that’s—

HB: No, not the cabins. They were destroyed later, but not the first year. The buffalo congregated around there. They were in and out of the buildings, but they had long been abandoned. The buffalo congregated at those springs. It was sort of a kind of shelter...

CY: Yes, it was just a shelter.

HB: That may be where they get the idea of buffalo shelters.

EK: That must be because there’s a story in True Detective Magazine about that time where it tells about these convicts that escaped. They hid out in the buffalo park range in the buffalo shelters.

HB: That’s probably what they mean, is those...

EK: Do you know the story, Sam?

Sam (?): Yes, I read that.

HB: I’ve never read it, but that must be what they mean because there was several buildings there. Seems like there was quite a large barn-type building. There were several log buildings and the buffalo did go in and out of these buildings.

EK: Were they there...any sign of them when you were there?

CY: Not the buildings. That old fence, that stake and rider fence, was still there, but it was low on the ground.


EK: What about the Indians that lived inside of the park at that time? There’s quite a bit of history saying that they used to come back in there and try to live there even after the park was established. Is that true, to your knowledge?

HB: Not to my knowledge, no.
EK: Did they have hard a time evacuating? The way they finally ever got them to stay outta there was when the buffalo rubbed down their houses.

HB: I would say that’s fiction rather than truth.

CY: Yes, that sounds like fiction.

EK: That is the kind of thing I’d like to clear up with this and...

HB: Well, not to my knowledge anyway.

EK: That’s what I kind of thought, but it is in the legend, as you would call it, that we have up there. It tells about the houses.

HB: They were there. I remember them distinctly. The buffalo went in and out of them. That’s perhaps what they’re calling shelters.

EK: What about...in no other station on the range? Do you know of any other buildings that were inside the fence?

HB: I don’t recall...

CY: You mentioned that little cabin that was down there...

HB: There was a cabin there by the creek, yes. By the headquarters.

CY: Oh is that there? Is that the cook’s shack sign?

HB: No, no. It was...would have been...preserved as the first log cabin in there, that’s all.

EK: What about that little cook shack? When was that built in there? Wasn’t that a schoolhouse and a cook shack? That used to sit just east of the ranger about a quarter of a mile?

UFS: Must have been...

CY: Well there was never nothing over there until after...

EK: ’35 [1935].

CY: ’35.

EK: Let’s go back now. Mrs. Bower, you said that your husband, or your father, was how big a man?
HB: Six foot three.

EK: Six foot three. And he must have weighed...

HB: Around...I don’t think ever under two fifteen.

EK: He was a big man.

HB: Yes, he was. And his brother was six-six.

EK: These are things we don’t know either.

CY: I remember the time there was a pretty tall man. I told him one day, “Well you’re the first bud I’ve had to look up to for quite a while.”

HB: I don’t have many pictures. After my mother died, I have gotten married again and things didn’t work out too pleasantly. I haven’t gotten any of the little pens and pictures. Now this is the best picture that I have. It will give you an idea of what he looked like.

EK: Oh yes.

UFS: You didn’t by chance bring the pictures that’s in dispute, that you don’t know whether it’s Dad or not?

CY: ...I’m sure that’s Andy, in that picture.

EK: There’s ones that are sort of hidden.

HB: I thought after I’d talked to Mr. Henry the other day, I wish I would have asked you to bring it.

EK: Well I’ll come back again.

HB: (laughter) I’m coming there. You’re welcome to come back, but I’m coming over.

EK: What is your first recollection of your father, as far as his job and how it was carried on? Or was that just a little above you head at that time? What could you tell us about what he did as a...

HB: He rode out on the range a lot.

EK: Almost every day.
HB: Almost every day, yes. He was a very, very conscientious man. He kept good care of the buffalo. He loved his buffalo. To him they were just like how you might feel about a herd of prize cattle.

EK: Did he have a big, blue roan horse called Baldy?

HB: He wasn’t blue. He was black with a bald face.

EK: There’s three different stories I’ve gotten.

HB: No.

EK: I thought he was...I understood he was (unintelligible). Next thing I heard he was a blue roan.

HB: I don’t know if I can...somewhere I have pictures of him. That is just an old album that has some real good pictures of the buffalo [Great Buffalo].

CY: You’d be surprised at the people nowadays that don’t know a roan from another horse, too.

HB: There’s the Coleman’s we were talking about. Ida Coleman and (unintelligible). She married a man by the name of Kish (?). And that’s Ida and (unintelligible).

EK: Is that out at the place...

HB: Now that’s the barn and the shed. No, that’s right at headquarters.

EK: Oh this is actually...

HB: That’s the barn and there’s the shed. Here we are on our first Ford. Now look here: the door didn’t even open on the driver’s side. Here’s this old tire and here’s Dad and me. Now that’s how tall he was. Mom had that hat with black plumes on it. I can remember that she had that hat that was black velvet and just covered with plumes. I had a little red hat. I remember that.

EK: What year was this?

HB: Oh dear, well...

UFS: Look at the car and tell.

(Several people talking at once.)
HB: Well, somebody could tell you.

EK: Probably about ’22 [1922].

CY: Model T?

EK: I’ll bring it over there.

HB: No, it’s not that late I don’t think because we had a Dodge then by ’22. I was in Missoula in school in ’22. No, you’re way ahead of yourself because we had another Ford after that and then we had the Dodge. That’s the picture that you were thinking of having made from it. No, it was long before that because...

EK: You have no idea or any way to know how fast the buffalo increased?

HB: No. Only that...I do remember that they usually was about a hundred a year. That wouldn’t be in the beginning because there weren’t that many. At the time as I say I was a teenager and through there that I would actually remember much about it, it was about approximately a hundred a year coming in. There was six hundred at the time they started killing. I remember that, but we left there before that.

CY: They didn’t kill anything until Rose [Frank H. Rose] got there, did they?

HB: Until Rose. Rose was...

CY: That’s the way I always understood it.

HB: Dad said he would have never have killed a head of buffalo.

CY: That’s what I heard too that...

HB: That was one of the vows he made: that he would never kill one of his buffalo. He said, “I will leave here before I ever kill one of those buffalo.”

CY: This guy that got them was riding horse now.

HB: Here’s the old Moiese schoolhouse.

CY: Do you remember his name was Riley? The old guy that was kind of paralyzed and...

HB: The butcher, yes.
CY: No, not the butcher. He was from Washington, D.C.

HB: Oh. Riley sounds familiar. Kelly is jeans on and is the door off? Are you cold?

Child: The door’s off, but he’s got something...

HB: Oh, alright. Well I just don’t want to hear you’re cold. Your mama gave me orders that you weren’t to go outdoors.

UFS: Stay in here.

(Everybody starts talking at once)

HB: Here’s another picture of the old car with us in it. Dad chewed tobacco and I always sat in the backseat. He never spit until he was ready to explode. I don’t need to go any further, do I?

CY: I remember he chewed tobacco. George and I used to go down...see George and Helen both.

HB: You’d remember the largest (indistinct) at this stage of the game.

Other man: We used to go down and visit them quite often. That’s when they lived at the mission.

HB: There’s Bill Middlemist. He’s still down there. Bill knows a lot about him. Have you ever talked to him?

EK: I don’t...haven’t gotten the name yet, Helen.

UFS: And Charles, he does, doesn’t he?

HB: No. He’s down on Revais Creek, west of Dixon.

CY: This is guy, this is the daddy of Bobby that works there every once in a while now.

EK: Bill Middlemist.

CY: Yes.

HB: There he is, right there. He looks just like that again with...well I guess the hair is red, but it’s usually fiery red.

EK: I’ll sure look him up.

Helen Hodges Bower Interview, OH 149-004a, Archives and Special Collections, Mansfield Library, University of Montana-Missoula.
HB: He’s on Revais Creek west of Dixon, and Guy, the older brother, is here.

CY: Guy doing anything now or did he—

HB: No, no.

CY: —kind of retire?

HB: There’s your boy?

CY: Yes.

HB: There is...

CY: My George, he’s kind of wild-looking boy.

HB: There’s Thury Murchison. Mabel and Thury Murchison. Thury and I. Now Thury was the one, she and I, this was on about the time we were having such a time settling Old Baldie.

CY: Two little heart stoppers there!

(unintelligible conversation – group looking at pictures)

EK: Tell me some more about that man, right there.

CY: George Manos?

EK: George Manos.

HB: He worked there for years.

CY: He was kind of raised around here (?). Wasn’t he there someplace?

HB: Well his sister was...

CY: Millie Thompson.

HB: Millie Thompson. Yes. She wasn’t Millie Thompson, she was Mille Veller.

Other man: Married to Al Bock.

HB: No? Yes. Al because Dick was my friend.
EK: Dick Veller?

CY: Little Dick, he’s down in Plains now.

HB: Yes. Here is the first rider to my knowledge that they on the ditch. His name was Fred Larson, and that’s rig he rode the ditch with.

EK: Bull cart? Well—

HB: Now here’s the goose we had. Here’s the fire at the Moiese. No, that’s Arlee, that isn’t Moiese either.

EK: Frank M. Larson was the first ditch rider.

HB: First ditch rider to my knowledge they had. You can have that picture if you want it.

EK: That’s something I’m going to tell Henry Hendrickson because he told me he was the first ditch rider.

HB: I say to my knowledge. Here’s a picture of me taking out with a teepee. Dad always stood his wood up, his winter wood. Always put it up to dry. I had an Indian outfit. I couldn’t have been more than about eight or nine in that picture. Now this is Mabel Murchison and she’s now Mabel Brewer and she’s at the library in Missoula.

(unintelligible conversation)

UFS: Public library or university?

HB: University. This is the Dixon school.

EK: She works in the history, or something, department.

UFS: Marge worked out there.

HB: Here’s Guy. Guy and...

Other man: Luke or Bill...

EK: What about the horse, Bill? You remember Bill?

HB: Bill? Horse, Bill?
CY: Big bay horse. Ethel used to own him. I think your Dad had him for a while and then he sold him to Rose as I remember. I mean to say—

HB: That’s Joe Sharpe. Now he’s in San Leandro and he worked there for years and years.

EK: He’s dead.

HB: No he isn’t because I had a letter from him just the other day.

EK: Sharpe?

HB: Bob Sharpe is dead, his twin brother. Joe Sharpe is still in San Leandro.

EK: What’s this man’s name now? Just repeat it so I can count it for sure.

HB: Joe Sharpe.

EK: Joe Sharpe.

HB: That’s right. He’s in San Leandro. I’ll give you his address.

EK: I’d like to have it because Gus Kroll—

HB: They were good friends. You know where Gus’ home was?

EK: Camas (?)?

HB: Well, now they were just east of there. You know there’s that big hill, comes out past—

CY: —where (unintelligible name) lived for a long time.

EK: Oh.

CY: He lived there for a long time.

EK: Oh.

HB: Well, now that was the Sharpe place. Joe and Bob homesteaded in there. Bob had one of these barn doors that came down. It did come down. Caught him across the back and broke his back. He died in a hospital in Portland. They were twins.

EK: That’s Joe.

Helen Hodges Bower Interview, OH 149-004a, Archives and Special Collections, Mansfield Library, University of Montana-Missoula.
HB: This is Joe. Bob died.

EK: Oh Ok.

HB: That’s Old Baldy and that’s the gun and...

CY: Was Bob’s wife named Mary?

HB: Bob’s wife’s name was Mary.

Other man: Yes.

HB: And Joe’s wife now is named Mary. There’s another picture of George Manos and that’s his sister. There’s a picture of me on the bridge, down there. Is that bridge still there, that wooden bridge?

CY: No, there’s one there just like it.

HB: There’s Bill Middlemist and Duke Middlemist.

EK: What’s your first recollection of antelope?

HB: They dropped a few of them in there. They didn’t do very well. Seems like they kept bringing antelope in there. There’s a pet we had. It was always around the house. The coyotes got a lot of them [antelope]. Now this is George (unintelligible) going to France.

EK: Who?

HB: Joe. There’s Joe Sharpe’s little bud. Now this is...

EK: Montana deer hunt, they say.

HB: Now that’s George’s...That’s Al Veller.

CY: Did you know Al got killed here just this last winter?

HB: Al, no I didn’t.

CY: Well he was over...Dick went over to visit him and they were—

HB: There’s Millie, that’s George’s sister and Al Veller. This is—

CY: They had had a terrific—
HB: There’s Old Bald and there’s Old Pete. There’s Guy Middlemist and his first wife. She died.

EK: —when you’re at the range.

HB: Somewhere I got pictures of hounds that we had. Now this is Joe Wilson. That’s the guy that built the ditch.

EK: Joe Wilson.

HB: There’s Joe’s wagon shed now. That’s what he says was the blacksmith’s shop. There’s Dad selling wood, and that was a cover in the film.

CY: Seems to me there was a—

HB: There’s the old pump out there in the old pump house and the pig.

Young child: Grandma?

HB: There’s Louie’s Store. Now that’s the way—

Young child: Grandma?

HB: What dear? You want to come in?

CY: Why don’t you come in here? Sit in on leg and talk to me a little bit.

HB: That’s the little old sort of a warehouse by the railroad track. That was the store that the Sloan’s had.

EK: I’d like to have that.

HB: OK.

EK: That’s historic.

HB: Well, you can have it.

EK: Or I’ll just..I need to get a copy to them.

HB: And there’s one of the pictures—

EK: I’ll probably just take the book.
CY: Now this is a wagon shed—

HB: They brought that staghound there to round in the cattle. There’s Mrs. Fischer that Kroll mentioned Tom Fischer. That’s Mrs. Fischer.

CY: Didn’t this wagon shed sit just a little, do you know where the pump house was, or the well?

HB: Yes.

CY: Wasn’t the wagon shed sat right along there. Along that bank?

HB: No, it sat, well...

CY: Would have been kind of—

HB: Here’s the old barn that’s...it was built right down here afterwards. Here’s the house and here’s the office, as you call it. It was in the front there and then the barn. It sat right down here.

CY: The shed was right north of the office.

EK: Right there at the edge of the (unintelligible) pasture. There’s Baldy?

HB: Yep, that’s Old Baldy. That’s a good picture—

EK: Black horse.

HB: Yes. There’s Bee Nowlin and Old Baldy. Now that’s Mrs. Nowlin.

EK: Who is the gray horse?

HB: Well, the Nowlins had—

EK: No, no, who is Nowlin?

HB: Nowlin, well that’s—

CY: He was the was the first to—

HB: Because his son was here last summer. Now that’s the goat. There was some people that gave me these camels. There by the Pauline gave me a pair of little goats. They were just weeny tiny things and we didn’t even have a nickel for them for the bottles. You remember. You
probably don’t even remember. You’re not that old. But we had these old things that we filled them out in pens with and had a (unintelligible). You remember them. So we took one of those in, and we went to the office and got one of those things. We put that in a bottle. I suppose it was a whiskey bottle—something with a small neck anyway—that we got that thing into. That’s the way I raised those goats. The nanny died when she had her first babies. That old billy. We had him for years and he would follow the men when they went around the park and ride the staple. Every time they leaned over to drive the staple, he followed them in the back.

This is the old well house down by the left. That’s a picture of me fishing.

EK: (unintelligible)

HB: (unintelligible) See there’s the screen porch and there’s the square house and there’s the screen porch. Then Dad, of course. Now that’s a good picture. If you want that picture of you and me to put in this album and I’ll give you a picture of Old Baldy. That’s Old Baldy. This is Joe Sharpe’s wife, Anna Sharpe. That was the first wife and her sister. There’s Dad, right there, and that’s me and Mom and the Hecklers (?) and the Nowlins. That was some people that used to come out there. These two men came from the university. They used to come out there. There’s the hound. Here’s another picture of Joe Sharpe, this man, his first wife, Dad, and Mom. I don’t know why it cut me out of there. I was standing there...

EK: How successful were the staghounds?

HB: Now here’s the Conley deer. To my knowledge, that’s the first deer and it says 1921. We might have some before that. I’m not positive.

EK: You had whitetails in 1910.

HB: Yes.

EK: These are mule deer.

HB: Yes. These are the first mule deer was what I meant to say. The Conley deer. Conley was a warden at the prison in Deer Lodge. Somewhere he had these deer over there. These are the Conley deer in 1921.

EK: These have that record.

HB: Now these are elks in the Wyoming Elk Refuge. I got these pictures through the Nowlin’s because that’s where Mr. Nowlin’s father was located.

CY: Didn’t Andy...wasn’t he the warden down at Jackson Hole Elk Refuge for a long time?
HB: No, he was the deputy state warden for the State of Colorado.

CY: Oh, I see.

HB: I have no knowledge of how he happened to come to Montana. I mean, why he came to Montana. He was sent here, but...

Small child: Grandma?

HB: What?

Small child: Can I go outside?

HB: No ma’am...you sir, your mom said no.

CY: It’s cold out there.

EK: He was working for the forest service?

CY: No, state.

HB: Same name it would be.

CY: I was told once that he was in charge of the elk refuge there in Jackson Hole.

HB: No, now that’s Bryan Owen’s father.

CY: Oh.

HB: See, that’s where that connection is. It was not Dan Hodges.

CY: Oh, I see.

HB: No, we came from Ouray, Colorado. That’s in southwestern Colorado.

EK: He worked for the State of Colorado.

HB: State of Colorado for a number of years.

EK: Where was he born before that, or...?
HB: He was born in Virginia. Then they lived Kansas. Mother always said she never lived in Kansas; she existed five years because she was so afraid of the cyclones. From Kansas they moved to Colorado.

EK: What year was your father born? Do you remember?

HB: ‘68.

CY: 1868.

UFS: There’s an obituary.

EK: I have his obituary.

HB: You have it. He was born in Galax, Virginia. That’s where they lived. When I was four they...the year I was four because we came here the year five. The year I was four, my mother and I went back to Virginia. Dad said, “Now I’m not going to give you any money to come back on because it’s too far to go. You will only go and stay two weeks. You’ll be back and I’m going to give you your ticket to come back.” In about three weeks, he was ready to see when we wanted to come back. But Mom said, “I’m going to fool him.” We stayed five months. I do remember crossing the Blue Ridge Mountains in Virginia in a covered wagon drawn by oxen. That’s their mode of transportation there. That would be...(pauses) We left Colorado the day I was four though. It would have been the 24th of November, in 1908. We went to Virginia and we stayed five months. We came back in April and Dad left Colorado in August. We left then in October.

[End of Side A]
HB: October, the month before.

EK: Did you ever ride with your father? Watch out over the range?

HB: Not too much. I had a few times, but not too much.

EK: At that time was the buffalo particularly obnoxious or scared of people or were they—

HB: No. Well I’d say neither. The only trouble that Dad ever had was in counting the calves. He used to go every day to go count the calves during the calving feed. One time, there was an old cow. That would be in the northeast corner—

EK: Save him a trip.

HB: —be right over towards the Mission, only it’d be in the northeast corner—

EK: Save him a trip.

HB: Her calf was dead. Dad circled and circled and circled trying to see if the calf was dead. Of course, she got very obnoxious. She did charge him and he had his carbine out, ready to kill her. All of the sudden, just like that, she turned and away she ran. He was on Old Baldy.

EK: The calf was dead?

HB: The calf was dead. That’s why she was so irate, I supposed, because her calf wasn’t responding to her. Of course, she sensed it was dead.

EK: Was there any other...was it disease or do you know if there was any other disease like brucellosis or bangs at that time? We don’t really have any record as the doctor sent them to a calf doctor—

HB: I would say very good, excellent.

EK: Would that be fifty percent or ninety percent?

HB: I would say ninety percent because there were very few dents among the calf population. Almost none of them...the older buffalo...

EK: There was enough grass and everything there in the beginning so it wouldn’t be a problem...?
HB: No. There was never any problem with feeding in those days because the herd was small and the grass was real good. We had harder winters which meant more snow and more moisture for the grass. So there was never any problem.

EK: But towards the end of the time there was getting to be—

HB: Yes, yes. The feeding was becoming necessary.

EK: They did buy hay from all local people?

HB: They did buy local hay.

EK: That’d run between five and six thousand dollars a year worth of hay.

HB: I couldn’t tell you—

EK: That’s what I read.

HB: That’s perhaps right. I couldn’t tell you.

UFS: Someone told us how the buffalo were used to your Dad and his horse. When the other men would go out to work in the field how, I think it was Henry Hendrickson told us, how with any other foreign horse, they’d really circle around and look at because they were used to...

HB: Yes. They were used to Old Baldy and they didn’t really pay much attention to him.

EK: What can you tell us about poaching?

HB: You mean game poaching?

EK: Game poaching. Was there any incidents that your father ever spoke of, of people coming in there and trying to...?

HB: Fishermen, yes. But game, no.

EK: Well that’s good to know. Somewhat surprising. From what you hear, it was quite a problem. So anyone else, you got—

CY: It was probably after the homesteaders got in there that the big poaching began to take place.

HB: I would question that too because from this standpoint those homesteaders were hard-working people. They came in there and they fought hard to establish homes and worked there...
and they were just real good honest people. The ones that weren’t, they soon eliminated themselves.

EK: How did things settle with the Indians when they took that park over like that and took that chunk of land right out of the center of the reservation? Was there any harm...?

HB: No, there weren’t many Indians located, really, within the boundaries of it. Of course, they took their land, their grazing land, and this herd of wild horses. They stomped them out. I remember seeing them lots of times.

CY: They paid them though for the land.

HB: They paid them for the land.

EK: They did, but...

CY: Doesn’t mean at that time...three dollars an acre for that kind of land was a good big price when you stop to figure that across the river from Willis’ there, he said he bought a lot of that land over there for fifty cents an acre.

HB: Across the big river?

CY: Yes.

HB: Nobody ever seemed to have any trouble with the Indians. Dad never had any trouble any of them. No, he got along very well. He was quite a—

CY: He was a good diplomat.

HB: And he liked spending arms.

EK: Pretty good shot too, I guess?

HB: Yes, he was.

EK: He was a good horseman, we know.

HB: Yes, and he was a hard-working man. If he couldn’t find anything else to do he’d go out to the garage at night and straighten rusty nails.

CY: Young had a picture of him at Creaking Post (?)...

HB: Yes. I always remember, always had a barrel. The creek flowed in at the edge.
CY: He had a couple that looked like they got over there now. Probably, might even be the same.

HB: There used to be a long old shed in front of the well house. Right just beyond the well house over towards where the barn was.

CY: That’s the one I was just asking you about there. Yes, I remember that shed. We used it for a wood shed.

HB: Yes, we used one in the...

Unidentified Male Speaker: There was a couple other truck stalls in it.

HB: He kept the clothes washing machine in the third one there.

CY: Yes, I had kind of forgot about that but I remember now.

HB: Those goats that I had, they were on top of everything but the moon. They used to get up and there was an old fence between the end of the shed and the barn. They would walk that pole, and it wasn’t very big either, and then get up and walk on the top of that shed. They got on top of everything.

CY: Yes, and there was a big root cellar right on the west end of that shed.

HB: Yes. I must tell you about the root cellar and me. My mother sent me to get the beans one day. She said, “Now it’s almost dinnertime and you hurry.” I had to get these beans ready. I didn’t come back and I didn’t come back. So she came with a switch for me. It wasn’t me that needed the switch, it was that old billy goat because every time I’d start out the door—bang—he’d close the door and I never would have got out of there if she’d hadn’t come after me.

EK: You said something about rattlesnakes out at the front gate.

HB: It was back of the well, is where the swamp was that I almost stepped on. He was coiled and I had my foot raised. I would perhaps have sat my foot right on top of him. My mother saw me and told then so that I wasn’t bit. When I was by the gate by Moiese, I killed him with a stick one day coming home from school.

EK: They were fairly common then?

HB: You saw them occasionally, yes. I remember one time there was a man up from Washington, D.C. I can’t tell you who he was. There was a man by the name of Henshaw that used to come quite often.
CY: Wasn’t Earnshaw?

HB: No, Henshaw. He was an official and he came nearly every summer.

CY: They had on back there in my time by the name of Earnshaw.

HB: No, this was Henshaw.

CY: He’d come out quite often.

HB: Henshaw. But he had—

CY: Seems like I do remember...

HB: I remember one time that they were trying to get a rattlesnake as a species on the park to send back to Washington. I remember they fooled and fooled at this man with a noose with a string. They finally got this noose around its neck and jerked it up tight. The back of this old buggy, this spring wagon we had, it had two seats. People talk about...I remember there was a little knob stuck out there, I supposed a handle to let the tail gate down perhaps. I know they tied that thing there. He still had life in him. He’d raise himself up. I know I was in the back of that buggy and thought, “Geez, he’s going to come right in here,” but I guess he couldn’t. I guess there wasn’t life enough in him. We took him home and put it in a glass jar with alcohol and they sent him.

We had an eagle one time, a big bald eagle. They got caught in a coyote trap. Dad used to put out traps for the coyotes. He got caught in this trap and got a leg injury. So Dad brought him home and he put a splint on his leg. We had him in a big cage there. We kept him there, for quite a long time until he got able to fend for himself again.

EK: Do you have any recollection of a trapper that worked in there with your father?

HB: Yes, his name was Young.

CY: Burt Young.

HB: Burt Young. He was deaf. He could hear just as good as anybody on the telephone, but he was deaf to talk to. You had to get real close to him to talk to him. He was a very nice man.

EK: Where did he live?

HB: In this...what you call the office. It was the office on one end. The south end was the office and he had the other end. That’s where he lived.
EK: Was there just one that you recall?

HB: Yes. That’s the only one that sticks in my mind that we had. I don’t recall another one, now. That’s the only one I remember.

EK: Did he work full-time for the government?

HB: Yes. I don’t think Dad had anything to do with him. I think he was working for the government, but independently I believe. He made it a habit of tasting everything he killed. I remember one time he coaxed me one time to eat a piece of—

CY: Bobcat or—?

HB: No, no. It was a water animal. It wasn’t a beaver—

UFS: Muskrat?

HB: Muskrat! Piece of muskrat. But it was very, vegetarian, or—

CY: Oh yes, I’ve eaten muskrat.

HB: It was just as good as rabbit or chicken or anything. But I did balk on a horse. I just couldn’t bring myself to taste that. He would buy these Indian coyote...used to be moose out there...he would buy them for bait for his trap.

EK: Did he shoot some of the horses that were inside the park for coyote bait?

HB: I think he did. I just, there were a few left and it seems to me those were the end of those horses.

EK: There were seventeen to start with and there was seven, I think when...

HB: Yes, they got down to seven. I think that was perhaps the end of them. I’m not really positive about that, but I think that’s what happened. He was there for several years it seems to me.

EK: How did he work with hounds? Can you tell me any more about the hounds? You mentioned that your father had hounds.

HB: They had an Irish Staghound.

EK: Did they just take him out there and when they saw a coyote, they turned him loose?
HB: And let him run. He later got the coyote poison and was killed. I remember he came back to the house and died.

EK: How did that affect the buffalo?

HB: I don’t recall that they ever did anything sort of activity like this in the neighborhood where the buffalo were for fear of exciting them.

EK: That’s what I wondered. You have no recollection of ever going out to the fence?

HB: The buffalo? No.

EK: No time do you recall them penning the buffalo?

HB: No. Now the elk, not through the outside fence, but I can remember a shipment of elk that came in there. They had them in that pen that we were talking about a while ago, east of the headquarters. I remember that they were fighting. They were going in there by truck. I can’t tell you where from because I don’t remember, but they brought them in by truck. I know that two or three of them jumped the fence and I recall that one or two of them broke their necks in so doing. I remember that.

EK: In ’23 [1923] your father left?

HB: Yes. September 23.

EK: Then that was Rose that came?

HB: Rose.

EK: Was there anybody between, for a short time or anything in there? Because in our records, someplace in our records, it states that in 1924 there was several hundred animals. It says as disposable (?) or as guests or, what else was it...? Remember I read to you the other night?

CY: Yes.

EK: See in 1924.

CY: Some of them given away or butchered.

HB: Yes. I think that’s very true. They gave them to...a lot of them to the Indians. The old ones that weren’t settled. This is only what I’ve heard, through the Nowlins, of course. They were still there.
EK: Nowlins was still there.

CY: Yes, they were there until about the time I got there.

EK: Is he still living?

CY: No. Brian himself is dead. She said his wife is still living.

HB: He’s dead. The wife, she’s a nurse in a hospital.

EK: (unintelligible) Would you think maybe she would have any papers or anything that could...? Another thing I wanted to ask you: did Nowlin have to keep a daily file or did your father keep a daily record of his activities?

HB: He kept a daily record, pretty much.

EK: Do you have any of that?

HB: No. That was always in the office in the file. I used to help him in the office after I was home.

EK: After work?

HB: Yes.

EK: You have nothing. That’s what’s hurt us so bad. Would that file have been duplicated and sent to Washington? Another office?

HB: It seems as if there should be some records in Washington. I would, offhand, say yes, but know I don’t know. I couldn’t prove it.

CY: Seems logical that there would be.

(several people talking at the same time)

EK: Why can’t they be located?

CY: They probably just cleaned house and threwed them out or sent them down to, as you say, down to...

EK: Denver.
CY: Denver. Where they store them. That’s about where they’re at.

EK: I’ll have to make some more inquiries because that would open a whole new world to use if we could get those daily reports.

HB: I’m not positive it was a daily report, but I know he did a lot of reporting and a lot of correspondence.

(unintelligible, EK talking over HB)

HB: I wouldn’t say it did because I couldn’t recall it, but I know it was a lot of reporting. It certainly must be somewhere.

CY: I would imagine he did at least a bit of diary.

HB: Because it’d be a number of years ago. What they’d done with it in the things from Washington in the meantime, I don’t know.

EK: It’s been transferred through about three different agencies. It was a biological survey and then it was transferred to—

CY: Fish and Wildlife. Now they call it Sport, Fishing—

EK: U.S. Bureau of Sports, Fisheries, and Wildlife. It was under the Department of the Interior.

(Young and Kraft speaking at the same time)

EK: Now it’s under the Department of the Interior. Where the records are and how well they are is a thing that we’re trying to unravel. That’s real interesting. We knew that he was a...just the very idea of what did take place. Even at that time, there was correspondence. There was a great interest in the buffalo, no doubt. You have any recollection of anyone from the National Bison Society coming to inspect it or...

HB: There were various governmental men there every summer. I don’t have exact knowledge of where they were from, but I know that there were...every summer there was someone from Washington there. I do recall this Mr. Henshaw. He came many years. Of course, he was a middle-aged man then so of course he wouldn’t be living.

EK: When you had help there at all, did your mother feed both men?

HB: They paid her a dollar a day board. She would cook for them and wash for them.

EK: And they stayed...
HB: In a hotel.

EK: What were some of their names, as close as...?

HB: Well, Sherwood Rom (?) was there for a number of years. James Grover (?) worked there for a long time.

EK: But Jim worked there and went home, didn’t he? Would Jim stay there or would he go home nightly?

HB: Some of the time he went home. But of course George Manoff lived there and Joe Sharpe lived there. Men like that lived there. After Joe left us there, he and Anna Sharpe, his first wife, separated. In fact, she disappeared. They separated and she disappeared. Joe was out of the coast for quite a long time. Then he came back there and worked there for several years.

EK: Did your father have cattle? Did he grow cows out there?

HB: Just a milk cow. Not cattle, just a milk cow.

EK: Yes. There was principally just the three head of (unintelligible) horses?

HB: Yes. Just the team. I remember one of the teams got a pistol on his shoulder. I remember what a terrible thing that was. Dad felt so bad about it. He just had so much compassion for an animal that finally had to shoot the horse. There was nothing else that could be done. The shoulder just (unintelligible). Then he got another horse to replace that. But he had that old Bay team for a year. That may be where you get the male horse...the team...

EK: That was the team that (unintelligible) the team of bays.

HB: Yes, yes. That’s right.

EK: (unintelligible) talks about a different team.

HB: Yes, yes. (pauses) There’s a picture here of Bill Middlemist.

EK: Do you know if Bill Middlemist is still alive?

HB: Oh sure, he’s out at he’s down on Reavis Creek, west of Dixon.

CY: Oh he’s living?

HB: Yes!
EK: Oh, we already talked about him.

(Several people talking at the same time.)

HB: Here’s the mill next to the house. That was taken from that hill. Here’s the road coming in here. Here was where we always had our garden. It was a long way from the house, but that was real good soil there.

EK: Right below where the (unintelligible).

HB: And here was the house, you see...

EK: (unintelligible)

HB: Here’s what I meant by the ditch around the hill, here. That’s what I asked him, if that ditch was still around this hill there.

EK: That’s where the exhibition pasture is. Right through there.

HB: The road wound around up here and we went up in here to go to the...Now that says July 11, 1913, is the date on that.

EK: That road was built, then, before that.

HB: Here’s another picture of them closer up. This is where we used to have hay for the—

EK: It’s still the meadow.

HB: —for the horses.

CY: Right of the corner of that, of that meadow out there, the road goes to it now...Right around the corner there, there used to be three or four hills of rhubarb. Stayed there for years.

(Helen and other woman speak unintelligibly. Helen continues to point out pictures to Ernest.)

EK: ...North of the creek, 2, 4, 6, 8, 10, 12, 13 hens, July seventh, 1913, 13 (unintelligible)

HB: (looking at photograph) Arthur Stephens, Buffalo County, Buffalo, Western Montana, 1914. He’s pretending like he’s shooting.

EK: Yes.
HB: There’s my goat! Now that’s a fellow by the name of Walsh. They had a tent right outside of the yard. This is the yard around the headquarters and here. The office was right here. They had their tent there and those fellows lived in that tent that winter. They were surveyors and they surveyed. This fellow’s name was Walsh. Then there was a fellow there by the name of Cotton Hollard. I always remembered that. I never heard in my life the name of Cotton for a given name before. Hollard and Walsh surveyed that ditch that they built through there. Then the Wilson brothers from Polson, Bill...That’s all I have a picture of...There’s the beets, wild beets.

CY: Was one of the Wilson’s named Bjo?

HB: Sure.

CY: Yes, I know him. Or did. I don’t know whether he’s still living or he’s dead.

HB: No, he’s dead.

CY: Bjo Wilson, I remember him.

EK: Your goose block: tell us a little bit about that. We still have about sixty-four in there.

HB: Well I think this was the nucleus of it. I think it (unintelligible).

UFS: Was that an orphaned animal?

HB: I don’t know. That old goat again. That was just one that hung around there. (unintelligible)

EK: Oh, I see.

UFS: That’s the one that’s still there. Oh, this is one that...

(Other people start talking.)

HB: Down at the creek. Creek’s in the background.

CY: I think I have some pictures of that cabin down there. Bill Wacas (?) got to be Secretary of the Interior. They wanted somebody...

(Other people talking.)

EK: That’s real interesting.
HB: That’s Young and he had his own house, his own bunkhouse out there, he stayed in. That’s just the...what was his... (pauses). Trapper?

CY: Yes

HB: That’s Burt Young and that’s his house.

EK: Is that where Ravalli’s substation? That house, where he stayed?

CY: Well it used to be up on hill there.

EK: Where the dynamite house is?

CY: It was across the road from the old...close to that house that Dieter lives in now.

EK: Oh.

CY: You’re right in the corner, when you come down off the hill. You look inside of our fence there. There’s a little plot there.

EK: Our line runs across the highway actually, now.

CY: Well that’s ours, that...

HB: That must be the Nowlin house, isn’t it?

CY: No. No, that isn’t the Nowlin house.

(possibly a distortion or break in the tape)

HB: ...why not there? These are all so long ago.

CY: It’s just a little square, four-room house.

HB: Yes, but it is because there’s the barn back there and that’s the original Nowlin house.

CY: If it is they’ve changed this part of it.

HB: Yes, but that’s what it is because there’s the barn and there’s the creek bed.

CY: Chimney’s—

EK: Sure looks like it.
HB: Yes, that’s the Nowlin house.

EK: Then they built this porch on here.

HB: That’s the original Nowlin house.

EK: They must have built this here and then built that porch off to the south.

CY: Well...

HB: I know it is. I know that it’s the Nowlin home.

EK: It sure looks like the porch though.

HB: Yes, it is.

CY: Yes, everything looks...

(Bower and Young talking at the same time)

HB: There’s another picture of me in the knitting costume. Here’s the winter picture...that’s the logger boat before the ship was even built down in here. There’s Bill Middlemist and there’s the team.

EK: Is that Old Baldy?

HB: Yep. That’s the old team. Now this is a picture I always thought was real good.

EK: Yes. Old Whitey.

HB: Now here’s the anthill. I always thought that was quite interesting because they were on that ridge. You see how rampant the grass is? You said you have this obituary, didn’t you?

EK: Yes. I have that one filed away.

HB: You have that one. This I must have cut from the Los Angeles Times. What became of the beginning of it, I don’t know, but you can have it if it’s any good to you. Did you know that in the June ’58 of the Reader’s Digest...I can tell you that I was bowled over when they said that the buffalos that are due to vanish and I turned to look...

EK: I doubt that.
HB: You doubt that. I’ve got everything that I can lay my hands on.

(unintelligible brief conversation; background noise)

EK...the office, there’s not anyplace else.

HB: Now this is some kind of *The Folksman Review*. Whether you want this or now I don’t know but you can have it.

(unintelligible brief conversation, looking at picture – background noise)

HB: Well I was so bowled over when I started to read it because it said buffalo and I was immediately interested and then I found out where it was located I was just really quite surprised.

EK: Schwartz (looking at picture)

HB: Now that was a manager too.

EK: John Schwartz.

HB: Yes.


HB: Shrader? I connected Shrader with somebody we knew...

EK: Do you remember those guys, Cy? Elmer Parker and Heck Shrader.

CY: Heck Shrader, they were from Wichita. And Parker is too. Parker and Shrader, they were both from Wichita.

EK: This article must be on all the refuges. I’ll be sure this doesn’t get destroyed. This is one of Mushback’s pictures I think. Crossing the creek there, Cy.

CY: Yes, that’s Mushback’s picture.

EK: I’ve seen that picture before so I’m sure that is.

[Break in audio]
HB: There was a man by the name of Treska. T-R-E-S-K-A. Was the first man that lived in the house where Cy Young lives now. I can’t think of his first name but her name was Ava, and I have a picture of her here, Ava Treska, T-R-E-S-K-A.

EK: And that was the—

HB: Then the Nowlins, N-O-W-L-I-N. Bryon Nowlin. They came from Jackson Hole, Wyoming where his father worked there with the elk.

EK: Can you go back and tell us the story about your adoption?

HB: When I was about fourteen, I believe, a man by the name of MacNimel (?) came out there and lived up on...near I guess what they call Dunlin Mills (?). He told the story that I was adopted. My folks thought that was so ridiculous that he would tell the story of that they just said it was absolutely ridiculous. They just poo-pooed it and it grew out of my mind. That’s all there ever was to it.

Then when Dan Hodges was dying...that was in December of ’46 [1946]. He passed away in January of ’47. No, it was December of ’45. He passed away in January of ’46. He told that they had taken me out of Denver State Orphanage. My name was Marsh and that I had some family. There were other children. So I returned to Pomona, California, where I lived. I wrote to the Denver State Orphanage. They verified this and gave me the given names of my sisters and that my mother had re-married. Her name was Alice J. Swanson and she had moved to Port Orchard, Washington. I wrote the police there, but they wrote back and said they had checked a lot of records and found no one by that name. However, mother is buried there and her husband’s name was Otto Swanson. That was the way they missed it.

The following Christmas...went on to the following Christmas which was a year later after Dad died that I did write a letter to the Denver Post through the encouragement of a woman with whom I worked in the hospital there in California. She said she thought that if I would write to the Denver Post, surely there would be someone who might know about it. I did have several letters from other people, but about ten days after I wrote this letter, I came home from work. Me and my daughter was waiting for a minute, my younger daughter, and she said that I had a phone call that day. I put the call through. I was to call an operator. I put the call through and it was my sister, Florence. Of course, she began telling me a lot of things which were foreign to me because we had been separated thirty-nine years. I was three and a half when I went in the orphanage. My mother and only sister were working and someone reported that the children were not attended well enough. They coaxed mother to put us in the orphanage and told her that if and when she was able that she could take us out. She went there many times and they told her that if I came seeking the knowledge they would tell me, but they would never tell her where I was.
—and through a chance acquaintance recognizing Gladys, my sister just older than I. According to mother, she was able to regain Gladys. However she hadn’t known many adoptive children to come back, but this woman did remember her and she got her back. It was then that they moved to Port Orchard, Washington and that’s where they remained. Otto Swanson, my step-father, just passed away here last year. I discovered then that I had...after talking to my sister Florence, she said our mother was dead, but the girls, all six girls, were alive. There were six of us and I was the youngest. I was born in Colorado Springs, thinking all these years I was born in Ouray, Colorado where the Hodges lived. My own father died, before I was born, of pneumonia out on the flat in Peyton, Colorado. I believe it’s near where the Air Force Academy is now. I visited there one time when I was in Denver. One of my sisters took me there. We all went to see the old house, the yard with a fence around it, where I was born. It’s still there. That following August, we had a family reunion in Port Orchard, Washington and we were all there together. Since, two of the girls have died. The two next older than I. The two remained in Denver. The oldest sister and the other two remained in Washington. Then the two...two of them would be next older, next to Elsie, have always remained in Denver and are still there.

EK: What about your first marriage? Now this was to Burton Smith?

HB: No, Burton was my... (unintelligible).

EK: (unintelligible) a good, short while?

HB: No, we were divorced and then I married (unintelligible, background noise)...Then we went to California from Hamilton. We moved from Missoula. We were married in Missoula. I went to Missoula to school and graduated in 1923 from Missoula High School. I worked at Missoula Mercantile furniture department that next year. I was married in ’24. Then Mr. Smith and I were married January 1st of ’27 [1927]. We lived in Missoula for ten years and then we moved to Hamilton in ’32. We left here in ’43 and went to California for his health. He died two years later of a collapsed lung. He had pneumonia many times during our marriage. Doctors had advised him many years before to leave. He did go to California for about a year, but I guess the call of the Bitterroot brought him back.

EK: When your father left the range, he moved over to the mission.

HB: A little homestead. The Huddleson (?) place over east of St. Ignatius, east of the bison range.

EK: Then they moved to Missoula.

HB: No, no, no.

EK: They never moved to Missoula?
HB: No, no.

UFS: That’s what I told—and

HB: He married Rilla Colter after my mother died.

EK: What year...?

HB: My mother died in 1931. A year and a half later, he married Rilla Colter.

UFS: Your Dad died right at St. Ignatius, didn’t he? That’s where the funeral took place. But he’s buried in—


UFS: That’s where Missoula—

HB: Yes. Because she died in St. Patrick’s Hospital in Missoula. She was buried in Missoula. Then Dad was in St. Patrick’s Hospital. Rilla called me, said that Dad was very ill, that they had operated on him, and that his liver was an entire cancer. That was in 1945 and transportation facilities were not dependable at that time due to the war years. I tried every means of transportation. Finally, at the bus depot, they told me that if I would go out and ask the driver if I could get on the bus. If he would take me on, if there was a seat or not, I could get on and then, when someone got off, I could have their seat. That’s the way I left California to come to Montana. I didn’t know that Dad would be alive when I got here. However, he lived until the 27th of January and this was the 7th of December. I could only go as far as Salt Lake on that bus. Was as far as I could go. Then I took the train out of Salt Lake to Missoula.

CY: I used to get a big kick out of your mother. When she addressed your Dad, she called him Hodges.

HB: Yes, she always called him Hodges.

CY: That kind of tickled me. I don’t think if she ever called Andy. That was his name. She always called him Hodges.

EK: What was Mother Hodges’ family?

HB: Hooker was her name. She was from North Carolina and Dad was from Galax, Virginia. Mt. Airy, North Carolina and Galax, Virginia. They were married back there. They lived there about four years, then they moved to Canada. They lived there for five years and then they moved to Colorado. He worked for various cattle men and sheep men in Colorado.
CY: I think that’s one reason she and I got along so good. I was born in North Carolina.

HB: Oh?

CY: Boy, we just had something in common right quick.

HB: I can remember, as I told you a while ago, when we visited there when I was five, I remember crossing the Blue Ridge Mountains with that oxen team.

[Break in audio]

HB: We saw them up there. I have a picture of them and whenever they locked their horns they kind of fought.

CY: They stayed locked.

EK: Now this is elk.

HB: This is elk. They had a huge rack of horn and their horns were locked.

EK: Somewhere there is a picture...

HB: Well, I had it, but where it came from or anything about it or what has become of it. There is a possibility it could be out in the garage in a trunk, but I wouldn’t promise you because I don’t know. If I do find it, you certainly may have it. But I don’t know. It was a wonderful picture of those elk. They were right above the headquarters there.

EK: (unintelligible)

HB: No. The picture?

EK: No. The horns. They had to ship them. They had to crate them and ship them back there.

UFS: They just recently found some mountain sheep.

HB: You have the history of the mountain sheep, don’t you? Dad went to Canada and brought the mountain sheep.

EK: Well we didn’t know that he went to get them.

HB: Yes he did.

EK: Didn’t they come in from Banff?
HB: Yes. He went after them. Because I got a little pickle dish. He brought Mom and I each a little pickle dish from Canada when he brought the—

EK: Go ahead with the story.

HB: I don’t know too much about it, but I know they went to Banff and got these. I think they were purchased from the Canadian government up there. I think they were.

EK: We have that—

HB: Yes. He went up there and brought them down himself.

EK: How were they, were they trucked or...how were they transported?

HB: I think they trucked. It seems like they were.

EK: How many? You couldn’t recall how many?

HB: There weren’t too many of them. Probably seven or eight, maybe. I don’t really know how many. I don’t remember. There were seven—

EK: They were kept right at the headquarters area.

HB: For a while, yes. That’s why we had that pen for. Was for any newly received or anything like that.

EK: You don’t know how many whitetail deer were brought up from Missoula?

HB: At different times, they brought out deer. The Greenough Park had some deer at one time. These Greenoughs that they’re having such a battle over the mansion now, whether to preserve it or not. The Greenoughs had these deer and they donated them to the park. They were brought out there. There was a deer and some spotted fawns and I was dying to get a hold of that fawn. My mom said, “You get that fawn and his mother will take after you.” I tried to pick it up but the old mama came and I dropped the fawn.

EK: One thing about that is that we don’t have a number that was brought in. We know that they brought the deer in but we don’t know how many.

HB: It wouldn’t have been too many. Possibly 15, 16, something like that.

EK: Would you know if they were branded?
HB: No, I don’t think they were. I don’t think there was ever anything like that at that time.

CY: Did you ever know a guy by the name of Burt Leash?

HB: Burt Leash? Sure.

CY: Well he claims—

(HB and UMS speaking at once)

CY: He claims that he brought in some whitetails out there. He says, “They got my brand on them.”

HB: Unless they tagged them in the ear, that’s probably what he means. A tag in the ear, but not a branding iron, I don’t think.

CY: Just the way he sounded, he says he put his brand on them.

HB: That’s what he means, and ear tag, yes. Is he still living?

CY: As far as I know he is.

HB: There was Edna and Elsie...Joley. But that’s Jack Lindsay’s wife and they live in Victor.

EK: To some they saw that your father felt that the buffalo should have been saved from big slaughter and should have been transferred to other refuges or made new areas for them rather than start this poaching program. That was just about the sum of the story as to why he left.

CY: (unintelligible mumbling)

HB: He started out with a little bit of a herd and it grew up to six hundred when he was there...

(Several people talking at the same time)

EK: Was there any freaks? Do have any recollection of any unordinary animals during that time? Have you ever heard your father speak of—

HB: Wasn’t there a two-headed calf at one time?

EK: Not in our records.
HB: Oh. I don’t know for sure if there was or not. Seems to me that there was a two-headed calf.

EK: Any other species? Did you have mule deer? He’s all boy just like most of them.

HB: We got two-headed (unintelligible).

EK: I guess we could close this off. We better let you—

HB: No, I’ve enjoyed it immensely. Just reminiscing of days long gone.

EK: If you just keep thinking about this and if you get enough stuff together that you’d like to add anything to it I’d sure appreciate it.

HB: As I said, there probably could be something in the trunk, but I’m not positive of it. If I find anything more, I’ll certainly...

EK: You’ve given us a lot of information and cleared up some of the things that have been stated as fact that I think that is going to help us a good deal.

[End of Interview]