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Interviewee: Sharon MacQuarrie  
Interviewer: Suzanne Vernon  
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Suzanne Vernon: Do you remember any stories your parents told you about why they moved to the Swan Valley.

Sharon MacQuarrie: Oh sure. My father, it was during the war, and he was an architect working for a building company. He was not able to serve in the war effort because of eye difficulties. So he traveled a lot for this company. Missoula was part of his territory. He was over here and had heard about this area. His college friend, Ross Greening--they were all in college together at Washington State University together, my mother, my dad and their best friends. My mother was and Dot were sorority sisters together. He was going to have, he was in the war effort, an Air Force officer, a flyer (talking about Col. Ross Greening) he wanted to have a little R&R somewhere different. Dad had been traveling in Missoula and had heard about this Swan Valley area. So he called Tyne Laird, this was in early '45, spring of '45. Came up and saw that this was fabulous. Dirt road from Clearwater Junction. He made arrangements for the four of them to come and spend some time with Tyne who had been widowed a few years prior to that. Both Ross, who was a fine arts major at WSU, and my dad who was a musician and artist in his own right both had this romantic infatuation with Laird’s Lodge, as it was called then. Things came to pass, and Dad just told Mother that he didn’t want to do what he was doing any more. Ross wanted a place to get away. He was going to be a career military officer so they pooled their resources and made an offer. That’s how they came. My father had never been around horses. Never had done anything that entailed running a dude ranch. My mother was a home economics major and teacher and so she could handle, knew it would be no problems with the food. They are both wonderful people. So that’s how they came. I was six years old when they moved up here.

SV: Do you remember the first time you saw it?

SM: I remember our house real well. I remember the road because it was such an effort to get to school. The road you came in on now is certainly not the same road. There’s bits and pieces of the old road are what we have. The pieces that are left gradually merge in with the existing road. I remember lots of things in regards to that road because of the mud and my father getting stuck and that kind of thing. My father having to build what he called corduroy roads and cutting the lodgepole down so he would make these quick bridges so we could get across. Or getting so badly stuck that I would walk the three and a half miles home. Then that road was five miles long. It was clear over to the edge of the Gordon Ranch across the main highway. I would walk home and get my mother to come with a truck and pull us out. Because Dad had to take me and my sister to school out to the Gordon Ranch road. The school teacher lived here,
too. So he would pick her up. We were on that road a lot. So I remember lots of instances with the road. The building and the place, Yes, I remember what it looked like.

SV: How much was here?

SM: When Tyne left she didn’t want to take hardly anything. She really loved my mom and my dad but she had a wonderful relationship with my mother. And was so grateful that there was someone coming that would love and treasure this place as they did, she and her deceased husband. So, lots of stuff she left. It was huge furniture. It was still difficult to get it out. The narrow, narrow road. She didn’t leave with very much. So Mom has a couple of pieces in Missoula that were Tyne’s. The look never changed until Dad, this was in the fifties, turned the cabins into housekeeping units. Just the necessity of putting in an unobtrusive little kitchen unit in is about all he did. Up until that point they were the same. We were still... when I went off to college we were still, when I’d work here in the summer, we were still using the same blankets that Tyne had made. The quilts that she had made. They were a heavy bag that did not launder well. Got all bunched up. They were always from pieces from, there was never a specific color scheme because she used whatever she had at hand. They’re patchwork. They were tied. They weren’t quilted. They were machine sewn. The patches were. And then they were tied with yarn. We had all the beds, had the quilts that she had used. Over the years we had to start replacing them. Just because of age, and the use, when my parents took the place on the business started to grow. We could have, we wanted to have at least fifty plus guests during the guest season. So they got a lot of washing... It’s as my father sold, with new owners that the character and the overall look started to change.

SV: Can you describe Tyne to me?

SM: I can remember her. She was a small woman. She wore her hair very, very short. Have you talked to anybody about Mickey Sonnennberg yet? (no) that homesteaded a place over on the Gordon Ranch side of the valley. I knew Mickey very well because Mickey was a very good friend of Mrs. Carney’s (sp?). And I would sit and listen to them tell me about Tyne. And Tyne in the winter would snowshoe out for the mail. The mail came when we first moved here, the mail came once a week. I can’t remember how often the mail came when Cap and Tyne were here. But in the winter she thought nothing of strapping on her snowshoes and snowshoeing out to get her mail and see her neighbors. Mickey was of the same ilk. Very woodsy women and in fact do you know, Mrs. Fitzgerald? Right down here. Well, she bought my dad’s home that he built for he and his second wife. But Mrs. Fitzgerald looks a lot like I remember Tyne looking. Mrs. Carney always felt that Tyne was so beautiful. Lady. In spirit and soul. But she was definitely a workhorse. She was not shrinking violet. Well, you couldn’t have moved here in those days and not be willing to chop the wood and chop the ice and everything. I remember her very briefly, because I only was around her for a few months. From when the decision was made to buy this place and we would be coming up and having dinner with Tyne. I was just six. But I can remember some... and a lot of that was reinforced by the people who knew her well. John and Marie Stark would talk about her, too. She went to California after she left here. I have a couple
of letters that were in Mrs. Carney’s affects that when she passed away I was the luck recipient of a lot of what she had. I had some letters from Tyne. I should get busy and pull it out. I even have school board meeting notes. Things like when we moved here, I started first grade down at Condon where the Work Center is. At the Smith Flats School. They were drinking out of a bucket with a dipper. Everybody using the same thing. And the city folks that my parents were that did not sit too well with my father. The discussion. . . (laughs).

SV: Lairds left a real legacy. . . a good reputation. I’ve heard that about dude ranches. They aren’t worth more than their reputation. . .

SM: Oh yeah. And you see, then, in contrast to now, part of the mystique of the dude ranch was the fact that you did not advertise. Your only source of advertising was of satisfied guests. You could not have liquor. If you were going to call yourself a dude ranch, there was no liquor allowed, like a bar. You could have liquor in the cabins. Alcohol in the cabins. But you could not have a commercial bar where you sold liquor, or beer, wine, whatever. So your advertising just came from guests that would go back to Chicago, and they were all Eastern, in those days. The trains were coming out here and some of our guests would fly but most of them used the trains. The Burlington Northern and the Northern Pacific. They really pushed this area and the developing of this area. So my parents would make booking trips, where they would drive back east and stay with guests and then those guests would invite their friends in and they would look at movies and slides and show what this was all about. So it took awhile after the war years to build a clientele that you wanted to be up and running by the second week in June. Your season lasted to the Labor Day weekend. So your main source of income had to be created in that short time frame. And then we had a down time until big game hunting. Dad had never hunted other than grouse and Chinese pheasants, sport hunting. But big game hunting he knew zip about. So when they came the best advice Tyne could give them was to hire wranglers who knew everything and hire old guys. Well there was still a lot of fall out from the early settlement of western Montana, old cowboys, sixty years ago. They were there, and available. That’s what dad did, and he learned the horse game that way. And the hunting game, from these old guys.

He’s very handy. There’s nothing that he can’t build. Building is part of his psyche. He had to keep their own electric plant, create their own electricity. ‘Cause there was not electricity in the valley then.

SV: Was that there when they bought it?

SM: Yes. But there was a very poor set up and then later on Dad bought another hydro electric plant and it was installed down the river here down by the cabin. So he had to keep all this stuff going. There’s nobody you can call up to do anything. So he and Mother both are extremely handy. My mother can wire and plumb and everything else.

SV: Well, she’s carrying on a tradition of a lot of women who moved here. . . She had to be a survivor.
SM: Yeah. Uh-huh. That’s right. A typical day, I’m going to talk about that this evening (she is giving the campground talk tonight at Lindbergh Lake). When I was old enough to be of help, which started because many hands are needed for this type of operation we had approximately 16 crew that ran during the up, peak season. Comprised of wranglers, who handled all the horse end. A chore boy who chopped cords and cords of wood. And chopped the ice. We had an ice house because we had to get the ice out of the lake. No refrigeration in any of the cabins. And every evening at 5 o’clock sharp the cabin girls of which there were two, and these were college girls, would go around with darling little ice buckets full of chopped ice to each cabin. The guests could have their happy hour and refreshments within the confines of the cabins or their porches. They could not walk around carrying an open beer bottle or drink on the ground. And Dad strictly enforced this. I mean he would tell somebody if they wanted to, he didn’t need them as a guest. He was adamant about it. Those girls did that. The cabin girls also cleaned the cabins. They went in every night and while the guests were in the main lodge following dinner they would go into the cabins, turn their beds down, light the candles. There was electricity in there but they would always make the cabins look as inviting as possible. Because you have to remember that these are the guests that just as well could be going to Europe on the great cruise ships. That was your competition. That was the cruise ship time. These were the Titanic folks that were used to being treated with wonderful care. We had two chefs. Generally our chefs came out of Denver. We had one of our best chefs was a Missoula woman that my mother trained. We had a second chef who handled salads and pastries. Because we baked and did everything here, in-house. My mother had a huge garden that grew all of the fresh lettuce and things that were very awkward to make the arduous trip into Missoula, even though she went sometimes twice a week, for picking up guests. They came in by plane or by train. This is before we were running housekeeping. This is when we were doing just what a dude ranch is supposed to do. Because the package was a complete package of being cared for from the minute you stepped off the plane, or train. So we had the cabin girls, we had two dining room girls that waited on the tables, set the tables. We had a dishwasher. Usually three wranglers. Plus my dad and my mother working round the clock. Their day would start always by 5 o’clock in the morning. And their evening finished when the last guess was through playing bridge with them, or through wanting to visit with them. Lots of time, folks wanted to visit into the wee small hours. So every night there was a big roaring fire in the main lodge, which is now the Ukrainetz residence. Whether it was hot or cold there was always a giant fire in there. And all the guests would gather in there in the evening. So days were very, very busy for my mom. Handling all the regular chores of running a people-pleasure place that catered to their needs. Overseeing the menus. Mother planned all the menus which had to have tremendous variety because most of the guests came for two weeks. In fact, some of the ranches in those days required you had to stay at least two weeks. You could not duplicate a meal. These people were not coming here to eat the same meatloaf and mashed potatoes every night. They wanted what we now call comfort foods. But they also were used to dining in the finest of Eastern restaurants. And Midwestern restaurants. We had a lot of guests from Chicago. So the menu had to be something that provided them with interest every day. Three meals a day. There were specific hours. The help ate first. They had their own dining facility. That cabin burned
down in the fire. The guests, as soon as the help were through eating, then the guests had a prescribed time. When I was about 8 or 9 that’s when I started actively taking part in jobs that my mother thought I should learn how to do, which was cooking. Because invariably, at some point during the season, cooks are very temperamental. She would end up in the kitchen and she would need me. By the time I was 10, 11 years old I could cook for any number of people. And knew how to run almost everything here. Because they would sometimes go off and leave, both of them, for the day. Somebody had to know how to do everything. I learned to be involved very early. It was something I loved. When things were going very smoothly, my job was to handle all the children and keep them entertained. For many of these kids this was the very first time they had ever been in the woods like this. I’d figure out games and croquet sets all over the lodge lawn. We had badminton sets. The only thing we never had was a tennis court. My dad was a fabulous tennis player. He played all through high school and college and won many, many tournaments. He always was going to build us a tennis court but never got around to it. We had badminton, and we had volleyball. So it was my job to run herd on kids.

SV: It almost sounds ideal, a good way to grow up...

SM: It was. I cannot think of a better way to have had the beginning years of my life. I had a fabulous teacher in school. Because any of her students that were lucky enough to study with her have gone on and done well in schools. I jumped from sometimes having five, six or eight in grade school up here, into Missoula County High School, so you’re in swimming with the big boys. Her preparation was so terrific as far as creating a curiosity for learning. And we all feel that way. My sister who is three years behind us. She credits all the wonderful things that have happened in her life with her careers and what not with the background that she had at this one-room schoolhouse up here. Mrs. Mabel Carney. But then of course, also, we had, Carole and I the benefit that other valley children did not have that were our friends. That the world came to us in the summer. Our horizons were not limited to the Swan Valley. Just because of the nature of this little social system up here. For some it began and ended here. And in the summer, we had people from all over America who were with us. So we learned very, very early on that there was a world beyond here. That we could have hopes. And my parents were very careful to make sure that when it was discovered that I had some musical abilities that, with what limited resources that they had for luxury money, they bought me a community concert ticket so that they would haul me into community concerts that used to be in the old Wilma theater and that the only ticket they could afford was the one on the very back wall of the Wilma Theater, clear up in the balcony. I went and heard all the great artists that came to town. I was lucky I had parents that wanted to do that for me. Same for my sister. So my world was terrific. But I was sixteen when my parents were divorced, and then it all changed.

SV: Do you remember being afraid of anything?

SM: Never. We, my mom is a great believer. Maybe I can answer that question by the way I watched her with my younger brother, my only brother. He was born, in December. She would walk him, as an infant, as a Babe in arms, and tell him that the water was wonderful, wonderful
thing that we had. But that he must never, never go in it without her. And she would do that repeatedly. Our home that we lived in on the river, during high water, the river was flowing right against the house. The Swan River was. In order for us even to go upstairs to our bedrooms, then, there was not an inside stair. We walked outside and upstairs through the snow, to our house. So the river was within five feet, or six feet, of us during high water. We were just told that you have to respect it. You will know how to swim.

There were boundaries that were established as to how far we could go. Mine was over to the present campground. As I got older, by the time I was nine, I could wander all over there. They would let me hike to the lookout by myself. My nature was to be outside. My sister’s was inside. So she had her perimeter, where she operated was much closer to home base. But she and I played all through the ranch proper. Our play yard was the woods. We would have tea parties out in the woods.

We were girls who had enormous imaginations. We had imaginary friends outside. And fairies and gnomes. We had towns and villages all through here. The reason that we built our home here, when it was time to buy some property, Dan didn’t care. My husband is from Eastern Washington, the trees and, he loves them now, but he had to grow to love everything here. So he said, you want to be on Lindbergh Lake? ‘Cause Dad was selling lots there then. We had just come from Germany. Had just opened up all of this. There was never any doubt in my mine where I wanted my home to be. I had forts and tree houses all through here. Because this is where I could run away and there wouldn’t be anybody here to bug me. Mother always knew where I was. I was within really loud shout or ring the bell. I could hear. But this is where I built my hideaways. In fact when they were excavating my home they found one of my forts that I had dug into the hillside. They found all the reinforcement. The contractor came up and said, what is all this? is this something we should save? is this an archeological significance? That was my house. They were big enough to walk into. You had to have two parts, so you could sleep all night. I would sleep over. I don’t ever remember being afraid. Not of the animals. Not of anything. None of us were.

SV: Fires?

SM: The only one I remember is after the blowdown, up here. Fire was always something that we were very cognizant of. Every night one of the jobs, as I got older, and my parents, of course I would go to bed, and they would follow up. Was to walk every bit of the ground to make sure that somebody hadn’t tossed a cigarette, and it wasn’t smoldering. They practiced very strict rules. The guests, likewise. If Dad saw anybody flip a cigarette butt out, he was just so outraged. He was real quick fused. That guest or that help might be headed down the road. Mother was always the one that poured the oil on the waters. Dad was just short fused on those sorts of things. Justifiably. There was no way to put it out, if a fire started with all those old buildings. Shingle roofs. But the big fire up there on the hill I remember that very well. We were feeding all the crew. I could stand, standing on the lodge porch then, that was all wide open. You’ve perhaps seen pictures of what that porch looked like. But it was screened in, gorgeous thing,
the whole length of the building. It was beautiful swings clear to the ceiling all the way across. Furniture that was John Stark's furniture. Outside type furniture. Hanging on the back walls, where the windows weren't were big skins and hides. Guests could smoke on that porch. Ashtrays made out of wood lined with tin, that John had made, they would sit on that lovely porch and then the mosquitoes and flies wouldn't bother then. They would sit there in the evening. When we were there the night of the fire, you could stand there and feel the heat all that way. The intensity was that strong. You could watch it, sheets of fire, jumping the lake. The wind would catch it. The draft was so enormous. The lake was bright red. All the crews, the firefighter crews, all the tents were set up. We were housing as many as we could and feeding the crews a lot of them, and Dad was running, an old runabout boat. We would ferry people up and down the lake. We were very busy during that time. I remember that well. A night of real terror. The God-send was that the wind was blowing the direction that it was. It was blowing across the lake. . . .

[End of Side A]
SM: When we built this house I had a full sweeping view of the Swan Range. 36 years ago. 35 years ago. These trees here were all short. Just this year we had ourselves thinned out here. They took a tremendous number of trees our of here. In the winter we’ll see the mountains better. Tamaracks are left, mostly. (Three acres with this property.) Trees change. We do have, I told the loggers when they were in here clearing this winter, I said don’t take any tree that is old and has that fire damage on it. It’s kind of fun to have it, to remember when a fire went through. (1908 scars?)

I don’t remember how many days they battled that fire up there. And then there was the fire, you know that was a few years ago, at the head of Lindbergh Lake. We’d get in the boat and go down and watch then dumping stuff on it. It was nothing like the old one.

SV: What trail did you use to walk up to the lookout?

SM: Right there at the campground. You see, the old campground was not in its present place. It was closer to the Lodge. My dad’s property and my mom’s property as you stand on the lodge lawn and look at the lake and to your right that was the main entrance into the Diamond L Bar Ranch. The road came to the top of the hill here and went right down to the right of the big cabin, the log cabin there. That skirted our property. On the other side of the road was Forest Service property. It came down and swung around, you can still see that, and into the main lodge that way. This road right here, on the river here. was added when dad, a few years after dad started developing and selling the lakeshore tracts. Primarily because the dust was terrible to control and he didn’t want all that traffic going through the main body of the ranch. So that’s why this road was changed. He gave that road to the county and so that they would maintain it. Same way with our little loop road when they developed this little plat here.

So, the ground on the outside, the entrance into the ranch, had a great big beautiful--and that’s where the Diamond L Bar Ranch sign was--big giant logs, way up high, with a big cross piece. It framed the lodge, the side view of the lodge, the way it was positioned. You came around the corner and here was this great entrance. You looked right over at the front porch and all of the grounds were beautifully kept. The little cabin in the early days, my dad built that first cabin, that wasn’t there. They were tiny little cottages. Have you seen those? What the original ones were like? The frame cabins? Well, there are two remaining in very poor condition, over on Bardo’s property. Those were some of the little cabins that were on the property. My dad built the first one. He built the second one. The third one was there, Lariat was there. Roundup was there. He put an addition on that. Everyone was named. Hunter’s Lodge was the big one that sat up here on the corner. That Cap Laird had built. Dad enhanced them, by making them...
bigger. We needed to be able to accommodate more guests in order to have the revenue coming in, which there never was enough.

The entrance was there. The ground on the other side, through just a mutual handshake, I’m sure that the Forest Service used. The trail for the campground, and the road into the campground, came directly off that old road. The campsites for the government campsites, were there. They were absolutely gorgeous. If you have walked through there. I just love that. The most big pines. Beautiful. Over use and misuse, cause the Forest Service to close that. They had little buildings in there, too. Some darling little cabins that are gone now. Foresters could stay there. They would put storage stuff in there. They had a nice little corral for their horses for the rangers to ride.

So then you’d walk down into what we used to call the Garden Meadow. The old trail that you would walk from the present campground around this end of the lake. That old trail is still there. I walk it many times during the summer. Into what that open grassy area, what we called the garden meadow. It’s a natural opening. The trail goes right up to the lookout, about one mile. The lookout was part of our lives even back when we were married. Back from Germany, and living here, because we were in business with my dad for about two and a half years and then he sold the ranch just after we built this house. I wanted to get the lookout. I called the Forest Service because they had sold me for a dollar, a cabin that was Fred Herrick’s, one of his trappers cabins down here. It was way up next to the lookout. It was falling down. I knew there were no heirs. Fred was a big part of my life as a child, telling me trapping stories. He had drying racks, down here. In fact they fell down after we built this house. We had this house for five or six years before those racks finally came down. He’d stretch the beaver, because he’d trap beaver in through here.

But the lookout, was a place that was used all the time by us. A morning ride for the guests, because we had about fifty head of horses, thirty five to fifty head, some of that stock was pack stock and some was riding stock. The guests would ride take a morning ride. One of their favorite rides was the ride to the lookout and back. It was a lovely ride, too.

SV: Tell me more about Fred Herrick?

SM: I just remember him eating dinner with us a lot. All the trappers here did. They sort of hung out with us. I never knew who might be at our table. My mother always, my mother is, still to this day, a fabulous cook. The old bachelors that lived alone, Fred Messerer, they all were part of my growing up. I can remember them sitting at the table. My father making them take their hats off and clean up for dinner. He was a stickler, my parents were, for setting a lovely table. You do honor to the table by dressing for it. And just listening to them talk. Dan, my husband, used to know where all of his trap line cabins were. The one up by Crystal Lake, I think we could still find it. That was just a lean-to shelter. And then there was one, a farther one, up by Bunyon and Meadow. But Dan would know that. They would come across them hunting all the time.
So we had his little cabin down there. When I wrote the Forest Service and said, you know, it’s falling down. The road up there, I just thought was appalling. I kicked and screamed and hollered. We were living in Germany at the time. But, there’s no one who loves that road more than I do now. I love going up there and prowling around. But this cabin, I just didn’t think it would go through another snow season. So I wrote and told them and they said sure you can have it. I found my little piece of paper that told me it was mine. Then friends of ours from Spokane, she was an amateur “professional” archeologist. She and her husband came over one Labor Day weekend. We labored and took it down log by log. We only had to replace one of the bottom logs. It sat in the dirt. We had to replace the roof. I even saved the newspapers that he had stuck in the crack, and then he put burlap. I put that in down there. It’s fun to have it.

SV: What did he have on the roof?

SM: Larch shakes.

SV: Pretty common for that era. You said that during the first few years it was operated as a dude ranch, but then you started housekeeping. Where did hunting and fishing fit in there?

SM: We still did that. As soon as the guests were gone. We totally took care of them again (hunters). The reason for going to the housekeeping was financial judgment. When he made the decision to do that was after I was no longer living here. So the way I understood it was the competition for getting to Europe cheaper was so overwhelming. Many of our guests, our clientele over the years, airplane travel became so easy, that they would prefer sometimes to go to Europe instead. So he figured, let’s see if we can’t pull in Montana, Washington, Idaho. Closer people. Make it financially possible for them to bring their families. Because the big bucks just weren’t coming in anymore. There was a whole change in the way America vacations, as the technology changed. So that’s why they put them all into little housekeeping units. But worked really hard at... there still was no bar in the main lodge. that was a way to get people to come. He was a purist. Wanted to keep the feeling of a family place. Didn’t want to deal with some of the issues that alcohol tends to raise. Particularly around water. The liability. Especially when you have people using rowboats. We had a flotilla of rowboats. The beach was beautifully landscaped and maintained across the front. There were all these beautiful wooden rowboats. All the people had a rowboat that went with their cabin. Canoes we had for people. The liability with the water situation was too much to handle. About that same time, motorboats, as far as pleasure craft, that the upper middle class folks could buy. So the housekeeping cabins worked really well with that. Dad didn’t have to worry about keeping little 7 hp motors going. (People could bring their own.) So there was a lot that was happening in the way that America vacations socially that was changing at that time. It was a good idea. But again, for many, many reasons, it became necessary about then to begin selling the land.

SV: Were there only two times that the land was sold? (Hickey had 1,000 acres)

SM: There were four. Three developments on the lake. And then this one (Cygnet).
SV: When I interviewed Ed Underwood and Reuben Kauffman, they mentioned working up here for your dad. They were never sure of dates.

SM: They worked for Dad. I’ve got it in here. Something that Dad wrote. (The library has a copy.) He was outraged at some of the information. . . maybe outraged was too strong. But he got his dander up, over information that was coming from newcomers. The record needed to be set straight.

SV: So we could come up with a little time line?

SM: Oh yeah. It’s all right here. By Dick Hickey December 1986. It was 1954 when he started to subdivide.

SV: But before that when Cap acquired it, were there other cabins on the lake. . . ?

SM: Only one. Tippling (Kotchevar now) and Hawkins. Mr. Hawkins, Dr. Hawkins from Helena, is the very first one right next to the ranch property. The ranch property extended up the summer home road. Hawkins bought from Laird. John Stark and Mrs. Carney leased their land from my father. Much, much later, I don’t have the dates here, he had their land surveyed out and sold them. They had leased from the Laird’s and my father. I believe Hawkins owned theirs. The other one, is Dr. Lindell Kotchevar, which was not as extensive as it is now, because he’s done some trading and buying and purchasing to enlarge his privacy zone. But that belonged to a family by the name of Tippling. They came over in their boat every night for dinner with us. During the summer season. They did that with the Lairds, also.

SV: Then Tippling sold to Kotchevar.

SM: Right. Lindell (sp? Lendal) would have all the information. And his cabin is exactly like it was. He’s made some modifications in it. But it’s pretty much the same as I remember it as a kid. Then in 1954 that’s when Dad, I was in high school, it was after we had left, when he started developing the first . . . In the year 1954, to strengthen our financial condition we decided to subdivide some of the lakeshore land. . .” Section 13. Fifteen sites starting at the Dr. Hawkins residence and ending at what is now the Forest Clark residence. (She reads what her dad wrote.)

(Miscellaneous discussion. She reads letter to editor that contained erroneous information.)

[End of Interview]