March 8, 1976
Interview with Goldie and Julian DuFresne, Margaret and Bill DuFresne, Mildred DuFresne and Mamie Reeves and Louise Williams and Julia Van Holt

Mamie Reeves: I remember one of the first teachers at Huson. She was Louise Eddy Anderson, Mrs. John Anderson and she now lives in the Orchard Homes. She taught there before Henry Clemmons.

Louise Williams describes the Glaude Hotel: The hotel had hotel rooms, dining rooms and a dance hall. Grandpa also had a butcher shop and a saloon. The butcher shop was standing near. The dance hall upstairs was in the center with rooms to either side. There was a staircase inside going up to the dance hall. The dance hall had a grand piano.

Julian: (Following a discussion of when the hotel burned down.) In 1924 I went to work for Jack Ray and it was still standing then. Old Fred lived in there and I used to go over and shave him because he couldn't shave himself anymore.

William: They used to have such big crowds in there to dance that the whole building would shake and groan. It scared us so we used to get out of there.

Mildred: Somewhere during the early 1920's, it disappeared. I guess that must be when it burned down.

Louise: I believe that building was built in the late 1800's.

William: Do you remember when your grandfather grabbed a mountain lion's tail through the fence? The mountain lion backed up against a picket fence and the old man grabbed his tail through the pickets and held him there.

Louise: Oh yes. That was after my grandmother died. They had an old dog and he was sitting on the front porch. The lion was coming after this furry dog. He grabbed the dog and drug him over to the fence so Grandpa grabbed the lion's tail and was pulling on it so the dog could get away.

William: They had a bear there, too.

Louise: The bear was a pet and they used to wrestle with it. John and Henry used to wrestle with it. It was a brown bear. We used to have to go outdoors to the toilet in those days and somehow the bear got in the toilet. Anyway they had to get rid of the bear when it was full grown because it got mean after the boys wrestled with it so much.

William: He'd hibernate in the winter and we would poke him with a stick to see if he would wake up. He wouldn't wake up. The bear liked to wrestle so much that he started to wrestle with the pigs and he killed a few so they had to shoot the bear.
Louise: They shot the mountain lion too, through the fence while Grandpa was holding it's tail.

Barb: How did they catch the bear? Was it a cub that had been abandoned?

William: Yes. John caught it and carried it home in his arms. John Boyer. He found it up 6 Mile Creek. The cub had scratched him all up and tore his clothes before he got it home.

Louise: We have the original Louis Brown's branding irons. One was a B and the other one was a 2. E2.

Barb: Did that signify that the brand belonged to Louis Brown?

Louise: Maybe although I'm not so sure there were two Louis Browns. Mrs. Rebecca Brown was a school teacher. That is who Uncle George got his basic education from. He told me that before he died. When she taught, that was before the Huson days. She may have taught in her home. There would be two or three families they didn't have big school houses like they have now. The Huson school must have had 40 or 50 kids when I went to it. We only had one teacher for all the grades. He was quite a teacher at that. He taught the boys how to play baseball. He did the cooking. We took 2 cents each day for our soup bowl. We had a soup line. He made hot soup every day.

Dufresnes: When we were teaching, everyone brought their lunch. We just prepared hot cocoa.

Louise: I have a picture of Fred Hamel driving a meat wagon. It was taken in Frenchtown.

Louise: You mustn't forget Jerry Durpo.

B.: I was going to ask you people about him today. Is he the same one who took care of the cementry and dug all the graves?

Yes. That's right. It's spelled Durpeau.

William: It was an interesting thing to see them build the Milwaukee R R through the valley. They used mules and horses. It took years to build it.

Mamie Rives: Her grandmother was the first white lady in the area. Mrs. LeDeaux. Damien LeDeaux's wife.

Dufresnes: We remember when the Boyers and Houles used to fight.

Louise: Ch yes. Arthur Houle killed the Boyer's bull. He stabbed it. He got mad when one of the girls wouldn't go out with him and he stabbed the bull. They went around and around, didn't they.

E: Do you remember John Falmer, the postmaster at Stark?

William: Yes. He's buried at Martina. We used to go up with the stage. To get the mail- early in the morning we would knock
at the door and the door would fall down and he would get up. George Matt and I would go to get the mail. George Matt was the mail carrier and sometimes he would let me go with him. We would go wake up the old man in the morning. The door would fall down everytime we'd touch it. That's the only grave up there. He was an old man all alone (in response to a question of whether or not he had a family). He had long hair and white whiskers down to his waist.

Louise: Do you remember when Grandpa Glaude was the postmaster at Huson?

William: Yes, I do.

Louise: My Grandfather must have been quite a man at one time. He was the postmaster, a blacksmith, and a carpenter. And he was a placer miner, too.

William: I remember Ed LePlant used to be a blacksmith there at Huson, too. A good one!

Louise: Ed LePlant? We have our family history all the way back to Ed LePlant and that's as far as we could go. He was related on Grandpa Glaude's side.

William: The stage in those days was a one-horse cart from Huson.

Mamie Rives: I remember Joe Glaude lived in a one room cabin across from the 9 Mile School.

Louise: Yes he did, Fred Glaude did, too. When Napoleon Glaude first came to the area, he lived at Frenchtown. He married Emmegretta Slocum. Her sister married Moise Reeves. The whiskey came from Missoula. They had a liquor store in Missoula.

William: Yes, I remember it used to come on the train. One day Father LaGries came to the depot and was sitting on a keg of beer that had just been unloaded from the train. He was a big man-- When Grangier came to pick up the keg of beer, he couldn't find it. He was walking all around looking. Father LaGries stood up and lifted the keg up with one hand and said, "Is this what you're looking for?" He was so strong. He worked out with barbells. He married us.

Louise: He married and buried my mother both. Someone once asked him if he knew my sister Anna, and he said, "Oh yes. She's a good looking woman but she is nothing compared to her mother!" We all have many memories of Fr. LaGries. He was strict but I think we all appreciated it in the end.

Julian: I remember we used to help him teach catechism and we really thought we were big.

Louise: We saw him before he died and he lost so much weight. He had his belt all notched where he'd had to make new holes to buckle it. Grandpa Boyer had cancer, had been in the hospi-
tal, but had asked to come home to the ranch to die, so we brought him home. Father Legries used to pick Joe, Lena, and I up and he would take us home to the ranch so he could visit with Grandpa. He would pick us up after school. I always had to sit in the middle by him and I was scared to death of him. He would take us on home to the ranch and he would visit with Grandpa and then he would come in the kitchen where Mama always was cooking a big pot of something, you know, and he would say to Mother, "What have you got in the pot today?" and she would say, "Oh go and get yourself a plate there and help yourself." So he would go to the cupboard and get himself a plate. It was usually navy beans. He would sit there at the table and have it all by himself and then he would take off just like he come.

William: Your Dad was no small man either.

Louise: No. He got up to 320 pounds. He was quite tall.

Julia: Remember when Father Legries came home with the first car he ever had?

Julian: It was chain driven with buggy wheels.

Julia: We had a gate and Mother always wanted to send one of us kids to open the gate for him but he would say, "I don't need anyone to open that gate." and he would go Bang! and drive right through it.

Barbara: He would drive the car right through the gate?

Julian: Yes, right through it. He'd laugh...he thought that was quite a joke.

Louise: He was hard in his way but it was only because he wanted us to be good. Whenever there was a fight down there in the pool hall or saloon, they would get Father Legries to settle it.

Barbara: Oh, he was the arbitrator?

Louise: Yes, he was the arbitrator.

Mamie Rives: One of the priests used to be so interested in baseball. He would come to the baseball games and I would watch him rooting for someone instead of watching the game.

Louise: Father Legries was pretty active in sports.

Julian: That was Father Legries, I'm pretty sure.

Louise: I remember Father Legries' hands. They were huge. Mrs. Houle always sat in the front pew. She would come in with her cane and stump up to the very front pew.

Barbara: Did Dufresnes' have their own pew, where they sat every Sunday?

William and Julian: Oh, yes.
Goldie: Was one pew big enough for all of you?

Julian: Well, we didn't all go at once. We would have filled up the church if we had all gone at the same time. We were a family of 17, but by the time we were born (Julia and Julian) we were eight.

William: Remember that old chest we had that was a bed?

Louise: We had one of those at home and it was still in the house at home upstairs. I don't know if it is still there or not. That old chest was red and it had a dresser to match. I remember the big knobs. Everybody had them. We slept in them for years.

William: We would open it out every night.

Earbara: What did it look like?

Louise: It was carved out of wood, like a daveno. It was like a big box that would open up.

William: It would make a good seat when it was closed.

Louise: We had one in our living room but then Mama wanted it modern so we moved it upstairs to our window. They had one (Dufresnes) and we had one, too.

Earbara: Do you remember Jerry Durapo?

Louise: Yes. He was Father LeGries' right hand man.

William: He looked like a Chinaman. He was a little short guy. He used to say, "I look like a Chinaman."

Louise: Jerry was a short man who was very strong,...willed.

Earbara: Did he have a family? Was he just another fellow living all alone? (They all answer affirmatively.) Somebody said that when he died all the records of the cemetery died with him because he knew where everybody was buried. (They all agree.) When did he die? Has it been relatively recently?

Louise: It hasn't been too many years ago.

Julia: Do you know Mr. Jarvits in Milltown? Well, Jerry was his uncle.

Goldie: Jarvits? Oh yes. She pronounces it Jarvis now. (It must be spelled Jarvis. E.)

Louise: Father Legries had the parishes at Superior, Frenchtown, DeForcia, and even Bonner. And Jerry was his right hand man. He always went with Father. He was a very busy man.

Julian: Father LeGries' car looked like a regular buggy, one with a motor on it, with chains, with rope. He was coming down Evaro Hill and the brakes went out. He just rode that thing all the way down the hill. Old Jerry Durapo was with him and he jumped out! He wasn't taking any chances!
Barbara: Where did he ever get a car like that?

Julian: I don't know but it was the first car I ever saw in my life. It was the first motor driven car I'd ever seen.

March 12, 1976
Interview with William and Margaret Dufresne and Julia Van Holt-

Barbara: I have this picture of an Indian woman and her baby? We don't know who it is, but we wonder if you remember the Indians you saw looking like this?

William: Oh yes. I remember the babies' faces peaking out like that.

Barbara: Do you remember the Allards at Frenchtown? Joe Allard?

William: I think he was gone by the time we were there. He went to the reservation.

Barbara: Can you help me identify this picture? (It was Dave Touchette's picture of what we believe to be the first Huson School.)

Julia: I've got that picture at home. I don't remember it but someone in the family must have gone there. I think Armand and Lucien told me about.....I wish I could remember....they had a nickname for that teacher. I think that school was by the Milwaukee tower in Huson. Do you remember, Bill? I've got that same picture at home.

William: I don't remember this building. I only remember the white school house that was by Ralph Scheffer's.

Julia: Is this one of the Houle's?

Barbara: When did they build the white building?

William: I don't remember. I never went to school at Huson. But Lucien and Armand might have. It's not the 6 Mile School.

Barbara: William Touchette was a teacher about 1900 at Huson.

William: He taught at 6 Mile, too. He was one of my teachers. This wasn't him. He didn't have a mustache. He was short.

Barbara: I read his obituary just the other day. That was a sad story. It said that he had some surgery here in the hospital in Missoula and he was going home on the train from Missoula to Huson. On the train he ate some canned peaches and died shortly afterwards from ptomaine poisoning. It was quite a shock to the community. ( Agreeing it was a shock, etc. )

Margaret: Another story Bill told me was that when some of the mills shut down and the people moved out, they only went to school three months instead of eight.

Julia: I went to school four months.
William: I went only three months.

Barbara: Did you go longer each day, then?

William: No, we went the same amount of time each day.

Julia: One teacher had all the grades.

Barbara: This is what we heard and that at that Huson school one teacher had up to 60 pupils.

Julia: I'm sure they told me that Huson School was near the Milwaukee tower.

William: The only Huson school I remember was by your grandfather's. These people look familiar, though. That looks like a Furegard. That man with the mustache looks like Mr. Miller.

Julia: By crackey! That's it! Miller! That's the name Lucien told me.

William: I think his name was Jim Miller. The ones who went to that school were George, Ernest and Leandra.

Barbara: Another interesting newsclipping I read the other day was about your brother, George. It said that during WWI he was of draft age but he had 7 children. It was some sort of recorded to be of draft age and to have 7 children.

William: I was in the draft. They put me in 2nd class. I was so excited— I was supposed to go and take another examination. .......to go over to Fort Lewis. I remember George and Lebert. Lebert was driving an old car and Lebert was drunk all the way home.

Julia: I have a picture of Alcide with Lucien. Alcide Jette was killed during the war. He was engaged to a French girl and she came out here to live with the Jette family. Her name was Martha Bourir. She later married a Thibadeau. She couldn't speak English and she always used to come to the dances and sit by me. It was quite a move for her to come out here. She only lived with Jettes for awhile. Then she married a man from Missoula and later married Thibadeau. I have that picture of Alcide.

Barbara: I found out at the cemetery that Joe Marion's first wife was a Dufresne. Was she related to you?

William: No. I remember that one of the Marions married a Houle. They moved to the reservation.

Barbara: This wife was named Marie Louise Josepshine Dufresne. She was the Mother of the son Joe that you are thinking of.

William: Yes. This Joe Marion married Annie Houle.

Barbara: (After some unrelated conversation) Can you describe the Cormier School for me?
William: It was one big room inside with the stove at one end. It was a big cast iron stove. The pipe ran all the way across the ceiling and went out the roof at the other end. We had a bucket to drink out of. We got the water from 6 Mile Creek. We took turns bringing it up in the morning.

Julia: Did we all drink out of the same cup or did we each have our own? I think we each had our own. Yes, I can see them yet, hanging in a row. Every day the teacher would make us cocoa.

William: Remember when we would roast chestnuts on the stove?

Julia: Oh yes.

Barbara: Where did the chestnuts come from?

William: The teacher brought them. There was a picture of George Washington on the wall.

Julia: Yes and that big dictionary on the shelf. How I loved that dictionary. I wonder where it went.

William: There was a black board along one wall with cracks in it. You had to be careful when you wrote not to break your chalk.

Julia: Yes. The chalk would get caught in the cracks. It was homemade. Remember the chimney and the door where the teacher stored ink and erasers.

William: My first teacher was Murphy. It was Margaret Murphy.

Barbara: (I inquire about any descendants of Noise Reeves and mention the name Mettie Slocum.) Do you remember any Slocums or Crains?

William: I remember the name Crain.

Julia: Yes. There were two old ladies named Slocum. They were old maids. Don't you remember when they used to go sleigh riding down the hill in dish pans? We would see petty coats flying every which way.

William: I'd like to tell you a story. I was over at Matts and they were trucking logs and lumber from 6 Mile. They had to go over a big bridge. Us kids used to crawl under the bridge and listen to the teams go over. It would make noise on the planks, you know, and we'd hide under there and listen to the horses going over. Old Peter Scheffer came over the bridge and we were real quite under there. He stopped right where we were and he come with a buggy whip and he chased us out of there. It was dangerous with the big loads going over. It was for our own good. We sure skedaddled our of there.

Julia: I remember when some chariots came by with six beautiful horses pulling each one. They came from Spokane. I can remember hanging on the fence and watching them go by.

William: I can remember when travelers used to go by in covered wagons. We always called them travelers. They went by in long
trains. They had tubs and barrels on the side for water. We would see the men driving.

Barbara: Did they ever stop and visit with you.

William: No. They would stop at Richardson's but they never camped there. I remember wash tubs tied on the side and the stove pipe coming out the back end. The canvas was always black around the pipe. They were all going to the coast—all going west. We called them travelers. We said, "Here come the travelers."

Margaret: There was one story that Bill has told us often. His older brothers would go down to 6 Mile to go swimming in the river. They would sneak down because their Mother didn't want them to go. Bill was trying to follow and they ran off and left him. They took off across the wheat field and he got lost from the kids in the wheat field and he laid down and went to sleep. Then they couldn't find him.

William: They ran away from me, I know, because Mother would scold them when they went swimming. They left me there and I went to sleep. The grain was taller than I was. I remember Dennis LeDeau found me. That's what they told me.

Farbara: What can you tell me about John Palmer who is buried at Martina?

William: I remember him as an old man with whiskers down to his waist and long hair. I used to take the mail up to Martina with my Uncle and we had to leave early in the morning. John Palmer would fix the door on the little shed where he would sleep so when we knocked on the door to pick up the mail sack to take it down to Huson—the door would fall down with a bang into his shed and he would know it was time to get. We'd wake him up that way every day. Then he would come to the door and hand us the mail.

Margaret: They had lots of gold to take to the stamp mill.

William: The gold was a round thing like the bottom of the bowl. It was black and looked like a piece of lead. We had to leave it at the first post office which was Stark. We took it there to be weighed. We'd have sacks with gold dust and nuggets to leave there, too. She had to weigh all of it. Then she would put it in the safe. The gold came from prospectors at Martina. The stamp mill was a martina.

Barbara: What was a stamp mill?

William: It would crush the gold— all the rocks to get them into dust. Then they melt it into these black bowl-shaped mounds. Then Palmer would lock it into the box and we would take it to Stark.

Barbara: How come did you leave it at Stark?

William: Somebody else would pick it up from there. George Matt was driving the stage for Touchette who had the mail contract. It was 20 miles from 9 Mile up to Martina. The stage was just a 2-wheel cart. For the registered mail, we had a little chest
with a paddle lock on it. For the other letters we had a little box and for those that were already stamped, we would put them in the boxes on the way. On the way back was the same way. Felix Touchette had the mail route from Huson to Martina. The last one to hail the mail was Fred Lebert. We never lost anything. Mrs. Grover used to weigh the gold at Stark. I don't know where it went from there.

Barbara: What bridge went out during the 1908 flood?

William: The trestle bridge between Scheffer's and Rose's. The railroad trestle. The only person living over there was Dave Ayotte. Old Dave we called him. He lived all alone. You used to haul vegetables from our garden to sell over at Lothrop. That was before the bridge went out. We would stop at 9 Mile Brown's. Dad had to have a little shot. We would go in there and I remember they had a bear. He sat on the bar. George Brown would give him a dollar and the bear would buy the drink. I remember the bear would grab that dollar and hit it on the bar. I used to get a cup of cider. The bear had a little cup of his own and he would drink. Everybody that would come, he would buy the drink. A little brown bear—he was tame. He would yap yap yap.

Dad was sawing wood with my older brother George and I was little—they used to saw a block and drove it to I was sitting on the block and they were sawing wood. Dad looked up and there was a big buck Indian standing there. He told Dad he was hungry—he motioned with sign language. Dad told me to go tell my Mother to get the Indian something to eat. I ran to the kitchen and Mother gave me a loaf of bread and I brought it to the Indian. He took the bread away. He didn't know where his camp was or where he came from. He said his papoose was hungry. So he took that loaf of bread and went away. There were no Indians in sight. A little while later he came back with a pair of moccasins and he handed me them. We all went barefoot in those days. Kids didn't wear shoes. I saved those moccasins for years. I didn't want to get them dirty.

Julia: I remember that book you had for years with the picture of Lincoln on it.

William: Oh yes. The one by Louis Cyr. That was given me at school. I won a spelling bee.

Do you know that when we drove the stage up to Martina, we were in the woods the whole way. For 20 miles we were in the shade. Our ranch was all timber, too. Timber was quite a business. Camp 9 was right across from our ranch. I worked at the camps for 9 years. We stayed all week long in the barracks. We would take a bale of hay and spread it on our bunk. There was about 150 men in each camp. They had a big cook house in the middle. You would have to remember your place. I remember one day a man forgot his place and a man grabbed him by the neck and threw him on the floor.

They used to log with "donkeys" on the high line and we had a whistler, George Sherman. I was sawing up there. We would take the logs and chain them on that ridge and haul them on a cable on the other side where the railroad was. He would blow the whistle for the return and the chain would come back and he would blow the whistle. The "donkey" was on the other side and
he would pull the log across the gulch, the canyon. We would see
the log go across over our heads. The whistle blower was a
young fellow and he would sit on a stump and he would blow the
whistle. They had chutes for the logs to go down; one job
was called the "chute monkey". Some of those logs would come
shooting down just like a bullet so we, as "chute monkeys"
would put sand in the shoot to slow the logs down. Julian and
I were digging in a pit- I was in mine- it was pretty deep. We
hadn't put enough sand in the chute and one log left the chute
and went right over my head. Logs without bark on them would
come down at an awful speed. We called them "buckskins". The
guys up above would yell, "Buckskin!" and we would hurry to put
more sand on to slow the logs down. One day one came off and
landed right in the root cellar at the bottom of the chute.
Old Henry Fortier was in the root cellar working. When we went
home that night he said, "Bill, put more sand!" He came out
of the root cellar with his lantern all dusty. He was scared to
death.

That type of logging was awfully dangerous. My brother got his
leg broken. You could hear those logs coming for miles. I
sawed for about three years.
Fred LeBrent was killed fighting fire.