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**Oral History Number: 011-001**  
**Interviewee: Donald Grant "Don" MacKenzie**  
**Interviewer: Willard A. "Bill" Hartley**  
**Date of Interview: February 26, 1974**  
**Project: Ninemile History Oral History Project**

Bill Hartley: This is Bill Hartley, Missoula, Montana and the date February 26, 1974. In 1918, when I was 11 years old, my family, my sister and I moved from Missoula down in the Nine Mile to Stark, Montana. At that time the Anaconda Copper Mining Company Logging Division, at that time they were known as the Anaconda Company, were in there logging. When we moved down there, the walk at that time, now known as Logging Superintendent, was Bill Norby. Then along came a man by the name of Douglas and Frank Mallory and then Don MacKenzie. Of course, this is a good many years ago and Don MacKenzie is living here in Missoula. So I have a date this morning to go over to his place and with him try to get something about by-gone logging days on this tape. So we'll see Don in a few minutes.

Don MacKenzie: Good morning. My name is Don MacKenzie and I'm with my old friend Bill Hartley here with me in my home. I was born in Scotland in the year 1887 and emigrated to the United States in 1905. Worked for three years in a mine in Colorado; mining didn't suit me, I didn't like it so I moved to Montana and landed in Missoula. I went to Bonner where they told me I could go to work at Seeley Lake so I was very happy to be a part of the organization and glad to have a place to stay at that time if I worked for nothing. At that time they had three sleighs in the wintertime, wagons in the summertime, hauling supplies from Bonner to the Seeley Lake camps. I rode in a sleigh with the man known as Johnny LeClaire who worked for many years for the company.

The first night we stopped at the company ranch at Potomac and the following night at the Boyd Ranch at Cottonwood, and the next night - the next day we made it into Seeley Lake. Three days for the trip. There were three sleighs. Peter Winnie drove one, Joe Grish, one, and Johnny LeClaire the third one. They kept the three sleighs going steady, hauling hay and feed for horses and feed for the men. Later on, we moved to Potomac where we worked just about three miles west of the little burg of Potomac. In 1911 we moved to the east side so river driving was finished for all time. In 1911 grain loads were strung out from Bonner into Potomac from where the post office was located at Potomac, the company built their own railroad into the different creeks from the east side of Potomac, Ashley Creek and Newman Creek. That took place in the year 1915. Then preparations were made to move the logging of the division of the Anaconda to the Nine Mile drainage. April 1915 preparations were made to build a grade to one mile north of the little burg of Stark, Montana. The grading was completed by September 1915 and that winter a bridge was built across the Nine Mile river where the grade crossed, close to the....what was the name of that?

BH: Gustufson.

DM: The Gustufson Ranch. The following spring the placing of rails on the grade took place. Ties and railroad steel were laid and later on ballasted and that part of the work was done by about September 1916. Where the grading and steel camps were that were used to lay the steel were located at Soo Dam. Well, then I tried to give you a little prologue of our ten years of logging on Nine Mile Creek.

For October 1916 all the logging apparatus and all portable buildings, everything that was located at Potomac was moved to Stark. Mr. Norby was superintendent and C. W. McKeon was chief clerk and steward of the dining rooms and cookhouses. Later on that same fall, they broke another camp, Camp 2, which was run by Fred Bonus, and Mr. William Bryan had charge of the headquarters camp at Stark. That same year November 1916, a camp was built on Ellis Creek which was in on the company railroad about two miles from Soo Dam. Incidentally all of the railroad from Soo Dam to Stark and later on to Martina was owned by the Anaconda Company. It was not owned by the Milwaukee Railroad although it was tied into the Milwaukee Railroad at the Soo Dam siding where the Milwaukee picked up the logs and brought them into Bonner.

Up until this time I was everything from a swamper to a grease monkey, flunkey, what have you got. Finally I got a job scaling and at that time after we moved to Nine Mile I did have a scaling job. When the camp at Ellis Creek was built, Mr. Norby promoted me and he made me foreman of this camp. Just at that time there was a...a labor union took place in the Northwest that made all the camps of Oregon, Washington, Idaho and Montana known as the Industrial Workers of the World...IWW: known to us as the Wobblies. They organized our camps immediately after we went to work at Nine Mile. IWW stickers were plastered on every building in every camp and I had my share of them at Camp 3 on Ellis Creek.

One Sunday night, that was May 1st, 1917, two organizers moved in on my camp at Ellis Creek. They did the same at headquarters and the same at Boders (?) Camp 2, up at Stark. Monday morning a strike was called and it was all new to me but, anyhow, I did beget the courage to walk in on these people, organizers, and said, "Here now fellows, you know it's customary in a case of this kind, a strike, at any time to appoint at least two or three men to take care of the horses." They were arrogant and they were nasty and they told me, "To hell with the horses. We're not going to give you anybody." At that moment two men jumped up in the bunkhouse and said, "Look a here now, Don, if you want somebody to take care of the horses, we'll take care of them for you." That was Charlie Sharman and Bill Dodge and I always had a spot in my heart for these two men up until the day they died.

Then about a month after that, war was declared. The United States declared war on Germany and at that time being ofdraft age, I decided I would not be drafted but I would enlist; so after staying at the camp, watching myself and a time keeper by the name of John Sennet, I walked to headquarters and told Mr. Norby that I was quitting; that I was going into the army. By enlisting I got into the part I knew something about, so I enlisted at Fort Wright, Spokane into the 20th Engineers in Forestry. I trained for three months in Washington, D.C. and landed in France, December 15th, 1917. I returned home after quite an experience in France, getting out logs and all the for to make lumber for the barracks and docks and

everything that was required to carry on the war and by that time during my absence, Mr. Norby had retired and taking up the machinery business. Mr. Ash Douglas, from St. Maries, Idaho, was superintendent and while he had got orders to put every man that came back from the army back on his old job, he didn't seem to take to it kindly. Anyhow, I went back to Stark and he put me back to time keeping again. I was keeping time for a man by the name of Roy Porter, who had a donkey camp; however, I was drawing my foreman wages.

Later on that same fall, the fall of 1919. Correction, it was the fall of 1921 and that same fall Ed Bonus had finished out the camp I started on Ellis Creek down close to Soo Dam and that same fall he retired, quit the company, and took over the management and ownership of the Western Hotel in Missoula. Upon his leaving the company, I took over the camp at McCormick Creek and operated the camp for two seasons and then by this time a man by the name of Mallory had taken over the camps. He took over the camps in the fall of 1919 when Mr. Douglas had decided that he didn't want it any longer and went back to Idaho. Well, for some reason, Mr. Mallory didn't have much better success in operating the logging in Montana than Mr. Douglas had and the company was dissatisfied; production was at a very low ebb, and they decided to make a change.

On the morning of June 9th, 1923, a messenger came to my camp on McCormick Creek and told me that Mr. Ross was at headquarters. Mr. Ross was manager of the whole lumber department of the Anaconda Copper Mining Company: Kenneth Ross. He sent this messenger up to Camp 3 on the McCormick Creek and said that Mr. Ross was at headquarters and wanted to see me. So I rode up to headquarters with him and Mr. Ross took me into his private office and told me that he would like to have me take over the camps. I told him, "Mr. Ross," I said, "for some reason, I don't know why and I can't account for it because all I'm responsible for is my own camp, but I do know that my camp is thee only one that is producing logs. Production is at a definitely low ebb," and I said, "things are not right. Now you want me to take this camp over?" I said, "I just want to tell you one thing, sir. Your camps are the laughing stock in the Northwest right at the present time, and I just don't want to be tied to such a thing as that."

So he talked to me and talked to me and finally I told him, "Okay, Mr. Ross. I'll tell you what I'll do for you." I said, "I'll take charge of the camps for six months. Now in six months, if I don't straighten the camps out and get things going again, you'll be looking for another man because I'm not going to stay." So I took the job under these circumstances and naturally with production what it was, not producing, I had to make a definite cleaning out. I had to fire some foremen that were in responsible positions too. So the foremen went to Bonner and told Mr. Ross that I's fired them and Mr. Ross told them, "Well, he fired you. I guess you're fired. That's all there is to that." I took hold of the camps and broke up my own crew. Joe Grish, I put Joe Grish in charge of the camp at Marion Creek. He took my place when I took over all of the camps and Foe Grish was foreman under my supervision for the next 35 years until he retired in 1956. I got, what I consider, a very fine organization put together. We logged with horses, chutes, landings, slide jammers, and locomotives. From a camp that was a non-producer in 1923, '21, '22, and '23 in the month of January 1925, we put out the biggest month of logging. At this point, I would like to pay a little tribute to the people who made Stark before we arrived there.

We have received in Stark the very finest and most cordial manner that people could give to us. Of course, the people knew that there was going to be quite a turnover of money and good times during our stay there as, of course, we had a large payroll. Particularly, I'd like to pay my compliments and my gratitude to the Proebstel family, the Scott family and also the Hartley family. We were close friends and had close contacts during our ten years at Stark. Mr. and Mrs. Scott were owners and operators of the Stark store, a community store, and always treated people in a very fine and friendly manner. Also, I'd like to pay tribute to the farmers in the Frenchtown Valley. The Pete and Amos Lumphreys, Peter Schaeffer, and Ralph Schaeffer, his son, Davey Rose and all the rest of the farmers in the Frenchtown valley with whom we traded during our stay at Stark. They always had a market for their produce; everything from eggs to fowl, beef, hay and oats, horses. We purchased all of our requirements for carrying on the logging from the Frenchtown farmers. Everything that was required in their line and even after we moved back to Potomac, Frenchtown farmers came to us with their hay and oats so that we'd treated them right and that we were happy with the treatment we had received from them. We always had a good word to say for the farmers from Frenchtown in the Frenchtown Valley.

Now I'd like to give you the rundown on the system of logging in those days. A logging camp consisted of around 105 men to a crew. There'd be 20 teams of horses, 20 teamsters, 20 chainers. Chainers are the men who gathered the logs together out in the woods and wrapped them up in the chains for the cinchers to take them, bring them in to the landings. Two swampers to a crew and two sets of sawyers. During my absence in the war, the company decided to try donkey logging, which is a steam-powered machine used on the Pacific coast where the big logs and big trees are. I got special men from the coast to handle this type of logging and they did not prove out too satisfactory in our country because our timber was too small and too scattered. It required too much time to change locations, from one spot to another. The use of donkey crews continued with an engineer, fireman, the fireman took care of hoisting the logs onto the railroad cars with a winch that was tied to the donkeys. Then there was, what was known as a whistle punk; and incidentally, in his boyhood days and before the abuse of child labor, Bill Hartley was one of our whistle punks and that was his first experience in getting up and earning money for his high school and college days. We always have had close contact with Bill and his sister, Ruth, from that day to this. We're happy to have them as friends. So much for donkey logging.

Railroads generally ran two railroad crews in the woods and sometimes three when particularly in the winter time when we put out most of our logs. A railroad crew consisted of the railroad engineer, a fireman and two brakemen and our locomotives were different from regular railroad locomotives that were geared, geared locomotives known as Lima Shays and working on steep grades up to six percent, instead of pulling the cars into the landings, the engine was on the tail end and pushed the cars ahead of it. Coming back down, the engine was in reverse and backed down in order to apply the air that it took to brake the cars down through these steep railroad branches onto the main line.

The mode of loading logs where we slide loaders that were pulled with a cable over the top of the cars, cars were furnished with stakes on each side. They loaded on the average 20 carloads of

logs a day. A loading crew consisted of four hookers, two men moving the logs down to the first of the cars where they became handy for the hooders, a top loader and a scaler.

BH: And the hoisting engineer.

DM: Oh, and the men on the loader, the hoisting engineer. At the end of the day, the cars were brought into headquarters where they were made up into a train and there was a railroad crew worked at night hauling the logs from headquarters to Soo Dam to the Milwaukee siding where they were then picked up by a Milwaukee engine and brought to Bonner, Incidentally, that same engine would bring the empty flats back where I was for our locomotive to bring back into the woods.

The camps were furnished with a blacksmith, three flunkies, cook and a second cook, clerk, line boss, and the camp tender, the man that maintained the camp. Headquarters had a blacksmith shop, machine shop, and a roundhouse and a harness shop. The harness shop was taken care of by the man, a man by the name of George (?), who was our harness maker for many, many years. It, too, had its camp tender, bard (?) boss and filer. Headquarters also had a large warehouse for taking care of supplies; a large meat house with a cooler; groceries, oil and gas, feed and grain, nuts and bolts and all that was necessary to carry on the work and was distributed to the camps once a week.

We had a little community. We called it Beanville (?) and there was also a home that I moved into after I got married in 1924 and another house that Mr. McKeon had. I think Beanville consisted of about six houses.

BH: You want to tell me how they split them into sections so that they could move them?

DM: The houses were already split. Made in sections, you know, after we got through with Nine Mile. We had 18 miles of railroad steel, the company owned that much steel from Soo Dam to Martina. We laid and picked up an average of about four miles of steel every year. We'd finish in one place and pick up the steel [unintelligible] George Fox was the logging engineer and laid out all these railroads. Track-laying was made with a machine which Mr. Fox and Morby invented during the war days when men were very short. There was a shortage of men so they invented this machine which took just about half as many men as it did when we laid steel by hand. The Milwaukee Railroad hauled our logs out every night after we'd delivered to Soo Dam and incidentally, we had very few, we had very good luck with our railroads, very few accidents and they were little trouble.

DM: During the fall of 1925 all the camps were assembled in the Kennedy Creek drainage. That fall and winter, we ran four camps on Kennedy Creek and by the spring of 1926 along the month of May, winded up ten years of logging on the Nine Mile drainage. In all there were 513 million feet of logs put out from the Nine Mile drainage to the Bonner mill and the summer of 1926, we moved back to the Blackfoot and got into operation at Greenough where the Hartley family came along with us. Mr. Hartley ran a store there during the time that we operated at Greenough and

we operated at Greenough for eight years then moved on to Woodworth. At Woodworth in the spring of 1958, Mr. McKeon, my sidekick, and I wound up our 48 years with Anaconda Company. I hope that whoever listens to this may get something out of this feeble effort of mine. Thank you.

BH: This is Bill Hartley again. In regards to the foregoing tape, I find in replaying it that in one area in starting another segment, I cut off a little bit of Don's information. In the part where he's mentioning the years 1921, '22, and '23, he then gets into the spring of 1925 of January but production being up. Then he makes mention of the fact that during the years of logging in the Nine Mile, The Anaconda Copper Mining Company or he, as the superintendent in part, put out a total of 514 million board feet of logs from the Nine Mile drainage which went into the Bonner Mill. Also in Don paying tribute to the farmers in the Frenchtown Valley in the area where he mentions the Lumphrey's, he mentions Pete and Amos's brothers. It should be Pete and Absel, so that is merely a correction. Thank you.

BH: Well, this is Bill Hartley again. I think that anybody that listens to the tape made up by Don MacKenzie should be very appreciative. Don, I think, is 87 years old and I believe that he did an outstanding job in so far as putting this information on the tape. It's amazing that a man of any age could remember dates as well as he does. Not only the year but the month and the day so I know I certainly appreciate his time, effort and help in making this up.

Now I'm going to make a rundown on some of the people up there that I put on the map and list, starting with Number one, the George Cromwell family. Quite a few children; 12 I think. I have no knowledge of what they have done in later years other than their daughter, Alta. When I lived in Butte in the late '50's and 60\*s, I ran into her over at Anaconda. She had married the man by the name of Henderson. As a matter of fact, her son Herb Henderson, was one of my customers that I used to call on. The Gustufson, the boys, Frank, Jim, Ted and Walter. Four boys and Ted is the only one left. Walter died when quite young. Jim was a logger and if I recall correctly, he was killed in a railroad crossing accident here in Missoula. Frank was the railroader and he retired, if my memory serves me right, and he passed away during the last few months. I might mention that this is March 1974.

The Remick family, Coderan (?) was the father. The mother, I don't recall her first name but she was a Lynch girl from Plains, Montana. The son's name was Walden. Walden put in many years in Kalispell. He was a master mechanic for a firm up there. I used to see Walden every so often when I lived in Kalispell in the 50's when I was traveling for that company — the Caterpillar people. And Margaret was the oldest girl. I believe I heard she now lives in the Bitterroot. Edna was the youngest. I know nothing about Edna's whereabouts. And McFarlands: Jeff McFarland, the father, had been a Missoula fireman. When no longer a fireman, he went into the Nine Mile country and worked for the Anaconda Company for a time. The daughters were Cecile and Myrtle. They went to school at Stark when I did. As a matter of fact, Myrtle, the older one had already gone through the eighth grade but in as much as there was nothing for her to do up there, so as not to suffer boredom, she went to school. Went through the eighth grade a second time.

"Long John" Atkinson: Long John is married to a Touchette girl from Huson and they had quite a few children. The only one name I recall, that's Agnes and they were quite young when I was there. Then they left shortly after we moved into Nine Mile. After they left, the little fellow by the name of Gough(?) Welsh took the place over. Nice little fellow, very- nice, very friendly, everybody's friend. I recall one time we had a party and a dance in his place. Everybody had an excellent time. The Proebstel family: Frank, Robert and Charlie are no longer with us but Irma as with Frances and Emily are still around. Emma will furnish information as to them.

The Parent family: John was the father and the mother was Amanda. There was Johnny, Henry, Victor and Angela. I think Henry is still in Missoula; I thought I saw him on the street the other day. Victor, I saw a couple of years ago on the street. He retired after working for the Forest Service for many years. I imagine he's probably in Arizona now. I heard the other day that Angela and her mother are in a rest home here. I am rather surprised that her mother would still be living because this has been many, many years ago since the Nine Mile days.

The Breedlove family: Spurgin was his name. Mrs. Breedlove's name was Laura and initially she'd been married to Snyder, then Breedlove, then later she married a man by the name of Jeff DeReum (?). Jeff was a sawyer for Anaconda Company for many, many years. Mrs. DeReum is no longer with us but Jeff still lives in Missoula. Mrs. DeReum or Breedlove had two daughters, Lillian and Sadie Snyder. I had heard that Lillian passed away some time ago, but Sadie is still living. The Francis Smith family had a daughter, Eleanor. The last I heard, she was in Green Bay, Wisconsin. In later years in the Woodworth operation, I kept time for Francis Smith in Camp III and Camp IV and VI. Francis<sup>1</sup> first wife's name was Annie, I believe. Annie passed away and then later Francis married again to a lady who ran the Belmont Hotel here for many years. Francis passed away quite some years ago.

The Reese family: the older family, his name was John and their children were Clay and Nora, Mamie, Johnny, and a few minutes ago while on the phone, I talked to Dan Lumphrey to try to get a little information and he mentioned a Birdie. I had had no knowledge of Birdie. She apparently was married and gone when we moved in there. He told me that she had married a man by the name of Frank Connors, who had been a logger in years past and that Nors, the older daughter, when we were in the Nine Mile day was married to Bill Ingalls. Bill was conductor for the Anaconda Railroads. Later they separated. We used to be amused, Bill was rather close and that was the Model T days, of course, not even an electric starter. Nora used to run down to see her folks down at the farm. Bill couldn't quite see it so he pulled the pin out of the crank on the Model T so she couldn't crank it.

She outwitted him and jacked up the back wheel and spun the wheel and started it. Then later he took the four coils out of the coil box and put a piece of paper underneath so it wouldn't start. She found it so he didn't get the best of her. Also when we were in the Nine Mile Nora, one day for her folks, was leading a horse on the road with the Model T with the rope wrapped around her hand. If my memory serves me right, the horse reared back on being led and pulled one of her furs (?) off. Johnny, after he left the Stark area, was drowned at the mouth of the Nine Mile where it runs into the Clark Fork river. Mamie is a schoolteacher and Dan Lumphrey, in my

conversation with him a few minutes ago, told me that Mamie and Nora are both in Missouri. Mamie is retired. Nora, after being married to Bill Ingalls, was married and raised a family. This was new information to me. Clay, the older boy, was married to Laura Lumphrey, the sister of Dan, and they have two sons, Tom and Roy. Roy in the years gone by has passed away but Tom apparently lives around Deer Lodge. As a matter of fact, when I lived in Butte traveling that part of the country for Caterpillar, I unexpectedly ran into Tom in a farm over by Deer Lodge. During our conversation, something came up and I found out who he was; he was Tom from the old Nine Mile days.

The John Sherman family: they were a nice family and as I recall, there was George, Elmer, Ruth, Loris, Mildred and then the youngest boy they used to call Boy, as I recall. Later when the wife and I owned and operated the Saltese Inn, he worked for the Coeur d'Alene Hardware in Wallace. He used to stop in at that time; they called him Pete. I believe he did have another name. George was killed in a logging tractor-cat accident in the Bitterroot many, many years ago. Ruth married Adelide Cadger (?), the fellow from Frenchtown. About four or five years ago, after I moved back to Missoula still selling equipment, standing one day in the Courthouse, there was a woman standing there in the Clerk and Records office. Through a little conversation, low and behold, here it was Loris Sherman, her maiden name. Of course, she was married, had a family and lived in Superior. I guess that's where she had lived for many years since the Stark days. I have no knowledge about Mildred. In regards to the Elliots, Paddy, as we knew him, lived at Martina. Paddy had a horse he used to call One

[Break in audio]

BH: Patty had the three children: Pat, Stanley and Myrtle. Myrtle married a man by the name of Art Goley and Art worked for the Anaconda Copper Mining Company-Stark. The other day I found out that initially after they were married, they lived in a tipi behind this pool which is close to Proebstel and then, later when we were living in Nine Mile or Stark, they had a little house down a lane close to Scott's Store towards the Nine Mile creek. Art and Myrtle had four children. There was Leonard, Russell, Thelma and Sidney; Sidney was the youngest. As a matter of fact, last Sunday having heard that Sidney lived in Missoula, I looked in the phone book, got his number and called him. I told him, "Well, Sidney, this is Bill Hartley. Does that do anything for you?"

He said, "Not a thing. Who the hell are you?" So then I remarked that we had lived at Stark at the same time but Sidney was four years old when he left there. Considering the number of years gone by, Sidney's sister would be about 56 years old today. I hadn't seen them since he was four. While still there, Myrtle the mother died. She left four little children. Art hired a housekeeper to keep house, take care of the children. If I remember correctly, she had children of her own. Later Art married her. During our time in Stark, they left, moved to Plains and Sidney told me the other day during our phone conversation, that later Art left Plains and, if I remember correctly, he was down around Darby logging and was later killed in a logging accident. Later the oldest boy, Leonard, passed away so this leaves Sidney in Missoula. He said all his sisters in Missoula and Russell, who was the second boy, lives in Mount Shasta, California.

Getting back to the Elliot's, Stanley, I believe, was the middle youngster. Stan is married to a girl by the name of Olive. I can only remember one youngster. They called her Mattie. If I remember right, there were two or three others but I do not recall their names. Stanley passed away here a few months ago. The oldest boy was Pat. Pat was the one that I knew best. An incident that happened while we were there, Pat was coming home from World War I. His father, P.R. or Pattie, came down from Martina with Blondie, the horse, and put up at Scott's Hotel. Pat got in on the stage that night. They put up at the hotel. P.R., or Pattie, got up the next morning thinking he would get the first hand story of World War I from Pat. Pat was gone. Pat had gotten up in the morning, gone up to camp to get a job and go to work, which he did. At that time help being at short supply, the Anaconda Company had two girls as flunkies at headquarters camp. One was Gladys Irvin and her sister, Georgia. Gladys in watching the door when the crew came in, saw Pat walk in the door this morning when he went up to try to find employment. The minute Pat walked in Gladys said to herself, "there's my man" and I guess he was. They were married, had two children; Dan and Pat. Pat went to work for Anaconda and some of the gyppo loggers for many years. At one time he and his wife, Gladys, operated the Nine Mile House. My wife and I stopped in to see them. Pat passed on some years ago and I believe Gladys is on the coast with her sister, Georgia. Georgia married another man that was in the area there during Nine Mile days by the name of Brian Huff. Georgia and Gladys had a brother, Bud. He stayed with them in Stark for some time. In later years I have seen Bud around Missoula, but now I haven't seen him for a couple of years. I don't know whether he left or what. He was a cook, a restaurant cook.

Talking about the Henrys, John and Bill; they were brothers. One was on the Little Blue and one on the big crew...Big Blue, I beg your pardon, creek. Apparently one of them must have had a pretty good thing going because by word of mouth, the word was out around that when he'd come into Stark for supplies and what not, he always had gold. Apparently the two brothers didn't talk to each other.

Ralph Peterson: Ralph is an awfully nice person. He was a miner from Martina area and also worked for the Scotts in their store. The other day, in talking with Don McKenzie, he told me that after the company moved to Greenough, Ralph Peterson went up and went to work there. This was new knowledge to me. I hadn't know it. Of course, I was gone for many, many years from the area.

The Nine Mile House was run and operated by George Brown for many, many years. The man that worked there with him was Al Wilson and part of the time a lady by the name of Mrs. Barton was the housekeeper for them. Mrs. Barton was the mother of Henry and Tom Mulchay. Tom married Irma Proebstel and they now live here in Missoula. Irma will give you more information on that. Mr. Henry, I have no idea what became of him.

The Sudemeyers, I don't recollect just where they lived but they were older people and there were two children, Harry and Mary. I know after they left Nine Mile, which was apparently shortly after we went up there, Harry went over around Maxville. I asked him what became of the rest of the family. I don't know. The people living around the community headquarters camp at Stark proper, in getting up close to the headquarters according to the plat I've drawn, one

family by the name of Bush. There were two youngsters, one Helen, and one Myrna. After Breedlove's's sold the place, they sold it to a man by the name of Mannheimer. I believe he was from the coast but he didn't actually stay on the place. He had Mr. Bush, the father of Helen and Myrna, running the place for him. Mr. Bush built a little place close to Butler Creek in behind the McKeon house and also the Becker house. Becker was the stage operator. When it became Stark, the Anaconda Copper Mining Company camps in Missoula. I might mention that Becker was a go-getter. No foolishness as far as he was concerned, everything was dollars. Later after Becker left, Frank and Robert Proebstel took over the stage line and to my knowledge, I believe they ran it until the Anaconda Company left the Nine Mile area.

When we first moved to the Stark area, across from McKinney's house, a man lived there by the name of Archie Lammers. Archie worked in the office headquarters camp. He was married to a woman that, when I was a youngster here in Missoula, I believe she was a voice music teacher. Later Archie went to Anaconda and operated the lumber yard there for the Anaconda Company. I don't recall the name of the lumber yards that Anaconda had at that time. They were all over.

After the Lammers, in the house came the Engels, Bill and his wife, Nora. When they left, split up, Mons Olson, master mechanic at headquarters camp for many years; he married a sister to Mrs. Ed Bonus. Mons and wife lived in this house until they moved to Greenough. During the time that the Anaconda Company was at the Greenough operation, Mons' wife died, a sad thing In house number six was George Moen. George was master mechanic before Mons Olson. George was married to Alice Bone(?), a sister of Dan Lumphrey. In talking to Dan a few months ago by phone, he said that Alice now lives in Missoula and George went to Anaconda, worked as a machinist-smelter. As a matter of fact, when I lived in Butte on two or three occasions I tried to find George but was unable. George passed away some years ago. I believe they had a youngster, if my memory serves me right; he was killed in a car wreck on the Mill Creek Road, which is up back of Anaconda towards Ralston Big Hole Company.

After George moved and wife moved, a man by the name of Fred Larson moved into their place and his family. Fred was the head of railroad maintenance for many years in the Nine Mile area and Greenough and also the Woodworth operation. They had two children, Clarence and Henry. Clarence died, I imagine it would be in the '30's. Henry was a plumber. I saw him when my wife and I lived in Missoula here for a couple of years in the late 40's. I believe Henry went to the coast. Mrs. Larson, I believe, has passed away but Fred is still living here in Missoula. As a matter of fact, I saw him at a place here a year or two ago and Fred still looked like a kid. He hadn't aged a bit and I don't know what his age would be as of today. He was at Stark and he had two youngsters, Gordon and I don't remember the other one's name. Guy moved to Bonner and worked in the office at Bonner at the Mill Office there. He worked for many years. I believe he's retired now; I think he is still living. John Arthur: John had four children. When the Anaconda Company left the Nine Mile operation for Greenough, John went along. He worked for them at the Greenough operation as well as Woodworth. Later John died, I believe cancer.

Dennis Anderson: there were two brothers, Dennis and Manus. Dennis, I believe, had two youngsters. When they left, I lost track of them. I don't know what became of them. Matsons:

after the Burleys(?) left Stark, he got a little place down below the store, then a family of Matsons moved in. There was a boy or two and also a couple...I start at three girls, two of them I know of: Birdie and Rimi(?). Birdie married Steve Barbig. Steve worked at Stark operations, main operations and Woodworth operations. Steve died, I believe, during the Woodworth operation. Birdie married the second time, lost a second husband and now she's married again. I should know the man whom she's married to but I don't recall at the moment. Presently they live in the Blackfoot, probably four or five miles above Bonner. Rimi, the other girl, married George Sherman of the Stark Shermans and of course, as I mentioned before, George lost his life in the Bitterroot and Rimi, I believe, now is married and lives up on East lakeshore of Flathead Lake. As a matter of fact, I know the man that she married. I don't recall her name at the moment. I used to call on him when I lived in the Kalispell area in the '50s when I used to travel for Caterpillar.

Linus Anderson: Linus lived at Stark. I don't recall about his family. If my memory serves me right, the SM Company during the time Don McKenzie was walker or logging superintendent, if you please, brought in a Cleveland Power Tractor. This must have been in the early '20s. They tried it out for trailing chute (?). In other words normally for moving the logs down the chute or steadying it down on trailing, they used a team of horses but on the tow path. But they drove this tractor instead. Of course, being a kid and hearing about it, I was right there to see how they worked. In later years Linus Anderson went to work for Shell Oil Company in Montana. As a matter of fact when, oh, around 1930 to '35, they owned and operated a service station in Great Falls and it was a Shell station. Well, that is, Shell sold Shell products and I ran into Linus Anderson again at that time in Great Falls. In later years when I moved back to Missoula, here six years ago I used to see Linus on the street on occasion. He was retired. Linus, when I got back to Missoula, I found that they were calling him Andy, which is new to me. Anyway Linus or Andy, if you will, died probably in the last year.

The Scotts, Jimmy and Mary, had the store, post office and so on. They had the store and post office in the house building on the left going north when we first moved to Stark across the street from where it was at that time. There was the large building which was the hotel and at one time had had a saloon in one end. As I understand, the saloon was closed, as one of the lumberjacks from the camp had gone in and got a beak full and on the way back to camp he got down and froze to death so the place was closed. While we were there, probably a couple of years after we moved in there, Jimmy and his wife renovated the saloon into a store and post office, remodeled and put living quarters in the hotel building, part of the building, and moved across. They had a very nice place.

One night my parents and Mr. and Mrs. Scott went up to Beanville to visit the Henry Mallory family. My sister and I were at home, as a matter of fact, we had gone to bed. During the night or after being in bed, my sister happened to see a light on the ceiling, looked out the window, and saw Scotts place was on fire. She put on her clothes, ran to Beanville and roused them up. By the time they got down there was no chance of saving anything. Of course, it was a frame building. So after that they moved the store and post office back over to the house building. We all left Stark then and moved to Greenough. In the meantime, shortly before moving, Mrs. Scott died. I believe she had yellow jaundice so Mr. Scott, after the company left, closed the store and post office. As

a matter of fact, a short time after they started in the Greenough area, Jimmy came up and went to work keeping time for the company at one of the camps on Trout Creek, Later, I believe, when he left there, he went to Missoula and tended bar at the Elks Club. After that, then he went back to Duluth, Minnesota, where he had initially come from. I believe without a doubt that Jimmy has passed away too.

They had nieces and nephews by the man by the name of Zeh, Fred Zeh, who for many years until his retirement, was associated with the Missoulian Publishing Company, then the Missoulian. Mrs. Scott was his sister. Their youngsters were Helen, Marjorie, Bud and Billy. There was another youngster named Ruth. But anyway, they used to come up frequently to visit during the vacation and so we got to know them. As a matter of fact, some year or two ago, I called. It so happened that Marjorie answered the phone. She and her sister, Helen are at home, both retired. They worked for the Forest Service for many years and I called to see if they might have pictures which I might be able to get from them for this project. I have a picture of my mother and Mrs. Scott and three of the Goley (?) children sitting on a pile of wood but I had no picture of Jimmy Scott so I hope that they will find one that they might see fit to let me have.

The MacKenzies: Don mentioned back in this tape that he was married in 1924. After they moved from Greenough, in the Blackfoot, they had a daughter, Iva (?) Rose and they mentioned also that he eventually retired from the company in, I believe it was 1958. Mrs. MacKenzie passed away a few months ago and Don and the daughter, Iva Rose, are living here in Missoula.

The McKeons: Mr. and Mrs. McKeon had a son, Dick, while they were still in Stark. Of course, they moved along to Greenough with the rest of the outfit. Mac, of course, along with MacKenzie, retired in 1958. Preceding this time, Dick went through several schools and then located in California, married and, I think, has two children. Mr. and Mrs. McKeon on retiring went to California also. Mrs. McKeon passed away a few years ago and Mac is still living there; he's 89 years old now. He's done well... we got along well and I hear from him frequently. As a matter of fact, I wrote to him the day before yesterday.

Another family was the Dwight Miller family. They had two children, Dwight, Jr., or Bud as he was known, and Merriam (?). They moved along to the Greenough operation; however, they didn't move on to Woodworth. They moved into Missoula and located and Mr. Miller worked at headquarters camp at Woodworth. His wife's name was Florence. She died many years ago. Mr. Miller remarried; however, he is gone now too. I don't know where Merriam is, but I see Bud on occasion here in Missoula.

The Lebert family: Fred Lebert. Fred had the mail stage. He hauled from Huson, where he left the empty train, passenger train. He hauled it to Stark and returned. He lived at Stark. He had, as I recall, four children: Edgar, Elder, he was called "the dude (?)", and Pauline. I can't recall the other one's name. When I lived in Butte in the late '50's and '60's I used to see Edgar around town there. We would speak. Elder or "the dude" was in Maxville where he had a store. That's the last I heard of him. Pauline, I have no knowledge of what might have happened to her. My own family, the Hartleys, we moved to Greenough, of course, where my father opened a store and also had

the post office. He named it Greenough in honor of Paul Greenough, who had the large ranch at that time. The place had been known as Sunset but there were too many Sunsets so the post office department preferred another name. He retired after the company left Greenough for Woodworth and he lived with my sister. My mother had passed away in 1928. My sister, Ruth, after we moved to Greenough in 1927, married Leonard Hall and Len, as he was known, was a native of the Blackfoot. Len passed away in 1956. Ruth had the post office at Greenough for 18 years. She retired two years ago and lives in West Riverside.

For myself, Bill Hartley, after moving to Greenough, helped my dad get located in the store. In 1929 I married a lovely girl by the name of Margaret Matheson(?). We went to Great Falls, where for some years I owned and operated a service station. Then about in the middle of the Depression, we sold out and came back to Missoula where I worked for the Anaconda Company for probably, about ten years at the Woodworth operation. On leaving the Anaconda Company, we went to Saltese, Montana where we bought the Saltese Inn which we owned and operated until late in 1947 at which time we came back into Missoula and bought the Dorothy Apartments. A little later, I went to work for a Caterpillar dealer in Missoula in 1950. They wanted me to go to Kalispell and go on the road covering territory for them so we sold the apartment house and went. We were in Kalispell for five or six years and then moved to Butte, where I continued to travel for them. Later we left Butte, we were there for probably around ten years; we moved back to Missoula, I believe it was six years ago. Four of the years at that time, I continued to travel for heavy equipment dealers covering the west end of the state.

I retired two years ago (1972). Then, of course, the wife and I are still here in Missoula. We have one daughter, Shirley. Shirley's married to a very fine fellow by the name of Scott Whitcomb (?). They live in Bozeman where he's a highway patrolman. They have two little girls: Shauna and Sherry. Shauna is four, Sherry a little over two. So that pretty well rounds out the people from the Nine Mile area that I wanted to comment on. In the replaying of my tape, I find that in listening to George Moen, I had through error, said he married Alice Moen. I guess he did because she carried the name. He married Alice Lumphrey, the sister of Dan Lumphrey.

I'd also like to mention that probably around in 1920, the Nine Mile School and the Stark School had a joint picnic. They held it on the west side of the road between the Nine Mile school and the Nine Mile House, just this side of the fence. It was quite a gathering in as much as there were people there that were involved in both schools. The highlight of the occasion was when Bob Proebstel came down the road in an old Model T, a Touring car, no top, just the windshield and he had Ted Gustufson with him. Ted was all dressed up in a bow tie, a gray suit, and a hard, flat straw hat with a red ribbon around it. Just as they got alongside the picnic grounds where they had a good audience, Bob sashayed a couple of times, flipped the Model T upside-down right in the middle of the road in nothing but dust. As the dust was clearing, Bob got underneath the front seat and flipped the car back up on its wheels. Ted was in the back seat — nobody hurt.

I might also mention that George Brown ran the Nine Mile House. They had a jackrabbit Apperson(?) car they toured in. This was way ahead of its time. It had an automatic transmission with push-button shifting on the steering column. I also remember that the Remick family up at

Stark had a Mitchell Touring car. I haven't heard from either one of them for many years. According to what I heard many years ago, when the white man came to this country, it was possible to drive a horse and buggy virtually anyplace in Nine Mile area where the ground wasn't too steep. At that time, the Indians were supposed to have been in the valley and they kept it cleaned up. One spring they would burn off one side of the valley and the next spring, the other side. As a result there was no ground trash or brush and as a result, when they did fire it, it would not get hot enough to damage the timber. At that time the lower parts of the valley were covered with large pine. As a matter of fact, when we moved in there in 1918, it still was timbered with nice, large pine. This is what the Anaconda Company was cutting when they went in there logging. Also around the turn of the century there was a lot of mining, gold mining activity in the Martina area. There were a lot of Chinamen in there and, of course, at this age, everything was done by hand, wheelbarrow and so on. It's claimed that there are a lot of Chinamen buried up in that area.

In 1925, I believe it was, an uncle of mine, Uncle Nate, who had come to Missoula in 1888 and then in '98, left when the word of the gold strike came from Alaska. He put in many years up there. As a matter of fact, he came back in '25 for a visit - the first time I'd seen him. He and I went up to Martina and on the trip we saw PR up back in the Galegate (?). He went with us. We went as far as Old Town, it's St. Louis Gulch, which at that time was the end of the road. From there we hiked up St. Louis Gulchs to where Pattie had his mining operation. This was a hydraulic operation. He had water ditched along on this side of the mountain, very high up until we came to where he was operating. And from there had a large pipe coming down, hose, nozzle and in this fashion, wash out this side of the mountain, all the debris and refuse going down into the bottom. When this was completed, then by hand, he would go in and clean up the bedrock and recover gold as it came down.

Also, I don't know just what year, it was probably sometime after the turn of the century, there was a gold dredge up Kennedy Creek. In fact, we went up there in 1918 while there was still parts of the building left. The lumber that had been used, which was rough, was still in good condition so probably the dredge had been in there not too long before we went in. Probably Irma Proebstel will know something of this.

I should also mention something about the schoolteachers. In 1918 through 1920, at which time I got out of the 8th grade, the teachers were Eliza Chandler. I might mention that she had a brother that worked at headquarters camp as an engineer, George Chandler. He left the Nine Mile operation and moved to Arlee, Montana, where he was farming. Next in line teacher-wise, was Myrtle Dunstan. Miss Dunstan, as we called her, did not live with the Dietrichs (?) but boarded with the John and Amanda Parent family about a mile or so above the schoolhouse. Next in line were Alice and Myrtle Graham, sisters. After I left there, I believe it was Alice who married Frank Proebstel and Myrtle married Robert Proebstel. I recall too, during the school year, while I was there, I believe it was a nephew of theirs who stayed with them and went to school. His name was Velar Ham. Velar appears in a couple of pictures which I'm putting with this collection.

I might also mention that in one of the pictures showing all the school kids on a long sleigh...I can

count 18 heads so it will appear that there were 18 children at the school at that time. The Sherman children's father, John, was a blacksmith and he had built them a bobsleigh. Winters they would bring it to school. We would take off the deck of the sleigh and get a 20 foot plank, mount it on the two bobs, go up on the gulch behind the school house and every kid in the school would get on and away we'd go. The further hill, just before you got to the barn going into the school yard, there was a fence. Unable to move the fence, the kids would all lay back on the other ones lap and go under. It was a steep hill but not being satisfied with that, we used to build a jump-off of packed snow, pour water, make it icy, take off through the air\_lots of fun.

A while ago I went up to Helen and Marjorie Zeh's place. You will recall that they were nieces of Mr. and Mrs. Jimmy Scott. I had a visit with Helen. As a matter of fact, she gave me some pictures of the Stark days to put with this collection. In talking with Helen, I got some new information regarding the Scotts, who, of course, had the store and post office at Stark. Mrs. Scott, along with her first husband by the name of Grover, came from Minnesota and settled on the place at Stark. Helen does not know whether they were the first settlers on the place or not. I might also mention that Helen also told me that Mrs. Scott's mother or her grandmother also was there and lived in the small house just north of the store and post office which on the plat would be number 19. In 1908, Mr. Grover died. Sometime between 1908 and probably 1910, Mrs. Grover or Scott, as we knew her, married Jimmy Scott. I also found that Jimmy Scott, before leaving the Missoula area, took a trip to Alaska, where he apparently met a lady who became his second wife when he went back to Duluth (Minnesota). Jimmy Scott has since passed away.

I just happened to think when we were playing the tape when listening to the part regarding the school house teachers and so on, in 1920, I believe a man and wife from Alberton, I believe they ran a service station there. I think his name was Blackstone or something very similar. During the summer months, as I say 1920, they came to Stark each Sunday and had movies at the schoolhouse. They had them in the basement in the dancehall area. Of course, it was really too small, the crowd, the projector, the people screaming and hollering and so he had a little built-on shack, so to speak, on the south side of the building and put his projectors in and shot the movies through the window. Ruth Sherman played the piano to accompany the film. Silent movies, of course.

This is still Bill Hartley, Missoula, Montana. The date is April 23, 1974. As this side of the tape is pretty well filled, we will make no attempt to put any more on it. Please put your recorder to fast forward position and run out to the end. Then go to tape number two, side number one and proceed.

[End of Interview]