

Maureen and Mike

# Mansfield Library

UNIVERSITY OF MONTANA

## **Archives and Special Collections**

Mansfield Library, University of Montana

Missoula MT 59812-9936

Email: [library.archives@umontana.edu](mailto:library.archives@umontana.edu)

Telephone: (406) 243-2053

The following transcript is a scan of the original that has been converted to text and has not been edited. Because of this, transcript may not match audio recording exactly.

Please bear in mind that you are reading the spoken word rather than the written word.

For additional assistance, please contact Archives and Special Collections.

**Oral History Number: 006-002**

**Interviewee: Glen A. Smith**

**Interviewer: N/A**

**Date of Interview: circa 1950s**

**Project: Glen A. Smith Reminiscences Oral History Project**

Glen Smith: In March 1898, I had decided to go to Montana and a young friend of mine, Charles McPheron, who had lived in Rich Hill, Missouri, all his life and who was acquainted with the O'Neil brothers in Kalispell, I had written to the O'Neils and they had promised him a job in the lumber yard. I took a chance on coming out without any job and when I landed in Kalispell on March 20 I had about five dollars. But the O'Neils took me in and I roomed and boarded with the O'Neil family for several months and worked around the lumber yard. I finally went down to the Northwestern Mill which is just below the water works hill and started looking for a job. Mr. Lebert, one of the owners of the mill, took me over and showed me a sawdust cart pulled by one horse and wanted to know if I'd be able to handle that. I told him that I thought that I could and for about a week or ten days I drove this sawdust cart.

One morning I had just raised the sawdust cart and horse into position to load up from the last mill when he came to me and wanted to know if I could work on the pond. I told him if I had a pair of calk boots I thought I could. So he wrestled me a pair of calk boots and I went out on the pond sorting logs and sending them up the mill. I worked on that four or five days and then he asked me if I wouldn't work on the deck turning cants. That was before the day of the electric niggers who turned the cants pretty handily. I worked there for about a week or 10 days and one of the ratchet-setters quit and I started to work on the carriage where I worked for several months.

During that time I became quite a buddy of the saw filer and thought I'd like to learn how to file saws, so two or three times a week I spent the evenings in the saw filing room under the instructions of the saw filer. I rather liked the job of setting ratchets because the time seemed to go so fast. But I got pretty badly scared out one day when a young fellow who was setting ratchets on the back end of the carriage slipped on a piece of bark and fell into the saw and cut himself half in two. Then a few days after that, a man who had been working on the deck turning cants claimed to be a sawyer and had quite a time when they were changing saws. The sawyer generally ran the carriage back and forth two or three times to clean out bark and other debris that accumulated under the carriage. At the same time, I generally greased up the mechanism on the carriage and got prepared for another quarter run. This man who claimed to be a sawyer got down and took hold of the lever that ran the carriage and started running it backwards and forwards to clean out the trash while the sawyer was somewhere else, and I noticed he was getting rather nervous because he hit the front bumper pretty hard. He ran back and hit the back bumper very hard and then he ran forward, and as he did, I jumped off the carriage and into the filling room which is right next door. When he came back the next time, he shot the carriage out through the back end of the mill tearing up the feed pipe—the steam feed pipe—and everything, all to pieces and laid us up for about four or five days.

I'd probably have been pretty seriously hurt if I'd stayed with the carriage, but those two experiences kind of shook my faith in my ability of staying on a carriage without getting very badly hurt and I thought two warnings were enough, so I notified the people that I didn't want to stay on the carriage any more, and so I resigned and went up to the sawmill near Columbia Falls.

There, I met a man by the name of Scott. He had a small sawmill cutting 25,000 to 30,000 per day and there I obtained a job setting ratchets on a carriage that was fed by cable. One day one of the fellows working on the deck had poked his cant hook through onto the carriage and broke out a cross-piece on the carriage and, without knowing it, I stuck my foot through that hole with the carriage in motion and it struck the cable that was the motor power of the carriage. I twisted my ankle very badly, so I was laid up for two or three months with a bad ankle.

And at the same time I got another pretty bad scare when I came back to the back end of the carriage to loosen the ball and socket dog that held the final plank on the carriage and instead of the carriage running on by the saw and letting the plank off, the sawyer started the carriage backwards. It swung me around, right over the top of a double saw. I could feel the wind of the saw on the seat of my pants, but he stopped in time and I was not hurt but I was scared! I'd have been cut in two lengthwise if he hadn't stopped within about six inches of when he did.

My experience with setting ratchets had an ending right then and there. I never got on a carriage after that. Even in later years when I was foreman for the Northwestern Lumber Company, I refused to go on the carriage even though it was necessary to shut down the mill 'til they got the man from Spokane to set ratchets. I seemed to have a hunch that something more serious would have happened to me than had heretofore happened.

While working at this small sawmill of Mr. Scott's near Columbia Falls, I also kept time for the company. I had a little office, including my own bedroom, off from the main bunkhouse in which I had a stove and desk and pretty comfortable quarters. One Saturday night a poker game started up right after payday and I wasn't particularly interested in this poker game and went to bed about 10:00. Then about 11:30 or such a matter, the boys froze out of the bunkhouse, and they came into my room and they stirred up the fire and started the poker game. One fellow kept sitting on my feet at the end of the bed and I finally got disgusted and got up and took a hand in the game myself. I don't think anyone was ever more lucky than I was that night, because within about two hours, I had about all the cash in the crowd and it was down to one man still sticking in the game, nickname d "Old Spot", because of large white spots scattered all over his face. I think he was a Mexican. He had very dark skin generally, but these white spots, about an inch in diameter, made him a peculiar looking individual. Well, at any rate, I had him down to his last little pile, and he got what he thought was a pretty good hand and he shoved the pile in and I called him and I had him beat. He jerked out a knife, made a bolt, and started right over the table at me. I was sitting on an old nail keg, and I grabbed that

and as he came over the table, I hit him right square in the face with this nail keg with a glancing blow on the face. I had a nail on the nail keg, and he had a terrible gash clear across the front of his face, knocked him out. I had to take him to Columbia Falls. I was very sorry that it happened, but I didn't see how I could have helped it very well because if there's any one thing I'm afraid of, it's a knife: I'd rather face a six-gun anytime than a knife. This was a rather disturbing factor in my life and for some time after that I carried a little gun in case that I should run into this fellow again, because I defend myself.

But a peculiar thing happened after I got through with this sawmill job I went to work for the O'Neil Lumber Company in their retail yard in Kalispell. Also, I joined the Volunteer Fire Department. At that time, they had no equipment except a couple of hose carts that were pulled by men. One Sunday I was walking along the sidewalk and the fire alarm sounded. I was only a couple of blocks away, so I rushed down to the fire hall and four or five men had beaten me there and they had one fire hose truck. They said, "You bring the other one!" So I started to get it ready and two or three fellows came in and helped me. We took a little different route than where the fire was supposed to be and were successful in beating the other fellows there. I was supposed to handle the hose nozzle and we had it coupled up with the city water works and smoke was pouring out of one of the windows at this house which was down near the railroad yard. I opened the front door, which was unlocked, and hollered for the water and just then the water came and I saw this enemy of mine, Mr. Spot, with a gunny sack taking all the silverware out of the sideboard and dumping it into the gunny sack. He hadn't heard me open the door, and when the water came, I squirted it onto him and turned him up-side-down in the corner and washed him up in good shape. Well, he was rather excited and by the time I had him washed up; he took one look at me and away he went. I understood later that he pulled out without ever asking for his pay. He had been working over at a coal yard for the Great Northern Railroad. Well, at any rate, we got the fire out and I never saw Mr. Spot after that.

About this time, I had a letter from my oldest brother, and he was coming to Montana too. I made arrangements for us to board at the Old Valley House or Hotel. We were both working at the Northwestern Lumber Company for a short time and carried our lunch. We U, one day, a very tough gristly piece of meat about the size of your hand was in my lunch bucket. I couldn't chew it, so I left it in the bucket and the next day the same piece of meat was in there. So I took a string and tied it around this piece of meat and tied it to the edge of the bucket and put a note on it, "tried three times, condemned and hung." I never got the piece of meat back.

I should have mentioned a while ago that when I was working at the Scott Mill, after I had my ankle badly hurt, I was grading lumber from the planer. The planer man was a rather gruff sort of fellow and they were planing largely flooring and that was a rather light job that I could handle even though my foot was in a plaster-of-Paris cast. One day, however, he had some very heavy planks to surface for a size and he set up the planer for that. The main drive belt on the planer was pretty loose because it had been run under light material. When it had to plane both sides of these heavy planks, the belt would jump off every little bit. Several times one of the side belts came running back where I was, and I picked it up and took it to him and he very

gruffly told me that my place was back there behind the planer. So thereafter I didn't try to help him out except I mentioned to him that if he tightened the main belt that drove the planer, he wouldn't have that trouble. So at noon I helped him tighten this belt. But he had the misfortune of attempting to draw the belt up when the machine was running in full blast with the result that the belt flapped around one of the main pulleys and came over and knocked him down and was paddling him pretty hard every time the wheel turned around. I ran in and grabbed him by the feet and pulled him out of there. I mentioned to him that while my place was in back of the planer I kind of thought he needed a little help, so I was violating his instructions.

While working at this mill I made the acquaintance of a fellow who owned a ranch not far from there and who had a very fine span of horses that he used there at the mill to roll the logs into the sawmill. They were well trained and were about as nice a span of horses I had ever seen. I mentioned this to him one day and he said, "Better let me sell you those horses. As a matter of fact, I'll sell you my ranch." Well, I was just a young chap and unmarried. The ranch appealed to me with the 160 acres of very good soil plus 40 acres of beautiful yellow pine. The rest of it was all in cultivation. He offered me this farm which had a good house, barn, sheds, fence, four cows, five head of horses including this beautiful team, and all the farm equipment for \$2,000. I was very much tempted to take the deal on, but then, not having the money, I decided not to do anything about it. In later years, I learned that this ranch alone sold for \$50,000. So that's one of the things that comes up in a man's life that if he could see as well forward as he does backward why he could probably make himself more money.

In the fall of 1900, when the sawmill shut down for the winter, I went into Kalispell and started working for the O'Neil Company in their retail lumber yard as their yard foreman. I also bought a house on Third Avenue West in about the 400 block and my sister came out from Missouri with my younger brother. This was a very nice arrangement because it gave us all a home. My sister took care of the house and we paid her board.

The buying of this house was probably the beginning of some lifetime actual adventures. As I recall it, I paid around \$600 for this house with four rooms and a nice little bunkhouse on the back end of the lot, besides a woodshed. All of the improvements were in and paid for—city improvements. It made a pretty nice little home for us kids and we enjoyed it. I borrowed the money from a Mr. Edwards, a retired Illinois farmer whose daughter was living there in Kalispell, and on looking up the note that I gave him, I was to pay interest and \$10 a month, until the house was paid for. I was to make the payment on the tenth of each month. Not until the entire payment was paid did I miss paying on the 10th day of the month—the required down payment and interest. Mr. Edwards said he had never dealt with any young man who kept his promise like I had, and that if I ever needed any money, credit of any sort, why, let him know and he'd be glad to take care of me or recommend me.

While I was in Kalispell, I became interested in the street improvement and for a number of weekends, with four or five other fellows, we worked on setting out the trees in the parking on Second and Third Avenue East. I have, in recent years, often rode down those streets and

recalled how barren looking it was when we started in setting those trees out, which now practically meet each other across the street.

Kalispell was a very busy place at that time, and you could hear hammers going all over town. Building was going on in every direction. And the O'Neil Lumber Company was one of the main retail yards in town and therefore had most of the trade. They were very good to me and allowed me to buy some stock in their company. It was only a couple thousand dollars but as I recall it, in the year 1901 we made 28 percent on our investment. So that was another start in finances that turned out pretty well. I think it was the winter of 1902 that things were a little bit slack in the retail yard and they had a man by the name of Nelson who had a contract for hauling lumber from Lake Blaine into Kalispell. He had 3 four-horse teams and a two-horse team and one or two extra horses. He was inclined to hang around the saloons and play poker and it was only a short time until the bank, which was backing him, decided that something had to be done to salvage what they had loaned him on his equipment. So they came to me and wanted to know if I would manage their outfit for them that winter. After talking this over with the O'Neil Lumber Company they decided that it would be okay for me to do this, so I took charge of the hauling of lumber and I hired a barn man to look after the horses, feed and harness them, and curry them in the mornings. And I insisted that the drivers be at the barn promptly at 6:30 every morning in order that they could hitch up and be on the road by 7:00. It had been their habit of probably getting away from the barn around 8:00 and then trotting these horses out about ten miles to Lake Blaine. By the time they got out to the sawmill site where this lumber was the horses were all warmed up and stood there, got cold, and we had a number of sick horses, and also they were all losing flesh. But by insisting that they allow these horses to walk both ways and also due to the fact that we had 103 days of perfect sleighing— not before or since do I know that we ever had such a wonderful winter for sleighing as we did that winter. We first got about a foot and a half of snow and then practically every night it would snow an inch or two, just enough to keep the snow slicked up. It wasn't a matter of loading the team too heavy—anything that they could start on those sleighs they could pull very readily. For the minute the sleigh was started, why, the horses would walk along with their hoofs clapping and they had very little effort to keep the sleigh on the go.

One of the main troubles was that the entrance to Kalispell on the east was what was known as Conrad Hill, and there we had been in the habit of loading the team or sleighs on the basis of what the teams could pull up that slope. I took off with the two-horse outfit and met the two or three four-horse outfits on the job. Each evening I would meet them at the foot of Conrad Hill and hook on the extra team and pull them up the hill. By doing this I added about a third more lumber on each load. It will suffice, I think, to say that during the 103 days that I ran that outfit all of my horses gained flesh, and at the end of the time I had not a sick horse, and not a horse with a sore neck or shoulder. I had cleared myself about \$1,500—that was only on a percentage basis. This little deal put me in pretty well with the Conrad National Bank and I was told at that time that any time I needed some finances to start an operation of my own, to let them know and they would be glad to help me out.

Along about this time the old B and M Mill—Boston and Montana Mill] on...Can't think of the name of that creek right now—Stillwater, about two miles out of Kalispell, burned down. But they had eight or ten million feet of lumber on hand and the planing mill was left. The O'Neil Lumber Company had bought this lumber and the privilege to manufacture it in the planing mill.

I went on the road to sell this lumber between Kalispell and Minneapolis. I had some very interesting experiences during this time in 1902 and the following is a partial statement of that. For instance, I was in Rugby Junction, North Dakota. They had just built a new branch line out of the Great Northern main line up to Souris and Bottineau, north of Rugby Junction about 75 miles, and I went up on the first train that hauled any passengers. It was a work train, but they had a passenger car on it and were hauling a limited number of passengers. I was successful in selling a number of carloads of lumber, but a very interesting little thing happened while there. There was a young Swede, probably about my age, 23 or 24 years old, who was selling paint for a Minneapolis paint concern and he went up on the same train with me and was around there a couple of days. I had to hire a team to take me back to Rugby Junction because this work train wasn't going back for three or four days. On the way back, I recall, the wind had been blowing and as we were driving along, we ran into a big rope of flax. It seems as though this flax field had been cut and before they could gather it up the wind got ahold of it and started to roll the flax up and here was a rope about a mile long and ten feet in diameter stretched across the road. We had to driveway around it.

When I got to Rugby Junction my eyes were full of dirt and I went up to my room, which was on the second floor in a little hotel and looked out on the back yard. I saw a girl go out with some clothes to hang out on the clothesline and all at once she disappeared in the ground. I couldn't imagine what had happened, but I ran out. on the back porch and there was a stairway going down to the ground floor. I ran over to where she had broken through the top of a cesspool and was down there in a terrible mess. I looked around and saw a ladder leaning against a building about 50 feet away and ran over and got it and poked it down in there for the girl to climb out onto and get out. Lo and behold, it was a girl I had known for a great many years in Kalispell. Her name was Maggie Avery. As a matter of fact, I had gone with her a number of times, but I had lost track of her and didn't know where she was. At any rate, I think I saved this gal's life.

[Break in audio]

After I got cleaned up I decided to get a haircut so I went down to the barber shop which was in the basement of a building, and just as I got down with my face about level with the street, a whirlwind struck and filled my eyes with dirt and covered my face with gravel. I went in the barber shop and I said, "My God, what a country!" The barber said, "What's the matter with this country? It's the easiest country in the world to get acquainted with—it goes through one town one day and comes back the next." Well, that kind of cheered me up but I wasn't very happy with the experience there.

About two weeks later I made the same trip from Rugby Junction up to Souris and this Swede was on the train again. When we got into the hotel and were registering, the old fellow who ran the hotel—grey-haired and big heavy eyebrows, wore glasses—he pulled his glasses up and took a look at this Swede and said, "You can't stay here tonight."

And this Swede said, "Why?"

"Well," he said, "weren't you here two weeks ago?"

"Yes, sir," he said, "I think that was about the time I was here."

"Well," he said, "didn't you leave something wrapped up in a paper in the bureau drawer up there in your room?"

And the Swede said, "Oh, Jesus Christ!" he said, "you're another one of those damn fools that believe everything they see in the newspaper." [laughs]

At the time I was selling lumber on the road for the O'Neil Lumber Company the O'Brien Lumber Company down in Somers, Montana, had a Mr. Black who was also selling lumber. One day I dropped into the town of Glasgow and called on the O'Hanlin Mercantile Company which handled lumber also. I sent my card into Mr. B.O., and since it was representing the O'Neil Lumber Company, he assumed right away that it was all the same as the O'Brien Lumber Company. When I came in and introduced myself he wanted to know where Mr. Black was and I told him Black was on the road somewhere, I didn't know where he was. But I was successful in selling him about five carloads of lumber. When the lumber arrived and the bill was sent to him, he found out it was the O'Neil Lumber Company. The next time I drove in there he bawled me out for misrepresenting the lumber company. I was fortunate enough to see my card laying on his desk in one corner and I called his attention to the card and told him that at no time did I attempt to mislead him in reference to the company I was representing. Well, at any rate, we had a good laugh over it and I swiped a little more trade from the O'Brien Lumber Company.

One day the Great Northern had a washout someplace and we were held up for several hours and finally we, traveling salesmen for different outfits, accumulated on the train and we had a number of card games. Finally we were told that we'd have to lay over there in Glasgow until the road was cleared. In the group was a little Jew from Chicago, I don't recall what his line was, but at any rate he had been mixing with the crowd of eight or ten traveling men and when we got off the train at Glasgow he started to run right down the platform and ran about three blocks down to the hotel and by the time the rest of us got there, he had registered and was starting up the steps. Well, the hotel wasn't really too big and it was a question really would there be enough rooms to go around? I remember this Mr. Black saying, "We don't like footraces but we'd like to have a room." And this Jew stopped on the landing and looked down over the banister and said, "I suppose that slam was meant for me." Mr. Black said, "Mister, if the shoe fits, put it on." And down he came and [laughter] the rest of us had to referee a pretty

good fight. Finally the Jew got the worst of it. He never showed up around there—at least none of us ever saw him. We were around there four or five days, and I don't think there was any chance for him to get out. But I think everyone in the group approved the licking he got because we were all together and why should one man try to get the best of all the rest of us?

Along about that time I met a little lady from Fort Benton who one time went to Kalispell to visit her sister. Her name was Cressie Rowe. She was a sister of Mrs. John Lippart. The O'Neil boys and I had rigged up a sleigh with a picnic box on it so that we could haul about 20 people with seats along the side and a high seat up front for the driver. We had taken out several parties of young folks and on this particular occasion we had gathered up a group of girls and boys to go skating at Foy's Lake, which is about three miles and a half or four miles out of Kalispell. I had no steady girl at that time and when we stopped to pick up one of the Lippart girls for my friend Mr. McFarrin, why I suggested he ask Miss Rowe to go along too. I don't know but I rather think she jumped at the chance because she seemed very happy about it. In joshing backwards and forwards she asked me how I'd like to jump into a double harness and race through life. [laughs] Anyhow, since she had no partner, and I had no partner I tried to learn her how to skate. She could skate pretty good, but she liked to lean on my arm pretty heavy anyhow. [laughs] Well, at any rate, we had a good time.

When we started home there were a couple of girls sitting on either side [of] me since I was the teamster. We had a long hill to come down and we had a rough lock and this rough lock broke and shot the load ahead on the team and one of the wheelers was pretty fractious, and he made a big run and landed with both feet in the double trees of the leaders. They jerked his feet out from under him and laid him out on his side and drug him down that hill for about a mile. By the time we got to the bottom of the hill why I was the only one in the sleigh. The girls along either side had jumped off just like whales and since the snow was deep none were hurt. By fiddling around with these horses at the bottom of the hill I finally got this horse up and turned around and went up the hill and got the crowd.

That meeting with Miss Rowe turned out to be an important fact in my life. She had only intended to stay a very short time, but something kept her there for a couple of months and we went to many dances and parties together. When she left, she asked me to write her. I was on the point of asking the permission to write to her, so it was an agreeable deal. At any rate, we corresponded until the next November when, by mutual agreement, I had agreed to go to Fort Benton and we would be married. So on the 16th day of November 1904, I was no longer a bachelor.

Soon after I was married, I had an opportunity to buy an interest in a stucco plant in Armington, Montana, which is about 30 miles east of Great Falls, and we moved over there and started housekeeping in this little town. There were about 200 people. The stucco plant was located about five miles up Belt Creek from Armington, and until spring I spent the winter in Armington, or at least part of the time there.

I got privilege from the railroad company to run a bicycle with certain attachments on the track and I rode back and forth to the stucco plant. One raw March day the wind was blowing down the canyon pretty brisk and at every turn or loop that the railroad made where I was riding the bike sideways with the wind the wind would blow me off from my bicycle and soon got the attachment all out of kilter and I couldn't get the darn thing fixed so that I could stay on the track even on the straightaway. So I got disgusted with the thing and took it all off and tied it on the side of the bicycle and got over on the road which was parallel to the railroad and rode down to Belt, which was about a mile and a half below Armington, and got a bicycle shop man to fix me up. I got back to Armington about 1:30 or 2:00 having left there about 4:00 in the morning and what with the cold wind and pulling my hat down tight I had a headache. I was hungry too. I asked Mother if she could give me something to eat, and she said she would. I said, "How about a toddy?"

She said, "There isn't anything in the house but some gin."

"Well," I said, "you could make a gin toddy."

And she said, "Well, how would you make it?"

"Well," I said, "you put some hot water and some gin in a glass and put some sugar in and stir it up and that's it." She took a lemonade glass and filled it about half full of gin and poured a little hot water in it and some sugar. I drank that on an empty stomach [after] coming in out of the cold [to a] warm room. In about ten minutes I was going around and around. About that time, she said dinner'd be ready in a few minutes and I went out in the kitchen. In those days we had very few modern improvements, but we did have a bench with a washbasin on it and a bucket of water alongside it—most everybody did in those days. When I went to pick up the washbasin there were a couple of them there, but I grabbed one out of the bunch and went over and got some hot water from the reservoir. I started back and to my surprise there were three benches there! I didn't know which bench to set it on, so I set it down in the middle of the floor and sat down straddle of it [and] washed my face and hands. Mother was very much disgusted with me, but that toddy was just a little too much for me and I was beginning to feel pretty silly. At any rate, Mother set the table for me and I went out into the dining room. At that time three or four women came to call on Mrs. Smith for the first time, and I was out there making all kinds of crazy remarks and drunker than a hoot owl. It rather embarrassed Mother, but I always figured that she was to blame for it. But she always had a different idea about it.

When the weather warmed up, Mrs. Smith and I moved up to the stucco mill where we had very good quarters and had employed a [unintelligible]. In the daytime he'd get up about 4:00 and wander around like a lost pup. I said to him one day, "Pete, why don't you go fishing?"

He said, "I've no pole."

And I said, "Well, there's three poles there on the cookshack,"

And he said, "I got no bait."

And I said, "Well, there's lots of bugs and flies and gnats and grasshoppers. There's good fish out there in Mill Creek." The mill was right on the bank of it. And he finally went over and got a pole and line and hook, and I saw him go out and snatch something off the top of a flowering plant. He put the bug in one hand and then in the other and went back and forth about a dozen times. Finally, he got ahold of it with his fingers and thumb and came walking over to me, and I said, "What have you got there, Pete?"

He said, "I don't know but he bites me from his ass!" And I found out he had a bumblebee, which kind of stung him about half a dozen times. And he found out from which end the bee stung him and that's the reason for his remark.

Well, at any rate he was a good miner and quite an eater too. We bought prunes by the case and the old cook had a bunch of prunes. They were the large size prunes—I think they called them 20 / 60s—and he used to eat a great bowl of them, seeds and all. When it came to bread it didn't make any difference how thick the bread was cut, he always folded it over and made a sandwich out of it. Mother cut bread about an inch and a half thick, and he still did that and he pretty near broke his jaw reaching over the top of it after he folded the bread over but he still insisted on making sandwiches out of it.

The Chinese cook was quite a character, He'd spaded up a little piece of ground alongside the creek and with the use of a willow stick and a ten pound lard pail, he was able to dip water out of the creek and irrigate this garden. He raised all the lettuce, radishes, onions, and tomatoes that we could use. He said to me one day, "Why don't you get some pigs?" He said, "There's a lot of waste here that could keep a couple of pigs." So I went up to one of the ranchers a mile or two above our station and bought a couple of pigs and brought them down and put them in a hay corral that had been built of cottonwood logs. I looked it over pretty careful and stuffed up all the holes that I thought a pig could get out of. Well, one morning one of the pigs was gone. I spent all morning looking for it and finally I had a man who'd done some prospecting about a half a mile down and across the creek, and I went down there to see how he was getting along and lo and behold, here was that pig. I started to drive him back home along the creek which was pretty brushy, and I was having a terrible time. Finally, I got him out on a little narrow point of ground and gave him a whack and he jumped off in the creek. I thought, you son of a bitch, I'll get you in there. So I took off after him and was just about to lay my hands on him when I stepped on a slippery rock and went face down in the creek. The old pig went, "grunt, grunt, grunt" and away he went. I was so mad by that time I went down to the house and got a rifle and I said, "I'll take care of that pig." But when I came out by the pigpen there he had come back, crawled in the pen and was eating his slops. So I changed my mind right then and there.

There was a little incident that happened there that was quite a concern. The railroad ran between the cookshack and our mine shaft and plant. My father had come to stay with us a few

days and he was hard of hearing. I went down to the mine shaft about 200 yards across the track and the train went through, and I heard Mother screaming and hollering. It flashed into my mind that my father had gotten out on this track, and being hard of hearing, hadn't heard it and therefore had gotten run over by the train. I went running up there all out of breath and there stood Father and Cressie pulling a little dog that had got run over and killed.

My partner, a Mr. Voight, lived in Armington and owned a big old bulldog. He was old, didn't have a half a dozen teeth in his head, but he was certainly an ugly and vicious looking old dog. He had a habit of going down to the depot and if the train came in and he wanted to come up the camp why he'd get on the train and the conductor'd stop the train there, even though it was only a siding, and let him off. And there were many times when he'd go out there and stand by the siding and go back home down to Armington. He was quite a character in the way of a dog. I recall that there were quite a few tramps walking up and down the track in those days, and there was a little stile running from the siding over to our cookshack. When the dog was around, he spent most of his time sitting over on that stile. If one of the tramps came along there he's let out a few barks and the tramp would go on. They were certainly afraid of that dog and although he didn't have any teeth to bite—he probably wouldn't have bit if he did have. He sure kept the tramps away.

In the fall of 1904, we shut the mill down for repairs a couple or three months and Mrs. Smith and I went down to her folks' ranch 15 miles below Fort Benton on the Missouri River. We drove across country from Armington to Fort Benton on the second day of December and it was warm enough that day that I rode in my shirtsleeves all the way across. At that time there was not a fence between Armington and Fort Benton. We took a prairie road. Last fall, 1956, Mrs. Smith and I rode across the country with a car and every inch of the ground is fenced up now and you're confined to public highways. I remember telling Mother as we rode across the prairie that someday it will be a great wheat country. She wanted to know what would make me think that and I said that it's the same kind of soil and character of the country of the big wheat fields of Oklahoma and southwestern Kansas. That's exactly what has happened. Every inch of the country practically now is in small grain, mostly wheat.

Two days after Christmas we had a very severe storm and it snowed and blowed and got down to 20 or 25 below zero. And since we would be gone about two weeks, I didn't do anything about finding how things were over there at the stucco plant at Armington. Well, one morning I picked up the *Great Falls Tribune* and there was a note in there saying that the stucco plant had burned down. A day or so later I got a letter from my partner telling me about the plant burning down and there wasn't any particular hurry for me to come back. Mrs. Smith and I spent the winter at the ranch helping her brother feed cattle and cutting wood and playing checkers and generally enjoying ourselves. We visited all of the nearby kinfolks and old neighbors and that's where I think I started to take on flesh. At the time I was married I only weighed about 160 pounds, was six feet, two and a half inches tall and had been nicknamed "Sliver" by a group in Kalispell. Sorry to say that at the present time, I weigh over 210 pounds. I have weighed as much as 260.

Well, when we finally did decide to go back to our home in Armington it was still pretty cold and there was about 14 inches of snow on the level and I would judge it was 10 or 15 below zero, although we had no thermometer to prove it. We put long side curtains on the buggy and a tarp over the top of that and cut a little hole we could see out and have the lines out. We had a bunch of rock, hot rocks and bricks in the buggy. There was lots of robes so we were plenty warm. By the time we got to Fort Benton however the team had frosted up so you couldn't tell what color they were. We crossed the river there at Fort Benton and started out towards the Highwood Mountains, planning to stop at the Highwood Mountains overnight with some old family friends. We were driving along with the wheels screeching in the snow, the team just following the broken highway and all at once we noticed that the wheels weren't squeaking. We peeked out and the team was all cleared off and the water seemed to be running everywhere so we stopped and took the tarp off of the top of the buggy. Within two hours practically all the snow was gone. A real warm wind or a chinook had hit the country and by that evening there was hardly any snow in sight anyplace.

We stayed all night with the Sheedums [or Sheetems], two old bachelor brothers. They were very solicitous of our well-being and did everything to make us comfortable and to make sure that they had food that we liked. For instance, they inquired if we liked battercake, which was nothing but hotcake as far as I was concerned. And when they were assured that we did we had stacks of them for breakfast—about ten times as many as any one person could possibly eat. But it was a pretty nice looking morning and we started out on our trip and just as we were breaking down into the valley where Armington is located the wind switched around from the southwest to the northeast and a blast of cold air hit us. I started driving a little faster as we were about two miles from our headquarters, and by the time, I got there it was so cold that I almost froze my hands unhitching the team. It went down to 35 below that night and stayed that way for about two weeks. We went in the house and Mrs. Smith's brother, Ralph, had been looking after things and we found a big stick of wood in the reservoir, which we had left full of water and it was pretty well frozen, but it had not broken the reservoir. When we asked her brother about this stick of wood and he said he put it in there to keep it from breaking the reservoir. I never heard of that kind of deal before, but it certainly worked, otherwise the reservoir probably would have been broken because the water was frozen solid.

Along toward spring it looked like we would not be able to rebuild the mill and we had some serious doubts in our minds, so I got an offer from the Northwestern Lumber Company at Kalispell to be their yard foreman and to take charge of the shipping and planing mill. At that time, it seemed like a necessary thing to do. And the wages seemed mighty attractive also, because they offered me \$1,200 a year. We decided to accept the job so we moved back to Kalispell and had a nice little five acre tract not far from the mill.

I took on the job of shipping and operation of the sawmill. We had some rather comical experiences with some of the Scandinavian people that worked at the mill. As a matter of fact, most of the lumbering and logging in that country at that time was either Canadian-Frenchmen

of Scandinavian people. I recall one time when our supply of logs got pretty low and I shut down the mill for four or five days and asked that we take every man that would go up the Stillwater River and roll the logs in that had gotten stranded in the fall drive. We had a splash dam on Tally Lake and by flooding the creek we washed down enough logs to keep the mill going for some time. I took my crew of about 75 men up the creek and spaced them not far apart, about two men in a place. After I got them pretty well placed, I went back down along the creek to see how things were getting along and one young Swede was all by himself. I asked him where his partner. "Well," he said, "I don't know what come of him." He said, "He was on that log right there in the creek and he fell off. He went down in the water. I guess he jumped his job." It turned out that the poor fellow had drowned but he'd been working there for an hour and a half or two hours and never said anything to anybody. Some of those young fellows were rather peculiar individuals.

This same chap I just spoke about was off bearing on the planer and one morning he came to me just after the mill had started up and said he wanted to get off for the day. And I said, "Well, Ole, why didn't you tell me last night? I could have got somebody to take your place. Now I've got to rush around here and find somebody." I said, "Is it very urgent? Can't you put it off until tomorrow?"

"Well," he said, "you know, I want to get married."

"Well," I said, "under those circumstances, I suppose I'd better get somebody to take your place."

He said, "I don't want to, but I have to." Well, at any rate I got another man and I guess he got married because he was back on the job the next morning.

Another incident that happened there was a very strong and dominant Swede called Big Bill who had a contract to pile all the lumber in the yard and under the contract he was to pile all of the clear pine every day in order that, by being piled up in stacks in front of the piles, it did not blue-stain. Well, he got in the habit of letting it accumulate for several days before he would pile this stuff up and I got after him about it and he didn't pay any attention to me. Then one day when he and his partner were piling the 3-by-12s-by-16s—he was handling them like a stick—I stopped and sat down. "What about that clear pine?"

I said, "You've been letting it go, and on the contract, you were supposed to pile that every day. Now this is the second or third time I've talked to you," I said, "I'm going to have to do something about it."

He told his partner to quit piling and he got on top of the tramway which is about 12 feet off the ground, and he said, "I'll just close your mouth good and plenty." Well, I was afraid of the man because he was a giant of a man in that way, but he apparently had no science because when he was trying to get ahold of me. I kept fanning him off by boxing him, and poking him in

the face, and stepping around too lively for him. Finally, I got him with his back to the edge of the tramway and I made a good run at him and hit him right on the chin and knocked him over backwards and he fell on his neck and shoulders on the ground 12 feet below. He got up and shook himself and crawled up on the back of the pile which was about four feet above the tramway by that time and told his partner to shove up the lumber to him. I figured that everything was all over, so I walked on down the tramway. But it was all over the lumber yard and the mill within half an hour that I'd given Big Bill a licking. I never said anything to anybody because I was actually afraid of this man, I had seen him in a saloon one night and he'd grabbed ahold of a big Swede and threw him clear across the pool table as if he'd been a rubber ball. Nothing ever occurred to that except within half an hour he was back over on the clear pine tramway and was piling up the clear pine and he kept it up satisfactorily from that time on.

I never saw the man again—which was in 1905—until 1915, when I was supervisor of the Kootenai Forest. I got a wire from him one day at Milk River in Canada saying that he had 25 experienced lumberjacks and they would like to come down and fight fire with us. We were having quite a fire season and the IWWs were on a strike and it was hard to get enough men to keep on top of the fire job, so I wired him to come and bring his crew. In a day or so he landed there, and I gave him a forest guard to keep time for him and sent him out on a number of fires. They were a very good fire crew and did excellent work. There was no mention of our previous fracas and I was more or less glad there wasn't.

On the Stillwater River where the mill was located there was a dam about 12 feet high and the first slope down from the dam was on about a 25-percent slope whereas the apron ran out about 40 feet was only about four or five percent. In the fall when the whitefish started to run up the stream, there were thousands of them, and they practically blocked the water. It was comical to watch some of them make a run to try to get over the dam. They'd get up over the apron and about halfway over the falls and the water would catch them and down they'd come. It was a paradise for white fishermen because they used a gaff hook and they would just catch them by the gunny sack full. There were fellows that were down there practically every day and they smoked them. At that time, you could buy smoked whitefish in Kalispell and maybe some of the other towns around but there were tons and tons of whitefish taken out of that stream and there never seemed to be an end to them.

One winter when the mill was closed down for repairs, I took a crew of about 40 men and went up on the reservoir and started to clean off a lot of timber there that would increase the size of the reservoir. There was a large slough that ran in the back of the reservoir and where it connected with the creek there was an open-air hole. Since the slough was all frozen over and was an ideal skating pond there was always a group of anywhere from 10 to 50 kids up there skating every night. I got worried about them skating off into this air hole where the slough and river joined. I went down to the sawmill and got four ladders to put around this air hole. I was skating down with these four ladders all linked on my arm to put around this air hold and some young folks were skating along in back of me. As a matter of fact, I was skating backwards and what did I do but skate off into this air hole myself! Well, with those four ladders I might have

drowned myself because these kids—none of them tried to help me out—scattered in every direction. I tried several times to get out on the ice but the ice kept breaking with me and finally the ice seemed strong enough so I put my arms out on the ice until they kind of froze there and then I put one foot out and started to roll. I got out of there but by the time I got home my clothes were practically frozen stiff. It was a crazy thing to do but it had been done so that was that.

Close by us when we lived in Kalispell was the John Duffy family. They had eight children. One little fellow, George—about six or seven years old—used to bring us our milk. He was a very nice little boy, and since we had no children at that time, I said to him one day, "George, your family has a lot of children. They don't need you anymore. Why don't you come over and be my boy?" By gosh, he actually went home, and his mother told us later that he gathered up all his clothes and she had an awful time talking him out of coming over. He was going to come right over and be my boy. Well, I wouldn't have minded very much because I made him a little wagon and sled and I don't know what all I made for him. George is postmaster now at Whitefish, Montana, and comes to see us quite often. He weighs about 240 pounds now and doesn't look like the little boy I tried to adopt.

The job that I had with the Northwestern Lumber Company was a pretty heavy job in many ways. I had about 75 men to keep busy and loading out for or five carloads of lumber a day, seeing to it that the planing mill was properly operating and seeing that the orders that were loaded in the cars were right and proper. Not only that but trying to keep costs down. When I went to work for the company, they told me that their costs were about 90 cents to 1,000 for putting lumber in the cars. After working there for about two months, I did a reorganization and double tracking the tramways so that we could get cars backwards and forwards and put in a more or less competitive system. I was keeping track of how much each crew, which was two men, handled each day. Within three months, I was able to reduce the cost to 45 cents to 1,000.

One of the difficulties I was having, however, was that I had been promised a job as sales manager and was to take over within two or three months, but Jerry O'Neil, who was one of the owners, had sold out to Mr. Barber from Cass Lake, Wisconsin. Mr. Barber took over the job of sales manager and there I was stuck out in the yard again. On top of that he brought his son-in-law out who had worked in a hardware store all his life and didn't know a two-by-four from a six-by-six. He wanted me to teach him the job of running the yard. Well, I didn't mind so much but Mr. Barber was all the time butting in and instructing my men what to do. As an illustration, sometimes I would take the orders from the written orders for the carloads of lumber and I'd call their attention to the fact that several items on the lists were not two weeks off the saw and were very green and I didn't think we ought to ship them. But they always insisted that we ship them anyhow and then when he came out to the yard and saw a crew loading very green lumber to go to the car, he'd stop them and tell them not to load that stuff. Then he'd go off and forget about telling me anything about it and I come around maybe an hour or two later and find these fellows sitting on top of the pile and they'd tell me that Mr. Barber had been

there and told them not to load that lumber. Well, that went on for some time and I complained to him two or three times and it didn't seem to do any good. So one day when he'd stopped a couple of crews and they'd been loafing for an hour or so I caught up with the guy and I took him by the collar and I turned him around and I said, "Now, look here, Mister, I'm running this yard out here, and if you don't stop telling my men what to do out here, I'm going to knock that old plug hat of your right down around your neck."

"Well," he said, "I've never had anybody talk to me like that in my life."

I said, "Well, by god, you heard me so you understand it, don't you?" Well, we weren't very good friends after that, but it had the effect of him not stopping my men doing things when I had given them their orders.

Well, around the spring of 1906, I was beginning to get a little disgusted with the job I had and the interference that he had thrown in my way so many times and the fact that I was not seemingly getting anyplace so I found out that they were giving a rangers' examination on the fourth, fifth, and sixth days of May. So, I went to Mr. Barber, and I told him that I wanted to get off those days. He said, "Well, we can't let you off. It's a very busy time, and you can't get away."

I said, "Now listen. I've got a man out there that I've been kind of training a little bit, and I'm sure that old Chris Almer can handle the job all right. I'm not going to be here the fifth, sixth, and seventh of May." And I wasn't, but when I came back on the eighth, I met him at the yard just a few minutes before the whistle blew for the regular 7:00 starting time. I asked him how everything was getting along, and he told me, "just fine."

"Well," I said, "Chris is handling the job all right, ain't he?"

He said, "Oh yes, he's been a good man."

"Well," I said, "I guess you don't need me, so I'll just draw my time."

"Well," he said, "we don't want you to quit, but if you're bound to do it, all right. Come on over to the office, and I'll fix you up." So we went over to the office, and he said to the clerk, "Can you give me Glen's time?"

We went into his office and sat down, and the clerk came to the door and said, "What about the last three days that he was off?"

"Well," Barber said, "he didn't work, did he?"

"No."

"Well, he can't be paid."

About that time Mr. Gale, who was the other partner in there, came in and he says, "What's this all about Glen's time?" Well, he explained that I had been off three days taking a ranger examination, and he didn't propose to pay me. Mr. Gale said it didn't make any difference. He said, "This man made us a lot of money by the organization, and the things he's done for us around here. [unintelligible] clerk, "Make him out a check for two month's salary." Well, they gave me a check for two month's salary, and I pulled out.

I went home and told Cressie, my wife, I had quit my job and she said, "Well, what are you going to do now?" And I said, "Well, I'm going to loaf around for a while, I guess, until I find another job." That afternoon I was walking down the street and passed the Kalispell Lumber Company. Mr. H. G. Mayer, who was the manager of it, was sitting by the window and he saw me and he tapped on the window and he motioned to me to come in. I went in and he said, "Are you sick or off the job down there?"

And I said, "Yeah, I quit there this morning."

"What?" he said, "I've never seen you loafing around in the many years that I've known you."

"Well, I don't propose to loaf very long, but I just don't suppose a day or two's rest would hurt me."

"Well," he said, "I suppose you want a job."

And I said, "Yes, I'm still looking for a job."

"Well," he said, "I have a logging operation in Alberta. I'd like to have you to up there and run that."

And I said, "No, I don't want to go up to that country."

And then he said, "I've got a concern over at Conrad, Montana."

"Well," I might be interested in that."

"Well, if you're not interested in that," he said, "you can have a job and run the retail part of my business here."

"Well," I said, "that sounds better to me. What's in it?"

And he says, "\$125 a month."

So I says, "I'll take that. I'll go to work next Monday." I think this was Saturday or Friday.

So I started to work for them and apparently got along all right because there was never any question raised as to whether I was doing my job or not. I thought that they were satisfied. Having worked for the Neill Lumber Company for a long time, I had quite a little acquaintance as far as the retail business in Kalispell and I was able to draw quite a lot of customers over our way.

I recall one time that the rancher who had come in from Illinois and was building a new house and barn right on his ranch in the Creston country and he had a very nice young span of horses and a brand new wagon and a new set of harness. He came in, and when I went out with him, I commented on what a nice outfit he had. He said, "Yes, but I don't see how I'm going to have any use for it on my ranch. I'd like to sell it."

And I said, "What do you want for it?"

He said, "I'd take \$350 for the wagon, the team and the harness." Well, they were a nice team, about five years old, weighed about 1,500 apiece so I told him I'd take them. He said, "You're not kidding, are you?"

I said, "No."

"Well," he said, "I'm coming in tomorrow after some more lumber, and I'll bring another wagon and an extra team and you can have them." So the next day—and early, too—he was in there and I paid him for the team and tied them out in front of the lumber office. And Mike Driscoll, who was the manager of the sawmill about 15 miles northwest of Kalispell, saw them out there and he came to me and he said, "Whose team and wagon is that out there?"

I says, "They're mine. I bought them this morning."

"What are you going to do with them?"

I says, "I don't know yet. I just thought they were a good buy, so I bought them and they're still for sale."

He said, "Well, I think we can use them." So I took them home that night and the next morning he came around and he said, "I'll take that team off your hands." I told him, "All right." So he had a fellow drive them away and gave me a check for \$500. It wasn't such a bad deal, I didn't think.

When I was working for the Kalispell Lumber Company, I learned that there was [timber] claims to be had over in what is now Lincoln County. I got two other fellows to go with us—with Mother and I—and we hired another horse and hitched him up with my riding horse and drove

over to Thompson Lakes. We had to pack in about 12 or 14 miles. We left the wagon and saddled up my riding horse and Mother rode it in, packed the other horse, and took some supplies in.

I didn't know much about this horse we had hired so that night I hobbled him, but I turned my horse loose; he had never left me and I was pretty sure he would not leave us that night. But the next morning when we got up my horse, Tom, was gone. So, after breakfast I saddled up this other horse—I didn't know if he'd ever been saddled, but I got on him and he wasn't too bad. I started out tracking my horse back toward the wagon. About a mile or so back, we were climbing up out of this little valley of Maginnis Meadows and my horse stopped and looked up the hill and I saw my horse coming down. I just turned around and he followed me back to camp. We were there four or five days and cruised around and found two- or three-quarter sections of land that I thought was worth using my timber and stone rights and we decided to go back. On our way back to the cabin we noticed this Tom horse's tracks all the way. He'd been clear back to the wagon and looked around there and didn't find anybody there or anything so he came back to us. It was rather unusual for a saddle horse to do anything like that. But he was later proved to be one of the finest mountain horses that I had ever seen.

We had some friends by the name of Voris who were from the same territory in Missouri where I came from, although I didn't know them there. One time we decided to go huckleberrying up at Lake Five north and east of Columbia Falls. Well at that time I had bought another horse—quite a large black mare. We hitched her up to the spring wagon and the other horse to the buggy and brought in supplies for a couple of weeks and went our huckleberrying. We had a grand and glorious trip. We had a few unusual and amusing incidents that happened to us. However, one of them wasn't quite so amusing. We had a party of about 20 people. Some from Illinois had moved in on the other side of the lake, which was about 12 miles across, and set up camp. Each one of them had to go out and fall a tree. Then each one of them had to take a chance on shooting at a deadhead log out in the lake and the bullets ricocheted over into my camp. As a matter of fact, when I was starting the fire one evening one of those bullets lit in the ashes and threw ashes all over me. I got Mother behind a big tree and I got my rifle out and took careful aim at the stovepipe of their tent—blew their stovepipe off! Boy, they came over here just a-boiling. When I showed them where one bullet had gone through our tent, one bullet had hit a tree right alongside it, and that one bullet that had kicked up ashes all over me, they weren't so cock-headed as they had come over to be. Anyhow, they stopped shooting at the deadheads in the lake.

There were two old couples that had a camp right close by us and they were our huckleberrying. We men went up on the beach quite a ways where the huckleberries were very good and the women puttered around in the flat down where there were a few huckleberries, but not many. In the evening we'd have quite a talking away and I heard the men talking about the bear sign that they'd seen up there. One of them said, "Golly, that was a big old bear out there. He must have been a grizzly—tracks about 14 inches long." And I said, "There's lots of bear sign around there."

One of the women said, "I've heard you fellows talking about bear sign ever since we've been up here. What on earth are bear signs?" I guess, to the husband. Anyhow, he flew into a kind of rage, and he said, "Crap and tracks!" and that kind of ended the conversation.

I remember I was coming down the trail one day with a couple of buckets of huckleberries. I think I must have had about five gallons all told, and this little shepherd dog that we had had gotten behind and he was smelling my trail down the side of the hill. He got onto a steep sidehill where I was going and he couldn't stop and he knocked my feet out from under me and spilled all of my huckleberries. I was sitting there cussing him out, and I looked up and there was the chief of police from Kalispell standing there laughing at me. I think a dozen times after that [when] he got a crowd together he always told them about me cussing out a poor little innocent dog. Well, he pulled me over to the bottom and to one side and seemed to be as sorry as he could be, but there wasn't anything he could do and I couldn't pick them [huckleberries] up out of the dust so I just let them go.

We went away successful from that huckleberry trip—probably gathered about 10 gallons all told. We were satisfied with our outing.

When I got back to Kalispell I went to the local land office and found out that these lands were within the Missoula land district. I decided to go down to Missoula and file on these lands, but when I got to Missoula I found out that they had been withdrawn for National Forest purposes which knocked the whole deal in the head.

But riding a saddle horse down across the lower Flathead—which is now called the Flathead Valley—I was surprised to find grass all across the valley without a fence anywhere. It was almost up to my stirrups. Today that country is all in farms and the particular kind of grass that grew at that time has practically disappeared from the territory entirely. It was the large buffalo grass or species *Buchloe dactyloides* [*festuca scabrella*]. It is rather interesting to me to travel across this same territory in a car now and see what the change around 50 years has brought.

Soon after Mrs. Smith and I were married a group of fellows who had been running around with came out to our house one evening and kidnaped me, took me downtown, and we proceeded to make the red lights and white lights of the town. We really thought we had a good time. But a matter of fact, time went by so fast that I lost all track of time. In the wee small hours of the morning one of the boys was going to take me home, and on the way home, I began to wondering what kind of a tale I could put up to Mother that she would believe. But in that condition that I was in my foggy brain didn't act very well and by the time we got to the house I hadn't thought of a solitary thing to say. But as I entered the house in the hallway, I noticed an umbrella standing there. So I picked up this umbrella and went up to Mrs. Smith's room, turned on the light, raised the umbrella and started to prancing around the foot end of the bed with the umbrella over me. She kind of peeked out of one eye and said, "Glen Smith, what do you think you're doing?"

I said, "I'm just waiting for the storm to break." Well, that kind of straightened things out. This story is interesting to us at least.

[End of Interview]