

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

This transcript represents the nearly verbatim record of an unrehearsed interview. Please bear in mind that you are reading the spoken word rather than the written word.

**Oral History Number: 268-001**

**Interviewee: Willard A. "Bill" Hartley**

**Interviewer: N/A**

**Date of Interview: August 29, 1991**

*Note: This is a self-recorded reminiscence.*

Willard "Bill" Hartley: This is Bill Hartley in Missoula, Montana, the date, August 29, 1991. I was born here in Missoula in April of 1907, so if my arithmetic is right, why, I'm 84 years old. When I was 11 years old, or in 1918, my folks moved out of Missoula down onto the Nine Mile at Stark. In as much as that was in the big logging days in the Nine Mile area, I thought I would attempt to put something on tape in regards to logging in the past, and kind of bring it more or less up to the future.

Probably the first logging in the Nine Mile area was done up in the Six Mile. The logs were brought out of the Six Mile area up to what would be today the Remount Station area that is the Forest Service. At that time, there was no real good road from the Remount down towards the Nine Mile, but today, of course, that is a paved road on up to the Remount from the Nine Mile area.

Back, probably shortly after the turn of the century, they logged in the Six Mile, brought the logs down out of that area into the lower Nine Mile by sleighs and horses. They came down the old road that today is a Remount Road going up, but at that time it was much steeper, narrower, crooked, etcetera. As a result, with the heavy loads of logs and so on and sleighs, snow, slippery, they had many runaways, and many horses were killed trying to get them down out of that area.

At that time they had a dam and a log pond, what was then crossing where the Nine Mile schoolhouse sat at that time. In later years, why, it's been moved up closer to the Remount Road, and is now kind of a knickknack shop. Anyway the logs were brought down, put into that pond, and then from the pond down they had a flume from there down to the mouth of the Nine Mile. At certain times they would open the flume, take the logs out of the pond, put them in the flume, and take them down and in to the Missoula River. When they went into the river (unintelligible), they claimed at that time or after, whatever, there was a hole there about 100-foot deep from the logs going endwise into the river and down into the bottom.

The logs then floated on down the river to Lothrop, which is across the river from Alberton. There's a big saw mill at Lothrop. The logs were taken down there, they had a boom across the river where they caught the logs, hopefully, took them out of the river, and put them through the sawmill. In as much as they lost so many logs, due to the fact that they got away from them and went on down river—got out of the boom—why, they finally discontinued that because it wasn't profitable losing so many. When the mill finally closed, I have no idea.

The Anaconda Copper Mining Company logging division moved from the Potomac area where they had been logging at that time down into the Nine Mile. That year was 1915. They took off at Soudan, which was a sighting little station—the flag station at Soudan of the Milwaukee. They took off and laid their own steel from there on up the Nine Mile Valley and up to Stark, or above Stark, about a mile was headquarters camp. They put the railroad in there, and that was in there from the time the logging inception until they finally moved out.

While this was being built, they had a logging camp up Ellis Creek, shortly after you left the Soudan area, up to the left. They logged there, and kind of put a stop gap until they got it opened up further up. When they got into headquarters camp, well of course, the camp had to be built. They had three large bunk houses, they had a machine chopper, a cook shack, a warehouse, a big office, a round house, a blacksmith's shop, a harness shop, a big barn—20-horse barn. Then they had the quarters for the barn boss, the head filer shack, and so on. So anyway, that was headquarters camp, and it was there from probably about 1916 actually until 1926 when they moved out.

During the logging time in the Nine Mile area, there was probably a total of 100 miles of railroad track up in the Nine Mile Basin. Not all at once of course, but as they would go into the one drainage, or a little side of the creek area, they would lay steel in there—more or less temporary steel for the railroad—for taking out the logs. When that area would be completed, why then they would pull the steel, the ties, and move on and go in to another creek drainage. So in so doing, why, they kind of kept pace with timber as they took it out.

Besides headquarters camp, they had two or three camps going more or less all the time. Camp, generally speaking, the outside logging camps, were generally composed of 105 men. They'd have 20...They had a big barn, of course, 20 teams in the barn. They'd have 20 teamsters, or they called them skimmers, 20 chainers—they were the ones in the woods who would wrap the chains around the logs and so on for taking them out. Then they would have a camp boss, a time keeper, a (unintelligible), a saw filer. Then a cook shack with a first cook, second cook, three flunkies. Then they'd have a barn boss. They'd probably have about 20 swamper with double bit axes—seven-and-a-half pound axes—to swamp the trees as they were felled. Besides swamping out or cutting the brush out, the trails to get the logs sawed.

Sawyers, of course, were made up of two men to a gang. They would carry a five-foot crosscut saw, they call it. Carry a bottle of kerosene with a squirt top in it so they could get oil onto their saw in case (unintelligible). They'd have a little single-jack hammer and wedges. And of course, two double-bitted axes for making the undercut.

The teamsters would skid out any logs fairly close to the railroad track, directly alongside, usually using skidding tongs instead of using chain. But of course, as the logs got further back from the track area, then they built chutes, and the chutes were...They'd have kind of bunk, cross logs at each end of two logs, and they'd hew out in the center to make kind of a "v". They'd put the logs into the chute and get them down to the railroad track.

At the landing where the logs would come in with the teams, they'd have a landing, so to speak, which consisted of skidways. The logs would be skidded up onto the skidways, and then the man with a cant hook would roll them down and put them into the chute. When the trail was a made up a group of logs, which would consist of that drag, then another man with a team, or a teamster with a team of horses, long chain, and a dog-leg hook so to speak, that could be driven into the back log, then he would start out. He would go down, and they called that a trailing chute. He would pull the logs down on the chute, down to the landing at the railroad siting.

Of course they had steep ground—flat ground, etcetera—so they would have a grease monkey that would put grease on chutes in places where hard to move the logs, where they would need help. Again, where it was steep, they might have a sand monkey. He would dig a hole into the side bank and get out sand. If it was winter, he'd build a fire to keep the frost out, and he'd put sand on the chute to slow the logs down. In many cases the logs would get away and go crazy and go down the chute like shotguns, take off into the brush and have to get them out again.

When they get down the main landing, of course, then they had another set of skidways to go down perpendicular to the railroad track. They'd skid the logs up on these. Tail down then would roll them down next to the track, and train would come along and load them.

In the woods, they'd probably have at least six gangs of saws. Of course again as I mentioned, two men to a gang. They'd be up in the woods felling the trees and cutting them into log lengths. I might mention at that time of course logging, the logs were all 16 foot, because the fact that the chutes sometimes had fairly fast bends in them, they would not adapt to longer, double length, which is 32 feet, because they couldn't keep them in the chutes. So everything was 16 foot.

As a result, why, loading the flat cars—the log cars—would have two tiers to a car—two tiers of 16-foot logs. The train would come in with the Shay engine on the back end. They always pushed everything in. They never pulled. They came in in the back end facing uphill. The jammer would be directly ahead of the Shay—the slide ass jammer—with the booms pointing towards the Shay. When they get into the landing, they would tie up the train then the jammer had the ability to slide itself back and then go back a half a car at a time and load each tier—two tiers to a car. In so doing, why, they would fill up the cars, and usually when they go out in the morning, they'd take 20 cars first train, figuring they'd have probably 20 cars of logs during that day's work. Probably at that time they would quit, why of course, the Shay...pardon me, the jammer—the loader—would be in the back end of the train due to the fact that it worked itself back all during the day through the process of loading.

In the woods they'd a scaler to scale all the logs that were felled by the sawers. The sawers would have a crayon, and they would mark on the end of the logs their number. Each gang would have their own number. In so doing when the scaler would scale the woods, which was a

term, and he would scale the logs of all the different gangs and enter the scale into a book. The sawyers were paid on that basis—the board feet of logs they might cut during a pay period. They also had a scaler that rode the train, and he scaled the landing as the logs were loaded on to the flat cars. He had to keep a sheet on each car and show the logs' board feet as they were loaded.

As a matter of fact in about 1937 or '38, I scaled a jammer once. You would use a [Scribner] Decimal C scale rule. It was about four feet long. You could measure the diameter of the tree. You have to allow a slab, or bark, and then it also had the ability due to the four-foot length to measure the length of the log—16, 20 feet, etcetera, and so on. At night then the scaler, the jammer, would turn in his scale sheets, and in turn the train crew took the logs out the train at that night would have the copy of these scales so that when the logs got into Bonner Mill, they would have a copy showing what each car was supposed to have in the way of board feet.

I might mention that probably about 1918, or 1919, there was a man by the name of McGilvrey (?) that scaled the jammer. At that time they had steam-powered jammers—steam engine. If it was bad weather outside and stormy and all, he stayed in back of the boiler, stayed warm. He was an old timer. He would write down in his scale book how much scale came up at the time in the slings or hooked individually onto the car. He was doing this by the sound of the exhaust of the steam engine. This was pretty much known that he was doing this, and they had a check scaler in Bonner that at one time checking him, trying to catch him doing this, and figured they could lower the boom on him due to the fact that he was taking a short cut on his work. But surprisingly, he was awfully close to the scale so nothing ever happened.

During the logging days in Nine Mile too, they also had some donkey logging. Donkey logging was, on the coast area was the thing to do, but they tried that in the Nine Mile too. In Butler Creek they had donkey camps up there, where they would take logs out by donkeys.

Then down below—just below Stark, below the Judster (?) place, down the river—they had a camp too down there. It was strictly a car railroad, car camp. Cars that have been built in Bonner and moved in by the train. That saved them building bunkhouses, cookhouses, etcetera. So down at that camp, they had what they called a high lead—l-e-a-d, lead—and this was overhead. They'd put up a spar pole, and put up a mainline trolley, so to speak, put it there, and they crossed the Nine Mile River up in the bench and back up into the woods. This was a forerunner of what you might see today on the ski slopes, where they got these lift chairs that go up, in other words, same principle. That's probably where the ski people got the idea.

Anyway, there'd be a main line and a haul back line, and they'd have a carriage running on this trolley cable. The haul-back line would pull it back into the woods, and then there'd be a shiv on it so the main line would go through the shiv with chokers on the end that would drop down to the ground. They would hook onto the logs, and then when they'd hold...the brake hold tight the backup line, haul-back line, and pull on the main line, this would raise the logs in the air. So the logs would be brought out of the woods and down over the bench, cross the river, and

down up to a spar pole which was alongside the railroad track. The logs would be dropped—the chokers had moved—and go back for another load.

In as much as the timber in the Nine Mile area was not as large as the coast timber, why, it wasn't too profitable. There was too much involved, too much work, too hard to move the equipment around and what not, so there wasn't really that much donkey logging done. I might mention that the donkey...Of course I mentioned the steam engine. It had three drums to hold cable. It was set up on big skids, probably 40 feet long, made out of logs probably about three and half, four feet in diameter, and they'd have a house over it, of course. So then they use the main line on one drum for going out—for hauling the load in—and another line for going around in a circle and coming back hooking around at the end of the main line, so they could pull it out to the woods. Then the third drum was used by the fireman on the donkey. He'd have to fire and also load the logs onto flat cars. So he had the third drum for that. So he'd, in between other work, pick up logs and load them on to the flat cars. Then at night, why, the train would come in, take the cars out, and leave empties.

I should have probably mentioned too, that I finished eighth grade up at Stark, went to school up at Stark school. My sister and I both, my sister Ruth, we went to high school in Missoula. We had to go into Missoula and board—find places to board and stayed there—but weekends we would try to get home. We didn't always succeed, but if we'd get a ride home someplace, sometime, or somehow. Why, sometimes the schoolteacher up there might have a husband that would go up and would pick her up on Friday night and take her back Sunday night. This was right up our alley, because we'd catch a ride with him home on Friday night and then go back to Missoula at the end of Sunday night or very, very early Monday morning.

During my time I was going to high school, my summer vacations, why, I went...Up at Stark, the headquarters camp, I went in the cook shack as a flunky. Just a kid of course, anywhere between 14 and 18 years old. But as flunky, you headquartered right in the cook shack, lived in the back end of the cook shack, and then there would be...I named the crew before anyway. Forty cents an hour--three dollars and 20 cents a day. They charged a dollar 20 cents a day for board and room, living in the back of the cook shack, of course. So that left two dollars a day clear. It was clear money. So as much as you work seven days a week, no mention made of hours, just as long as it took to get the job done, why, you worked 30 days a month. So if (unintelligible) two dollars a day, you normally had 60 dollars a month. Lot of money.

They paid twice a month, the 15th...No, the 20th and the fifth, and each paycheck, they would take off 50 cents as a donation to St. Patrick's Hospital. This entitled the man in the woods that was paying the 50 cents a month to be taken care of by the hospital for any emergency needs or sickness and so on. There was no limit as to what he might get. So that was a good deal. I mentioned someplace else, why, they were certainly just sisters of charity at that time, because today it costs you a couple hundred dollars a day just to stay in one of the places.

In the winter of 1925 and '26—I was out of high school, and I graduated 1925—I worked for the Forest Service that summer and fall up in the Thompson River country and also down in Haugan [Montana] up there at the Forest Service nursery. But when winter came, I went back up in Nine Mile again. So I went to work up in Kennedy Creek. There was camp up there, horse logging and all, but they also had a donkey on a bench down below the camp. This was a car camp—railroad cars—behind the Presto place. In there, they'd set out about three cars a day, the donkey was there, and as I'd mentioned before the same process of getting the logs out and all.

So I was whistle punk, and I might be half a mile out from the donkey where this main line went out the chokers to hook up the logs. This moved continually as the logs were removed and taken out. So being a whistle punk I had a wire—a braided wire—I'd have over my shoulder, would be tied to a stump or a tree behind me, and went clear down through the woods and down to the donkey engine. It would be fastened to the lever on the whistle, the same whistle on the donkey, with the wire and a springpull behind to keep the lever closed except when it was pulled. In so doing why the choker setters would be down in the bottom someplace hooking chokers onto the log, or trees, whichever they might be taking out—double length or single. Then when they got them all set, why, the boss, choker setter, would yell at me up above him, give me “high”. “High” would mean “go ahead”. Another “high” would be “stop”. Two “highs”—“high, high”—that would be “back up”, and three “highs” would be “go ahead slow”. So by them yelling me the signals, I would...in pulling on the wire, I'd blow the whistle on the donkey, clear down at the landing, and the engineer would follow orders by the whistle and whatnot to take the logs out down through the woods. That was my really only experience working in the woods actually.

Anyway when that job was over, why, my father was moving out of the Nine Mile area, this was in spring of 1926. Anaconda Company was through logging in the Nine Mile area, and they were going to move out of there up to the Blackfoot, where they had got permission from Paul Greenough to put headquarters camp on his ranch property. My dad asked me if I'd quit my job and go up and help him get started up there, which I did. So anyway, in 1926, they started moving out of the Nine Mile area. The camps were all through. They were picked up. The barns, the bunkhouses, you name it, were all dismantled. The materials loaded on flat cars. They were hauled into the Greenough area, unloaded.

Some of the houses, in Bingville (?), which was down below camp about half a mile ahead what they called Bingville (?). There were six company houses there for some of the key personnel to live in. So the houses had been built in Bonner at the mill, and they were in two sections—split down the middle. You'd have a large living room, bedroom, and a kitchen, a front porch and then a little back porch. Anyway in moving, they would take the porches off, of course, and the house was split down the middle. They would take and move the house—the half house—down the track. They'd have two jammers facing each other, and when they'd get a hold of each end, they'd lift it up and put each half on a flat car. Then they'd go back and get another flat car, and in so doing they would load out the whole thing.

Of course, all the smaller, the smaller buildings, like the filers shack, (unintelligible) shack, and so on, they were easy to load and move out. The machine shop, of course, was all dismantled and all the machinery and so on, and that were hauled into Greenough and another machine shop established. Blacksmith's shop and so on. I should mention too, they always had a shower so next to the machine shop for men to take showers. That was because it was close to the steam boiler where they have hot steam to warm the water. Then cars, of course—the bunk cars and kitchen cars and all had been built in Bonner. Been used, of course, it was simple matter to move them out and take them on out. We would store them in Bonner if they weren't needed immediately or in the Blackfoot area up to Greenough.

I should mention too that when we moved into Greenough that was known as Sunset. That had been known as Sunset for many, many years. My father started a store there and a post office, and the post office department didn't want any more Sunsets. They claimed they already had too many in Montana as well as elsewhere. Said "No way, no how. Think of something else." So with Paul Greenough's permission, they renamed it Greenough, so it's been Greenough ever since.

[Break in audio]

This tape will go to the Fort Missoula Museum to go into their files and what not for maybe future reference and so on. I've also, for instance, a lot of copies of a lot of pictures that I've had, information, tapes and so on because in years or days to come maybe this might be of some use in putting together something historical. Out at the museum at the fort, they practically have a seven spot Shay locomotive. It's gear driven. That was donated to the museum. That's sitting there. They've also got a slide ass jammer like they used in the woods.

Coincidentally after they got in to the Woodworth area, they repowered the steam jammers with mercury gasoline engines. They took out the steam, because they had to have a night watchman to take care of and so on, where a gas engine they could just fire up in morning and shut it down at night, so that will be something of interest maybe.

Anyway along with that too, also...pardon me, at the museum they got a Galloping Goose sitting there that has to be renovated yet. Incidentally the Anaconda Company logged in the Greenough area from 1926 until 1934—eight years. It was time they moved up to Woodworth. That's on up to the right up from Salmon Lake. That was headquarters camp, and they had surrounding camps around there for taking out the logs and all. Anyway, they saw fit in 1936 to buy this Galloping Goose which was a 45-passenger. It powered by a mercury engine. It had stations at each end for the operator to the run the car. As a matter of fact, I ran it. It was a 45-passenger. In the following year, 1937 they bought another one, same thing, only it was much larger. It was a 60-passenger, and it was more up-to-date. It had a foot break, which the other one didn't—which made it dangerous—and different innovations which good advantage.

They bought this Gibson Speeder. I always called them a Galloping Goose.

I should mention too that in early days after the Milwaukee came in through Missoula, occasionally we'd see a Galloping Goose sitting down at the station, which was a big car with gasoline power and what not so they did not need a steam engine to move it from one place to another. In having these speeders, or Galloping Goose contraptions, this saved building camps outside of the headquarters camp. As a result, why, they'd keep the crew in headquarters camp, and we'd haul the crew out in the morning to the woods. It could be any distance. It could be one mile, two, three, four, five, six, you name it. This saved building camps out in the outer area which were costly to put in bunkhouses, cookhouses, and all the other things that were needed to establish a camp. So this was much cheaper than building camps. For which reason they bought the second one in 1937. I tell you, of course, why they've gone out of existence. That's the reason for this 45-passenger one sitting at the museum out here at Fort Missoula. After they quit using it in the woods, somebody saw fit...they took the mercury engine out of it, kind of stripped everything else off of it. Same thing happened more or less to the Shay. The steam gauges are gone and all, but they're searching, trying to find them to put it back in original condition.

I already think this is kind of disjointed, which it is. I mention things as they come to my mind, so they're not consistent as to the location and time and so on.

During the operation in the Nine Mile area too, at one time initially the Company—the Anaconda Company—would have a night train, a night crew, which would take a Shay engine and take all the loads of logs from there down to Soudan and set them up on the siding there for the Milwaukee to pick up. That went on for a while and then they discontinued that, and the Milwaukee came right into headquarters camp. They came up the Anaconda Company's trackage, and came right in and set the empty cars out in one line and pick up the loads on another. This saved the Anaconda Company from going to Soudan. I imagine that it made it much easier in the car thing because they could hook onto the empty cars—this was the Milwaukee—go from Bonner to Soudan with the empties, go on right up to headquarters camp set out the empties, pick up the loads and go back. Whereby if the Anaconda Company had taken the logs down to Soudan, then there'd have to be some means of having the empty cars there to pick up, which might have created a problem. This was probably the reason for Milwaukee going up there.

I should mention too that my sister and I were going to high school in Missoula, during that period, why, many Friday nights we would run like hell from the high school down to Milwaukee depot under the bridge and jump onto the caboose on the logging train that would be sitting there. They'd take us from there down to Soudan and up. They'd stop and drop us right off across from our house up at Stark. Talk about service. That was super deluxe. During the earlier years, we'd always wave at the train crews and what not. We were on a pretty familiar basis.

Getting back to trains again and mentioning about the Shay being there at the museum. In my albums I had two pictures of Number 7 Shay locomotive—the one that they have at the museum here—laying on its side on McCormick creek logging operation up the Nine Mile. That was probably about three or four miles above headquarters camp. Any rail or steel was laid the cool time of the year—the cold time. Why of course, when summer would come, it would get hot out. The railroad steel would expand, and in doing that it would get snakey and kind of shift around all over the railroad grade. In this case, as the train came along the whole rails and ties and all shifted to one side and went off down the railroad grade. Of course as it did, the locomotive went with it. In so doing of course, it went down the steep slope, and the engine went over on the right-hand side. As I say, I have picture of those, and I've had them enlarged and information typed up to go with them. I'm giving those to the museum out here too because in as much as the Shay is sitting there, why, this would be of interest to show where this thing happened.

I should mention too that one morning when one of the trains was going north...pardon me, going out of headquarters camp, somebody saw fit to go through a switch. Going through a switch meant going through it without throwing the switch. In so doing they would spring the switch points so of course it didn't bother them going out, but that night when they came in the Shay engine, being on the lower end—the first end to come down, going backwards of course—why it came into the switch. Of course the switch points being bent, or sprung, one set of trucks went down one track and the—

[End of Side A]

[Side ]

BH: I just came to that I ran out of tape. I should have been watching. So I kind of cut off a middle of a sentence.

I believe what I was talking about was the fact that the Shay engine had tipped over, was down in the cattle-guard hole so to speak, and it'd certainly be a chore to get it out—again, lift it up and get it back on its feet. A big thing like that, and everything was manpower—jacks and rocks put logs under and what not—so quite a chore to get the job done.

When they logged in the Nine Mile area, why, they logged both sides of the valley, clear on up past Stark and on up but pretty near as far as Martina. Martina would...I think if I remember right, was 14 miles from Stark or about 20 or 21 miles from Soudan. That was going up through the bottom of the valley. Of course, the ranch lines going off at either side. Now the right hand side, or what would be the west, was pretty well logged off...that would be the east side. But the west side, it was more steeper ground, more inaccessible. That's the reason they had to (unintelligible) lead donkeys to log some of it off. However, out into headquarters camp. they did have a spur (?) going from headquarters camp down to through where they have the pig pen across the Nine Mile river, and then started swinging around to the left, and finally get up to the side of the lower slopes, you might say, of Stark Mountain. They logged there, but they didn't clean it up by any stretch of the imagination, like they did the right hand side, or the east. Back in '30 such, why in later years, (unintelligible) when truck logging or hauling came into being, why a lot of that left-side area has been logged off and timber taken out.

Just thinking too that in the early days, like when the white man first came into Montana and got up in the Nine Mile, that was a grand country. Of course when we moved up there too, it was all big Ponderosa Pine. But anyway when the white man came, you could drive with a horse and buggy any place in the Nine Mile drainage that wasn't too steep, because it was all open. There was no trash. There was no brush on the ground. The Indians were good forest people. They were better than our Forest Service today, because they went in there every year. One spring, they'd burn off the right-hand side of the valley, and the next spring they'd burn the left. In so doing, they kept all the trash stuff off the ground and considering such why if they had a lightning strike, why, it might start a fire but there's nothing on the ground to burn. So the slight fires they had never got hot enough, so the timber never caught fire. You can see a few trees had been scorched a little bit but certainly not enough to kill them.

The Forest Service as of today are beginning kind of to learn, you see, what they call now controlled burns. They want to let the fires go and not stop them, but it's too late for that now, because through the years, in 60, 70 years or so or more, why, they've let the trash build up on the ground to the point that it's hazardous. Hell, one spark and you've had it. So it's pretty late in the day now to try to have control burns because quite often the fires that are called controlled burn get away from them. Then it means a lot manpower and money to put the fires out.

I should probably mention that when they moved to Greenough...I'm getting away from the Nine Mile, of course, but this is probably part of the logging picture. When they got into Greenough, why, they were still horse logging. They still had 20 teams at the barn, etcetera, and so on just like previously. However in 1927, they bought their first Caterpillar, or crawler tractor. It was a 60 gas Cat. They had two or three of those, and they also had a couple of 30s, which were small. So they started taking over and in so doing, they started skidding right out the woods right down to the railroad. They put the logs on at the landing. They had a gang of tree lengths. They didn't have to cut them 16-foot tree length, bring them into the landing. The landing saw or sawers would cut them up into double length—32 foot or they might vary a little according to what was in the tree. So of course all the cars were loaded with double length logs. No more short logs, which saved a lot of work, a lot of expense, and so on.

The Cats...Well, of course it was a whole new heyday, because previous to that time, all railroad grades in the Nine Mile area and first into the Blackfoot too, why, they were all built with teams of horses, plows, slips, fresnos. They had a small steam shovel, but it was a dinky...I don't know if it ever did much good unless you got into some fairly heavy cuts someplace. Of course labor was cheap and horses were cheap, etcetera so that was the means of building railroad grades and so on. After the Cats came in, pardon me, why they...the Cats started with dozers, started building railroad grades and sawing.

Then later when the trucks came in for hauling...As a matter of fact, in about 1939 probably at Woodworth, I ran the dirt crew for Anaconda Company. I was out running the crew with Cat equipment, and we were building railroad grades. Before we got done, pardon me, we were building truck roads, because trucks were coming into being. In about 1940, I was keeping time with the rag camp down across from Greenough. This was some of the Woodworth operation, but it was a rag camp—all tents. There, why, this was kind of isolated and what not—back up in the western area—and so trucks started coming in to get the logs down to the railroad. Man by the name of Art Cook came in, and he had a bunch of Fords, Of course they were small, but they were beginners and they had wooden reaches for the trailers and all but he started hauling. So that entailed making, building truck roads.

But let's face it. Trucks were a lot cheaper and more adaptable than railroads and less costly, easier to move. Grades weren't that much bother. I should mention too, that the Shay engines—Shay logging locomotives—have the ability to climb six percent grades due to the fact that they're gear-driven. On the right hand side, they've got three cylinders which work to turn con [connecting] rods that go down along what we called a line shaft down the side of the engine. That in turn was geared so to drive the front trucks, the center trucks, and the back trucks. So all the wheels on the Shay engine were driving. This is what gave them the ability to climb six percent grades. Where you take an engine, a normal steam engine like it is on the main lines and all, why, they were dead ducks. They only had two cylinders, one on each side, and they didn't have any climbing ability. That's is, not that much. I'm getting tongue tied, I guess.

[Break in audio]

I'm kind of jumping around again, but I got thinking that these cars—railroad cars—they had for camps in the Nine Mile area they had bunk cars, of course. As a matter of fact at Woodworth, they're still using them. Headquarters camp put in...they dug out a trench kind of, and put rail down, then put the bunk cars in so the lumberjacks living in them could just step from the ground right into the car without climbing up the steep stairs due to the fact the trucks were on the ground.

So anyway they had these bunk cars. They also had cook cars, and they had a kitchen kind of in one car. Then have another car that was the other half of the kitchen. They'd run the two cars close together and button them up. Then taken off at a 90 degree, they'd get into a dining car. So they put two dining cars side by side only probably about a ten or twelve foot space between. Then when they took the cars into a new camp, why, they would get lumber from Bonner and a couple of handy men, and build in between the two cars. As a result, they got a dining area that was pretty much, you might say, under one roof. That was much cheaper and easier and faster than building cook shacks.

So the cars, of course, I mentioned when they were through in the Nine Mile, the cars were taken out and as I say I don't recall the cars being used again in the Blackfoot. I don't think so.

I should mention too that Stark, and also at Greenough and Woodworth, they had a library car. They'd taken one of these cars, and with the help of the Missoula County Library they went in and put shelves and reading tables and captain's chairs through the length of the car. They had a multitude of books, reading that would be adaptable to lumberjacks. As a matter of fact, when I was a kid in Stark, I used to go up get books by the armful and read them. All the old time westerns and Jack London and some of the rest of them. This was for the use of the lumberjacks, and anybody, any families that surround the area were welcome if they wanted to take advantage.

There was a man first that ran the library car name of Scott. He was an uncle to Jimmy Scott who ran the store and post office at Stark. He was always a gentleman. He looked like a Kentucky colonel when he'd dress up and get in the stage to go to town. Later they had another man by the name of Al Henderson, and Al was an old teamster that his days of active work had pretty much gone by so they gave the library car to Al to oversee. Al was...He's a quiet man, self-contained, not too friendly. I know one day when he was still working in the woods he always...he had a good watch probably a Hamilton 21 Jewel, something like that. Anyway, one day Al took his watch out, looked at it and sniffed...Great sniffer. He sniffed a couple of times and put it back in to his pocket. One of the other jacks close by says, "Hey, Al, what time is it?"

"Hey," he says, "I bought this watch for my own use." He wouldn't tell him.

This brings to mind too that the old time loggers, they all had good watches. This was something that just like loggers' shoes—cock shoes with cocks in them—a logger always had a good pair of shoes, and they always had a good watch.

During spring break up when they would shut the logging down due to soft weather or soft roads, soft ground and all, why, the lumberjacks would all have to go to Missoula. Of course to get down, they'd go in a big bust. During the season that they'd worked, they were so frugal with their money. They wouldn't spend anything. They'd take their checks and take a piece of cloth and bend them up, and they'd tie them inside of their underwear—afraid they might spend something. Of course when they'd go to town, then they'd go in the big bust, as I said, and then the pawn shops would get the watches. They would never let the shoes go because that meant getting back in the woods again. They had that much sense. But anyway, they'd go down there and they'd go, as I say, in the big bust and all up until they started calling them out again, at which time when they got back into the camp, why, the first couple of paychecks, they'd send word to Missoula to send their watches up. They were back in business again until next year breakup.

At that time, too, a little fellow they call Frenchy. Frenchy used to come into the woods. He'd walk, and he'd carry a little, kind of a small suitcase sort of deal. He was kind of a cute little guy—short, probably five foot four something like that—nice moustache and all, but he'd walk and make all the camps walking and he had watches. He'd go to camp selling watches to the lumberjacks, and of course they were all vitally interested because that was part of being a lumberjack, was having a good set of cock boots and a good stem-wind watch...lever set, I beg your pardon. Stem-wind is when you set the time by the little knob on the top. The lever set is you'd unscrew the lens or the glass on top, pull a little lever, and then in turn the button on the end, you could set the time. It's like a railroad watch. That's what the railroads used too.

Also besides Frenchy, why, there's a fellow the name of Smith, Smith Taylor. He had a shop here in Missoula, and he used to come through periodically and some of the lumberjacks, of course, when they to go to town, they'd try to spruce up and all. So he'd come up and take orders, take measurements for suits so some of the lumberjacks would buy suits. Of course, they probably wouldn't last long. They'd get to town on the next bust they could hock suits at somebody and probably get enough for another jug or two. So anyway, that was the day of the peddlers.

Along about, oh gee, probably starting about 1921, '22, along in there, Fred Stern and Harry Western started Westerners here. It was a clothing store. It was for logging supplies. That was getting into the era of the cars and all, and they used to come up Sundays when they didn't work. Course, they worked six days a week. They always worked Saturdays, and then they come up Sundays anyway. Make all the camps and get out their wares with all the plaid wool shirts and the wool pants. Clothing...the thousand-mile underwear. That was Wright Brothers underwear. It was black. Hell, you could wear it and you'd never see the dirt. You couldn't beat that. The lumberjacks always the two...The following year they'd buy underwear—wool—and

by spring it was getting a little thinner due to the wear. (Unintelligible) wear it all summer. Course, wool underwear would absorb perspiration much better than cotton and more comfortable when you get used to it.

Sundays, they...always down at the creek, they always had a place to boil up. The company would furnish big iron pots and what not, and they'd build fires under them and get the hot water. They'd cook the dirty clothes and what not, and hang them on the brush to dry and all. So that was their means of having clean clothes.

Up McCormick Creek one Sunday, some of the fellows were down at the creek boiling up and a big storm came. Two or three trees came down and caught...I forget how many now, one, two, or three of the lumberjacks when they were boiling up and killed them. I hadn't thought of that for years and years.

[Break in audio]

During this time they always had a stage going to haul lumberjacks or anybody as a matter of fact into the Nine Mile area. First there was a man by the name of Becker, and he had a Studebaker, seven passenger, of course, touring car. He was a good man. Boy, he tended business, and a buck was a buck. Boy, he sure watched them too. On the running boards, he had the iron built out to the sides kind of to make them wider. Of course they always had those anyway for carrying their luggage. The lumberjacks always had packsacks. Nobody had suitcases. They were too hard to handle. A packsack you could hang on the wall in the bunkhouse at the head of your bunk. You had no storage area.

Anyway Becker, he was a money maker. He had a little house just south of Butler Creek on the east side of the road. Great big stone fire place he'd built himself or had built. Anyway, he ran it and made nothing but money. When the inside of the seven passenger Studebaker was full, he had folding camp chairs he'd open up and put on the running boards. He would let some of them ride out there. Course in that day and age, the dirt roads there was no speed to speak of anyways so it wasn't really that bad but it wasn't good either. He wanted the buck.

But I know one day there was a little old lady by the name of Richardson lived just close to us. She came out of Missoula, and he wouldn't ask one of the lumberjacks to trade places with her and let her sit inside but she sat on the running board coming home. He wasn't very popular after that. When he got his bag of money and quit, why, Frank and Bob Presto took over the stage, and they ran it into the Nine Mile area until they moved out in 1926.

Mail stage in the Stark was run by a man name of Fred Liebert from Huson. The Coeur d'Alene train went as far as Wallace, of course, left Missoula in the morning, would get into Huson. Everything was shipped by train. No trucks. No nothing. All the mail would be put off at Huson. The postmaster in Huson would pick it up then Fred would get his mail sacks and so on off the train and take them put them in...he had a Dodge truck. It had kind of wire sides, woven wire

sides on the back end of it. The seats inside, going the length of it one on each side, however he did not haul passengers. He wasn't geared for it. Anyway, he'd haul the mail to Greenough after Jimmy Scott, Mary Scott's post office, and they had a little house there that he'd stay overnight there and then take off again the next morning. So that was the six days a week at that time.

While we were up there, there was no mail from there up, you might say. However previously, the mail stage had gone two or three times a week from Huson clear up to Martina. As a matter of fact, I've got pictures, which I gave copies to the museum. John Palmer was the first postmaster of Martina, Montana, died in 1908. I've got pictures of his headboard and headstone and what not that I have in my albums plus the fact I gave them to the museum too. So Paddy McGuillicut (?) had a little house up on the hill, and he had the post office at the last. Just past Paddy's place and around the grade up in the bench, I found John Palmer's grave, and that's when I took pictures of it and so on. It's hard to see, or hard to find I should say. I don't know how I found it now. So anyway that's some of the history.

I should mention too, that in the early years a lot of mining, a lot of the mining up in the Nine Mile area and up around Martina. China men by the dozens, and a lot of China men buried up there. That whole area has been turned upside down hunting for gold. An uncle of mine came once in about 1926. He'd been up in the Yukon. He came visiting. He and I went up and stayed up with Billy Sparks up at Martina and with Paddy McGuillicut who had been the previous postmaster. He had a gold mine operation up St. Louis Gulch. It was hydraulic. He brought water down a ditch and then high up, and then he ran a pipe from the end of the ditch down and used a hose with a nozzle. And in hydraulic mining, why, you use water force to wash everything out. It washes everything and small trees, the whole bit, and in so doing you take it all out when you get done. Then you get a pan, you start picking bedrock and...clean up, that's what the terminology was. You cleaned up the bedrock, and that's how they got their gold.

[Break in audio]

Due to the Anaconda Company coming into mine the Nine Mile drainage, logging of course, the county's tax base was much higher. I think probably along with a little help from Anaconda Company, they built the Nine Mile school which was probably, oh, a mile, mile and a half above Nine Mile house. Then up at Stark, the Presto family donated ground up right next to just south of their ranch property up in the bench for the school there. The Stark school was built. It was a nice school. It was frame building of course, had a full basement under it, hard wood floors. It had a furnace for hot air heat. They burned wood, of course. That was all there was in that day and age.

[Break in audio]

Upstairs they had two nice school rooms, two cloak rooms—one for each room. The desks were all double desks, no singles. In other words, you had a companion to sit at your desk. I was fortunate when I had a desk, because Victor Parent (?)—they lived in the Nine Mile at that time

and they were ranchers, pardon me—and Vic was left handed. Of course, I was right, so we teamed up sat at the same desk no problem. He wrote with his left hand. I wrote with my right.

[Break in audio]

My first teacher was Eliza Chandler. She had a brother, George Chandler, who was one of the engineers on one of the logging trains. She was my first teacher there. Then there was a lady by the name of Miss Duncan. She boarded up at the Parents' family ranch, and then after her, why, there was two Graham girls, Alice and Myrtle. Alice had the upper grades, and Myrtle had the lower grades. Previous to that time, one teacher took care of the whole school, one grade, first grade through eighth grade, no problem. Each kid was reciting or whatever it was, why, the other ones would be studying. Funny thing nowadays they got to have white sidewall, chrome trim schools with all the goodies and what not, and hell the kids get out and they can't read or write. But in that day and age even under those conditions we seemed to learn, we got out, we made our way in life. We raised families. We paid our taxes. I don't know—this school thing is getting out of hand nowadays. It's a good thing they got to have it but they're getting too much into the bucks.

[Break in audio]

One summer too there's a school house...I should say, too, many, many Saturday nights they would have dances in the basement on the dance floor down at the school. Gee, they used to have great times. All the couples come, and they loved to dance. Of course, I was too young, but I'd stand at the foot of the stairway and watch them. Then pretty soon from the kitchen in the back end, you'd smell the smell of good coffee coming in, always a lunch and all. Later probably 1922—1, 2, 3, along in there—a fellow by the name of Blackstone, he lived in Alberton. I think he sold coal maybe service station something like that in Alberton. But anyway he used to come up every Sunday, and he built a little shack on the south side of the school outside of one of the basement windows. And he used that for a projection room. He bought films, he bought a projector, he put up a screen at the opposite end of the dance floor or hall, whatever you might want to call it. He shot movies through the window onto screen. So this was great for the people up there, god, otherwise you'd never see a movie unless you went to Missoula. After we moved up there, of course in the horse and buggy days, why I was never in Missoula, not in Missoula for three and a half years. That was unheard of. Anyway they came in and they showed movies, and this was great. Ruth Sherman (?), one of the daughters of John Sherman—blacksmith, headquarters camp...Ruth was a good piano player. Ruth played the music for the silent movies. So a good time had by all.

[Break in audio]

After I retired in 1972...I've been retired for 19 years. I guess I'm making a second profession out of it. Anyway, Marg (?), my wife, and I used to go up the Nine Mile lots and fishing. I have very fond memories, fond memories for the Nine Mile—my kid days up there. We'd go fishing.

Well, of course fishing like everywhere else, it finally got to the point that it became inhabited and fences—barbed wire fences and all. We had to keep going further up and further up till finally it got to the point that it wasn't really worthwhile except a day's outing and all. A lot of fond memories. We used to go into Pattee Creek too down by Alberton. Then that finally got the wire fenced out too.

In so going, why, I noticed that in many places, the road at that time, or this time I guess I could say, it had moved and it was using the old railroad grade of Anaconda's. As a matter of fact, right down at Nine Mile, the road used to go up the way the Remount Road goes only it'd go to the left of the Nine Mile schoolhouse, and it'd go on up past the Reeves (?) place and so on. Anyway, right from Sudan, or Nine Mile you might say, why they used the old railroad grade going up quite a ways—the same grade going over hills and all. So it was quite a boon to them.

I was sitting here thinking. I was just thinking, too. Days gone by, of course, in the Nine Mile all the horse logging, they had their own harness shop. A man by the name of George Severnson (?), I guess it was, he was a harness maker. Boy he was a slicker too. He had his own shop. He lived in the front end of it. As a matter of fact, the barn boss was in the same quarters in the front, but he had a harness shop in the back. He had all the tools, and he sure had the ability and the knowledge. Fine work. So he always had a rebuilt or new harness hanging all the time on the peg around below the ceiling for the work horses and all.

I should probably mention too, that in the spring the year during the breakup, why, normally they did not keep the horses in the camps. When the Anaconda Company had logged in the Potomac area, they had Headquarters Ranch, which was...the buildings are still there today, such as they are—log buildings. As you go through Potomac, on the left hand side heading north just before you get out of the flats area, you'll see log buildings to the left. Those are the old headquarters camp. Then the storage for Anaconda Company in later years. During breakup in many cases, why, they'd take the horses into that ranch area and put them there and put them on graze and what not, pardon me, instead of keeping them in barns.

They had one building for storage there too, and "C Dog" McCuin (?)—Mac McCuin, a nice guy—he was the chief clerk, and he was kind of the man that head of the (unintelligible) and what not. Why one of the buildings they had for storage—pots, pans, knives, cups, spoons, you name it. All the camp gear that wasn't immediately in need was stored there so that was handy for them to have it there instead of getting rid of it and then having to replace it at a later date.

When logging first went into being in the Nine Mile too, the whole year we were there, of course, no electric lights. Everything was gas lights, so they had...I forget the trade name now. I should know too. Had the gas lamps with a cone bottom on them with a tank, and then they had two mantles. You'd pump them up. You put good quality gas in them, and then you pump them up with a pump for pressure. Then they had a generator on them made of kuricue (?) and the mantles would heat...The flame of the mantles would heat the generator, which would make gas out of the gasoline, and they'd burn a good light. Of course, not like the electric lights

today. Later when they got in to the Blackfoot area, they started buying generator plants, and each camp had one and put in their own wiring and their own lights. Of course, at that time the lights would come on six o'clock in the morning, like it or not, and they'd go off nine o'clock at night, like it or not. So the gas lamps—kerosene lamps—were gone.

Well I took a look and I guess I'm pretty well to the end of this tape on this side, so I can sit here, kind of thinking. I don't recall anything more at the moment. The usual is though that when you get through with something that's when the good thoughts arrive. I'll probably think of many things that I could or should have mentioned, but apparently not at the moment, so anyway this is all for now. So I hope along the line sometime in the future why somebody will listen to this, and maybe gain a little knowledge or even enjoy it, so take care. This is Bill, "Montana Bill"...here I go again. I talk on the radio, I'm "Montana Bill,"...habit...Anyway, Bill Hartley, we're signing off.

[Break in audio]

I ran a tape to monitor to see what errors I might have made, which of course I predicted that there'll be several. One I might mention that in talking about logs being hauled out of the Six Mile area down put into a dam pond and then a flume into the river, I called it the Missoula River. Of course at that date and time, why, it was always the Missoula River. In later years and as of today, it's known as the Clark Fork, the Columbia.

Also in talking about the camps in the Nine Mile about the 105 men, etcetera, at that time...as a matter of fact during all the time they were in the Nine Mile area, there were no metal bunks, springs or mattresses, nothing. When the muck houses were built, why, the double tier bunks were built right in to them perpendicular to the walls. They had straw in them, no mattresses. I said no springs, but they had straw. Sundays, the lumberjacks normally would take the straw out, burn it along with the bed bugs, and then go down to the barn and get fresh straw for the coming week.

Also during the time that we lived there when I was going through the sixth, seventh, and eighth grades, I drove an old white horse to school by the name of Dick. Of course, they used a buggy or a bobsled depending on the time of year. During this time, I also hauled three or four other kids to school, for which I received two dollars a month—a lot of money for a kid.

On the subject of school too, I should mention that during the time my sister and I went to high school in Missoula, boarded at (unintelligible), on occasion we'd get home on a Friday night by some means or other but have no ride back on Sunday night to get back in for school on Monday morning. In which case our father would take the horse and buggy or sleigh, whichever, take us seven miles down to Nine Mile to the Sudan siting. They had a stop there. So he'd take us down there. We would stand and wait for the train. We could hear it coming from the Alberton end. It would be the Olympian or the Hiawatha, I don't remember which. Electric, of course. When it would come around the turn, we'd ball up a bunch of newspapers, put

between the rails, set them on fire, make a nice bright light. The engineer would see us, give  
a—

[End of Audio]