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Oral History Number: 041-004
Interviewee: Ole Bodin
Interviewer: Diann E. Wiesner
Date of Interview: August 8, 1978
Project: Ole Bodin Interviews Oral History Collection

Interview conducted in Florence, Montana. Before audio begins, Wiesner asks Bodin to discuss Missoula in the '30s.

Diann Wiesner: Would it have been in the late '30s or right in the middle of the Depression?

Ole Bodin: Well, that's when I ended up on freight trains, headed east, you know, what I've been telling you.

DW: Right, right you were just passing through Missoula then.

OB: Ya, but I stopped in Missoula overnight. Like at the Salvation Army, ya, they had a bed for me.

DW: Where was the Salvation Army located then?

OB: Oh, downtown some place. I can't remember that. I can't remember the name of the street. It wasn't where it is now, more uptown. Then we stayed there one night and you got a meal and then get out.

DW: Right, right.

OB: That's how that was.

DW: When did you come to Missoula again and stay for a while?

OB: Oh, I went through Missoula and back to Seattle and so on, on freight trains. Stopped over in Missoula different times, I done that. Even on the trains, passenger trains or bus, ya, I had money. Most of the time I traveled by bus, you know, when I had the money—Greyhound. After it got to be better times, then I had money.

DW: Yes, after it got to be better times you lived in Missoula again.

OB: Ya.

DW: At the Park Hotel.

OB: Ya, and the Northern.

DW: Ya, that was the other one.

OB: She was bootlegging during that time.

DW: Who?

OB: Mrs. Dick Anderson was her name. Dick Anderson, but he died. They bought that hotel during the Depression.

DW: The Northern?

OB: Ya, from an old Swede by the name of Johnson. Big Swede. He built that hotel in 1908 and 1910. Emel Johnson was his name. He [Dick Anderson] sat around drinking moonshine, and she was bootlegging. (laughs.) So, I don't know, that's the way she bought it, I guess, and she made money. All the loggers that come in stayed up there. They would get drunk and pass out and she rolled them. Oh ya, I know about that. There ain't no lie about that.

DW: Tell me what it means.

OB: To roll them? Went through their pockets.

DW: Oh yes, after they were drunk out of their minds.

OB: Ya.

DW: Now, how did you learn about that?

OB: They told me, them guys that woke up. (laughs.)

DW: With their pockets empty.

OB: Oh, I stayed there not long ago before, I come out here (Maclay Ranch) for, I don't know, a month or so. She was a widow, way up in age, 72, 3 years old, getting Social Security. Then there was old pensioners sitting around there, you know the likes, down in the lobby. There was one guy, he had troubles with his heart. I was walking up the stairway up to my room, and I heard something fall down ahead of me up in that upper room. So I come up there and then he got up. I said, "What happened to you?"

"Oh, my ticker stopped." He picked up his hat and eyeglasses and walked into his room.

About three days later nobody can get into the bathroom, had it locked. I tried it too. So I complained about it. Finally they had to break it open, and there he was laying there dead on the floor right behind the door. Then he had radios, and she had this and that for sale. That's how she got everything. He didn't have no relations of any kind and so when somebody died, she had

everything. Tried to sell me an old radio for 20 dollars and...

"I wouldn't give you a dollar for it. You got it for nothing."

"Well, I ain't going to give it to you."

"Well, keep it." (laughs) That's the way she was. Full of money, god. Well, finally she ended up in an old ladies home—nursing home. She had a son some place he was in business too, making plastic bolts—good bolts—selling them. They had property up on the lake.

DW: Goodness.

OB: Well to do.

DW: When did she die?

OB: I don't know if she died. I never heard nothing about her, but her husband died a long time ago.

DW: Was she still alive when you came to work here?

OB: Ya.

DW: She must have been a character.

OB: Oh god. She was a Norwegian, born and raised in Norway. Come out here when she was young. She made a couple of trips to Norway.

DW: That takes some money. I've got another question. When you lived in Missoula in the '30s were there a—

OB: Well, I didn't stay there long. That's when I went up to Rivulet, up to Quartz Creek.

DW: Oh.

OB: So, then we could come in to Missoula for Christmas and stay a week. Then we had some gold nuggets and so on.

DW: Oh, you did come into Missoula for Christmas? Stayed at the Park?

OB: No, stayed at the Northern.

DW: Had Christmas dinner?

OB: Ya, and they had a restaurant up there too, then, on the first floor. It didn't cost much then.

DW: I bet it was nice to be out of the woods for a while.

OB: Well, it was like, I don't know, recreation, go out picnicking or something, to get out of the sticks and come down to the city for a week. Buy moonshine.

DW: Yes, right.

OB: Have a good time. Had gold nuggets and, oh ya, we had gold nuggets like this (puts index finger and thumb together). Oh, they would say this five dollars worth and it could be 20 dollars.

DW: Oh no, that's pretty hard to deal with.

OB: They didn't have no scale. They couldn't change it any other way. We didn't do much of that, just a little.

DW: Yes, you sure wouldn't want to let go of too much of your gold that way.

OB: Then we went back up to Quartz Creek and started all over again.

DW: How long were you there after Christmas before you left?

OB: How long was I there?

DW: At Quartz Creek, after Christmas, you weren't there much longer before you pulled out or before everybody got run out.

OB: I stayed there all that winter and...Ya, I stayed there a couple of years.

DW: Well, I thought that the—

OB: But then that's when the trouble started, after that. That was in, oh in '33 or '34. I left in '33.

DW: But you were there a couple of years mining. That's hard work. I thought you were there only four months.

OB: The first time when I took off and went down to Superior and traveled around through North Dakota.

DW: Okay.

OB: But then I left for good. I was too dangerous.

DW: I would imagine.

Let me ask you something. Were there any men trapping in Quartz Creek while you guys were mining up there?

OB: None in my crew.

DW: Did you know of anyone?

OB: Ya, Steve Bennett. Oh, it seems like I remember he'd been there about 30 or 35 years up there. He had a log cabin, a nice one. I looked in there once, and he was going on snowshoes. He had a hat on and a deal to put over his ears like a small disk [earmuffs].

DW: Oh yes, that's important.

OB: Could be six feet of snow then and he could go on his snowshoes any place.

DW: How did he do? Did he make pretty good money?

OB: Ya, he got some pelts.

DW: What did he trap?

OB: Mink, fox, coyote. In the spring he had a setup so he could ground sluice, they called it—the high water come, you know, and washes the dirt out. He was independent.

There was another one, John Anderson. He lived in a cabin up above. He had a nice cabin right by the road, log cabin and then he put in that ply board—plank floor. Good floor, solid floor, and then an addition on the end, full of wood, split wood.

DW: Oh yes, for heat.

OB: Always had wood, dry tamarack and a lot of meat. Oh yes, we always had meat. In the winter time we hung it up and it froze.

DW: Oh yes, it was easy to take care of that way.

OB: Ya, we always had meat. I used to eat there with him sometimes.

DW: You used to eat with John Anderson?

OB: Ya.

DW: Where was he from, do you remember?

OB: He was an old Swede. He was born and raised in that country.

DW: There were a lot old Swedes out here?

OB: There was another one up above. No, down below there was another one by the name of McKloskey. He had a nice building. Me and one of my partners stayed with him over night. Well, we had about three miles to walk home so we stayed overnight there. Eat sourdough pancakes for breakfast, syrup on it and salt pork, good.

DW: Boy, a guy could get fat on that kind of stuff. Not working the way you guys worked. Now were John Anderson and McKloskey trappers?

OB: No.

DW: They were up there prospecting.

OB: Ya.

DW: But Bennett was the trapper. Do you happen to remember any of the prices he was getting for his fur then?

OB: No. I never did know that. Well anyway, there was McKloskey. That was in '33 or '34, I think it was. I heard about it after I left, that he got killed. Somebody robbed him and they cut his head off.

DW: Oh, right there in Quartz Creek?

OB: Ya, away from his cabin. That's all I know. They never did find out who done it or anything, no. Somebody walked through, you know, and he showed them some gold probably.

DW: Yes you have to be careful—

OB: Then there was another up above our claim, Selby Thompson, and he had a brother. I can't think of his name now but he worked for ACM [Anaconda Copper Mining Company]. But then he come up there too, and then he committed suicide. He took a stick of dynamite—I don't know where he put it on himself—and he lit the fuse and he waited until it went off. His blood scattered all over. He laid down, blood scattered all over the walls, and that's the way he [Selby] found him.

DW: That must have been a sight.

OB: Must have had a lot of guts to lay there and wait for that thing to go off—a stick of dynamite. Ya. Then they never know the reason for it, no. But then Selby, he had money. He'd been ground

sluicing there for years and years. Always had money it didn't cost him nothing to live. He didn't buy no meat, probably bought a little salt pork.

DW: Speaking of meat, Ole, when you put that meat in the barrel and covered it with salt, how long do you let it set before you start eating it? Or did you just eat it whenever you wanted to?

OB: You could eat it anytime you wanted to.

DW: Okay.

OB: Cut off a little, put it back and cover it with salt.

DW: Okay, all right.

OB: It was still fresh meat then.

DW: Yes.

OB: But that's the only way we could keep it.

DW: The longer you waited, the more salt that was in it.

OB: Ya. It does take quite a little salt to cover it. Oh, you can salt everything down.

DW: Why did you finally leave Quartz Creek the second time, Ole?

OB: Why did I?

DW: Yes.

OB: Oh, because they had troubles then.

DW: Between the partners?

OB: Ya. So I didn't have no lease. I was just working on a percentage. That old woman I told you about that first started pay off—grub stake—well then, she went to Everett, Washington. She got tired of it [the mining], and she had the main lease—her and that Tony that caved in. Well, then I bought her out. She was crooked.

DW: Oh, she was!

OB: I was the greenhorn. She wrote it out on a piece of paper. I give her 400 dollars and went down to that old Dickson. His name was Dickson, down in Quartz...had a store where we got our groceries. We took our gold down there and we got groceries.

DW: Where was this, in Superior?

OB: In Quartz. Quartz was this little station between Superior and Rivulet.

OB: There were a lot of them little stops.

DW: Okay, so you paid her 400 dollars.

OB: Ya. Then I worked a while and then we found out we ran into a little gold. It wasn't much but we talked like there was millions. Well, then I got two sheets of paper from the lawyers in Everett, Washington, that I didn't have no right to that mine or nothing. She still held the lease. That's how dumb I was. I was a greenhorn.

DW: Oh, brother.

OB: I didn't go to the courthouse to get that seal on it, see. Then I [said] good-bye.

DW: Four hundred dollars? How did you even have 400 dollars? In gold?

OB: That Tony helped me. Ya. So then I don't know how it turned out after that. They paid it anyway, Tony did, you know, that 400, with the gold. They had the lease. They had that much, see? But I didn't have no rights. So then I just pulled out. We said goodbye.

DW: Yes, there wasn't anything you could do.

OB: No. So then, they run into troubles. There's Matt, they found out that...he was keeping the books. They know for sure that he stole the royalty, the 15 percent royalty, to the owner of the mine. So they never got nothing, I guess, and then they lost their lease anyway and got killed to boot. Well, I came out of it alive.

DW: Yes.

OB: I wasn't crooked, I didn't steal no gold. But that shows, it doesn't pay, does it?

DW: That's what they say. That sounds like a good example.

OB: I found that out myself. They never had nothing but hard luck of course I went through hard luck too, but I didn't have nothing that bothered me like that.

DW: Yes, you didn't get a leg blown off or your head blown off or...

OB: I didn't have that reputation, no, no. There was nothing paid, so that ended all that. Everything—the people—changed.

DW: How's that?

OB: They used to be more friendly people, but not anymore they ain't. For some reason, they changed. (laughs) That's all I can tell you.

DW: Okay.

OB: An old timer can tell that, but like you, you don't know any other way, back 50 years ago, see? All you know is where you grew up.

DW: Right.

OB: That's all you know. But I know that other generation too and I know this generation, see? Now they go to school and get more education, you see how they build up the university. It's about 8,000 or 9,000 in there now, ain't it? I don't know how many there was...there wasn't hardly any before. No. Look at all the buildings they put up, up there. I went through there a couple of times. You get lost in there now. All the buildings on that side up on the side hill, up Pattee Canyon. When I first come, there wasn't a building up there. No, not one. You could buy a lot that cost, for an acre of ground, probably 50 dollars or less then, oh way less than that...oh gosh, five or ten dollars. Look at it now, you pay probably 5,000 for a lot.

DW: I'm not going to tell what we paid.

OB: I know. I can imagine.

DW: Terrible.

OB: A lot of these others are 25,000, and then the taxes come in after that. I don't know how much that would be. It all depends if it is a nice building. If they paint it white, it's more yet. (laughs)

DW: You'd make a good realtor.

OB: So don't paint it. It just ups the property taxes.

DW: Yes, right, don't paint it. That's good. Well, what other changes have you noticed besides the people being less friendly?

OB: Oh I don't know—

DW: And the education

OB: There's the education and then there's all the changes in the woods for example with

machinery now. One man can do it all. Like the chain saw before, you had to have eight or ten men or fifteen men where now two men can take care of all that sawing. Now it is organized unions. I do believe in the union, but lately they've gone too far. I know that too. You can't get no jobs unless you are union now. You got to belong to the union which is all right in a way, and you got to watch yourself at night. They knock you in the head and roll you, ya, they do. Some of your friends you have been going around with, he might be drunk or something, or hard up for money, "There he comes now, wait till he sits down some place. I'm going to get him." I know all about that. Before, long time ago, you never saw things like that. When the beer taverns just opened up, there was stools. Then you stood up by the bar, all day if you wanted to.

DW: That probably wasn't a bad idea.

OB: They got change back for a ten, you left it lay there and you went off to the bathroom. When they come back, it was still there. Now it ain't. It's gone. You don't dare to do that. They might take it now while you are looking. Quick way, like this (snatches at the air) you know.

DW: Yes that's true.

OB: You ain't got no friends anymore. You can't trust nobody. Everybody claiming to be independent. They live on food stamps in town—people that could go to work. I can get food stamps if I move to town. Draw my veteran's pension and Social Security and all that. Get food stamps and be like the rest of them sitting around there. I never done that yet. No.

DW: I have a question about another part of the Missoula area that I'm interested in that we haven't talked about and that is Lolo Hot Springs.

OB: I don't know much about Lolo Hot Springs. I've been up there a couple of times.

DW: Were you up there in the '30s?

OB: No.

DW: When were you up there?

OB: Oh, in the last four or five years.

DW: Oh, were you?

OB: Couple or three times.

DW: Did you go in the water?

OB: No, we had food with us, you know, campground, sit there eating it.

DW: Picnic?

OB: Ya, fourth of July.

DW: Oh yes.

OB: They come out here, some friends of mine come out and pick me up.

DW: Some people you know from in town?

OB: Ya.

DW: I was wondering if you used to go there a long time ago.

OB: No, there wasn't any recreation up there then. Well, there was that hot springs there probably and before then there was Indians. Used to be an Indian trail up there. This old man told me when they built the railroad, I can't think if it was 19...oh god, when was it when they built the railroad up to Hamilton?

DW: It was pretty early in 1910 or something.

OB: Ya, something like that...and then there was a lot of man-work. There was no machinery like now, you know, wheel barrows and shovels and picks, to fill dirt. (laughs)

DW: Oh yes.

OB: He told me there was six saloons between Lolo and Lolo Hot Springs...six taverns, whore houses and all that.

DW: The works?

OB: Ya, the whole works.

DW: Do you know what, they never even got the railroad built up there.

OB: It was too steep. They never intend to build the railroad there.

DW: Well they started but they didn't get very far. They changed their minds pretty quickly.

OB: Ya, too steep.

DW: I would think so.

OB: Oh, unless they stir it around like that. (makes imaginary switchback in the air with hand)

Well, could be done but not in them days. Hell, they didn't have no machinery.

DW: Right.

OB: That's all I know about that.

DW: Well that's all I need to know. I was curious to see if you had been up there.

OB: That's pretty country up through there, Fish Creek and so on. It's pretty all over up here, the Bitterroot. For people who never seen it, that comes from the south, it's pretty...all the timbers. I talked to tourists, you know, that come from, oh like, New York or any other state. They got a little trailer house behind them, four-wheel drive, going through the country. They all brag about this is the pretty country. It is, too. Compared to other places I've seen. But this here used to be kind of waste land, before they had water into it. But now, it's real good.

DW: Where does the water come from for this ranch?

OB: Snow water.

DW: Carlton?

OB: Ya, the canyon up above there. Then they got a lake that they built, dammed up, see? There's nothing but mountains like this all around us, and there's, oh, a lot of snow—20 or 25 feet of snow...and then they got a gate and they open that up. They should open it now in the middle of this month some time. Then they get that to irrigate with. Well, that's good for almost a month. After they get all the grain in and the hay, then they come down and keep me busy flood irrigating with the dams and the ditches. Then after that, the water's gone, there will be fixing fences, one thing and another. Fencing the haystacks, always something to do.

DW: Oh boy, I guess.

OB: Then when it starts getting cold, winter coming, then we start feeding again.

DW: That keeps you plenty busy too.

OB: Then they ween the calves.

DW: Yes.

OB: We got a bunch of them. We separate them from the cows, and then they be moaning for four or five days. Then we haul the calves hay and feed. They circle around where they got water to drink. Pretty soon they forget all about their mama. They grow big.

DW: Oh yes.

OB: Ya, then we got to feed the cows too. They ain't got no calves then. So then you feed them all winter and then pretty soon in the last part of March, they start dropping another calf. Sometimes three or four a day. Just leave the mother alone and they go and hide, and you got to go and watch them. Don't bother them. Sometimes they might need help. But then we got two year olds or three, some of them. Put them down here and then we watch them. They have troubles having a calf, some of them. Then we run them back in the barn and help them.

DW: We lived on a ranch up Lolo Creek for five years, same type of operation, pretty much.

OB: Well, you know just about how it is then?

DW: Yes, we saw most of what you are talking about. Saw that each season has a different job to be done.

OB: Ya. Like calving time, you got to watch them and help them with the calves.

DW: Right.

DW: In the summer we had forest service lease so we took them up in the mountains.

OB: Ya.

DW: Hey, you know what? We never got back to that hunting story up Rock Creek.

OB: Oh, that ain't much to talk about that. There were a few times, I got a deer now and then.

DW: How did you get up there from Philipsburg?

OB: Oh there were a lot of ways to get up there.

DW: Well, did you just walk out [from] Philipsburg or did you take a...?

OB: No, I got a ride with somebody.

DW: Catch a ride with somebody? Where did you go exactly?

OB: Oh I went up to one guy that I know up over the hill from here, you know, Rock Creek.

DW: Right.

OB: The first ranch...they call him "Smokey" Sutherland—George Sutherland—and he was an alcoholic. He got worse and worse. There was a lot of timber too, and I stayed there and I cut stout timber—mining timber. Somebody would haul it to Anaconda, if they come and got it. Well,

he didn't have no cattle on it, and he started to go broke and mortgage his place. He got married in later years, too. He was about 50 when he got married to a woman who had been traveling through and she had a boy. She was a good worker, but she didn't know the situation he was in then. Well, she tried to make a go of it and couldn't do that without him helping—no cows on it. They were broke, and they couldn't get no cows without money.

Well, his dad used to have 3,000 head of cows on it. So I was there when his dad signed it over to him, and he gave him a silver dollar. That's all he had, and then he had it in his name. Well, then he died. Finally it came to that point, his wife left him. She come to that point anyway. She had to leave because he never come home. Oh, he was gone almost two months. He'd been up Hamilton, drive over the hill and then Anaconda and Butte, bumming around writing bad checks and all that. But nobody put him in jail because all the people knew him. So finally he sold. I think he got 18,000. Then he had 4,000 to his good left. I guess he dranked that up and then he started to tend bar down in Philipsburg and so on. Then he ended up working on a ranch like I'm doing.
DW: Who did he sell it to, did you say?

OB: His name was Highmark.

DW: Highmark?

OB: But then he [Highmark] sold it, and made a couple of thousand to Munis—one of the Munises up Rock Creek.

DW: As you go out of Philipsburg and you are driving toward Anaconda, you take a right to go over to Rock Creek, is that the way you went?

OB: Ya.

DW: Okay.

OB: Used to be a gravel road, but they've got it paved now.

DW: Yes, except on Rock Creek it's still a gravel road. Did you ever do any hunting up Stoney Creek?

OB: No.

DW: Up Big Hog Back or Little Hog Back?

OB: No.

DW: Over toward Philipsburg on Willow Creek?

OB: No just up Rock Creek. Ya, that's all I was.

DW: Just up the bottom though?

OB: Ya, there was deer any place up there.

DW: Oh I imagine. You know they have planted Big Horn sheep there now. There is a herd of about 30 or 40.

OB: When did they plant them?

DW: I don't know, five or six years ago.

OB: They had sheep up there before, some certain place up in the mountains there. I never did see them, but they had sheep up there before.

DW: Where was this Sutherland place located? Do you remember how far up it was?

OB: Eighteen miles from Philipsburg.

DW: Was it?

OB: You go over the hump here, the first ranch. There's two ranches, one on this side and one on that side, that's Sutherland's or was then. The other one was Richtmyer.

DW: Richtmyer, I've heard that name before.

OB: He had a son that went to the pen [prison].

DW: What for?

OB: Well, that's when the war was on, you know, the second one [World War Two]. Then they got drafted—we all got drafted. I was one of them, but at that time there was a bunch of them had some recreation place up Rock Creek there—a tavern. Somebody got drafted, so they have to have some dance or something—

DW: Oh yes.

OB: —gathering you know, and then this Richtmyer kid...There was a girl with a family and the girl was five or six years old laying in the car sleeping. He was in there molesting that girl, and they caught him. By god, they pushed it, and he got five or six years.

DW: Oh boy, I suppose. I wonder what the name of the place was.

OB: The ranch?

DW: No, the recreation place, the tavern.

OB: I don't know if there was ever any name to it.

DW: Yes, sure. It may have just been somebody's house.

OB: It was built, anyway, so that anybody who had something to do in it, why they were welcome, too. Bring your own beer. I don't think it was a tavern. I never been.

DW: Did you know Archie Spink?

OB: No.

DW: Know of him?

OB: Up there?

DW: Yes.

OB: I don't remember that name.

DW: Well, you would remember it I think with all the names you know. He used to run a trapline up Rock Creek.

[End of Side A]

[Side B]

DW: Anyway, we were talking about the Blackfoot [River], and it has...Like you say, you can fish it year round, and this place is off of the river about 300 yards from the road so it is pretty quiet. There is nothing but timber between us and the highway. (refers to Maguech place she bought)

OB: Is it an old house?

DW: Yes, it used to be a log cabin.

OB: There used to be an old tavern there too.

DW: It's still there. We are past that a mile. So you know roughly where we are. You have fished there, I guess, a lot.

OB: No, once in a while on a Sunday.

DW: Well, you worked up in that country too.

OB: Oh, I either worked in Missoula or up above there.

DW: Did you ever live up in there anywhere?

OB: Well, in logging camp.

DW: Where was that located?

OB: ACM, in Cottonwood they called it.

DW: Cottonwood Creek, how about Twin Creek?

OB: Well they called it up the Cottonwood area.

DW: Of course then you lived in Potomac for a while.

OB: Ya, when I was on the ranch.

DW: Yes you told me about that last time. Well, we are pretty excited about this. It will be interesting to see what happens, but we will probably be moving in two weeks because it was already been a week and we put our house up for sale and it sold in...

OB: Is there a little woods with it too, then, back there? Trees?

DW: Yes, but most of it is cleared. There is a good double car garage and workshop. We have our

own well water and big garden and the house is about 920 sq. ft. I know at least part of it used to be log cabin because the window sills are like that (demonstrates width of 12 inches with hands).

It has been completely remodeled so even though it is an old house it will be the newest house I have ever lived in as far as facilities go, a stainless steel sink and one of those electric ranges where the burners are down here [waist level] and the oven is on top. Anyway we will be moving in a few weeks, but I'll still be working on this project. That won't change anything. Now I've got to go home and pack all those boxes up.

OB: Montelius.

DW: Oh, the trapper!

OB: No.

DW: No?

OB: He worked in the sawmill up there all his life, and then he is retired now.

DW: Well there is a Montelius still up there, and I can't think of his first name. It might be his son or it might be this same guy. This guy is only in his 50s or 60s.

OB: What's he doing?

DW: Well he is retired. He has heart trouble, and he traps the Clark Fork.

OB: This one doesn't trap. Might be somebody else.

DW: With the same name it could very well be a relative.

OB: Ya.

DW: Yes, Montelius. What were you starting to tell me about him?

OB: Fishing. Oh, he fishes for everything, him and his wife. She is Swedish. He's retired and full of money, good pension—

DW: From the mill?

OB: Ya. She had some relations in Sweden. She was born and raised in Sweden. They died, and then they had a farm and the money fall to her.

DW: Oh, I see. What was her name?

OB: I don't know. I only saw her once.

DW: How did you know him, Montelius?

OB: Oh, he had a nephew that come out here to see this guy that stayed in this house then. We used to work together. Then he come out once or twice. Well, I know him before in Missoula. He is an old timer around them taverns, oh ya. Come and buy a drink and talk loud, and then he goes and got fish gives to somebody. He gave me fish a lot of times.

DW: I see, so you just met him around Missoula then.

OB: Ya.

DW: Then you saw him in later years.

OB: I have never been over to his place yet.

DW: Do you still hear from him occasionally?

OB: Hear from him? Well, I can see him pretty near every time I go into Missoula on Sunday.

DW: You do? Well, what is his first name?

OB: Montelius anyway.

DW: Well, I'll look it up, because I bet you I know him too. I mean I know of him. He doesn't know me. Do you have a car?

OB: No, not now. Don't have my driver's license. I can't see.

DW: Oh yes, you just get a ride into town on Sunday. Yes. I see. Well, if you want to go around the university on Sunday, I'll take you around sometime. You can think about it.

OB: Ya, we'll think about that a little bit.

DW: Okay. Well, did you think of anything while you were out irrigating that you want to add to what you have already told me?

OB: This is new, I thought you wanted something old.

DW: Well either, but sometimes I've found that after I've visited with some people, the next time I see them they think of something they hadn't told me last time. Do you know what I'm saying?

OB: Ya.

DW: Okay, I was just checking to be sure something hadn't come up. Perhaps you remembered an incident at a logging camp that you hadn't told me about. Because if you haven't what I would like to have you work with me on is social activities. Like when you first got here. During the Depression I don't suppose there was time or money for doing anything like that. But say after the war or even during the war when the economy had picked up. Did you go into town, did you like to party? What did people do in those days for social activities?

OB: Oh, the same as they do now, but there wasn't too many recreations like there is now. There was no airplanes, not much tourists. There wasn't too much of them in them days like it is now. There wasn't much money like it is now, for everybody. You know yourself, everybody, they got big pay now days. Lower class is 15,000 dollars and then there is up higher than that. Then there's middle too and then see... (laughs)

DW: Yes, that makes a lot of difference in what you do for recreation.

OB: In them days it was probably a 1,000 dollars or two a year, the high, not 15,000.

DW: Yes, that was a lot of money.

OB: Everything is...like income tax is higher and property tax is higher yet along with it.

DW: You don't have to worry about that. That's all right. Oh, when you lived in Missoula or worked near Missoula and came into Missoula, did you usually come in on a Saturday or a...

OB: Ya.

DW: You didn't just come in at night, you would wait for the weekend to come in?

OB: Ya.

DW: Did you usually drive in or take the train in?

OB: Ya, or pickup a ride. I didn't work long for ACM, only two or three months. They used to be a cheap outfit to work for.

DW: Do you remember about when this was that you worked for ACM?

OB: Ya, right after the war.

DW: Okay. Is that when you first met Montelius?

OB: No, I knew him before.

DW: Did you? Oh, so you go quite a ways back?

OB: I seen him, I seen him in them taverns or any place...Neal—Neal Montelius.

DW: Neal, okay, good. I'm glad to know that. He is an avid fisherman? Now do you fish? Do you do any fishing?

OB: Not now, I can't see.

DW: Did you used to?

OB: Ya.

DW: What types, all kinds or fly fishing.

OB: Ya, I used to go out in the winter and fish through the ice, but mostly in the summertime.

DW: When did you find time to do that? It seems like you were always working.

OB: There were a lot of times when I was haying it would rain for three or four days. We couldn't do nothing. I went out fishing.

DW: You bet. Good to eat. We had trout tonight.

OB: Mountain trout, you know, I like them better than red back.

DW: From a small stream.

OB: Ya.

DW: Yes, some people say they don't fish out of Lolo Creek but we had some real good luck there today. My husband went fishing, and we had some trout today. Some of them were about 12 inches so he actually filleted them. Usually we don't filet the smaller fish.

OB: How do you fry them?

DW: Oh, in about a half inch of Crisco. I slip them in a mixture of flour and corn meal, salt and pepper. I don't do an egg batter, maybe I should, but not for the trout. Now some time when we have salt water fish filets, then I make a batter with egg and beer.

OB: I heard some woman make it out of Bisquick. Like in the hot cake dough. Dip it in that.

DW: That would make a good batter.

OB: She said that was the best.

DW: I'll have to try that. For filets, right?

OB: I ain't never tried it either. I ain't got none of that Bisquick.

DW: Well, do you do your own cooking, or do you just eat out of cans?

OB: Oh, I do my own cooking.

DW: Do you?

OB: Oh, it's so hot I never cook, no soup or anything, no meals I open up some cans. It gets too hot.

DW: Yes, but in the winter time...

OB: Ya, oh I always make a pot of beans or stew or something.

DW: I see, I don't blame you because eating out of cans can get boring but on the other hand it is sort of...Do you have a refrigerator over there?

OB: Ya.

DW: I can't see it from here.

OB: You walked right by it.

DW: Yes, I've never really looked at the kitchen. I'll have to do so. Well anyway, where were we? We were talking about how you found time to fish. What type of fishing did you do? Did you use a fly rod or did you fish with bait or lures, or did you do all of that?

OB: All.

DW: Depending on the weather and the stream and the time of year and all of that.

OB: Ya.

DW: Did you ever do much hunting?

OB: Ya.

DW: When did you hunt? The same thing when you were in between jobs or on the weekends?

OB: Ya, you don't have to spend no week to go hunting.

DW: Oh you don't?

OB: I don't see how people can afford that, like it is now. Oh, they'll take a week off or ten days and go hunting for a deer or elk and don't get nothing. I used to go out, not here, but something like that. I can get one in the evening. There's a lot of deer out there.

DW: Where did you do most of you hunting? Was it in Montana or was it more in Washington?

OB: No, in Montana.

DW: Was it? I want to hear some hunting stories. Can you think of any?

OB: Well, I just went up by myself and got a deer. There's no stories about it.

DW: Oh come on now. I'm sure you got a big one one time.

OB: Deer? No. Could be a mule deer, ya.

DW: Pretty good size.

OB: Ya.

DW: Where did you think was the best area to hunt in western Montana?

OB: The best area I know of was up Rock Creek out of Philipsburg.

DW: No kidding!

OB: Ya.

DW: Well I think I had better turn the tape off before we go any further.

OB: You got it on now?

DW: Yes, I can tell you some hunting stories about Rock Creek.

OB: I saw a moose up there, but I didn't dare to shoot and I didn't want any.

DW: Oh really?

OB: Big moose, ya. I could see two or three standing there looking at me.

DW: Well, why didn't you shoot?

OB: No, I didn't want him. It was too much for me.

DW: Oh, yes.

OB: I travel by myself.

DW: I was wondering if it was because you had to have a special license then or not.

OB: It would be different if I had a family, eight or ten in the family or something, bring home and some place to keep it.

DW: There is a lot of meat on the moose.

OB: Ya. Well, I just got away from him. I didn't bother him. Then you got to have a special permit for that.

DW: Well, you do now, I was wondering if when you lived in Philipsburg, if you had to have a special permit.

OB: Oh, I didn't remember it them days. Oh, I won't be needing a permit anyway. I could have got one and took it home any time I want, and nobody would ever know it.

DW: Well I know that was...

OB: But then they started with that special permit.

DW: Okay, but they didn't have that special permit when you lived in Philipsburg, but they do now.

OB: No, they didn't. I never heard of it then.

DW: Did you have to have a hunting license?

OB: Ya.

DW: You did have to have a license.

OB: But I didn't buy one. I got it anyway.

DW: Well, I know a lot of people during the Depression sure depended on that—

OB: They didn't bother anybody that lived up in the sticks. They didn't bother them much.

DW: Yes.

OB: If they took care of it. That's what I always did. We used to go in the fall when it would start freezing up. It would snow so you could keep it outside. We didn't have no freezer or nothing or if we got it in the summertime we would salt it down.

DW: Tell me about salting it down. Would you use one of the old wooden barrels?

OB: Ya.

DW: What did you do, put salt on the bottom of the barrel and then a layer of meat?

OB: Ya.

DW: And then another—

OB: —a layer of salt.

DW: How much salt?

OB: Cover it.

DW: Just so you couldn't see the meat.

OB: Hardly, and then a little water too.

DW: Oh, why?

OB: Well you got to have a little water so it melts.

DW: Oh, to help the salt start dissolving.

OB: Then I salted pork down too. Then we put a little sugar in.

DW: Okay, so you get the barrel full or you get all your meat in the barrel, then what?

OB: Cover it with a lid.

DW: Yes, would you sit it out in the shade somewhere?

OB: You can keep it in any shade where it is cool. It stays. It doesn't rot, it doesn't spoil.

DW: Well, I know and then all the meat juice drains out doesn't it?

OB: Ya.

DW: Does it leach out of the barrel?

OB: Ya, well there is water in it. You take it out and wash it off in cold water and then you parboil it a little bit. Then you put it in a pot with clean water, boil it, and then you got meat...boiled beef and potatoes.

DW: Yes.

OB: That's the main thing, you know.

DW: Well, you know I work in the taxidermist and when the hide comes in, we call it a "green" hide. The first thing we do, after we get it all cut up, trimmed up correctly and fleshed, is we take it out and put a lot of salt on it in what we call the back room.

OB: The hide?

DW: The hide, we cover it with salt and in a few days it is just dry as can be. All that juice has leaked out on the floor. Then the hide, you pick it up, hang it over something and the rest of the juice drips off. If you leave it long enough it will dry up stiff as a board. Now is that the same way the meat—?

OB: No. Well, if you take it out of the brine, ya.

DW: Oh, okay, well let me ask you this. So the barrel is full of salt, meat, and juice.

OB: Ya.

DW: So the meat doesn't get rock hard, but what would it be like? Something I would be familiar with.

OB: Salt beef, corn beef they call it.

DW: Okay, yes that was a pretty satisfactory way of keeping...

OB: That's all we did know a long time ago. In my home where I was born and raised that's all we did do. There wasn't no other way to do it.

DW: Yes, salt was pretty important.

OB: Back in my home in Sweden, they butcher a couple of hogs and steer. They had a lot of wooden barrels, had to have, and they were homemade, too. We didn't buy them then.

DW: I suppose you have made some.

OB: No but I did learn. I used to watch them. I know how to make them. It takes old time tools to make the barrel, as they go around so it fits. You got to have a certain kind of wood, something like dead tamarack. You split it and split in shakes like...

DW: It didn't have to be hard wood?

OB: No, no.

DW: Do you have to make it when the wood is green or do you have to cure the wood?

OB: No it's already dead. It could be a couple a hundred years old, an old dry snag.

DW: Oh you used a snag for it, I didn't know, I see.

OB: But the factories you cut green stuff, they got a different setup for it. They make barrels with the belly on them.

DW: Where did your mother keep her salted meat?

OB: In the cellar. Everybody had a cellar, you know, a root house from the side hill or under the end of the building down here.

DW: Okay.

OB: They were all stone walls and dark and cold.

DW: My mother lived on a farm, and they kept their cold things in a spring house—a big spring that kept things cold. If you didn't have that, you used a cellar. They probably had a cellar also.

OB: When you butcher like that in Sweden, the women took care of all the beef to make food. That meat grinder was going all the time. They make sausage, a lot of it. We had sausage and at home we had a special room where it hung up there...oh a lot of it, blood sausage and hunter sausage, all kinds of it that I never seen here. They don't know how to do it. All homemade. Probably you could live on it for a couple of years (laughs). All good stuff.

DW: That kept well because of the spices in it.

OB: Ya. We went out logging, and they put up food for us in the trunk or boxes to take with us. They didn't have to buy nothing. Then salt pork, it was that thick. Salt pork—you go to the store today, and you get a little sliver of belly. That's all I can see in the store here. You don't get real salt pork.

DW: Where does the real salt pork come from?

OB: From the back of a hog.

DW: I see. Now is that what they use for cooking?

OB: For frying.

DW: Oh, you mean for bacon?

OB: You fry just like you do bacon, or sometime if it is too salty, they parboil it a little bit and then fry it. Put it on the platter, it's good. I would rather eat that than bacon. I do, but you can't get it.

DW: No, I was going to say I don't believe I've ever seen it.

OB: I've looked all over in them big stores. You know like the big stores in town here. They cut a piece about this big (holds up fist), and this is the belly, laying there wrapped up. It looks so fancy looking, you know. It's wrapped up, you don't know what you are getting. It's so damn salty you can't use it. You got to boil it an hour.

DW: Well, now, when you go to the store sometimes you can buy these squares, you call it salt pork. Is that the same thing you are talking about?

OB: Ya.

DW: Where I'm from they cook vegetables with it. They cut off a little hunk and throw it in the string beans or cut off a little hunk and throw...

OB: Oh ya, that way.

DW: Yes. Is that from the back?

OB: Is it?

DW: I don't know.

OB: How thick is it?

DW: Oh it's a good two inches, maybe three.

OB: Well, then it is from the back more. It's very seldom you can find a piece.

DW: Well, if you do it is only this big. That big and that thick (shows four-inch square with thumb and fingers), and it is expensive.

OB: I know it. You see they been getting 49 cents and 50 cents a pound live weight. See, so you can't expect it to be too cheap over the meat block either.

DW: Yes. I wouldn't care.

OB: I heard about the prices. I used to follow that, but before, a few years ago it was only like 14 cents a pound. They couldn't make no money. If they got 15 cents they made money.

DW: I wouldn't mind if the rancher made the money, but sometimes I don't think they do.

OB: But then they go up and down, the prices. There's a lot of them that don't got the setup for it. You got to have grain. It ain't hard to raise hogs if you got the grain. They hustle a lot. They pick up grain like chickens and corn and whatever you plant. If you got a swampy place, they...that's where they like to be rooting around.

DW: Yes, I've seen some of those places.

OB: This place (Maclay) used to have a lot of hogs. Old Man Maclay told me, "I give them away one year. They were four or five cents a pound."

DW: Oh, boy.

OB: Fed them, and he had 200 or 300 of them, he said. Oh, he said he wasn't going to monkey with hogs no more. So then he got more cattle and so on. So he got a set up for cattle—fences and one thing and another. They went up and down in prices too, including him and everybody else.

DW: How did you find out about this place?

OB: Employment office.

DW: What were they looking for?

OB: I was looking for an irrigation job in the employment office.

DW: Okay.

OB: Then I stayed in town a couple of days and I waited. Finally they called me, and then Bruce Maclay came and got me and I've been here ever since. But I only hired out for irrigation for the first couple of years. So in the fall when we ran out of water I got laid off. Well, then they had a bad winter and about the middle of March they come in town and get me. Well I was eating down there. I didn't have no place to eat then here, no stove or Frigidaire. I ate down there. So I didn't like that too much, so I told them that instead of going back and forth like this—that's no good for me—to rent a place in town and then come back again. I draw Social Security at 65. You

can make only so much then you know. So I told them what I wanted. I cook here and then have a place myself, so they took me up on that. Then I stay year around and I help you feed and so on what I can do just help. Anybody else that would hire out they hire out for full handling.

DW: For what?

OB: Full handling, you know, they got to know machinery and ride and everything to take a job to do everything. But not me for my age. So then, I've been here ever since.

DW: When did you finally move up here?

OB: Eleven years ago.

DW: You know what I mean. You worked here first and then after a couple of years you moved on the ranch here, Was that 11 years ago?

OB: Ya, ten, eleven years or twelve years. I was 66 years old.

DW: Yes, how old were you when you started working here?

OB: Sixty-six, now I'm 77.

DW: Where did you live when you were working here and living in Missoula? Did you live in one of the hotels?

OB: Oh whenever I come I stayed in a hotel, or I stayed with some friends sometimes.

DW: Who else could you know around Missoula that I might know?

OB: No, nobody.

DW: You would be surprised. Did you know any butchers?

OB: Butcher? No.

DW: Was the Daily meat market there...?

OBL No I don't know.

DW: No? Butchers are good people to know because they know what's going on.

OB: I never did go into Daily's [Daily's Premium Meats] meat market.

DW: This was when it was downtown you know?

OB: Ya, well they moved you know. Where are they at now?

DW: Out toward the airport on Mullan Road.

OB: Mullan Road.

DW: Yes.

OB: Can you still go down there and buy meat like you used to?

DW: Oh it's a little bit different. About six years ago you could go down there and buy casings for sausage you know, just an individual. But they won't sell to an individual anymore on that. So I don't know, but I think they are all commercial. You know, they just sell to other businesses. So anyway we found another place to get our casings, thank goodness, because we make some sausage. But they are still going strong but I think they are mostly commercial shop now.

OB: I used to go down before they moved. I used to go down and get salt herring.

DW: Oh, that's a Swedish dish, isn't it?

OB: Ya, then I don't know. Nobody seems to have any of that. They got it all pickled now in the store.

DW: Yes, well what are kipper snacks?

OB: Oh it's the same thing. They got a different name on it.

DW: Is that salt or is that pickled?

OB: Ya.

DW: Is it?

OB: They got a different name on it, that's all.

DW: Do you still eat those?

OB: Ya.

DW: We eat those.

OB: You do?

DW: Yes, I take them out and I—you're not going to approve of this—but I put them in the oven under the broiler for a few minutes and put soy sauce on them and then have them with rice. We eat them like the Orientals do.

OB: Oh yes, there are different ways.

DW: How do you fix them?

OB: I put them on a plate in their grease, and then I eat a couple of cold spuds with it.

DW: I was wondering if you heated them up, but you just eat them out of a can.

OB: —and sometimes with a fork (laughs)—

DW: Oh yes, with a fork. Yes, it figures.

OB: —then with a big can of cold buttermilk.

DW: Oh, boy, you...If you had your teeth in, you could have some hardtack with that.

OB: I don't eat anything tough like that anymore.

DW: You don't. I was going to bring you some because my grandma thinks that's the greatest thing you can give her.

OB: Oh I eat it, ya, but I haven't bought any lately.

DW: Well what do you do, soak it in some soup or something?

OB: Oh, I soak it in milk mainly, break it up.

DW: I used to think my grandmother was crazy for eating that stuff, but I've forgotten...I sort of developed a taste for it.

OB: It is supposed to be pure barley.

DW: Yes, it is probably really good for you because it's got—

OB: It is, ya.

DW: —because it's got the grains in it that aren't so refined.

OB: It's better than white bread. I used to eat a lot.

DW: Well, you still haven't told me where you lived in Missoula. What hotels did you live in, different ones or one in particular?

OB: The Park Hotel.

DW: When was the first time you ever stayed in the Park Hotel?

OB: First time? Oh god, that was a long time ago.

DW: That's what I was hoping you would say. Can you remember when it was?

OB: No. Oh, not too long ago. Probably in '37, '38, or '39, and then I stayed over at another hotel. They've torn down some of them. Keith's Hotel.

DW: What hotel?

OB: Keith, yes Keith on Woody Street. Then as far back in '36 or '37 there was the old Montana Hotel with rooms right up on Railroad Street. I stayed there a long time ago. They had great big wood stoves, heating stoves.

DW: Where? Downstairs in the parlor or in your room?

OB: In your room. In the parlor was the big one.

DW: You get meals there or did...

OB: Meals, no.

DW: You had to go out for them?

OB: I used to eat in the Atlantic Bar and Cafe. I bought meal tickets for five dollars. That lasted me a week, Then if you bought a meal ticket you gained 50 cents. If you didn't eat too much, it would last the whole week. You could eat a good meal for 50 or 60 cents.

DW: How much was a room?

OB: Seventy-five cents.

DW: Did you rent it by the week or by the month?

OB: Altogether five dollars a week. All depends on how long I wanted to stay.

DW: Right. Did you find that sometimes when you didn't have work in the wintertime that you were staying there?

OB: Ya, then I stayed. I had a little money saved up and then I eat in restaurants and then I went out. I always went out. Then unemployment started and you could draw unemployment that was back in, I don't know, '39.

DW: Before the war [World War Two].

OB: Ya.

DW: I'm not sure, but that would be an easy date to look up.

OB: Ya, before the Hitler war.

DW: Okay.

OB: Well anyway, the limit was 18 dollars a week then. There was a lot of people that didn't work long enough to pay in that much so they could draw 18 dollars. You could draw 12 dollars a week or 14. A lot of times I started to draw a couple of checks, and oh the hell I got tired of that. I went into the employment office and got me a job where I was feeding.

DW: Well at least it saw you between jobs.

OB: So I didn't hang around town. I always went out feeding in the coldest weather with a team of horses.

DW: Yes, you almost lost your toe doing that.

OB: Oh, that one winter, ya.

DW: Well, that's a good way to take a vacation for a while anyway.

OB: Logging and so on close down in the winter with the snow. Oh yes, I never did go much for that unemployment.

DW: When you lived in Missoula in between jobs or when you were living in Missoula and working down here, did you ever go to any movie houses in town?

OB: Ya.

DW: Did you go very often?

OB: No, not too often.

DW: Did you like to see anything special?

OB: Probably once a week, ya.

DW: Did you? Where were the movie houses; which ones were there then?

OB: The Fox and the Wilma, that's about the only ones I went to.

DW: They were right downtown, you could walk to them without any trouble.

OB: Oh ya, I would rather walk than drive around.

DW: It's easier today to do that, too, once you get downtown.

OB: I used to take a walk window shopping and looking at the automobiles and so on. Just to get a little exercise to walk around. Done a lot of that. A lot of people do that.

DW: Yes. It is interesting for me to think about what Missoula was like in the '30s and '40s. It's pretty hard for me to picture. The only thing is I've seen some pictures of it.

OB: In the '30s I could get a room for 50 cents a night.

DW: You did what?

OB: A room for 50 cents.

DW: I room for 50 cents.

OB: Then there was no beer taverns. There were a lot of bootleg joints and wild places. (laughs)

DW: Well yes, right in Missoula.

OB: Right in town, like down on Front Street, down on the river, where it comes toward the river.

DW: On Front Street toward the river?

OB: Ya.

DW: Yes. Yes, what was going on down there that I don't know about?

OB: Oh, a lot of things.

DW: Oh come on, tell me.

OB: Well the sporting houses was one thing, and bootleg joints was another thing, ya. They were both together, ya.

DW: Well how could they exist? I mean, it was against the law.

OB: There was nothing against the law. It was wide open in them days. The cops were walking back and forth, "Hi," just like that. Ya, he didn't bother you. A lot of younger girls, Negroes and all kinds of colors.

DW: All kinds of what?

OB: Colored people, Mexicans, black people, Indians.

DW: Well, now was this after Prohibition or was this during Prohibition and they—

OB: During.

DW: —and they ignored it.

OB: During and then they took it away, later on back in the, oh, like in '30, '40s after the war broke out—the second war [World War Two]. Then they restricted all them areas, all of them. The soldiers come in. They got diseased so they closed them all up. That's the way they took them away.

DW: I have to ask you a really dumb question. What's a sporting house?

OB: Whorehouse.

DW: What did you call it, a sporting house?

OB: Ya, sporting house.

DW: Yes, see I didn't know that expression. I see, very interesting. So this was during Prohibition and probably after, until the war anyway.

OB: They had to make a living some way.

DW: Okay, I'm with you. I thought all of that went on in Helena. You know that's where you always hear about it. No, I'm kidding. Anyway, was there bootlegging in Missoula? I mean, could you go in downtown Missoula during the Depression and get a drink, I mean during Prohibition?

OB: Yes.

DW: You could?

OB: Moonshine.

DW: Yes, okay.

OB: I could buy a gallon.

DW: Where could you go and how did you get away with it?

OB: Nobody bothered you and I had it in a paper sack or something and I carried up to my room. The town was full of cops. They probably bought it themselves.

DW: Okay, but it wasn't legal was it?

OB: No, it wasn't.

DW: I'm curious to know what kind of store did you go into to get it.

OB: No store.

DW: Okay, where did you go?

OB: It could be a private guy, you know, an individual that started up the bootleg deal.

DW: Would you go into someone's house?

OB: Ya, or he could have a hotel room, ya, ya.

DW: Okay, see I just can't...

OB: Or he could have it in with them sporting girls, see? He'd be in there, back room, recreation, small tables oh, could be five or six of them in there drinking, drinking, drinking, ya, ya.

DW: Now can you—?

OB: It costs 50 cents a drink.

DW: Okay, do you mind—?

OB: Then I wanted a gallon of moonshine with me. He give me a gallon.

DW Do you mind if I ask you about this? It's kind of interesting. It's a big phase of American history, and I wasn't here so I can't imagine it very well. So I have a curiosity about it. I'm not—

OB: Where was you?

DW: That's a good question (laughs). I have a curiosity about this, so I don't mean to be personal. Okay.

OB: No.

DW: Okay. Can you remember a night when you went out...what you did for the night, where you went and how long you were...you know just tell it like it was a story, like it just happened the other night, and you were telling me what you did.

OB: No, not anything unusual.

DW: Oh, I don't care if it is unusual or not. I just want to know like, oh let's say that you had come into town and had taken a room at the hotel for the first time in a couple of months or so. Okay, what would you do that evening?

OB: Oh, I could go into the bootleg joint and drink a bunch of homebrew beer, if I didn't want to drink any whiskey. I don't care much about hard liquor, beer homebrew, ya.

DW: Describe one of those places to me. I mean besides one of the whorehouses, were there other types of businesses? Oh, I'm trying to think like a...

OB: No, not mixed-in in that.

DW: Oh, like maybe it was a hardware store in the front and moonshine in the basement.

OB: No, no.

DW: Okay, that's what I was sort of trying to imagine.

OB: There's nothing but old, ready to be condemned buildings in them days. Then after they done away with all that, they condemned all of them. Now there's businesses in there.

DW: Let's see. Front Street is where the Mercantile is, isn't it?

OB: Ya.

DW: So all along on both sides of the Mercantile...

[End of Interview]