

Oral History Number: 047-010 a, b

Interviewees: Daniel Longpre and Fred Cormier

Interviewers: Ethel MacDonald and Nancy Cranston

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[Tape 1, Side A]

Daniel Longpre: I believe I had given them all that up there—what I knew. **(unintelligible)** Have you cooperated with them about getting a book?

Ethel MacDonald: Yes, I've got this name down. We still want to talk to you about **(unintelligible)**. Bill Hartley.

Yes, he's here.

DL: I gave them all I knew. You see Bill come here in 1914 during the ACM [Anaconda Copper Mining Company] so he didn't know everything.

(unintelligible)

EM: Would you mind repeating what you were saying about the beans and the picnic?

DL: That was a yearly affair—a picnic at the old Gustafson bridge. You remember the picnic?

Fred Cormier: Yes.

DL: We started that with just the families of the Nine Mile when we went up with wagons, no cars. Remember that? The food was out of this world. My sister **(unintelligible)** my mother, different people. I think Loretta (?) used to come and bring food. Then it got so good and the ACM fellows—they started coming. They just like one of the family, married and everything, and it got to be big. Then finally, friends invited Missoula, and they went and invited their friends then. It got so enormous that they had to quit it.

EM: Where did you have it?

DL: You remember where...the lower bridge, Nine Mile Bridge, there by **(unintelligible)**, the next bridge up above about four miles, just before where Heishaar (?). He had owned that land. That used to be a road right in there, and there was a little park built down in there.

Then I remember there was automobiles then came, and you couldn't get in there. You couldn't within half a mile of it on that road. So they just gave it up.

EM: You're talking about, oh, 1920, 1930s.

DL: Yes, yes, and we started before then. We started even before the camps came in there. We used to go where the old headquarter camp was, remember? We started there, and there was Reeves, there was your folks [Cormiers], there was Scheffers, and there was us—the Longpres—and the Reeves and the Cromwells. We really fed them up, boy.

DC: They [Cromwells] had a big family.

DL: Boy, oh boy. They would have starved. He didn't care, though; he was so happy. We kept them though, that's the way they did.

EM: Big family?

DL: Oh yes, there were 12 or 13. Seemed like they were coming every six months. Boy, oh boy, talk about—

FC: That's what I used to love about (unintelligible). You had a big family, (unintelligible) everybody helping one another.

DL: I remember my mother...Oh, we all wore heavy wool underwear in those days. We worked in it all winter. Oh boy, it was heavy. The big job was to wash that. Had to wash that by hand, wool you know. Socks and everything and...She'd have sacks of clothes for that family. We'd take it over. Then Dad would take a couple 100 pounds of flour—100-pound sacks of flour—and maybe a sack of sugar. Then old Beauregard (?), he'd kill a great, big hog—400-pound hog. And he'd bring it, and Fred Lebert would says, "I'll deliver it." He'd deliver that. That family, they were just as happy, you know. People was happy to do it.

EM: That reminds me. Did you keep hogs on your place—a few just for family use?

FC: Hogs? Yes

EM: About how many would you have?

FC: Oh, we'd have about four or five sows, I guess.

EM: How many would you butcher at a time?

FC: Butchered around before Christmas when it was cold. Maybe 10 or 12 at a time.

EM: Is that right!

DL: Put them in the barrel.

EM: I read those figures on other things, and I thought, They didn't really butcher 10 or 12 at a time. (laughs)

DL: (laughs) You know it took a lot for those beans that they cooked. Do you know that that salt pork, you wouldn't have to dilute it, just put enough to salt the beans?

EM: Right.

Were there any other special ways you used the pigs? Did you make pickled pigs feet?

FC: Yes.

EM: Did you? How do you do that, do you know?

FC: No, I don't know. (laughs) I know my grandmother used to make it, but I couldn't tell you how she made it.

DL: Well, they used vinegar in it.

EM: You mentioned your grandmother. Were your grandparents here?

FC: My grandmother was. They used to live right where...right across from that pulp mill there where that—

EM: Deschamps?

FC: No, LaCasse. Henry LaCasse. That was my grandmother's place.

DL: What was her name now?

FC: Agnes Barrette.

EM: Agnes Barrette?

DL: I remember that name.

FC: Her husband was Eustache Barrette.

DL: Eustache.

FC: Yes.

EM: Do you know when they came?

FC: No, I don't. When her husband died, she sold the place. I don't know if she sold it to LaCasse, Henry, but I don't think so because I don't know who she sold it to. I know that's the place she was on.

EM: That's your mother's parents?

FC: Yes. She lived with Dad and Mother after her husband died and she sold place.

EM: Well, then was Louis Barrette your mother's brother?

FC: No, Louis Barrette was Grandma's brother-in-law. Eustache Barrette and Louis Barrette were brothers. They both mined up at Martina. Eustache is on the name of the creek— Eustache Creek. Louis Creek [St. Louis Creek]. Then Louis went to Cedar Creek. He mined up there. He married Hamels. (Unintelligible). That was my uncle.

EM: Then was Louisville named after Louis Barrette? Do you have any idea?

DL: Who's that?

EM: Louisville. Now is that a town up near Cedar Creek? I'm not even that sure of where it is?

DL: Louis?

EM: Louisville, yes.

DL: No, that's St. Louis Creek up there.

EM: That's not the same?

DL: Do you know where that's at? That's up there by Nine Mile.

EM: Nine Mile.

DL: Yes, right there St. Louis Creek turns to the right. Was you ever up there, up the microwave station?

EM: Yes.

DL: Well, you know you cross St. Louis Creek. That's St. Louis. And right in there used to be old Morris (**unintelligible**). You cross the creek, right where St. Louis Creek comes into the main creek now, the whole creek from there on takes the name of the Eustache. It's the Eustache.

The Nine Mile took the name the Eustache. When it meets St. Louis Creek, it's Nine Mile Creek.

EM: Now St. Louis Creek, is that your Louis Creek, named after the Louis Barrette?

FC: Yes.

EM: But then they put a St. Louis in it? Why that? Is that another Forest Service decision?

DL: No, but you know in Canada all of the little parishes and all over: St. Jerome, St. Adele, St. Anne. I wondered if that didn't carry here with French groups—St. Louis. Put Saint in front of it. Their religious belief I guess.

Then there's...You go on up there, and there's Sparks Creek after that to your left on the Eustache. Then Devil's Creek...Billy Sparks. It was named after Billy Sparks. **(unintelligible)**

EM: Billy Sparks was a miner?

DL: Yes, from a long time.

FC: Marion Creek.

DL: Marion Creek, yes. Must have been **(unintelligible)**.

EM: As far as you know, Roman Creek should be Ramond Creek, is that right, down at Donlan's place?

FC: Yes.

EM: We're going to work on that. We're going to change that.

DL: Ramond, R-a-m-o-n-d. I remember when they lived there. Ramond. Ramond Creek is the name, but they've got it Roman Creek. They've changed it so much that it's confusing.

EM: Well, they don't know, and it's up to the old-timers to tell them. It's up to them to go find it.

DL: The old Forest Service maps were right. They all had it right, but it's them young foresters that changed it. Named it after the ranch or something like that that never even was out here.

Four Mile, Stoney Creek. That was Four Mile Creek.

EM: Stoney Creek is supposed to be Four Mile Creek. Four miles from what?

DL: Well, it would have been four miles from Nine Mile.

EM: From the—?

DL: Nine Mile house.

Nine Mile was nine miles from Frenchtown. Six Mile was six miles from Frenchtown. Frenchtown was the main town. That was before Missoula.

FC: You can drive right from Frenchtown to Superior on **(unintelligible)**.

EM: You don't know anything more about your grandparents, do you, that you haven't told us—the Barrettes?

FC: No, I—

EM: Or about when they came? Never mentioned anything like any of the early people coming through...I mean they weren't here, say, in the 1850s or 1860s when Mullan might have been coming through?

FC: Well, I don't know. I tried to find out from Mr. Scheffer. He was the oldest one I knew around here. I tried to find out from him when Dad come. He says he didn't know because he was here when I [Scheffer] come.

DL: Your dad? Oh yes.

Fred, I can **(unintelligible)** I saw your dad. He's tall like you but I can't place him or remember it. That's funny. But I remember going up the Nine Mile, up Rock Creek with him and Dad. He'd stop. Dad'd say "Hello. Bonjour Cormier." They'd speak there French a while. They were always busy, you know. **(unintelligible)**

EM: Did your father speak English at all?

FC: Not that I knew of. I don't think he could sign his name.

DL: My dad couldn't.

EM: He couldn't? In English or at all?

FC: In English. He'd make an x.

DL: Make an x. But we'd taught him how to write his name, and he'd forget. We had to show him so...but he would write. It took him a long time. He made an *a* this way, you know, and he'd

forget. We'd make him practice, but he got so he wouldn't practice. He said, "What's the use." But they could figure out. I remember Schramm said, "I don't know how you do it." He'd come in there and see dad—40, 50 steers there, 60 head of cattle. "Well, Absolom what do you want for them?"

"Well, what are they worth, John?"

Well, my dad...He says, "You make your price." My dad said he'd walk around there. I remember my dad was there hanging around. He had to figure it all in his head.

Then he'd say, "What are they worth now a pound?" Well, then he'd tell him and then he went from there. But he had some figuring to do for no education at all. He'd finally come, and he say, "Well, John, what'd you give me a head?"

John would tell him right away what he give him a head. "All right I'll give you so much a head."

So Dad would walk around again and come back. He said, "I'll take so much a pound," or, "I'll take so much a head."

He says, "You know that old whalloper beat for about five dollars on every head of cattle." How did he ever do it? He never went to school.

EM: What do you remember about figuring prices and so forth at the mill? Doing business with people?

FC: Well, I don't remember it, but I've been told about it. There was a fellow by the name of **(unintelligible)**. Did you ever remember him? Requier (?).

DL: Yes, I heard the name.

FC: He was well-educated in French, and he used to teach my sister French and English, and she took that and she was about to write to Canada. But after my sister passed away, I couldn't even write in English so I didn't keep the correspondence.

EM: You say she used to write to somebody in Canada?

FC: Yes, she used to.

EM: You don't have any idea who it was?

FC: It was all the relatives she used to write to in Canada.

EM: The Cormier relatives? What was your home town or village or whatever in Canada?

FC: It was Montreal.

EM: Montreal. Do you have relatives there yet, do you know, in Montreal?

FC: Well, no I don't. Well, I may have for all I know. I don't know. There's a cousin of mine in Spokane. She's a nun. She's first cousin. She's in her 80s. Whether there's any other relations I don't know.

EM: She did live in Montreal until she came to Spokane and became a nun?

FC: Yes.

EM: What is her name, do you know? Her address or any way we could contact her?

FC: Her name's Cormier too, but I can't remember what her first name is. Her sisters...

EM: You don't happen to have her address?

FC: No, I don't.

EM: We got to thinking we could...if we could find some of the people that the people here wrote to back in Canada that those would be the letters to have.

I suppose the Cormier books and correspondence if there was any, that those things may have been left in the Cormier house, do you think?

FC: They could have, yes.

EM: I think if they were left, apparently they were destroyed. You don't know of any other place we might look for those like the old books on the old mill, do you?

FC: No I don't know of any...See I left the place when George Dufresne was still on it, and I went to work at Bonner. Of course, I admit that it's a mistake on my part for not taking that stuff. I had no place to put it. I lost track of a lot of it. There was a lot of pictures and stuff in the house.

EM: I know somebody else who feels badly about having thrown that stuff out too and that's Jim Richardson because he knows that they threw out a lot of that when they moved there. People don't think about the value of these things until it's too late.

DL: **(unintelligible)** Canada. They came to this country and stayed here a little while. I can tell you **(unintelligible)** that's sort of how they write in English. They're well-educated in French. You can tell the French script. **(unintelligible)**

FC: **(unintelligible)**

EM: I got to thinking. Do you have any Longpres back in the home village in Canada?

DL: There's Mrs. Spangler. She was a Charrette. Joe Charrette is born close to my dad probably the same parish, I don't know. Anyway, they went back—she and her husband, Bud Spangler—and they went back to visit, and they were just as far behind as they were when their father left there. They had to **(unintelligible)** just like before. They didn't care about anything, modernizing anything. So one thing Bud went and built them a chick sale [outhouse] out there. Went out and bought some lumber and built them a nice one. First one they'd ever seen **(unintelligible)**.

Well anyway, Bud says, "I have never seen so many Longpres in my life on a telephone directory." He says, "There's two solid pages in Montreal." Everyone is related. The same as there's millions in New Orleans. They're all related. Because when they came and colonized in Nova Scotia in the 1700s, that's when the English sacked them. They were all, on a Sunday, in their church, colony. They got everyone of them, and they broke the families up. Drove some of them up north to Montreal, St. Jerome, and the rest they took down to New Orleans so they never could colonize again, and they're all related. They used to stop from New Orleans and from Canada, but I've never been. I wish I had gone, but I'd like to go to Canada because I have lots of relatives there.

EM: I think we're going to have to write a letter to the Montreal **(unintelligible)** and see if we can get any responses.

DL: But that town where my ancestors came from to Nova Scotia was the village of Longpre on the banks of the Seine River in Normandy, France, and it's still there. It was named after my people.

EM: Another thing I want to make sure we ask you about are memories of St. John's Day that you may have. Anything in particular.

FC: **(unintelligible)** (laughs) Frenchtown **(unintelligible)** This side of Frenchtown and that side of Frenchtown.

DL: Sometimes in Missoula from the Frenchtown.

FC: Yes, the last time **(unintelligible)**. They had guys bigger than we were, but for some reason, we got Charlie Proebstel (?) to help us.

DL: I guess I was there.

FC: Yes. You and Bill.

EM: So you kind of had a Six Mile, Nine Mile, Huson area against the east of Frenchtown.

DL: Ball game. There'd be a ball game between Missoula and Frenchtown. **(unintelligible)** and there's be races. Remember the fat man's race, the fat woman's race. Old man's races.

FC: Yes. Needle threading.

EM: Needle threading? How do you do that? You mean a real needle and thread.

FC: Yes.

EM: For the women, maybe, or men?

FC: Men. The men takes a piece of thread **(unintelligible)**.

EM: Oh! I suppose husband and wife on the same team usually?

FC: Not necessarily, no.

EM: No?

What kind of prizes did they give?

DL: Oh, three or four dollars.

EM: Money. Money prizes. For each game, there were...first prize was money?

DL: Sometimes I remember it as.

Nancy Cranston: What about the ribbons? Was that something you got when you won something, or did just the judges wear those ribbons?

DL: Judges, I guess then. I don't think there were anybody given ribbons, was there?

FC: No, not that I remember.

DL: Not on St. John's Day.

NC: Well, they had commemorative ribbons that say St. John's Day.

DL: Oh yes! I think so.

FC: I remember them now that you mention it.

NC: Did you buy those?

DL: No, they gave them to you, I think.

FC: They used to have a society that they called St. John Baptiste Society.

DL: There were so many people there. They even run a special train from Butte and Anaconda.

NC: Do you have any idea what somebody would have a great big ribbon for? Oh, it's about that big (shows with hands)...I don't recall what **(unintelligible)** comes to way down and it says "St. John's Day" on it. They don't know the year. Real fancy. Gold.

EM: **(unintelligible)**

NC: **(unintelligible)**

DL: No, I don't. Who has that?

EM: Touchettes.

NC: **(unintelligible)** Touchettes, I'm not sure which one.

EM: I'm not sure either which one it is. They've got it framed, you know, because it's really a nice ribbon.

NC: We didn't know if that was—

EM: Surely not everybody had a ribbon like that. Unless that was a special year, special anniversary year. Do you know anything about it.

FC: I don't know that. Could have been the president of the St. John's...head of the—

DL: It could have.

NC: Society?

FC: —Society

EM: Did they have a special...Do recall that each year the president of the society had a special ribbon?

FC: I think so, yes.

DL: That could have been, yes.

EM: Go ahead and tell more about those games if you can. You know we're having another St. John's Day, and we'd like to **(unintelligible)**.

FC: Well, they use to have wheelbarrow...Then there was this fellow by the name of Fred Turcott (?). He wheeled 1,000 pounds in a wheelbarrow.

EM: Wow! Must have been a big man.

FC: Father Legris. He raised it. He says, "I couldn't believe it," but he said, "I'm afraid the inside of my hands would stay on the handles." (laughs)

DL: Who was that?

FC: He said, "I'm afraid that the inside of my hands would stay on the handles." He could raise it, but he couldn't wheel it.

EM: So he didn't win that year.

FC: He was afraid his hands would peel.

DL: Fred—

FC: Fred wheeled 1,000 pounds that year.

EM: What was his last name again?

FC: Turcott.

EM: Turcott?

DL: Yes, he died only five, six years ago. Six foot, seven.

FC: He was a big, tall guy—husky.

EM: You don't know, happen to know, anything about the church and the way the pews are divided in there, do you?

FC: No.

EM: I mean you know that they're divided, but you don't know why or anything?

FC: No, I don't.

DL: The pews are divided **(unintelligible)**?

EM: In the church...the St. John's Catholic Church. Instead of having a long pew where you could get eight or ten people, it's divided so you could only get, well, four comfortably on each side. Then there's a division in the middle, and you can't get over that. So—

DL: Yes, I remember that. Well, there was a lot of people, I remember. We was upstairs. I can go in the dark to ours. Go up the stairs and go around. I could go there and look down. There was quite a few people up there.

FC: If my grandmother had lived, I'd have probably have been a priest. That was her wish—for me to be a priest. She had me starting to serve mass on Sundays, but I don't think I was built to be a priest. (laughs)

DL: **(unintelligible)** nuns in the family. Aunt Clotilde. She's a **(unintelligible)**—

FC: I have two nieces that are nuns.

DL: In Montreal?

FC: One's in Spokane, and one's in Montreal.

DL: They were the DuFresne girls. They were sisters.

EM: Oh, that was something else I wanted to know if you would talk more about is getting ready to go to church on Sundays. What was it like from the time you woke up, the process of going?

FC: Well for one thing we couldn't drink no water. We had to go to Frenchtown to confession then to communion and then back home and eat.

EM: How long did it take you to get to Frenchtown?

DL: We had about a nine o'clock mass. People got up early, done your chores before you left.

FC: Saturday afternoon I'd have to shine everybody's shoes for Sunday.

EM: Well, what I was thinking especially, you being up there on Six Mile and that dirty road and

everything, was it quite a process to get the children ready and keep them clean until they got to church?

FC: (laughs) Sometimes.

DL: You couldn't see the buggies for dust sometimes. And they'd race. My dad...He'd wait for...Cy-cy (?). Remember he'd have an old **(unintelligible)** in there and **(unintelligible)**, and he always had a topped buggy with a hide on it. Dad has some fast horses. Old Nels was coming down the road, and Dad would let him get by and then he'd start. The horses would trot, and Nels would see him coming and he'd stand up and he'd says, "Nels!" He'd hit her and the old lady would spring, by god, like she was afraid for her life. (laughs) That was fun for Dad. He just...like he's going **(unintelligible)**. Dust!

EM: I don't if I missed when you said who did he usually race against?

DL: That was Frank Cyr's granddad. Johnny Cyr's (?), you know where they live there down on the old Mullan road down towards the—

[End of Tape 1, Side A]

[Start Tape 1, Side B]

EM: How long would it take you to get—?

DL: To church?

NC: —to church?

DL: Oh, not like an automobile today, the way they traveled. We had horses. (laughs)

NC: Maybe that was something we should ask Fred, too, about his first car he'd ever seen or ridden in?

FC: Pardon me?

NC: The first car. Do you know who had it or—?

FC: First car? I think it was Dr. Mills here in Missoula. My mother was sick, and he took her from his office to the hospital. I remember riding in there. He was sitting in the back seat driving it, sort of a crank like, and that was just like a buggy without horses.

DL: That is just what it looked like.

EM: How about the first one you ever saw in Huson or Six Mile?

DL: It was owned by Nine Mile Brown, wasn't it?

FC: Yes.

DL: (laughs) I'll never forget him. You know he had the old lady, you know, old Remick (?) his old gal. He'd go and turn around below the schoolhouse, and remember all them big stumps in there where the old Glaude place stands. Glaude had a place there too. He was going around there...We called him Cockeyed Brown. He was just going around those and backing up, and that old lady...Her eyes was that big, and they'd head down the road. You thought they were going fast, you know, you thought they were flying. They're probably going 15, 20 miles an hour.

EM: What was his name?

DL: Old Man Brown, Nine Mile Brown. Had a saloon over there, got burnt down, I think, or they tore it down. They've got part of it left, built up high or built out of the same old thing. That was the place where they had a chicksale two stories. You seen a picture of that?

EM: No.

DL: You never?

EM: **(unintelligible)**

DL: You never seen a picture?

EM: No. I'm real interested to.

DL: Well, I know who's got the pictures. I'll have to see Glad (?), it's too bad I won't see Glad (unintelligible). Do you remember that?

FC: Yes.

DL: Two stories, made with planks and there was a tramway going to the upper and one would go from downstairs (unintelligible), (laughs) He'd go through the valley there, I'll never forget. He was going, him and the old lady to Missoula, old Cockeyed Brown. His eyes kind of cocked you know.

FC: Yes, he'd always have her sit in the back seat. (laughs)

EM: The dog, you say?

FC: No, he'd have her.

EM: Oh, the woman, yes. The original backseat driver.

DL: I remember old Garcia go by. You've read his book, old Andrew Garcia. He'd go by. That's before he had this last wife that the father of all them kids. I was little, but I remember those, they weren't two, three years old. Well, old Andrew was going...black felt hat you know. He was sitting in the middle, and he had a squaw on each side. So later years...He was a great packer and I learned a lot from him, and I packed in the Clearwater country when I was pretty young— young fellow. Old Andrew and I would meet, and he'd tell me all about his...from the time he left the banks of the Rio Grande where he was born and how he went on through...That's quite a book [*Tough Trip through Paradise*]. Have you read it?

FC: No.

DL: Oh yes, well, Andrew Garcia. I've got it here. I read it.

Anyway, I'd say, "Well, Andrew, how come...I remember you'd go by, but everybody else always sat on the right-hand side to drive and had the brake there, you know—right hand. But how

come you were always sitting in the middle?" Well, you see, he had a Nez Perce woman and a Shoshone. We were way up there by Fish Lake, there wasn't nobody within 90 miles of us. I'd say, "Why did you do that?" Why were you sitting... "Well, I'll tell you, Dan. (Whispered) They're a little bit jealous of me so I sat in the middle." (laughs) Nobody could have heard him for...There was nobody else on the mountain, but he was very secretive. He used to tell...Then he'd start writing, and he had an old Smith typewriter. Ku-puck, ku-puck, ku-puck, you know, just like a Ford on three cylinders. Old Garcia was going and pretty soon he had a whole bunch of notes. You know he died, but somebody from Frenchtown got all those notes and wrote the book, which is quite a book. You must read it. If I get a hold of it and a name on it, I'm going to tell you the name of it. You can get. That's a quite a life—old Andrew Garcia.

I was pall bearer for his wife and himself. They were buried on Fish Creek. They lived right about 400 feet above Fish Creek towards the mouth. All the sand hills. They buried them right in there, and it was so sandy that old Albert, who dug the graves and everything, you know he couldn't get on there. He had to crib that with board so they wouldn't cave in with the coffins. That's where they're both buried facing the creek. They were good people, I liked them. (laughs) He finally sent those two women home, I guess. Didn't have any children by them. Then he sent away back East and got a wife, and they raised four sons. Trinidad is still down on the old place. **(unintelligible)** The one we call Kookie. Trinidad is his name.

EM: That reminds me. Are we going to get in any trouble with any of your relatives if we put in about Damien Ledoux being Tin Cup Joe and having the Indian wives?

DL: Oh, I don't know. I just heard it. I never said...no. I was told they all had [Indian wives].

EM: Now will any of the other Ledoux that are around, like this Red Ledoux...Now that would be a cousin of yours.

DL: Yes, first cousin.

EM: Now do you suppose he's going to get offended if we put in it **(unintelligible)**.

DL: Oh no, he knows it too. He knows it. But grandpa never, on account of his proudness, he never would admit that.

EM: But the grandchildren might not—

DL: He went back to Canada with his old—I think St. Charles, Quebec—and married my aunt. Her name, her maiden name, was Louise Dansreau—D-a-n-s-r-e-a-u—that was her maiden name. He came back before she did and remember the Mitchell that lived in the brick house here? Freddy Lebert's wife, Mitchell—great friend of mine. Well, Grandma, they brought her with them. There was a son born since Grandpa had come back, with the name of Damien—same name as him you see. But he was killed...He was a jockey riding race horses in Butte and was killed by a horse that went over backwards on him. He was just a young man. We never

knew him. But when he lived on Butler Creek over there—old Barney O’Keefe [Barnum O’Keefe] over the hill, just over the hill, you see...my grandpa’s house was over there, of course **(unintelligible)** Barnum O’Keefe. That’s where the first lawsuit in Montana took place.

But there’s Albert here...He says there’s another man **(unintelligible)**. But I’ll tell you why he’s wrong. Judge Woody and old Rube Latimour (?) told us...Old Charlie, who you’ve met, and he always called Grandpa, Joe. My grandpa and old Judge Woody was just like brothers. Before my time, they always said Judge Woody used to come at least once a month—drive down to see Grandpa. Then Alice Woody, his daughter—she was my mother’s pal here when Grandpa lived here in Missoula. She used to come and stay a few days with us. She died not long ago, you know, and she knew all about it.

EM: Did she write any history down—

DL: But he tells you that that’s another man, that wasn’t him, you see. And you can’t turn him. He thinks he knows everything, but he doesn’t. He’s wrong on that.

EM: Did Alice Woody make any diaries, do you know? Didn’t she write some histories?

DL: I don’t know.

EM: I think I’ve heard that.

NC: Didn’t your grandfather go by another name in the early days? What was that name?

DL: My father?

EM: Your granpa Ledoux.

DL: Well, yes. It seems to me he never admitted his right name when he was with them, you know with his Indian family, he had two families just like old Garcia. And old Rube Latimour, he lived up there. He had that big ranch, you know Rube Latimour ranch in that country? He had that big ranch there? There came an article on the paper where if anybody knew the whereabouts of Tin Cup Joe to report because he had a pension coming. He was a freighter in the Indian Wars for the government. But he never would admit it. So old Rube Latimour saw him and told us. Well, you see, you didn’t get the paper in them days much. He says, “You better tell him,” because he says, “that’s your grandpa.” Grandpa never would admit that because it would have made him an Indian man. He was from...My mother knew about it, but she never mentioned it.

EM: Did you think of the names you meant **(unintelligible)**.

DL: Eduar...Somebody told me. The old... it was Eduar... something. It was a French name. But

mostly Tin Cup Joe. That was, I know, and the whole country knows the old timers, that was him because his horse went over the hill right there, and old Barnum O'Keefe was a mean old...He was, you know, just a hot-headed Irishman. Dad knew him very well. He used to get quite a kick out of him, he was a terror. And then he had a... old Barnum O'Keefe he had a daughter, Maggie she married old Ross, old Kenneth Ross.

EM: Okay, I wondered if that was the same Kenneth Ross that was at the Six Mile Logging for a while.

DL: Kenneth Ross, that's him.

NC: For a while there was a Ross...

DL: He had the mill at Huson. Yes, yes, that's Kenneth Ross. He had a daughter, Maggie.

FC: Sawdust piles on Parker Place.

EM: Those are from the Ross and Donlan? I've got some of the Ross and Donlan mill in my yard. (laughs) They finally cleared that about four years ago.

It served us all well **(unintelligible)**.

DL: You live just across the creek before you get to the red house, don't you? That's pretty in there.

EM: Well, we're on the east side up on the hill.

DL: Oh, close to Corser's.

EM: There's Corser's, Heddy's, then us.

DL: You're up above north of the foot hills.

EM: Yes.

DL: Heddy? What is he down at the plant? He works there. You know, I know him so well, and I can't place him. Now, since I left there two years ago, I can't remember...I forget faces, and I'm lost. But if I saw him, I'd know him.

EM: Do you recall New Year's Eve as being a special...Well, we did ask you, I recall that. So I'll ask Mr. Cormier because the Dufresnes, I believe, mentioned that in Six Mile New Year's Eve was pretty special. Do you recall that?

FC: It was, yes. I know I used to get more on New Year's than I did for Christmas.

EM: Start with the beginning of it, and tell us—

FC: Well, it started about 12 o'clock until the clocks strike one. Then we were on New Year's, and then we'd celebrate, shaking hands and kissing one another. It's go on and on. (laughs)

EM: Did you drive to each of these homes a lot in the valley, and were there particular songs that were sung?

FC: Well, I can't say that I remember the songs because I can't sing and I never tried to.

DL: I remember one. Don't you? (French) *En roulant ma boule roulant...*

EM: Oh, sing it!

DL: That's about all I know.

EM: Say that again.

DL: (French) *En roulant ma boule roulant...*

EM: Oh, "My rose, my pretty, pretty..."

DL: (French) *En roulant ma boule roulant...* *Boule* that's ball. I should remember more because...I'm going to tell you in that family there were some wonderful singers. George's mother [Dufresne], Mrs. Mack (?) and Mrs. Plourd here, they could sing.

FC: Oh yes, Mrs. Plourd.

DL: Boy, they were beautiful voices. And when their sister came to visit them. They called her (speaks in French). She was younger wasn't she?

FC: Yes.

DL: She could just sing, too, like a bird. Just beautiful to hear her. Mrs. Plourd will be 102. And Dona, do you know her, Mrs. Corr [Dona Corr]?

EM: Yes, she's giving us a lot of help.

DL: You bet. She's very brilliant. "All around that bolle around," and what was the other?

FC: (unintelligible)

DL: Yes, something about that.

FC: (speaks in French) (laughs)

DL: That don't sound right to them, but—

EM: (talking at the same time)

NC: (talking at the same time)

DL: Then there was another song (sings in French). Do you remember?

FC: No.

DL: "It's a night of love." That's the beginning of it. I've forgotten, but I used to know it all.

EM: But there was a lot of just singing, general singing and dancing.

DL: Oh yes, it was all in French. In fact most people couldn't even hardly speak English.

EM: Did you have a big party down at the Globe (?) Hotel or something on New Year's Eve?

FC: Yes.

DL: Yes, Christmastime.

FC: Most of them, they'd go from one house to another, and this would go on all day long.
(laughs)

EM: Well, would they pick up another couple or family and then go on to the next place?

FC: Yes.

EM: And have a drink at each place.

FC: Yes.

DL: Straw rides—a great big rack filled with hay and a big team of horses. There'd be 15, 20 of them. Straw rides. They'd go from one...Next week it would be at another one and next week the other one.

EM: All during Christmas season?

DL: Well, yes, and all year.

FC: **(unintelligible)**

DL: New Year's celebration. And they all had something to drink, you know. Three, four couples...There would be a violin in one room, and three or four set just to square dancing. One of them couldn't possibly hear that fiddle, but they were dancing just the same. **(unintelligible)**

EM: You say square dancing mostly.

DL: Square dancing. Two step and the three step, **(unintelligible)** the minuet.

FC: **(unintelligible)**

EM: **(unintelligible)** and how do you say that in French? Or were you saying it in French, I thought you were?

FC: **(unintelligible)**

NC: What about food, did you have any special food for Christmas or New Year's?

FC: There was chocolate cake.

DL: Everything imaginable. Cooked hams, chickens. They had the finest food in the world, the French. I remember people that came to Frenchtown from all over to thresh to get to eat that French cooking. They came there year after year from Canada up here, western Canada. Like you never saw before.

NC: Somebody was talking about...Somebody else's first taste of ice cream. Now do you remember your first ice cream? Was that quite a treat?

FC: Yes, it was. **(unintelligible)** I churned a lot of it.

DL: Oh man!

FC: We popped corn. We used to pop corn by the sack full.

DL: Decorate, make our decorations for the Christmas tree with popcorn. Use glue and make them little pieces of paper, colored chain. Fire traps. (laughs)

EM: Did they make homemade ice cream as far back as you could remember as a child?

FC: Yes.

DL: This one does not compare with what you buy now. My sister can make it just like that. So can Loretta. She knows how. We ought to get together some time and make some. I always tell my wife, "I want to get up to the Nine Mile and get a couple of milk cows. I don't care for whole milk, but boy can I ever drink skim milk. I always loved that." I says, "The cream was just...and the whole milk we'd just make ice cream out of it." We've got a lot of those now that somebody gave us, I think Frank's sister. Two gallons or something. It's electric; instead of a crank it's an electric motor. There's no reason you couldn't make your ice now. We used to have to cut it. That was an awful thing in winter. We worked as hard, harder than we did in the summer.

FC: Yes.

DL: We always kept two years wood ahead so that you...And that ice had to be made you know. Sawdust around it and everything for one year. Dig it.

EM: Did you go clear to Frenchtown for your ice?

DL: No, we had it right on the Nine Mile Creek. In Frenchtown they had a pond there, where Ockerts...There was a pond. That was the power for the...and right across the road was the big flour mill. They backed the water up there to that pond to a railroad track and put it down and there was a turbine same as your saw mill and got so big...It don't require much power for a flour mill. That was a nice building, wasn't it?

FC: It was.

EM: On the Nine Mile Creek, how did you get the ice? Did they dam that up and have a little pond there?

DL: No **(unintelligible)** right down there where Charlie Harrington lives, remember, there was about four or five feet there, and we'd go—

EM: Just a natural place.

DL: Yes, just a backwater. There's a fork from the main creek, quite deep. We'd start in when it froze, and we'd keep the snow all shoved off every day. Then it got to be about this thick (indicates with hands) and you could look right through it. Beautiful clear water. We'd cut it and **(unintelligible)** many, many tons of it.

NC: How about on Six Mile, did you get it on your mill pond there?

FC: No, we got it at the mouth of Six Mile [Creek].

NC: At the mouth of Six Mile.

EM: Was there any particular place?

DL: There was a just a backwater there. They could drive to it anyway.

EM: Well, how come you went there? Oh, you're talking about when you lived up Nine Mile.

DL: We were on the other grade. We were only a mile from...just by the old schoolhouse there and around by Charlie Harrington. The road used to cut across there. You didn't used to come across that Johnny Severs (?) **(unintelligible)** in later years. It used to go on up. Go by the schoolhouse and cross the creek. So we were not far from the ice.

EM: Did you have chickens too for both eggs and meat?

FC: Yes.

EM: What about cattle? Did you raise any cattle at all?

FC: Yes, we always had cattle.

DL: Horses.

FC: Horses. We always worked horses.

EM: What about preserving the meat? I mean, did you eat more pork than beef?

FC: Yes. For the reason we could keep it better salted.

EM: So you didn't make beef jerky?

FC: No, not that I remember.

EM: You would just keep the...Mainly just butcher one cow at a time and keep it in the ice?

FC: Yes, Dad had...It was sort of a stone house.

DL: Yes, still there, isn't it?

FC: It was when I left. I don't if it's still up there. It had a stream **(unintelligible)** little compartment, and we'd put in some ice in there every day and that's the way they'd keep beef.

DL: That was quite a way. They'd build some of them over them little cold creeks sometime. You'd be surprised. When I...In the hills one time, I built one. They're very cold and the spring would run. I built a screen box about this square (indicates with hands) all the corners frames and screen all around. I put an iron roof on it, and the water would run down this little trough and fall on the roof. It would fall down around it, and there was a hole in the bottom of the screen so that the...From the main stream, but I had to also run that pipe maybe 50 feet. It was steep like that. I could keep meat in that. Actually it got hard, nothing like you could in the freezer, but very good.

FC: Yes, it's surprising.

DL: The only trouble is you had to have it, you couldn't have it out of the way because you had to watch it too or a damn bear would smell that and tear everything to pieces. But if you had good dogs around or something. We thought something like that was just out of this world.

FC: I remember when the Dufresnes lived on the Plouf (?) place, they used to have a little spring was running right by the kitchen. They dug that down, and that's where they'd keep their butter and milk and cream **(unintelligible)**.

DL: I did that on Fish Creek. I had a ten-gallon crock, and I had that where I dipped my water right out of the creek. Them days there was no pollution there. I had a cover on that and a big rock on it to keep the mink out of it. Butter would stay hard in that. I'd catch fish to take down some time and keep them in there. They'd get so hard I'd have to straighten them out. That was living up there, boy. It was everything. That's up Fish Creek—at the forks of Fish Creek eight miles up. You been up there? Saw them buildings there, log buildings just below the forks? I built that. That was my place. That's where I packed from. Run a hunting lodge in the fall. Fishing in the summer. They came clear up from Spokane. Worked awfully hard at it. Nobody ever realized how hard. I built those cabins, even the roofs on some of the logs **(unintelligible)** I put up myself. Somebody says, "How'd you ever do it?" You've just got to think of something. That's where you learn. There's a way to do it, but you've got to think. You generally think of it when you've just about given up. You lay there at night, and it comes to you. Why didn't I think of it before?

Well, old Art Donlan **(unintelligible)** a lot about his dad. Of course, he was when his dad was here. Art is...How old is Art?

EM: Sixty-five, seventy?

DL: I had a birthday the fifth of March.

NC: I'll be darned.

EM: Well, happy birthday! **(unintelligible)**.

Is there anything else that we haven't covered?

DL: You better stop that until we think. Save some of that.

Looking at those pictures the other day I had of Chuck Neat (?) **(unintelligible)** glass, but I can recognize most of them on that porch if I had a good enough glass [magnifying glass]. **(unintelligible)** and McGowan. Wilbur McGowan and the kid.

EM: Now what picture is this? Who has the picture?

DL: Up in a second-hand store. Weren't you looking at those pictures up on the wall?

EM: Who's second-hand store are you talking about?

DL: Paul.

NC: They have some Frenchtown pictures there?

DL: They have the picture of that hotel.

NC: Of the Western Hotel?

DL: The old Western Hotel that was built where before the Blockman (?) was **(unintelligible)**. It's where we used to go and eat after church at lot.

EM: How large was it? How many tables were in there?

DL: Oh, quite a few, quite a room. The railroad crews would stop. Oh yes, she had quite a trade there.

FC: **(unintelligible)**

DL: She was a grand lady.

EM: Now you say Mrs. McGowan?

DL: Mrs. McGowan **(unintelligible)** old Joe Farian's (?) daughter.

EM: Is that the same hotel as Hamels had?

DL: I guess Hamels owned it, didn't they?

FC: Yes.

DL: They built it.

EM: But by then it was—

DL: So McGowan was renting from them. They never run it themselves much anymore.

FC: No, I don't think so.

DL: Old Matt LeGaux (?) and Sharkey (?). Fred Sharkey's on that picture. Maybe that's when he was running it.

FC: Yes, it might be. I think I had a cousin that run it. Joe Gochay (?), old Joe.

DL: Gran Joe?

FC: Yes, Gran Joe.

DL: He was tall. He has a daughter that's still a nurse.

FC: Yes, I guess so.

DL: In St. Pat's. I saw her, and she said, "Don't you remember me?"

I said, "No." I was in there...

She says, "Well, Gochay is my name."

I says, "Which one, Joe? Do you know Joe?"

She says, "He was my dad."

NC: That's Mrs. Pancratz's (?) first husband. Mrs. Pancratz's first husband was Joe, right?

EM: Bouchard.

NC: She was a Bouchard?

FC: Yes.

EM: She was a Bouchard, and she's Pancratz now.

DL: Now is that the one that was Joe's wife?

FC: She remarried after Joe.

DL: Joe was not an old man when he died.

FC: No.

EM: So he ran the Western Hotel for some time you say?

FC: Yes.

EM: I was wondering even about the furnishings inside. Was it fancy?

DL: No, I don't think it was fancy.

FC: No, it wasn't.

DL: But the bar sometime was **(unintelligible)**, wasn't it. They were nice bars, hardwood and big glass behind...Got to be worth something, I think. Beautiful.

EM: Did they have tablecloths?

DL: Oh yes. That's about the extent of it was tablecloths.

EM: Because I suppose the tables were board, weren't they so they needed a cloth over them.

How many people would you see in there, say, on a Sunday afternoon?

DL: Sometime quite a few as I remember on a Sunday.

EM: What do you mean by quite a few?

DL: Probably be like these little restaurants here, probably be about twelve, thirteen, fourteen people. A lot of people, I remember, used to drive out from Missoula, you know. Old McLeod, old Jack Keaton, a great friend of my dad. They all came to the country club the same time. McLeod and Fred Sterling (?) **(unintelligible)**. They came in the fall and back in the spring.

[End of Tape 1, Side B]

[Tape 2, Side A]

DL: Well then that family, the Lanoues, they married...One girl married old Cadieux, then George Dufresne, he married the girl—Lanoué.

Fred Cormier: No, George married my sister.

DL: George married your sister that was it, yes. That's right. Then from there, right across the road where the old Cormier place...What is his name? I keep forgetting.

Ethel MacDonald: Looker or Heare.

DL: Heare. Yes, now that's his old home, and that house is still the one I remember.

FC: Yes, it was.

EM: It's been worked over. The barn's burnt down when Richardsons had it there.

FC: There was an old barn just like the one at the Lanoué's.

DL: Yes, good barn.

EM: Excuse me, but now the house there that Heares live in. Was that the first house in Six Mile, do you know?

FC: No, I think the one he's talking about where Richardson lives was the first house the road house there.

EM: Okay, what I should say is that's the first house that's still standing in Six Mile.

FC: Yes, it is.

EM: Okay, the Glaudee house, there on the corner...The one that's red now that was the Glaudee house?

DL: That was the Glaudee house.

FC: Right.

DL: It wasn't the same house that Glaudee had.

FC: It was the Huson School House. Fred Lubrecht bought it from the district, and he hauled it up there and built that house.

DL: Fred Lubrecht?

FC: Fred Lubrecht.

DL: Yes, right.

EM: Oh, what year would that have been, do you know? Approximately?

DL: In the 1920s.

FC: I think it was yes.

DL: Before that.

FC: Yes, I think Fred Lubrecht...Yes, I think it was before my sister died. She died in 1918.

DL: It was before that I remember. I'd say around '15 myself.

FC: Pardon?

DL: Around 1915, '16.

FC: Yes, somewhere around in there.

EM: Well, I'll just interject since you've stopped. I was going to ask you...You say your sister died in 1918. I believe that was the flu epidemic, was this?

FC: It was, yes, ma'am.

EM: Do you recall any others that you know of that—

FC: Yes, there was Mrs.—

DL: Cyr.

FC: Yes, Donna Cyr.

EM: And there was a Dufrense also that died I believe in that year.

FC: Yes, that was my sister.

EM: Oh, that was your sister, I didn't realize that.

DL: Severina.

EM: Severina?

FC: Severina.

Nancy Cranston: That's a pretty name.

EM: She had married a Dufrense?

FC: Yes, George.

DL: He died only 2-3 years ago here.

FC: Yes.

DL: Well from there on then, from that place, that pretty well covers the Six Mile drainage. After you go over that hill then after you get over the hill on the other side that becomes the Nine Mile drainage. Then the old Edgar Schaffer place was just up from that Lanoue house, right? You can see it, you know where they lived up there on the Schaffer ranch?

EM: I haven't ever driven up there, but I know where it must be, up near the lake.

DL: Yes, there's a lake.

EM: They call it a lake—a little pond.

DL: Now that was the Uzeb Scheffer, his homestead. Now that would have been a cousin to Edgar Scheffer who got it.

FC: Yes. Old Uzeb was living when I worked up there.

DL: Oh yes, you worked with Uzeb.

EM: Now you're saying Uzeb, or just Zeb?

DL: U-s-e-b. Uzeb.

EM: Okay, I've gotten him mixed up with the old Scheffer.

DL: No, that's the father. He must have been named after his uncle. But Uzeb that I'm talking about and Pete were first cousins. So their dad, I imagine, were brothers.

So from there on, after that, there was a place...Back in the Nine Mile drainage. I wrote that down, I think. **(unintelligible)** From there then, it drains and then the Edgar Scheffer ranch that joined us on the Nine Mile, which is now the Little Beaver Ranch which I owned before. I sold to the Bondurants, and they sold a family or traded for Neely, wasn't it?

FC: Tom Heeley.

DL: Then he sold to Dale Moore. It's the Little Beaver Ranch now.

EM: You were telling me before, and I keep having trouble figuring out just where, but you were talking about this Plouf cabin, and that is on the North side of the road, right?

DL: Yes, that was Plouf, and that drained into the Nine Mile. There was people living there, maybe there still will...it would continue from Six Mile at that, wouldn't it? But it's the drainage of Rock Creek instead of Six Mile. Plouf, was that old Solomon who owned that before?

FC: Yes.

DL: He homesteaded that, didn't he?

FC: I think so.

DL: Solomon, S-o-l-o-m-o-n T-r-a-y-a-n-t, Trayant in French. He gave that up to Pete Scheffer if Pete would keep him until he died. So Pete Scheffer built him a little cabin. That's where Tom Scheffer lives on the old home ranch. Ralph, Tom's dad and where Pete lived, dear Uncle Pete. They kept him until he died. So they gave them the land, see. He gave them the land to keep him. The same as in the Frenchtown Valley, old Charley Eaton (?), one of the vigilantes in the vigilante days, he belonged to that. He wanted my dad to have that place and keep him, so dad built that little house that's still there. That shack there. I suppose Billy probably stays in that now, all made out of 10x10 a nice cabin he built. Old Charley Eaton, my dad kept him until he died.

EM: Now where is that?

DL: Bob Touchette?

EM: It is on that land.

DL: You know where Bob is?

NC: Yes.

EM: And you say that that cabin is still standing?

DL: Oh yes, that still stands where old Charley Eaton...He was my pal. When we moved there, he had me under his arm, and I'd run away from him, you know. He'd run with his cane, and he'd catch me. I'd even run to school. The school was three-quarters of a mile, wasn't it?

FC: Yes, about.

DL: My sisters were in there, and he had, oh I kept that poor old man running after me. I can kind of remember him too. The best soul that ever lived.

EM: Now when did Charley Eaton die, do you know?

DL: I started school in 1904 at the Huson School. It would have had to be 1903. Approximately 1903 or '04, right in there.

EM: And he was quite old when he died?

DL: Oh yes, yes he was just as old as my grandpa. My grandpa was born in '26 and I think old Eaton, well, old Charley was about the same age. Charley Eaton. And old Uncle Uzeb was about my grandpa's age, Pete's dad.

FC: Yes.

EM: That land that was Eaton's is the Touchette's place now?

DL: That's right, we sold that to a family by the name of Staffanson. Staffansons from the Bitterroot, and then he sold it to Touchette. Touchette's old home was where Charlie Rose lives there towards Six Mile. Then that land where people's got those quarter horses in through there, clear to Huson Lane there, that all used to be Touchette's ranch. Tom Scheffer bought some of that from Charlie Rose.

EM: Did we ask you before about the flood of 1908, and how it may have affected that land right near Huson, that would be your ranch? Did we ask you about that?

DL: No, it didn't interfere with our ranch, but I remember that flood.

FC: NP [Northern Pacific] bridge went out that year.

DL: The day before that bridge went out at Huson...It's a steel bridge now. It was a ball-trussed, timbered bridge. Your dad might have sawed the timber for that for all you know for that first bridge. Dave and I was playing on that, and that bridge was just going like that (indicates with hands). We didn't know any better. I'll never forget that. He had a little dog named Sport, little

black dog. Sport, do you remember that little dog?

FC: Yes I remember Sport, yes.

DL: Well, Sport was with us, and the train come. We run out, but Sport didn't have time and as he come out that train run and cut his tail right off. That's how close he come.

Well, we was heartbroken. Sport, half his tail gone. The next day, all that was left of that bridge the next morning...but before we was watching the houses go down from the island in Missoula. It was just going like that in the water and coming up. On one little barn there...On top of that barn, there was a rooster, and he was just a crowing, going down there to beat heck. (laughs) Can you imagine that? The sun was shining, beautiful, and it had been raining for 30 days. Pardon?

EM: Past Huson, you're talking about?

D: Oh yes, the bridge you know—the NP bridge—we was watching those houses. We had to get way up on top. We was like a couple of chipmunks up there, and the next day it was gone. The bridge was gone, so we didn't know how dangerous it was. But my brother and I were down in the bottom—my dad was plowing—we wanted to go up and see him down there you know. That old one plow where he was seeding or something. You remember as you went down to our ranch at Touchettes there?

FC: Yes.

DL: You went down one bank and then there's another field and then down to where the slough is. We heard to the awfulest noise coming from the river. We thought it was the end of the world. You never heard such a roar coming down there. We looked, and it was a sight to behold. Remember, there's a little gulch that runs...We had a bridge down there at one time. There was a little gulch that come down there. There was a thing rolling down about 20 feet about that gulch, coming down, and there was rails, fence rails. I guess every rail from Missoula down. You never heard such a noise, and no time that spread out and we run for the upper bank. We thought, well, it's terrible. We run up, and told our dad. Our dad come and looked at that, and he says "You stay away from there." (laughs) There was ducks and there was everything went out in the spring, and the flight of ducks in them days was by the millions. The swans and the geese. When they went, they made a shadow in the sun. They were by the millions. They go by for 24 hours until they'd shade the sun. Now, that's all gone.

EM: That railroad bridge. Was that in approximately the same place the new bridge is?

DL: Exactly, practically exactly. A crew came...that's a steel bridge they built. They came from Minnesota, Minneapolis. There's where Roscoe Peterson came and that bunch, and he married on of the Glaudee girls, of course. They were boarding there at the Glaudee boarding house.

Married Sarah, you remember? Then about a year later his brother came out. You remember that? He mined, and lived up the Nine Mile until he died—practically died. He left there just a few years, but he died in Oregon. It was really something that high water. They built that bridge—steel—and I remember, I always watched. I loved construction. They had to lift that. They didn't have no cranes in them days.

FC: No. (laughs)

DL: How you wondered, and I remember how they did it. In later years, I built bridges quite a bit for the government, and you know that stood me in hand. I remembered a lot of those things that I saw there.

EM: How long did it take them to build that?

DL: A couple years.

FC: Yes, it took them a long time. Awful lot of people working on it. That's where I met John Atkinson. You remember John Atkinson?

DL: He came.

FC: Yes. He was working in the cook house, and he give me cookies. I'd go and see him.

DL: (laughs) Yes.

EM: And you would spent as much time as you could just watching that?

DL: Oh yes! That fascinated me. Those fellows was so good to me. They was all like my dad. I watched that construction there, and I could just see them doing it yet. That was something because those was heavy beams went there.

FC: Yes, they were.

DL: They're still there too.

Well, that is about all, but up there...Then this old Trayant place that we were talking about...Well, after that there's a man...He rented it to Plouf, wasn't it?

FC: Yes.

DL: Plouf was there.

FC: Yes, he's related to me in some way. I don't know how.

DL: Plouf?

FC: Yes.

DL: Well, he married a—

FC: Married a Serel (?) girl.

DL: —Serel girl. Pete Bisson's (?) aunt.

FC: Yes.

DL: She was a Serel girl of old Pete Bisson, and there was about five of those Serel girls. And Emile Bisson and his brother, Lena's dad, who was he?

FC: She was a—

DL: What was his name? The youngest of the Bisson's that married a Serel girl?

FC: Louis.

DL: Louis. Then Johnny Beauregard married one. That's five of them right there. No four of them—there's another one yet. There's five of those girls.

FC: There was Emile Bisson's wife then Johnny Beauregard and—

DL: Louis.

FC: Louis and Wilfred Lucier.

DL: Sure.

EM: I was going to say, I was sure there was a Lucier in there.

DL: That makes the five of them right there. Emile Bisson—

FC: And Primeau (?). You remember Primeau.

DL: Well, there must have been six of them!

FC: There was Serel girl...

DL: Oh, there was all girls too. Of course they were all nephews of Mrs. Boyer, because Mrs. Boyer—Grandma Boyer, that would be Joe Boyer's Grandma—she was old Serel's sister. You knew that.

FC: Yes. My grandmother was old man Serel's sister.

DL: Well, there's your connection. (laughs) There's your connection, Fred. We forget those things, you know, but things come to you when you start to think.

FC: You started thinking about—

DL: After that, after Plouf. He was on there a few years and left. Then Dufresne, old Willy Dufresne.

FC: Yes, he was on there quite a few years.

DL: Yes.

FC: Thirty-four.

DL: He rented it from Scheffer because old Solomon had given it to Scheffer. Now whether Plouf rented from Scheffer or not I don't know or from Solomon. I rather think it might have been Solomon.

FC: I couldn't tell you. I remember old man Plouf because him and I used to fight for the pump handle. He used to have the pump on the porch at home. That's on the back porch outside. We always fought for the pump handle.

DL: We all did that. (laughs) He was a real man that fellow. Nobody fooled around with him.

Well, that is about the extent of Six Mile.

EM: We could just sit here and let you talk. I was hoping I wouldn't have to ask any more questions.

DL: Well, I would be repeating, maybe.

EM: Have you thought of anything you want to add while Dan was talking?

DL: About my dad...It was an interesting thing, when he came. I didn't give you that, or did I? The Longpre family. Maybe Harry has.

Hank! Is she here?

EM: She left.

FC: I ought to put hobbles on her. (laughs)

DL: She's got her coffee.

EM: I have that.

DL: Did I mention about my dad in the early days, packing?

EM: No, I don't think you did.

DL: Well, when he came to the country...My dad came from Canada, to Colorado—Leadville Colorado—in 1879, then to Frenchtown in 1881 at the age of 20. He worked on farms. He then bought—then called Rock Creek Ranch—on the lower Nine Mile, the place I had (unintelligible), on the lower Nine Mile drainage from Frank Lasenish. Lasenish was my dad's brother-in-law. Aunt Lasenish and dad was brothers and sisters. He was a butcher by trade, this brother-in-law. Then his brother-in-law...then he moved. This Lasenish moved to Superior and established a meat business there. That's when the Couer d'Alene line was going through—the Northern Pacific—and the cattle was slaughtered every day along the...no refrigeration. He had one of his sons, his oldest son, butcher for him—Tom—until they went clear into Idaho, to Wallace, you see.

They had first decided to run that branch of the NP up over Lolo Pass. In fact you can see the old road grade yet if you know where to look or somebody show you. And they went almost to Lolo Hot Springs. That was the lowest crossing the divide, (unintelligible) pass. But at that time they discovered and hit that rich ore in the (unintelligible) so they abandoned that and put a line in there quickly to take that ore out. You see, that's why they quit this one.

Have you ever seen those old roads up there? I'm gonna have to take you for a ride. And you? Remember where the old railroad bed was going up over?

FC: Yes.

DL: You remember that across the creek. It's all grown with trees, but I could show you. Well, anyway...then he packed, and he went to packing in the Coeur d'Alenes and old Louis Barette (?) discovered gold up Cedar Creek. And he was packing. He and another old fellow packed, and Dad packed with him for years there. Then after that Lasenish (?) started this meat business he'd have my dad go up to the Flathead and buy some cattle—steers and cows—from Pablo and Allard. That's when they had the buffalos and they owned that whole thing. They were Spaniards, and they'd married Indian women. So the Indians kept care of their cattle, and they had cattle all over the Flathead clear to (unintelligible).

And then the Colvilles (?) now, the Colvilles, that was all George Ladieu's wife's....he married a Grandshaw. Old Grandshaw had the ferry at that bridge in Polson, now. Up above there was no bridge so he had about 10-12 big Indians rowing a ferry around and crossing the freighters. He had a bunch of girls. Well, old Jeddy married one, married one of the girls. Old George Ladieu married one. And the Colvilles, and those Colvilles was real cowboys. So my dad would hire them, and they would take these cattle and go down to Paradise and they'd swim that fast river there with those cattle and take them on down to Superior—St. Regis there—and up along the line. They was kept there and butchered there, and he'd go back and he'd buy some more. It was a hard life wasn't it?

Then he finally came and then he bought this place up in Nine Mile and got this Charley Eaton place and he run them both. We'd go and put the hay up there. It was irrigated, see? Then we'd come back in the valley after and put up the crop there. Till he sold that place in the Frenchtown Valley to...Bob Touchette place now. Then we started grubbing stumps and burning them and building a ranch at the Little Beaver Place. It was all stump land, you know. But that was his life. Then—

EM: Tom Scheffer said that he thought that Peter's wife Alice came with Absalom Longpre from Canada. I said, "How could that be? He came from Colorado."

DL: Well, he went back home from there and then come back.

EM: As far as you know, did he bring Alice Scheffer with him?

DL: No, when he got here, Tom's grandma...Mary was already born. See, Mary? Mrs. Donovan?

EM: Well, how about Peter Longpre? Did he come with—

DL: No, he came a year or so after my dad. Loretta's dad. He came, and then he worked for Scheffer, where Dad had worked. Dad was on his own. Then he married a Rose girl. That's the Rose Ranch. Raymond Rose there? That's the old Rose Ranch. He married Annie Rose, and he went back to Canada and he run a hotel, restaurant and bar there for a few years. That's where Charley was born, in Canada there. Then he decided to come back with the family here. He come a year or two, I think, after my dad, or three perhaps, but Aunt Alice was already here and Mary was born, because Mary and Aunty and Uncle Pete and Aunt Alice used to go to Dad and used to tell us they used to go to town a lot. They'd take a buggy. They'd leave little Mary and he took care of her. He changed her diapers and everything.

Then Ralph was born. I think Ralph was just born about the time my dad was still there. Then my dad...oh, Pete Loafer (?) come to work there. That's Tom's dad. You don't remember him? He died not too long ago. He stayed there, you remember, he stayed with Tom. He died very sudden. Yes.

EM: Well off on a different track. When you lived in Six Mile, did you ever go to Frenchtown?

FC: Oh yes.

EM: What do you remember?

FC: Well, we used to go to church every Sunday, horse and buggy.

DL: That was a show afterwards. (laughs)

FC: Oh yes.

DL: Damn Frenchmen would get drunk, and they'd take their horses off the buggy and they'd start running horse races—horseback.

NC: You mean every Sunday?

DL: Oh yes. Then they'd come...They'd argue about something about the race, so they'd run it all over again. You remember that? (laughs) Talk about a bunch of nuts. It was for fun with them people, I tell you.

NC: Now, this was every Sunday not just St. John's day?

DL: Oh no, every Sunday, but St. John's was the big day. Boy, the mosquitos ate you alive. It was raining in June, and you couldn't have had it in a worse month. Could you? (laughs) July would have been nicer.

FC: Yes.

DL: I never saw so many mosquitos. The women in white socks, and when you'd go home, they are the color of your sweater! Fighting those mosquitos.

EM: What do you remember of the businesses or anything in Frenchtown as you would drive there for Sunday?

FC: There used to be a million stores.

DL: Yes, there was a million things.

EM: Did you buy most of your groceries there or in Huson?

FC: Well, there wasn't too much in Huson those days. They got more in Frenchtown.

DL: We bought everything in Frenchtown while the stores was there.

EM: Your family did too?

DL: Oh yes.

EM: Well how often would you go in? Well, you wouldn't do it on Sunday, would you?

DL: Oh, they'd open the stores to fellows that had farms. But my dad and my mother used to come to Missoula about once or twice a year, and they'd order an awful lot and it would come out the next Monday. It would be on the local—Wallace local. It'd run to Wallace. It would go Monday, back to Missoula Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday back to Missoula...and Monday again. We'd meet that sometime with a four-horse team. Well, it'd be a ton of sugar, be two ton of flour.

FC: Way you used to do things in those days.

DL: Boxed dried prunes, dried peaches, dried apricots, dried pears, dried apples. They never had...That was bought and brought. They didn't...and then you just about grew the rest of the stuff. See, you bought your coffee. That all came in them round Arbuckles cans. You remember about 4 pounds a can? Then they ground their coffee. They had a little grinder. At night that's the job they had. They'd grind so much in there—a handful of that. There was a little drawer, they saw how much there was, and then it was ready for morning.

EM: How did you keep the sugar and flour like that...that much of it for so long?

DL: We kept it in the upstairs of our household.

EM: In cans? Great big cans?

DL: No, in oat sacks. It kept. And that flour kept getting better all the time. My mother, she never got but Golden Heart or Rex Flour, which was the best there was. Then aged on top of that...But she was a baker.

FC: She was a good cook, yes.

NC: Now when you said that such a cartload of flour or sugar, is that for several families or just for your family?

DL: No, ours. It was nothing to see, and then a 55 gallon of—

EM: I was gonna say! (laughs.)

DL: It was my job, I was the oldest boy, with a mallet about this big. And grandpa'd be waiting when school got out. He'd say, "Hurry home!" And he'd bring...and he had cabbage that was big as a bushel basket, big Dutch, bring up there and put them in and that thing was so full! But I'm telling you, I don't know what it weighed, but they never moved it, they put it where it was going to stay. Then she'd have piccalilli, why, they was never less than a 10 gallon jar or maybe 20. It was a big thing. And then about four or five barrels of salt pork. Because that was meat that was going in refrigeration.

NC: That was kept outside, wasn't it?

DL: All in barrels down in the root cellar. Change the brine once in a while, you know. Take it out. It was just salted, but you could go out in the mountains with that and keep it forever, you know, dried. Then you'd parboil it, you know, to get all the salt out.

She'd soak it overnight and in the morning she'd boil it to a boil there, and you could see that froth, that salt all up on top. She'd throw that out and rinse that meat.

[End of Tape 2, Side A]

[Tape 2, Side B]

DL: On what date?

EM: Tenth of April.

FC: Tenth of April.

DL: Tenth of April. Pretty close to me. Ben is a year younger than me.

FC: How's Ben, I haven't seen him in—

DL: Well, they're in Arizona.

FC: Oh they are?

DL: I guess they're enjoying it. I don't know. They've had a cold winter there in Arizona.

EM: When did your parents come to Six Mile?

FC: I couldn't tell you quite. I lost my parents when I was quite young. My dad mined in the Martina District before he was married, then him and Mr. Granho (?) got together and they raised cattle. Mr. Ledoux and my dad run cattle up at Big Arm. That's probably where you used to have that place up there.

DL: Big Arm?

FC: Yes.

DL: Well, close. I was up there close. I know where it was. It was on the old Irving Flat. That was owned by big George, old George Ledoux. My grandpa...my mother's first cousin.

FC: Yes.

DL: Yes. I stayed with them up there in that flat.

FC: Yes, my dad you used to run cattle up there.

DL: Yes.

EM: Now where is this you're talking about? On up—

DL: Flathead Lake, Big Arm. It is just up...Oh, it's about 15 miles from Polson. Then back up from

Big Arm, what they'd called, later on, called the Irving Flats. Old Irving had bought George Ledoux's place. I rode all over that country.

EM: Now you're not talking about cattle that ever were down here and moved up. They weren't moved back and forth or anything?

DL: No, I don't think so. No.

EM: You said your father went to Martina?

FC: Yes, he mined up there at Martina. There's two creeks up there that are named for my uncles. One is Youstaff Creek, that's my grandfather, and the other one was Louis Creek.

DL: St. Louis.

EM: Can you tell us anything about the Martina mining that was ever told to you? Do you remember?

FC: Well, I can't tell you too much about that because that was before my time.

EM: Your father never talked much about whether he was pretty successful at Martina?

FC: Well, he died...You know, I was only 7 years old. I just barely remember him.

DL: And you mother died before him?

FC: No, a year after.

EM: Were those [deaths] in epidemics of any kind, the flu or any of that?

FC: No, my dad got bit by a hog, got blood poisoning.

DL: One of those big boars. You know, they grow those tusks. He went to head them off, and they hooked him in the leg. And that's poison, and it poisoned him. Of course, no doctor in them days probably tried to take care of it himself.

EM: He did just mine in Martina? He didn't have a side-business or anything like that?

FC: No. When he quit mining, he got married and homesteaded that place around there. He had a sawmill.

EM: Okay, go ahead on the sawmill. I'm sure that's what you really know about.

FC: Well, what I can remember. There used to be a big sawdust pile right where the road goes through there. Goes on up to...I don't know what's up there now but Parker was up there.

EM: Excuse me, you say the sawdust pile is right where the road is now?

FC: Yes, it was.

EM: Up on the hill more?

FC: No, right down at the bottom.

EM: At the intersection of the road.

FC: It was a big tank there. It was water powered. There was a turbine in the bottom there and (unintelligible) I imagine.

DL: Oh, it dropped about 20 feet on the turbine. The big canal was built out of the Six Mile and brought up there to where they had grade enough to build a big drop—cased in, you know. It dropped about 20 feet, but it was a lot of water in them days.

FC: Oh, yes, yes. I guess they used the saw quite a bit.

DL: Oh yes.

FC: I remember after Dad died there was Alec Lieber (?) over there.

DL: Yes, just a kid, too.

FC: They sawed for the families in the valley. Everybody brought logs up there, sawed them. One summer when Alec had set the sawdust pile on fire in the fall, thought it would be all right. There was anything that popped out of it until next August when a big windstorm come along and the fire blew up and burned the sawmill and everything.

EM: You don't happen to have any pictures of that old mill, do you?

FC: No, I don't.

EM: You know anybody that would?

FC: Well, maybe if you'd go and see Ernest Lanoue he might have.

DL: He might, old Ernest. Where does he live now?

FC: He lives on Alder Street. Let's see now, what's the number...I stayed there, too, one time. I can't remember the number.

EM: Is it an apartment building?

FC: No, he lives by himself there.

DL: Could you see him?

FC: Yes, I could.

DL: Fred, would be the one to see him.

EM: Well, if you would, we'll check back with you in a week or so and see if you've been able. We would really like to have a picture of the Cormier Mill (?). I'm sure we don't have one, do we? That's one of the older...and I think lasted a lot longer than a lot of the mills, didn't it?

FC: I guess it did.

DL: Oh yes. Many years.

DL: Now, I remember...My dad worked there at times.

FC: Your dad told me the first man he worked for was my dad when he come to the country. They were building that Six Mile Road.

DL: Terrific big timber. Nobody could get out enough logs to keep your dad's mill going. So they sent back...They advertised some way back east for someone to come that was a good logger, could move logs, and old Ed Donlan the one that was sent—Art Donlan's dad. And he took the logs out. He had as high as eight, ten spans of bulls, you know, cattle. They were powerful, more powerful than a horse. He took them all out with that. He'd have that many out there. So it was interesting. He knew back there the logs, see.

EM: Mr. Kelson (?) has written to us and he said that Napoleon Glaude tried to put some rails up the Six Mile Road.

FC: That's what we used to call corduroy. They laid them out like that, you know. Well, it got so muddy that they couldn't go through hauling lumber down to Huson and load on the cars. They'd get stuck.

DL: The road was so narrow that's after you go by Richardson's place up...you know, you go around that hill. So he had cribbed and corduroyed on top to the level of the road, but further out over the road. He contemplated a small, narrow-gauge railroad to haul all the lumber down

from the mill. Old Mr. Glaude had already...he owned that Glaude ranch right next to you. He had the hotel and the saloon and the restaurant in Huson, dance hall. He was an old builder. He built many of the first barns for his dad (unintelligible). I remember his dad as an old man. Those barns didn't have a nail in the framing. The barns I looked at. It was before the nail. They're all wooden pegs put in. Haven't they?

EM: Have any idea where all those things are now?

DL: Well, Tom Scheffer would know. Has he still got that old barn? You know when he moved it from the sloughs down there up there, he found out they were all wooden pegs.

FC: Yes, he moved it on the Hoover place (?), I think. Whether it's still there or not I couldn't tell you.

DL: Couldn't say. I played in that with their youngest. They called him Babe Scheffer; they called me Babe at the time. We were little. He was Alice's age. Babe was two years older than I...or a year maybe. We played in that barn, and we fished down there. That's where we lived down in the barns, watching out for the bears? (laughs) He died young. He died in 1917 at the age of 21.

FC: Yes.

DL: And his brother Tom died the following year, just about 11 months later. Next oldest boy.

EM: What do you remember of early childhood on the Six Mile?

FC: Oh, I don't know. I don't think it was too much excitement. (laughs)

NC: It is to us.

FC: Well, for one thing...I can remember the first school they had was in a little log cabin and Mother had one of them clothes-hangers—them crossed bars that swing around, you know. The Dubai (?) boys were quite rough characters, and they'd break Mother's clothesline so Dad decided if he'd give the lumber and the nails and the rest of the community would furnish their half, he'd build a schoolhouse up there.

DL: Where you went.

FC: So they wouldn't be tearing down Mother's clothesline. (laughs)

EM: And that's why the school got started? To take care of the Dubai boys?

DL: Build it away from the Dubays.

EM: Oh right. (laughs)

DL: You know where that school was? You know at the end of the pavement up where you turn to go...well, it would be Bill Aler's (?) place. Little lake and a house where it turns there? It was right there where that road turns. That's where it stood.

FC: So he furnished the land, the lumber, and the nails. And the rest of the community furnished their time.

NC: The community furnished, did you say?

FC: Their time.

NC: Oh, the time.

DL: That would be the Lanoues and—

FC: Dubays—

EM: What year was that? Do you know?

FC: God, I couldn't tell you. That was before I ever started going to school. I was eight years old when I started to go to school.

DL: You went to the new school. You never went in the old school.

FC: No, no.

DL: It's old, because I remember going when we would go up Terragate from the valley. The school was there then, but it's quite new.

FC: It was build out of rough lumber.

EM: That's the new school, was out of the rough lumber?

FC: Yes. It wasn't painted.

EM: You mentioned logs, a log school, I thought?

DL: That was the first one.

EM: Okay, and where was that?

FC: That was right close to the house where Aaron lives.

EM: Is that right? And that was there then as long as you could remember back, I suppose?

FC: Yes.

EM: You don't have any idea then, I don't suppose, when that one was built or anything?

FC: No, I don't.

EM: The first one then, was that the one they called Cormier, and then later on they called it Six Mile School?

FC: Yes. It was Cormier School.

EM: The first one that was built?

FC: Yes, 39. District 39.

NC: Your father gave the materials for—

DL: And the land.

NC: Oh, and the land.

FC: Yes.

NC: Did he give that land to the school district? Or did that later go back to him?

FC: I couldn't say. I think he gave it up to the district.

EM: I'm wondering because right now it is in private ownership, isn't it? That land up there?

FC: See the line comes down there between the...let's see...no...I guess Nita owns that place now.

DL: Yes. Up the hill a bit.

FC: Well the line comes down between there and the land was in from Dad's sides.

EM: On your dad's side? That's the east side more or less?

DL: Yes. East.

FC: I remember when I first started going to school, Dubays boys, and there was a girl, Emma Dubai, you'd probably remember her.

DL: A girl. There was only one girl, wasn't there?

FC: There was two. One of them died of diphtheria.

DL: The other one married little Joe Hoov (?).

FC: No, that was the oldest one. And Emmie was going to school when I first went up there. They used to take a big plank and put it on the fence, you know, and they'd break all their eggs. Of course I was trying to stick for my side of the view, and she took a rock and hit me on the face. I've still got the mark!

EM: (laughs) Oh my goodness.

DL: Mean!

FC: Oh she was rough. She'd fight with the Dufresne boys every night after school. (laughs)

NC: That's holding your own. These Dubays, is that...do you know how that's spelled?

FC: I never was no good in spelling so I couldn't tell you how it was.

NC: Do you have, Fred, any pictures of the old schools? Or know anybody that does?

FC: No, I don't.

DL: Unless it would be Curtis. You look at the—

[Break in audio]

NC: Did the community build the desks and the equipment?

FC: Yes, it was all homemade desks.

DL: (Laughs) They were hard to sit in very long. You'd sit this way a while. I remember. (laughs)

NC: Were they built so two sat together, or were they individual?

DL: Yes, it was two.

FC: They'd sit two together. Edmond Dufresne and I'd sit together. We were poor spellers. We'd write words on a piece of paper and stick it in the corner. (laughs)

DL: To reference.

FC: This way we'd get the answer right. Finally one day we got caught at it. We had to stay after school for a whole week and write them words over. (laughs)

NC: Did most everyone speak French at school?

FC: Yes, when I started school, I couldn't say a word of English. I was lucky, William Touchette was my first teacher. Remember William?

DL: Yes, a good man, good teacher. I went to his school at Huson.

FC: Yes. So that's what helped me a lot. I couldn't say a word of English. He was French so that helped.

NC: So did he speak French in the classroom to the students?

FC: No. Only to those who didn't understand him.

NC: Only if you didn't understand him.

FC: Understand English

NC: But he was supposed to teach you English, is that right?

FC: Yes, yes.

EM: What about when you were all outside playing, did most of you speak French then?

FC: Yes. (laughs)

NC: And you weren't supposed to?

FC: No. (laughs)

EM: Do you remember anything you played? Before school?

FC: We played The Geese and The Fox.

EM: We still play that.

FC: Deer. We had what kind of fun and games...Black Man Come.

[Break in audio]

FC: We had a teacher that was pretty strict there—Miss Kelly.

DL: Kelly?

FC: We'd hit the roof, and she'd get (unintelligible). (laughs)

NC: About what grade was that, do you remember, that you had Miss Kelly?

FC: (pauses) I think it was my third year in school.

NC: You started school when you were six, did you?

FC: Pardon?

NC: Did you start when you were six?

FC: No, I started when I was eight.

NC: When you were eight, oh.

FC: I only went through the fourth grade. It took me eight years to get through there. They didn't have enough money to run the full year, so they'd only run for the money they had. Sometimes they only had three months of school a year.

EM: This was the money for the teacher you're talking about?

FC: Yes.

EM: How did they get the money for the teacher?

FC: Well, I guess it was through the taxes that they—

NC: It wasn't just a community effort?

FC: No.

NC: They didn't just give money?

FC: Yes.

EM: Do you remember, maybe, about how many there were in school when you started?

FC: (pauses) I think there must have been about a dozen, maybe.

EM: I see Mr. Longpre, you have some notes there—

DL: Well, I started with my grandfolks. I explained that on here, I knew about this. Now, I gave them my reading, my letter, to Harry Hanson about the Longpre family, my family. You have that don't you?

NC: Yes, we have that.

DL: Well, they wanted the Six Mile. So I started at the mouth of the Six Mile, that would be where Richardson lives now. It tells you very definitely here what I said. You see, Pete Scheffer moved to that ranch and was there for a few years. That was his dad, old Uncle Uzeb (?), his dad. Uncle Uzeb, when he moved, then he moved down where Tom is now, and Uncle Uzeb sold that ranch to my grandpa, Damien Ledoux. He run a road house there. In fact, part of the road house he had built, (unintelligible) and they moved it up around the point up there. You remember that high building that sits back there made all out of sawed timber? That was part of it, and then it had logs added on to it for kitchens.

He was there until about...Well, as I can figure, I'm not too sure. But about 1900 he sold that Six Mile Ranch to a Calvin McDonald and family. The Mncald family consisted of Donna and Hairo, two girls. And then there was Billy. He was chief superintendent of the ACM before Ross. When Ross took his place later year, after he retired or something, I don't know, but that's one of the family. Then he was general superintendent for the ACM lumber, just prior to Kenneth Ross. Now Donna married Billy Brennan who owned the Billy Brennan Blacksmith Shop over here in Missoula. That was Brennan. In around 1907 or '08, McDonald sold to Peter Scheffer, back to Peter Scheffer, son of Uzeb Scheffer. Old Grandpa Uzeb, the '49er that had been in the gold rush.

Uzeb Scheffer had a brother, Kellicks (?). Do you remember Uncle Kellicks?

FC: I don't remember, but I heard a lot about—

DL: Yes, just about the same age. They had both, he and Uncle Uzeb, had gone to the gold rush via the Cape Horn. Uncle Uzeb shipwrecked and he swam and got to an island, and he was on there two or three weeks before another boat come. He signaled them, and they picked him up and took him on.

Now, my grandpa, he was a '49er, but he went by land. He was 101 days crossing the plains

with a partner that was married and had a wife. Going through Death Valley, there was a lot of cholera. She became very ill, very sick, and died. So as he said, "We could see something away in the desert, a black spot." He figured, "Well, that's a something." So they went by there, and it was a big square rock that stuck out of the desert. So they tore part of the wagon box apart and built this fellow's wife a coffin and buried her there and had enough to make a cross and set it up there, and went on.

Anyway, when they came back, most of them, they came back by the Oregon Trail and then on back through. Uzeb stopped here and then he worked, settled, homesteaded, or just took the land. That's before homesteading days. You just plowed around a piece of land.

My grandpa went clear on to Fort Bridger and he freighted for old Jim Bridger for many years, a great friend of Jim. He says the two best friends he had was Jim Bridger and Carson—that great scout. They'd see them...He'd stop about twice a year making trips back from Missouri, Saint Louis, with the caravans, you know, going through. Kit Carson. He was there until he came to Missoula then and settled first up on Butler Creek, you know, up from the airport. Later on, Judge Pope had that place till he died. I don't know if the widow still owns it or not. And that was my grandpa's place.

Then from there, my mother was born at Hells Gate. She was the first white girl married and baptized in that old church that stands there. They resurrected that church that stands there. And the records for that used to be in Saint Ignatius, but they're all in Gonzaga now—Spokane.

Well from there he moved to Six Mile. He bought this place from Uzeb Scheffer and run this road house. I can just remember as a little fellow I'd go there. We lived where Bob Touchette lives...lived, you know. He was a great gardener, and he'd take me out in the garden and everything. Give me some strawberries. But these Chinese and freighters and everything stopped there. The house was always full.

My grandmother was a regular chef—French chef—and my mother, daughter Mary, worked with her and learned from her to cook. They did well. They had a bar. In them days you had to have...to have a road house you had to have rooms, eats, to have a saloon. So, then he had built some lime kilns. You heard about that? They burned lime. He manufactured lime. They'd cut wood all winter long and then burn with that wood and that fir up there. They'd fire the kilns in summer. Old Uzeb Scheffer, and old Dubay, Edward Dubay—they were the firemen. They knew how to do it. And they knew how to lay the rock in there, and when it was cooked, it would all collapse. My grandpa hauled the first lime to Missoula to build the First National Bank and all that.

Then, the next place above from there, was the Glaude Place. Who lives there now on that corner? You know just before you get to the old Lanoue place, that red house on the corner there.

NC: Oh, Rappas (?)...Rappas.

FC: You live there, don't you?

NC: Well, we live on that land. Section 23.

DL: That was the old Glaude place. Then right up that road, between that house...There used to be a road closer to the house now that went right up to your place than it does now—that goes up and then turns.

FC: Yes. Instead of where they go now, it used to come around this way—

DL: Right down from that house, from that red house.

FC: Right by where the (unintelligible).

DL: But now you go on toward the Lanoue place, Six Mile bridge there, and then it turns about half way before you get to the old Lanoue place, it's that white house. Course them days of log houses, all of them are old frame-houses. But the Lanoue family was an old family, too.

FC: Yes.

NC: I think you mean the brown house where Doug Jeddy lives now.

DL: Yes. That's painted brown now. I know, because I went by there not long ago. But that old—

[End of Interview]