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

Oral History Number: 149-005d

Interviewee: George Odion

Interviewer: Ernest Kraft

Date of Interview: circa 1965

Project: National Bison Range Oral History Project

Note: Clarence "Cy" Young and an unidentified woman (likely Ernest Kraft's wife) are present during this interview and occasionally contribute to the conversation.

George Odion: —clear down in Texas. It cost him an awful lot to round those—

Clarence "Cy" Young: I don't imagine he had much left when he got through paying expenses.

GO: Well, I don't suppose a great deal. He had enough left that all of his relatives, when he died, they took care of the estate and all them high-powered cars, and got their noses wet—

CY: [unintelligible]

GO: —until they were broke.

Ernest Kraft: This is an interview with George Odion of 432 East Pine [Street], who was an engineer—

GO: Fireman.

EK: —fireman on the train that hauled the buffalo to Canada.

GO: Yeah, hauled the buffalo from Ravalli to Paradise, and another engine took them from Paradise to Sand Point. At Sand Point we changed crews and took them from Sand Point over to Great Northern. They'd connect with Canadian Pacific, and Canadian Pacific...the Canadian government is one at the bought them. Canadian Pacific delivered them, and where they delivered them, I don't know. There's three crews. We only took them about 60-some miles across there. Then we delivered them to the Idaho division. See, we work in divisions. Then the Idaho division took them to Sand Point. Of course, that's still on the NP [Northern Pacific Railway], but when they got to Sand Point, why, they delivered them to the Great Northern. Then the Great Northern, they delivered him to the Canadian Pacific. That's up in Canada, and that was 1909.

EK: 1909. You were present when they were loading them at Ravalli?

GO: Oh yes, yeah. I sat there on the stock car and watched them on top of the car, you see. Watched them try to get them into the corrals. They had quite a time getting them in the corrals. They got the corral gates open and they got three or four in, and then these cowboys

would kind of bust them up in patches and they'd take them in a few at a time. That's the way they got them in the corrals.

EK: Ravalli was a pretty good-sized town at that time, wasn't it?

GO: Oh no. Nothing there much. Not as much as there is now. It was just a little Indian town site.

CY: [unintelligible] come in there.

GO: It was the junction over the highways there—Flathead and Paradise highway junctions. There wasn't much. There was a saloon there and an old hotel and section house. Didn't amount to a great deal.

Those days the Indians...Pablo [Michel Pablo] there, he wasn't a full-blooded Flathead Indian. I think he was maybe half. But a lot of the full of full-blood Indians, you could tell a difference. Gosh, they were wore their capes and they wore their feathers on their head and all that stuff. In fact, a lot of them went around there just to [unintelligible] and help round them up. Some of them helped round them up, see, but Pablo wasn't a full-blooded Flathead Indian.

EK: I think he was a Pend d'Oreilles.

GO: Just where he come from, I never really—

CY: That *Pablo* name, sounds like he might have had some Spanish in him, too—Mexican or something.

GO: When you get up to him, his features, well, he didn't have the features of a full-blooded Indian, see.

EK: Flathead.

GO: Flathead Indian. Kind of short, heavy-set fellow. But he talked very distinct English, like he might have been, oh, a Carlisle [Indian Industrial School] graduate or something. Some of those Indians was. This Meinsinger (?) I was talking about was a Carlisle graduate—his wife and him both—they were musicians and they were very nice people. They lived here in town. He was a locomotive engineer, and they used to come up to they up to the lodge halls and play for them—piano and violin. They were very good and very highly respected people.

EK: How big a corral was it at Ravalli? Could you estimate the width across it and so forth, or is that...We can maybe get that from the pictures. They were made out of plank apparently.

GO: Plank—that's it—plank and post. They wasn't creosote either, because those days we didn't use much creosote. Just posts—big posts, like a telephone pole, that were drove into the ground and connected up. I got an idea that, see, there's one, two, oh, it must have been 150 foot, 75 feet long, and about 125 foot wide. It wasn't an awful big stockyard.

EK: Wasn't it a case that they'd get them practically down to town quite often, and then they'd...too much activity around there and they'd lose them.

GO: No, no, no. See, there wasn't much activity around...Ravalli was...There was a few Indians around there. There wasn't very many whites around there at that time.

CY: [unintelligible]

GO: No. No cars to haul. These were all, these wagons here, they were wagons with a box on them. Those days, we had those big old wagons, and they just put the boxes on them.

EK: Right. How big was a car in those days?

GO: A lot of them around 45 foot. Somewhere around there. They'd get about, from what I remember, around 30 head packed to a car, but they'd partition them off. They'd put one in, and then they'd run two-by-fours through the slats of the car and nail it. Then they'd run another—partition them off. They didn't turn them loose in there, or in there loose. They were all partitioned off. If they turn them in there loose, it would have been a mess, because they'd have—

CY: Yes, I think they—

EK: Would have killed each other.

CY: —snared them when they went into the car and then anchored them to the wall, too, [unintelligible].

GO: Some of them they had a pull in. They pulled in with a rope. They couldn't drive them, once in a while. You see where it tore out the side the car that was pulling him in, and he decided to keep right on going. Then again, some went in just like stock will sometimes do—follow one another—but they didn't follow very good. The most exciting thing the boys told me is when they was putting them across the river. You see, they made them swim the river.

EK: Did you ever see anybody get hooked or caught down there?

GO: No, no. They put the run on two or three fellows that was in there in the corral, and they'd go to the top and jump over, something like that. Some of those fellows were quite daring.

EK: That was quite common, something like that.

GO: Some of those cowboys, you know, they wasn't afraid of the buffalo. They were quite active, and if they see anything like that, why, they'd climb the stockyard fence and get over. Maybe there's a picture of—

EK: Yes, there is.

GO: —there's one. Some of them would be daring-like, and they'd get down in there.

EK: Did you know Allard [Charles Allard]?

GO: No, I didn't. I've seen the man. I had met Pablo, but I never met Allard. Allard didn't seem to take much...He wasn't around there very much while they was loading, as I remember, Pablo was easy to pick out, because he was a short heavy-set fellow and he wore this certain horse. You could always tell that horse.

EK: Appaloosa.

GO: Yes.

EK: Do you have any idea what it cost them to move the buffalo, or what their rates were?

GO: No, I don't really...No, I don't really know.

EK: They brought a lot of them in there in wagons, too, [unintelligible] train.

GO: Oh, yes. Some of them wouldn't drive, and then they brought them in on those wagons. They'd rope them, and they'd run the rope through this slat of the cab, you see. They'd take a couple horses, and they'd pull them right in there into the box—wagon box. I guess you can see there how they looked. Just a big box built on those wagons.

EK: Quite an operation, wasn't it? This was all in what year?

GO: 1909. I remember distinctly, because the year before the big forest fires and I was in that at St. Regis. Engineer by the name of McCarthy and I, brought the people out of the big forest fire in 1910. We've got a woman here in town that come in with us, still living. She's about the only one that I know that's living yet. She lives over on [unintelligible].

CY: That must have been the big run they made from Wallace or Klamath?

GO: Yes. I got a book on it, but there's so many people borrow it from me. It's *The Big Smoke*, I think they call it. Some of the boys at the Elks [Club] has got it now. It's very interesting if you like history. Very interesting.

CY: I think I read about that in some book, maybe here a few years ago, about the train stayed in Wallace quite a while waiting to see if the fire was going to take the town or something.

GO: Well, the fire didn't take the north side of the town, mostly the South side. The trains there—they couldn't get out of Wallace, only over the SP [Southern Pacific Railway] into Spokane, but they couldn't come over the Northern Pacific into Missoula. Where we picked the people up was on this side of the divide at St. Regis. They come down out of the hills—prospectors and small ranchers around there. We had orders to stay there and watch the fire, and got too close to pick them all up and bring them in. But it was an awful sight. Looked like the world was coming to an end.

CY: I bet it did.

GO: The ashes fell, from that fire, far east as Helena, and this country here was just a dense cloud of smoke.

Unidentified Speaker: [unintelligible]

CY: You had the lights on in the middle of the day.

GO: Yeah.

EK: Helen Hodges.

US: Oh, it was Helen, wasn't it?

EK: Hodges [Andrew Hodges] was the first refuge manager up there, and he came there in 1908 at the Bison Range.

GO: This book gives you the name of a lot of the rangers then—different fellows that was in there. It's very good. There's two or three...In order to make a story out of it, she exaggerated some, but it wasn't exaggerated a great deal. It told about different fellows that lost their lives, and the cemetery at Wallace were they buried a lot of those fellows—the rangers that died in that. They had Negro regiment in there at the time, and they done some great work in there.

EK: Calvary regiment?

GO: Yes.

EK: Stationed at Fort Missoula.

GO: Just don't know where they come—from Fort Missoula—I just don't remember. We did have those regulars at Fort Missoula at the time. I remember that distinctly.

EK: Those were colored boys. There was a bunch of cavalry and colored boys in here too at that time, [unintelligible].

GO: —but they changed about two or three times. They called the troops in there, and they lost a lot of those fellows too. Sometime you're in town, that book...The secretary at the Elks told me the other day—and I forgot to pick it up—that he was through. His mother-in-law lived over in that country during the time. He heard I had the book, and he was very much interested. So he borrowed it, and he said they all had read it and he'd leave it at the office. I haven't picked it up, but sometime you want to read it, you come by, and I'll let you take it and read it. If you like anything like that's history.

EK: It is, and it's indirectly related to all this early on.

CY: Yeah. That whole country, I guess, was a fire from the Salmon River clear to the Canadian border.

GO: Yeah, there was a lot of big fires then, but this one...We just got into Paradise. We hadn't been there very long off our run. Hadn't much more than got to bed until the call-boy come over, and he says, "They want you to pick up all the flat car and outfit cars in the yard and go to St. Regis. The big fire, it's getting awful close to take the people out of St. Regis."

So the engineer and I, we got ready and had a bite to eat—and the trainmen. We went down to the yard and picked up what we could get a hold of—cars that wasn't loaded—and took them over there. We hadn't had any rest for quite a while. It was the evening when we got in there, and they left me on watch. Said, "If it looks too bad," they said, "to just start blowing the whistle of the engine." Gee whiz, it got so it roared just like a cyclone. You ever hear a cyclone coming? Roaring, you know. I said, "Uh-oh," and I looked over there. She sure looked bad, so we got them all together and brought them into Missoula.

US: I bet the people were pretty upset, I mean, emotionally.

GO: Oh yes, they was. They lost everything they had, see, a lot of them did.

EK: Do you have any recollection, or do you know anything about the way the buffalo were brought down from Polson to the Bison Range?

GO: From Polson?

EK: Yeah.

CY: You mean, from Kalispell.

EK: Kalispell, I mean, Kalispell.

GO: No I never knew they'd come from Kalispell. All I knew about them that they was up on the range on the other side across from Moiese and kind of north.

EK: I'm talking about the herd that made up the Bison Range—the basic herd of the Bison Range

GO: That must been years before then that we hauled them out of Ravalli. You mean where the originated from, something.

EK: Well, the Bison Range was started in 1908, and those buffalo were brought from Kalispell.

CY: Part of the Conrad deal.

EK: Part of the Conrad herd.

CY: They were originally the Pablo and Allard buffalo.

EK: Conrad bought some of them.

CY: Conrad bought some and started the herd at Kalispell. Then the United States, they bought 30 head from Conrad to start the Bison Range. I don't know how come they didn't get them from Pablo and Allard.

GO: I don't know anything about that part of it. All the connections I had was with the Pablo herd when they loaded them for Canada, after they sold them to the Canadian government.

EK: Well, that's one thing I can't understand. I mean, I just can't figure it out. I mean, there's probably a logical explanation, but in that book *The Big Roundup*, whether this was the first attempts or what, but it shows a picture of driving the buffalo from over there to where Pablo and Allard had them in that corral, and it was right up where the Bison Range is now, at that pothole, Ravalli pothole, Cy?

CY: Yeah. Right on top of the hill.

EK: Yes. Looking right down just toward Ravalli. There's no fences, there's not a thing in there.

GO: There wasn't any fences the days, I was telling you.

EK: Well, they fenced that place in 1908.

GO: Yeah. Well it wasn't fenced when, as I remember, when we loaded them there. Gosh, I don't know whether they fence...Where's this this book coming from? Who written that book?

EK: Well, I haven't got it with me today, but I'll sure bring it to you and let you look at it.

GO: Don't get me wrong on this, some of those people that have been writing those books, they try to make a story out of it too. They don't get the exact facts.

EK: Well, that's what I'm trying—

GO: They get things in there that's not true. When those buffalo was brought into Ravalli, there was no fences. They were brought down through that gorge there where the old highway was—they brought through there—and they come out on that big flat after you get over the hill clear across the river. See the picture of the river there. Well, they was over there a long ways, clear on the other side of Pablo. Of course, those days, we didn't have highways of any kind, only just some old dirt roads and a few Indian teepees here and there. As far as your town is concerned, why, they didn't amount to anything.

EK: I know that, but that's what I'm trying to dig into now. When you get to reading those things there, they'll tell you these things that are put down as fact. Now whether or not they're right, that's what I'm trying to...That's what this here's all about.

GO: I think they've just made a story there.

EK: Well, this actually is a picture...There's not too much writing in it, but it's pictures of this event as it took place, just like you have here. Only it's not it's not at the Ravalli end of it, it's up there at the other end of it when they were rounding them up at the pens and stuff, more or less. It's a book with some of these very same pictures in them. Like this one right here.

GO: Here comes somebody who's—

[Doorbell rings]

GO: Hi.

Unidentified Speaker 2: Hi. I'm from the county assessor's office.

GO: County assessor's office. Well, there isn't anybody home. The wife isn't home, and I got some company here. Could you drop in later on tomorrow sometime? Will you please?

US2: Absolutely.

GO: [unintelligible]

US: It just can't wait.

GO: You'll find out I'm right on those things, because we notice in that book that this girl—she was from Seattle—had written regarding to the big fires in the Coeur d'Alene. She says that the passenger train brought people out of Wallace to Missoula. The passenger train never come over that divide—that big fire, see—but helped make a story. If she would have said that they took the people out of Wallace over the SP to Spokane, then she'd hit it right on the nose, but our trains wasn't coming...the bridges and everything was burned out. But where we come in that, we come across the Paradise cut-off to St. Regis, and then picked them up there. They walked on the track and come out of the hills.

CY: Yeah, that was quite a fire, I guess.

EK: I'll just read you what is considered to be the facts. "According to the available records, the heritage of this herd"—they're talking about the Bison Range herd, not the herd that—"There's a herd that dates as far back as 1873, when Walking Coyote, a Pend d'Oreilles Indian, captured a few calves of the plains east of the main range of the Rocky Mountains and brought them to the Flathead Valley. Descendants of these animals compromised the famous Pablo-Allard herd, part of which later became the Conrad herd at Kalispell, Montana. It was from this latter group that the American Bison Society purchased the original 34 bison for this refuge. In addition to these, the Conrad estate gave seven more animals to the range. One of these was a cow, and another a splendid seven-year-old bull know as Kalispell Chief, which became the leader of the herd. Other donations were made by Charles Goodnight of Goodnight, Texas, who in 1909 sent a pair of young bison from his famous herd, and by the Blue Mountain Forest Association of New Hampshire which contributed three animals from the Corbin herd in 1910. The animals on the Bison Range, therefore, represent three distinct strains from the Conrad, Goodnight, and Corbin herds."

GO: This is after the herd was loaded at Ravalli. This is later on when they put in the Bison Range. There was no Bison Range there in 1908. Not a thing. I was right there and saw the whole setup. We didn't know what the Bison Range even was. If there was a bison range, we'd have known it. I hunted and fished that country for years, fished there long before 1909. Gosh, nothing. I'd drop off the train, go down there fishing, and there was no...You see, the old Indian agency was the other side of Arlee years ago.

EK: That's right.

GO: All right, what year was the Indian agency put in there at—

CY: Dixon.

GO: —Dixon?

EK: Oh, way later than that.

GO: Well, sure it was.

EK: About 19—

CY: '18.

EK: '18. About the time the railroad went up through Moiese.

GO: Well, I made the fourth trip on that train that went up there after the railroad was put in. Engineer by the name of Matt Jar (?) was the engineer on that passenger train, and I was the fireman on it.

EK: That was in 1918?

GO: Yes, about that time. Somewhere around in there.

US: That's another thing; you've gotten several years. Different people it can vary a year or two.

GO: I've noticed other stories that I've checked on my time, as I was saying there a while ago, that in order to get a story and make it easy, they seem like they exaggerate it to a certain extent. They don't get it right, exactly right, yet it's good reading for people that don't know the difference.

EK: That's what I'm trying to dig into here, but according to the—

GO: Now, I'll tell you who might give you some information. I'm not sure about this because she's a Flathead Indian, and she's been married, she lives over the hill there from Ravalli—

EK: Arlee?

US: St. Ignatius?

GO: St. Ignatius. She still lives there. I saw her not long ago, her and her husband. She was in this country at that time, because that's a Meinsinger. John died, and she married again and lost her second husband. Now, she's married again to a man that's quite a bit younger, but he's got Indian blood. But Mrs. Meinsinger herself is an old-timer.

CY: Would she be the mother of Tommy that runs the Zip Auto Laundry out there?

GO: I wouldn't be surprised she is. She had a boy and a girl...yeah, a boy and a girl, or there's two boys...I know she had a boy, and I think she had a boy and a girl.

CY: There were three of these boys that I know, that they used to have an orchestra and played around.

GO: Well, it might be.

CY: Tommy, he runs the Zip Auto Laundry there, and there's another one in town, too. I forget—

GO: I heard about that Meinsinger here, I—

CY: Well, he used to be out there on that Post Creek hill.

GO: Well, their home is there on Post Creek.

CY: So he might be one boys.

GO: Yes. When they opened the reservation up to give those Indians a 160 acres of the choiced land. Their land was connected—160 acres apiece—and beautiful piece of property up there right on Post Creek—natural water right. It was the Meinsinger ranch. It's on the left hand side going west just going out of Post Creek there. Kind of a big the slope through there.

US: Well, there's somebody in Ronan, I think, by that name. I can't think of a connection. They're still there on Post Creek, some of the family.

GO: I forget this Mrs. Meinsinger's name now. But anybody in St. Ignatius you'd mention the name, they'd point her out to you. She lives about a block off the main street there to the right. Kind of a nice home she's got there.

EK: Do you think she would talk to me?

GO: Oh, she's a wonderful person, very talkative too. Very distinct English.

EK: How old is she?

GO: Well, Mrs. Meinsinger must be hitting up around the 80s now. She's well preserved for a woman of 80 years old.

US: It seems like I know somebody, someplace, some connection—4H or something.

EK: You say she was married again, or—

GO: She's been married twice after John died. She lost her second husband. Then this here other Indian she married—he's not Indian, "*breed*" we call him. He's an awful nice fellow though. I don't think...He might be half-breed. I met him here some time ago, but she's several years older than he is. I got an idea he's right around 70.

EK: What's her married name, now? Do you know?

GO: The wife knows. She got her address around here someplace.

EK: Was it Cope (?)?

GO: No. That don't sound like it.

EK: There's a lady over there by [unintelligible] the name of Anne Cope that's supposed to be up on this stuff, and I want to see her.

GO: Is there anybody around Pablo itself? Old Indians that you could contact that are still living?

EK: I made two or three approaches to these people and explained what we were trying to get and everything—

US: I bet Howard would know.

EK: Gene Howard (?) might.

—and all of them have said that they would contact me, and I never heard from a-one of them yet.

GO: You see, I suppose they're another generation. When you go back over 50 years, that's a lot of territory. They might have a faint recollection of things they had heard, not actually seen. That'd be a known fact. I know well that the Bison Range wasn't there in 1908. It was not fenced 1908, because I see them driving them off of the hills there.

CY: They was just beginning—

EK: They started the fences—

GO: They might have started the fences, because I see them drive them off of the hills there.

EK: Yes, but you see, we've got a real good lead on this; there's a fellow by the name of Art Cantrell (?), and his father was the fellow that contracted to haul the lumber—or the posts and the wire and stuff—and he fed this gang of men that built that fence in 19...It started in 1908 and finished in 1909, completed around there. They might have been working on another section of it.

GO: They must have been, maybe on the northwest side.

EK: [unintelligible] north side there someplace. I want to get his story, because he worked with his father on that.

GO: How old a man would he be now?

EK: Well, Cy knows him, I don't know him.

CY: Art, he was a young kid, and old Tom and his wife had the contract to feed the crew, and he had the contract to distribute the material. These two boys were just young kids at that time. Art, now, would be 65 or 70.

GO: Yeah, at least. I was young myself, those days, just a kid.

EK: How old are you now?

GO: I'm 72, the 14th of this month, but I went railroading here when I was quite young. I went in the service [unintelligible] 1906, when I was 13 years old as a call boy. I was in the engine-service—a fireman—when I was 14 years and big as am now, and I've run an engine when I was 24.

EK: That's quite a record.

GO: I put in 55 years and ten days with them when I quit.

CY: That's a long time. Covered a lot of miles in that time.

GO: Oh yes, I can say. See, our old main-line run over the hill those days. We didn't have no, what we call a low-line now where the freight trains go around through the Coeur d'Alenes. They done a lot of construction work on that Paradise cut-off—bored tunnels and bridges—and then they detoured it around that way—the freight trains.

EK: Well now in your travels over—well, you mentioned the cutoff for instance—how common was it to see elk in that area?

GO: Oh, that was common, very common.

EK: What about being in comparison to say in the last ten years.

GO: Well, more so than there is of late years. Another thing that deer was...there was an awful lot of wildlife. I have come right up in the wintertime, the snow is deep over there, and keep from killing the whole herd of them. They'd stand on the track 15, 20 of them. I'd come to a complete stop so those big trains keep from killing them, and yet a lot of the boys killed them too. I've had McLaren (?) and Brinkman (?) get out and try to get them off. Starving and nothing for them to eat. We killed a lot of deer or see elk right along. Elk didn't seem to get close enough to the track. They'd see a train a-coming, and they'd hightail it out. But the deer weren't afraid. They'd just stand there and looked at you, and a bunch of them...they'd kind of get together in bunches, and that's the way they stayed. They'd get in the middle of the track.

EK: They were mostly mule deer?

GO: Yeah, mostly. A few white-face too...or I mean white-tail.

CY: The same thing happened the time...Frosty (?) and I used to go down to the cabin every winter in about February when they'd all be yarded up, and they'd be a few in the road. They'd start down the road, and you'd keep following them real slow. It wouldn't be long until we had about 175 deer ahead of us there one time. They wouldn't get off. They'd just keep going right down the road ahead of us.

GO: We've had some severe winters over there. The weather wasn't so cold, but we had so much snow! They couldn't get anything to eat.

EK: Let's go back to the spur that goes up by Moiese. Now, do you have any recollection of the loading of the carcasses out of there when they started to sell animals?

GO: No. That was later years.

EK: About '26.

GO: Yeah. No, I have no recollection of that. All I would know is maybe something in the paper, but I wouldn't pay a great deal of attention to that.

EK: Well you wouldn't have been riding that spur after that time, that's right, too, I'd forgot. But in your early trips up through there in, say 1918, do you have any recollections of that even knowing it was there, more or less?

GO: Well, in those days, they wasn't so many white settlers in through there. The range and everything, was open—quite open quite a bit yet—that when I went through there, all you

could see was teepees around. Once in a while a real old timer Indian that had a nice home that I remember lived at Dixon and his name was—

CY: Duncan McDonald?

GO: No, I knew Duncan McDonald, but...oh, what the heck is his name? He had a boy come in here and work for a long time. He was a Carlisle graduate for the [unintelligible] people.

CY: Did he live in Dixon?

GO: Lived in Dixon, just west of Dixon, that first farmhouse there—nice frame-house just west of Dixon, just outside of the city limits there—nice frame-house.

CY: Was it old Joe Gonyer?

GO: No, no.

EK: This was in 1913. This was the headquarters area. Where the present one is located. There is the way it was set up, and those buildings were built in about, what, 1909. They were already in there in 1909. This album is the daughter of the first refuge manager's—her album—and it shows their home in 1913 when she first got her camera. This was the house where the manager lived. It was right where the present manager's house sits. Then there was a little building here between this and the barn, and that's the building that had the records in that burned in 1930. Where we lost our—

GO: Pauline.

CY: Oh, yeah.

EK: Oh, yeah. I heard that many times.

GO: Albert Pauline, and I forget his brother's name. They lived at Dixon when the reservation was opened up, and the family comes in the east there and they had two daughters—nice-looking girls and the boys married both of them. Albert and his wife separated, and the other one I don't know whatever come of him until later years.

EK: They spelled that P-a-u-l-i-n?

GO: Well, I wouldn't swear just how—

EK: Does that sound right to you?

GO: No, [unintelligible], Albert Pauline.

EK: We have a section of the range named Pauline Creek, and it was named for them. They had a little homestead at the mouth of the range, or at once west side of the range there.

US: That's where Rose Wagner (?) was before she married [unintelligible]

EK: Pauline, Ray Wagner's wife—Rose Wagner.

GO: They married white girls, both of them. This reservation is a [unintelligible] and these folks come from the east. They come out there and built and had a little money. Maybe [unintelligible] east of Dixon, to the right coming towards Missoula there's a big house that's up there?

CY: Big two-story house.

GO: That's it. That was the first building that was built in there. Remember where it was built? That's where these girls lived [unintelligible]

EK: Here's a winter picture of the same area.

CY: Yes, that was probably the White, probably their name was White. They was Whites built and lived in that house for a long time.

EK: These buildings set exactly where the present ones are today, if you've been up there lately.

GO: I haven't been up lately.

EK: Well, within the last...Now, they've always been right in that same area. This, again, is the building that burned in 1930.

EK: She just died. Mrs. Pauline just died here about a year ago.

GO: Quite old.

CY: Yes, she was real old.

GO: Albert, at that time when I knew him at Dixon, looked to be a boy about 21 or 2 years old, but he was a big fellow and kind of nice-looking for an Indian, because he was dark. But he had a good education. He come in here, and worked for the Chevy people for a long time, and then they sent him east and I heard he died in Chicago.

EK: This was a building that was right there at headquarters area that was an old Indian shack they tore down.

GO: It's hard to visualize...Of course, you have some conception of what was going on in those days now, but these younger folks you know how the country had developed [telephone rings] in 50 years or 65 years—

[break in audio]

GO: —ropes through the slats of the car and take a team of horses on the other side and pull them right in.

CY: When they didn't want to go—

GO: Then they partitioned all of them off. I don't know whether you had that or not. Put one in just like they used to with race horses. You remember? You've seen them take Thoroughbred racehorses with a partition between each one of them.

EK: You can actually see it here, if you look, in this picture that you showed me. If you look close, even there, you can see that they're partitioned off.

GO: Oh yeah.

EK: You can see the ones rear-end facing the other direction.

GO: That's right. See the boys on top there. There's quite a bunch of Indians around there in those days.

US: I bet that was quite an attraction for them.

GO: Oh, yes, for the Indians. They got a great kick out of that.

EK: These injured animals and stuff, where they butchered them—

GO: The Indians took the carcass.

CY: See that picture in the book there were the old squaws were skinning the one that broke [unintelligible]

GO: Those days, they eat horses and everything else. We kill a horse along the track of the train, and they'd come down there in no time and it'd be gone.

CY: Yes. They'd eat horse meat all right. Dogs, anything. They like dogs.

GO: Horses, they was great for horses.

EK: You figure they could get about 30 in the cars though?

GO: I figured about 30, because you're putting them in that way, you'd get quite a few in.

You see, as near as I can recollect, when I first went up there on this passenger train...The fourth day it run up there, I was the extra fireman at the time, and I went up there with this with this engineer—the old fellow has been passed on quite a while ago—and the country was always all practically open. See, there was very few fences around any place, and of course, the way I can visualize the whole thing is this. When the round-up here and what the boys is talking about there, is just a great big flat out there, and they just round them up. I asked to them, "You have a hard time getting them across the river?"

"You ought to go down there and watching them. Did we?" To get them into the river. You can imagine for yourself, getting those animals into that river, and then it shows you there them putting them across the river. They had some of the best cowboys in the country. I understood they went clear to Texas and got some of them.

CY: They had lots of them too.

GO: Yeah, and they had a lot of them, and they needed a lot of them.

CY: Some drives they had 75 men.

EK: They did it for years and several years before they ever got any though.

GO: It was a new venture. You know how fellows are in those days. They're rough and rugged and tie into anything, and it was quite exciting. This generation today, see, something like that, they get quite a kick out of it, too, because you can look back and read past history. I remember when I was a young fellow when W.A. Clark and Tom Kelley (?) and [unintelligible] and Daly had his big home up at the Bitterroot, and I've been in that years ago when he lived there. He was the guy that built the Anaconda smelters, and...what's his name from Salmon Lake, our senator, he was the guy that discovered the Butte mines. He come up from Salt Lake. I met him, that was Senator...not Daly, but...oh gosh. I met his boys, too. Anyhow, I'll think of it pretty soon. Those days old mud roads, no automobile roads, no nothing. Higgins Avenue was the same way, an old board-sidewalks. We had the old regulars here then, and we had the railroad boys and we had the big terminal here. Then we had the miners and the lumberjacks and the regulars and the railroad men. They were all a pretty rugged bunch, and this was a rugged town those days. There was plenty going on, plenty excitement.

CY: Yeah, I bet this was a kind of exciting place back in them days.

GO: Oh yes. I used to run into Butte on the 1 and 2 in the early days there. Butte, at one time, in 1908 had a population of about 75,000 people, and the miners up there were mostly Irish. Boy, they were a rough and rugged bunch. They liked their liquor, and the town was wide open and—

EK: They liked to fight too.

GO: I had an engineer over there at Helena, used to go up there quite...He was Irish. He had quite an Irish brogue and got so he didn't go up quite so often, and I said, "Johnny"—Johnny Flynn (?) was his name—"Johnny, hows come you never go to Butte anymore?"

He says, "The damn wops run the Irish all out." [laughs] So then the Italians started.

US: Well, in one of those Montana magazines, you know that you got from Lou, there's quite an article on those mines at Butte and the people and the happenings and everything.

GO: The IWW [International Workers of the World] strike, that was the time...Now, I don't know whether you ever had read the history, but I know all about this. When Little [Frank Little]...he was in the organizer. That's how the miners in Butte organized. This man Little come from back East to organize them. The ACM [Anaconda Copper Mining Company] had their gunmen those days, and boy, that was a bitter pill for them. Well they got him one night. They hung him to a trestle up there, but that was the worst thing they could have done, because then the boys tightened things up right and then they organized. That was in, oh, I got an idea around 1908—fall of 1908, somewhere along in there. So I was a garrison at the time.

Maybe you heard of the IWW strike in this country. Oh heck, these here fellows, they wouldn't ride the trains. They just hiked along the railroad tracks, and they had everything tied up. They wouldn't work, they wouldn't do nothing until they got organized. That's what we call the IWW strike. That was when the Butte mines was organized. That's when organized labor originated, in Butte in this state. It was pretty tough those days. Mucked everything by hand, and they drilled their powder-holes by hand and hoisted everything out by hand. A lot of them got killed, lead got gassed—the fumes in the mines—and they were after better working conditions. Butte was a rough and rugged town those days.

CY: Must have been pretty rugged over around Taft. I was reading an article there about the Taft Tunnel. They had all kinds of wops and Chinamen and stuff all in there, and they said the next winter or the spring, when the snow began to go up, they found about 45 dead guys around there.

GO: Yeah, under the snow.

CY: Shoot them and cover them up with snow or—

GO: That was in 1908, when the Taft Tunnel was complete. I would run into Wallace once in a while, then when [unintelligible] run in there. An old engineer by the name of Orville Adams (?) was the regular engineer on there. You see, how I happened to get around at that time, we have what we call a reserve list, and when boys lay-off—this list they worked in rotation off of a board—then you fill their vacancies. Maybe one trip I'd be on one job, next trip I'd be on another job, and that's how I happened to get around to all these places. But this here buffalo herd here this year, I had a regular turn with that man. He was an Irishman, Mickey McCann (?), his name was. An awful nice fellow. He's been dead quite a while now.

EK: I don't think we ever quite...Did they take them out of there at one time?

GO: Yeah, all in one crate.

EK: How long did they leave them in the yards? Once they'd get them loaded in them cars, how long were they in the cars before you moved them?

GO: They was in there quite a while. From all recollection, you see, they had one car loaded when we got there. They had the cars already shoved in there. They must have been about 12, 14 hours loading them, because it was after dark when we left practically.

EK: You don't recall how many was in the shipment?

GO: No, I don't recall altogether how many was in it.

US: Well, when you ran up on the passenger on that spur up there, did a passenger train stopped at Moiese, or did you—

GO: Oh yes. We stopped at every jerkwater place then—Moiese and—

CY: [unintelligible]

GO: —yeah, all of those places.

EK: Wasn't that the Galloping Goose [type of railcar]?

GO: Well, the Galloping Goose come later on. That's when gas engines come in later on. We just had a coach-and-a-half, and then a little engine.

US: [unintelligible]

[Cy and unidentified speaker continue a separate conversation]

GO: Part of it was for loading crated animals and everything like that.

EK: Then you run from Dixon to Polson?

GO: No, from here [Missoula] to Polson. When we'd get to Dixon we'd go around the Wye there and right on up, see. Yeah, the Galloping Goose is when they just had the one car.

CY: Yeah.

US: Engine and a couple seats for passengers and still baggage.

GO: I run one of those quite a while out of Helena. We had one over there—B28 we called her. Made connections with Number 1 and 2 that ran into Butte at the time.

EK: Well, I suppose we better head for the home.

CY: [unintelligible]?

GO: Well, I told you about all I knew about the thing—

[End of Interview]