

Oral History Number: 212-001, 002

Interviewees: Barbara Toole, Betty Tarbet (BT2), Mildred Chaffin, Tex Baker, Warren Skillicorn, Elta Townsend, John Toole, Eddie Coyle, Herbert Townsend, Faye M. Collins, Bruce Vorhauer, and Eva Richards

Interviewer: Rod Kvamme

Date of Interview: May 7, 1988

Note: This is a transcript of an oral history done at Salmon Lake at the home of Bruce Vorhauer on May 7, 1988. Those long time residents taking part in the oral history and when they first saw the Salmon Lake area are: Barbara Toole, 1942; Betty Tarbet, 1938; Mildred Chaffin, 1937; Tex Baker, 1933; Warren Skillicorn, 1910; Elta Townsend, 1920; John Toole, 1923; Eddie Coyle, 1939; Herbert Townsend, 1930; Faye M. Collins, 1931. Others on tape Bruce Vorhauer and Eva Richards.

Barbara Toole: My name is Barbara Toole and the first time I came to Salmon Lake was in 1942. I had just been married to John Toole and his mother and father and John [John was in the army in 1942, thus the year is wrong] and I came up here and wandered around the Toole cabin at the end of the lake which John's mother and grandfather owned.

Rod Kvamme: It's Betty's turn.

Betty Tarbet (BT2): Well, I came in 1938, I had been married in August and my husband let me know before then that I was going to have to spend part of my time in the woods. We had an apartment in Missoula and we came up here and started building a cabin up on the hill across the lake from here. At first he put up a tent with a top on it, but the mice were too much for me so about the next weekend we gave that up and started building a cabin hopefully just to be temporary because we were going to build one farther out on the edge of the mountain so we could see the lake. Where he could fish and hunt and do all of the things he was used to doing. But that fizzled out so, Dave lived over here on the island, not in the cabin that's down there because that was his guest house, but it sat about where this house is. There was another one just like it that had been built first and that was the cabin that Dave lived in. He had been there I don't know how long before we got there, but he was quite a renegade, he would always come up the hill, trudging up the hill, when he knew we were up there and wanted one of us to take him to Seeley Lake to buy a bottle. Well, sometimes we did and sometimes we didn't and if we didn't we gave him a drink and we just...he wouldn't quit drinking until the bottle was gone. So he got to be quite a nuisance because every time we came up we knew we would have to cope with him, and we finally decided that since he was going to wait until the bottle was gone that we might as well, after one drink. Sometimes we didn't have any, so that was that. What we finally decided was to give him one drink and then give him the bottle and tell him to go home. That was what he wanted. So, that was the way it ended. Les said, if Dave ever leaves that cabin, I'm going to get that place to keep people like him off the island, he's too much of a nuisance. So then the war came on, and Les served almost three years in the war and Dave

used to go over to Orofino or some of those logging camps over there and log during the winter, he didn't stick around too much in the summer. But about in 1946, I think, or 1945, he didn't show up and somebody told us that he had died over in Orofino. [JT Dave was killed in a fight in Spokane with three sailors. I was told this] So Les contacted the ACM who owned the island at that time and that's how we happened to build another cabin on the island. And at first we thought maybe we could renovate the one Dave had, but apparently...when we came over in the spring before the ice had gone out and it was such a mess, He apparently went off and left his hot cakes on the griddle and his coffee in the pot and his bed just the way he crawled out of it and the way the mice had crawled in and out of it. We cleaned it up and thought hopefully that we could line it with knotty pine and live in it, but we did everything, cleaned up the mess and got rid of most of the stuff inside hoping to maybe the...in time it would air out, but it smelled so bad that we couldn't do it and the only thing we could do was get rid of it. So that was the one that we burned down. And at that time he had...listen I don't know if he built this one or if it was built earlier, the one that's here now. That was his guest house. But that didn't smell because there was never any food in it, he just did all of his living in the other one. Then too, he had put up the four walls of a log house, just one room, that was about—made of logs—about from four to six inches round, but he didn't have anything else, he just left it, I guess he ran out of zip or something because he didn't finish, he didn't even put a top on it. And at that time we deliberated whether to go on and finish work from there and finish that one or start over. And the next year or so when we came up we didn't do anything until we had electricity. We did have a power saw. So when the electricity came, we went up...the next time we went up a tree had fallen across that old cabin that he had started and knocked it to the ground, so that took care of that. So we started over and built the house that was here when Bruce took it off the island and started over again. That was in...we lived in the cabin for 25 years anyway. I don't remember just the dates off-hand.

Bruce Vorhauer: It was quite a cabin. Absolutely no insulation in it though. But Sarah and I came out here the first winter, the winter of 1982, it was 40 below zero and the warmest place in the cabin was inside the refrigerator.

BT2: I know, we did that on purpose. We didn't think we'd put any insulation in because we didn't plan on spending the winters up here. We knew it got 40 and 50 below up here and that was too much for man or beast. So we didn't put any insulation in it. We really didn't come up here, but it served its purpose for us when the weather was suitable. Our kids grew up here and swam in the lake and water skied and enjoyed it at the time until they had to leave Montana to look for jobs. My daughter is here yet, but she's in Kalispell and my son lives in Minnesota and then when Les died I couldn't cope with it alone anymore—it was too much to fight the beaver and the weather and all the things you had to do to keep it suitable to live in.

Eva Richards: Betty, who did you sell it to?

BT2: To a man by the name of Robert Hicks from Great Falls and he sold it to a friend that Bruce knew by the name of Hugh Craig, wasn't it Bruce? And you should go on from here and tell what you did.

BV: Oh, how it ended up. Well, Hugh owned the island and I came up to visit him, he was from Butte. He was a cousin of Evil Knievel, just about as crazy as Evil, too. He had some financial trouble and had to sell the island, so I bought it from him in, I think it was late 1981 or early 1982, I bought the island. Then I spent, well I took two dump truck loads of garbage off of the island and out of the water. Dave had dumped all of his garbage right over here to this side—back side—of the island, and cleaned up, and carried stuff out. Of course other people had trashed it over the years. When Hugh had it, he didn't bother to take anything off. That was my major project more than anything, but the island, the house was in great shape. It stayed in remarkable condition except obviously it wasn't winterized.

RK: Go on to Mildred.

Mildred Chaffin: Well, when I first came past here, we came on a picnic. There were all dirt roads, no oil; we had to come over the old Sunset hill and my husband was working for the Fish and Game and the manager was Clarence Ripley in Arlee and he had to come up to Trail Creek to either fix or put in a little board dam, and I think some of it is still there, up on the Double Arrow property. So there weren't any commercial toppers of course, so Clarence had built what he called a dog house on the back of the pickup and he put benches in there and we had all our kids, theirs and ours, and it was hot and it was dusty and all the kids were sick when we got up here. So we got up on Trail Creek and there was nobody there, it was a beautiful spot, I don't remember now where it was. Kids got able to eat and we had our picnic and we fished all day and had the greatest time and only one man came along and he went way out around us. He didn't come near us and I thought, gee, he's really unsociable. So we got home and the next day Clarence came over and he said, "No wonder we didn't see anybody up there, Trail Creek was closed to fishing." We had a great time. The lodge was here and the two cabins that they talked about and I think that's all there was along the lake here. And of course we didn't know anybody much and then later my husband and Clarence and some people from around here I think put in these fish, rough fish dams, that are still, some of 'em down below here, you can still see some of 'em when the waters down.

BV: Yea, about what year was that? We were trying to figure that out. There right down...

MC: Let's see, that must have been about 1939 or 1940. Around the 40s.

BV: Just before the war? Yea, there still down there at the end of Salmon.

MC: I know, I can see some of them there in the summer time. So we'd come over here then and stay in the tent and picnic and not get sick. But I didn't spend any time up here until we moved here in 1953 I think. Been here ever since. That's about it.

RK: Well, Tex.

Tex Baker: I don't know where to start.

RK: When did you first come to the area?

TB: I know when I came here, but I don't know how old I was. Time never did seem to mean much to me, so it's kind of hard for me to come up with dates on anything. One thing I do know though, there was one building being built in Seeley Lake at the time I came here. The old man Freshour was building a country store there. The metal garage that Bert Sullivan has now sets in the same place. That's where the old store was that burned down. Kenny Freshour and Betty, his wife, they took over the store from his dad because his dad didn't last much longer, I don't know how long he did live after that, but he didn't stick around up there very long. I don't know, maybe, you probably know more about how long he stayed there than I do.

Elta Townsend: I don't think he was there very long, but we were gone.

TB: But anyway, that was the first store there. Also where the mail, post office was brought into it later on. At the time that I started hauling mail up here which I hauled for six years, and I hauled from up there at the Wapiti, what they call the Wapiti now. It was known as Otter's Resort at that, he owned it. Lawrence Otter. He had the post office there and he had a little store there and he had boats and stuff there and some cabins built there for kind of a resort. I don't remember how many years that the mail was taken care of there, but that was called Seeley Lake Post Office. But years ago the first post office they had at Seeley Lake was just across from Morrell Creek up there, on the Double Arrow. It was known as Corlet because the Corlet people was on the ranch, on the Double Arrow at that time. That post office was known as Corlet and it never was called Seeley Lake which some people think it was, but it wasn't. It was called Corlet. Just how long it was there I don't know, but not too long. They also had a post office down here at the junction of the Blackfoot and Clearwater Rivers here for a short time. That was called Clearwater. That wasn't there too awful long, that was before the Corlet.

ET: No, it was after Corlet.

TB: Was it? I wasn't too sure about that.

John Toole: It was quite a settlement.

TB: I knew there was quite a bunch of people there. There used to be a guy named Frank Linske lived there. He was a son-in-law of Shorty Laws that lived over on this side of the, Linske lived over between the other, the river and the other road.

RK: Didn't you tell me one time that you had some of Sour Dough Dave's fish stew?

TB: Oh yes, we ate a lot of fish here together.

BV: On this island?

TB: Right on this island. That old shack over there. It was setting right here.

BV: What was Dave like, Tex? Lot of opinions about him.

TB: Well, I can tell you a few things about him, I don't want to run the man down, his reputation wasn't all that good. His biggest problem had been, he was quite an agitator in the camps back in the early days during the I.W.W. time, you know. When the guys, I Won't Work, you know. He was quite an agitator in the logging camps and he finally was more or less black balled out of the logging camps in this area here. Anaconda, he couldn't work for Anaconda, they finally got rid of him. He was quite an agitator. Promoter of the union of course. Of course he was quite a drinker. I don't know what he lived on as far as eating was concerned, but I know what he lived on mostly was the bottle. But I never, I was around him quite a lot, he never was ugly, he was always good to me. Every time you'd see him why he'd want me to come down and stay a day or two with him, you know. We'd shoot coyotes here on the lake and fish. Had set hooks, set right out, just down over the bank here. We'd go out there and put our set hooks out at night and go out in the morning and pull up our breakfast. Then you could catch fish here then, too. Catch perch here that was, oh they'd run about 10, 12 inches long, average. Nice perch. Small ones, but most of them were a pretty good size. Very good eating.

BV: Any silver salmon?

TB: There was no silver salmon here at that time. They was introduced in here a lot later than that, there was none here then at all. None of these lakes had any silver salmon in at that time. I don't know just what year they did show up here, but it was, they showed up around here, I don't know whether they was planted in here or not, but they started showing up here in the thirties, I know that.

BV: When did Dave first come onto the island, do you know?

TB: I really don't know when he first did come on here. He was here for some time before I come here. It must have been in the twenties someplace when he did.

BT2: He lived off the island and the game warden was always trying to catch up with him. He'd shoot ducks right out the window.

TB: Well, he never had a license. One thing about it, Dave never had a license for anything, fishing or hunting or anything. Of course quite a few of the old timers never did have either.

Warren Skillicorn: Maybe it was like the Indian. He takes the shell out of his belt and says, "Here's my license."

Faye Collins: May I interrupt to ask you something. Are you talking about the island that was just next to ours?

BT2: No, this one here.

TB: What was this?

FC: Well, we had the island up the lake here, you know. And are you talking about the man who lived on the island next to ours?

RK: Yeah, I think that was Dave.

FC: That was Dave, Dave was his name, wasn't it?

TB: Yea, Dave Madsen was his name. They called him Sour Dough Dave, but his real name was Dave Madsen.

FC: Well he's the one that never visited us until we started building. And then he came over every day and he would stay all day long and ask questions. Did you find this, did you find that? Finally we found a skull on that island and he was real excited and he went home and he disappeared from the island and the country.

TB: Well, he had a skull right over here in this old cabin that was setting here for a long time. He had it setting up on a shelf in the corner of the cabin there.

FC: Well, we had the skull that was found on our island.

TB: You did?

FC: Yes. We dug it up.

TB: Well, he had one here, too.

FC: Well, I didn't know about that, but I did know about this other one. And he was there when we found it and he immediately left and went to his island and he disappeared and we never saw him after that. People told us that he'd had a friend living with him at that time and the friend disappeared and they think that he murdered this man and buried him on our island. Now this is the story that we got anyway. We took the skull down to Dr. (?) in Missoula and he said that he was from Caucasian and he was about 25 years old. We've always wondered who he was and why he was so anxious to leave.

BT2: Well, the story here, too, was that Dave came out here from someplace back east, that he was a police officer in Chicago. Did you hear that story? He got in some kind of a scrape or something and killed a man and he left the country back there and came here.

TB: I never heard him mention it anyway. It could have been, but I didn't hear it myself.

FC: Well, people told us that he had a friend when we came up here and he was a friend...and the friend disappeared.

TB: Dave wasn't too much of a guy to tell you too much about his past.

BT2: No he didn't, he was very...

TB: He was pretty closed mouthed. Of course he'd been in enough trouble I suppose he didn't want to

BT2: That's the way he got away from the law was to come out here where nobody could find him.

FC: I am sorry to have interrupted you, but I wanted to know.

TB: I couldn't hear what you were saying, that's what was bothering me.

FC: Oh, I'm sorry.

BV: Tex, did you spend any time down at the Legendary Lodge, down in that area?

TB: Quite a bit.

BV: What are some of your memories of that place? We hear a lot of old stories about what a place it was.

TB: Well, when I come to the country, there was a guy by the name of Art Stover. John probably knows him very well. He was the caretaker for that place. Down there where the chapel is now, that whole area in there was beautiful flowers and garden. He used to raise the darndest garden you ever seen, and beautiful flowers. It was an awful good place there because it's on a point there and lots of times up around Seeley and Placid Lake would be six inches of snow on the ground and his garden would still be nice and green yet there.

FC: They had beautiful lilies too, great big ones.

TB: But he was caretaker there for a good many years. I knew quite a bunch of that family, of the Stover family.

JT: Clark's last summer there was 1933. Junior's last summer. There were three generations. There was the old Senator and he was up here in the early twenties. Then there was Junior. Junior built the buildings that are there now. And then there was Billy. Billy flew his own airplane and killed himself down in Arizona.

TB: Well, Clark's was still there yet when your father and mother had the place on the point down there for several years they had the place. They were living there when I come to the country, there, then. I knew your father and mother real well.

JT: Well, my dad and mother didn't spend too much time here. My grandad had that place.

BV: That was Kenneth Ross?

JT: Yea.

TB: Didn't Kenneth Ross have a cabin up on Placid?

JT: No, that was Willis Ross. No relation.

ER: I was just going to say that when Senator Clark was still down at Legendary Lodge. Wes's dad worked for Frank Conley in Deer Lodge, he was the warden, the first warden at the prison and he used to bring Frank Conley up.

JT: Oh, Frank Conley, was he up there? I didn't know that.

ER: He would drive him up there to a meeting and there would be like Senator W. A. Clark, Jim Finlen from Butte, Mr. McDonald from Butte and Walter Hanson from Hanson Packing.

JT: What a bunch of gangsters.

ER: Right. Wes's dad would drive him up in his little Chevrolet instead of driving Mr. Conley's automobile. So that he wouldn't be recognized, I guess. And they would have meetings over there that would last odd hours.

BT2: He was a character also.

ER: Frank, in his own time.

JT: He was one step ahead of the sheriff all the time he was in Deer Lodge.

WS: My name is Warren Skillicorn, my dad was born on the Isle of Mann, he come here, married my mother in Nebraska, I guess, Omaha. And they moved here and took up a homestead between here and Ovando, over at Upsata Lake, 40-acre homestead. I was two years old then, in 1910. So we lived on the homestead, we lived off the land, cow and elk, deer, bear, fish, pheasants, whatever. We raised some spuds, but you couldn't raise much of a garden back in 1910. Lived there and then when I was about six years old I guess, we left the homestead and we moved to Ovando. I went to school there for a little while. There was a lot of excitement in Ovando in those days, the cowboys would come in in the evening on a payday a shooting, whooping and hollering. There was seven saloons in Ovando, and there was a bank and a post office and two stores and much more than there is there now. Then in 1919, we left Ovando and we moved to Billings, Montana. And then in 1929, we read an article in the paper that there was property up here for sale by Mr. Dilts. We come up, we left there and come here to look at the property and there was 40 acres of land, all in timber, a team of horses, farm equipment, a sawmill which put out 10,000 foot of lumber a day and all kinds of equipment, buildings. We bought the whole works for 1,200 dollars. So then that's where I'm living now is over there. So anyway there was eight of us kids and we were all musicians, all played. Mother and Dad were musicians. And we got up an orchestra called Skillies Yellow Jackets and we played all over this country. We played for Eddie Coyle, we played for Freshour, we played at Holland Lake, well we played all over. Anyway, I've even played with John Toole here, we played music together, we played music at the Circle W Ranch, we played down there at the end of Salmon Lake, and we played several different places. So most of my life has been music and of course in 1930 it was hard to get a job, you know, so I got on work at building the road from Cozy Corner over there up to the Cottonwood Lakes with a pick and shovel. And the only equipment we had was a team of horses, a fresno, block and tackles and a powder monkey to blow the stumps. So I was making four dollars a day and that was good wages then. You could take that four dollars and buy a whole lot more than you could with a twenty-dollar bill today. So I guess that's about it.

BV: Do you still own this homestead that you bought then?

WS: No, we got rid of the homestead and went to Billings in 1919 and come back here in 1929.

BV: So you still live on the property you bought in 1929?

WS: Well, the property, we got it with a sawmill and we paid for the place, the sawmill paid for the place the first year. We didn't have any money, but my grandad worked for an oil company and he'd saved up some money. So we borrowed the 1,200 dollars from him and bought the place. Paid for it the first year out of the lumber at 16 dollars a thousand, mill run.

RK: We should back up and catch Elta there.

[End of Tape 1, Side A]

[Tape 1, Side B]

ET: That's a hard act to follow, so I don't really have much to say. I come here when I was five years old, in 1920, and the only thing I remember about Salmon Lake is coming down over that hill over there, stop us from going in the lake. We was in a big old truck and there was my mother and dad and three sisters and one brother. We moved over to Placid Lake. And we had a lot of new furniture and stuff. My mother had five new mattresses and a new incubator and a new cook stove and we transferred from the truck to a neighbor's—we had three neighbors over there, all bachelors—and one of these bachelors came after us in a wagon and we moved to his place. My dad was still building on our place. Then, we—actually we moved into the old school house, but first that meadow over there where the Cahoons live now and we had to go across that with—and it was this time, first of March. That meadow was full of water so they took all our stuff in that and tipped it over in the water, so in August the mattresses hadn't dried out yet so we slept on straw ticks. We lived over there until I was married when I was 17. My five sisters and brothers were born there on the place, that's all I got to say.

MC: Where did you go to school?

ET: Well, I went to school in that little old school house that's over there and there was always three kids, it took three kids to keep a school. My sisters and brothers—I went to school with my sisters and brothers, through the eighth grade. One year we had a couple of kids from Seeley Lake came over and boarded there so they could be in school. I went through the eighth grade and had to go to Missoula to take—was supposed to go to Missoula to take the exam so I could pass, but went to Seeley Lake. And that's all the knowledge I've had.

MC: Didn't you and your brother deliver milk down to—

ET: No, that was my—my family did after I left, well even before I left. We milked a lot of cows and sold the milk and cream to all the summer homes.

Herbert Townsend: Elta, tell them about your grandad and the house on the Sperry Grade out here.

ET: They all know about that.

JT: That house is still there.

HT: They ought to know that.

ET: Yea, my grandparents lived over on Placid Lake...Sperry Grade, and it was named after my grandad. It's that old house that's above the river, Blackfoot River, over there.

JT: We used to buy chickens from him.

ET: Yea, he raised strawberries too, raised a lot of strawberries. I don't know what else. We got to go see him two or three times while I was growing up, go in a sled.

WS: You know, I used to shoot squirrels for a man who furnished a gun and the ammunition and he gave me five cents a tail for every squirrel I killed.

ET: Well, that was pretty good.

WS: Save eating up his strawberries.

Eddie Coyle: That's just as fabulous as your dad, you know that.

ET: What?

EC: He was something else.

ET: Yea, you should have had his story. He could tell the truth and everybody thought he was lying. [some confusing conversations]

RK: How far back does the road along the lake go?

ET: The road was here when we came, of course it wasn't quite as good as it is now. It was here. I don't think I ever went back over it until I was 10 or 12 years old, I don't know. In the winter time we went over to dances at my grandparents' house. But we used a team and sleigh and we had to get home at four o'clock in the morning or something like that, if we came back the same day. Once in a while we got somebody to, one of the bachelors, to milk our cows so we could stay overnight. We never went anywhere, I just grew up in the brush over there.

ER: Elta, tell them a little bit about your expertise in building teepees.

ET: That's nothing. Oh, that was more recent. My mother built teepees for—we had Indians used to come and camp on our place so we knew Indians better than we knew anybody else, really. My mother learned how to make teepees from the Indians, you make them out of muslin, everybody thinks you make them out of canvas. But we made them out of muslin and Herb had one of her teepees so he wanted another one and that one was getting pretty well all smoked up so I made him some more just got a pattern from that one and made two or three of them, I don't remember how many. It takes lots of muslin, lots of sewing and lots of cussing and then you get it done.

WS: I stayed in one over two or three nights hunting up at Glacier Park. Made out of feed sacks.

RK: And what was the tribe name of those Indians?

ET: They were Flathead.

RK: They were Flatheads?

ET Yea, they come over the Jocko, that's an old, old trail over the Jocko—where the Jocko road is now. Where they come across, there to go into the Bob Marshall Wilderness and I guess they went further than that years ago, probably. Over to the plains, hunt buffalo there. But that trail was worn down in the banks around the lakes up there, way down, for feet. I wouldn't know how many feet, but it was really worn down. But even that was a long ways from home, I never got that far. I chased cows a few miles from home, but not that far. Well, now it's John's turn to talk.

JT: You all settle back for the rest of the afternoon if you turn it over to me. But I'm not going to say very much. I came here in 1923. My granddad was at the point down at the lower end of the lake. We lived the first summer in a tent frame, frame on the bottom, and canvas on the top. I was five years old and my brother was only three years old, but that's where we kind of got raised, down there. Gradually he built a number of buildings on that point and he moved a lot of dirt, he put cribbing out into the lake so as to enlarge the point. It was a real establishment. We even had inside bathrooms, that was the thing that amazed me, we were the only ones that had an inside bathroom in the whole country. As far as that end of Salmon Lake is concerned you had three basic, I don't know what you call them, installations, you had the Clark place and that's a story in itself. Then you had my granddad's place and across the lake was the Salmon Lake Club which I think is now owned by the Girl Scouts of Great Falls or something, I'm not sure. The Salmon Lake Club entertained all of the big shots of Anaconda and all the big businessmen of Montana because they had as members W. L. Murphy, the lawyer in Missoula; and Whitlock, a lawyer in Missoula; and Sid Coffee had a house there—all these houses are still there. And I know who built them and occupied them. They had Gus Peterson, the druggist there; and...he's the one on the hill that's closest to the highway now. That was a very swish place in those days. It was quite a place. And nothing has ever been told about it, written about it or anything.

FC: Is that the place where the people who owned the island or the ground had their own cabins where they lived?

JT: They had their own cabins and they had a central dining room.

FC: Yes, and that's where my son—how we found out about this place because he got to be the cook's helper.

JT: Yea, they had a cook there, they had to come up, and Sid Coffee was so tight, he thought they were charging too much for the meals. And he built his own house and got his own supper up there because he wouldn't pay the price.

FC: Our son, you see, was the cook's helper and he kept our canoe, or our boat up here, while we went up...some of the weekends—and he kept our boat for us and used it during the week. And that's how we started coming up here. And I had a story about that too.

JT: Something interesting there. Up on that side hill, all of that land is now owned by Champion, it was owned by Anaconda in those days, there is a beautiful spring coming out of the mountains and I hiked up there with some of the members of the Salmon Lake Club when I was very young. We found this spring. They got some cast iron pipe and they piped that spring all the way down, under the lake, and across to those buildings. So far as I know it's still functioning. That would have been 60 years ago anyway. Jack Keith, the Missoula Trust and Savings Bank, he was always around here during the summer and that famous lawyer from Virginia, an advisor to Roosevelt, can't think of his name right now, was there on several occasions and they had a golf driving range, they used little golf balls that would float in the water. My dad would go over there and shoot those golf balls into the water. My gramp he fought with both of them, he fought—that was my granddad—he fought with Clarks, he couldn't stand the Clarks, they were awful, but he worked for Marcus Daly. He didn't like those people down there, too snooty for him. So, I think that's about all I'll say at the moment.

HT: Tell a little bit about your granddad and you and your car towing out the stuck people— with your, the old car your granddad had, you guys—

JT: You remember what this road was like. It was awful. This road was a single lane road running up and down and he got this old Packard, he converted it to a truck. He bought it from Mrs. John R. Toole, who's my grandmother, up at Seeley Lake. He bought that from her to haul stuff around in. The rear wheels were bigger than the front wheels, you know. He got called on to pull these guys like Boissevain and "Shorty" [Horace H.] Koessler and all those fellows, they'd come down, just howling down this road at high speed, you know, single lane. They just couldn't make a corner and they'd just drive off into the lake. They were all open cars in those days so all they had to do was swim out of their cars and go ashore. He got in the business of rescuing these birds, pulling their cars out. They always had a hired man there, Eddie worked there [Eddie Coyle]. He'd get this big expedition going to pull these—he called them remittance men, a remittance man, he was a fellow that's been sent out here from the East with a lot of money to get rid of him. The remittance men would drive their cars into the lake, and he must have pulled half a dozen cars out of that lake. He'd get a block and tackle and he'd send his hired man, Cayuse Kid, I don't know whether you remember him or not. Sent him down, make him hook on the axle of the car with a block and tackle, I think it was attached to a tree up on the bank, he was in charge of everything, waving his cane around. Then by gosh that old Packard would pull those things right out of the lake, right up onto the road, it was a powerful car. He did that several times, and he loved doing that. I don't think I'll say anything more. I could just keep going all day.

BV: There's one big rumor that goes around that maybe you or Eddie or somebody else can help tell me about. The rumor is that at one time W. A. Clark had a bunch of slot machines down there at Legendary and the sheriff came to raid them and he took the slot machines and he dumped them into the lake, somebody took them out in a little boat and he pushed them off into the lake. That rumor goes around and everybody says: gosh, we gotta go down and find those slot machines, you know. If that's true there may be some gold coins in the slot machines, maybe worth looking for. If there's even the slightest chance of them being there, I'm going to get an expedition this summer.

JT: Clark, that's Junior Clark, he had a telescopic observatory on this mountain here, a huge telescope in it, and he'd go up there, and idle his time away gazing at the stars through that telescope. My brother and I would hike up there and I asked my brother before he died, "Is that really true, there was that big telescope just sitting up there?"

He said, "Of course it's true."

He said, "You and I wouldn't forget it—dream up something like that." But it was there and then over the lake he had that beautiful tea house, built out on a crag, very, very picturesque, something like you see in Switzerland or something like that. All built of timbers. It was just a beautiful little house and it finally collapsed. But he had the most magnificent horses up there and cars and boats. He had inboard motor boats in those days, and that was rare. He had three or four of them, they were all painted white, one of them is still in there.

BV: Still where?

JT: They had boat house down there, right back of the place. If you go down...you can see it.

BV: Do they still have one of those boats, [is it] still there?

JT: They've still got one of those old boats in there. I looked at it, the church apparently has done nothing with it. It's probably rotten, completely rotten now.

TB: It's in that, in the right, on this side as you go around into the bay on this side of it, where all the buildings are.

JT: That's right.

TB: Over on that side, right in that nook in there.

BV: I'll be darned. That's the one with the inboard engine in it?

JT: Well, whether there's an engine in it or not, I don't know. I was just crawling around, I looked in there and I said, My God, there's that boat.

BV: What about the slot machines, that's what I want to know about?

EC: Well I'll start off with the very first time I come up here was '26 or '27 and I babysit this guy [John Toole]. He don't remember it. Summertime vacation, school vacation, why Kenneth Ross, his granddad, would get high school kids to drive him up here. I got picked for a short period of that one summer. I had to watch him and his two brothers, to keep them from falling in the lake, I remember that. My first job in the morning was to take the car and go up to that little spring he's talking about and finish those milk cans full of them, bring 'em back with water to drink. Then I liked this area, and of course I like to hunt and fish. And then '39 I decided to attend, been back in New York City doing photography, come out here and Clayton Maloney, a railroader with my dad was railroading in Missoula and wanted to sell the Maloney's land up here which is where the health center is now, that 80 acres in there and the...So, I was single then, another young fellow there then, Bud Aldrich, so we got together and got a 1,000 dollars together and put it down on that and bought that 80 acres for 5,000 dollars. So that was pretty good if we'd have kept it up, but also we was faced with the war coming on. But anyway, during that period one summer Wertheimer bought the ranch from Clark and he was a big time racketeer from Chicago, and Jewish.

JT: He was from Detroit.

EC: Back east there. He also had a lot of things going in California and Florida. But when he come up here, he kind of moved in on Kenny Freshour up there and moved some of his gambling equipment in there, where'd Butch go, she'd remember a little bit off that? And kind of just muscled right in up here, he was going to run it. Which he did. He had a little cabin in back too that he run some stuff in and he imported those hand slot machines. And he run the 21s and all I saw up there was 21s. Well, while he was up there, I was doing some packing, that's what I'd come up here for, I was packing into the South Fork which was South Fork then, not Bob Marshall. He come down there and he had a daughter and I got pretty well acquainted with her, not intimately or anything like that, but I'd dance with her when she was up there and was real friendly and she would invite me down to go boating down here on the lake. But I never did quite do it. One day a guy come in there, came into the cabin, knocked on the door and he said, "You Eddie Coyle?"

And I said, "Yes." He showed me his credentials which was FBI [Federal Bureau of Investigation]. I knew I was poaching a little bit, but I don't know how much.

Well anyway, he said, "we'd like to have you come into the office in Missoula, we want to talk to you."

So I said, "All right."

BV: About what year was this now?

EC: This would be 1940, just before the war. And he said, "We'd like to you at the office down there."

I said, "Okay." So we went in and I had a pickup then. So I followed him in and went up to the office and there was three of them in there and they were sitting there talking. He said, "I don't

want to scare you or startle you or anything. It has nothing to do with you, we want you to do us a favor. We have been chasing two men and we're almost certain that they're out on this Wertheimer lodge up there. We've been after them now for about a year and the latest report is that that's where they are right now."

"Now" he says, "Can you get down there in any way?"

He says, "Have ever been down there and heard a lot of shooting?"

I said, "No."

He said, "Can you get down there in any way?" And so I told him about this girl inviting me. And he said—this was in the middle of the week—so I says, "okay, I'll do it." So we talked some more then about this deal, but anyhow I went back up there and in the meantime why, they got word that these two guys were moving, moving out of there. Well, they had moved out of there. They had moved out of there the week before they found out. But they raided that place, that's what you're talking about. It was Wertheimer, not Clarks. They raided that and I suppose that they disposed of quite a bit of the gambling equipment that he had there. Well, anyway when they did then I found out later we went down there—we found out later—back up against the hill there, there was huge trees just almost riddled and chopped down with machine gun fire where they had been practicing. He says, "I know these guys were practicing there, back there."

JT: My dad was Wertheimer's lawyer. Wertheimer never had Dad to do anything illegal. My old man wouldn't do that. But never the less they were always kind of on the verge of that kind of stuff going on up there. You confirm what I...At the time of Clarks, slot machines were unknown. By the time Al Wertheimer came along, they were...in common use.

BV: Well, it might be worth an expedition down there. Take a magnetometer and look at the bottom of the lake and see if we can find something.

JT: And see, there's supposed to be a cache of booze from prohibition. That bank over there above the Clarks

BV: Buried in the bank, you mean?

JT: Yea, and this is fanciful, but you're supposed to be able to dive down and come up inside—if I was a bootlegger I sure could find a better place to store booze than that—I would go by there in a boat repeatedly and look for that hole that the lake went into, then if you dove through that hole far enough—if you could hold your breath long enough—you'd come up into a cavern and this is supposed to be where they stored booze. So next time you take your boat out, go up there and see if you can find that hole. There is some kind of a hole there.

EC: Be sure you figure out a way to get back out of that cavern too.

BV: Before you lose all of your breath.

BT2: I know people that have gone up there. There's a place where Clarks used to dump their garbage up there and I've known people from Missoula to go up there and dig and dig and dig looking for stuff they could find.

BV: Old bottles and stuff, sure.

BT2: Yea, anything, they don't know what they might come up with.

ER: Did they find anything?

BT2: Nothing that amounts to much I don't think.

JT: They dumped their garbage up the lake shore?

BT2: Down there on that side.

JT: Yea.

BT2: You go up kind of in a cove. My kids went there one day.

JT: Well, I think this place is right back of Thibodeau Point then. Now to me that's Thibodeau Point, I don't know what they call it now. Used to be a house on top of it. I don't know what they call that cove in there, but undoubtedly you've explored that in...Well, that's where this cavern is supposed to be.

BV: I see.

WS: Well, they've changed the name of pretty near everything in this country.

JT: Yea, well, it was always Thibodeau Point.

BV: Well, they named this sponge inland now, it's no more Sour Dough Island.

EC: Well anyway, I came back in—after the war then—I come back in '46 and I built the present filling station-bar in '46—or in '47. Then in '47 I was driving to town one day right out here and I got just to where you turn off up to Cozy Corner and here's a cascade of water coming down 100 feet high and just a few minutes more and I'd have been in the middle of it, and here's trees a coming and rocks a coming and I thought, well now, what's the matter with me? I didn't have a camera in those days.

WS: You'd of had company because my nephew was there too.

EC: It wasn't long before there was a couple of more there, but I was the very first one up there then. I was ahead of that, see. And it just came in a funnel like that, and about 100 feet high and just tore things out through there. It was 1947.

WS: There's a lot of people don't know what made that yet..

JT: Well, there was an artificial dam up there.

EC: The next week, there was all these fish, land locked, you know, from the fishery...

RK: Why don't you explain that a little more, Warren. What, caused this?

WS: It was called Fish Lake and it was owned by Drews, and he was my brother-in-law. They had a—this lake is a man-made lake; they built a dam across there out of dirt. There was a high wind come up and it washed over the top of the dam and then finally it took out. And it come right down through there and it took everything in its path, it even took a bulldozer sitting there and washed that down into Salmon Lake. It dug out that—there used to be a beautiful waterfalls there, it come down right by the side of the highway. Well, the waterfalls is plum gone, it just washed that whole thing out.

JT: Fish Creek was quite a creek.

WS: As Eddie said, my nephew, too, was going up the Woodworth road and he heard a roaring sound and looked up and he seen this wall of water coming.

EC: Was he on up the road a ways?

TB: He turned around and he beat it back down to the highway. That whole lake up there—it's a big lake—

HT: Butch come around there too that day, in the afternoon.

JT: Binko was up there then.

TB: Was you there too, Butch?

ET: Not in that flood...The next day I was taking a load of kids in to the University.

EC: That was quite a sight. I wished—of all the times, you never have a camera when you really should have. It was coming so fast that it just funneled. Just spread out.

JT: As you know our newspaper, the *Missoulian*, was owned by Anaconda in those days. They just didn't report that stuff. That would have been headline news in the *Missoulian*. They didn't

report it. The only people who knew about it was people like you, and people'd come up there and they couldn't get through the highway.

BV: Washed the highway out I guess?

JT: Well, they finally built a temporary road across the top of it, gravel.

EC: They were stymied up here for two or three days wasn't it, before they got much of anything up? They had to go up around—

JT: They went around Condon.

WS: We had to go around Cottonwood Lake to get to Seeley.

TB: Well, I was hauling mail here at the time that happened and I come down there, I didn't know about it. That highway was covered with boulders. I was hauling mail from Seeley Lake and that was the leaving point. That was when I was hauling for Otter's resorts yet. I backtracked around, and went over the hill to Placid Lake, and come around and got around this side of it. That's the way I beat it. And I done that for over a week before they got that road opened up.

ET: We went around up through the Double Arrow and came out down by—

EC: The first name of that lake was Rainbow, wasn't it?

WS: Rainbow Lake.

TB: Yea, that's what they used to call it.

JT: No, Fish Lake.

WS: Fish Lake was the first name. Fish Creek comes into it, Fish Creek—

BV: Do they still call it Fish Lake?

ET: They call it Rainbow Lake now.

[End of Tape 1, Side B]

[Tape 2, Side A]

Note: At the beginning of the tape there are several people talking and it is difficult to identify them or to follow the various conversations.

BV: Now, this is an old map, what they call Fish Lake here is now Big Sky Lake. So what happened is this dam came out right here and washed all the way down there. This was the old Fish Lake, that's Tote Road Lake. I thought that was the one that broke. Oh, my gosh, that's a lot of water. It all came down that little gulch there.

[More varied conversations.]

BV: So, there was a waterfall right along there on the west end?

WS: There used to be a waterfall.

BV: Now where's that garbage—whiskey storage was up in there.

[More varied conversation while looking at map.]

EC: What was I on? Well, I built the bar in '47. Many unusual things happened there.

JT: Most memorable thing that happened there was when you beat the hell out of Shorty Koessler.

RK: Shorty Koessler, was he the doctor?

BT2: I'd like to hear that one too, because one time I went by there with Les and we were hungry and we were going to get something to eat and he said, "No, I won't eat there." "Shorty Koessler's in there and if I go in there, he'll say something and I might kill him."

EC: Well, that was so true of him, wasn't it of him, John? He was big and ornery and just hard to get along with. I don't know if anybody—nobody really heard the real story of my trouble with him.

JT: I'd like to hear that.

EC: Because I'd go to Missoula and I had guys come over and congratulate me and they didn't even know what it was all about either. Well anyway, he had a state skeet meet coming up, and I guess that he was pretty good, and [Bill] Murray was on the team from the car agency there. He says, you know, you cost a state championship, but it was sure worth it. Well, what happened. A guy up there, Carnes bought the Maloney place then after me and they had it there and he had this—some tools and I had to do some work on some pipes and what was that

guy's name there? It don't make any difference. So, he says, I got some plumbing tools. I said, well, fine, can I use them? He said, sure. So he brought them down. So I fixed this up and I was still working on it, I had about three days' work there. Well then on this weekend, why my wife was having our first baby, Bonita, see. I had been waiting for a call, there was only one phone and it was at the other bar. So I got the call, come on over. I went over there and their bar was full and I knew what the call was about, see. Cause I'd been expecting it. I started to go in and he stands in front of me like that with his arms cocked like that and he says, "I want to talk to you," he says, "you Coyle?"—he knew me too, you know—and he says, "you Coyle?" I says, "Yea. Why?"

He says, "Well I want to talk to you."

I says "Okay, I'll talk to you as soon as I get off the phone."

He says, "You're going to talk to me right now."

So a lot of them knew what I was waiting for and they said, "Don't bother him," they says, "he's expecting a call from the hospital. His wife's having a baby. He'll talk to you afterwards." Well, they had to get a hold of him to drag him off. So, that was the call all right. I thought, now, I can turn around here—when it was over—and I can walk out in the middle of this bar and we're going to have trouble, see. Or I can sneak out the back, and I usually didn't do things like that, so I thought, well I'll sneak out the back, cause I don't want any trouble in here. I sneaked out the back, ran down the back, went over to our bar, see. And, the doors were in the front, double doors, and it was warm weather. All of a sudden he comes through those doors, just like that, see. And he walks up to the bar and he says, "Now we'll take on where we left off." I don't know what happened, I just walked around the bar and I started in. So, he hit that floor, blood was going all over, and he had a leather jacket on, he weighed about 240 didn't he? I grabbed this leather jacket and I hung onto him like that until I got outside here. There was some young kids in there dancing, I said, "They can't dance with this."

Some guy says, "What are you doing?"

And I says, "The kids can't dance in here with this blood." This is gruesome for you gals to listen to, but that's what happened. So I got him outside, so, then I got to thinking, I knew he had all the money in the world. I thought, well, here goes my license. This is it. But he never—never had any trouble—never any repercussions of it at all. So about three years later his wife, Sheila, she had a birthday and they came up and stayed that night in Freshours. So I sent them down a bottle of scotch. We saw them later, she thanked me, but he never did. It wasn't until one time we were downtown at some kind of a fish and game meeting and he started in to talk to me, see. So then we started talking. Also in the meantime, he had a couple of arrogant kids like that. So I was in the bar one night and one of his kids come in there and he was having a drink and when he got through with the drink he threw the glass against the wall. He broke it. So I went around to him and I said, "What movies you been to lately?"

"Well," he said, "I didn't hurt anybody, did I?"

Well, I said, "You sure as hell could have" and I said, "I had the same kind of trouble with your old man once. You going to ask for the same deal?" And Barry Walsh, the big bouncer I had in there, remember? He come over and he said, "All right Coyle, I'll talk to him, you get out of here." So they took him outside and talked to him a little bit and then I let him come back in. He was just about as bad as his dad.

WS: We were playing for a dance at the Seeley Lake school house one night; we were playing the circle and old Shorty, he was setting over there on the bench and he was drunk and his head was hanging down. He looked up and he says, "Everybody circle." Nobody paid any attention to him and he says "Go to hell."

EC: You want to hear an amusing story? Have you got time for that, or are you going to waste time on that? In '46 I tended bar for Freshour before I bought this other land and built my bar. In those days there was no police protection or anything, so you ran as long as the crowd stays, three, four or five o'clock in the morning. Also I drank a little bit then, and so Jerry and I was renting one of those cabins in the back there, Kenny had five of those cabins, while I tended bar. I never told this story for years and years and years—I just told Herb and Butch the story here just a while back, a few days ago, see. So I get back to go to bed and about five o'clock in the morning here's this ding-dong, ding-dong, ding-dong. And this Birch Sperry had some milk cows and—

ET: He was my uncle.

EC: They ran loose around Seeley Lake, you see. Well, along these cabins where the drain was, was all nice clover so they'd start eating there. When I was getting ready to go to bed, I was listening to that. I'd get out in my underwear and I'd run those cows away, you know. Finally, I had one drink too much. I come out of that bed that morning and I was a cussing a blue streak and I started after that cow. I ran that cow down and I got it between that old Freshour bar and their storage room which was back in a corner like that and I bulldozed that cow down I got that bell off of her. Now, the real story about this is, Birch, the story goes, and I think it's probably true, in all the life they lived up here, they'd been in Missoula about twice, that's what we heard about. And the second time was to buy this bell just about two weeks before, a hand pounded, tooled, brass bell, and it was a beauty. Well, right today, that bell is out in the lake. I went down to the lake, and I was swinging like that, out in the lake it went. If you've got a metal finder, you'll find it out there. Well, I knew that he had a temper, see. So, boy it wasn't about a day later and here he is with his 30-30 in the bar looking for whoever stole that bell and he'd a killed him, wouldn't he? God, he was awesome. I never told a soul, not a soul, even the guy Freshour that I was working for. I never said a word about that. He's dead now.

JT: I never heard that one.

EC: Well, that's one of the reasons I was telling it.

HT: That old cow was gentle as could be. That bell was dinging around and one Sunday morning old Fred Peckenstecher and I, we were around there, everybody else had been partying the night before. It was one of these beautiful June days and we was down there pretty early in the morning and Johnny Foley was sleeping in that back bar where you said, where you caught the cow. We grabbed that old cow, and let her in there, right by Johnny's, bed. And I tell you, he did

the same thing, he grabbed that .45 off of the shelf right there. Before he realized what was happening, he was about ready to take a shot at us for letting the cow in his bedroom.

EC: Well now, another thing about that one. We were building the bar, so we went up and rented a place up there from Whitey Rawn, up on the Double Arrow, those cabins they'd let us rent 'em out there, you see, while we built our bar down there. I was getting home again, three or four o'clock in the morning, see. So this morning I was getting in there, I got home late and I was tired of doing some of the work inside, besides tending bar and everything. I got into bed, talked to Jerry a minute, got to sleep, just got to sleep, ding, ding, ding. "Gee, not again, well, I'll kill this one." So I grabbed the rifle and I ran outside and she said, "What's the matter with you, what are you doing?"

I said, "I'm going to get that one and I'm going to kill it." Of course I was cussing, too. I got out there, and it was raining, you know, and I—looking all over and there wasn't a thing in sight. Nothing. I come back in and she's sitting up on the edge of the bed. She said, "Do you feel a little bit sheepish?"

I said, "Why?" I said, "I'm not going to put up with that again."

She said, "You wouldn't have to if you'd look around." Here the stove pipe was leaking and she'd put a pan on the stove and ding, ding, ding, ding.

RK: Well, let's hear from Herb on his background, when he first came.

HT: It'll be pretty tame after these guys. The first time I came up the Blackfoot was when I was a little kid, never got this far, it was 1912. I can just remember that a little bit, but I still have some pretty clear memories of part of it. We had a big old automobile they called the Moon and we had to put water in it every time you turned around, every irrigation ditch you came to, every time you had extra water with you. But that's the most I remember about that was that old car. When I came over to the Double Arrow, I came over the old Jocko Trail, the old Indian trail with a band of horses coming to the Double Arrow, the first year that Boissevain operated it as a dude ranch. Everything was brand new, it was 1930. That's about all, I stayed there and worked at the Double Arrow and I got to know everybody around the country here. Butch and I got married and went up the Bitterroot, but we never lost contact here and we came back again in the summer of '37 and worked at the Double Arrow. Then we came back here after the war, moved up here before the war started and then came back here after the war and we've been here ever since. Worked in the sawmills.

EC: You played the rodeos too, didn't you?

HT: Well, I dinged around with that, but I never was good enough. I found out in the early times that I didn't have what it takes—it was too hard on your hind end. I got bucked off some of them horses so darn far that...

TB Well, I was helping my dad break horses for the military in World War I, in 1917 and 1918. If you want to see somebody get bucked off a lot of times in one day, you should have been around then. I was getting bucked off as high as six and seven times a day.

BV: Were these horses that were bred or were they wild horses?

TB: It was horses that we raised, but they were pretty wild because they ran on open range country. That was—we could go off on our ranch that we had fenced in, I could ride for 30 miles in any direction I wanted to go and never see another fence at that time. My dad, what he was doing, he was taking—just ride them a time or two—thought he had the rough off of them and then he'd put me on them and say, "Go out to the head of the (?) River and back. That was a 60 mile ride. He says, "Don't let him slow down." Well sometimes I didn't make it in because I got bucked off and lost the horse. That was in 1917 and 1918, of course the minute the war—the armistice was signed, that was the end of the government buyers. See, what he was doing, would be breaking horses for the army and they had buyers coming around through the country buying, they'd notify the ranchers when they'd be there. The buyer would have a couple of cowboys with him trailing the horses. The ranchers were doing pretty good, they were getting 75-80 dollars for a pretty good horse in those days. That was a lot of money then.

BV: Where was this ranch located?

TB: That was in Crook County, Wyoming, that's where I was raised. My dad used to run about 300 head of horses. So we had plenty of them to work on.

BV: You came up here in—you couldn't remember the date when you said before. About what time did you come up, it must have been about 1925.

TB: Well, when I come up to Montana. The first time I ever come through Montana, I come through here in 1926. I and another guy following a rodeo, riding the rodeo circuit, 1926. It took us all day to come from Helena over to Missoula. But I went down to Texas and New Mexico and spent several years down there after I was raised there in Wyoming.

BV: When did you end up here in the valley, Seeley Lake area?

TB: In 1933.

HT: See, Boissevain was going to raise horses along with the dude ranch. And he got a good remount stallion from down in Colorado, at that remount station in Fort Collins. There were some other people in the country, like Ed Schall over in Arlee who were doing the same thing. These horses that the remount service had—the particular one that Boissevain had the first time was a really well bred horse, he came from Mrs. Whitneys stables, when he had been broke down training him as a two year old and he was a derby prospect. But he broke down with what they call shin buck, his front legs had been fired, they used a heat treatment to fix

those tendons up down there. We could ride him, we rode him all the time, but you couldn't run him or gallop him very far. He had a wonderful disposition, he raised a lot of real good colts and Boissevain sold them very often as polo horses. The government bought a few of them because they still had a few places where they used horses. But there were quite a few horses in the country in those times yet. One of the things I remember about Boissevain, he went down back up on the—what is now in the game farm down there, and he had one of the dudes with him, they were down there early in the morning, they thought they knew where there was a mountain lion. He found a band of horses up there, one of them with his brand on him. Now this country is pretty rough on horses, and they can't winter out very many years. It so happened that this band of horses there had been running for two winters and he found one with his brand on it. He couldn't even identify it, so the next day he and I went down there horseback and found this bunch of horses. They were way up in the center of that game farm and at that time the Boyd ranch was using that land had a big sheep corral right down there at this end of the Sperry grade. We finally got that band of horses in a corral down there, it was a real hot day in July. We finally corralled that bunch and I roped this horse, it was wild and then broke him. There was quite a few of them in there that were pretty wild. After we got a halter put on it, made a squaw hitch hackamore on it, and got it tied to the fence and we sat down behind, in a shady spot, we were going to have a smoke and I tied the horse fairly high which is probably the wrong thing to do, but in that sheep manure, and dust was in there that deep, just as soft as could be and the finest place in the world you could find to break a wild horse without hurting it. We were sitting down there and that horse pulled back and I heard a snap in that horse's leg, she'd broke her leg right back here. We had to go up there, to the first house up there to get a gun to shoot her. While we were talking about Salmon Lake, I remember some of the things that Butch's dad told me. He had worked in the camps up here when Seeley was first logged in 1910—6, 8, 9 and 10 which John describes in his book. Ervin had worked there and he had also helped to freight into the camps and he had worked on the drive, I think he participated in every part of the logging operation that went on at the time. He told me a lot about it, he showed me where a lot of the buildings were, and showed me up and down the river here where things happened. There were some camps at the upper end of the lake, right around Owl Creek. Apparently they didn't have a very good bridge across there, just a foot bridge. Ervin said that a man had got killed or drowned; I think that he was drowned the day before, but he was on that side. He said they were carrying him across to get him over to this side where they could take him to town. And they dropped him in the water again, he said the old lumberjack on the other end of the stretcher deal they had, he said, "He's already drowned, you can't drown him again."

JT: Some of the old maps show a headquarters camp at the mouth of Owl Creek and I'm convinced that that was A. B. Hammond who had this camp before Anaconda had it. Because Anaconda moved right into Seeley Lake, right where the town is now. You remember the old Seeley building, a two story building—and that was their headquarters. But on that map—you know you get these maps and you go nuts when you use them—here's this word headquarters right at the mouth of Owl Creek. That can only be Hammond, you know. That means that Hammond was driving logs through this lake and down the Clearwater and down

the Blackfoot because he owned the Bonner mill before Anaconda owned it. It means that Hammond was up here in the late 1890s. But there is no record of it.

BV: Well this log right here behind you, the one that's, vertical, with the bears on it, was about two feet in diameter and it was laying right out here in the way of the barge so we yanked it out of the bottom the lake and it had been cut with a handsaw. So, that would have been, 1910?

JT: That would have been between 1907 and 1911.

BT2: Didn't they used to slide logs down from the mountain from the mountain up there into the lake?

JT: Oh yea, all this over here was just hand logged into the lake. [Points east]

WS: They had log chutes, too. They took logs and put them end to end down the mountain, and then they'd roll the log in the top and then it'd go down, chute into the lake.

JT: That's so dangerous that nobody would do it today, but those guys didn't care about it.

WS: There was a little rock in that chute, a log come down and hit it and hit a guy in the head, killed him. They'd go down there so fast they'd catch fire.

BV: Really?

JT: Did you hear that story about that Finlander? He was down at Greenough, he got killed by a widow maker or something down at Greenough. They used to raise their own meat right there, they'd wrap it in burlap. There was a fellow named Rudolph Schroeder, did any of you know him? He'd swipe stuff from the camps, the camps had a lot of scavengers around who were always stealing stuff. Well Rudolph used to go up, he'd see those carcasses that had been butchered and wrapped in burlap and he'd put them in his sleigh and take them on down to Kleinschmidt Flat. So when this Finlander got killed, they wrapped him in burlap. Rudolph comes up here, he grabs the first thing he sees wrapped in burlap, and he throws that in his sleigh, and he goes on down to Kleinschmidt Flat with it and he opens up the sack and here's a dead man in it. That's the end of Rudolph, I guess.

BV: Well, it's about your turn.

RK: Yes, we come to Faye.

WS: You remember old Harry Morgan, he was our game warden. He come around and if you didn't have any meat, he'd go out and get it for you. Anyway, he wouldn't arrest you unless somebody reported you, then he'd have to. He got on his horse up there at Ovando and goes clear up into the Swan on horseback to get a guy that was reportedly killing ruffled grouse out

of season. So when he got there, he says, "I've got to take you in for killing ruffed grouse." So this guy, he had a hired man working for him, and this guy says, "Well, you're not going to take me in to Missoula this way are you, Harry."

He says, "Come on in and have coffee while I get dressed and get cleaned up to go to Missoula." While they were in there why the hired man he took the ruffed grouse out of the gunny sack that old Harry had collected, you know, for evidence. He took them out of there and he went out to the chicken house and he got three Plymouth Rock hens, chickens, and he put them back in the sack and he put in old Harry's bag, you know. So when they got into Missoula, got up to court and the judge says, "Harry, have you got evidence on this man?" He says, "I sure have." He opened up and dumped out Plymouth Rock hens on the floor.

BT2: My husband got caught with Harry Morgan one time, too. Is it too late? He was up in the woods for some purpose, fighting fire or something and he was going slow on the mountain road and he hit a grouse, so he went out and got it and put it in the car and then—he'd been fishing—and then he went someplace else and he saw another grouse and it was standing right still, so he picked up a club and hit it and said, "As long as I got one, I might as well have another." And he cleaned the fish and then he thought he'd clean the birds so he cleaned them and somebody in the family liked gizzards or livers or something, so he put them in too. And then he saw Harry Morgan coming. And he said—he had to ditch the grouse, so he threw them out, and when he got to Harry, he made him dump his creel, then there was two too many fish and he says, "What are these gizzards doing in here?" It cost him 50 bucks.

[Much conversation, not easily distinguished as to story or speaker.]

[End of Tape 2, Side A]

[Tape 2, Side B]

EC: What he had done, this guy had borrowed these tools from Shorty and then turned around and lent them to me. He didn't tell me where he'd got them and I didn't know anything about this.

BV: Shorty Koessler?

EC: Yea, if he had called and said you've got my tools, I'll have them, there would have been nothing said, but he never told me, what he was mad at, or anything.

BV: Shorty was mad at you?

EC: Yea, cause I had the tools. He went back to this guy, he says, "where's my tools." The guy says, "Coyle's got them." So instead of coming up to me and tell me that I had his tools—I didn't know whose tools they were. I thought it was the guy I'd borrowed them from. So that's how that got started, you see. I didn't know anything about what the hell this thing was about. What he was mad about or anything.

BV: We got a short story here, you said Harry taught you a very important lesson.

WS: Oh yea, when I was a little boy, I wasn't allowed to go out and hunt ground squirrels alone with a .22, you know. I wasn't old enough. So I asked old Harry Morgan, I says, "Harry, would it be all right if I went out alone to hunt."

Well, he says, "I tell you, you go ahead and do it, but if I ever come along and catch you putting the butt end of your gun through a fence first, you're through hunting." That stayed with me, that was a lesson that I knew.

BV: Well, Faye, it's your turn.

FC: Well you know really I feel like crawling under the table.

BV: You're my closest neighbor.

FC: I haven't anything exciting to tell like you folks have.

BV: Well you gave me some very important dates when we talked last time, we were talking about when you started building on the island, how you got the island and all that.

FC: Well, I'll have to go back a bit. We came from Moscow, Idaho. And it was hard times and a friend of ours was here and she said that we could get work. So we came. We bought a house on South 10th Street. Of course we went to the Franklin School and the children went to Franklin School. Well, several nights—during the next week, a lady came and knocked at our

door, and we found out that she lived on South 14th Street and her husband was a butcher, he'd get drunk and come home and be mean to her. So she thought that I was a compassionate person, so she thought she'd come live with us. Well, she stayed for quite a while, many nights she was there with us, but she brought her uncle one time to visit us. And his name was Dan Arms. I'm sure you all know who he was.

JT: Oh, Dan Arms, I knew him.

FC: So Uncle Dan found out how we had been good to Haffy (?) so he kept saying to us, "Can I do anything for you? I'd be happy to, you've been so good to Haffy."

And I always said, "Oh no, we just enjoy her." So we took a drive up here one day and we saw the lake and the islands and we thought how nice it would be if we could have an island where we could come weekends. So, one time he said that to me once too often. I said, "Of course." I didn't know he was connected with ACM at that time, really I didn't—"Oh, we'd like to find a place to build a little cabin on Salmon Lake." He didn't say a word, but about a week later he called me at the bank. He said, "You said you'd like to have an island Salmon Lake."

I said, "Well, I sure would."

He said, "Well, I can get one for you."

And I said, "Oh could you, but how much would you charge me for it."

He said, "Do you think 25 dollars would be too much?" It didn't take me long to get over to his office to pay him 25 dollars. From then on we planned to build a house on Salmon Lake. He also told us that we could have any of the trees at the upper end of the lake that we wanted if we could get a horse across, you know. And then have the horse bring the logs back to the lake and I've ridden many a log down from there to the cabin.

BV: Well, that's what you built your cabin with, the logs here on the lake. That's was before Rustics manufactured logs for you, wasn't it?

FC: Well anyway, we built the house—

BV: That was about 19—

FC: Well, the late 1950's, somewhere around there. [Wrong date, right date later on] Because on one board or log there at the cabin there's the date, 1942, and we had been there for some time by that time. The most happy times we ever spent of our lives was there at Salmon Lake. Our daughter and her husband were married there and many marriages and birthdays were celebrated on that island. And many people of Missoula will not forget Salmon Lake because of that. I'd like to tell you, how many of you knew Chuck Young? Did anybody know him?

JT: Oh, Charlie Young from Ovando?

FC: He was at—

BT2: Westmont Tractor?

FC: Mountain Tractor, he was their business manager for many years and he died this morning at 6:30.

RK: He was also her son-in-law.

FC: He's my son-in-law, yes.

BV: Yea, in fact, I invited him and his wife up today. He wasn't feeling very well, he had serious cancer and they said they couldn't make it...

FC: He died at 6:30 this morning. I'm telling you there's a great loss to the community when Charles is gone around because he's a very nice man.

BV: Well, we'll get your daughter up here this summer.

FC: I hope you do because they would love to have time here. But we really enjoyed Salmon Lake and the island.

RK: And how was the island named Guam?

FC: We called it Guam.

RK: Why was that?

FC: Because my husband was working in Alaska at that time and he thought that would be a nice name for the island. So that's how we got it. But there's lots of stories about it, too long to tell here, you know. The children had a tree house.

BV: So, the first time that you set foot on that island was about what year?

FC: Oh, about 1931 or 1932, somewhere in there.

BV: That's what I thought, it was the 30s

FC: Maybe a little later than that.

BV: And when did you get power—electricity—up here?

FC: That I don't know because I was unconscious at the time. I was sweeping the front porch up there and lightning struck, took me to the ground.

TB: I think it was turned on here about '52. Because we were all ready for it. We were on the ranch and we had all the different things that we needed to turn it on when it was on because I had been working hard to get it on, you know. I went out and got easements all over the country here for them, easements to bring it in.

BV: So the first electricity came into the valley about 1952?

TB: I think that's about the right time. I'm not positive.

FC: Well, there's one more thing I'd like to tell you folks, I think you would enjoy hearing. Uncle Dan decided that he was going to retire from the ACM. So he brought all of his belongings that had been stored in the basement of the Western Montana Bank. He brought it all out to our house on Edith Street to sell, a rummage sale. And some of the belongings he had were very unique, and one of them was one of these boxes about so big, square, with a tight lid on it. You've seen these tin boxes, years ago; well not many of you have, haven't you? Well, we didn't open it until we were ready to sell it. We opened it up, and here was a cake. And believe it or not it was good. It had been there for 40 years. We started building as soon as we could. We were coming up here at the time they remodeled the road, you remember how dirty it was, and dusty. We always took our two dogs with us and I never arrived at this cabin without a dog putting his leg through the cake.

BT2: We had dogs one time that came across here, we had three labs at one time and my thought it'd be a good idea to train them to haul the stuff across and he bought an Alaskan dog sled and hitched all three dogs to it and got them all loaded on the sled, all the supplies and everything, the dogs went out, the slush was about that deep, and they wouldn't move, any of them.

HT: Ed, do you remember about the elk. It was right out here somewhere. But anyway there was an elk swimming in the lake out here, just down here a little ways. Kenny rushed back up here and apparently there was a boat on that side because he got over and got a rifle from Dave. And he got back and got down after the elk and he was making toward...it just about—the elk took for him and it just about upset him, he got in real trouble.

EC: I remember him telling me about that.

JT: Ten thousand ducks right at the head of...We'd take a flat bottom boat and go up there with a dog and then we'd park the boat, wait for daylight. And then we'd get one shot at them. You know how they go. But they literally blocked out the light of the sun, the number of ducks at the head of the lake.

BV: There'd be blinds on these little islands.

JT: Well, we had to come up, you know, and I had a great big Chesapeake dog and he had the boat pretty near upset. I never had such duck hunting in my life. You could get 20 ducks in those days, you know.

EC: Do you remember Chink Cyr, the Oxford. Well, there's a character that should be written up by somebody some time. He was really something. Well anyway, he come up, and we were going to go duck hunting. So, we needed two boats, so I had one, so we borrowed another one, flat bottom boat, so we had it all covered over like that. Early the next morning we come down, it was Ray Spehn and Bud Aldrich, Chink and I. So Spehn and Chink was in the other boat, Chink and the other was in the one we borrowed. So, we started rowing across the lake, finally about—it was still dark—finally I could hear, Chink says, "The God damn things leaking." It was in the middle of the lake, see. He had a bucket, see. He started up bailing water out of it. Kept on going.

He says, "It's getting worse." So we got over—we were way up at the other end—got over to the inlet in there, see, and he got in and he was still bailing out, so we rowed up along side of him, and he's still bailing out, he's up to water this high already, and he's bailing.

"What are you doing, Chink? You know we've got to keep the water out of this." He couldn't see that the boat was under because we had all of these limbs over it, see.

All of a sudden he says, "The damn thing down isn't it?" So were their shotguns and everything. He managed to get the shotgun and he came up and he shot like that to clear his, gun. You see there was water in it, and he was that kind of a guy if you knew anything about him. You could hear a "Wooo," everybody hollered along the lake here, see, shooting before time, see.

"If you don't like it," he says, "come up here and shut it up, will you." He was tough.

WS: What was that old Harry Morgan told me? He says that Salmon Lake here is going to be completely covered over, underground lake, in the years to come.

BV: The way it's silting in here.

WS: The way it's starting. And we have an underground lake just north of our place over here that there's at least 30 foot of water and you have to take a shovel and dig a hole and it's completely covered over with trees, mostly spruce, cause they spread out, the roots.

BV: This is all silting in here, this is only about three feet deep out here.

WS: And it's completely covered now and I don't know how many acres it covered. Grew over.

BV: Yea, when I sounded, see I put my sewer line across here, and my power lines and everything else is under water in big steel pipes. I sunk pilings down into the bottom of the lake and then I hung the steel pipe on the pilings and then I ran all of the electric lines and everything through the pipe so that if anybody comes through with a boat with an anchor or something they won't tear it out. There's no way. Well anyhow, I had to sound the bottom of the lake to figure out how long my pilings had to be along there. The deepest part is about 40

feet. There's roughly 37 feet of just muck, silt and mud and stuff like that on top that has gradually filled in over the thousands of years.

EC: You know what I've thought through the years and years of being up here at the lake and people that come up to the bar and the condition they left in to go back to Missoula. And I'm sure that some of the people that disappeared could be in this muck.

FC: I'm sure of that too.

EC: Seriously, I really mean it. I don't see how any of them ever got home.

BV: What was it, the first night you were here, or the first week Mom and Dad [Bruce Vorhauer's parents] were here the guy drove off right here.

Mrs. Vorhauer: The first night we were here.

BV: The first night that Mom and Dad stayed in shore house, in the middle of the night there's a knock on the door and this guy comes to the door, and he's all soaking wet and covered with weeds and mud and everything, and he drove off into the lake right there at the house, went right down into the lake right by the shore house, missed my helicopter by about a foot.

JT: Well, Mrs. Binko was drowned in it. Wes Binko's wife.

BV: There was another guy and his son that were drowned right here .

JT: She got her skirts wrapped around the steering column and she couldn't get out of the car. These other guys could swim out. But she got her skirts wrapped around the steering column and they had to get her body out. She went in right down here below, Fish Creek.

EC: Well, that's what I've always thought, you know, you get into that silt over night and you just seep on down and you'd never find them. This lake should have a guard rail all the way through.

WS: My sister and her husband were coming back from Missoula and right down there at the end of the lake, they were coming this way, and it was at night, and there were the tail lights of a car right in front of them. All of a sudden it disappeared and my sister said, "Boy, that guy really stepped on the gas." Well he didn't, he went in the lake.

JT: ...just north of Clarks. Well, this has been 60 years ago....At least that's what he said and he couldn't see very well you know. That's the deepest part of the lake.

WS: Where's this?

JT: North of Clarks. Just this side of Clarks, the deepest spot in the lake.

EC: I rode along the top of that horseback and looked down here onetime years and years ago. And that area there was just solid blue. You couldn't see down in it at all.

JT: When we used to come up here there were a lot of dead heads. When they logged Seeley Lake, they drove them down. They'd take these splash dams, you know, blow them out of the splash dams. They'd get down to Salmon Lake and they made them take the tamarack butts—they had a big fight—suit over that—and a tamarack butt when it hit this lake, would go down and the top would come up. The top was buoyant. So the butt was on the bottom of the lake and that—those dead heads stayed there for years and years, but they're finally gone now. I know when we'd take a motor boat up here, we'd have to watch not to hit one of those dead heads.

EC: Did you read in the paper here a few years ago where they found these two cars over in the Missouri River in Great Falls that had disappeared over 10 years ago and the people were still in them. Remember that? That's why I think something could happen like that here. Tex, have you ever heard of eagles attacking deer?

TB: I've watched it.

WS: Right here, eagle came down and bust these deer's back, right out here on the ice. A sawyer at the mill when I was working there come in and told us about it.

EC: I was coming into town that morning and was across there, and it was in the wintertime, a lot of snow that year. Here's this big buck trying to get across and every time he'd go, he's in belly deep, see, and he could just lunge. Before that, well, I saw this eagle flying, come along by Owl Creek, see. All of a sudden it'd drop and in a few seconds he was back up. I said, he couldn't get there that fast, see. So finally I got around to that observation point there and stopped and here was this big buck trying to get across to the other side over here. These eagles would come down and they'd come down in behind him and get their talons in his back trying to hamstring him. Then they'd lay back, but the snow kept him from falling over. I could see that if it wasn't for the snow they could get him down. Then he'd rack them off like that and then that one would take off and down would come the other one. But he did make it across. But he was in awful bad shape, I don't think he could have lived.

TB: Well, what they'd usually do, Ed, is, we'd watch them on Crescent Lake up there many times. We used to see a lot of them killed there and they fly down, usually two eagles would work together. They'd come right down, they'd dive right straight down and they'd hit them right in the back of the neck with their dew claws. They don't stay there ever. They just hit them, go right off and go up in the air again. And his partner goes around and hits him a second time and then the big buck goes down. The second time around.

EC: ...and then they'd lay back and finally he'd get them off with his rack.

TB: Well, we watched them on Placid Lake up there and they never hung onto them, they just hit them. Then they'd take off, but they'd work in a pair. I saw them do the same thing over there in eastern Montana, pack off domestic lambs, just light down and pack one of them things off one after another. They killed hundreds of domestic lambs over there. And antelope—baby antelope—they'd kill hundreds of them.

WS: Elk, down there, a guy coming along and he saw an elk coming off of the Boyd ranch, the game ranch. That big underpass culvert there goes underneath the highway, this side of Clearwater Junction. He was coming down there and he had a mountain lion on his back. It was there when he hit this underpass culvert, well he wiped the mountain lion right off.

JT: My dad and I were coming up here in the late 30s, we went by Clarks. A big buck came out on the ice, it was winter, behind him was three coyotes. And he was running like hell, he could outrun a coyote. When he got on the ice, there was no snow; he started to slide, slip. Those coyotes were on him in just no time, one of them grabbed him by the snout and one of them grabbed him by the hind quarters and he was down. Who was talking about Art Stover? Wasn't that you, Tex, talking about Art Stover?

TB: Yes

JT: Well, I got all excited. I thought, I have got to do something about this. So I went out and started running across the ice, my old man said, "Come on back," He said, "You'll fall through that." But I didn't, and I got about half way across and Art Stover comes up with a rifle...from Clarks. And runs the coyotes off, but the buck was down.

EC: That used to be a common sight. I remember going to town, here, and coyotes would hover in all of these little island. The deer would cross, and there was lots of deer coming through here then. They'd get out and chase them until they'd fall, then, boy, they were right on. I had the rifle...I took the rifle with me a lot of times, and I'd shoot them, but I was never able to hit one of those coyotes.

TB: I spent much time out here; I used to spend time out here with old Sour Dough Dave. Sometimes I'd be here two or three days and we'd shoot coyotes here for two or three days at a time. I've seen as high as 25 or 30 coyotes right around this island.

EC: I have too.

HT: There isn't that many coyotes in the whole doggone county, now.

EC: Did you ever see a wolf here?

TB: No, I never

EC: Did you ever see a wolf run with them?

TB: I've seen lots of wolves, but I've never seen none here.

EC: Well, I don't what this was, Tex, but this particular day I was down and there was about six or seven coyotes, gray coyotes, running along that side, right next to the edge of the bank over there. And here right behind them, separate, was this big black one. And about a good twice the size of the coyotes.

TB: Somebody's big old black dog.

EC: Those coyotes would have got it if it had been. If you've got about five or six coyotes, they'll take a dog.

TB: No, heck no. You take a dog, I've seen lots of dogs be the leader of a pack of coyotes.
[Talks more about dogs running with coyotes.]

JT: You know, Junior Clark used to get a load of hay. He'd put a big haystack right out on the lake and the deer just crowded in there, you know. And finally Fish and Game said you can't do that anymore. You're making those deer dependent on that hay and they should be out in the brush hustling. So Junior had to bow down to Fish and Game.

[More talk of coyotes and deer.]

[End of Interview]