

Oral History Number: 243-001, 002

Interviewee: Willis Hill

Interviewer: Ileen Ricci, Daniel Hall

Date of Interview: April 6, 1990

Daniel Hall: This is Friday, April, 6, 1990, we're in Missoula, Montana. This is Dan Hall. We're talking with Willis Hill today, and Ileen Ricci is going to be asking the questions. I'd like to start by asking you Willis, when and where were you born?

Willis Hill: I was born in Jeffers, Minnesota, August 2, 1902.

DH: Who were your parents?

WH: Who were? William H. Hill and Cora Emma Hill.

DH: What did your father do?

WH: Well, he was a jack of all trades and master of none. He was just a handyman who could do anything, but primarily in that day, it was horses. If you was a horseman, you had a trade.

DH: Was this in southern Minnesota?

WH: Yes, I think mostly. I don't remember too much about the geographical location.

DH: How long did you live there?

WH: I don't know. I just remember in my early days when I was six, we moved from Minnesota to Canada, and I remember I was working or being in a place called Excelsior, Minnesota. They were in probably several locations then, but that's the only one that I really have a memory of.

DH: How long did you live in Canada?

WH: From about 1907 to 1913, I think.

DH: Then where did you move to after that?

WH: From that we moved overland and with horses and wagon. Moved down to Roscoe, Montana, and from there Lovell, Wyoming, and from Lovell, Wyoming, back to Great Falls. Great Falls was my home from 1914 until 1943.

DH: How big was Great Falls when you moved there?

WH: Oh I don't know population-wise how big it was. I know it was about a third of what it is now.

DH: Why was Great Falls the choice for living?

WH: That I can't answer too clearly. When we moved out of Canada, we first landed Glasgow, and my dad hooked on as foreman for the Nashua Ditch Project where they dug ditches—irrigation ditches and so on—and then with this contractor. The contractor was headquartered in Lovell, Wyoming, and so we went from Glasgow and loaded up all that equipment about maybe probably 20 people and that many horses and wagons and went overland down to Lovell, Wyoming. Then this same outfit acquired a contract to Fairfield, Montana, which is just out of Great Falls a way. So we then followed him up there. Mother and I, well Mother and six kids younger than I. Had three horses and a wagon, and we come up through Judith Gap in the winter time and landed in Great Falls in December. As far as I know, Dad got work there, and then he knew a friend that he had gone to school with that owned property south of Great Falls. Had sand and gravel pits, so we moved out on that and went into the sand and gravel business. That's where I first got my real hard work experience. That was why it was our home because he happened to know this man that owned this land that had sand and gravel pits.

DH: How old were you when you first started working for the sand and gravel outfit?

WH: Oh, about 15.

DH: How was the pay?

WH: What?

DH: How was the pay?

WH: Well, the pay was your board and room for kids in those days. Kids didn't...When they worked for their parents, they didn't get paid. The parents raised...The older kids, as they came up, they helped support the younger ones when they come along. There was nine in our family, and I was the second so I got an early start.

DH: Do you remember those trips with the horse and wagon very well?

WH: Yeah, quite well. I know when we came down, we even had our milk cow on with us and a team. There was my grandad—he was just along with us, and we just loaded up and came on down through and settled out on Porcupine Creek for a while. From there was when Dad got the job with this construction outfit. That was a real experience to go from Glasgow down through Jordan, Pompeys Pillar, Billings, on down to Lovell, but there was about 20 people. There was people that sang, there was people that played all kinds of instruments. Every night it was a picnic—it was a regular ball—and of course, it was heavily loaded wagons and horses. If

you made 20 miles a day, you was doing really well. You could just set up all day and head that thing down the road and just look at the country and see what was going on. It was real just like a picnic all the way.

DH: Were there roads to follow?

WH: Yeah, they was roads, just country dirt roads. There wasn't any such thing as pavement then.

DH: How much schooling did you have as a child?

WH: I got about half way through the sixth grade because like I said, well, one thing I was always plagued from the time I was born with migraine headaches. Took me out of school a lot, but as these kids came along and got a little older, they helped support the younger ones. That is just the way the things were. It probably would be a pretty good idea yet.

Ileen Ricci: [laughs] In some cases, that's really true.

WH: At least I'll tell you this. When I was old enough to work, my dad was a pretty hard taskmaster, and when I was old enough to work, I knew how to work. I think he could probably do most anything. I used to call him when I got old enough to dare to,, I used to call him the pace setter. He would come along and show you how fast and how quick it ought to be done and then he was gone someplace else. We used to call him the pace setter. [laughs]

DH: How long did you live in Great Falls?

WH: Great Falls was my headquarters and the family home from 1915 to 1943 when I moved to the Bitterroot Valley, but in the meantime, I put in, oh I don't know, seven, eight years down in Wyoming. Worked in Jackson Hole, Sheridan, Lovell country, all through there. First started in over at Buffalo, Wyoming. Well, I first went from Great Falls to Powell in 1927 when they was putting in the sewer system in there. I went down there as a back filler operator filling the ditches behind the digging machines, and then in the meantime being pretty handy with horses, I would drive the grader team—leveling up and so on after that. Then we got through that, and we took a couple of four horse teams and [unintelligible]. We took a couple of four-horse teams and did backfill work on bridges up near Cody, where Cody goes across from...Cody across the [unintelligible] Bench to Greybull. I worked on that. Then we went from there, oh I don't remember, over to Sheridan, Wyoming. That's when they needed a hand there is when I became the drag line operator, and I was at that for several years. We dug ditches over from Sheridan and then they took [unintelligible] and I was kind of a handyman there. I hauled the fence posts in the culverts and built. Then in the meantime, the rope team, I was always considered to be pretty much an expert horseman. I could drive and handle them [unintelligible] if I had the horses to do it with. I thought in my retired years that it'd be kind of fun to just own a nice team of horses to play with, but never was able to afford it.

DH: What's a dragline operator?

WH: You see them working around here. Not drag lines so much because backhoes take their place, but they used to have the long boom with a bucket that went up. They dug drainage ditches, canals, build roads with them, and they were...Most of them, in later years were convertible to a shovel, they put a gas shovel or steam shovel in it. I was on that kind of work for about seven years.

DH: Is that dangerous work?

WH: No, not at all. It's like when you are loading trucks and wagons and stuff, it could be dangerous to the guys that are working under you, but not you setting up in [unintelligible] it isn't dangerous.

DH: I think Ileen's got some questions she wants to ask you about Jackson Hole and some of your work down around Wyoming.

[long pause]

IR: I'm interested for you to talk a little bit about when you were working construction around Jackson Hole: what the area was like, the animal life, and the environment at that time.

WH: I might start by telling you that the outfit that I was working with was still connected to this dragline shovel work, and we had to go in there—they sent me over and we unloaded this 25-ton dragline with a boom point that was 45 feet. We roaded that over the Teton pass and came all the way up the west side of the Snake River, across on top of the dam at Jackson. Of course, we dropped right off at the dam and headed in with our ditch and roads straight for Jackson Lake Lodge and dug our way through as we went. It was just you could...It was peat moss underneath there, and you could just feel the whole country shaking.

Just a little incident, by the way. We had a lot of problems coming up there, and we had to dig our way through ditches and around and build our own. A couple of trucks followed us with big timbers, and they'd bridge it across the weaker bridges. There used to be bridges in the sand about six inches high above the road, but they were all level when we got that 45 ton across. We pushed them down where they belonged. [laughs] We got across the dam, dropped there, and started digging right at the bottom. Of course, that lodge right at the dam at Moran, Wyoming, was then tourist people. Now, there's not nearly that many. Anyway, we dropped the outfit down there. Then I had been on that for a long, long time, so I was going to get some rest. We had a new, just starting to be an operator on that, and he started digging out in here and the people all gathered up to see what was going on. He just shutdown. He come over, and he said, "I can't dig there with those people like that."

I said, "Okay, I will come down, and we get started." So this great big old [unintelligible] bucket, I started digging, and it was all full of water and [unintelligible] in there. Those people just right up there and waited as she was [unintelligible] I just take the bucket and drop it down the mud flat like that. They got out of the way. They got back. [laughs] Some of them was wet and muddy, but they got back.

We went right through that Moose Swamp. It's still there, but the road isn't there anymore. I was in there about, oh I suppose, it's been 20 years. The road goes around that, and you have to cross the new bridge and so on. Anyway, we went right across that thing. I was operating night shift a lot, and my old daddy-in-law was the oiler. He used to come up and he'd pull on the paddle and he reached up in there, and I'd swing the lights of that thing around here's moose watching you out...you know, watching the light curious on that thing. We camped right there just down at Jackson Lake Lodge. Of course, we had all kinds of adventures. We had been stuck and everything else, but that's about all.

Our contract went from right to Jackson Lake Lodge, just at the foot of the hill, and then we turned and went toward Togwotee Pass. I don't remember the names of those towns up in there. One of them was Moose for instance. Anyway, we built the road, but that was all dry work. In those days, why, your overall was done with teams. We had mostly teams in there with dump wagons. We loaded those dump wagons. That's why I say that those guys that usually work over the top of them with big buckets and stuff, they were the ones that was in danger. That is why it was dangerous job for them. We got the thing stuck, and well, all those early-time problems. So that was about, I don't know, in 1931 in October or something. We finished up on the contracts we had there. That, of course, was right when the Depression was tough, and so they had a pit dragline loading boxcars over the river in Wyoming. They sent me over there. I had been really in the bucks. I was drawing a dollar and quarter an hour on that dragline. Boy, I was in the bucks, I'll tell you. Then they sent me over there, and I worked on that for a while as a 12-hour shift—the day shift. I finally said, "Well, how much wages am I getting on this thing?"

He said, "50 cents an hour."

I said, "Oh no. Not 50 cents an hour."

He said, "That's the best we can do." He said, "I can get guys to do it for a lot less than that."

I said, "Get them." I was getting a little antsy anyhow. My boy Dick was, he was just about...I had taken my wife up out of Jackson Hole to Great Falls because I didn't want to get snowed in there. I was getting pretty antsy, and I knew it was time for that boy to get there and so I took off for Great Falls. Well, that kind of more or less ended my experience in Jackson Hole, but they drained the lake down there—the Jackson Lake—in the early days when they put the dam in, they didn't plug that up very well and the logs and stuff kept coming up and getting into the dam—into the flood gates and stuff. They [unintelligible] and logged that off, and gee whiz like I told you there today, that the moose and the deer and the elk were just so thick out on that

lake, they was just like sheep. Then they had a corridor that came down out of the Clark (?) and you'd be surprised how soon or how smart those elk were. They called it the elk corridor, and when it come to hunting season in the fall they weren't allowed to hunt inside of that corridor. They just took very few elk before they just...because hunting was tough. They stayed inside of that corridor going down to that winter-feeding down around by Jackson. So I don't know, that's about I recall about it. I was just kind of generalizing. Lots of things happened while we was in there.

I remember one time we were moving the machine in, trying to keep gravel in this ditch. We come to a bridge, and we couldn't get across it. It was just too deep down there and the bridge was too fragile, so there was some lady that was well-to-do that had home down in there. The boss went to her and said he'd like to detour this bridge and go down below it so he could move that machine.

She said, "You keep that machine out of here. You're not keeping that in there no way no how."

So the boss come back and told me about it. Well, the way we were moving it in, we'd just find a place we could bed down and take a little sleep and then go on. I wasn't even on it at the time, but these guys went in and they crossed this little canal. It was pea gravel, and instead of swinging the machine so that the weight was behind so it'd raise up on the other side, they didn't know enough to do that and they drove it right in. Then that gravel washed right through the tracks, and we were stuck. Here was this...the boss had figured we would go through in the night and that women, by the time she found out about it, we'd be gone. But it didn't work out that way, and that guy he dug up trees and he went around that thing—worked in circles. So they come in and got me out of bed. I was a senior operator, and I said, "Well there's only one thing to do." So we dammed the creek here and just dug a trench right around, bypassed the thing, and dug the machine out. Worked it out of there, and about that time that lady come. Was she ever irate. She said, "What so and so fool didn't have any better sense than to do a thing like that."

I said, "That's him right there. Talk to him." [laughs] We had a lot of little incidents like that that were just kind of funny that you think about as you look back on the years.

IR: And there was a certain way that you had to carry the equipment. Didn't you make like log booms or take logs and bring them together?

WH: See, all that stuff like that Moose Swamp, we carried what they called mats. You took maybe ten logs and drilled holes through them, put cable through them—a loop on each end. Then you'd have a series of those long enough, a little longer than your machine set on. You'd just place machine. When you want to move up, you reach out your bucket, swing these around and put them ahead. Then move up on to them, and then when you finish digging that set, you'd take the next boom—the next ones—and move then around in front. You just dragged

them around the machine. That was the way we traveled across that soft ground with them great big machine.

IR: Wasn't there an incident where you had a person working with you that couldn't get onto that system, and you told them how to cross a certain piece of land and—

WH: Yeah. Well, this guy came down...what we'd been doing was putting in new septic tank system for Jackson Lake Lodge, and I mean that was big. It was probably 50 feet long, and big and then they cribbed it with logs. Covered it over, and that was their septic system for that big lodge. Anyway, I was camped right down below there and this guy was, well, he was an experienced operator, but he did what he was told to do and the heck with the rest of it. He didn't tend to use...So I told him, "When you finish that, I'll come on down and just bring the machine down, and I'll pick it up and go on from there." So I heard the machine coming down the hill. I could hear it patting along pretty good, and all of a sudden, "plunk," it stopped. He went over this little log bridge. He went through that bridge...He went through all that, but when he raise the front end on the one side—this was a Caterpillar outfit, long Caterpillar—down went the bridge and he was sitting right on the end. So here was all the traffic coming out of the park lined up there and a bus from the park. The only way they could do was to go out through West Yellowstone and go down south. I looked it over, I said, "I can have you out of here in about a half an hour." We anchored a cable to the tree and wound them on the Cats, and they just wind right up on the Caterpillars and you climb right out of there. I got it out of there and left the bridge [unintelligible] like that so the water could pass through it, and I just dug dirt around and filled it in. About less than an hour, they was on their way. They was pretty grateful that time.

IR: I'm sure so. What about the night that you spent when the construction worker was killed? Can you tell us about that when you were alone out in the Jackson Hole Valley?

WH: That was about as spooky as I ever want to be. I am not too spooky type. Anyway, the contractor, in those days—of course those old model T trucks and the model A was pretty much up-to-date—but this happened to be a model A dump truck with a dump [unintelligible] on it. They were going for concrete, and they used to have these old iron concrete buggies—two wheels on them and then were all iron and weighed, I think, a couple hundred pounds. They had this truck loaded with that and came down out of the park. As you go out of the south out of the park you went straight down along this lane, and then made a sharp turn and down in through a draw and straight ahead of you was lake down there. So this guy, oh the model had a [unintelligible] and a Warford transmission, and they several different kinds. I think this was a Warford, I believe, but anyway, he went to shift gears and lost it and he didn't have nothing. It was just no motor, nothing—just running wild. He had brought his father-in-law with him—this man was a gentleman named Waters, I remember—he brought him along just for the ride. So he took that away from him, and he started down there and he was headed for that lake. So he started running over trees as he went down—brush—because he thought he could...Pretty

soon she just upset end over end and that buggy went out...The old man went out through the top and buggy lit right on his chest and killed.

This was in the afternoon, and so the guy came down to our camp and told us about it. Of course, I was acquainted with the guy, and so I got the car went up there and left a word for the boss what had happened. They said, "Well, you can't move him." The people we didn't know, but they said, "You can't move him without a sheriff or a coroner or somebody got to pronounce him dead." By golly, it went on and on and on, and the sheriff never come and the boss come. He went back to look for the sheriff, and the sheriff was some place, I don't know where. Anyway, they left me up there to be the body guard, and it kept getting darker and the coyotes howled a little of this. I had imagined...and I think that old guy did, I think he was relaxing, but maybe he did move. I thought he did as long I can see him. I sat up there. I tell you that was along about midnight, and finally they came—there was a doctor came through the park—and he said, well he was from Idaho, and he said, "I'll sign the certificate that he's dead and what happened. You can't leave him laying like this." He went on and about that time, the boss came back with the sheriff.

I said, "Well, here is this doctor who left this, and it'll be all right—it'll be legal to move him." So he just loaded him up and took him back to Lovell through the other side of the park, through Cody and out that way. I started down the road and here comes the sheriff wanting to know if I'd seen anything like that, and [unintelligible], "They were pretty well loaded. They were pretty drunk."

I told him, "Well, yeah, but I just come from there. There ain't nobody there anymore. They took him out through the park." Oh boy, did he get irate."

He said, "That guy is going to be in deep trouble." He said...you know they took him into a different county from what just happened. I don't know, I never heard anything more about it. I know they took the guy out there, but I never heard anything more about whether that guy did anything about it, if he That was just about the end of that.

IR: You were down there in the winter. How many winters were you there?

WH: No, I wasn't in the winter.

IR: Oh, I thought you'd been—

WH: When you're in construction work, you get about six feet of snow down there in the winter time, and there isn't very much do in there. I suppose now in this day with ski resorts and things like that there is, but at that time, that was well, 1931. I was there in '30 and '31. That's a day or two ago.

IR: I remember that we were talking once about the mail planes and how they'd fly, and you were down there when there was some snow—

WH: At that time, I was just going to work and this was in May. I remember, the 8th of May. They'd called us to come to work. Well, there was no other opening in the park except the south entrance, and you had to go down and hit the main highway between Rawlins and [unintelligible], Wyoming, and then turn west to go to Rock Springs. When we got up there to a place called Wamsutter. Before we got there why my old daddy-in-law was walking...as long as he was able, he was always oil foreman. He was walking ahead of the outfit and I was following, and he was just walking ahead to keep us from running off the road. We come to this little Wamsutter, and they had cabins up there. We got a cabin and here in the night, come this plane. He was iced over and had to come down. Golly, them planes was just like outdoors then. The next morning at daylight, why, I guess they got everybody out that was available around there. He'd go down the field as hard as he could go, but he couldn't get off the ground. We'd help pull one wing while he turned around, and then he'd go back down the other way and by golly, he finally got that thing off the ground and away he went. But that was the days, that was the coldest looking outfit you ever seen to be flying. Well, I guess the mail had to go through.

DH: What town was that in?

WH: A place called Wamsutter, right on the Divide [Great Divide] between Rock Springs and Rawlins, Wyoming. Then we went into, I don't remember, from Rock Springs. As soon as we got down off of the Divide line, it was just great weather, and we went in from the south. I don't remember, there's an inland settlement in there and I don't know...It was Pine something [Pinedale?], but I can't remember the names anymore. Just an isolated settlement back in there, and I suppose it's still there. It looked like a permanent outfit, but no railroad or anything. Then we went in to what they call Hoback Canyon—that's the south entrance of Jackson Hole.

While we was in Jackson Hole in there—there was right at the foot of the mountain, right at Teton Pass—there was a little town named Wilson. We done all our trading and learned at least that you could do better there than you could in the big towns. I don't know how that guy stayed in business, but Jackson towns, you know, they were high as tourist towns even in those days. Right there is Jackson Hole, you unloaded that great big outfit and rode it up this narrow mountain road. The night I was driving, and they had taken the light we had—what they called Kohler light plant. They didn't run off of batteries. The machine didn't ran off of neither, but they had no lights so they had a regular Kohler light plant in them. The boss had taken that out for repairs, and it got dark on us and we was going up the road. Pretty soon...that thing traveled at a high speed five-eighths of a mile an hour when it was in high gear. All at once, old Dad French (?)—my father-in-law's name—and he, walking ahead with the lantern. I could see something glinting in there and I looked, and we had about two miles of telephone wires strung right across the end of that boom. [laughs] We had the whole Jackson Hole cut off the

telephone line from the west. I don't know, I don't ever know what became of that day. I figured there would really be a war about that, but they never give us any trouble about it.

As we went down that thing, and that was about as hairy an experience as you'd want because that was just a very narrow road. I started down, and you had to reverse it and pull the brake. Well, as soon as the brakes warmed up, why, they didn't hold. I pulled that thing out of gear, and it started down the hill. I says, "Drop the bucket," and the front end of the bucket slid into the dirt and stopped. Then I sent the truck to gather up a load of logs, and I dragged the load of logs behind that thing. We'd go into those switchbacks this way, turn around and move the logs back and go down this way and this way and this way. I don't remember how many dozens of switchbacks. We was down there about halfway and going across this cribbed up with logs on the lower side—

[Break in audio]

WH: —that logs was settling, and you could see the dirt rolling out of the bottom. There was just about a mile down to the bottom of that hill. I just nodded my head. I knew what it was doing, but I didn't dare stop. If I had stopped long enough, it would have just given away. Dad, he was sure...he was sure worried about us, but here he was on the lower side. If it had given way, he' been the first one to get it. Hell, he was a grand old man you know. I thought when I got to be 65—64 or 65 like he was the years he worked with me—my gosh if I could be the man that he is when I'm that age. Here I am 20 years past that. [unintelligible] still sticking around. Of course, I am not the man he was either. He was a salty little guy, I'll tell you.

IR: Where were they from, your wife's family?

WH: Great Falls. My wife was born right here in Bonner and then they moved to Butte for a while, but their home had been most all their life in Great Falls.

IR: And he was with you down in Jackson Hole?

WH: When his wife died and my wife was the one, she was the Cinderella at home. She took care of the place and when I got going with her, why, when we were married, he said, "Well Billy" he says, "you are taking my housekeeper, so you can take me too." So he spent an awful lot of time with us after that. His son ran a foundry in Great Falls, and he was puddling for him, I don't suppose you are familiar with that term. They build forms for various forms of iron work and steel work, like manholes and manhole covers and things like that. But anyway, when you pour the hot metal into this form on this side—you're pouring that red hot metal into there—and when it comes, this guy stands over here on the other end with a rod, and he's what you call a puddling. He keeps moving it to keep the air bubbles out of it. It's just water, just like water running on metal. Dad, I don't know what was the matter with him or why—he knew better—but it was just like me sticking my thumb in the saw. He knew better, but he thought that thing was nearly full. He leaned over to look down into that riser hole, and just when it spit

it went into his eyes. It burned him pretty bad, and he never could see well after that. Golly, he lived until he was about 84, I guess.

DH: This was the company that the family owned?

WH: No, it was an outfit that his son worked for.

DH: Oh, okay. Do you remember the name of the company?

WH: That was McLean Foundry (?). It right there underneath the Ninth Street Bridge there in Great Falls. I don't know. We, then, went into the...like I said in Great Falls, in the sand and gravel business there. I remember that was way back in the time when the Great Falls Park, which you folks never heard of...probably never heard of him either, Jack Dempsey. That's where he done his [unintelligible] of the Dempsey Gibbons fight [boxing match] in Shelby. About broke that North Country in there if you remember or heard of it probably. Old Jack Dempsey used to come along, I'd be big scoop shovel, shoveling sand there and sweating like a butcher. I tell you he is a nice enough guy to talk to, but he was surprising because he was such a big, rugged, husky, rough man and he had a little high, fine voice. I come along and handed him a scoop shovel, and, "Come on, this is a good way to get exercise."

He says, "No, that just stiffens your muscles up." He says, "You can't do that manual labor and be an athlete." He said, "You got that hard heavy labor. That will just ruin you, and I suppose it did. It ruined me anyhow." I don't know, we had the sand pit there for years and years and years in Great Falls, and that is where...In my last days at school, we used to sometimes drive to school. Most of the time we walked. It was about three miles from the school. I went to a couple different schools in Great Falls.

But to go back now on the line, when we moved from Lovell, Wyoming, up to Great Falls, we left there in November and went up through Judith Gap. We seen my mother with a little baby in arms, and they was six kids that were younger than me. My dad was working at Fairfield or was up in that country. We went up...we got up in Judith Gap, and we seen 45 below zero weather and two-foot snow drifts. I was out, and we took, I guess, about the last money we had and rented a cabin to get into there for a few days. I was down in the railroad yards picking up coal to keep warm, and the railroad both come along and took me a home and give us floater (?) out of town. I never liked Judith Gap after that. Said, "I hope the darn town burns up some time," and it did and I was sorry that I said that. But we went up through that gap, and I suppose that about every second fence post I broke down or chopped down for firewood. It was winter when they used to bundle thrash—lots of grain in the field—and I would go out there and snag those bundles of grain to keep them horses going. That's when we went up through that hole, we had just about biscuits and gravy to eat, I'll tell you. So I know what it was to be...We knew what it was to be poor. We hit Great Falls, well, we got up to about Moore over there, I guess, and we ran into a chinook wind. Now, if you ever had the experience of a

real nice, soft, warm chinook wind, it was just like from coming up out through that gap—it was just like dying and going to heaven I guess you know. Oh, that was nice, that soft warm wind.

I think if I remember right, it was about the fourth day of December that we landed right square where Malmstrom Air Force Base is there now. My dad caught up to us about down at Stanford over there, and he had gone past us. He was looking for us and he went past us by train, and some place down the line they had told him that we'd already gone through so he came back and caught us about there. The only difference was there was just one more mouth to feed on what little we had. When I told you this, McLean had a rental property and he moved us into a place, and then sold the place up along the Missouri River there where they had sand and gravel pits. That's where I was. When I was 16, my dad he figured that...I left home and went back down working in Wyoming, and Dad decided the load was a little too much for him so he pulled out and I never seen him since. I heard that he was...He married some woman over in Opportunity, Washington, and he was...Oh, there was store on side and a service station on the other, and he crossed from behind a bus as I understood and a pickup hit him and scattered him on down the road a ways. Of course, I didn't even know about it until afterwards, but wouldn't have made much difference anyhow. A long time after that.

IR: You where how old when that happened, 16?

WH: No, no. When he was killed I was clear over here in the Bitterroot. I was 40 years old I think or something.

IR: But you were fairly young when he went away from home?

WH: Oh, yes, 16. I was 16. I had gone down to Wyoming and then I come back, and a friend worked for the Anaconda Company over there in...I used to go there and work in the winter time, and I had a pretty good reputation. Then I'd go out in the summertime because I didn't like being in that smelter with all that acid and gas and stuff. So about the third time I went to work there, I was 21 years old, and you was supposed to be 21. I remember old Phil was the employment agent, and he said, "I was looking at your record." He said, "Back here in the three different times that you come to work here, you've been 21 every time." [laughs]

I said, "Well, you got my record now." I told him old I was, "I am actually 21 now." But I was working down there in Wyoming and doing pretty good. When I left Riverton down there, the drag line job and went back to Great Falls, I thought, oh heck, I'd never seen time I couldn't get a job if I wanted it. So we moved into a house from Sand Coulee. My mother had inherited from her mother a lot on the south side and a little money for me and a little money for my sisters. So we pooled our money and moved this house in for her, and I was working on that not even trying to get a job. Pretty soon we ran out of funds, and then I started looking for work and there wasn't any. I am telling you, I walked that town. I unloaded pianos and took them up stairs, helped for 50 cents a piano—hailed them up stairs. I unloaded coal for 10 cents a ton and wheeled it and put it in the shed. Forty tons of coal for four dollars to get it out of those

cars and put it in the shed. I'll tell you, I thought that when I left the smelter—I never told them that—but when I left the smelter I said, "That'll be the last time I'll ever go into that stink hole." I was working on the house for my mother, digging a basement out from underneath it. We'd brought it in and set it on blocks, and then we were going to dig the basement and we did the basement underneath. But anyway, here old Percy Holton (?), the superintendent, came by, and he said, "We're opening four new units in the zinc plant at the smelter," and he said, "Your record is pretty good, would you like to come to work for us?" I just about kissed his hand, I'll tell you. [laughs]. Boy, a job was a job then. Gee whiz, the pay was so fabulous. Five dollars a day. On stripping zinc, we could make as much as six, and gee whiz, you was right up there on the top [unintelligible] you was doing really good.

IR: What year was that?

WH: Oh, that was about '33, 1933. I stayed in that smelter—I was so afraid I might starve to death, but I stayed in that smelter until I moved to the Bitterroot. But it was that kind of a job and it was work, and it fed your family, and that was the important thing—that we could live. Plus I went out and bought lots out on the south side and dug a basement and made it so we lived in it—on that kind of wages and saved money, on that kind of wages. Now, many people talk about working for five dollars a days now, and trying to do something like that would be out of this world.

DH: What kind of things did you have you doing there working for the ACM?

WH: Primarily I was a stripper in the zinc plant, but I worked in different times: the refinery, the lead casting, zinc casting. This zinc, I don't know, you probably never was familiar with it at all, but they were just like a battery—these tanks built like a battery. There's an anode and a cathode. The electrical current travels through there, and this zinc solution comes in as a solution just like water—comes through there. This one will discharge it and the other picks up this zinc, and it's in sheets. That time, it was about three feet high and about two feet wide like that. Then you put these in...Well, at that time, later on, it was all done with electric hoists. But at that time, you had chain blocks. You did it by hand, and you put these down between the anode and the cathode went between the anodes. You let it down like this. Then the next day, you pulled that back up, you stripped thin sheets off like that. About that big, it just came right off in solid sheets. That was what I did mostly. You know how silly the humans can be, people got so good at that that you could do that half day. You did it in half a day so then the Anaconda Company added a few more things and then a few more and then a few more. To hold you down and keep you on the job. But people didn't have enough sense. They give you...We started out with nine and then they went to 12, and well, they still had 12 when I left there but they went up to 18. They still couldn't slow them down. They'd still try to get a rest period and get it done in a hurry.

Then of course, in break time with the unit down or something like that, then they would send you to the lead casting where they made these anodes, they called them. They were made out

of lead with a copper bar on the top. Lead and the other was aluminum. Lead and aluminum all the way. The bars went down, the tanks dropped one to the other, six in a row. They was a big copper bar that went down here, and then it jogged (?) over and went on the outside, then jogged on over and went on that side. That was where your electrical current was. I know in the damp weather, when it would be foggy in there in the wintertime, if you touched one of them things, it'd just make your hair stand up with electricity. You could get a shock all the time. When you went home at night, you was just really high. You kept your feet good and dry so you didn't ground on them. If your feet got a little bit damp, you was really sparking. [laughs] You can imagine, you reach for the chain block and then the spark would jump out about that far to meet your hand when you reached for it. I don't know why it was such high amperage and voltage in there. It never hurt anybody. But that goldarn thing, these were just a chain on a block, you had to [unintelligible] chain blocks, the chain went around like this. When you dropped that and it stuck in the crack between two of those wires, just [whistles]. It was gone like that. Just burned that thing right up, and it still never hurt anybody. I never knew of anybody ever getting...I've seen one of those tanks blow up and it just melted them bars like they was made out of paper, but I never seen anybody get hurt.

DH: How was the safety record there at the plant when you were working there?

WH: Well it was good. They were very, very touchy about that safety record. That was important to them. The one time I was just stepping up on the tank, and for some reason that nobody knows that'll happen sometimes, my back went out just like that. By golly, they had to help me into the chain house. I told the boss, "I don't think I'll be able to work tomorrow. I don't think. I'll probably be out.

"No, you're not," he says, "You get here." He says, "If you have to lay there on the bench all day. Our safety record, we got a perfect record this month, and we are not going to break it." It was very important to them. We had first aid classes and teams, and we had to regularly attend these first aid classes. I always took part in the first aid training. Of course, that's all obsolete now. They don't do that now like they did then. They used to have what they called prone pressure method of resuscitation. They'd lay you down on your face and straddle over your hands on your back. So night...a lady in the court house there yesterday she said she'd been a very attractive young lady, and she came along and said she...I asked her why she hadn't worked, and she said she had time off, was taking a first aid class. I told her that any time she wanted to practice resuscitation mouth to mouth I was her boy. [laughs] I don't know why I lasted this long, but it has been fun. Yeah, it's been fun.

DH: When did you move to the Bitterroot Valley?

WH: 1943.

DH: What brought you to the Bitterroot?

WH: Well, that is maybe better not talked about, I mean, but to be honest about it, my brother who is in the rest home—been there for ten years—was in the bar business in Missoula. They was looking right down his neck, putting him into the army. He had a family and, of course, didn't want to go. Had three kids, and he didn't want to go. So he talked me into coming over and I never regretted it, but I suppose that was the hardest working days I ever did. But I never regretted it. He talked me into coming over, and we went together and bought a farm up the Bitterroot. He was the owner, and I was the hired man. That way, we just kept adding units, so many hogs, so many milk cows, and chickens and so on. Then we were a productive outfit for the war—during the war period—and had this stuff to produce to market. That give him an out for the service, and that's how I come to the Bitterroot in the first place. Then of course, I had worked years enough in that old arsenic and gas and stuff over as a smelter that I was anxious to get out of there anyhow.

To give you just the littlest idea of how potent that was—I don't even know if it ever hurt anybody for that matter—but we used to wear a mask over the face that was made out of cheesecloth. Just about eight thicknesses of cheesecloth. You would take that and hang it up in your locker, and the next morning you just pull it apart like...well, you've probably come into contact with battery acid. That's just the way it worked on them things. Same way with a chambray shirt. If you washed it every night, you could probably get a week out of it. A pair of cotton gloves, it'd eat them things up in two days if you washed them regularly—kept them washed. That's the way that was. It wasn't the most pleasant condition you could imagine to work in. I was kind of anxious to get out of there anyhow, so I came over. Of course, they were building Malmstrom, and I had quite a lot of carpentry experience even at that time. They was hiring anybody that could drive a nail, but just the minute that that war broke out, well, they froze us right on the job at the smelter. We couldn't leave. The only way you could leave was to just, like that. I took up...I told them that I was going on the farm. So I came over. That's how I come to the Bitterroot. I never worked harder for less money in my life than I did those years that I was up there. Still I liked it. I still like the Bitterroot.

DH: Where was the farm at?

WH: At Sweeney Creek, just south of Florence. That's where we had the first one, and then I was there for about four years and sold out there and moved up on the hill west of Victor. Then from there I moved into Missoula. Oh, stock prices went down, and things wasn't moving in the Bitterroot so I had a chance to go to work in Missoula for a guy. I drove back and forth for a while, and I thought, well, that isn't for me. I am spending too much on the time on the road. I had too many things to do at home. Spending too much time on the road and too much money, so I just moved to Missoula. Like I told you in my little ditty this morning, I think I'll move...quit and move back to town, and that's what I did.

DH: You talked this morning a bit about the brucellosis and some of the diseases the cattle had. Could you go over that again for us?

WH: My first experience, of course, was that brucellosis in cattle is a...Well, they abort about probably, I suppose, six or seven months. When their offspring is born, it's born and them doggone things would lay there on the ground and blat until they make you sick. No hair on them, but they was still alive. Then of course the cow would, if say it was dairy, which was my case it was a dairy, then the cow never really freshened. She wouldn't continue to give milk. Then they came up and condemned my dairy herd. I got sick then, ungulate fever from working with that stock. They come up and condemned the herd and told me I wasn't going to work for six months. But I did, and I got over it a lot shorter than that. I'm in fair condition yet, but—

DH: Who condemned the herd?

WH: The state veterinary association. They came up and did the inspecting. Then a man by the name of Stevens (?) here in Missoula then—he's long dead—but he was the veterinarian then in the state. He wasn't the head of it. I mean, he was like a deputy here for the Missoula area. He came up and told me one night...boy, I was sick, I come into town here. Doc Bordeaux (?), he told us about...He told me that I had a cold and give me some pills and I went home. I tell you for, I don't know, for several weeks at that time and through a good lot of that period, the only way I slept through, seemed like heat would relieve it. We had an old wood kitchen stove, and I'd be backed up to that oven with a pillow on the back of the chair. That's the way I got my rest. If I was sitting on the mower around my seat—right around the edge—just swell up, just rolls around there. The same way with gripping the reins on a horse, my wrists would swell. Anything tight on you, you would swell from that ungulate fever. I put in some pretty miserable time.

Anyway, I went back to the Doc. and said, "I am not any good. I am getting sicker."

He said, "Well, we will take a little blood." I always got a kick out of the old Doc because he would sit there and talk to you and spit snus in there. I guess he must have been a lumberjack or something, but for a professional man, it just seemed kind of funny that he...But he was a nice man and good doctor. He said, "I'm going to take a little blood." He sent a sample to Helena, I suppose. The next thing I knew this veterinary was leaning over the barn door up there and he said, "You don't know who I am." Or he said, "You shouldn't be out here working, should you?"

I said, "I guess there ain't nobody else to do it."

He said, "You don't know what is the matter with you, but I do." [unintelligible].

I said, "No I don't really know what is the matter."

He said, "Well you got ungulate fever." He said, "I came out to condemn your dairy herd." He did right then. See, I had cattle there that I had paid 150 dollars, 125 for and so on. They just come up and test them, and if they tested positive, into the sale they went with a big "B" on

their jaw for bangs. They brought 25 dollars apiece, or 20, depending on the size of them, but that was some tough years, I tell you.

IR: So if one cow tested positive, then the whole herd was eliminated, or what was the criteria for—

WH: No, they tested them monthly. They made monthly tests on them, and you'd have part of your cows that wouldn't show up this time positive. They'd take the ones out that tested positive, take them in, and if they come back and that cow in the meantime had tested positive, away she went too. That's the way it went right down the line. Then of course, you had to...your premises had to be all disinfected. We did our barn floors first. At that time, we had plank floors in that barn and the barn gutters and stuff. Even the walls, we had to wash with lye, Lewis Lye. I don't know if you know what Lewis Lye is or not or whether that's still on the market. Anyway, that's pretty powerful stuff. You would make that solution and wash the barns down. Had to disinfect the corrals. Finally when we got ahead of it, then we was all right.

I don't know, the dairymen in the Bitterroot, they had big dairies up there. My brother went up, and he said he wanted me to go with him. We didn't know anything about what was going on. We went up to this dairy, and he bought two beautiful Guernsey cows. He took them home and put them in the barn, and pretty soon he called me up and said, "This cow has calf, and it's just laying here blatting." He says, "It isn't strong enough to get up, and it don't have hardly any hair on it. What in the world's going on?"

I said, "What's going is what went on for me. You got cows with Bang's disease." It turned out that that same herd and most of the herds in the valley had it. Before they stepped down on them and wouldn't let them move with the cattle from one place to another, they just had auction sales and got rid of them. They just spread it all over the country. Like I said down there today, now Montana is brucellosis free. But I'll tell you, well, it was kind of odd too because they claim you could get it from drinking that milk, but my kids they just really lived on that milk and cream, coming from town where it was more or less limited. They could just have all they wanted up there, and it never affected any of them. They never had it, but I did. Trying to play veterinarian. That was just after I cut my finger off and it just wasn't healed. I was helping those cattle with their abortions and stuff, why I think that's...I know that's where I got mine. It didn't cripple me too bad. It numbed me a little more from the neck up, but outside of that, that's about it. About all I can tell you about it. I know that now, of course, we know that it's prevalent down in the park on the buffalo, and that's part of the reason there's all this big fuss about not letting the cattle...or the buffalo get out of the park and get mixed with cattle because they's no way they want it to get started again. Because it cleaned out beef, it practically broke a lot of dairymen and the beef men when it was so prevalent. They was paying big prices for replacement and selling them for nothing just for meat.

IR: What do you think should be done about the situation there in Yellowstone that's happening with buffalo now?

WH: I don't know, I imagine it'd be quite...I suppose that they would be ways to corral those animals and vaccinate them against it. They did developed a vaccine for it, and I'm sure that they—with the means they have at hand today—they could corral those animals and vaccinate them. It would also seem to me that if they didn't do something about it that that would get so prevalent in the park there and so widespread that those buffalo...if it acts for them the same as it did with cattle, they wouldn't be any young produced. Of course, like the sire in the cattle too. He could do a job of spreading that around. I suppose that's the same with the buffalo. I don't know whether they're absolutely true to their mates or not or whether they kind of play the field. Anyway, they could really be responsible for spreading that disease. I suppose that if they want to preserve the buffalo there will have to come a time when they do do something about it if they want to preserve them in the park.

DH: How long were you in the ranching business in the Bitterroot Valley?

WH: Oh, not very long. I moved in there in 1943, and I had cattle up until, well, even just shortly before... '55 maybe, '55 that I had dairy cows.

[Break in audio]

DH: This is tape number two of our interview with Willis. We got cut out there on that tape Willis when we were talking about the ranching in the Bitterroot. You had been there for 20 some years?

WH: Yeah, I was there...Well, I moved there in 1943 and moved into Missoula in 1957, but I had lived in Victor a couple of years prior to moving into Missoula. We were talking about that farming in the Bitterroot, and I never worked harder for less money any place. It didn't take me very long till I got up there that I found out...Well, when I moved to the Bitterroot, I was told that all I need was a nice little dairy herd and a little farm, and I could just live on easy street the rest of my life. Somebody got sidetracked along the way there. It wasn't that way. It didn't take me long until I had to pick up the old carpenter tools and go back to work. So I worked remodeling, and I built houses in the Bitterroot and worked by the hour and contracted and so on until 1957. Things were pretty slack in the Bitterroot there, and I got a chance to work for man here in Missoula that was building houses, just kind of a spec house proposition. So I drove back and forth for a while and put in about an hour on each end of the road. Worked an eight-hour day, and I didn't have much time to do farming and stuff. I decided that it was either move into town and support my family, or live out in the country and support a bunch of cows. So I moved into Missoula.

Then I worked for, oh, just part-time remodeling, part-time for...When I got be 65, I decided I didn't...I always hated to keep books, and of course, being a highly educated guy at sixth grade, why, I hated to keep books and records. Just kept getting more and more, if you wanted to hire a guy for a few days, you had to keep records on him and stuff. So I just went to work for the

hour. I worked for the same guy, for a fellow name of Eddy Walker (?), for seven years. Those were about the best seven years I ever worked. Him and his son Dale were just...Well, we just hit it off like a team. He done the planning and the running, and I was always there on the job when he had to be gone. We just kept it going. Those were the most compatible years that I guess that I ever worked. I really enjoyed those years. I was with him clear up until I was 80 years old. He ran out of work and then my eyes started going bad, and I just thought I better hang it up.

Then I went to work on these various things in Missoula. Like I was telling you about keeping the book on those things and just trying to remember what I did, but I worked, I guess, for I don't half the outfits in Missoula. I can't even remember the names of them because the Aging Services would call me for this job, and I'd go and do that and maybe that was just a part of the day, maybe a few hours—put in a hand rail. I suppose I built 15, 20 ramps and put them in, moving one place around another around the country. I had done all the shelving for the food bank and for the Aging Services office. I started out building those cupboards and stuff down when they were on Washington Street. Then when they moved up to over the hospital, they just moved everything with them, and they went in use there. I had built the shelving for the cancer society and some for hospice and for the Five Valley Aging Service, and like I said for the foodbank there. When I went in there they had maybe, oh, just two or three cupboards in there and one table. So the Aging Services and [unintelligible]—she's the head of it we know now—she would refer me to...Somebody would be looking for somebody to do that kind of work, and Renee Davern (?) was the boss over there. She was looking for carpenter help, and I went to work there. Got acquainted with those...you just keep going, that's all. Now, I'm down to that stage where I can't carpenter anymore on account of my eyes. I still keep trying a little bit, but this is just my outlet. I don't have any idea what I'd do with myself if I didn't have these places to work because my health is probably as good as the average for my age anyway. I am able to do those things. My first love, really, was after I retired was Meals on Wheels. I sure loved to do that, because you have more of a personal feel of a contact with the people that you are working with than you. This is kind of generalizing working in the back room, and you know the people are out there but you don't get know their wants and needs and condition personally like you did in that other work. Anyway, it has been a good life.

IR: How long were you with the Meals on Wheels program?

WH: Seven years.

IR: Were you the driver? You went directly—

WH: I was the driver primarily. We took turns. The last year I had done the running, and my partner done the driving. That was when my eyes were getting too bad. I kept trying, and I finally got in a pretty bad wreck and I thought it's about time to hang it up, you're not seeing good enough. Now I get my jollies by trying to make my way back and forth across Brooks Street when I'm going shopping and to the bank. That's quite an adventure just trying to get

across there on foot. You should try it sometime. I hope I helped you guys out a little bit. To me, it's just kind of a general way of life and very uneventful. As things would come to my mind, I could sit for a week and keep on with little incidents that happened that might be of interest but...

IR: Can you tell us a little bit about your family, about your own children, and...

WH: My oldest son never married, and it kind of dates you a little bit when you think about that your oldest son is retired at 63 years old. He'll be 63 in July. When you got kids that old, it must tell you something. Then my next one down the line is my daughter Jackie who is tops, just the very best. Her and her husband is. The next boy is Dick, and he has three daughters. Dick was born 1931. Then comes Robert—another boy, another son. Robert and Dick are both retired from the Forest Service. Then comes daughter Shirley, who lives with me, and she worked at a bank for 17 years, for the Scouts five. Now, she's cooking hamburgers for McDonalds. Then the youngest boy in Spokane, he was a career man in the Air Force. He put in 23 years in the Air Force, and he has four kids—two boys and two girls. Now, he's a journeyman electrician so he's doing right well. Then I have got 12 wonderful grandkids and about that many great-grandkids. When people talk about the population explosion, I run and hide. I think they're talking about me.

I've got great-grandchildren all the way from 21 to a year and a half, so I am pretty well spread out over the country. My daughter Jackie retired from Sears. She worked for Sears—that's the oldest daughter. Her husband is retired for the University [University of Montana]. He took early retirement, and so did she. She was 60 last December. She's got two wonderful boys. I tell you, they are great. You know they never monkeyed around. They're just straight good kids. The fact of the matter, I guess I must have come along at a lucky time because I don't recall, I don't have any problems with dope or booze or anything with any of my family, which in that big a spread is quite wonderful. I'm pretty proud of a man too to have a family like that. Excepting, like I say, that I feel guilty when they talk about the population explosion. I want to go and hide then. [laughs] I think that's my fault or a lot of it is. Because in the years to come, if you can imagine how a group like that can spread out, it gets to be pretty much. They've been wonderful. My youngest daughter, I had...Her oldest boy, he was just like my own until he was 12, and then she remarried and her husband adopted him. Their other son, her middle one—she has three sons—and her middle one has lived with me practically all of his life. When she married the second time, he was just a little shaver. When he was born, he came home to me and so did the first one, and they were mine just like my own son. The one that lived with me, Terry (?), he married when he was 19 and he put in six years in the Air Force. Then when they were cutting back in Great Fall at Malmstrom, well he was in England for six years, or most of his six years. He came back to Malmstrom and pretty soon, they cut him out, but he was...one of those unfortunate things, they had two daughters and then got divorced. That's always a rough part of it when kids is involved. I get to see him once in a while.

I've been a pretty lucky old man. I've had three or four ups and downs in my life, but I always come out with a funny story or something. This life, if you can laugh at yourself—the mistakes you make—it helps. You don't have to be crazy to get along in this world, but it sure helps. Like the fellow says on TV, it worked for me. I don't know of anything else I could do to help you folks.

DH: How much time to you spend volunteering on a weekly basis?

WH: If you want to know exactly the hours at the deli down there where I work Tuesdays and Thursdays, I work from 9:00 until 12:30. At the food bank I get there at 8:30, and I work until 12:30. That's three days a week there. So that's five days a week. The other days, I'm not employed. I just work around home and do the cooking. Ought to do the housework, but I don't. I just let that go. I think, well, if I don't do it today, I will do it tomorrow, and if tomorrow don't come, I just wasted my energy anyhow. So let her go. But I have a big yard, and I enjoy taking care of that. I don't know if I'll raise a garden this year or not because I can't see those little seeds. Then I feed squirrels all winter, and to show their gratitude, why, they go out in the garden in spring and eat up all my pea seeds. Go out and dig them up out of the ground. That's the way they show their gratitude for me feeding them all winter. They're too little to eat, and I don't know what to do with them.

That's about what takes care of my leisure time. My lodge...I work a lot in the lodge. I'm on all the [unintelligible], and I've held on the local level all of their offices in the various branches and all that. That lodge means a lot to me too. All through the years, I belonged to unions and [unintelligible], and I would want to get up and say something so bad, but I just, when I got up in front of people, I couldn't say good morning. I don't do it very easy yet, but I did...I have been master of ceremonies for the lodge a time or two for big crowds and so on. I can do it, but that's awful hard to keep that big lump swallowed down. I shake and shiver but I can force myself to do it. But I couldn't get up and say good morning. I used to want to...I'd have a point, and I just couldn't do it up in front of people. So when I joined the lodge, I seen people that was in about as bad a shape as me at doing it. I thought, by golly, if they can do it I can too. So I did learn that I can get up and say "good morning" or "how do you do" or something like that in front of a bunch of people. That's about as far as I can get yet. I'm active in all those various degrees, and I have enough of that stuff to make an interview this long short, committed to memory over the years. I have been pretty lucky on having a good memory, being able to retain it. Well, I don't know what else I could say.

DH: I don't have any more questions. Do you, Ileen?

IR: No, I think that we've pretty much covered it.

[Break in audio]

WH: That takes you back because in the last part of it, it tells you about “those big ones for a nickel and intoxicating liquor,” so this dates back to pre-Prohibition days, which you remember being around that it was 1918 when that was in effect. But you’ve heard of the “Lamp of Aladdin.”

[Begins to sing]

You’ve heard of the lamp of Aladdin,
What wonderful things it could do,
If I had it today I’d rub it and say,
Now this is all I ask of you,
Oh won’t you bring back those happy days of childhood,
Won’t you bring back those days down in the wildwood,
And the lane that leads down to the swimming pool,
Where the boys and girls played on their way to school,
Oh, bring back those simple girls [unintelligible],
Won’t you bring back those good old songs and sing them
Jolly it would be oh for you and me,
Could we bring back those wonderful days,
Won’t you bring back those big ones for a nickel,
Won’t you bring back those intoxicating liquors,
Drinking ginger ale make me weak and fail,
Won’t you bring back those wonderful days.

[laughs] So there I done it.

IR: Oh, that’s wonderful. That’s just great. Will you do “With a Girl Like You” now?

WH: I don’t remember that one. [unintelligible]. [long pause] I can’t think of anything else that I could do.

DH: Okay, we will let you off the hook here.

[End of Interview]