Hamilton, a legacy for the Bitterroot Valley. [An historical pageant-drama of Hamilton, Mont.]

Donald William Butler

The University of Montana

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HAMiLTON

A LEGACY FOR THE BITTERROOT VALLEY

by

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Date
HAMILTON

A LEGACY FOR THE BITTERROOT VALLEY

An

Historical Pageant-Drama

of

Hamilton, Montana
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To

Bert Hansen
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INTRODUCTION

During the summer of 1870 a half-dozen settlers in Montana's Bitterroot valley drove their wagons loaded with tomatoes, cucumbers, green corn and early summer apples from the Bitterroot valley into the Deer Lodge country and beyond to peddle out an especially fine harvest. News of the rich and fertile valley spread through the country and soon afterwards, settlers and homeseekers began to come into the Bitterroot in increasing numbers.

There was only one thing wrong about settling in this pleasant valley—at this time there was no "legal" way to get clear title to land that had been pre-empted by the federal government. With much of the Bitterroot unsurveyed for many years after settlement began, settlers took up land either by pre-emption or under the Timber and Stone Act.¹ Government inaction kept the people of the valley uncertain as to their rights of ownership on land taken up simply by settlement, as the term "pre-emption" implies.

The white settlers began clamoring for government titles to their land. For if they couldn't get titles, then why bother to build good homes or fix up their places?

Too, the valley needed schools, bridges and roads. Especially bridges, thought the men who freighted goods, for any time during high water it was virtually impossible to ford many of the streams that poured from the west side into the winding Bitterroot river. The best way to go to Stevensville or Fort Owen was to travel down the east side of the valley and make a crossing near Lolo. To get to Missoula in high water season was almost impossible. Roads were rough at all times and impassable in winter and spring. And with increasing settlement by families, the need for schools grew.

Then, in 1871, General Garfield, who was chairman of Indian Affairs, was sent by Congress to negotiate an agreement for the Flathead Indians to move from the Bitterroot valley to the Jocko. The land that had been pre-empted now was open for homesteading, and those who had already settled, as well as newcomers, filed homesteads. Some of the Flatheads refused to leave their tribal home; their chief, Charlot, was adamant. They were peaceful, but it was embarrassing to white settlers to have Indians camping on farm land.

In 1877 news reached the valley that the Nez Perces under Chief Joseph were on the warpath. Charlot refused to join

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2Granville Stuart, Forty Years on the Frontier (Cleveland: Arthur Clark Co., 1925), p. 94.

3Carroll O'Connor, A Valley for Caesar (Missoula: Montana State University, 1956).
either Joseph or the whites, and the Nez Perces passed through the valley peaceably and on into the Big Hole country. The valley settled down to its customary tranquillity and the last of the Flatheads left for the Jocko in 1891.

In 1886 Marcus Daly, the "Copper King" from Anaconda, visited the valley and was surprised and pleased with what he saw. After inspecting the valley, he bought a small ranch from one Joe Pardee. It was the founding of the Daly enterprises in the Bitterroot valley.

Increasing his holdings to something like 22,000 acres in the Bitterroot near Corvallis, Daly turned his attention to town building, and on September 4, 1890, he founded the City of Hamilton. Here was a unique town, surveyed and platted in an orderly fashion before a building was erected and settled, at first, largely with families of Daly's employees at the logging operations up the Lost Horse canyon and in the Lake Como district.

Three years later Ravalli county (nearly all of the Bitterroot valley) was created from Missoula county by the first state legislature.

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5H. Minar Shoebotham, Anaconda, the Life of Marcus Daly (Harrisburg, Pa.: Stackpole Co., 1956), p. 148.

Marcus Daly, developing "one of the great landed estates of America," had now begun to build his Bitterroot Stock Farm in earnest. He built a splendid stable for a favorite horse, Tammany, that was winning on the eastern tracks, and called it "Tammany Castle." On the 22,000 acres on the Gilchrist bench, farms and ranches were laid out in different departments for beef stock, horses and dairying. Trees were planted along both sides of the connecting lanes to provide shaded drives and training tracks. His big ditch was not only turning sagebrush and greasewood wasteland into productive farms, but it was furnishing farmers along the Skalkaho and around the town of Grantsdale with plenty of guaranteed water. The most productive land in the valley lay along the east side of the river where there were fewer streams. Farmers wisely "rented" water rights from Daly and saved themselves the expense of building and maintaining long ditches.

Two of the first stable cars ever built were delivered to Daly at the new town of Hamilton which he had founded. These he used in transporting his thoroughbreds to the eastern tracks and to the winter training stables in the Bitterroot. By 1892 and

7 Shoebotham, op. cit., p. 165.
8 Ibid., p. 148.
9 The Western News, Stevensville, Mont., April 30, 1891.
1893 such horses as Hamburg, Tammany, Utah, Ogden, Pastarella and Moondyne were bringing glory to the Daly colors of copper, silver and green. Daly's Bitterroot Stock Farm was raising cattle and sheep as well as fine horses.

The first Ravalli County Fair was staged in Hamilton in 1894, partly at Daly's behest to run his fine horses on the tracks he had built, as well as to exhibit produce and stock from all over the valley.

Hamilton and the area around were humming with activity and business. Railroad officials consulted at the Ravalli hotel in Hamilton over the new rail line that was being proposed from Anaconda across Skalkaho pass to the Bitterroot, then on to the Coast. These grandiose railroad dreams never materialized. Other more modest business plans, like Hamilton's oatmeal factory, did.

After some political wrangling the county seat was removed in 1898 from its former site in Stevensville to Hamilton, and the first county officials were elected.

Hamilton was in her heyday during the latter half of the 1890s. Times were good, the town was building and was enjoying national recognition with the Daly colors flying on European and

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10 Four race and training tracks were built, a one-mile, a half-mile and a three-quarter-mile. A one-quarter-mile covered track for winter use was located near the Daly residence. Lewis Downing.

eastern tracks. Daly was giving the people of Montana and the Bitterroot thrills in horse-racing, for his "bangtails" ran on local tracks as well.¹²

News of Marcus Daly's death in New York reached the city of Hamilton by wire November 13, 1900. And, with his death, the Bitterroot valley's golden era of racing ended. If the citizens of Hamilton mourned the loss of their town's founder, they also mourned the passing of some of the valley's brightest years. One native remarked that had Daly lived ten years longer he would have made something really big of Hamilton.

Business progress continued, however. Logging operations in the south end of the valley necessitated an extension of the railroad on to Darby. Bypassing Grantsdale, it virtually isolated that town as a commercial center, and Darby and its vicinity benefited.

In 1902 scientific investigations were conducted in the valley on Rocky Mountain spotted fever, which had long been a scourge of life in the Bitterroot, especially on the West Side.¹³ Some of the older residents thought the water in some areas was the cause of the disease, others that it was from the bite of wood ticks. Mortality was high among those who contracted it.

In 1909 the O.W. Kerr Company, a land speculation company

¹²Glasscock, op. cit., p. 212.

from Minneapolis, began an apple-orchard boom in the Charlos Heights area that sent land prices rocketing. Speculating was rampant and a new type of settler came to the valley. Tenant farmers, teachers, professional people and white-collar workers flocked in to take up orchard land and "clean up" in the orchard business. But, as many old-time settlers knew, Charlos Heights soil was too thin for sustained yields. The Kerr company spared no expense to keep its sample plots yielding handsomely, but private operators could not produce at such expense and keep going. The boom died out in 1912 and created some shift in population. Those who went broke and quit the valley, disillusioned by sad experience, became known as the "bitter-enders."\(^{14}\)

Spotted fever research was continued each summer from the University of Chicago by Dr. Howard Ricketts until the years during World War I, when other scientists were appointed to carry on the work under somewhat primitive conditions in the Bitterroot valley. Experiments progressed and after a series of moves from one makeshift "laboratory" to another, $120,000 was appropriated from state and federal funds and a "tickproof" laboratory was built within Hamilton's precincts, in 1931.\(^{15}\)

\(^{14}\)Walter H. Baumgartel, "A Social Study of Ravalli County, Montana," University of Montana Agricultural Experiment Station (Missoula, Mont.: September, 1923), No. 160.

\(^{15}\)Rocky Mountain Laboratory, op. cit., pp. 1-14.
The same year, Mrs. Margaret Daly dedicated a $250,000 hospital in memory of her husband, Marcus Daly, and to the people of the Bitterroot, "that it shall always be free to those of all races, nationalities and to all creeds, and that politics shall never interfere in its management." Hamilton received another legacy, for Mrs. Daly also financed the complete furnishing of the hospital and set up a maintenance fund.

And so the Depression years of the 1930s were eased somewhat by the erection of these two important edifices dedicated to the physical well-being of the Bitterroot valley.

The valley felt the Depression less severely than other localities, for its people relied on agriculture as they have relied on it since settlers first arrived in the valley. They have continued to do so, through the labor-hungry, high-demand years of World War II into the resultant "boom" and the leveling-off process of the last few years.

Through the years it has been, as residents remark, "a good place to live," quiet, remote, protected in its genial climate.
II

A Bitterrooter is a Bitterrooter, once and for all, even if he moves away. Sooner or later he'll return, if not to live at least to "see the old homestead before I die." For the most part, chances are he never leaves. He simply lives and dies in the Bitterroot valley. There is a certain provincial pride in this. As an old-time resident says, "Ain't able to afford much in the way of goodies and sich, but I kin allus eat, an' enjoy the sun, an' I own my place!" Chances are he'll ask you, then, how many places besides the Bitterroot valley where you "kin git all three?"

The valley is beautiful and productive despite its generous share of rocks, gravel bars, sagebrush hills and swamps. It has fertile bottom lands and rolling arable hills. Its even, sunny climate varies but little from one end of the valley to the other, except for earlier fall and later spring frosts in the higher reaches. Strangely enough, of the many canyons that cut through the rugged Bitterroot range on the west only one seems to generate wind storms; the others feed in gentle and warm winds from the Pacific.

Those who write of the valley refer to it as "beautiful" and "famous." Marcus Daly claimed it was one of the beauty spots of America. Arthur L. Stone, in his Following Old Trails, wrote: "It was Marcus Daly who made the Bitterroot famous and this is
something we should not lose sight of these days of publicity advertising." And in 1902 Dan Bandmann wrote:

I was only too anxious to see ...the famous valley...
The real valley begins at Florence. From there up to Hamilton it is one of the most fertile and picturesque rolling countries in the world, an ideal home for settlers and homesearchers.¹⁸

The traveler has only to see the innumerable streams fountained from rugged canyons and peaks on the west; to turn and look at the cultivated benchlands rising to the feet of the Sapphire mountains on the east, to travel along the river and productive valley floor, and he begins to feel the tremendous possibilities of this valley.

But in spite of the natural charm of the Bitterroot, it also has a Janus-like characteristic—a second face that is not apparent at first glance. Much of the soil is thin, the abundance of water flows too fast and alluvial deposits have produced gravel bars. The rich bottom-lands also contain large swampy areas. Hence, there have been high hopes dashed by crop failures and frosts, depression, disappointments and crushing defeats. But in a climate generally sunny, where it is difficult to remain long pessimistic, hope soon follows on disappointment like the sun follows


the storm. And, too, this geniality of scene and temperature adds a sense of ease almost to the point of lethargic complacency.

There is still poverty amidst wealth, as may happen anywhere. There is a "don't-care-it's-allright-as-it-is" attitude. There always has been stiff-necked opposition to new ideas, even the idea which eventually saved the valley from the dreaded spotted fever.

The lumbering boom promised much—railroads, mills, jobs and prosperity—and had a significant influence in creating towns like Hamilton, Darby and Victor in a region primarily adapted to agriculture. And so when the boom subsided some of the towns died for all practical purposes. The one exception was Hamilton, which luck or Providence had singled out to bestow her favors upon.

When the apple boom in the first decade of the 20th century quieted down and many hopes for wealth or even good living were more or less dashed, the valley subsided to a sort of dormancy. Those who stayed did so because they liked living in the Bitterroot and had found, or hoped to find, other ways of wresting a living from it.

But those who went broke, who became disillusioned and anxious to quit the valley that they had come to so hopefully a few years before, demonstrated definitely the less-favored face of this peaceful, sunny valley.

Yet, in spite of booms, busts, years of abundance and years of depression, the Bitterrooter continues to stick it out. His prosperity is relative. Be it a good strawberry crop, or a fine harvest of beets, or a fair price for butterfat, he finds reasons
for staying on, because he likes the valley and the particular job
he's doing. And he's his own boss—again relatively speaking. It's
a way of life and he apparently thinks it the best way.

The old-timers and early settlers now are dying, and the
valley is experiencing a new sort of "boom," that of population increase
and suburban living. Persons who work in Missoula commute to the Bitter-
root. Trade and service businesses provide paying jobs for part-time
Farmers." Old homes are getting their faces lifted and many new homes
are being built on acreages. The occasional old-timer who has left
and returns for a visit is surprised by the changes. The difference
is perhaps in the "country places" with their ranch-style homes and
suburban look.

The newcomer may not be a native but he becomes a Bitterrooter.
And, like the old-timer, he may seem pretty possessive, acting or
talking as if the valley were his own personal property. He may iden-
tify himself with this locality or that locality, but fundamentally
the Bitterroot is the Bitterroot, be it a piece or the whole of it.

Hamilton is a piece of the valley and it is all of the valley,
just like Darby or Victor or Stevensville or Corvallis is at once a
piece, parcel and all of it. It is The Valley, walled in, closed off,
protected, favored and beautiful. It is the Bitterrooter's home and
his castle.
III

Our drama is centered largely around the single community of Hamilton for several reasons. It is the county seat and largest center in the valley. It is centrally located and is a focal point for three routes out of the valley (the Lost Trail, Skalkaho and Clearwater), besides being fifty miles north or south from either end of the county. It is Montana's only package town, laid out and settled as a town rather than just "growing up" as most of our Western American towns and cities did. Hamilton is important also in the world of science, with its entomological laboratories.

Hamilton, too, demonstrates clearly the permanence and order of a community that has withstood the torments of speculation, depression and effects of war economy. It is quietly building and progressing.

But as its past fades and new buildings and new faces replace the old, there is an attempt to preserve and record its history. The historical society, housed in the Chamber of Commerce building at Hamilton, is systematically collecting articles and data of the past which it wisely makes available to the interested public.

The "legacy of the Bitterroot valley" is an idea born out of this valley of splendid scenery, a homeseeker's delight, so favored by nature; it is the idea that men get who want to develop the gifts of nature. And as a "gift" herself, Hamilton is something of a legacy to the Bitterroot valley.

There has not been much written about the city of Hamilton
except in legal documents and news stories. This writer has combed
newspapers for material and has interviewed long-time residents
in their homes, on the street, in their places of business.

One thing is obvious—one can hardly find much about Hamilton
in which Marcus Daly or his heirs or friends have not figured in
some way. The influence of this man is apparently extensive even
though he was directly concerned personally with the Bitterroot
and Hamilton for only some fourteen years.

To help set the scenes in the pageant-drama, several fictitious
characters were used. Spanning a period of sixty-odd years, little
central plot could be established except the idea of the "legacy."
And covering this much of a time span, and so many divergent activities
which were important to Hamilton and the valley, no single character
or family was found who might be followed for dramatic and narrative
interest. It seemed plausible, therefore, to employ the idea of the
character of the OLD TIMER to establish as nearly as possible some
plot and character continuity.

All the scenes are based on actual happenings and are written
as nearly as possible according to the historical data available.
Four scenes were written from recorded accounts. The memorial scene
of Daly's death appeared in full in The Ravalli Republican of
November 15, 1900. Dedication of the Daly Memorial hospital was
taken almost verbatim from The Western News of May 20, 1954, a
reprinting of the original news story. The scene of Mrs. Daly's
donation of the hospital following her talks with R.A. O'Hara,
now deceased, were obtained from a first-hand account by Mr. H.E. Kirkemo of Missoula, who of course participated in the event. The Rocky Mountain laboratory scene was adapted from the files of Dr. Ralph Parker, entomologist of Hamilton, who in collaboration with Professor Bert Hansen had started a dramatized history of the laboratory for radio production.

Other scenes were based on newspaper accounts, material in books and advertising publications, and personal and family recollections. The writer's great-grandfather, a Confederate veteran, traveled through the Bitterroot valley shortly after the Civil War and later returned with his wife, six daughters and their husbands and families, to help settle the valley. Thus, with "kinfolk", other progeny of these pioneers, scattered the length and breadth of the valley, the task of making contacts for personal recollections and reminiscences was not difficult.
The drama follows the plan of Professor Bert Hansen's historical pageant-dramas that he has written and produced with success throughout the state of Montana. The play is aimed at community participation and therapy. As Bert Hansen demonstrates, the past preserved simply for itself is not the aim of the pageant-drama. It is, rather, an active means for stimulating the community spirit that is the very essence of democracy, best accomplished through the cooperation necessary to the success of a pageant-drama. The community spirit thus inspired is a means for integrating community activity.

Working with Bert Hansen on pageant productions has helped the writer a great deal in the working out of this thesis pageant-drama. However, the writing of the play was essentially a personal task. Ordinarily, a pageant calls for as much participation as possible by local persons in research, organization and staging. Many hours of searching and reading were spent in newspaper files, in walking over the sites and areas where the scenes took place and in listening and note-taking.

The pageant-drama was written with the possibility in mind of producing and staging it at the scene of its development—at Hamilton—preferably in an outdoor setting. Although animals and equipages appear in several scenes, these are not an integral part of the play and may be omitted for indoor or stage production.
Two scenes, the memorial service following Marcus Daly's death and the Daly Memorial hospital dedication scene, include the actual audience as the "audience" in the scenes.

Constructivist settings are suggested for staging wherever possible. In this type of staging simple frameworks representing buildings and placed against backdrops are used for sets. These are inexpensive and easily moved or changed. A series of frames may easily represent a town. Letters suspended on wires may be used to "name" each building.

In a play such as this, with a predominance of male characters, there is a problem of casting. In rural areas, perhaps especially in the Bitterroot, men tend to avoid this sort of activity, and, too, there is the question of rehearsal time. A great deal of effort is called for on the director-producer's part to stimulate interest in the community play, and much tact and skill is necessary in handling volunteer actors who may believe that they are better qualified to direct than is the director. However, once these problems are threshed out and the script has been reworked to improve the action and characterization, and the cast and production crew are well harmonized, there is hardly a greater spirit of satisfaction to be gained from any kind of community activity.

Production of a pageant-drama is an attempt at channeling the interest and enthusiasm of part of the community into a form of activity which inspires in the whole community an understanding of, sympathy with and appreciation for its own beginnings and past life. This play is such an attempt.
In such a production, the audience and the cast alike sit in judgment on their own history. Here, then, is the makings of what every actor, director and producer strive and hope for—here is genuine empathy.
HAMILTON
A LEGACY FOR THE BITTERROOT

A pageant-drama of
Hamilton, Montana

by
Donald William Butler
1959
SCENE SYNOPSIS

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PROLOGUE

SCENE: A country road in the Bitterroot valley, with a log store building in background. Time is early on a summer morning, 1870. Playing area is darkened as scene opens. An old man in present-day country dress enters and is spotlighted.

OLD TIMER: (Nods to audience in greeting. Places small bench on center stage and sits down.) Good evenin', folks, glad to see you all out tonight. (Takes pipe from pocket and starts filling it) Now, the sign outside says this is to be a play about a town—about Hamilton—and the Bitterroot valley. Did you folks know Hamilton's almost 70 years old? Yep. Gettin' to the age where you start lookin' back, rememberin' things and tryin' to figure out which was really important, which things was bad and which good. So that's what we're gonna do tonight, take a look back to see where this town come from, its place in the Bitterroot valley and how it got to be what it is today. But first let's go back to before anybody even knew there was gonna be a Hamilton—back to 1870. There was little settlements then at Corvallis and Stevensville, but in the whole valley there wasn't really many white folks. The valley was the home of the Flathead Indians, but their old Chief Charlot had welcomed the white men like brothers, and in the years after the War Between the States veterans from both sides come
into the valley with their families to make homes and farm. 'Course, they didn't actually own the land they lived on—it'd been what they call pre-empted by the federal government, which just means the government claimed it—but it'd never been opened to homesteadin'. But, still, folks had some nice little farms, and in the summer of 18-and-70 they all had bumper crops o' fresh vegetables, sweet corn and such stuff, so some of 'em decided to freight their crops into the gold-minin' country around Deer Lodge and sell 'em to the miners. So on this summer mornin' the farmers that was to make the trip gathered at a little tradin' post in the valley...

(Old Timer picks up bench, goes off stage. Lights come up on the scene and three teams and wagons, two with a man and woman and one with a young man alone, drive onto the scene and draw up by the store. All alight as Bob Clemen, wagon boss, rides up on horseback.)

ANDY MCTEITH: (Emerging from store, nods to the two couples as they climb down from wagons, then goes over to the young man, Dan Aubel. Men are checking wagon loads, harness, etc., during scene.) Ah, here ye are. Mind ye noo, Dan, if the ither wagons no make it, ye must. I'm countin' on ye t' bargain for th' winter stocks for the store.

BOB CLEMEN: Yep, Dan, we'll put you in the middle. That way you won't run into trouble nor have it sneak up on you from the back.
DAN: (Bristling) You callin' me yella? Blackfeet Injuns, road agents or YOU don't scare me none! An' if there's anybody here'd like to try me... (spits) I kin lick anybody that says I'm scared!

BOB CLEMEN: Whoa, now! Don't you git your dander up with me, young feller. You save yer fight for the road!

MCTEITH: Noo, Dan, ye're not to be borrowin' trouble! 'Tis for drivin' I hired ye, nowt fer enjoyin' yerself! Have ye no the empty sugar barrels for the exchange in the wagon'yet?

(They go into store.)

SARAH OVERTON: Bob, you don't expect trouble with the Blackfeet this time, do you?

BOB: Nope, except they steal our horses if they get a chance. Goin' over the Skalkaho we'll be more likely to miss 'em than if we went through Hellgate. High water took out some of the good fords acrost the river, anyway, so we can't git down the valley to Missoula. Will, are you about ready? I left my wagon over there in the cottonwoods...gonna trail my saddle horse.

WILL OVERTON: (Climbing into wagon with a grub box) Yep, just about ready, Bob. I sure hope this is the last trip we hafta make over that hill.

(Another wagon drives up and Martha and Carl Scholtz alight and join others.)

MARTHA SCHOLTZ: G'mornin', Sarah, Jenny. What're you goin' to
get from outside this time? Carl's to get me some spices and a new pair o' scissors.

JENNY: I'm gettin' Matt to bring me some calico and some wool goods and thread... (Ad lib as women gather in group on one side of playing area and men finish packing supplies, etc.)

CARL SCHOLTZ: If the gov'ment ain't gonna open the valley up to settlement I sure wish they'd have the army build us some roads and bridges, at least.

WILL OVERTON: Well, bridges, anyway. Missoula's a heck of a lot closer than Deer Lodge. But the dang fords acrost the river change every year with high water.

MATT: So Missoula might's well be two hundred miles as sixty if you can't get to it.

MARTHA: (Longingly) The Mercantile in Missoula carries ribbon and lace. I sure would like to have a pretty new dress, with lace on it...

CARL: Why don't the dang gov'ment kick the Injuns off and let us homestead?

WILL: You sure don't know where you stand takin' up pre-empted land. You fix things up and then mebbe wake up some mornin' booted off your place.

MATT: This's a nice place to live—anywhere here in the Bitterroot valley. Can't blame the Flatheads fer wantin' to stay here.

SARAH: Well, I wish we had a school. Ada and Matthew ought to be goin' to school. I've taught them everything I know.

JENNY: Sunday school's just fine. Bible learnin's all we need,
anyway. Learnin' to live proper is more important than readin' and writin', I say.

MARTHA: Well, livin' right is important, Jen, and we manage to take care of that. But more people are comin' to settle every year. Five years ago there was only a handful of children in this part of the valley—now there's twenty or more...

(Bob and other men begin tying tarps down on wagons.)

MATT: Bob, how come with all the trips you've made to the Deer Lodge country you ain't gone in fer gold minin'?

BOB: Ain't no future in it, Matt. When the gold's gone, whatta you got, except a taste for high livin'? Now when you got land, like we got here—leastways, like we hope we got here— you got somethin' that lasts. This ain't gold country, but it'll turn out to have just as many folks and just as good a life as anyplace you can name...just wait and see!

MATT: That's the way I feel, too, Bob. If the gov'ment ever gits things settled with the Injuns... Well, we can't worry about that now—we got perishables aboard and we'd best be pullin' out. Some o' them tomatoes ain't gonna carry too well anyway if the weather gits too hot or the trail's too rough.

BOB: You're sure right there, Matt. Will, you take the lead until noon. Matt, you pull in second...(Drivers begin to mount up.) Carl—CARL! (Carl emerges from store.) Carl, you take third in line...(Drivers begin to pull wagons into position for the journey. There is business of saying goodbye, remonstrances,
instructions, etc.)

WILL: G'bye, Sarah. (Kisses her) Mind now, Matthew and Ada's to have the cultivatin' done by the time I git back. Giddap! (Pulls ahead.)

SARAH: Take good care of yourself, Will, you hear?

MCTEITH: (Entering from store with Dan and going up to his wagon) Mind ye noo, Dan laddie, yer to bargain for three barrels o' sugar, not one pound less. Ye've got the money safe noo?

DAN: Don't worry, Mr. McTeith. I'll git your sugar fer yuh if I hafta lick every storekeeper in Deer Lodge. Where yuh want me, Mr. Wagon Boss?

BOB: I'll fall in next. (Squints up at Dan seated in his wagon) You trail, Mr. High-and-Mighty.

DAN: (Growls) I ain't eatin' your dust, Clemen!

BOB: You'll eat it an' like it, kid!

DAN: An' if I don't?

BOB: Pull outa the train.

MCTEITH: Hoot mon! Ye want to do me oot o' me business, Danny? Take yer orders, lad, an' remember to bargain fer the merchandise, mind ye noo.

DAN: (Muttering) This is a free country...

MATT: We all had enough o' fightin' in the War, boy—don't want no feisty kids gettin' us into trouble.

(Dan pulls back to end of line. There are goodbyes and giddaps as wagons start to move. Women watch and wave as their men drive into the rising sun.)
(Playing area is dark as Old Timer comes onto stage, smoking his pipe. He is spotlighted and starts talking to audience.)

OLD TIMER: Well, the government finally opened up the Bitterroot for homesteadin' about a year after this. The settlers that was already there and lots of new people filed for homesteads. The government had quite a time movin' the Flatheads out of the valley up to the Jocko reservation—last of 'em didn't leave till 18-and-91. Wasn't no real trouble, just delays which made a lot of folks unhappy, includin' the Indians.

In 18-and-77 the Nez Perce under Chief Joseph come through the valley, with all their families and stock and belongin's with 'em. A few folks got scared and hid in haystacks and corn shocks, but outside of some fancy ridin' and a few war whoops, the Nez Perce all moved quietly through and on to the Big Hole. That's the closest to Indian trouble we ever had in the Bitterroot.

About 18-and-86, a young minin' feller from Anaconda, named Marcus Daly, came into the valley lookin' for timber rights. He musta liked what he saw, for he bought a homestead from Joe Pardee about four miles northeast of here. Then he gave folks in the valley a real start when he advertised for
300,000 cords of wood on contract. This put quite a few men and horses to work. Down by the river yonder he built a dam and a power plant, and put in a big sawmill and planer. He began buyin' up land and buildin' irrigation ditches until he'd developed quite a spread. Called it the Bitterroot Stock Farm. (Knocks out pipe and puts it in pocket) Say, it was somethin' to see, all right—all 22,000 acres of it. Took in most everything from Gird's creek to three miles south of Corvallis, and most o' the Gilchrist bench. He planted shade trees along the lanes so's he'd have shade for his race horses to run in, and it made the country around here and Corvallis even prettier. The horses he raised was his pride and joy. He built several race tracks—one was a quarter-mile covered track, some say it was the longest of its kind in the world. Above the track on the Crawford hill his chief veterinary, Doc Hagyard, had a house. Well, Daly got so many things goin' and had so many people workin' for him that he figured he'd oughta have a town, too. So one spring mornin' in 18-and-90 he was visitin' Doc Hagyard... (Old Timer exits and lights come up on set.)

SCENE: Front porch of Dr. E.M. Hagyard's residence on Crawford hill. The time is midmorning in spring. The set which represents the verandah of the Hagyard residence is empty. Behind a low porch railing, there is a porch swing at left of the large front door, a marble-topped serving table and three or four chairs on the right. Dr. Hagyard and Marcus Daly enter
porch through front door, talking about horses. Daly is a short, stocky man, speaks with a slight Irish brogue, is always addressed with respect by others.

HAGYARD: A good drench for a sick horse is champagne. Next best is porter wine. Horse gets so he kinda likes it, too, which makes it easier to administer. (Beckons Daly to sit down and calls to someone inside house) Billie!

DALY: Strong drink's good for a man, Mr. Hodyarad.

(Billie appears in doorway)

HAGYARD: Billie, bring whiskey. (Billie nods and exits)

DALY: If it's good for a man then it's bound to be good for a harse.

HAGYARD: It may take a lot to do the trick. But Moondyne's a game animal. He's fighting as hard to keep on his feet as we are to keep him upright. This brain fever is the worst thing there is on a horse.

DALY: Mr. Hodyarad, we're goin' to build you a good stable up here on the hill. I'll have Sam Lucas help you figure the plans for it.

HAGYARD: We can't move Moondyne from the quarantine barns now. We'll have to be mighty careful with the other horses, Killarney and Hamburg, too. (Billie enters with glasses and whiskey and places them on table. Hagyard pours and hands one glass to Daly) Your colt, Tammany, is sure making a good showing on the California circuit. You've got a great horse there, Mr. Daly.

DALY: He's always been a favorite of yours, too, Mr. Hodyarad.
I'm goin' to build the new stable for him. Yes, I'm pretty proud o' that colt.

(Sound of horse and buggy coming up the hill and both men glance off to the right) Sounds like Sam comin' now.

HAGYARD: He must be coming up the back way. (Calls inside) Billie, show Mr. Lucas through and bring another glass with you.

DALY: Sam's been supervising construction of the track down yonder. Why don't we talk over the plans for the stable now as long as we're all together? And it ought to be built of brick. There's some good clay here in the valley. No reason why we couldn't build a brick kiln. We'll be usin' a lot of brick when we really get started buildin'.

HAGYARD: I didn't know there was good clay here. But I guess with your mining experience you should certainly know what's in the ground.

(Billie's voice from back, greeting Lucas, sound of footsteps. Billie enters, followed by Sam Lucas. Billie places glass on table, exits.)

HAGYARD: Hello, Sam. Sit down. Whiskey?

LUCAS: Thanks, Doc. Hello, Mr. Daly.

DALY: Hello, Sam. How's work coming with the track?

LUCAS: Fine, fine. They've started laying the tanbark on the track base as a cushion for the sod.

DALY: As much buildin' as we're doing and as spread out as we are it seems to me we could use some warehouses and a siding on
the railroad west of the new one-half-mile track.

HAGYARD: Grantsdale is a long ways away, even here at my house.

LUCAS: Sounds like a good idea. It'd help out the mill and logging operations down by the Big Corral.

DALY: Sure, it would help out to have something of the sort for the folks I'm havin' come in to live here and work. Y'know, the Fort Skalkaho postoffice is not able to handle the trade or the mail from my Lake Como camps, let alone the mill and planer down by the river. There's some fine level land along the tracks down yonder on the John Eastland place—t'would be nice for some buildin'.

LUCAS: Why not build a town along the tracks?

DALY: I might do some dickering with Eastland and some others. If I could get those places I could build a town. It'd be a good place for the logging camp families to live instead of up there at Roaring Lion and Hayes creek.

HAGYARD: It would certainly be more centrally located to the Stock Farm, your residence and the logging operations at the dam, as well as closer to the railroad for your ACM mill. Still, there'd be opposition to a new town, especially in Grantsdale and Corvallis. They'd figure you were stepping on their toes.

DALY: I've weathered a lot of opposition, Mr. Hogyaard, and it did me no harm. If I can get that land of Eastland's and Hall's from the Big Corral to directly west of us here, we can lay out a mighty pretty town, level and with good drainage, too.
LUCAS: Who'll engineer the project?

DALY: Jim Hamilton could survey it. He laid a true line for the Skalkaho ditch. Sam, I'm going to have Charlie Crutchfield talk to Hall and Eastland. I'd like to get started this year.

HAGYARD: What if neither of those homesteaders will sell? Who owns just north of them?

LUCAS: George Ward has holdings, I think, but I'm not sure about that. After he sold his land up on the bench to you, Mr. Daly, he bought up a big piece of Camas Prairie at Charles Heights. He may be sold out around here.

HAGYARD: Might be wise to buy more than just those two places—allow for expansion of the town.

DALY: We want elbow-room right to start with. There'll be big broad streets and trees...You know, gentlemen, the more I think of it the better I like the idea. This will be a package town, all laid out neat and with fine buildings. I've been needin' a place to put my Bitterroot Development offices and store. And we need a postoffice and bank. I pay out a lot of money on the first of every month.

HAGYARD: I still say there'll be opposition. But it would be nice if there was a town with plenty of accommodations for people to come to. Your racing stables might get to be quite an attraction, you know.

DALY: Sure and you're right, Mr. Hagyard. This high altitude will raise the finest harses anywhere. Some day the Bitterroot
valley will be as well-known for its fine harses as the blue-grass country. When the cottonwoods along my lanes grow up, I'll have miles and miles of shaded track—finest training track in the world. And when the Residence is finished...

LUCAS: Well, then, it looks to me like we'd oughta have a town, Mr. Daly.

DALY: When I first came here with A.B. Hammond and looked the valley over, I thought 'twas a spot that could be second to none on earth. That's why I bought my first little bit of land from Joe Pardee. It's gettin' prettier every year. The valley is a place any man would be proud to live in, and we ought to have better facilities for showin' what a fine place it is.

LUCAS: Well, you've sure sold me, Mr. Daly. Stevensville is a nice little town, but it ain't handy for us, and like Corvallis, it's off the railroad, since the engineers was fools enough to run the tracks down the West Side instead of the East Side. We should have a town up in this end of the valley.

DALY: You're right, Sam. I'll get Grutchfield out and tell him my plans right away. It's a fine idea and we'll get started on it. Sam, get word to Grutchfield and Jim Hamilton both that I want to see them right away. No use lettin' the grass grow under our feet. I'll be havin' to go back to Anaconda soon and I want to get things movin' before I leave. (Rises) Gentlemen, I believe we've just made a decision that'll be remembered for a long time to come. (They shake hands and exit into house.)
SCENE TWO

Birth of a Package Town

SCENE: An open field with railroad tracks in the background. It is early morning of September 4, 1890. As the scene opens two riders are seen lounging in their saddles, smoking and talking as their horses nibble at the grass.

FIRST RIDER: Daly's sure got things staked out around here. What's he up to now?

SECOND RIDER: I hear he's buildin' a company town right here where all the stakes are. Bought out John Eastland.

FIRST RIDER: What's the use of another town? We've got eleven of 'em up and down the valley. Ain't Grantsdale good enough fer Daly? It's got a half-a-dozen saloons, Grant's store and a grist mill.

SECOND RIDER: It's also got Grant, and that's prob'ly what ole Marcus is thinkin' of. I heerd he wants a town all his own, everything just like he has it planned. He does need a siding and some warehouses or somethin' to unload his stock and supplies for the Farm. Riverside's kinda unhandy, and Grantsdale's too far away, too.

FIRST RIDER: Daly just wants someplace his own to unload all them fancy tenderfeet he does business with in the East.

SECOND RIDER: Oh, now, Marcus don't put on no airs. His residence is a fancy place, all right, but then he's got the money, he
can do it. Guess he's got money enough to build a new town, too, if he wants one.

FIRST RIDER: It's just a bunch of damn foolishness. What's he think a new town is ever gonna amount to? Stevensville's the big town in this valley—it's the oldest, got the Fort and everything, a newspaper, a bank, everything it needs. There's talk that when the new state legislature meets they're gonna split the Bitterroot off from Missoula county, and if they do that Stevensville'll be the county seat—there ain't a doubt in the world.

SECOND RIDER: Yeah, but it's too far north, ain't centrally located in the valley like this new place will be. Besides, now that the last of the Injuns is pullin' out, Fort Owen ain't gonna amount to much. And it and Corvallis is both off the railroad. Anyway, I'm bettin' on Daly. If he wants a nice big town here, he'll have it.

FIRST RIDER: He'll probably call it Dalyville or some damn fool thing like that.

SECOND RIDER: Naw, Marcus ain't like that. He likes to stay in the background. Don't like anybody to forget he's powerful, but he don't shove it in your face all the time. Travelin' feller that come through Corvallis the other day seen Daly settin' on some grain sacks chawin' the fat with the boys and took him for a whiskey drummer. That's a fact—and him with more money than I got wood ticks.

FIRST RIDER: (Looks off to right) Well, speak of the devil--here
comes the big man now. Ed Wetherill's drivin' him and Bob O'Hara up in his hack. Well, I'm pullin' out—ain't gonna stick around an' watch him blow hisself up about buildin' his own town. So long. (Exits left)

SECOND RIDER: So long, Bill. (Moves to left and stays to see what is going to happen. Hack drives up, Daly and R.A. O'Hara alight.)

Daly: Mr. O'Hara, this will be Main street here, runnin' east and west from the tracks toward the river.

O'HARA: Where are you going to locate some of the buildings that you have in mind, Mr. Daly?

Daly: Well, let me see now... First of all, I think I'll put the Bitterroot Development buildings there, corner of Main and—about the third street that way. (Gestures) And across the street'll be the store. Bank'll go there, beyond the store. I'm goin' to locate the hotel off Main—say a block south of the store.

O'HARA: How've you got the streets laid out and named?

Daly: I'm waitin' for Jim Hamilton to bring up the plattings. We're going over them, that's why I wanted you to see whatever changes we make, if any. He ought to be here now.

(Sound of hoof beats. Both men look off right.)

Daly: It's Sam Lucas. (Lucas rides up and dismounts.) Howdy, Sam. How's the colt, any better?

Lucas: A lot better this morning. Doc Hagyard is on his way in now. Doc sure is devoted to his patients. Wouldn't come a minute
sooner. Said he'd drive in and for me to go on, so I rode his mare and left him my buggy. Seen Jim Hamilton foggin' it up the road from Corvallis.

Daly: We're waitin' for him now. Now before I start bringin' families down from the Lake Como and Roaring Lion logging camps to help populate our new town, you'd better start picking yourself out a place to live. First come, first served.

O'Hara: I want a good spot, because I plan to spend my life right here. Aren't you going to build company houses for your employees, Mr. Daly?

Daly: No, this will be an open town, they can build what they want. But I'd like to see it pampered a bit, too, like a son. I don't want it to just grow up like a kid in the streets. No sir, it's planned out right and I'd like to see it built up with the same sort of plannin'. But nothing stuffy, either. I think if we do it the right way the town will be permanent.

Lucas: I'd like to see us get a little good entertainment here once in a while. I been thinkin'—I'd like to put up an Opera House. Think we could get some good shows in when they finish their runs in Butte, Mr. Daly? Right about here, where we're standin', would be a good place for an opera house if it's all right with you.

Daly: A capital idea, Sam. We'll save out a good spot for it. That'll add something to our new town. Maggie—I mean Mrs. Daly—would like to see that, too.

(Sound of horse approaching and Hamilton enters, greets others
and alights. Unties a roll from his cantle and comes over, spreading it out as he walks.)

Daly: Hello, Jim. We're just waiting to go over the plat.

Hamilton: Sorry I was late, Mr. Daly. Horse kicked a shoe and I had the damndest time prying it off.

Daly: Did you get the nails out proper? 'Tis the ruination of the harse when the nails are allowed to break off and stick out.

Hamilton: I worked 'em out good. That's why it took me so long to get here. Well now, let's see, you said we'd call it Ward township, and the abstract reads...(Adlibs to self as he peruses map.)

Daly: Jim, how have ye laid out the intersecting streets?

Hamilton: Well, Mr. Daly, beginning with Front street there, behind us, which runs parallel to the Northern Pacific tracks—the platting shows the streets that cross Main as being the numbered ones. Second street north and south, Third street north and south, and so on to Eighth street, which is at present the city limits on the west. We haven't named the streets that parallel Main on the north and south sides of the townsite.

Daly: Well, then, let's give 'em some fancy names. How about River-view Avenue?

O'Hara: Should have a State street.

Lucas: And how about a New York avenue? (Pauses) Tarnation, Mr. Daly, you haven't told us yet what you're goin' to call the town. What's it to be—Daly City?
O'HARA: That has a good sound—Daly City.

DALY: Hell, no—we're name her after Jim here—Hamilton. This is the new city of Hamilton.... long may she live!

(Lights dim as men go on talking.)
OLD TIMER: Well, that got Hamilton off to a good start. A package town, all tied up as neat as you please. Bob O'Hara was the first mayor. The original townsite was laid out straight according to the railroad tracks, but the tracks don't run true north, and when the addition north of Riverview was surveyed it was laid out true north. That's why there's that pie-shaped section where the tracks run to the old ACM mill down by the river.

While they're gettin' ready for the next scene, I'd like to mention some of the things that happened in Hamilton's first ten years. Life was good in the '90s. They was just as gay here as anywheres. Sam Lucas brought stage shows in here right from New York and some pretty famous actors and actresses played here on the Opera House stage. Lewis Downing found the names of some of 'em wrote on the walls and scenery of the old theatre when he remodeled it for a roller-skatin' rink a few years back. The first Ravalli county fair was quite an event, even not countin' Daly's horses. Daly had a big grandstand built—that's the pea-house now—and a board sidewalk clear from the Ravalli hotel to the fairgrounds acrost the tracks. Daly was backin' William
Jennings Bryan for president about that time and I s'pose that's why the citizens of Hamilton got to meet the great man and hear him speak. Yessir, he stood at the main gate of the fairgrounds and shook hands with everybody that could git to him. It was about this time, too, that "Tammany Castle" up on the Crawford hill yonder (points) got built. As fine a horse homestead as you'll ever see. Tammany won a lot of money and fame for Marcus Daly and the Bitterroot. The Daly colors, copper, silver and green, was flyin' on tracks all over this country and in Europe, too. Hamilton was buildin' up—with bricks, mind you—and there was plenty of work in the loggin' camps up Roaring Lion and at Lake Como, and out on the Stock Farm. The first state legislature split Ravalli county off from Missoula county, an' in the first county election Miles Romney's dad, Miles Senior, was elected state senator and "Ol" Cooper was representative. Then we had a little ruckus about the county seat—don't say much about it any more, but we sure said plenty then. I rec'lect it was November in 18-and-98 they voted the county seat from Stevensville to Hamilton. Some of you oughta remember the oatmeal factory that was one of the new businesses—about everybody in the valley that ate breakfast ate Bitterroot Oatmeal. 'Bout that time there was a lotta talk about a new railroad from Anaconda over Skalkaho pass to the Bitterroot and then clean on to the Pacific—but nothin' ever come of that. What folks call the War of the Copper Kings was goin' on then, and Marcus Daly was fightin' for all he was worth, but he still
had big plans for the Bitterroot. Only thing was, after the turn of the century he wasn't around so much...folks said his health was failin'. And then in November, 1900...

(Spotlight fades. Old Timer exits, and lights come up on the scene.)

SCENE: A knee-high board sidewalk on Front street (now Highway 93) in Hamilton, in front of the Petersen Livery Stable and the Wylie Blacksmith Shop, directly across the street from the Northern Pacific railway depot. Time is a sunny day in November, 1900. Both the office and carriage doors of the livery stable are open. Nels Petersen sits at his dingy desk in the office. Above his head on the cobwebbed wall is a print of a race-horse, darkened with grime. Bits of harness hang here and there and a keg or two serve as stools. Next door, Ed Wylie is working at his forge. A man is squatted down on the sidewalk enjoying the sun. Mort Johnson walks in from right. He tries to appear casual but has an air of suppressed excitement.

MORT: Howdy, Len. Seen the headlines in the Tribune?

LEN: Nope, watta they say?

PETERSEN: (From inside office) Howdy, Mort. What's goin' on?

MORT: (Entering office, taking copy of Stevensville Tribune from his pocket. He reads:) "Standard Oil Thieves in Montana!" It means Daly! (Hands paper to Petersen, who comes to door in order to see better.)

LEN: What yuh so tickled about, Mort? Find somethin' mean to say
about somebody already this mornin?  

MORT: The gov'ment's got Daly! Daly didn't go back East 'cause he was sick. That's just a cover-up. But he'll be sick before he's through. Go on, Nels, read the story.

PETERSEN: (Reading) "More than a year ago John W. Griggs, McKinley's attorney general, ordered U.S. Attorney W.B. Rodgers, of Helena, to bring suit against the Bitterroot Development Company and the Anaconda Copper Mining Company for stealing timber from public lands in Montana." Hell, Mort, this was a year ago. (Walks over to boardwalk and sits down, still with paper.)

MORT: Oh, he's been fightin' it and tryin' to keep it quiet all this time, don't you think he hasn't!

WYLIE: (Coming out of smithy) So they finally caught up with Daly? I been wonderin' how long he could keep cuttin' the way he did. A damn shame they didn't act sooner.

PETERSEN: (Reading) "John G. Thompson, acting attorney general, wrote to Mr. Rodgers, saying: 'The trespass involved the cutting of twenty-three thousand—not, twenty-three MILLION, five hundred twenty-five thousand, a hundred and twenty-eight feet of saw logs on unsurveyed lands lying within the limits of the Bitterroot reserve..." (Pauses, thinking) Damn it, Mort, Daly was sick. I helped him onto the train a couple weeks ago and he didn't look good a-tall.

MORT: And he'll look a damn sight worse before this's over. Oh, yeah, he may win this suit, like he's won his other shenanigans, but he won't get any more timber, and man, that'll really hurt
his ACM in Anaconda.

LEN: Daly's sure got the Bitterroot tied up. Especially around here. Ain't that right, Ed?

WYLIE: Well, I'll say this much. Either you're for Daly or you're ag'in him.

LEN: Yeah, an' I guess you know how I feel, huh?

WYLIE: Len, it was your own damn fault you was fired, an' you'll keep on gettin' fired, too, as long as you buck the Daly interests. Now, I don't care if Daly wants to spend his money sendin' for cheap labor in Ireland, but I wish he'd keep those dumb Irishmen in his mines and not mess up the valley here with cheap foreigners.

PETESEN: Now, hold on just a minute. Where's Daly usin' this "cheap labor" here except herdin' sheep, which nobody from around here would do unless he couldn't find a herder and had to do his own herdin'?

MORT: How'd Daly get all those water rights out of the Skalkaho? And how did he get the whole Gilchrist bench? Just like he's got everything else he has, by either stealin' it or cookin' up some scheme like usin' the Timber and Stone Act to get "homestead" land that he never wanted for nothin' but to cut the timber off it. George Ward did all right, too, givin' squatters a chunk o' cash to prove up on a piece of unsurveyed land an' then resellin' the same to Daly.

PETESEN: Those ranchers up the Skalkaho didn't have to sell to Daly. And nobody has to buy any land from him with a withdrawn water right to the place. They knew how the gravy spread on the spuds.
And Daly built the ditch that they all use and he maintains it, and it's a dang sight cheaper to irrigate when you can rent guaranteed water than it is to operate your own ditch company.

MORT: What about all the dirty politics Daly's been carryin' on, fightin' with Clark and Heinze? All that money...

PETERSEN: Don't know nothin' about the Butte deal. All I know is what goes on here in the valley. This is a good town, there's plenty of work and wages is good, an' we got Daly to thank for most of that. There ain't a prettier area around anywhere than this. An' look at the Bitterroot Stock Farm.

LEN: Yeah, look at it! An' if you'll look real close, you'll see the only improvement is Daly stuff. He ain't doin' a damn thing for anybody or anything that ain't Daly's. Yeah, you're either for him or ag'in him, and I'm ag'in him.

WYLIE: Look at the country he's logged off and the shape he's left it in. Don't tell me he's beautifyin' anything, unless it's the Stock Farm. You'll have to admit that, Nels, you've seen that Como and Roarin' Lion loggin' yourself.

PETERSEN: Yep, and I didn't like it, either. But ain't all the loggin' companies doin' about the same thing?

MORT: (Looking at his pocket watch) Eleven o'clock. I got to be gittin'. Got to show this to some other fellers. (Takes paper and exits.)

WYLIE: Dangest feller for stirrin' up trouble I ever seen. Hey, here comes the depot agent runnin' acrost the street from the
station. Looks like he's got somethin' real important.

LEN: Most important news he could have is that Daly croaked.

PETERSEN: Just 'cause we ain't got the drive Daly's got, the rest of us is jealous. Wes, what's wrong, you look like the train ran over your wife.

DEPOT AGENT: (Runs up, breathless, very excited) Nels, Ed, all of you... over the telegraph...Daly's dead...New York....

WYLIE: (Gasps) Daly—dead? Daly? It ain't possible—he's too tough to die!

PETERSEN: (At same time) Marcus Daly dead? It—you musta made a mistake, Wes!

LEN: Daly—dead?

DEPOT AGENT: (Waves piece of paper) I wisht I coulda made a mistake, Nels, but it's true! It's here, just like I wrote it down when it come over the wire. Marcus Daly died in New York—had a sinkin' spell yesterday and never come clear out of it. I can't hardly believe it myself.

PETERSEN: (Softly) Seemed almost like he was too big a man to die. Guess it just goes to show—there ain't none of us that's that big.

WYLIE: I still can't believe it! Lord, what'll become of his horses and his fine stables out there, an' his racin' track?

PETERSEN: And all the men that's workin' for him? Lots of 'em never worked for nobody else but him. Len, you seemed to think it'd be a fine idea if Daly was outa the picture—can you answer me
who else is gonna keep those men workin'?

LEN: Honest to God, Nels, I never thought— Why, Mort said he wasn't even sick! My God, I can't believe it either!

DEPOT AGENT: Well, we can't stand around here doin' nothin' at a time like this. Nels, can you send a man out to the Residence with the message? The family ain't there, of course—they're all back East with—with Mr. Daly—but the message is to the folks at the Residence. And don't let on you know what's in it— it ain't really a public message. And Len, you go find Mayor McCrackin—he oughta know. Lord, he'll take it hard. And Bob O'Hara—somebody'd oughta tell him...

(Lights dim as men start to carry out orders, still talking about Daly's death.)
SCENE FOUR

Hamilton Mourns Its Founder

SCENE: The Lucas Opera House. It is just before eight p.m., November 13, 1900, the same day that the news of Daly's death came over the wire. The stage of the Opera House is dark except for dimmed footlights which reveal the lecturn downstage center draped in black bunting, and a row of chairs behind. On the wall behind hangs a nearly life-size painting of Marcus Daly, half-obsurred until a spotlight is thrown upon it. The stage is empty as the house begins to fill with spectators. House lights are up now but will be dimmed when the footlights come up full. Several persons in 1900 costume enter the playing area in front of the stage and move into the reserved front seats which are part of the actual audience.

H.S. PAGE: (Entering with his wife) There's certainly a crowd here considering that the Mayor only got his proclamation for the meeting out at 1 o'clock this afternoon.

MRS. PAGE: My, yes. I'm surprised there's so many. They must have just ridden from door to door, spreading the news. Here are some seats here in front. (Goes toward seats) Now, Harry, please don't talk so long tonight. You know how you are when you haven't prepared a speech.

PAGE: Now, dear! I know exactly what I'm going to say, if Mayor McCrackin should happen to call upon me to say a few words.
(Fumbling in pocket) Now where are those notes I made at supper? (They sit.)

FIRST WOMAN: (Enters, pulling a small boy by the hand and speaking to another woman behind her) I was never so shocked in my life. I was skinnin' milk when Herbert come in with the news that Mr. Daly was dead, an' I was so surprised I dropped the ladle and the cream pitcher both into the milk crock. I just couldn't believe it.

SECOND WOMAN: I felt the same way. (Turns to husband, who is following her) Frank, will they say anything tonight about—about what's to become of the stables? You've never worked for nobody else...

FRANK: No, o' course they won't say nothin' about that t'night. Won't even know till Mrs. Daly comes out again, chances are. But don't worry—I know horses and I kin always git a job somewheres.

(He and the women find seats and sit down.)

OLD MAN: (Enters, talking to man behind him) Whadya say, Bill? Where's the Missus?

BILL: Hullo, Clem. She's up front visitin' with the Flugstads.

OLD MAN: Yeah, they'd be here. See lots of Corvallis folks. How's operations at the camp?

BILL: Fair to middlin'. Armstrong's shut us down until Friday. Looks like ever'body else is shut down, too. Hear things is stopped altogether out at the Stock Farm. It was a real surprise—I'd heard he was porely, but everybody figgered he'd pull through.
OLD MAN: Well, we all got to go sooner or later.

BILL: You alone, Clem? C'mon up and set with me and the missus.

OLD MAN: Nope, there's no place to spit. Better go to the back.

BILL: So long, Clem. (Bill finds seat in front and old man moves to the back.)

(Footlights are brought up full and a spotlight thrown on the portrait of Daly. Leading citizens of Hamilton, 1900, begin to file onto stage and take seats.)

BILL: (Turning to neighbor) Ol' Marcus made his money in Montana and he spent it here.

NEIGHBOR: Yep.

BILL: You bet. Ol' Marcus could put on a good show with his hosses.

NEIGHBOR: Yep.

(All talking ceases as Mayor McCrackin enters from the wings and goes to the lecturn.)

MCCrackin: This morning at 11 o'clock news was flashed to us by telegraph that our patron and friend, Marcus Daly, is dead. As mayor of this city, I call this meeting to order to give you, ladies and gentlemen, an opportunity to express your feelings in regard to the great loss that this community sustains. Since during his life he was generous patron of this city, since at all times he watched over its welfare and guarded its interests, since today those who have loved him weep that the warmth shall no longer shine from his mild gray eyes, his blunt voice no longer sound upon our streets...
(Voice breaks, he pauses a moment and then continues) Since at all times he was our people's friend, I convene this meeting of the people of Hamilton and its vicinity for the purpose of adopting such resolutions of regret as may seem appropriate and taking such other steps as the situation may demand. What are the wishes of this assembly in regard to the proceedings of this meeting?

C.M. CRUTCHFIELD: (Rises, after a short pause) Mr. Mayor and ladies and gentlemen, I propose that the chair appoint a committee of twelve to draft suitable resolutions.

(A second is heard, mayor puts the motion and calls for a show of hands, etc.)

MCCracken: The chair then appoints the following gentlemen: Mr. Morris, Mr. Crutchfield, Mr. Page, Dr. Hagyard, Mr. Pell, Mr. Nichol, Mr. McKay, Mr. Lancaster, Mr. Shannon, Mr. Myers and Mr. Hammond. Gentlemen, will you confer in the Green Room of this theatre and draft such resolutions as you deem appropriate for this solemn occasion?

(Committee exits, some from stage, some from audience. A choir composed of Mesdames Mier, Thrailkill, F.G. Morris and Dr. Squiers move to piano in orchestra pit, and, with Mrs. Ed Dolan accompanying, sing "We'll Rest Evermore in Heaven.")

MCCracken: (Visibly moved) Marcus Daly first trod the Bitterroot valley on the site of the town of Hamilton many years ago when this valley and this state were largely uninhabited, and was so impressed with the beauties of nature that he then and there
determined to acquire possessions in this beautiful valley. What he has done here through expenditure of much of his wealth and with his magic touch of industry has caused the desert to bloom like the rose. The chair recognizes anyone who wishes to speak on this solemn and sad occasion.

(McCrackin sits down and a man arises in the audience and approaches the lecturn.)

CHURCH SPOKESMAN: Mr. Mayor and ladies and gentlemen, if it please this assembly, I would like to read the resolution that was drawn up this afternoon by the quarterly conference of the Methodist-Episcopal church, South, which was then in session here. (Reads) "The life of the great, useful man is the property of the age in which he lives. When that life has been spent in efforts abundant, and earnest effort to advance the welfare of the human race, the example should be recorded for the encouragement and instruction of those who come after. In an age of utilitarian philosophy and in a country where so many wrongs have attained such proportions as to threaten the existence of society itself, we cannot afford to permit the benefactors of true civilization and progress to pass away without monument or memorial of their work. Among these men who have become chief factors in social, temporal and intellectual progress in this valley, no name stands higher than that of Marcus Daly. When the sad news of Mr. Daly's death flashed over the wires, we as a church felt our loss was almost irreparable,
since the beautiful lots on which our church and parsonage stand were given by Mr. Daly, who contributed largely to the erection of the edifice. Therefore be it resolved: That we greatly deplore the death of one so universally esteemed, that we extend to the grief-stricken family our Christian condolences, and, further, that at the earliest possible moment we will endeavor to place in our church a window to be known as the Marcus Daly Window, as a slight token of our appreciation for his personal worth and liberal gifts. That a copy of these resolutions be spread on the quarterly conference journal and published in the Anaconda Standard and the Hamilton papers."

(Returns to his seat as a murmur runs through the audience.)

LITTLE BOY: (From audience) Mama, why are you crying?

MOTHER: Hush, son.

(Committee files in and sits. Crutchfield enters last, McCrackin rises, goes to lecturn, addresses group behind him.)

MCCrackin: Gentlemen, what is your pleasure?

Crutchfield: (Rising) Mr. Mayor, may we submit the following resolution?

MCCrackin: The chair is pleased to accept the resolution.

(Crutchfield sits down and reads:) "Whereas: the sad news has reached us that Almighty God in his infinite wisdom has seen fit to take that eminent and distinguished citizen, Marcus Daly, after months of suffering away from this earth: Resolved: that we recognize in Marcus Daly a faithful friend, benefactor, a man of mighty resource
and talent, a friend of labor and the working man, and
Resolved: that while Marcus Daly was human, and we do not
claim that he was without fault, yet he was one of Nature's
noblemen and we will ever tenderly revere his memory, we do
hereby extend to his family our heartfelt sympathy, and be
it further resolved that as a further mark of respect to his
memory, the founder of our town, all places of business and
the schools of Hamilton are hereby requested to be closed on
Thursday, the fifteenth day of November, 1900, the day of the
funeral service over a deceased friend...

(Lights dim slowly during speech, leaving only spotlight on
Daly portrait, and this, too, dims as Crutchfield's voice
fades out...)
EPISODE TWO
The Speculation Years
Scene One... A Rosy Proposition

(Old Timer enters darkened stage and is spotlighted.)

OLD TIMER: The whole valley felt bad when the Daly stables was sold after Ol' Marcus died. 'Course, horse-racin' didn't die out entirely. A lot of Daly's harness drivers and trainers and jockeys stayed on to work at the Stock Farm, and by that time the Ravalli County Fair was established, and other folks was raisin' fine blooded stock. Mrs. Daly spent a lot of time at the Farm, an' young Marcus thought of it as his home. Hamilton found she'd have to kick along by herself now, but she wasn't as helpless as you might think. Ol' Marcus had never meddled much in the town's affairs and had let it do its own growin' up, except to keep a friendly eye on things. So the town kept on growin'—got more brick buildin's, a few cement sidewalks on Main street, things like that. Then in 1909 a big land company, the O.W. Kerr Company of Minneapolis, come into the Bitterroot and bought up a thousand acres o' land, the whole Charlos Heights bench up on Camas Prairie. They split the land up into ten and twenty-acre tracts and started speculatin' it for orchard land. Now the Bitterroot valley's raised some mighty fine apples, before then and since, and don't let nobody tell you different—but to hear them Kerr
agents talk, you'd think the Charlos Heights orchards was goin' to grow solid gold apples. They built a big fancy clubhouse up on Judd's Bluff eight miles south o' Hamilton, where they entertained their clients and got their names on the dotted line. They advertised big—put out colored pamphlets and even had E.S. Paxson, the artist, come up from Missoula and paint pitchers of Charlos Heights. People come in from all over, especially the Middle West, to buy orchard tracts. Things was really hummin', especially up in that big clubhouse...

(Old Timer exits, lights come up on scene.)

SCENE: Kerr clubhouse at Charlos Heights. The clubroom has a huge stone fireplace at either end, with many windows in between commanding a splendid view of the Charlos Heights orchard lands. There is a door marked "Office" to the left. Time is an early fall morning in 1909. Jack McGee, an agent for Kerr, is talking to a man and wife, Will and Ruth Stevenson. They are in their late thirties, seemingly well-educated, with the accent of the Middle West.

MCGEE: You've picked out a good location, Mr. Stevenson—close to the Kerr ditch and almost the first to take water out of it. No matter if the water gets low in drought years—and I've never heard of that in the Bitterroot—you'll never have to worry about your water rights. Very good choice, I'd say.

WILL STEVENSON: We rather like being to ourselves, Mr. McGee, and the location has the southern exposure which should give us
an extremely long day of sun.

MCGEE: I see you have an orchardist's eye, Mr. Stevenson. Either strawberries or apples, it takes a lot of sun and the Charlos Heights tracts are by nature happily positioned. You notice—I believe I pointed it out when we drove up the Lost Horse—that the Charlos bench is crescent-shaped and lies in a south-easterly to northwesterly direction, which insures that its north and south contours both are exposed to the sun from early morn to sundown. The sunny climes of Italy can boast no more, Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson!

RUTH STEVENSON: We are quite concerned with my husband's health, Mr. McGee, and when Mr. Kerr began advertising his Bitterroot orchard land in the Minneapolis papers, and in his booklet with the color sketches and testimonies from valley fruit growers, we felt then that this was our hope.

MCGEE: You'll find no more healthy, sunny climate than the Bitterroot, folks. It's all just like Mr. Kerr pictures it in that lovely color booklet.

MRS. STEVENSON: Mr. McGee, I've never lived on a farm except to visit relatives when I was a child, but I find it a bit difficult to believe the story that was told to some acquaintances of ours that the rocks in the Bitterroot Valley are so valuable that if they were ground up they'd sell for $1 a pound. They told it as if they really believed it.

MCGEE: (Somewhat flustered but not losing his aplomb) Mrs. Stevenson,
some of the finest orchards in the valley are up on the West Side, which is very rocky. You see, the soil in the valley is decomposed granite, rich in ammonia and nitrogen. Now you'll notice that you see very few rocks on Charlos Heights, which, geologically, is much older than the land west of Hamilton, and, therefore, the decomposition is much further advanced. The rocks as such, Mrs. Stevenson, are of little value. It is their potential.

MRS. STEVENSON: We must ask many questions, Mr. McGee, because we are really tenderfeet, as you Westerners say, with no farming experience whatsoever. My husband's health—

WILL STEVENSON: Ruth, please, you know we'll manage very well. I believe I've felt better since arriving day before yesterday.

MCGEE: Yes, I understand. Well, you've chosen one of our finest locations—and ten acres is easily managed, small enough to work by yourselves with the minimum help but large enough to insure a splendid profit crop. Now, as I explained earlier, we feel that our proposition is generous and attractive, in that we'll supervise your orchard after we have planted the trees and ditched it. We cultivate it, spray thoroughly and prune it each season. At the end of five years your orchards will be inspected and, if up to standard, will be approved.

WILL STEVENSON: You say ten acres has 800 trees?

MCGEE: Approximately, Mr. Stevenson. Our price is $4000, with $1600 cash, the balance $600 a year at six percent interest.
WILL STEVENSON: We like the tract we picked out near the mouth of Lost Horse canyon, and that's the one we want to buy. We'll have to build some sort of house to live in...

MCGEE: Martin McCrossen's a carpenter here—lives down near the Tom Beavers place. He comes up to the clubhouse at least once a week. You can talk to him about building for you. Now, if you'll just step into the office we can draw up the contract...

(Two other Kerr agents enter with clients, joking and laughing. McGee and Stevensons move toward office door and stand outside it apparently talking, while other clients look over clubroom.)

FIRST WOMAN CLIENT: My, this is a beautiful building, and such a prosperous-looking valley!

FIRST MAN CLIENT: That agent—Grimes his name?—well, he said you had to see it to believe it and, by golly, he was right!

SECOND WOMAN CLIENT: My husband and I are buying 20 acres of orchard. Our agent, Mr. Downs, claims you can really make high profits on that size.

SECOND MAN CLIENT: Notice how the orchards are planted way up the side of the mountain? They say this whole country'll be in orchard in another ten years.

W.H. GRIMES: That's Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson with Mr. McGee over there. (Nods toward Stevensons) They're from Minneapolis and are buying orchard land, too. I understand they've moved to the Bitterroot for his health. Bad lungs. He's a bookkeeper.

FIRST MAN CLIENT: I hear this air is dry.
FIRST WOMAN CLIENT: Is the weather always so nice, Mr. Grimes?

GRIMES: We get an average of 300 days of sun a year.

FIRST WOMAN CLIENT: (Moving toward windows in rear and calling to husband) George, come here and look at the letters "Charlos Heights" set into the hill over yonder!

GRIMES: We're proud of our development and we want everyone to know where it is. (Points) You'll notice that we're right on the Northern Pacific railway, and the siding you see down there will later be extended through our orchards.

FIRST WOMAN CLIENT: If we should decide we didn't like it out here—after all, it is rather far from civilization—what would become of our orchard land?

GRIMES: The company will, if you wish, continue to handle the orchard for you, after the five years of the contract is up, for one-tenth of the net yearly profits. You see, we have the kind of proposition that you can't possibly lose on. We'll plant your land to whatever suitable apple you choose—of course, the McIntosh Red is the big thing right now, a wonderfully hardy apple and a big money-maker. We've ordered 100,000 apple trees from the Missoula Nursery company to be grown especially for us so we'll be sure of getting satisfactory trees. You can't lose.

FIRST MAN CLIENT: Sounds good to me, how about you, Baby Doll?

FIRST WOMAN CLIENT: Oh, it sounds wonderful to me, George. Mr. Downs is in the office—let's go in and get the papers signed. Oh, I just can't wait to get home and tell everyone we're landowners in the West.
(They start toward office as Martin McCrossen, in carpenter overalls, enters right and stands, looking around. McGee and Stevensons come out of office as Grimes and other clients go in. McGee goes toward McCrossen.)

MCGEE: Thought you might be up today, Martin. This's Mr. and Mrs. Stevenson. They've just bought a fine little tract and they'll be wanting a house to live in. Think you could help them out?

MCCROSSEN: Reckon.

WILL STEVENSON: We won't be able to afford anything elaborate, just a sturdy, comfortable small house.

RUTH STEVENSON: I'll want a fair-sized parlor, big enough for my piano. I'm afraid we'll have to sell most of our other furniture, rather than move it, but I'll never part with that piano.

WILL STEVENSON: Mostly what we want is a house that will stand for a long time. We want to become permanent residents of the Bitter-root. Build it to last a long time.

MCCROSSEN: Yew won't be needin' it that long.

MRS. STEVENSON: Why, what do you mean by that?

MCGEE: (Hastily, and kicking McCrossen unobtrusively) Why, Martin just means that you'll make so much money in a few years you'll want a bigger and better house. Isn't that what you meant, Martin? He's always kidding with our clients, and we've sent a lot of people his way that need new houses. (Meaningfully) Haven't we, Martin?
MCCROSSEN: Yep, you have, Mr. McGee. Just kiddin'. Glad to build for you wherever you say, Mr. Stevenson.

MCGEE: Well, let's go back to the office and finish signing the papers. I just wanted you to meet Martin and talk to him while he was here. (Exit into office as lights dim down.)
SCENE TWO

The Real Estate Boom

(Playing area is dark. Spotlight picks up Old Timer as he strolls on stage.)

OLD TIMER: Funny how things happen. First time Kerr came into the valley and sorta bragged it up, nobody paid much attention. But when he began advertisin' and bought up the Charlos bench it kinda hit us between the eyes. A few citizens thought they saw the handwritin' on the wall, an' real-estate offices began to spring up all over town, in vacant lots and along the highway. Everybody had land to sell and everybody had the "best" proposition. Let's take a look at one of the biggest local offices...

(Old Timer exits and lights come up on scene.)

SCENE: Boardwalk in front of building with sign "WARD & SONS REALTY OFFICE" above door. To one side is a hitching post. George Ward, a tall, distinguished-looking man with white beard, and his two sons enter. Sid, the younger, is tall, slim, impeccably dressed, while Will is attired in stockman's clothes. They are arguing.)

SID: If the O.W. Kerr company can speculate in the orchard boom, certainly we can, too. You've got more and better land than they have.

WILL: I'm all for accepting the Kerr offer of $100,000 for Ward
Cove. That still leaves half of Camas Prairie in Dad's holdings.

SID: But, Will, if Father sells Ward Cove to Kerr for $100,000, Kerr will turn right around and speculate it for $200,000. Why should we make a deal like that? Father, I know we can do exactly what Kerr's doing. You're running your ditch any­way to irrigate the whole Camas Prairie, so why not go one step further and speculate it? Don't sell to Kerr!

GEORGE WARD: I am not in favor of selling to Kerr, for the very reason that you give. The land isn't worth the kind of speculating that's going on. And as a matter of principle I'm not in favor of our selling it, either!

WILL: Dad, I think you're making a real mistake not selling to Kerr. You know doggone well Camas Prairie's mostly gravel bar and swamp, and that the only thing that's growin' there now is cheat grass where it's dry and slough grass where it's wet. Practically all that land up at Charlos Heights that isn't bottom land is thin—Kerr's included.

GEORGE WARD: Young man, I know that quite well. I've dealt in land long enough to feel that I know something about it!

SID: And the Kerr holdings are even thinner than anything that we have. But look what the Kerr test plots show in apple tree growth and fruit production when they are cultivated!

WILL: Sure, and look at the expense that outfit goes to just to get the land in shape and producin'. There are dang few of anybody's clients comin' in that can stand the expense of building up the
soil and spraying, let alone the hard work and frost danger.

GEORGE WARD: And that's why I am not going to speculate it or sell to a speculating realtor. That's final!

SID: Good Lord, Father, people are coming from the Midwest en masse to buy up Bitterroot orchard land! Kerr isn't going to be able to sell them all. It isn't as if you were doing something illegal!

WILL: If Kerr keeps buying around us here on the Prairie, Sid, he'll start putting a squeeze on us. He's got the clients coming in. We haven't!

SID: That's just it and it's a point I'd like to explain to you two if you'd listen. Kerr has the clients coming in—we don't. But he doesn't have them all sold, either! Now if we can keep our price well under Kerr's, Father, and let Kerr bring the clients out here, we'll sell property at a good profit and still not be pulling some of the tactics that are going on here.

WILL: You think you can buck Kerr with his advertisin' set-up?

SID: I can buck anyone with any kind of scheme he's got!

GEORGE WARD: Well, now...

SID: Look! Kerr advertises all over the Midwest. Some people he sells to never get out here. The rest come out that are interested. Practically all of them come by train. His agents meet them, take them up to the clubhouse...

GEORGE WARD: And, Mr. College Man, what is your proposition?

SID: Father, I think that's uncalled for!

GEORGE WARD: Well, all the talk both of you've been doing is uncalled
for! You're both suggesting the same thing—the only difference is price!

(As the argument has been mounting, two passersby, Mickey and Lasum, have come up and begin to edge in closer.)

WILL: (Sees them) I'm shuttin' up!

GEORGE WARD: Will, Sid, come into the office! We'll not stand here in the middle of the street brawling over a subject I'd like to drop.

SID: Father, if you'll just let me give this a try...I'll meet the train today, talk to some of Kerr's clients that arrive...

WILL: Sid, lay off!

GEORGE WARD: Not another word, either of you! Come into the office. (He starts toward office door) Any discussion of this sort can very well be concluded inside. (Exits through office door, followed by Will and Sid.)

LASUM: Well, I'll be dinged!

MICKIE: First time I ever seen the Wards in a pow-wow like that! Surprised at ol' George allowin' that much argyment from anybody! You don't git much from him except orders—and your wages.

LASUM: Well, you got a job, didn't you? Listen, they're at it again! (He leans against door with ear plastered to it, listening intently.) Funny thing, Mickey, ol' George'll listen to Sid more'n anybody else, but he won't pay no attention to his hare-brained schemes, like that peat moss on Camas Prairie that Sid wanted to sell for fertilizer, er somethin'.

MICKIE: Is Will helpin' the argyment along, kin yuh tell?
LASUM: Can’t tell. Sid’s gettin’ loud now—says he’ll meet the train anyway. By golly, maybe Sid’s got somethin’ there! Y’know, this real-estatin’ gits kinda interestin’.

MICKIE: You ain’t gettin’ ideas, are yuh?

LASUM: Yuh can’t never tell, Mickie, me boy. Now if I just had me a couple wagon loads of rocks an’ some of that thin Charlos Heights soil to sprinkle ’em on to sort of “rich” it up, like Jack McGee told one of Kerr’s clients, I wouldn’t need no office. Just do like Sid Ward says—meet the buyers at the depot.

MICKIE: You meet ’em at the depot with your load of rocks and a pocketful of dirt, an’ the Kerr outfit’ll figger out some kinda sellin’ angle fer it. Slick outfit.

LASUM: (Now beginning to make fun of all real-estate operators. Falsetto or sotto voce) HOWDY, stranger! Welcome to the Bitterroot, to Hamilton, an’ ‘specially to Charlos Heights! (Aside) Puttin’ in a plug fer me next job…(Loudly) What kin I do fer yuh, I hope?

MICKIE: (Trying to imitate Middlewest drawl) I’m from the middlin’ west, mister, an’ I’m desirin’ to git me some o’ that dollar-a-pound Charlos Heights orchard land an’ make a killin’ sellin’ McIntosh Reds. Whar could I be findin’ the Kerr clubhouse?

LASUM: Yuh’ve come to the keerect feller fer advice, stranger!

MICKIE: Yew work fer Mr. Kerr, mister?

LASUM: Yuh might say that. I’m a sorta special agent fer him.

MICKIE: (With loud guffaw) A sorta road agent, in a manner of
LASUM: (Alarmed) Hey, ol' George's comin' out--git back!

(George Ward enters from office door.)

MICKIE: Howdy, Mr. Ward. Warm, ain't it?

GEORGE WARD: (Curtly) Mickie, Lasum.

SID: (Entering) Well, I'm going down to the depot. (Looks at watch)

Mickie, will you bring Father's buggy around front?

(Mickie exits to left.)

LASUM: Expectin' somebody on the train, Sid?

SID: I'm expecting somebody on the train, yes.

LASUM: Whaddyuh think of the Kerr agents tellin' them folks from back east that Bitterroot rocks was so valuable yuh could sell 'em fer a dollar a pound if they was ground up?

SID: I think they'll hang themselves with that sort of misrepresen-
tation!

MICKIE: (Drives up with horse and buggy, alights and hands the reins to Sid.) Here y'are, Sid.

(Sid gets into buggy and drives off. Sound of train whistle)

MICKIE: (Sitting down on boardwalk) Old Copper City Special's late as usual. Wonder why they don't just change the schedule to 3:30 instead of 3:00 and it'd be on time onct in a while.

LASUM: (Also sitting) Whaddyuh wanta do, deprive the citizens o' Hamilton of a topic of conversation?

MICKIE: Doesn't look like much of a crowd gatherin' at the depot this evenin'.

LASUM: Nope. There's a couple of Kerr's agents drivin' up in their
surreys now. Boy, that outfit don't miss a bet.

MICKIE: I see Sid's joinin' 'em on the platform. Lasum, we oughta amble down an' see the fun. Them Kerr boys don't cotton much to competitors.

LASUM: You know dang well what'll happen. McGee an' Downs'll gather everybody off the train whether they're clients or not an' herd 'em into their surreys an' then buy 'em a drink at the Swede's saloon. Then they'll sort out the likely buyers, herd 'em over to the Ravalli hotel, an' then really go to work on 'em.

MICKEY: You got that all figgered out, ain't you?

LASUM: Ain't everybody got everyth'in' all figgered out around here, includin' the clients? Only thing is, the clients don't know what they're gettin' into. They'll hafta find out the hard way.

(Lights dim out as the two men stroll offstage.)
SCENE THREE

The Bitter-Enders—1914

(Old Timer enters darkened stage.)

OLD TIMER: Prob’ly a lot of the newcomers woulda been better off if they'd bought land from local folks at reasonable prices, but that wasn't how it worked out. The Kerr company pretty near had a monopoly on clients, seemed like. Not many local people made any money off the apple boom, except by sellin' to Kerr or outfittin' the folks that come to buy. And in a few years the boom wore itself out an' left a good many people high an' dry on orchards that didn't produce good and with an apple that didn't sell as well on the market as had been hoped. A lot of folks who went broke and were anxious to call it quits an' get outa the valley any way they could got to be called "bitter-enders." Some o' these folks had come just to "clean up" in the apple business—it was a gamble they played out and lost. But some of 'em had come to make new homes and settle in our valley, and that's the ones that goin' busted was hard on. Land prices was just too high and makin' an orchard produce in that soil was too expensive. Things didn't work out like the Kerr company said, and then the company itself pulled out. Remember the Stevensons, that couple that come out to start a new life? Well, let's look in on them a few years later—1914.

(Old Timer exits and lights come up.)
SCENE: Front yard of a small, run-down farm house. Pieces of furniture, household effects, etc., are piled up on the porch and in the yard, which has a few bedraggled flowers and shrubs. Three overalled men struggle out the front door with a baby grand piano minus its legs. The time is just past noon in mid-August, 1914.

GEORGE HAMPTON: (Trying to find a spot to set down the piano)

Charlie, can you tip that mattress over and we'll set it on that.

CHARLIE: Not 'th'out droppin' this corner of the piany.

HAMPTON: Then let's set 'er down easy here on the dirt for a minute.

(They set piano down, Hampton wipes forehead.) Whew, what a day for an auction. (Shouts) Will, you handy? Can you give us a hand fer a minute?

RUTH STEVENSON: (Appearing in doorway) Will's out in the barn. Oh, what are you doing to my piano? (Runs over to piano) Oh, you've set it down in the dirt! George! How dare you treat my piano like this! Pick it up!

HAMPTON: Mrs. Stevenson, this thing's heavy and we tried to get the mattress tipped over to set it on. You can't hold 500 pounds up very long, not in this heat, anyways.

MRS. STEVENSON: (Struggling with mattress) Oh, please put it on this! Let me see what you've done to my piano. (Men lift the piano and set it on edge on the mattress) You've scratched it! It's the only thing I have left! (She is crying)

HAMPTON: Go back inside outa the heat, Mrs. Stevenson. It's all right now. We'll take care of it now. When we get the legs on it and
stood up we'll cover it with a quilt. Charlie, get the legs for it, willya? The bolts are on the window sill in the front room. Man, it's hot! This gully sure does collect the heat. Mrs. Stevenson, there ain't much use gettin' worked up.

MRS. STEVENSON: That's easy for you to say! You haven't spent five years of your life in slaving and then lost everything! We've got nothing left, nothing! We've poured everything we had into this rocky piece of ground, and gotten nothing out! No money to spray, frost first, then hail, and a dry irrigation ditch! I can't stand any more! My lovely piano, the only thing I had left, and now they're taking that away from me! (During speech two women enter and look curiously on, nudging each other and whispering. Mrs. Stevenson finally sees them, throws her apron to her face and goes back into the house, sobbing. Charlie follows.)

MRS. THOMPSON: Well, she sure was carryin' on. You'd think they was the only ones got hurt when that late frost killed the crop. I told Harry right from the beginnin', I said, Harry, we're not goin' to raise just apples and nothin' else. We're goin' to have a couple of cows, and a few hogs—they won't hurt the orchard and then we'll have somethin' to eat on, at least, when there ain't any apples.

MRS. LOCKHART: She really hadn't oughta of brought a fancy thing like that pianny out here in the first place. Imagine—a pianny like that in a shack like this!

HAMPTON: That shack's the best McCrossen could build 'em for the money
they had. It ain't their fault they come out here on a shoe-string. If you're so all-fired jealous o' her havin' that piano, why don't you buy it for a good price so they'll have somethin' to git back home on?

MRS. LOCKHART: Well, when I want your advice, George Hampton, I'll ask for it! I just might buy that pianny, too. My Alice is real musical, everybody says, an' it'd look mighty nice in our parlor.

MRS. THOMPSON: Well, of course you couldn't pay no fancy price for it, I don't expect, what with losin' your crop in that hailstorm?

MRS. LOCKHART: (Tossing head) You ain't the only ones that went in for somethin' besides orchard here, and we got another 20 acres besides that we bought up cheap when the Halsteads had to give up. We did real good on the strawberries, before that hailstorm. I'll bid what I can for that pianny. (Virtuously) Like George says, they need the money.

MRS. THOMPSON: Well! I was plannin' on biddin', too, but if we're goin' to be biddin' against each other—

EMORY: Bid 'er up, ladies! You won't git another chance at a pianny like this one.

(Charlie enters, carrying bolts. The men start putting legs on piano. Mrs. Lockhart runs a hand over the piano top.)

MRS. LOCKHART: Of course, the finish ain't so good any more.

MRS. THOMPSON: Prob'ly needs tunin', too. (Eyeing each other warily, they move off.)

EMORY: (Chuckles) Well, that oughta pep up the biddin' a little.

HAMPTON: Makes me kinda sick, the way they let on they're so much
smarter'n the Stevensons, when really they're keepin' their heads above water mostly because they happened to get better land and have a little more capital to work with.

EMORY: I sure feel sorry for Will and his missus. They never had a chance here.

CHARLIE: They never had no business tryin' a scheme like this. He ain't no more a dirt farmer than a dawg.

EMORY: 'Course, I guess it's live and learn. Lots of others just as bad off. Look at the Ellises, and the Dushells, with their big hopes and plans.

CHARLIE: I'll say this much for the Stevensons—they got a lot more grit than some o' these "bitter-enders." Today's the first time I've seen Mrs. Stevenson go to pieces.

HAMPTON: She sure had a right to. Place gone, money gone, Will's health gone... You got that screw-driver handy, Em?

CHARLIE: Guess we'd better git Will to help us put this thing on its feet. It sure is hot. If this don't cook up a storm, I'll miss my guess.

(Emory hands over screwdriver, he and Charlie exit.)

HAMPTON: (Calling after them) Long as you're goin', prime the pump. Sure could use a cold drink o' water.

(Sound of pump being primed on back porch. Sound of greetings as if there were new arrivals. Emory enters, hands Hampton a tin cup. He drinks thirstily.)

EMORY: Folks is startin' to come now. Charlie went to find Will to help us set this thing up. He oughta be here when the biddin'
starts, too.

(Charlie runs in, excited.)

CHARLIE: George, Will's fainted!

HAMPTON: My God, no! I told him to take it easy. Charlie, get the
Colonel out here and tell him he can start sellin'. We'll hafta
get Will to town to a doc. Where's Mrs. Stevenson now?

CHARLIE: She's with Will, I expect.

HAMPTON: You and Emory keep things movin' until I git back. If the
Stevensons hafta sell this piano, I hope the Colonel can git a
good price for it—they're gonna need it. (Exits)

COLONEL: (Entering) Charlie, Em, if you'll get the crowd around here
in front we'll start 'er off. Bring 'em out, bring 'em out!

This the piano?

CHARLIE: Yep. (Starts to exit) Right out there, folks, the Colonel's
ready.

COLONEL: Right out here, folks, right out here. Now let's take a look
at this genuwine, priceless mahogany and walnut piano—a real
heirloom. Folks, this was brought clean out here from the East.
Look at that finish! Don't see many like that no more... (Lights
fade out as auctioneer goes into his patter.)
EPISODE THREE
Coming of Age
Scene One... Tick Fever

(Old Timer enters darkened stage.)

OLD TIMER: Well, you can still see the white letters spellin'
"Charlos Heights" in the hillside up that way. Can still see
some o' the old orchards, too, climbin' right up to the timber-
line. Most of 'em's been torn out, but some is still hangin'
on, just a reminder, I guess. The big clubhouse gradually got
torn down. Funny thing, about the time the plumin' disappeared
from the clubhouse, a lot of Charlos Heights folks blossomed out
with fine big bathtubs. Didn't have runnin' water for 'em, but
they was a sight more comfortable on Saturday night than the
old round galvanized tubs.
The next big thing t'happen was World War I. Didn't affect us
much here until the U.S. entered the war, then quite a bunch of
our boys here in the valley enlisted or was called up. We felt
the labor pinch then, just like we did in World War II. Then
after the boys come home—most of 'em—there was some good years
and some bad ones, but things settled down pretty quiet again.
For quite a spell, though, we'd had a big problem in the Bitter-
root, 'specially on the West Side. Every spring an' summer
there'd be a lot of cases of Rocky Mountain spotted fever. No
one knew for sure what caused it—some said it was the crick
water on the West Side, some said wood tick bites. All we knew for sure was, when a feller got spotted fever, he wrote out his will and fixed himself to die. Well, way back in 19-and-02 a coupla scientist fellers come all the way out here from Chicago to see if they could find out about spotted fever. They started workin' in tents, then later moved into an old woodshed down at Victor. Finally they moved again to the old Canyon Crick school house west o' town here. Some o' you might remember it—lots of us that grew up on the West Side back then went to school there. But scientists are a close-mouthed bunch, and it wasn't till along in the '20s they come up with some explanations—and then, finally, a vaccine. They tried it on gophers an' guinea pigs an' rabbits an' monkeys, and then on each other, and they had some good luck and some bad. Some fellers died from workin' with the ticks—there was young Bill Kerlee, an' big Henry Cowan—but finally they worked somethin' out that seemed to protect 'em. We got some pretty stiff-necked people here, just like everywhere, I guess—so there was a little trouble convincin' some folks that vaccination would protect 'em, even if it made 'em pretty sick sometimes. Let's see how folks felt about tick fever along in about 19-and-27, when the tick lab was in the ol' Canyon Crick school...

(Old Timer exits and lights come up on scene.)

SCENE: In front of the Canyon Creek schoolhouse across the river west of Hamilton. A fence, with a gate, separates the schoolyard and the road. Two or three cars are parked along the road. Time is
a spring morning. A farmer is walking along the road with a shovel over his shoulder. He stops at the gate as a Model T Ford stops across the road. A man gets out.

FARMER: By Judas, there's Bill Lemke a-kickin' up the dust. Where yew a-goin' in sech a all-fired hurry, Bill?

BILL: Mornin', Tom. Been irrigatin' those rocks? Me? I'm gonna git me a tick shot.

TOM: Yew a-goin' t' git it in there, Bill? (Pointing) What they got in that ol' school house?

BILL: Ain'tcha ever been in there, Tom?

TOM: Nope, cain't say as I hev. Never hed no reason t' go in there 'cept as a kid.

BILL: I went to school in it for a while, too, then we moved to th' East Side where there wasn't so many ticks.

TOM: Went to third grade an' then quit, m'self. Didn't like havin' no teacher tellin' me what t' do all the time. Me, I was fishin' or runnin' dawgs when I wasn't workin' fer my ol' man. Whatcha say they got in there, Bill?

BILL: They got the tick lab in there now, Tom. Moved it up from a old woodshed at Victor. They got quite a set-up in there—a lotta ticks in screen boxes, bottles, a tick-grinder and about the dangdest bunch of rats, guinea pigs and rabbits you ever did see. C'mon in with me, you might's well watch me git stuck.

TOM: Yew don't ketch me in no place like that there. Yew say yew was a-goin' t' git a "tick shot?"
(Another farmer enters from left.)

TOM: Howdy, Johnny. Lookit this fool Bill here, he's a-gonna go in there an' git a tick shot.

JOHNNY: Howdy, Tom, Bill. Think that there vaccine'll perfect you, Bill?

BILL: It pertects monkeys—it oughta perfect us! Ever been in the lab here, Johnny?

JOHNNY: Nope, can't say as I have. Kin anybody just go in there? Ain't it kinda dangerous with all them ticks crawlin' around?

BILL: Yeah, it's kinda dangerous, I guess, if you work in there. But we got a lot o' ticks out here, too. (Begins to feel around hairline, down neck, etc.)

TOM: Ticks ain't dangerous. Cain't figger why they wanta fool with the varmints fer. Now, if'n yew ask me, it's dang foolishment. JOHNNY: Ain't nobody asked you. How does Merritt and Thrailkill an' that other feller, what's his name—Malone?—work in there an' git away with it?

BILL: Merritt says they all got tick shots. He talked me into gettin' 'em.

TOM: Ticks ain't what give yew spotted fever, it's the water in the cricks on the West Side. I know, 'cause I've had ticks on me all my life an' I ain't never hed spotted fever—jist 'cause I ain't never drunk no water outa Roarin' Lion, Hayes, Blodgett ner Mill cricks. 'Specially outa Roarin' Lion an' the Blodgett, where the ol' sawmills useta be.

BILL: Everybody I know who's got spotted fever was tick-bit. My
kinfolk that died o' spotted fever was tick-bit an' I know fer a fact they never drunk any water on the West Side 'cause we lived on the East Side since I was a kid.

JOHNNY: That there scientist feller from the college in Bozeman—what's his name, Perfessor Cooley?—he knows all about ticks.

BILL: Merritt in there has told me a lot about the vaccine—how they grind up the ticks an' strain off the juice an' dilute it with some sort o' liquid. That's what they shoot into you.

JOHNNY: Ain't so sure I want ground-up ticks in me.

TOM: Then don't git it, dang it! Me, I don't have no truck with any o' this tick-studyin'. All yew hev to do is not drink crick water on this side o' the river, an' yew'll never git spotted fever.

BILL: Dang it all, Tom, they've blown that water theory sky-high. Perfessor Cooley knows all about ticks. There's Merritt comin' out now. (Merritt comes out of building and up to gate.) Howdy, Merritt. Say, I was just tryin' to tell Tom here his water theory is shot fulla holes.

MERRITT: Every entomologist in the country is convinced that ticks transmit spotted fever. Dr. Cooley's verified that.

BILL: He knows all about ticks, don't he? How many eggs it lays, what animals it feeds on...

TOM: (Interrupting) Just b'cause they figgered what animals ticks feeds on, lookit the trouble they made, lookit them damn dippin' vats they built. Killed off some mighty good Holstein critters. An' all that gopher-poisonin'...

MERRITT: Well, Tom, it's like this... in order to do something about
this terrible disease, science has got to do a lot of research, can't leave anything to guess, and before they jump to any conclusions they want to know if they've asked all the questions and answered as many as it's in their power to answer. We need a better place to carry on this work. The old schoolhouse here is too small, and it's dangerous—can't control our ticks too well.

JOHNNY: There's been cases o' spotted fever outside the valley lately, too, ain't there?

MERRITT: It's been showing up in Missoula, and Idaho, and other states, too. Dr. Parker thinks we have a good chance for gettin' a tick-proof lab here in Hamilton.

BILL: Who's that feller O'Donnell, Merritt?

MERRITT: He's in charge of the whole operation here in the valley. He's working on us getting a better lab.

TOM: Why don't you fellers work on things like diphtheria an' that there infantile paralysis? Jes' gonna let our kids die of them sicknesses while they take our taxes an' pound 'em down a rat hole studyin' ticks?

MERRITT: Scientists've got diphtheria under control, just about the same way we plan to get tick fever, with a vaccine. We just happen to be working on tick fever because it's the worst thing we have here in the valley, and worse here than most anywhere else. When we get spotted fever licked we'll start on something else—yellow fever, typhoid, maybe...

TOM: Well, anybody that knows anything is ag'in building a laboratory
here. Why, even two of the doctors here and the judge is
fightin' it.

MERRITT: And it's too bad, too! If people could just see beyond their
noses...

JOHNNY: Now hold on a minute, fellers. Let's not git all riled up.

Here, Tom, have a chew of these "Swedish conditionin' powders."
(Hands Tom a can of snuff) Good fer what ails yuh! (Can is
passed around. Merritt refuses.)

MERRITT: Nope, I can't quite cut the stuff. You gettin' a tick shot,
Bill?

BILL: Yep. You gonna get one, Johnny?

MERRITT: You better get one, too, Tom. This vaccine works wonders with
spotted fever.

JOHNNY: Tom's too damn full of tick bites now fer any vaccine to have
any effect on him. Regular ol' mountain goat, ain't you, Tom?

TOM: Ain't havin' no truck with yer lab or yer tick shots—dang
foolishment!

BILL: So long, Tom. Don't stand around here too long—yuh might get
bit. (Laugh. Merritt, Bill and Johnny exit into laboratory.
Tom stays at gate looking after them.)

TOM: Danged fools!

(Lights out as men disappear.)
OLD TIMER: (Entering on darkened stage) Yep, that was a great thing—a legacy, you might call it—when the "tick-proof" laboratory was built an' equipped in 1931. And the men in that lab did lick spotted fever, an' then they did go on to other diseases, and they even played a mighty important part in developin' the antibiotic drugs that you hear so much about now. An' I see in the paper they're gettin' more money to enlarge the lab some more. So you can see that lab is pretty important not only to the Bitterroot valley, but to the whole country an' maybe even the whole world. You remember that book, The Green Light? That was about the lab at Hamilton. It was made into a movie an' they showed it here. Had a mighty good turn-out, too, but the only thing really about Hamilton in it was a scene showin' the new lab with some old-fashioned cars parked out front an' some horses an' buggies. Now, I kinda took issue with this, 'cause in 19-and-31 we had 1931 cars, just the same as anybody. An' I don't remember many horses and buggies around town that year. We're old-fashioned in some ways, maybe, but we like to think we're up-to-date, too, in most ways. Look at our homes, and our business buildin's. Look at the Daly Memorial hospital. Not a finer little hospital anywhere in the state, or even further than that. It was built the same
year as the lab, an' together those two projects helped us in the valley get through the Depression a lot better'n some other communities. The hospital was another legacy for the valley, an' some of you'll remember how we got it. But for you newcomers the next two scenes'll show how we come to have the fine hospital we needed so bad.

(Old Timer exits as lights come up on scene.)

SCENE: Office of Dr. Herbert Hayward in Hamilton. It is early May, 1930, in the afternoon. Dr. Hayward is talking to his nurse, who is going over the books, etc.

NURSE: John Bauer paid $10 on his bill today. Said that's all he's got until fall when he can sell some calves.

HAYWARD: Tell him to bring in a calf this fall and that'll take care of the bill. My bill, at least—he's still got the hospital in Missoula to pay.

NURSE: (Thoughtfully) You know, Doctor, it seems like we're sending a lot of patients to Missoula or Butte.

HAYWARD: Too many. And we're losing some cases just because we haven't enough beds or room or adequate equipment. A hospital here would serve the whole valley, but you know how damned hard we've tried to raise the money, and how far we've gotten. You can't build a hospital on sides of beef and sacks of spuds, but that's all folks around here have got to offer these days.

Trouble is, they can't stop getting sick just because we're in the middle of a depression.

NURSE: Have you gone to Mrs. Daly yet, like you and Mr. O'Hara and
Mr. Kirkemo were talking about?

HAYWARD: Yes, they've talked to her. She said she'd have to think it over. If she'll just give $50,000, maybe we can raise the rest of it some way. Hell, we've got to raise it! A few rooms upstairs above an office isn't adequate hospital facilities for a town this size, let alone the whole valley.

NURSE: Are you going to send old Mrs. Richards down to Missoula?

HAYWARD: (Wearily) No, in her present state of mind she'd just die of homesickness where her family couldn't see her often. We'll just have to crowd her in somewhere here.

(Phone rings)

NURSE: (Into phone) Good afternoon, Dr. Hayward's office....Pardon me, did you wish to speak with the doctor? ... Yes, Dr. Hayward's here. Oh, I'm sorry, I didn't recognize your voice, Mr. O'Hara. Yes, just a moment, please... Doctor, it's Mr. O'Hara.

HAYWARD: (Takes phone) Hello, Bob. What's the matter?....Yes, I have a whole waiting room full of patients, why?....Bob, are you crazy? I can't dismiss them just like that!.....Huh? Hospital? What did you say? ....What? Did you say Mrs. Daly—oh, my God! Bob! Hold on, Bob! (hand over mouthpiece)

Nurse! Is there anyone out there who couldn't come back tomorrow?

NURSE: Mr. Watts is down from the West Fork.

HAYWARD: I'll see him. Dismiss the rest.

NURSE: But what'll I tell them?

HAYWARD: Tell them I have an emergency call! (Into phone) Bob?
Still there? Well, hold on, I'm getting them out. (Hand over phone mouthpiece) Nurse! (Nurse, who has just stepped out, re-enters) Have you told them?

NURSE: Not yet. I was just about to when you called.

HAYWARD: Good. Bring Mr. Watts in first, then tell them. (She exits)

Bob, I've got one patient I'll have to see now, but I'll be through by the time you get here. Say ten minutes? Fine.... Bob! What's the matter! (pause) Hello, hello! Who's this? ...Kirk? My God, Kirk, what's happened to Bob? He's what?.... Overexcited? So am I! Yes, Kirk, come over now!

(Nurse enters with Mr. Watts) Hello, Jim. How's the leg?

WATTS: Aches, Doc. Like hell.

HAYWARD: You figuring to get back up the West Fork this evening?

WATTS: Aimin' to, Doc. But if you've got an emergency, I kin wait, I reckon.

HAYWARD: Fine. Seven-thirty tomorrow morning alright? Where're you staying?

WATTS: Well....

HAYWARD: Nurse, call the hotel and tell them Jim here wants a room.

I'll take care of it.

(Patient exits.)

NURSE: (Into phone) This is Dr. Hayward's office. Mr. Jim Watts wants a room for the night. Dr. Hayward will take care of the bill. ....That'll be fine, thank you. Goodbye. (Hangs up) Now tell me, for heaven's sake, Dr. Hayward, is something the matter with Mrs. Daly?
HAYWARD: Matter? No, no—she's a wonderful, wonderful woman. She's giving us a hospital, a whole hospital!

NURSE: The whole hospital? She's giving you $100,000 for a hospital?

HAYWARD: Well, I don't know for sure. Mr. O'Hara started to tell me when he choked up. That's something, for Bob to lose his voice. We'd asked her for $50,000 and figured the rest by subscription, but Bob said she's financing it all. It's great! Just great!

NURSE: Now you won't have to raise any of it by subscription.

HAYWARD: Well, that's just for construction of the new building. We'll need a subscription fund for furnishing and maintaining it. But now we've got a start—a damn fine start!

(Door opens outside office)

NURSE: That must be Mr. O'Hara and Mr. Kirkemo now. (Exits)

KIRKEMO: (Entering with O'Hara) Doc, have you got something for Bob here? He's shaking like a leaf.

HAYWARD: Here, have a snort of this! (Reaches in desk drawer, brings out unlabeled bottle and glass, pours out a shot and hands to O'Hara.) Just a little something I keep around for medicinal purposes only, of course. On second thought, let's all have one. (Shouts) Nurse! This calls for some kind of celebration, even if it is Prohibition. Drink it down, Bob—do you good. (Nurse enters) Nurse, bring a couple more glasses, and then take the day off. (Nurse exits)

KIRKEMO: Doc, when Mrs. Daly told us she'd build the hospital, I could hardly believe it. Bob was shaking like a leaf all the way in
O'HARA: (Drinks) I'm all right now. Ha! Just what I needed! Doc, you'll never guess Mrs. Daly's donation. My God, it's fantastic...but wait till you hear what happened the last two days we've been talking to her!

HAYWARD: To hell with the last two days, how much is she building for?

O'HARA: Hold on, man, this is too good! Uh...guess I'm still shaky.

You tell him, Kirk. (Leans back in chair)

KIRKEMO: When we first went to her and asked for $50,000 and showed her our sketches and plans, she asked a lot of questions, wanted to know where we'd get the rest of it, and when we told her we thought we could raise the remaining $50,000 by subscription, she said she'd like to talk it over with her daughter and for us to come back tomorrow—that was yesterday—well, we were pretty sure then that the deal would go through.

O'HARA: Doc, this is the best part. Tell him, Kirk.

(Nurse enters, puts down glasses and exits. Hayward pours drinks as Kirkemo talks.)

KIRKEMO: Well, we went back today, same time, same room. She said she'd talked it over with her daughter, and, since she'd wanted to leave a memorial to Marcus Daly, she'd decided to put up money for the whole thing. I looked at Bob and gulped. Then she said, "Mr. Kirkemo, what would it cost to build a hospital that looked like that?" And she pointed to a picture of a colonial-style house on the wall. I looked at the picture and said the first figure that came into my head, "$250,000,
Mrs. Daly," I said. "Well, Mr. Kirkemo," she said, "how long will it take you to draw up plans for a building like that? Mr. Daly loved colonial architecture. And will you bring me a water color of your plan?"

O'HARA: When she asked Kirk if he thought he could keep the estimate at about $250,000, and then to go ahead, I think I lost my voice for the first time in my life.

KIRKEMO: But what really knocked me for a loop was when she said that she'd also furnish it with new appointments and equipment and set up an endowment fund to maintain the hospital!

HAYWARD: It's incredible—that's all I can say. It's no wonder you lost your voice, Bob. I've damn near lost mine. (Hands glass to Kirkemo, refills O'Hara's glass and raises his own.) Gentlemen, an hour ago I was wishing for a hospital and cursing everything because we didn't have one. And now we've got one! We won't be sending any more cases to Missoula or Butte because we haven't proper surgical facilities here—we won't be sending patients home to die because we have no place to treat them!

KIRKEMO: Mrs. Daly wants to see construction begin before she leaves in October. I'll have to work overtime to get the plans ready for a contractor. But it'll be worth it!

Mrs. Daly told me that the hospital is not for Hamilton, or for anyone in particular. It's for the Bitter Root valley, because Daly loved it so much.

(Lights Out)
SCENE THREE
Daly Memorial Hospital Is Dedicated

SCENE: Front "porch" of Daly Memorial Hospital in Hamilton. In front of entrance at stage center, where the gray granite steps come up, is a speaker's stand. On either side, by the pillars which flank the entrance, are placed three chairs. The pageant audience "plays" the crowd of 600 persons who stood on the hospital lawn to hear the dedication. Time is 2 p.m., July 1, 1931. Miss Stacey, in nurse's uniform, R.A. O'Hara and J.E. Totman, a hospital board member, are talking on the steps as the scene opens.

MISS STACEY: There are no maternity cases downtown now, nor here in the new hospital. Unless one comes in, which none of the doctors expect, there will not be a birth to celebrate the opening. Dr. Hayward expects two on the fifth, though.

TOTMAN: Well, that's pretty close, at that. But if we can't have a birthday today, let's hope that nobody dies, either. This is a splendid thing for Hamilton and the valley, Miss Stacey.

O'HARA: How many patients did you have to transfer over here from the old hospital, Miss Stacey?

MISS STACEY: Twenty-one. And it was quite a job, Mr. O'Hara.

O'HARA: Why didn't you leave some to transfer today during the dedication. It'd be effective.

MISS STACEY: I'm afraid it would have been more confusing than effective. I thought of it, but we decided it would be too hard
on the patients and the new staff members.

O'HARA: I think I see Mrs. Daly's car coming now. I think we'd better be standing near our chairs when she comes in.

MISS STAGEY: Mrs. Daly is certainly a lovely old lady. My, I'd hardly guess she's 78. She looks more like 68 to me.

TOMAN: Mrs. Daly is a lady in the fullest sense of the word. She's one of the most gracious persons I know.

O'HARA: I've known Mrs. Daly for forty years now, and there's not a more neighborly person in the valley.

(Mayor Kilpatrick enters and he and others proceed to their places. Everyone stands as Mrs. Daly, assisted by Mr. Gerard, climbs the steps and goes to the place of honor. Kilpatrick goes to speaker's stand.)

KILPATRICK: Distinguished guests, ladies and gentlemen: It is my very great honor and pleasure to introduce a very great lady, one who is well known in the valley for her many gracious gestures. It must be remembered that she so graciously gave the free use of the tracks and stables and facilities at the Residence for the Ravalli County Fair when the county was unable at the time either by money or labor to build the grounds. Mrs. Margaret P. Daly has, like her husband, long been a loyal and true friend of the people of the Bitterroot valley and a beloved lady to those who have been privileged to know her. I present Mrs. Daly.

MRS. DALY (Rises) Thank you, Mayor Kilpatrick. I present to the people of the Bitterroot valley and to the City of Hamilton this hospital and an endowment fund for its operation and
maintenance in memory of my husband, Marcus Daly. (Sits.)

KILPATRICK: (Rises) In behalf of the residents, as mayor of Hamilton, I accept this memorial hospital from you, Mrs. Daly. (Returns to seat)

O'HARA: (Rises and steps forward) In behalf of the Board of Hospital Trustees for the City of Hamilton and its vicinity, it is my pleasure and honor to accept this Memorial hospital. (Sits)

DR. MCGRATH: (Rising) Mrs. Daly, in behalf of the corps of surgeons for the City of Hamilton it is my very great pleasure and honor to accept this Memorial hospital. Thank you. (Sits)

KILPATRICK: (Going to speaker's stand) Mrs. Daly, ladies and gentlemen: at this time I would like to introduce to you one of the most distinguished men on the American scene, author of two books, former ambassador to Germany, who is to give the dedicatory address at this time—Mr. James Watson Gerard.

(Burst of applause as Mr. Gerard rises, bows slightly and goes to speaker's stand.)

GERARD: Mayor Kilpatrick, Mrs. Daly, ladies and gentlemen: in the first place, the thanks of the community and of Mrs. Daly are due to the trustees of this hospital, Mr. O'Hara, Mr. Crawford, Mr. Cooper and Mr. Totman, for without their assiduous attention this building could not have been erected. We also owe our thanks to the architect, Mr. Kirkemo, who has not only produced this lovely building, but made it complete in every technical detail; and in order to open the hospital the trustees have been fortunate in securing the services of Miss Stacey, a
well-known expert to take charge of the technical part.
(Acknowledges Miss Stacey with a smile and she smiles and nods.) The life of Marcus Daly is one of those romances not uncommon in this land... (Voice fades out as lights dim on speaker and come up on Old Timer as he enters.)

OLD TIMER: This legacy to Hamilton and the Bitterroot was somethin' like gettin' a fairy wish—it come all in one lump and it was a mighty handsome gift. Seemed like right there was a good place to end our play, too. But of course the play ain't really ended, 'cause it's a play about you and your community, and you folks are writin' new chapters right now, an' your kids will write more chapters after you. As you've seen, Providence gave us a lot of gifts. Mebbe we've taken things for granted 'cause we've got a valley full of scenery and sun and prosperity. But now we're in the atomic age, and it seems like mebbe we as a community oughta start thinkin' of what we have here as somethin' we could lose awful fast. And we oughta do more'n just count our blessings—sets me to thinkin' we're obliged to make our valley a sort of shinin' example of the kind of community everybody'd be proud to live in. Most of our foundin' fathers is dead now and buried right here in the valley. But there's always others to carry on, an' there always will be, as long as folks remember what made their town the place it is, and take time to think what it needs to keep it a good place to live.

(Lights dim. Old Timer lifts hand in goodbye salute and exits.)

THE END
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