

winnowed for WORK SONG and MISS YOU 14 March '08

General Index.

	Page.		Page.
Abbreviations.....	113	Classified business directory.....	321-374
Alphabetical list of names.....	113-318	Miscellaneous information.....	59-106
City map.....	opp. 110	Streets and avenues.....	105-110

Index to Miscellaneous Information.

	Page.		Page.
Board of education.....	81	Introductory.....	57
Board of health.....	70	Justices of the peace.....	70
Board of trade.....	66-68	Libraries.....	82-83
Cemeteries.....	72	Military forts and troops.....	76-77
City officers.....	69-70	Montana pioneers.....	95-104
City wards.....	71	National Guard of Montana.....	77-78
Churches.....	80-81	Postoffice department.....	79-80
Clubs.....	94	Secret societies.....	83-91
Colleges and schools.....	81-82	Societies, miscellaneous.....	91-93
Constables.....	70	Sons of veterans.....	83
County commissioners.....	73	Territorial board of stock com'n'rs.....	73
County officers.....	72-73	Territorial courts.....	74
Court stenographers.....	75	Territorial officers.....	73
Delegate to Congress.....	73	Theatres and halls.....	72
District clerks.....	75	United States army.....	76
Fire department.....	70	United States courts.....	74-75
G. A. R.....	83	United States officers.....	75-76
Historical sketch of Helena.....	59-65	United States railway mail service.....	78
Hospitals.....	72		

MHS 1889 Helena City Directory

917.862

H36

HELENA.

The Queen City of the Mountains and Capital of Montana—
Commercial, Railroad, Social and Monetary Centre of
the Northwest—A City of Wonderful Possibilities.

A SKETCH BY MAJ. ROBERT C. WALKER.

THERE is a favored land for all the purposes of comfort and happiness as an abode for man, that is so diversified in the natural attractions of a new country, and so beautified by mountains, valleys, forests, plains, agricultural, grazing and mineral land, and so fresh from the hands of the Almighty, that any portion of its large domain would be a fit place for the garden of Eden, if a second Paradise were needed.

That favored land is Montana, in the United States of America, and is bounded on the east by Dakota Territory, on the north by the Dominion of Canada, on the the west by Idaho, and on the south by the Territory of Idaho and the Territory of Wyoming, and lies between the 104th and 117th degrees of longitude, and the 45th and 49th degrees of north latitude, and measures lengthwise from east to west, 520 miles, and has an average width from north to south of 295 miles, and contains 144,000 square miles or 92,160,000 acres. In square miles, the Territory is larger than Ohio, Indiana, Maryland, Vermont, New Hampshire, Massachusetts, New Jersey and Connecticut combined—an empire in acres.

Only 24 years ago was Montana constituted a territory by an act of Congress, and at that time belonged to that vast "terra incognita" west of the Missouri river. Since then it has proven to be the richest of all the Territories and States of the American Union in gold, silver and copper, and has a population of cultured, industrious and enterprising people of near two hundred thousand. Since the discovery of gold in

Montana, the exports of the precious metals have exceeded one hundred and seventy-five millions of dollars.

Next to the business of mining which is first, comes the live stock or grazing interest in cattle, sheep and horses.

LIVE STOCK AND CATTLE RANGES.

The cattle and sheep ranges in Montana are classed as the best in the world, and are of almost unlimited extent. Except when a very severe winter comes, such as the winter of 1885-6, the cattle crop has yielded after the second year 25 per cent. profit. Sheep raising is even more profitable, and gives a profit of 33 per cent., but the business is more precarious and requires more attention and expense, because of the delicate and tender condition of the animal. Farms for a hundred years to come, may be so located in Montana that each one will have a range for a hundred or more cattle or sheep, at no cost for the range except the occupancy and claim, which is honestly recognized by obliging neighbors.

The mountainous portions of the Territory all furnish good grazing, especially for sheep, and ere while they will be sought after for small bands of cattle and sheep as the most desirable and certain protection against storms and blizzards. It is pretty generally conceded by cattle men who have large bands, and who have heretofore let their cattle run all the year without food or shelter, that they must hereafter drive up and put their herds on closer ranges where hay can be found and put up for winter use.

For the last twenty years, or ever since cattle were herded in Montana, the cattle business has been one of great profit, because of the increase as well as because of the cheapness at which cattle could be fattened upon the government land, which for all this time could be utilized for grazing purposes without cost even for fencing. Then, fencing was not required because the herds of different owners were ranged so distant from each other, but now that system has generally changed, and that one adopted which has for its object the fencing of large tracts either as leased property or taken up under the desert land law. It may be said, therefore, that the whole system of cattle raising in Montana has been changed for the better, and that thousands of farmers will be the cattle raisers of the future where only hundreds heretofore controlled the business.

FARMING AND THE DAIRY.

Congress by its action and treaty with the Blackfeet Indians, has thrown open to settlement and occupancy in Northern Montana, seventeen millions, six hundred and sixteen thousand, six hundred and forty

acres (17,616,640) of agricultural, grazing and mineral lands, which will without doubt increase the area of our arable lands to thirty millions of acres, all susceptible of producing large crops of wheat, oats, barley, rye and vegetables upon a scale similar to that mentioned in this article on the products of Gallatin county.

While Montana is the richest land under the sun in the precious metals, the arable lands in the Territory that are as productive in all the cereals and vegetable yields as any portion of the United States, there are other riches that make Montana a favored land indeed. Of the ninety-three millions of acres of land in Montana, there are supposed to be about thirty millions of acres that are cultivable, and judging from the amount of productions from the thousands of acres that are now worked as farm lands, the conclusion will warrant the assertion that when the whole thirty millions of acres are put under the plow, Montana will produce more farm products and sustain a greater population than any other equal number of acres to be found elsewhere.

The proof is, that the average yield of wheat in Montana is more than twice as much to the acre as that produced by Pennsylvania or Ohio, and the argument will hold good in barley, oats and vegetables. From the farmers themselves it is learned that the average wheat yield per acre in Montana in 1887, was 31 2-5 bushels; oats, 46 2-10 bushels. As a whole State cannot be farmers, and consumers are as necessary for the profit and encouragement of agriculture as the tillers of the soil, it may be stated that the mining, milling and refining the precious metals in Montana will ever employ a greater population than will be engaged in farming throughout the Territory. It follows, therefore, that consumers will be convenient to every farming district, and that a home market in Montana will ever be found for the consumption of the vast yield that may be expected from the farm lands embraced within her limits.

Farming, therefore, in Montana, will ever be profitable; first, because the yield in bushels and pounds is greater than in most of the old States, and second, because the home market (which is the best of all markets), will demand all of the surplus for consumption at the mines and the large cities and towns that must grow up throughout the Territory because of the richness of the mines and the tens of thousands of people dependent upon them. Thirty-one bushels of wheat to the acre, which is the average of Montana, as obtained from official sources, should attract farmers from all parts of the Union, and especially when it is known that the lands can be worked with less labor than elsewhere and are more certain of regular yields. The regular yield of all grains and vegetables in Montana are made sure by the simple process of irrigation, which costs only 50 cents per acre per year. It may be said,

therefore, that with prudent farming and necessary irrigation, "seed time and harvest in Montana will never fail." If the farmers of the old and Western States only knew that there were millions of acres of land in Montana as good as could be found elsewhere, and more certain of a larger production than can be obtained from lands that are subject to floods and drouth, that can be obtained here for \$1.25 and \$5 per acre, and in Homesteads at the cost of office fees, they would sell out their high priced and worn out lands and come to this new and beautiful country, where the virgin soil responds bountifully, and where farmers are better paid with fewer hours of labor than anywhere probably in the world. All the elements for comfortable, happy homes, such as good schools, good water, plenty of fuel, pure air, a healthful climate, entire freedom from epidemics, the laborer's full reward, all exist here in the fullest sense of the terms. All the elements of social comfort, such as liberal, honest neighbors, church congregations, market-towns, railroads and cultured society surround the farmer's home in Montana.

THE DAIRY.

For the purposes of the dairy and for the raising of milch cows for milk and butter for the market, there is no country any better adapted than those vast portions of the Territory found under the shadow of every mountain and in every valley, where cool springs of mountain water is had for the taking. At these points, and they are everywhere, every farmer can have his mountain range for fifty or a hundred cows without cost or molestation, where his dairy herd will return more profit in good butter or milk than could be obtained from any farm investment where the labor and cost would be four times as great. While the mountains endure, and while the precious metals require the tens of thousands of hardy miners to work them and turn them into honest money, and while artificial butter dishonors the name of this delightful luxury, so long will the mountain dairies command the customary high price for ranch butter, cream and milk.

In Montana the dairy products have ever been the most profitable of any of the farmer's investments, and as the population of the Territory increases there is a market assured for these as long as grass grows and water flows.

LIGHT.

The City is lighted by plants owned by two companies, one operating the Brush arc and the United States incandescent systems, and the other, the Thompson-Houston system. About forty lights distributed on masts, are maintained in different parts of the city for lighting the streets. Gas is supplied by a company having extensive works, and is largely used by private consumers.

STREETS.

Over 30 miles of streets and avenues are smooth graded thoroughfares, with substantial board sidewalks.

STREET CARS AND MOTOR RAILWAY.

The Helena Street Railway Company has near four miles of well equipped, paying road constructed, and are now building new lines on several important streets. The Helena Motor Company has completed their line from the western to the eastern limits of the city, and are carrying passengers by steam motor throughout its whole length, and by spring the line will be completed to East Helena, four miles east of the city limits.

ASSESSED VALUATION.

The assessed valuation of the city of Helena for the year 1888, is \$9,000,000, and for the county of Lewis and Clarke, aside from the city, \$4,000,000; total, \$13,000,000.

THE CITY'S CREDIT.

The credit and financial standing of Helena, is established by the fact that in the month of November, 1888, the bonds of the city for sewerage purposes to the amount of \$150,000 bearing 6 per cent. interest, sold at 1 per cent. premium.

WATER SUPPLY.

The city is supplied with pure, clear water coming from a source in the mountains where the shades of the forest pines shelter the cool copious springs issuing from under the snow line. From its source the water flows through sand and gravel—nature's best filter—and is distributed through the city by three water companies, at a cost of over \$600,000, one company putting into their plant over four hundred thousand dollars. The price of water for private families is less than a dollar per month.

DRAINAGE.

The natural surface drainage is mostly into a stream (Last Chance) running through the city from south to north. The location of part of the city being on rolling ground, the general grade is down to the waters of Ten Mile creek, and a general system of sewerage has been commenced, the first appropriation for which was \$150,000.

PARKS AND AVENUES.

The City Park is laid off to the east of Helena, two miles from the court house, and numerous avenues, diverge in all directions, some of them are miles in length and capable of forming one or more grand

boulevards that will encircle the eligible additions of the city. Pleasure Park, north of the city, has attractions for amusement and pleasure parties.

HEALTH RESORTS.

Of these there are several within easy access from Helena, viz.: The Ten-Mile or Broadwater Hot Springs, within three miles of the city, are the nearest and most noted. The Alhambra Hot Springs, the Boulder Hot Springs, Hunter's Hot Springs, and White Sulphur Hot Springs on the east, and the Wassweiler Warm Springs, four miles from Helena, also on the Ten-Mile Creek. The charm and efficacy of all these springs consist in their being all thermal or hot springs, containing various qualities of water for the cure or alleviation of various diseases. But for the citizens of Helena and tourists visiting our city as a summer resort the Broadwater Hot Springs will be, for comfort, pleasure and health, the "summum bonum" of all earthly desires. There are now under erection at these famous springs a great hotel, pavilion, bath-houses, cottages and pleasure grounds, at an expense of \$100,000, which, when completed for next year's patronage, will not only become one of the most popular summer resorts in all the Rocky Mountain region, but one of the most noted sanitariums in the world. The natural attractions of these springs and their surroundings of high mountains, varied views of valley, cannon and rocky cliffs and snow-covered peaks, cannot fail to please and benefit the invalid, tourist and pleasure seeker, or amuse the studious recluse who is wont "to enter these wild woods and view the haunts of nature." Two railroads and a motor line will carry passengers to this resort, and the distance from the city is but too short for a pleasant carriage drive. It seems the development of these springs till the present day has been deferred no doubt for some wise purpose, probably more forcibly to emphasize in full measure Berkeley's prophecy:

"Westward the course of Empire takes its way;
The first four acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day
Time's noblest *hot spring* is the last."

HEALTHFULNESS.

Helena, at an altitude of 4,256 feet above sea level, is favored with a dry, invigorating atmosphere that begets physical conditions of healthfulness to the human body that make it a pleasure to live, while the people enjoy an expectancy of life not vouchsafed to the inhabitants of lower altitudes in more humid climates.

HELENA CLIMATE.

The delightful weather that generally prevails at Helena is enhanced in its beauty as each succeeding season of the year welcomes spring, summer, fall and winter with a salutation typical of that joy that "hails the coming and speeds the parting guest." The cold winter of two years ago, which brought such untold miseries to people elsewhere in the Northwest from storms and blizzards, was noticed in Helena, after a short cold spell, as one of the pleasantest in many years, when from the 18th of January to the 28th of February we had *forty-two* consecutive days of mild, calm, bright sunshine, when the thermometer at no time in daylight registered less than twenty degrees above zero. Helena is not subject to storms of any kind, and the days come and go without causing apprehension of the coming hour, which elsewhere may portend the destructive cyclone or earthquake, but which in Helena is the harbinger of peaceful times when it is a happiness to exist, where the approach of night is welcomed as a season of rest, when the slumbers, especially in summer, are the profound hours of refreshing sleep.

CITY LIMITS.

The built up portion of Helena is three miles square, of nine square miles, with many additions that will soon require an extension of the city to East Helena, where a million dollar smelter and reduction works are under construction, and where fifty business houses and dwellings have been built within the last sixty days.

INDUSTRIES.

The industries of Helena embrace foundries, machine shops, manufactures of artificial stone, doors, sash and blinds, harness and saddlery, boots, shoes, cigars, lumber, shingles, lath, furniture, tin and sheet iron ware. There are planing mills, breweries, saw mills, plumbers and gas fitters, brick making, builders in brick, stone, terra cotta and wood, and artisans in hot air and steam heating, marble works and stone cutting, sign and ornamental painters and grainers, wool purchasing and shipping, sampling ores, a steam laundry, sewer-pipe works and a soap factory. During the present season a large woolen mill will be erected and other industries employing skilled labor will be added to the goodly number now existing, and it is but a question of time, rapidly approaching, when extensive iron works will utilize the immense deposits of iron in the near vicinity. The signs promising the continuance of Helena's rapid growth until she becomes a city of metropolitan proportions and phenomenal wealth cannot fail.

CEMETERIES.

Catholic—Oakes street, between Townsend and Boulder avenues, (northeast part of the city.) In charge of the Church of the Sacred Heart.

Jewish—East end of Clinton street, near northwestern city limits.

Greenwood—Benton avenue, and Waukesha street, northwestern part of the city.

HOSPITALS.

St. Peter's—35 Eleventh avenue, corner Jackson street. Under the patronage of the Episcopal church. Miss Nina Young, superintendent.

St. John's—West of Ewing street, between Broadway and Wood. Conducted by the Sisters of Charity. Mother Josephine, Superior.

THEATERS AND HALLS.

Ming's Opera House—13 North Jackson street. John Maguire, manager.

Armory Hall—125 Edwards street. John Maguire, manager.

Coliseum Theater—15 Wood street. Mrs. Josephine Hensley, proprietor; Wm. Mack, manager.

COUNTY OFFICERS.**LEWIS AND CLARKE COUNTY.**

Treasurer—W. N. Baldwin; (Treasurer-elect, R. P. Barden).

Deputy Treasurer—Ben. B. Baldwin.

Sheriff—C. M. Jefferis.

Under Sheriff—Geo. Walker.

Deputy Sheriff—E. C. Lathrop.

Jailor—Milton Mitten.

Clerk and Recorder—J. S. Tooker.

First Deputy Clerk and Recorder—Sherwood Wheaton.

Second Deputy Clerk and Recorder—J. F. Blattner.

Clerk District Court—F. W. McConnell.

Deputy Clerk District Court—L. A. LaCroix.

Probate Judge—R. H. Howey.

Public Administrator—F. W. Ellis.

Attorney—S. A. Balliet.

Superintendent of Schools—Helen P. Clarke.

Surveyor—B. F. Marsh.

Deputy Surveyor—H. V. Wheeler.

Coroner—F. R. Musser.

Commissioners—Elizur Beech, Chairman; John C. Curtin, Silas H. Crounse.

BOARD OF HEALTH.

Chairman—W. L. Steele.

DELEGATE TO CONGRESS.

J. K. Toole, Helena.

DELEGATE ELECT TO FIFTY-FIRST CONGRESS.

Thomas H. Carter, Helena.

TERRITORIAL OFFICERS.

Governor—Preston H. Leslie, Helena.

Secretary—Wm. B. Webb, Helena.

Auditor—James Sullivan, Helena.

Treasurer—Wm. G. Preuitt, Helena.

Supt. Public Instruction—A. C. Logan, Helena.

Attorney General—Wm. E. Cullen, Helena.

Librarian of Law Library—Miss M. Louise Guthrie, Helena.

Librarian of Miscellaneous Library—W. F. Wheeler, Helena.

Warden of Penitentiary—Thos. McTague, Deer Lodge.

Arsenal Keeper—H. L. Luke, Helena.

Territorial Veterinary Surgeon—Herbert Halloway, Helena.

Recorder of Marks and Brands—R. B. Harrison, Helena.

BOARD OF STOCK COMMISSIONERS.

President—Granville Stuart, Fort Maginnis.

Secretary—R. B. Harrison, Helena.

Commissioners—P. H. Poindexter, Dillon; C. Wallace Taylor, Choteau; Joseph Scott, Miles City; J. S. Day, Glendive; Granville Stuart, Fort Maginnis; J. T. Murphy, Helena; S. R. Buford, Virginia City; David

R. S. HALE & CO.,

Importers, Wholesale and Retail

DRUGGISTS,

Lamps, Lamp Chimneys Assay Materials.



SURGICAL INSTRUMENTS

and Appliances.

Trusses, Braces,
Crutches, Etc.



Headquarters for Rebate Patent Medicines.

PRICE LISTS FURNISHED ON APPLICATION.

29 South Main Street,

HELENA.

MONTANA.

(SEE PRECEDING PAGE)

AAR

113

ACK

IDE'S HELENA CITY DIRECTORY

FOR 1889.

ABBREVIATIONS.

agt.....agent	E.....east	pl.....place
app.....apprentice	eng.....engineer	pres.....president
ast.....assistant	emp.....employee	prin.....principal
av.....avenue	es.....east side	prop.....proprietor
b.....boards	frt.....freight	pub.....publisher
b.....between	ins.....insurance	r.....residence
lab.....laborer	ios.....insurance	rms.....rooms
mess.....messenger	lab.....laborer	s.....south
mkr.....maker	mess.....messenger	se.....southeast
mnfr.....manufacturer	mkr.....maker	ss.....south side
mnfr.....manufacturer	mnfr.....manufacturer	sw.....southwest
mngr.....manager	mngr.....manager	sec.....secretary
mach.....machinist	mach.....machinist	stenogr.....stenographer
nr.....near	nr.....near	supt.....superintendent
N.....north	N.....north	treas.....treasurer
ne.....northeast	ne.....northeast	trav agt.....traveling agent
ns.....north side	ns.....north side	ws.....west side
nw.....northwest	nw.....northwest	wid.....widow
opp.....opposite	opp.....opposite	w.....west
opr.....operator	opr.....operator	wks.....works

A.

ARON HARRIS, salesman M Lissner, rms 25 S Main.
Abbott John F, eng N P R R, b Grand Pacific Hotel.
Abel John, teamster, r 737 5th av.
Abel Katie, domestic 802 9th av.
Abel Wm, shipping clk Union Mercantile Co, b 737 5th av.
Abercrombie George, carp, rms 1617 Lynndale av E.
Abercrombie Robert (Sandel & Abercrombie), r East Helena.
Abery Edward, printer Journal Pub Co, r 524 8th av.
Abits Albert, lab, b East Helena.
Aborn E S, pres and gen mngr Montana Investment Co 12 N Main, b Grand Central Hotel.
Abrahamson Mrs Clara, pawnbroker 107½ S Main, r 8 Park av S.
Abrahamson Seigfred S, mngr Clara Abrahamson, r 8 Park av S.
Ackerman Grant, emp N P R R, b 1511 Walnut.

MERRITT & CO. Bottlers of Soda Water, Cider, and all Aerated Beverages. See page 28

ON. DAVENPORT, COAT

OFFICE, GOLD BLOCK, WITH MONTANA COFFEE AND SPICE CO.
Telephone 88. 48 NORTH MAIN STREET.
See page 31.

BROKERS.

MERCHANDISE.

Gates A R, 52 N Main.

RAILROAD TICKETS.

Ringwald G J & Co, 56 S Main.

Yund J A, 114 S Main.

BUILDERS.

See Contractors.

BUILDING ASSOCIATIONS.

Home Building and Loan Association, 2 Broadwater blk.

BUILDING MATERIAL.

Montana Granite Co, Electric blk s e cor Park and 6th avs. (See page 35.)

***BUSINESS COLLEGES.**

Helena Business College, n e cor Main and 6th av. (See pages 21 and 22.)

Montana Business College, Gold blk 50 to 56 N Main. (See back cover and pages 3 and 4.)

BUTCHERS.

See Meat Markets.

BUTTER, EGGS, ETC.

See Produce.

CAB AND TRANSFER COMPANIES.

See also Transfer Companies.

Helena Cab and Transfer Co, 52 N Main.

Pioneer Hack Line, office Grand Central Hotel. (See page 34.)

CABINET MAKERS.

Cole E G, 28 Park av S.

Johnson & Borren, 141 Jackson.

CALCIMINERS.

Hooper B F, 121 Breckenridge.

King F L, 44 N Main. (See page 35.)

Maxwell P H, 211 N Rodney.

C. A. GRISSINGER,

REAL ESTATE AND NOTARY PUBLIC.
HOUSE RENTING A SPECIALTY.
OFFICE, Opposite N. P. R. R. Depot.

***CANNED AND DRIED FRUITS.**

Hanley Daniel & Co, Granite blk 32 N Main. (See page 34.)
Lindsay & Co, 20 and 22 Edwards. (See page 13.)

CARPENTERS AND BUILDERS.

See Contractors.

CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS.

Clark H F, 4 and 6 Park av N. (See page 37.)

Curtin A P, 4 N Jackson.

I X L Bazaar, 14 N Main. (See page 50.)

New York Dry Goods Co, 5, 7 and 9 E Bridge.

Sands Bros, 32 S Main.

Sanford J R, 112 and 114 Broadway. (See bottom lines and page 25.)

CARRIAGE PAINTERS.

Miner F D, 35 Park av N.

Weisenhorn A, 618 Helena av. (See page 5.)

CARRIAGE TRIMMERS.

Weisenhorn A, 618 Helena av. (See page 5.)

CARRIAGES AND WAGON DEALERS.

Ashby S C & Co, 306 N Main.

Davidson A J & Co, 411 N Main.

Power T C & Co, 610 Helena av.

CARRIAGE AND WAGON MANUFACTURERS.

See also Blacksmiths.

Lambdin Charles R, 110 N Rodney.

Scott R L, 38 Park av S.

*Weisenhorn A, 618 Helena av. (See page 5.)

Witmer Bros, 318 Centre.

***CARRIAGE AND WAGON SUPPLIES.**

Weisenhorn A, 618 Helena av.. (See page 5.)

***CARRIAGE AND WAGON WOODWORK.**

Clarke, Conrad & Curtin, 42 and 44 S Main. (See page 2.)

Weisenhorn A, 618 Helena av. (See page 5.)

Tin Roofing and Hot Air Furnaces a Specialty,
STURROCK & BROWN, 26 N. Main Street.

***ENGINES AND BOILERS.**

Holter A M, Hardware Co, 113 N Main. (See back cover and page 18.)

***ENGRAVERS.**

Beygeh Fred, (wood and photo), 55 and 56 Syndicate blk, Minneapolis Minn. (See page 319.)

Williamson E R, (steel and copper plates, dies etc), Hennepin av n w cor 2d Minneapolis. Minn. (See page 320.)

EXPRESS COMPANIES.

Northern Pacific Express Co, 25 N Main, cor Grand.
Wells, Fargo & Co's Express, Granite blk 34 N Main.

EXPRESSMEN.

See also Transfer Companies.

Cahill C A. 120 Broadway. (See page 46.)

FARM MACHINERY.

See Agricultural Implements.

***FIRE BRICK DEALERS.**

Holter A M Hardware Co, 113 N Main. (See back cover and page 18.)

FIRE BRICK MANUFACTURERS.

Montana Fire Brick and Mnfg Co, 11 N Main. (See page 11.)

FIRE DEPARTMENT SUPPLIES.

Holter A M Hardware Co, 113 N Main. (See back cover and page 18.)

FISH.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

See also Oysters, Fish and Game.

Hanley Daniel & Co, 32 N Main. (See page 34.)

Lindsay & Co (limited), 20 and 22 Edwards. (See page 13.)

FLORISTS.

Miller & Winter, 132 6th av E.

Wells Levi B, 52 S Davis.

FINE TAILORING, — J. W. BARKER, —
15 North Main St.,
Opp. Merchants Nat'l Bank Building. See page 28.

FLO

FLO

339

FUR

FLOUR MILLS.

Helena Roller Mills, N Main bet M C Ry and N P R R tracks.

FLOUR AND FEED.

Helena Produce and Commission Co, 2 Park av N.
Sanford & Evans, 312 N Main.

***FOLDING BEDS.**

Sanford J R, 112 and 114 Broadway. (See bottom lines and page 25.)

FOUNDERS AND MACHINISTS.

Helena Iron Works, 440 West Main. (See page 42.)
Stedman John, Centre cor Lawrence.

FRUITS.

WHOLESALE.

Lindsay & Co (limited), 20 and 22 Edwards. (See page 13.)

Hanley Daniel & Co, Granite blk 32 N Main. (See page 34.)

Silverman Morris, 115 N Main.

RETAIL.

See Confectionery, Fruits and Cigars.

FUR GOODS AND RAW FURS.

Howe D B & Son, 316 N Main. (See page 12.)

FURNACES.

See also Stoves and Ranges.

Lang F S & Co, 6 S Main. (See page 38.)

Sturrock & Brown, 26 N Main. (See bottom lines.)

FURNISHED ROOMS.

See also Hotels and Lodging Houses.

Lenoir House, cor Helena av and Main. (See page 8.)

Pacific Hotel, 20½ N Main. (See page 8.)

Palmer House, Main, n w cor Wall.

Pardellian Mrs Wm C, 18½ Edwards.

Wooldridge Mrs Catherine, 113½ N Main and 115 N Jackson.

MERRITT & CO. Bottlers of Soda Water, Cider, and all Aerated Beverages. See page 28.

T. H. CLEWELL, Stationery & Blank Books,
Gold Block. See page 29.

GRO

342

HAR

GROCERS—Continued.

RETAIL.

Reinig M, 101 E Bridge.
Seefield Annie, 1429 Lynndale av E.
Shaw F A, 843 8th av.
Wallace R C, 107 N Main.
Watson J R, 13 N Main.
Weinstein Wm & Co, 314 N Main and 206 N Rodney.

GUNS AND AMMUNITION.

Bryan M H, 103 Broadway.
Clarke, Conrad & Curtin, 42 and 44 S Main. (See page 2.)
Helena Hardware Co, 137 N Main. (See inside front cover.)
Holter A M Hardware Co, 113 N Main. (See page 18.)
Silverman Morris, 103 N Main.

GUNSMITHS.

Morrell C T, 17 N Main.
Oldham G H, 105 N Rodney.

GYMNASIUMS.

Young Men's Christian Association, Granite blk.

HACK LINES.

See also Cab and Transfer Companies.

Pioneer Hack Line, office Grand Central Hotel. (See page 34.)

HAIR GOODS AND HAIR DRESSERS.

Trunk Mrs S E, 17 N Warren.

HARDWARE, STOVES AND TINWARE.

Clarke, Conrad & Curtin, 42 and 44 S Main. (See page 2.)
Fuller T P, 16 N Main.
Helena Hardware Co, 137 N Main. (See inside front cover.)
Holter A M Hardware Co, 113 N Main. (See back cover and page 18.)
Kinna John & Son, 22 S Main. (See page 15.)

HARDWOOD LUMBER.

Gilchrist Bros & Edgar, 106 Broadway. (See page 9.)
Helena Lumber Co, 18 N Jackson. (See page 7.)

THE GERMANIA LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

**DON'T BUY
— YOUR —**

Piano or Organ

Until You See
G. W. Jackson's Stock,
119 Broadway. See page 27.

343

HOT

HARNESS DEALERS.

See Saddle and Harness Mnfrs and Dealers.

HATS, CAPS, ETC.

Babcock E C, 10 S Main.
Greenhood, Bohm & Co (wholesale and retail), 24 and 26 S Main.
(See page 33.)
Helena Clothing Co, 30 N Main.
I X L Bazaar, 14 N Main. (See page 50.)
Lissner Marcus, 25 S Main.

HIDES, PELTS, ETC.

Barnett Henry, 22 N Main.
Davidson A J, 411 N Main.

HOISTING MACHINERY.

Holter A M Hardware Co, 113 N Main. (See back cover and page 18.)

HORSESHOERS.

See also Blacksmiths.

Goodrich & Bardwell, 60 Park av S.
Higgins & Little, 322 Centre.

***HOSE AND PACKING.**

See also Belting and Hose.

Helena Steam Heating & Supply Co, 303 N Main. (See page 20.)

HOSPITALS.

See page 72.

***HOTEL CHECKS AND BADGES.**

Williamson E R. (See page 320.)

HOTELS.

Atlantic Hotel, 303½ N Main.
Cauby House, M Cauby propr, East Helena.
Capital Hotel, 1527 Helena av.
Cosmopolitan Hotel, 39 to 45 S Main. (See page 45.)
Denver House, 1501 Helena av.
Grand Central Hotel, 8 to 12 N Main. (See page 39.)

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OFFICE, GOLD BLOCK, WITH MONTANA COFFEE AND SPICE C
48 NORTH MAIN STREET,
See page

UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS

HERRMANN & CO.,
201 AND 203 BROADWAY
See page 30.

LOA

352

MAC

LOAN AGENTS.

Armitage & Jackman, 6 Thompson blk. (See side lines and page 26.)
Douglas S R, 113 Broadway. (See page 16.)
Ellis C F & Co, 16 and 17 Gold blk. (See back cover and page 19.)
Matheson & Steele, 129½ N Main. (See bottom lines and page 31.)
Neill J S M, 6 and 7 Ashby blk 302½ N Main. (See gold lines on covers.)
Shaw G W, Masonic blk. (See page 37.)
Steele A J, 2 and 3 Broadwater blk.
Wallace & Thornburgh, 1, 2 and 3 First National Bank bldg.
Witherbee & Hunter, 3, 4 and 5 Gold blk. (See top lines and page 17.)

LODGING HOUSES.

See also Furnished Rooms and Hotels.

Atlantic Hotel, 303½ N Main.
Bubser Joseph, 130 S Main.
Conklin M D, 422 N Main.
Ellis Richard, basement 12 N Warren.
Rogers John, 118½ S Main.
Urquhart Finlay (Red Light Lodging House) 136½ S Main.

LUMBER.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Gebaur & Yergy, 1450 National av.
Gilchrist Bros & Edgar, 1614 Lynndale av E and 106 Broadway.
(See page 9.)
Helena Lumber Co, 1800 Lynndale av E and 18 N Jackson. (See page 7.)
Holter A M & Bro, rear Gold blk.
Montana Lumber and Mnfg Co, National av and N P R R track.
Sanford & Evans, 312 N Main.
Sizer F L, 54 N Main.
Spencer G H, office Pacific Hotel.
Weisenhorn A (hardwood), 618 Helena av. (See page 5.)

MACHINISTS.

See also Founders and Machinists.

Helena Iron Works, 440 West Main. (See page 42.)

REAL ESTATE

HOUSE RENTING, NOTARY PUBLIC.

Montana Granite Co. Monuments, Mantels, Etc.

See page 35.

MAN

353

MEA

*MANTELS.

Prescott A K, 410 N Main. (See page 13.)
Montana Granite Co, Electric blk, s e cor Park and 6th avs. (See page 35.)
Sturrock & Brown, 26 N Main. (See bottom lines.)

MANUFACTURER'S AGENTS.

Cohen Samuel (wines and liquors), 3 S Main.
Tracy G L, 16 N Jackson.

*MAP PUBLISHERS.

Mc A W, 9 Thompson blk. (See page 49.)

MARBLE AND GRANITE WORKS.

Prescott A K, 410 N Main. (See page 13.)
Montana Granite Co, Electric blk s e cor Park and 6th av. (See page 35.)

MATTRESSES.

Sanford J R, 112 and 114 Broadway. (See bottom lines and page 25.)
Whitehead C L, 117 Broadway. (See page 44.)

MEATS.

WHOLESALE.

Blake James, 131 N Main. (See page 14.)
DeWitt & Arnold (Rialto Market), 1 E Bridge. (See page 15.)
Stadler & Kaufmann, 18 Edwards. (See page 12.)

MEAT MARKETS.

Blake James, 131 N Main. (See page 14.)
Brose R A, 107 N Rodney.
Cosmopolitan Meat Market (Matthews Bros), 15 E Bridge cor Water. (See page 49.)
East Side Meat Market (Matthews Bros), 201 N Rodney cor 5th av. (See page 49.)
DeWitt & Arnold, (Rialto Market), E Bridge. (See page 15.)
Hinrichs & Bowes, East Helena.
Hoffman J B, 1423 Helena av.

Sturrock & Brown

LEADING + PLUMBERS,
GAS AND STEAM FITTERS,

FINE WATCH REPAIRING.

20 So. Main Street. See page 25.

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Respectfully,

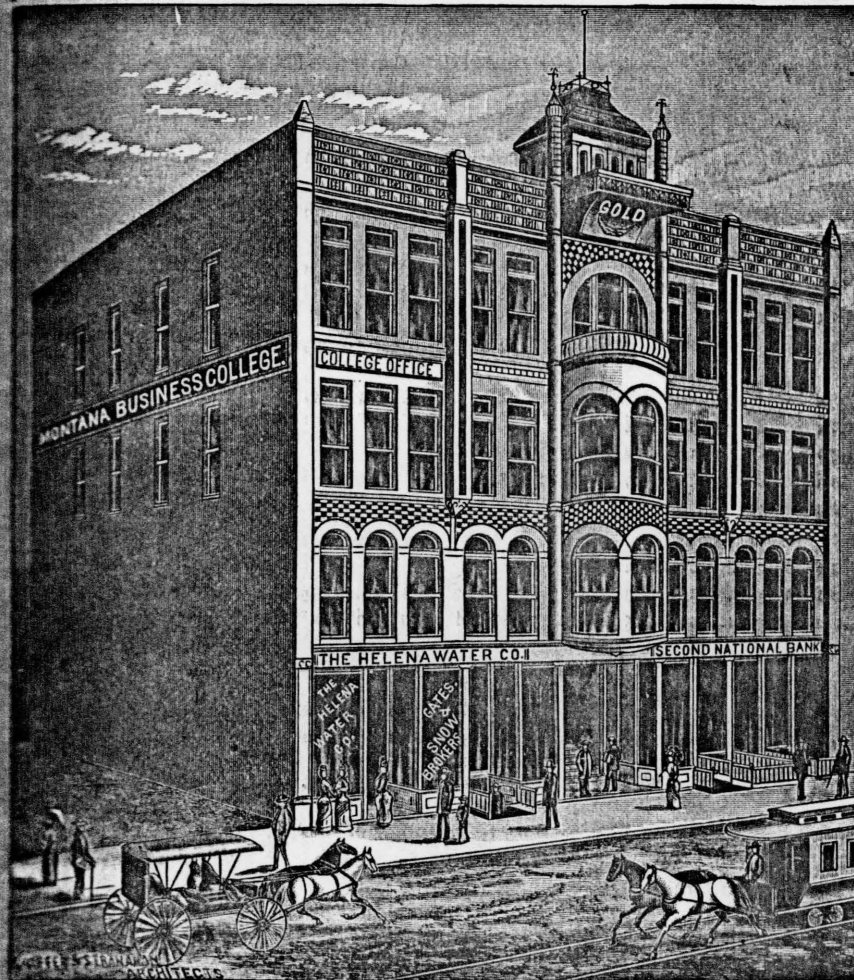
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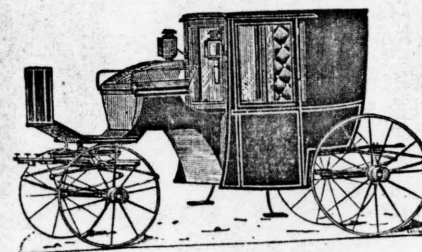
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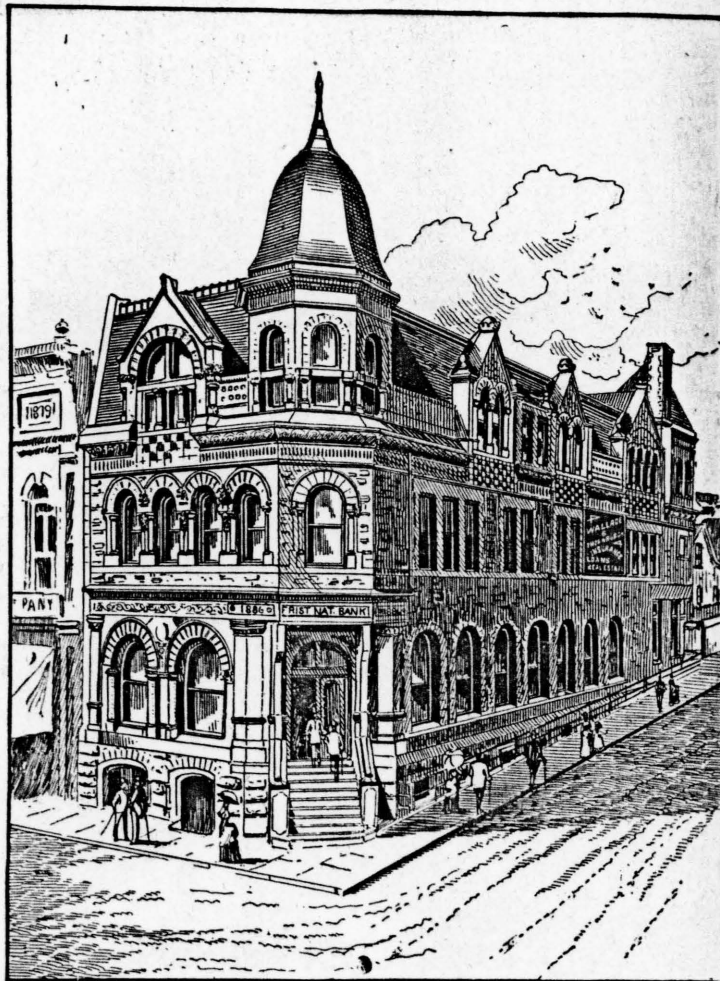
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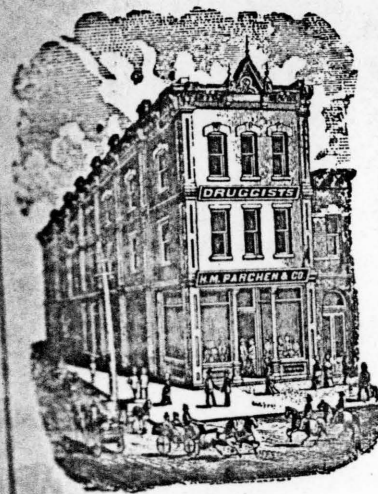
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Are prepared to fill all orders entrusted to their care for

DRUGS, MEDICINES, PERFUMERY,

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WITH PROMPTNESS AND AT BOTTOM FIGURES.

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ASSAY & MATERIAL

— ALSO HEAVY ARTICLES, SUCH AS —

PORTLAND CEMENT, STUCCO PLASTER, BLUE VITRIOL, BORAX, COPPERAS, SULPHUR
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ALL ORDERS LEFT AT OFFICE WILL RECEIVE PROMPT ATTENTION.

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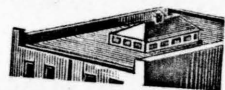
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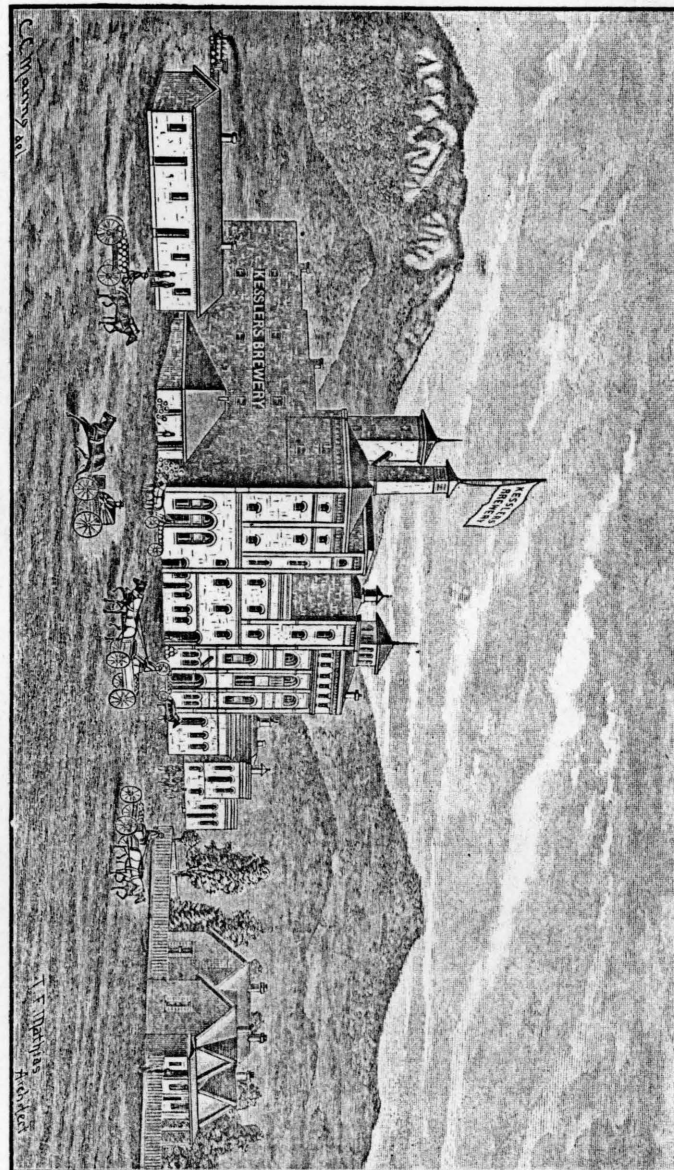
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Nick Kessler, Proprietor.

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Office, 51 South Main St.,

Helena, Montana.

A truce to these distinctions, since all the hands incline,
To stick up for their business, as I stick up for mine;
And, like a band of brothers, our efforts we unite,
To please the traveling public, and the mails to expedite.

Statesmen and warriors, etc.

It's thus, you're safely carried throughout the mighty West,
Where chances to make fortunes are ever found the best;
And thus, the precious pouches of mail are brought to hand,
Through the ready hearts that centre on the jolly Overland.

Statesmen and warriors, traders and the rest,
May boast of their profession, and think it is the best;
Their state I'll never envy, I'll have you understand,
Long as I can be a driver on the jolly Overland.

Mon Hana Margins
ad JK Howard
MHS
810.8
483

THE STAGE RIDE

FRANCES M. A. ROE

This is from *Army Letters from an Officer's Wife*, by Frances M. A. Roe, published in 1909 by D. Appleton. Mrs. Roe spent ten years in Montana, in which time she lived at most of the Territory's army posts. Historical researchers frequently complain that contemporary reporters fail to record adequately the little things—clothing, food, shelter, transport—the familiar things which were a part of the mechanics of living in a certain period. No such criticism could be brought against Mrs. Roe, to whom everything about life in Montana was fresh and interesting. Hers is one of the best books of memoirs of that time.

Camp on Marias River, Montana Territory
September 8, 1878

. . .
I was glad enough to get away from that old stage. It was one of the jerky, bob-back-and-forth kind that pitches you off the seat every five minutes. The first two or three times you bump heads with the passenger sitting opposite, you can smile and apologize with some grace, but after a while your hat will not stay in place and your head becomes sensitive, and finally you discover that the passenger is the most disagreeable person you ever saw, and that the man sitting beside you is inconsiderate and selfish, and really occupying two thirds of the seat.

We came a distance of one hundred and forty miles, getting fresh horses every twenty miles or so. The morning we left Helena was glorious, and I was half ashamed because I felt so happy at coming from the town, where so many of my friends were in sorrow [Helena had just suffered serious losses in a sudden flood] but tried to console myself with the fact that I had been ordered away by Doctor Gordon. There were many cases of typhoid fever, and the rheumatic fever that has made Mrs. Sargent so ill has developed into typhoid, and there is very little hope for her recovery.

The driver would not consent to my sitting on top with him, so I had to ride inside with three men. They were not rough-looking at

and their clothes looked clean and rather new, but gave one the impression that they had been made for other people. Their pale faces told that they were "tenderfeet," and one could see there was a sad lacking of brains all around.

The road comes across a valley the first ten or twelve miles, and then runs into a magnificent canyon that is sixteen miles long, called Prickly-Pear Canyon. As I wrote some time ago, everything is brought up to this country by enormous ox trains, some coming from the railroad at Corinne, and some that come from Fort Benton during the Summer, having been brought up by boat on the Missouri River. In the canyons these trains are things to be dreaded. The roads are very narrow and the grades often long and steep, with immense boulders above and below.

We met one of those trains soon after we entered the canyon, and at the top of a grade where the road was scarcely wider than the stage itself and seemed to be cut into a wall of solid rock. Just how we were to pass those huge wagons I did not see. But the driver stopped his horses and two of the men got out, the third stopping on the step and holding on to the stage so it was impossible for me to get out, unless I went out the other door and stood on the edge of an awful precipice. The driver looked back, and not seeing me, bawled out, "Where is the lady?" "Get the lady out!" The man on the step jumped down then, but the driver did not put his reins down, or move from his seat until he had seen me safely on the ground and had directed me where to stand.

In the meantime some of the train men had come up, and, as soon as the stage driver was ready, they proceeded to lift the stage—trunks and all—over and on some rocks and tree tops, and then the four horses were led around in between other rocks, where it seemed impossible for them to stand one second. There were three teams to come up, each consisting of about eight yoke of oxen and three or four wagons. It made me almost ill to see the poor patient oxen straining and pulling up the grade those huge wagons so heavily loaded. The crunching and groaning of the wagons, rattling of the enormous cable chains, and the creaking of the heavy yokes of the oxen were awful sounds, and above all came the yells of the drivers, and the sharp, pistol-like reports of the long whips that they mercilessly cracked over the backs of the poor beasts. It was most distressing.

After the wagons had all passed, men came back and set the

stage on the road in the same indifferent way and with very few words. Each man seemed to know just what to do, as though he had been training for years for the moving of that particular stage. The horses had not stirred and had paid no attention to the yelling and cracking of whips. While coming through the canyons we must have met six or seven of those trains, every one of which necessitated the setting in mid-air of the stage coach. It was the same performance always, each man knowing just what to do, and doing it, too, without loss of time. Not once did the driver put down the reins until he saw that "the lady" was safely out and it was ever with the same sing-song, "balance to the right," voice that he asked about me—except once, when he seemed to think more emphasis was needed, when he made the canyon ring by yelling, "Why in hell don't you get the lady out!" But the lady always got herself out. Rough as he was, I felt intuitively that I had a protector. We stopped at Rock Creek for dinner, and there he saw that I had the best of everything, and it was the same at Spitzler's, where we had supper.

We got fresh horses at The Leavings, and when I saw a strange driver on the seat my heart sank, fearing that from there on I might not have the same protection. We were at a large ranch—sort of an inn—and just beyond was Frozen Hill. The hill was given that name because a number of years ago a terrible blizzard struck some companies of infantry while on it, and before they could get to the valley below, or to a place of shelter, one half of the men were more or less frozen—some losing legs, some arms. They had been marching in thin clothing that was more or less damp from perspiration, as the day had been excessively hot. These blizzards are so fierce and wholly blinding, it is unsafe to move a step if caught out in one on the plains, and the troops probably lost their bearings as soon as the storm struck them.

It was almost dark when we got in the stage to go on, and I thought it rather queer that the driver should have asked us to go to the corral, instead of his driving around to the ranch for us. Very soon we were seated, but we did not start, and there seemed to be something wrong, judging by the way the stage was being jerked, and one could feel, too, that the brake was on. One by one those men got out, and just as the last one stepped down on one side the heads of two cream-colored horses appeared at the open door on the other side, their big troubled eyes looking straight at me.

During my life on the frontier I have seen enough of native horses to know that when a pair of excited mustang leaders try to get inside a stage, it is time for one to get out, so I got out! One of those men passengers instantly called to me, "You stay in there!" I asked, "Why?" "Because it is perfectly safe," said a second man. I was very indignant at being spoken to in this way and turned my back to them. The driver got the leaders in position, and then looking around, said to me that when the balky wheelers once started they would run up the hill "like the devil," and I would surely be left unless I was inside the stage.

I knew that he was telling the truth, and if he had been the first man to tell me to get in the coach I would have done so at once, but it so happened that he was the fourth, and by that time I was beginning to feel abused. It was bad enough to have to obey just one man, when at home, and then to have four strange men—three of them idiots, too—suddenly take upon themselves to order me around was not to be endured. I had started on the trip with the expectation of taking care of myself, and still felt competent to do so. Perhaps I was very tired, and perhaps I was very cross. At all events I told the driver I would not get in—that if I was left I would go back to the ranch. So I stayed outside, taking great care, however, to stand close to the stage door.

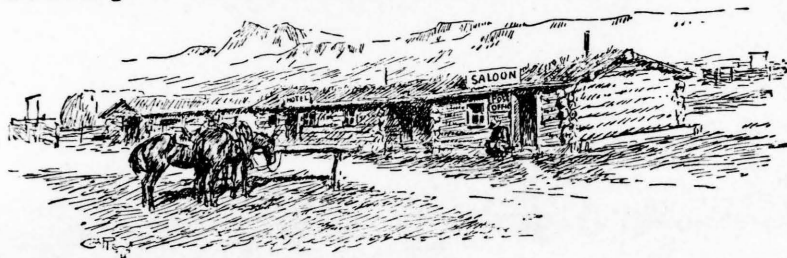
The instant I heard the loosening of the brake I jumped up on the step, and catching a firm hold each side of the door, was about to step in when one of those men passengers grabbed my arm and tried to jerk me back, so he could get in ahead of me! It was a dreadful thing for anyone to do, for if my hands and arms had not been unusually strong from riding hard-mouthed horses, I would undoubtedly have been thrown underneath the big wheels and horribly crushed, for the four horses were going at a terrific gait, and the jerky was swaying like a live thing. As it was, anger and indignation gave me extra strength and I scrambled inside with nothing more serious happening than a bruised head. But that man! He pushed in back of me, and, not knowing the nice little ways of jerkies, was pitched forward to the floor with an awful thud. But after a second or so he pulled himself up on his seat, which was opposite mine, and there we two sat in silence and in darkness. I noticed the next morning that there was a big bruise on one side of his face, at the sight of which I rejoiced very much.

It was some distance this side of the hill when the driver stopped

his horses and waited for the two men who had been left. They seemed much exhausted when they came up, but found sufficient breath to abuse the driver for having left them; but he at once roared out, "Get in, I tell you, or I'll leave you sure enough!" That settled matters, and we started on again. Very soon those men fell asleep and rolled off their seats to the floor, where they snored and had bad dreams. I was jammed in a corner without mercy, and of course did not sleep one second during the long wretched night. Twice we stopped for fresh horses, and at both places I walked about a little to rest my cramped feet and limbs. At breakfast the next morning I asked the driver to let me ride on top with him, which he consented to, and from there on to Benton I had peace and fresh air—the glorious air of Montana.

Yesterday—the day after I got here—I was positively ill from the awful shaking up, mental as well as physical, I received on that stage ride. We reached Benton at eleven.

The scarcity of fruit seemed like a famine of luxuries. Oranges were a dollar apiece, apples were seventy-five cents a pound, and the hardy pears were twenty-five cents each. There were no tramps, no beggars or burglars, no objects of charity in the town—doors were always left unlocked and one could not help feeling a sense of freedom unknown in the more "civilized" cities along the rail routes. It seemed a pity to propose a railroad to such a happy community, yet the thought of the long distance to the steam horse made one prefer even the bold bad burglar, if one was an adjunct of the other. We would have felt especially shut out of the world while the wires were down had we been given time to think about it.



Typical home stage station

Messrs. Schwab and Zimmerman, the managers of the hotel, made us feel at home in ways seldom offered in these later days of touring, and their tables were full of tempting viands. Many of the army officers' families made the Cosmopolitan their home, and during the prevailing Bannock war the officers' wives were there, living in the dread expectancy of fatalities to loved ones at the front.

There were some queer-looking individuals in the dining-room, and I can never forget two women who seemed to view life and their personal appearance with grave seriousness. They were most angular in figure, tall, slim, and stiff, with long slim features that could not be raised into a smile. Each tried to outdo the other in little "spit curls" from the middle parting of the hair down to the lobe of the ear, and each was so prim and precise in every move that one could easily believe they were automats. I do not often smile at another's appearance, but they fascinated me and I could not keep my eyes from them.

Those were days when men in the army besought their

friends to bring out sisters, cousins, and aunts, and they were sometimes weird specimens of the sex, but even such could reign as queens, dance, ride, and flirt to their hearts' content, and marry, too, which does not always follow in these later days.

The frontier was a fact and not fiction in the '70's. A woman in the far West was a blessing sent direct from Heaven, or from the East, which was much the same in those days. Almost everywhere away from the more favored ox freight lines the modes of living were crude and often far from tempting.

The furniture of a stage station might be all homemade, but attractive and comfortable, but usually it was stiff and scarce, and the seats only boxes and kegs which had yielded their contents to an uninviting table. There was seldom a cloth to cover the pine board tables, but that was better than the much soiled colored ones that in some places seemed to do service for a whole season.

The bottles of condiments, with the addition of an old caster of cruets filling the centre of the table, wore their fly-specked paper wrappings, and were made worse by dirt and greasy hands; the cups and plates were of the heaviest and coarsest ware, glasses were thick and lustreless, if there were any at all, the snout of the cream pitcher (which never knew cream) would be gone, the sugar bowl cracked, and over all in season a swarm of flies settled and buzzed and fought for more than their share of provender.

Yet people lived and thrived and waited, for in the wake of all this toilsome, dreary pioneering development and prosperity must come. With the coming of the dainty matron, the real homemaker, the whole western world brightened, and it was no wonder the great and glorious pioneer cried for a mate. Neither must we forget the occasional oasis of even those early days where everything was spotless in its cleanliness, and the tables were loaded with the choicest viands of the most dainty housewife's handiwork.

Helena of thirty years ago was a busy town; the buildings were mostly two-story bricks. The Government Assay building was an attractive structure in its surroundings of trees and grass, and on the inside we were shown through the whole process of the works and examined scales so delicate that even a pencil mark would change the balance. I wrote my name

Middle Park, with all its towering peaks, its bottomless water and its Bohemian life, but the glorious life-giving atmosphere was a blessing common to all the Rockies, and breathing in its life-giving ozone we wended our way back to the steel rails again to seek other unwritten lands.

CHAPTER XIX

A STAGE UPSET ON THE GUNNISON ROAD



IN August, 1880, we visited the Gunnison country which was then opening up to the world a new mining field of great promise. The direct route was by the South Park Railroad to South Arkansas station near

Poncha Springs, where the Barlow and Sanderson stage line met the train Monday morning and carried passengers sixty-five miles in time for supper at Gunnison City, if good luck and fair roads favored them.

To our utter dismay there were to be seventeen passengers, eleven of whom occupied the three seats inside the coach, and the remaining six climbed on the roof; then there was the usual amount of mail, baggage, and express. We averaged 300 pounds on a seat inside, and there was no computing the weight outside. I had the heartless assurance offered me if the roof gave in that a man weighing 250 pounds was sitting just over my head. As we rolled out of Poncha our day of trouble began. The motion of the coach soon made two of the passengers very ill. There was no help for them, but they made plenty of discomfort for the rest of us. I was riding backward on the front seat and a man and woman on the respective ends of the seat facing me had their heads out of the window incessantly to dispose of the last week's ration, and there was but little cessation the whole day long.

The steep places between Poncha and Gunnison were all on the left side, and strange as it seemed the road slanted that way down the mountainside, and to make matters still worse our coach thoroughbrace was sprung in favor of the ravines.

We had not gone many miles when one of the hind wheels struck a boulder and came so near upsetting us that two men lost their balance on the top and slid down into the green depths of the canyon. One escaped unhurt and turned to help the other who had sprained or broken his ankle. The poor fellow had to be carried up and the passengers of the coach changed about so as to put the injured man inside. The men above had no sooner climbed to their places again than every one was handing down his bottle of "cure all" and a row of bottles hung in festoons around the upper part of the doors and windows of the stage. But it was once when brandy lost its magic power, and when we met the down stage our suffering passenger was sent back to Poncha.

It was not long before the driver ran too close to the mountain-side, when there was a steep pitch and again we were saved from destruction by one of the heaviest men grabbing a well-rooted sapling and holding it fast until the wheels dropped to a level again.

A little farther on we locked wheels with a freight wagon and turned the wagon over, spilling its contents to an accompaniment of profuse bad language of the freighter, and we delayed long enough for our passengers to help the man gather his load again. This is not just the place, although it may be the time, to repeat what the freighter's remarks were about the accident, but we hastened away without writing them down.

The day wore on in a series of mishaps and delays and it was four o'clock in the afternoon before we reached the dinner station. One of the passengers had a good supply of raisins, which he handed out most liberally. We had never before realized how good raisins are. The six o'clock breakfast had become a dream and dinner seemed a myth not to be materialized. The raisin man, whose name I am sorry to forget, said that he never travelled in the mountains without raisins as he found they were food and drink when everything else was gone. It was a bit of knowledge that we never forgot, and found useful on many a hard trip when we could not eat the food that was placed before us, for we never travelled by stage after that that we did not carry a goodly supply of that succulent fruit.

At four o'clock, however, a good dinner was on the table after our belated coach rolled up to the stage station door, and

a lot of hungry people were doing it justice, when a hungry yellowjacket crawled up my wrist and presented his sword to me in such wondrously wicked way that it drained a liberal supply of my ancestral blood.

With fear and trembling at what might yet befall us before the day was over we clambered again to our seats in the stage. The driver was in a hurry to get his load settled and be off, and he slammed the heavy stage door on a man's hand. The passenger had hold of the casing and was looking the opposite way when the accident happened, and he gave a yell of agony as he pulled in the bleeding, mangled mass that was sickening to see. We delayed at least another half hour that the bruised member might be comfortably cared for.

The driver lost his feeling of haste and was exceedingly tender in his care of the wounded hand. He explained his anxiety and hurry by saying there were two dangerous spots ahead of us and he wanted to get past them before dark, and if he told us to lean a certain way as we drove along the bad places we must do it quickly, and try to keep the stage from upsetting. One old pioneer remarked, "I am no tenderfoot, but an old mountaineer, used to danger and exposure, but this trip beats all, and my thoughts have been with home and God all day." One of the women, though perhaps used to better surroundings, had less excited thoughts than the sturdy frontiersman, for she did nothing but scold, scold, and fret, fret, from first to last.

About six o'clock the sick woman, Pard, and I changed our seats to the outside. Pard sat above and behind me, and I sat between the invalid and the driver. Once we came near being hurled top down into the Gunnison River. It was a wondrously bad place. The embankment was a straight up and down cut of six feet or more, and the water of Gunnison River was running deep and swift against that shore. A quick cry of "to the right" from the driver made everybody lean that way, while he himself stood out on the brake block and we passed in safety and thanksgiving.

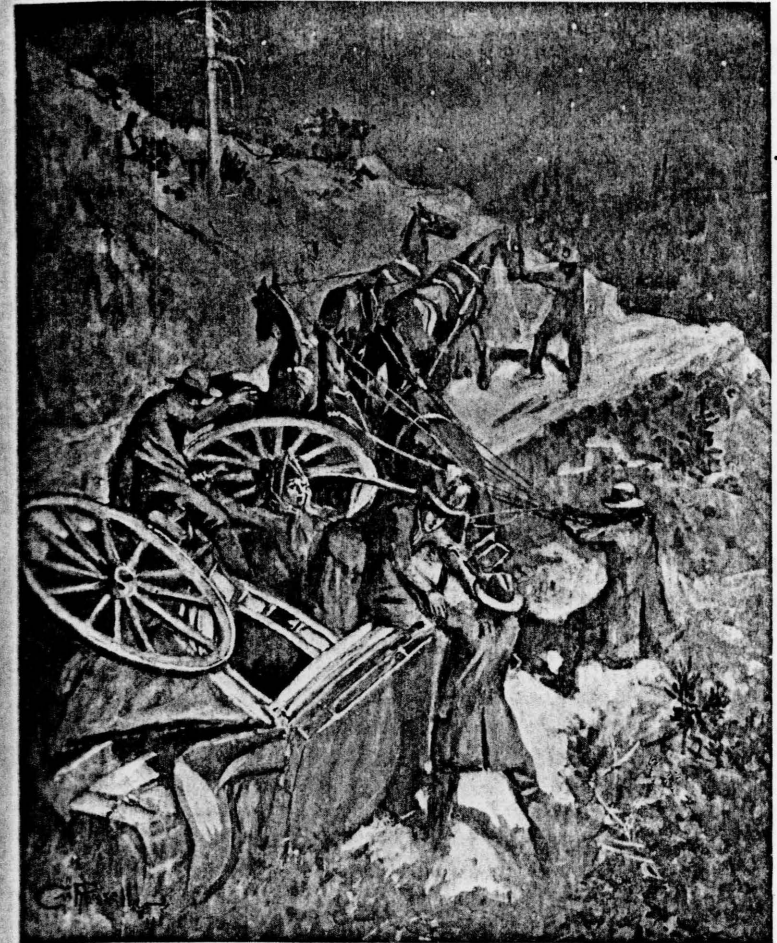
After that escape a hush seemed to fall upon the whole party with the solemnity of the night itself, and darkness closed the day and veiled other dangers from view. The quiet was finally broken by another warning from the driver, and we all turned to the north, but our time had come, and in spite of all

efforts we went over rattle-ty-bang-smash-crash, coach, bodies, baggage, mail, treasure box, and tools, in a heap and all in the dark. The first that I realized was that Pard was pulling me head first under some brush to get me away from the stage for fear the horses would drag it over me. The horses made a lunge forward but men were at their heads in an instant; the driver had jumped with the lines in his hands and the stage was not dragged far.

"Are you hurt" went the rounds with lightning speed, and the door of the coach was hurriedly opened to see who was hurt inside. Such a heterogeneous mass is never found anywhere but at just such a time and place. Heads, satchels, feet, baskets, limbs, bodies, and bags were so mixed up that it was very uncertain which to take hold of to the best advantage, so they were taken out in the order that they presented themselves. The coach lay on its side and the passengers had to be taken out of the door which was then on the top; it was pitch dark and the lamps of the stage were used to throw a glimmer of light on that internal mixture so difficult to extricate.

When every one was out we found no one seriously hurt, but all were bruised more or less. The woman next to me kept telling that I fell on her and hurt her, as if it were a fault of mine if I did. I finally assured her that I had not chosen the spot to fall on and I was sure her bones had broken one or more of my ribs. All the baggage in the front boot, including the treasure box, mail sacks, and case of tools, showered themselves over us in a very liberal manner. I did not feel at all slighted for want of attention in the way of bumps and bangs, but I would have taken them all cheerfully if the shrew had only bitten her tongue, but even that pleasure was denied us, and it wagged on worse than before, until we wished she would just get too sick to talk. It was a heartless wish, but with everything going wrong in a way that none could help it was the duty of every one to keep himself or herself from adding to the discomforts of others.

Pard had been ready for two hours to slide off if we did go over, and he landed on his feet, with only a strain of the muscles and a bruised ankle. Sage-brush fires were finally lighted to aid in finding and reloading various belongings and when the stage started on again most of the men walked the remaining miles to Gunnison.



"We went over with baggage, mail, treasure box, and tools"

30 Sept. '86

Dear Marsh--

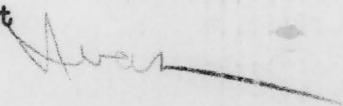
The moment you've been waiting for: the answer to the burning question, "why in the hell is Doig bothering me with wacko will questions?" Herewith, share and share alike, the will-reading scene in question.

To explain the characters and situation to you a bit. Lucas Barclay has just died, in the spring of 1917. He and his nephew Rob Barclay have been in a sheep partnership together, with the sheep financed mostly by Lucas. The narrator is Angus McCaskill, Rob's brother-in-law and a former sheep partner with Rob and Lucas, until Angus and Rob became mortal enemies. The women are Adair McCaskill--Angus's wife, Rob's sister--and a Blackfeet woman named Nancy Buffalo Calf Speaks, who has long been Lucas Barclay's housekeeper and, umm, companion. The other people referred to are Stanley Meixell, the local forest ranger who is a particular bane of Rob Barclay, and Bettina Mraz, who I hope explains herself to you as she has to to the assembled characters. The lawyer Copenhaver, I am sorry to say, is kind of stuffy just because I haven't yet thought of any other way to make him; if you know of any neat zany lawyer characteristics--no names need be mentioned--I'd be glad to hear them.

So. Does this scene, the language of the will, circumstances, etc. make sense to you? Is it okay if I have this lawyer be the will's executor too, as I've done? Anything else I ought to do with this situation, or ought not do?

By the way, I hope to explain away the arbitrary 3-year period of the imposed share-and-share-alike sheep partnership by having one of the exasperated three people involved say something like, the goddamn old geezer seems to be asking a year's patience out of each of us.

I consider I owe you a bid downtown lunch for this or a red Porsche, whichever costs less.

best


p.s. Hey, we had a good time with you guys the other night.

616 8th Ave. So.
Great Falls, MT 59405
June 5, 1986

Dear Ivan:

We have been quite busy this month on the ranch so I am a little late in response to your letter.

About the horse -- you would be able in an emergency to ride a horse of that age. I know of a rodeo hand who was using a horse 27 years old for steer wrestling. The announcer said he fed him mush each morning.

I personally knew a family of four brothers who operated a ranch quite successfully. The oldest brother was the boss. They usually met in the evening to discuss the next days work and decided who would do what. They did quite well with this arrangement until they started getting married. The father of the brothers insisted they all build their houses at the headquarters. The wives were not very happy with the arrangement so eventually the ranch was sold and they went their separate ways.

We had a comparatively wet April and May in our cuntry which was good news, but then we hit an unseasonably hot spell and that was pretty harmful, especially to the newly planted crops.

We wish you well with your book. This is the June you should see Montana. It's greener than I ever remember, Partly because all the old grass had been eaten down.

Best wishes,

11 June '86
Brad Hamlett

Dear Brad (and Joy!)--

Your letter came in plenty of time, and the info was just what I wanted. I liked the notion of a mush-fed old horse; maybe will steal that line. Thanks, again.

Yes, I regret we're not seeing Montana in this green June. I've hoped all along in the work on this homestead book that it'd give me some slack time somewhere, to do things like take off for Montana if the notion hit us, but the book just doesn't let me off the hook. It seems to go well as long as I stay here and bang away at it, though.

Have been reading the Trib lately, about whether to put the CMR statue in the middle of the street, etc. I also watch your weather, via the Trib, with some anxiety; I do hope you have a helluva good summer.

all best

Jean Redpath Sings Scottish Music

By **STEPHEN HOLDEN**

WHAT does a country's folk music have to tell us about the character of the nation from which it comes? In the opinion of Jean Redpath, the foremost vocal interpreter of Scottish traditional music, it can say a lot.

"The highest form of praise in Scotland is the phrase, 'It's not bad,'" Miss Redpath observed recently. "We Scots are by nature emotional and sentimental and intense with a reputation for being melancholic that I think has to do with the Scottish winter, when there is only six hours of daylight. But since we're what you might call 'laid back' verbally, all that emotion goes into our music."

The singer-guitarist, who is appearing this evening at Town Hall with the cellist Abby Newton and the violist John Graham, possesses a beautiful mezzo-soprano whose dusky purity is unmatched by any other contemporary folk singer. This remarkable voice underscores the mood of bitter-sweet fatalism that permeates so many Scottish ballads.

If folk music is indeed a measure of national character, Americans, compared with Scots, are a gregarious and optimistic lot. Tomorrow evening, in an altogether different program of folk music, also at Town Hall, the magazine Sing Out! will celebrate in a gala benefit more than 35 years of continuous publication. The festivities will feature many of the biggest names in American folk, including Pete Seeger and Ronnie Gilbert, Happy and Artie Traum, and Josh White Jr., with Robin Batteau. The mood should be communal and jubilant, with an exuberant singalong spirit.

Miss Redpath, a native of Leven,

Fife, Scotland, has been performing regularly in America since 1961 and has recorded more than two dozen albums. Since the early 1970's, she has been involved in a mammoth collaboration with her friend and mentor, the American composer-arranger-scholar Serge Hovey. Their project, aided by foundation grants, will even-

tually see the recording by Miss Redpath of all 323 songs by Robert Burns. Philo Records has already released five volumes of a series that may eventually run to 24 records. During his lifetime, the great 18th-century poet collected traditional Scottish

Continued on Page 25



The New York Times / Ruby Washington

Jean Redpath, who sings Scottish traditional music, is appearing this weekend at Town Hall.

wry," this seems less a matter of direction than of letting the best per-

he takes a spin on a dazzling satirical tour of adland, dancing on the keys of

some harsh language and violence, and a few nearly nude costumes.

Film: 'Wise Guys' From De Palma

By WALTER GOODMAN

From its cartoony credits to its knish-and-cannoli close, "Wise Guys" is one funny movie. The director, Brian De Palma, displaying a light touch that he has not used lately, keeps the plot about two bumbling gangsters in Newark bubbling. As Harry Valentini and Moe Dickstein, pals to the death, darn near, Danny DeVito and Joe Piscopo mug their way maniacally through George Gallo's winning tale of a pair of losers who get involved in a \$250,000 misunderstanding and have to squirm out of it, or else. The story may sound familiar, but the twists of script, direction and performance make it fresh.

Harry and Moe, who live in attached houses in a so-so Newark neighborhood, aren't very good at their line of work, which is to take care of the laundry of the local crime boss and start his car when he expects it to be wired for bombing. Dan Hedaya makes an introspectively ruthless don, who reflects, as he issues a contract on Harry and Moe, "Do we really hurt them by killing them?" His chief contractor, Frank (the Fixer) Acavano (Captain Lou Albano, a former professional wrestler, making his movie debut in a state of murderous apoplexy), replies, "It's a start."

Harry and Moe console themselves for their failure to get ahead by observing that crime is the fourth-biggest employer in their state: "We're in a growth industry." Their dream is to get together enough money to start an Italo-Judeo restaurant.

Much of the amusement of "Wise Guys," which opens today at Loews

The Cast

WISE GUYS, directed by Brian De Palma; written by George Gallo; director of photography, Fred Schuler; edited by Jerry Greenberg; music by Ira Newborn; produced by Aaron Russo; released by the MGM/UA Entertainment Company. At Loews State, Broadway and 45th Street; Loews Orpheum, 86th Street near Third Avenue, and other theaters. Running time: 92 minutes. This film is rated R.

Harry Valentini	Danny DeVito
Moe Dickstein	Joe Piscopo
Bobby DiLea	Harvey Keitel
Marco	Ray Sharkey
Anthony Castelo	Dan Hedaya
Frank (the Fixer) Acavano	Captain Lou Albano
Lil Dickstein	Julie Bovasso
Wanda Valentini	Patti LuPone
Aunt Sadie	Antonia Rey
Grandma Valentini	Mimi Cecchini
Harry Jr.	Matthew Kaye

State and other theaters, comes from the assembled characters. As a good bad guy named Bobby DiLea, Harvey Keitel gives a delicious impersonation of Robert De Niro. Harry has a young son who preens and struts like his dad, who he thinks is a tough guy. "You should be putting guys like me in jail," Harry tells him. Moe's mother laments that she's the only member of the New Jersey Hadassah who lists her son's profession as "hoodlum." There are enough Italo-Judeo family-and-food gags here to keep that restaurant in business indefinitely.

Everything works. Ira Newborn's music is as flavorful as the ethnic delicacies that occupy much of the characters' attention. Fred Schuler's camera creates a colorfully seedy Newark. And Mr. De Palma finds



Joe Piscopo, top, and Danny DeVito.

humor all over the place, from a learn-to-drive car that keeps backing into a parking space while mayhem is in progress around it to the clipping of the Fixer's toenails by a dapper hood to a sinfully comical episode of murder in St. Lucy's Cathedral.

Mr. DeVito and Mr. Piscopo, who are rarely off screen, pair up prodigiously. They even look funny together: stately plump Harry comes up to the armpit of shambling Moe. Harry is selling himself every second, but the only buyer he can find is Moe, whose expressive eyes reveal, even as he succumbs to his best pal's latest plan, terror at the predictable consequences.

Jean Redpath Sings Scottish Music

Continued From Page 19

tunes, for which he often wrote new lyrics or rewrote existing ones. After his death, those songs were altered or fell into neglect, and some were treated as poetry.

"Robert Burns believed that he would be remembered most of all for his songs," Miss Redpath said. "It infuriates me when Burns songs are presented as poetry. He wrote twice as many songs as poems. It seems a little ridiculous that it has taken 200 years and an American to collect them."

Besides the songs of Robert Burns, Miss Redpath will sing a selection of Haydn's Scottish songs, which came into being after the Austrian composer made his first trip to Britain in 1791. During this year-and-a-half journey, the composer met William Napier, a Scottish musician and publisher who asked him to arrange a set of Scottish songs. Haydn agreed and produced a volume that was so successful it saved Mr. Napier's failing publishing business. And over the next 16 years, Mr. Napier and two other important music publishers-commissioned several more volumes of Scottish songs, which were arranged by Haydn and other classical composers. The work with Haydn was done long-distance, with the publishers selecting the songs and sending the tunes without words or tempo directions to the composer in Austria. The finished products were eventually sung in concert halls by classically trained vocalists.

Miss Redpath's interpretations of these songs deliberately restore the traditional elements. "I'm trying to remove the partitions in people's minds between what's folk and what's classical," she said. "If a song

is good and I believe in it, it should work no matter what the style."

Because Miss Redpath is vocally self-taught, she has none of the mannerisms of opera or art singers. Her voice is practically without vibrato and she eschews any fancy tricks of intonation. "When I was a student, I asked a voice teacher if I should have training, and she presented me with the single most intelligent question I've ever been asked — 'What do you want to train it to do?'" Miss Redpath recalled. "That stopped me dead in my tracks, since I didn't fancy myself an exponent of Wagnerian lieder. She said, 'Then the best thing you can do is go and sing for the next 20 years.'"

Editor of Folk-Music Magazine

In the mid-70's Abby Newton, the cellist accompanying Miss Redpath, was a music editor of Sing Out!, the folk-music magazine that has printed about 2,500 songs since it was founded in the spring of 1950. Sing Out!, which today has a circulation of around 10,000, is the largest and oldest of the country's three principal folk-music publications.

Sing Out!, which is put out quarterly, originated as an outgrowth of The People's Song Bulletin, a late 1940's musical publication edited by Pete Seeger. Mr. Seeger became a contributing editor to Sing Out!, whose title is taken from the words of his folk standard "If I Had a Hammer." And beginning in the late 1950's, Mr. Seeger wrote a column for the magazine under the pseudonym Johnny Appleseed Jr. He dropped the Jr. when he turned 60. Over the years, the magazine has been the first to print many of the most famous folk songs, including "If I Had a Hammer" (1950), "We Shall Overcome" (1961),

"Blowin' in the Wind" (1962) and a number of Woody Guthrie favorites.

Sing Out! is not as political as it once was. "The magazine started out printing songs related to political causes, though it also had a small section called 'Heritage U.S.A.,'" explained Bob Norman, its editor from 1971 to 1977 and the host of tomorrow's celebration. "Today it is not a magazine of topical songs but maintains a more general commitment to grass-roots music and to keeping alive the idea of popular music that serves a community function other than just entertaining. That's one reason we always print 15 to 20 songs an issue with guitar instruction."

The lineup of talent at tomorrow's benefit reflects the magazine's commitment in the 80's to musical diversity. In addition to folk-music patron saints like Mr. Seeger and Miss Gilbert, the show will feature Tahuantinsuyo, a quartet from the Andean high country of Peru, Bolivia and Ecuador, whose music is based on flute, guitar and drums. Cathy Fink and Marcy Marxer, the Washington-based duo, specialize in women's country music that looks as far back as the 20's and 30's. Tony Trischka and Skyline are one of the New York area's finest bluegrass-oriented bands.

"In the 60's, folk music was a mass-media phenomenon focused in the Northeast," Mr. Norman said. "Now, as in the 50's, it's pretty much underground again. But in the last 15 years, it has spread across the nation and into Canada through folk festivals, small record companies and community organizations. I think the music is very healthy."

Town Hall is at 123 West 43d Street. Jean Redpath is appearing tonight at 8 o'clock. Tickets are \$8, \$12 and \$15. The Sing Out! gala is tomorrow at 8 P.M., and tickets are \$10, \$12 and \$15. Tickets for both events are available at the box office (212-840-2824) or through Chargit (212-944-9300).

On the shores of the Far West Village, a handful of abandoned piers finger into the Hudson. Some were built to accommodate great ocean liners and freighters, while others served as loading piers for the Lehigh Valley Railroad. The most elaborate is the decaying Cunard-White Star Pier 54, at the foot of West 13th Street, which was to have welcomed the Titanic 74 years ago this week.

On warm days, these rotting hulks turn into popular urban beaches. A walk to the end of the Morton or 10th Street piers reveals a sweeping view from the Jersey Palisades to the Statue of Liberty. Looking back toward land is the jumbled panorama of the Far West Village itself, with the Empire State Building rising strangely in the background, like a concrete tree planted amid a garden of low brick shrubs.

West Street, which hugs the river, is a gritty mixture of auto garages, shuttered sex clubs, truckers' coffee shops and a flurry of construction. The demise of the Westway project has spurred developers — eager to tout river views — to recycle old warehouses and erect high-rise condominiums like Memphis Downtown.

This 22-story tower will add to an already architecturally diverse section of Charles Street between West and Greenwich Streets. A two-story garden apartment (Nos. 151-157) that appears to have been transported from a 1950's California suburb sits between a warehouse loading dock and dark, cobbled Charles Lane, peering out to the river. Across from the Memphis are Le Gendarme Apartments (No. 135), blessed with the kind of past that often gives New York history its stranger-than-fiction quality. Dedicated in 1895 by Police Commissioner Teddy Roosevelt, this former precinct house and its 232 jail cells were converted into apartments a decade ago.

Antique Shops and Restaurants

Farther east on Charles, between Bleeker and West Fourth Streets, was the real birthplace of Greenwich Village. Around 1800, British Adm. Sir Peter Warren acquired some 300 acres of the present-day Far West Village and built his farmhouse here.

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Whose Computer Revolution Is This, Anyhow?

BRAVE NEW WORKPLACE

By Robert Howard.
224 pp. New York:
Elisabeth Sifton Books / Viking. \$16.95.

By Brigitte Berger

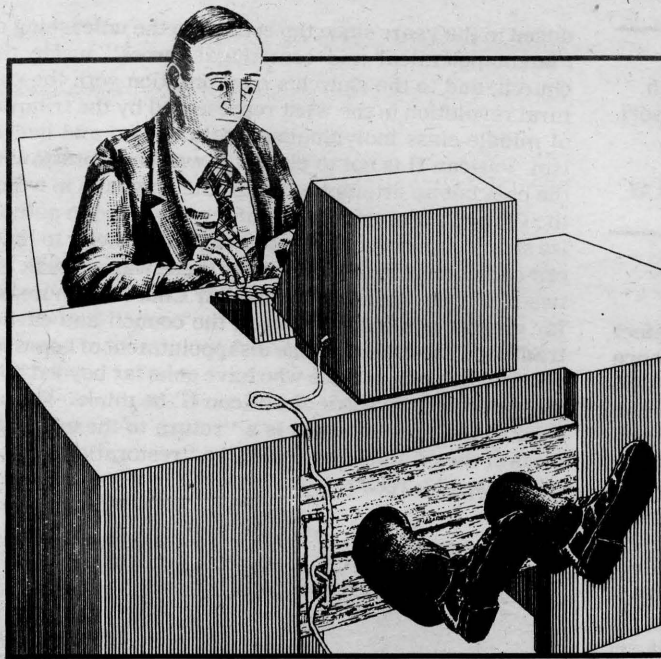
IF Robert Howard's stark predictions about the effects of the transformation of work in the electronic age should prove to be only half accurate, the fall of the high expectations some have invested in our new technologies may well be complete. In "Brave New Workplace," a well-written and broadly conceived book, he tries to put in perspective the heady claims that some experts have made for "new technology as the harbinger of meaningful work," the corporate world as the model of a "caring community," the workplace as "a realm of self-fulfillment" and business "as the fundamental source of identity in modern society."

Mr. Howard argues that the glittering array of the corporate world's high technologies merely disguises the many problems of modern work and creates "new problems (as yet unrecognized, let alone understood) even more difficult to address." He says that industrial management's much-vaunted efforts to humanize not only technology but the entire corporation, to bring work back under human control, are nothing more than attempts to create "a characteristically capitalist utopia." And he proclaims that America's future — tied by many to the promise of its technological edge in an increasingly competitive world — is "bankrupt and its promises false."

With this bold position clearly stated and unambiguously argued, the book is likely to become an important point of reference. In a world that seems dominated by a ceaseless outpouring of messages about high technology's redemptive dimensions, the secrets of success apparently flowing from the facile techniques of managing for innovation, Mr. Howard, who has written for such magazines as *The New Republic*, *The Nation*, *Mother Jones* and *Commonweal*, provides a sobering countervision. He subjects the computerized workplace and current managerial prescriptions to a scrutiny that is as merciless as it is devastating.

Amid all the hype about the opportunities opened up by chips and bits, by microengineering and microgenetics, Mr. Howard's identification and exposition of the ambiguities and uncertainties engendered by the great electronic transformation come as something of a relief. Even a reader like myself, who can't by the broadest stretch of the imagination be identified with either his general perspective or his sweeping vision of the fu-

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ROB SHEPPERSON

ture, cannot ignore the implications of his findings.

There is no doubt that Mr. Howard's views are on the left. We hear a lot about the disempowerment of workers and the personal costs that the electronic revolution has inflicted on its foot soldiers, who are increasingly young and increasingly women. Typical cases in point are the author's discussions of the so-called professional imperialism of corporate management as it continues to expand its influence over individuals' lives and society as a whole; of management's endeavoring

"High technology disguises modern work's problems."

to provide a re-enchantment of the modern workplace, where work is intrinsically devoid of human meaning; and of corporate promises for a new kind of worker participation, training in new skills and job advancement. Though perhaps the corporate managers who raise Mr. Howard's ire cannot be accused of underhandedness to the degree he suggests, he gives ample cause to reflect that it may well turn out that a generation of workers looking for professional growth and upward mobility may discover that work in the high technologies is not all that it has been cracked up to be.

In view of the many problems Mr. Howard says industry is likely to face, the author's sole reliance on or-

ganized labor's ability to solve those problems comes as something of a letdown. His exhortations to labor to turn its "muted voice" into an effective countervailing instrument of power, while plausible and perhaps even desirable, do not go much beyond labor's own proclamations. By the same token, his "political visions," formulated in terms of the social control of technology by all involved — workers, designers, citizens and government — are less than inspiring. As might be expected, he excludes the managers of the corporate world.

Though motivated by lofty notions and ideals, his ideas seem naïve and unrealistic. Totally missing from Mr. Howard's world of work are precisely those issues and concerns that fuel the current debate about the revitalization of America's stagnant industries: productivity, efficiency, competitiveness, tariffs, trade sanctions and government involvement in the affairs of industry.

But, more important, Mr. Howard's entire analysis of the "brave new workplace" stands and falls with his assumption about the nature of work and its centrality in the life of the indi-

vidual. To be sure, this is an assumption he shares with many, including the managers he so much maligns. The certainty of this centrality seems to be so self-evident that he ignores any considerations to the contrary. But today there are good reasons to question this assumption. As the British social philosopher C. P. Anthony has argued, evidence is accumulating that work in the contemporary world has lost its central meaning in people's lives. It has been transformed into a necessary means for the achievement of other, largely private, ends that give content to a person's life. If that is so, Mr. Howard's extraordinarily serious view of work — and by extension that of corporate managers as well — may not reveal much more than an insular point of view.

The *New York Times* recently reported the statement of a veteran telephone operator (transformed by high tech's magic into a "directory assistance" facilitator) that the revolutionary technological change in her work is "just like anything else. . . . You learn it and you get used to it." This statement and many others like it reveal an attitude toward work fundamentally different from the one held by Mr. Howard. High technology, far from shaping a brave new workplace destructive of individual and social life, may, in the end, have elevated the private sphere to a level of importance unknown in history. If there is indeed such a trend in the making, matters and concerns pertaining to modern work, while admittedly important, would nonetheless become subordinate concerns for the individual. Could it be that "Brave New Workplace," seeking to be in the vanguard of social criticism, is raising issues that are of increasingly marginal importance to modern workers? □

Dissonance in the Cosmic Harmony

THE BURNING FOREST

Essays on Chinese Culture and Politics.

By Simon Leys.

257 pp. New York:

A New Republic Book /

Holt, Rinehart & Winston. \$16.95.

By John King Fairbank

EVALUATING someone else's revolution from a distance can produce great argument among the outside observers, who tend to identify with one or another protagonist in the domestic conflict. This seems particularly true in the case of China, because Chinese culture and civilization have fostered so many interested constituencies abroad, all the way

from Christian missionaries to businessmen, humanist scholars and social scientists. Simon Leys (actually Pierre Ryckmans, a Belgian art historian) is a well-qualified humanist. His 1977 book, "Chinese Shadows," blew the whistle on the too-complacent Western acceptance of the Maoist cover-up of the horrors and atrocities of the Cultural Revolution from 1966 to 1969 and later. Mr. Leys's dire picture of the Maoist attack on Chinese intellectuals has since been filled in with a flood of gruesome details.

"The Burning Forest" is a collection of diverse essays that first appeared as "La Forêt en Feu" in 1983. This translation preserves the Gallic wit and charm of the original. The first half, on "Culture," opens with a brilliant analysis of Chinese poetry and painting as "aspects of Chinese classical aesthetics." The point is made that "in order to dominate the natural world, Western man cut himself off from it" by objectifying and analyzing it, whereas in China both poetry and painting are acts of creation, not representation, "the highest incarnation of China's true religion, which is a

quest for cosmic harmony." This theme is neatly developed. One long study is of the work of Father Huc, the Lazarist missionary whose experience in the Chinese interior about 1850 was recounted for a wide popular audience. Brief reviews of Jonathan Spence's book on Matteo Ricci and of Edward Said's "Orientalism" are followed by brief appraisals of the great social critic of the 1930's, Lu Xun.

The section on "Politics" opens with a 1978 essay on human rights in totalitarian China, castigating those China specialists who profess not to know the score. A 1979 critique of President Carter's normalization of relations with Peking is dated by its omission of any reference to the Taiwan Relations Act, that Congressional device that has allowed the United States to continue dealing with both the island and the mainland. Essays on the death of Gen. Lin Biao and the role of Zhou Enlai complete a biting critique of Chinese Communism. The final section, entitled "Hygiene," takes the writer Han Suyin apart for being on all sides of everything, following whatever is the current party line, and

At the Pope's Right Hand

THE RATZINGER REPORT

An Exclusive Interview on the State of the Church.
By Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger with Vittorio Messori.
Translated by Salvator Attanasio
and Graham Harrison.
197 pp. San Francisco: Ignatius Press. Paper, \$9.95.

By Joseph A. Komonchak

JOSEPH CARDINAL RATZINGER is the Prefect of the Congregation for the Doctrine of Faith (once called the Holy Office), the Vatican bureau that has the duty of defending and promoting Roman Catholic orthodoxy. He has developed the habit of giving interviews, and this book publishes his most famous one, given to an Italian journalist last year. When excerpts from it appeared in an Italian magazine some months ago, they aroused a great deal of controversy. The book's title calls it a "report," but it is really a collection of sometimes highly personal observations and evaluations offered by a man who occupies an extremely important post in the Roman Curia. It is not an official interpretation, but his private views, which have, therefore, roughly the same significance as the views of Chief Justice Warren E. Burger when he comments on the state of the legal profession today — not legally binding, but perhaps important as indications of how he might vote on issues that come before the Supreme Court.

The book is also important as an evaluation of the present state of Catholicism. Few people, however they might evaluate the fact, could deny that the Catholic Church has changed more in the last 20 years than it had in the previous two centuries. At the heart of those changes stands the Second Vatican Council, which between 1962 and 1965 reviewed the state of the church and produced 16 documents calling for church reform and adaptation. But few could deny either that many of the changes have gone far beyond the intentions, desires or predictions of those who took part in the council and have produced something more like a revolution than a reform. The disagreements begin when one seeks to describe what has happened, to explain why it happened and to evaluate what has resulted. The depth of the disagreements among Catholics has been most recently revealed in the contrasting hopes and fears that greeted Pope John Paul II's convoking of a special session of the Synod of Bishops, which ended Dec. 7, to review the work and effects of Vatican II.

Roughly speaking, three main opinions are competing. To one group, most dramatically represented by the suspended Archbishop Marcel Lefebvre, Vatican II itself is to blame for reversing the attitudes and strategies with which the Catholic Church for 150 years had consistently opposed the modern world created by religious, philosophical, economic, social and political liberalism. A second group agrees that the council represented such a break, but they greet it as long overdue; blame for postconciliar travails they lay at the feet of (usually Roman) intransigents who, defeated at the council, have fatally compromised its creative spirit.

Cardinal Ratzinger represents a third view, that of a man who is greatly disappointed. "What the Popes and the Council Fathers were expecting was a new Catholic unity, and instead one has encountered a dissonance which . . . seems to have passed over from self-criticism to self-destruction," he says. "There had been the expectation of a new enthusiasm, and instead too often it has ended in boredom and discouragement. There had been the expectation of a step forward, and instead one found oneself facing a progressive process of decadence. . . . The period following the Council scarcely seemed to live up to the hopes of John XXIII, who looked for a 'new Pentecost.'"

Cardinal Ratzinger attributes the damage pro-

The Rev. Joseph A. Komonchak, who teaches theology in the department of religion and religious education at the Catholic University of America in Washington, is writing a book on the Second Vatican Council.

duced in the years since the council to the unleashing of "latent polemical and centrifugal forces" inside the church, and to the church's confrontation with the cultural revolution in the West represented by the triumph of middle-class individualism, rationalism and hedonism. Vatican II is not to blame. It was not a break with the past but an attempt to renew the language in which the Church presents its ancient message and to authorize sets of internal reforms to adapt its activity to modern conditions. Those who insist there was a break between a "pre- and a post-conciliar Church" ignore the far greater continuity between the council and earlier tradition. The blame for the disappointment of hopes for renewal belongs to those who have gone far beyond both the letter and the spirit of Vatican II, he thinks. The answer to the present crisis is a "return to the authentic texts of the original Vatican II," a "restoration," not in the sense of a return to the past but of a "search for a



Joseph Cardinal Ratzinger.

new balance after all the exaggerations of an indiscriminate opening to the world, after the overly positive interpretations of an agnostic and atheistic world."

After eliciting this general assessment, the interviewer takes Cardinal Ratzinger through a series of discussions in which he identifies the many problems the church faces today — a reductionist view of the church as a human construction rather than a divine institution; the loss of the sacred identity of the priest; the surrender by bishops of their individual authority to the bureaucratic structure of national episcopal conferences; individualism in theology and selectivity in catechesis; a loss of faith in God and Christ; a loss of the sense of original sin; permissiveness in morality, particularly the separation of sexuality from procreation; the denial of the proper role of women; the decline in Marian faith and piety; a trivialization of the liturgy; a dangerous neglect of the role and power of the Devil; too much accommodation in ecumenism and a liaison with Marxism in liberation theology. All in all, a most unhappy scene is painted, very rarely illuminated by some faint signs of vitality and hope. It is, he says, a "confused period where truly every type of heretical aberration seems to be pressing upon the doors of the authentic faith."

As disparate as these topics are, a common viewpoint and method are visible in the Cardinal's discussion of them. By far the greatest part of the treatment is devoted to dangers, abuses and fears. There is usually some brief warning against going too far in reacting to them and at times an equally brief indication that he believes there are also some positive aspects of the phenomenon under discussion. No names of those distrusted or criticized are ever given, nor is there any verifiable indication of how widespread a particular trend may be; frustratingly general words like "some," "certain" and "many" abound. It is a very one-sided description, perhaps inevitable given the fact that, as a member of the Cardinal's Vatican congregation puts it, his daily work involves him with "the pathology of faith."

On the level of analysis and critique, easy dichotomies abound — between church and world, theology and sociology or psychology, saints and reformers or management experts, the church as divine institution and as human construction, the religious life and professionalism, the sacrament of confession as encounter with God and as psychological encounter, and so forth. With the exception of a few far too rapid excursions into sociology, psychology, philosophy and history, the critique is exclusively religious and theological. Some of the observations and hypotheses are interesting, but the interview form does not allow room for the arguments to be developed with the care, nuance or evidence that they deserve and require.

Given the extent and complexity of the transformation of Catholicism in the last generation, it is not surprising that no one interpretation or explanation of that transformation has yet won the field. But Cardinal Ratzinger's attempt suffers from one major defect from its start — his refusal to grant that Vatican II did in fact (and I would argue, in intention) represent a turning point in modern Catholic history. In all four of its sessions the council was the scene of a dramatic struggle, in which Joseph Ratzinger, the young theological adviser to the late Joseph Cardinal Frings, was a principal participant. One would never guess from this book that Father-Professor Ratzinger had conspired with French and German bishops and with other theologians to prevent the Roman Curia from having its way at the council; that he had collaborated with the Jesuit scholar Karl Rahner in writing draft documents to be substituted for those inspired by the Holy Office; that he had been publicly rebuked by Alfredo Cardinal Ottaviani, who then occupied the post Cardinal Ratzinger holds now; that he had helped write the speech in which Cardinal Frings had dramatically indicted Ottaviani's Holy Office for scandalous behavior and methods, and that he had written contemporary accounts of the council's debates that abound in descriptions of breakthroughs he had himself worked to bring about.

THE Cardinal may now repent some of his earlier activity and enthusiasm, but it is not helpful to forget them or to ignore that for most of those who took part in it, Vatican II was indeed like a "new Pentecost." If this is forgotten, then one is almost certain to forget why the council was called and what defects and abuses it needed to address; if one forgets that, one runs the great risk of contrasting the undeniable defects and abuses of the postconciliar period with an earlier history romanticized and idealized by nostalgia.

The book, then, should be read less as a carefully descriptive and critically grounded analysis of contemporary Catholicism than as a contribution to a continuing discussion from a man whose office gives him considerable power over its future development.

This book was translated from the German translation of the original Italian interview. Cardinal Ratzinger has not been well served in the process. The English version repeats some major errors already made in the German text, it often misses the nuances of his thought, and it often falls far short of good English usage. Among the errors, one might note that the Cardinal did not say that it is impossible for a Catholic "to take a position for or against, Trent or Vatican I," and he deplored the separation of sexuality from marriage and not from motherhood. □

demand by expanding its own stagnant economy with investment in industries that create employment. In addition, what he calls a General Agreement to Lend could provide a long-range solution to Latin America's terrible debt crisis. At the same time, Japan, instead of undertaking an unneeded and destabilizing military buildup, should take a generous role in third world development.

In general, he argues, the United States should curb its obsessive militarism. To derange the world economy in order to build an outsize military capability represents a profoundly mistaken policy for holding the third world in the Western camp. Equally mistaken is the effort to break the Soviet Union through competitive arms spending. The Russians are great sufferers — less likely to be undone by adversity than by prosperity. They are, to be sure, a profound danger, above all for Western Europe. But Europeans have lived with the danger for five centuries, he says. Defense is essential, but so are policies to engage Soviet interest in peaceful coexistence.

Mr. Schmidt's most radical proposals deal with Eu-

rope itself. Nuclear deterrence remains vital, and hence so does the Atlantic alliance. But defending Western Europe's territory primarily by relying on the use of nuclear weapons is increasingly unacceptable to Western Europe's own public. Geography dictates that only the Western Europeans themselves can provide the alternative, a serious conventional defense. To do so, France must take the lead by reconstituting its army for European defense. NATO should then have a French rather than an American supreme commander of forces in Europe. At least a token American presence would remain essential, but the main American military role would be global and strategic.

MORE is at stake in reforming the alliance than abstract military efficiency, Mr. Schmidt argues. In the long run, the German Federal Republic can only be kept in the West not by the United States but by the rest of Western Europe. While the French have understood this, they have tried to bind West Germany to France without binding France to West Germany. Reforming NATO is

the natural occasion for Western Europe's overdue political consolidation. Without it, neither the postwar Atlantic relationship nor the East-West balance seems durable.

Mr. Schmidt's strong emphasis on Western European self-reliance comes as a welcome relief — most West European critics of American policy remain ardent defenders of Western Europe's postwar military free ride. They say Americans are to balance their budget but without, of course, diminishing their highly costly military role on the continent. Mr. Schmidt's prescriptions call for Western Europe as well as America to live up to its responsibilities. Unfortunately, there are no Schmidts now in power in Bonn, Paris, London or Washington. Under these circumstances, if his analysis is correct and the present system is growing less workable, change seems more likely to proceed from crisis rather than rational leadership.

Anyone looking for an alternative to a deteriorating status quo should pay close attention to this ancestral voice that speaks of the future. □

We Who Left Ireland

EMIGRANTS AND EXILES

Ireland and the Irish Exodus to North America.
By Kerby A. Miller.
684 pp. New York: Oxford University Press. \$35.

By William V. Shannon

IN "Emigrants and Exiles," Kerby A. Miller, an associate professor of history at the University of Missouri, presents a spirited and far-ranging synthesis on one of the oldest and best-studied immigrant groups in the United States, the Irish. It is a true work of trans-Atlantic history, for Mr. Miller has done original research and assessed carefully the published materials both on the cultural and economic circumstances of Ireland that caused more than seven million people to leave between 1607 and 1921 and on the nature of their subsequent experience in the United States and Canada. With the help of many people, including myself when I was the American Ambassador to Ireland, he has found thousands of letters and fragmentary memoirs written by immigrants. And he has made wider use than any previous American historian of materials written in Irish, aided by the graceful translations of Bruce Boling of Brown University.

Mr. Miller grapples with subtle and difficult questions. Why did so many Irish immigrants look upon America as a place not of opportunity or refuge but of forlorn exile? What was distinctive in the Irish culture and national character that shaped the attitudes of most immigrants? Did those attitudes assist or retard assimilation into American life? How, precisely, did Irish nationalism and Irish-American experience interact?

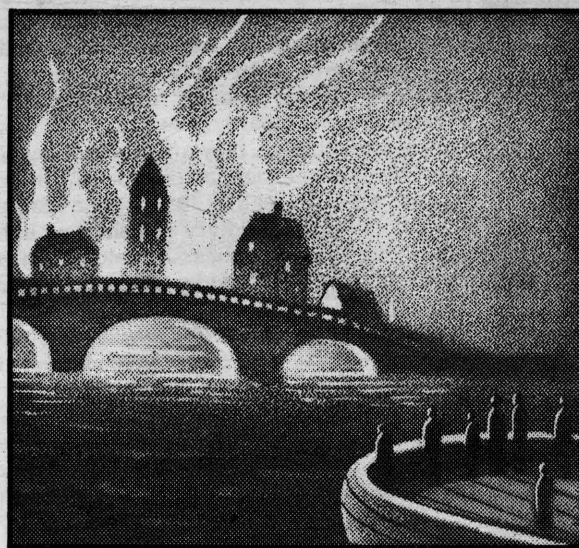
Americans tend to take explanations for immigration to this country for granted. This is a wonderful country and naturally everyone would want to come here, or so we are prone to believe. Immigration, however, is a complex phenomenon. Its effects on this society and on the societies from which the emigrants came are not self-evident, and they are only beginning to be understood. Except for a few pioneering works, such as Carl Wittke's "We Who Built America" (1939), immigrant history began to take shape as a serious scholarly discipline only with the early works of Oscar Handlin, "Boston's Immigrants" and "The Uprooted," which won the Pulitzer Prize for history in 1952. Since then it has become a thriving enterprise, with well-known writers undertaking ambitious, popular works, like Irving Howe's "World of Our Fathers," and younger scholars like Mr. Miller producing monographs. This pursuit of immigrant history is greatly changing our understanding of what kind of nation we are and where we came from, for the answers to questions like those Mr. Miller asks are not at all obvious.

Mr. Miller approaches the issues he raises in the

William V. Shannon, the author of "The American Irish," is a professor of history and journalism at Boston University. He served as the United States Ambassador to Ireland from 1977 to 1981.

context of the larger problem of modernization. Over these last four centuries, rural, traditional societies around the world that were organized through the family and the clan and were based on subsistence farming have had to adapt to the coming of a cash economy, the rationalization of agriculture to meet the needs of distant markets, the introduction of industry, the rise of cities and the concomitant triumph of individualism. He sees the old Gaelic society that existed before English rule was made genuinely effective in the 17th century as extremely ill prepared to cope with the demands of the modern world. It was static and rigidly hierarchical. Land was held in common by the family and divided among all the children, leading to innumerable small, uneconomic strips. Passivity and fatalism were the dominant attitudes to life.

Immigration increased in response to the modernization and commercialism of Irish agriculture in the



TOM SCIACCA

18th century and at an accelerating rate during the long depression following the close of the Napoleonic Wars in 1815. Building on the work of David Doyle of University College, Dublin, and other contemporary scholars, Mr. Miller offers the most careful and comprehensive analysis of the emigration from Ireland that has yet appeared; he distinguishes Protestant from Roman Catholic emigrants and traces the regions and social classes that produced them. Although the western counties fronting the Atlantic, from Kerry to Donegal, were the poorest and most densely populated, emigration came from the wealthier counties in the central and eastern sections of Ireland.

Rather than emigrate to seek a better life abroad, the more characteristic response in the poorer counties was a resort to violence to counter the efforts of landlords to clear their lands of tenants and shift to cattle and sheep raising. "During the 1820s," Mr. Miller says, "much of Ireland was in a state of 'smothered war': in some areas the gentry lived practically under siege, in

barricaded houses, and assassinations became so common that one coroner's jury ruled that a murdered estate agent had died of 'natural causes.'" This bitter conflict, however, was not directly between landowners and peasants but between a whole class of substantial tenants on one side and on the other the land-poor and the landless, "subtenants, laborers, farmers' disinherited sons." Murder could occur over the letting and subletting of a single acre. Significantly, the combatants on both sides were Catholics.

It took the catastrophe of the Great Famine of the late 1840's to break the will of the rural poor. Between 1845 and 1855, nearly 1.5 million of them sailed to the United States, another 340,000 to Canada, 200,000 to 300,000 settled permanently in England and Scotland, and several thousand more went to Australia. "In all, over 2.1 million Irish — about one-fourth of the island's pre-Famine population — went overseas; more people left Ireland in just eleven years than during the preceding two and one-half centuries."

THE author gives a stark picture of the shattering of rural life and draws grim conclusions: "Panicked and demoralized, often able to save themselves only at the expense of neighbors and kinsmen, desperate countryfolk frequently displayed what one observer called 'the most unscrupulous mendacity, knavery, cunning & falsehood.' During and especially after the Famine, it was natural that those who survived the crisis would feel tremendous shame for such extensive violations of communal mores and that they would seek 'explanations' for what had occurred which would project responsibility and resentment upon 'outsiders.' ... [They] turned more attentively to Catholic clerics and nationalist politicians who not only represented those modern, commercialized, and Anglicized sectors of Irish society which best survived the Famine but who also offered an embracing 'explanation' for the crisis which obviated personal guilt, obscured intracommunal conflict, and generalized individual grievances."

That explanation was found in Irish nationalism. The catastrophe was totally the fault of the British Government and the landlord system it upheld. Mr. Miller gives a convincing indictment of nationalism, depicting it as a consoling myth that obscured as much as it explained and that deflected the wrath of the poor away from the wealthier members of the Catholic community. This class-conflict interpretation of Irish nationalism is certain to arouse controversy.

Mr. Miller's pessimistic reading of the implications of traditional Gaelic culture will also find critics. In his unrelenting account of the failures and defeats of the famine and postfamine generations in this country, he does nothing to flatter Irish-Americans for the past achievements of their community. The old Irish proverb is that "contention is better than loneliness." Mr. Miller is in no danger of loneliness. Whether one agrees or not with all of his contentions, he has produced a major work of scholarship and analysis, rich in information, trenchant in argument and broad in its grasp. It is well worth reading, and it will be read. □

IRVING HOWE

"A learned and wise man... [Howe] remains a socialist, a literate, humane one who has a keener understanding of socialism's problems than do socialism's opponents" —Nicholas von Hoffman, *Washington Post Book World*

"In his newest book... [Howe] tries to account for the failures of American socialism and to sketch out some problems and ambiguities of socialist thought. [He] perceptively discusses the political dilemmas the party leadership faced and deftly illustrates why disastrous choices were made."

—Harvey Klehr, *Boston Globe*

"His stimulating book is based on long years of reflection, both on his own participation in the 'movement' and on theoretical issues that have been debated since the turn of the century."

—John Patrick Diggins, *N.Y. Times Book Review*

SOCIALISM AND AMERICA

By the author of *World of Our Fathers*

HBJ HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH

—Her private world— INDIRA GANDHI

Letters to an American Friend, 1950–1984
Written to her intimate friend, Dorothy Norman

"In 1949, when Indira Gandhi was 30 and on a visit to the U.S., she met author-photographer Norman... This collection of their letters over the ensuing three decades traces their close friendship and reveals the human side of Gandhi. She emerges as a cultured, introspective woman who, as she became an international figure, yearned for privacy and the time to explore diverse creative and intellectual interests."

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"I can tell you things which I wouldn't dream of telling anyone"

—Indira Gandhi in a letter to Dorothy Norman

Photo: Dorothy Norman



HBJ HARCOURT BRACE JOVANOVICH

Here Be Monsters

DREADFUL PLEASURES

An Anatomy of Modern Horror.

By James B. Twitchell.

Illustrated. 353 pp. New York:

Oxford University Press. \$18.95.

By Lloyd Rose

"FOR the time being," James B. Twitchell writes, around the middle of his chapter on vampires in *"Dreadful Pleasures: An Anatomy of Modern Horror,"* "I have no interest in the art manipulation of the vampire myth. . . . I am interested in the unaffected and artless return of the vampire back into popular culture." A few paragraphs later he adds: "Art renditions tend to make the saga socially relevant, allegorical, or atmospheric, rather than just letting it play itself out." His credo is shared by all appreciative critics of trash: the unselfconscious junkiness of pulp — B-movies, comics, and so forth — may sometimes reveal more than the traditional high-brow arts because there is less censorship going on.

The makers of the horror movies Mr. Twitchell discusses (chiefly the Universal Studios classics of the 30's and 40's and the later *Dracula* and *Frankenstein* series from England's Hammer Studios) did not have artistic aims, and generally they did not have artistic minds either. Without any strong personal ideas about what they wanted to do, they absorbed from their culture and unconscious the images and dreams already present — communal dreams — which they then put on the screen. It is the supple muscle of myth beneath the surface of bad acting, silly plots and cheap special effects that keeps horror movies stalking their absurd and shivery way through shopping-mall cinemas, midnight movie shows and late-night television.

Mr. Twitchell, a professor of English at the University of Florida at Gainesville, has a range of interests that covers most of the cultural history of the last 300 years. He dashes enthusiastically back and forth through the centuries, gathering, defining and assimilating proof for his thesis that "modern horror myths prepare the teenager for the anxieties of reproduction . . . they are fables of sexual identity." He distinguishes horror, based in dreams, from terror, based in reality; locating the roots of horror fiction in the 18th century and showing how it flowered with the Romantics. Occasionally he matches the poetry of his subject with a stylistic flourish of his own: monsters "are always 'out there' at the last grid and meridian of psychic cartographers, rising from the ooze of the subconscious, like sea-beasts on the horizons of ancient maps." He is rather like a mad scientist himself as he constructs his argument from disparate bits and pieces — a little Hogarth here, some Petronius there, a dab of Henry Fuseli, dollops of Mary Shelley and Bram Stoker, large chunks of Freud.

He is lively and entertaining and frequently enlightening, until he whisks the sheet off his creation and reveals that the source of modern horror is incest: "The fear of incest underlies all horror myths in our culture that are repeatedly told for more than one generation." He defines these myths as "the vampire," "the hulk-with-no-name" (*Frankenstein's* monster, the Creature From the Black Lagoon, for example), and the "transformation monster" (the Wolf Man, Mr. Hyde, the psycho-killer). From this point on, roughly the remaining two-thirds of the book, Mr. Twitchell demonstrates in detail how the *Dracula*, *Frankenstein* and *Wolf Man* stories, as developed in the movies, play out the "family romance" of incest and instruct adolescents (the primary audience for horror movies) about the dangers of improper sex.

The difficulty with this thesis is not that it is absurd, but that it is reductionist and inadequate. Mr.

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Twitchell himself seems to realize this. Once he finishes analyzing "*Dracula*" as a reworking of Freud's "*Totem and Taboo*" (in which a band of sons in the prehistoric past overthrew and destroyed a tyrannical patriarch who was taking "their women," just as the four heroes of "*Dracula*" fight off the vampire corrupting their fiancées and wives), he can't quite get incest into the center of his other examples.

He ends up reading the *Frankenstein* movies as a warning to the male audience not to try to create children without the help of a woman. Since this is, outside of fantasy, clearly impossible, it is hard to see what the warning is actually against. If the social sin to be avoided is onanism, which does not in fact produce progeny, why should the legend bring in a miscreated child at all? Isn't it more likely that the neurotic and unhappy Mary Shelley was sending out, along with what Mr. Twitchell identifies as her own fears about childbirth and mothering, a blackmail message to men: you need us; see what

"Fear of incest underlies the horror myths in our culture."

happens if you try to get along without us! The warning seems less mythic and social, born from the culture, than personal from a tormented woman.

MR. TWITCHELL'S arguments keep coming up short in this way, as if he had not quite thought them through. He accounts for the surge of vampire and werewolf stories in the 16th and 17th centuries by associating them with the plague, but does not explain why the worst attack of the plague, in the mid-14th century, did not give rise to such tales. He spends a footnote arguing that when Mina Harker, the woman the heroic "sons" rally to protect against *Dracula*, half-willingly surrenders to the vampire, this indicates that "the raped secretly encourages the rapist." Yet one reading of his own Freudian analysis would dictate that "daughter" Mina must desire "father" *Dracula* because she is acting out her Electra complex. Mr. Twitchell also discloses a discarded plot line from "*The Bride of Frankenstein*," in which the created bride would have had the transplanted heart of Baron *Frankenstein's* wife, in order to explain why the female creature reacts with such shock at her first glimpse of her future mate. This is going the long way round to explain why a woman, even one put together from dead bodies herself, would not want to sleep with the *Frankenstein* monster. (The Bride does not hiss at first sight of her intended, as Mr. Twitchell claims; she makes, quite reasonably under the circumstances, a sound something like "Ack!")

The long way round seems to be Mr. Twitchell's chosen way, though. With all his emphasis on incest and sexual metaphors, he avoids any serious discussion of what may strike viewers as the most frightening thing about many of the famous movie monsters — namely that they are dead. *Dracula* is an animated corpse; so are the *Mummy* and the *Zombies*. *Frankenstein's* monster is constructed of bits and pieces of dead men. Mr. Twitchell knows they are dead, of course; he just doesn't appear to think it counts for much. Yet surely stories about being attacked by corpses speak to a deeper fear in us than that of incest. It won't do simply to say that the dead symbolize the fate we will suffer for sexual transgression; something more primitive and disturbing is going on, and it remains, in the word Mr. Twitchell quotes from Freud, uncanny — unknowable. In his own analogy, Mr. Twitchell has mounted the attic stairs and flung open the door, but the bogymen still has not come out. □

FOREIGN AFFAIRS

Flora Lewis

Captive Afghanistan, 6 Y

Look Back
To Look
Ahead

PARIS
A disturbing new French film by Agnes Varda is a reminder of how much has changed in the Western world since 1968. Titled "Without a Roof or a Law," the film is the story of the degradation and death of a pretty, stubborn girl with but one thought on her mind: to live by and for herself alone.

The film is set in the present, not the heyday of hippiedom. The girl is frankly portrayed as selfish, insensitive, uncaring, if brave. The character excites pity but not sympathy because there is no suggestion that society is to blame for her plight. Her willful indolence, her insistence on absolute personal freedom at whatever cost it may impose on others is all that is offered to explain what happens to her.

Miss Varda does not preach or draw the implicit conclusion. Still, the change of perspective from a generation ago is striking. It does reflect the rise and consolidation of a more conservative, traditional outlook in modern societies.

There are no politics or polemics, no sociological or ideological abstractions. The background is rural France and the ordinary people who live in it, peasants, North African migrants, but also university educated agronomists, vestiges of the gentry, truck drivers, gas station attendants.

A time to
examine
the counter-
culture's
legacy

They have become rather open-minded, but the girl is not.

It is her view that seems obsolete. The film's approach makes a sharp contrast with the dominant intellectual fashion of the late 1960's. It revives a need to seek better understanding of what happened then, why the counterculture movement arose and exploded, why it collapsed, what it left and what it means for the future, the relation of a new underclass of unemployed and often unemployable youth in most industrial countries to that spent rebellion against social norms.

The 1968 upheavals came near the end of an unprecedented growth of prosperity in the developed world. Affluence was taken for granted. Freedom was redefined as the individual's right to defy social authority in whatever way he or she might choose, not as the best way to accommodate all kinds of people and spirits who must share a society.

Permissiveness was the word used to describe the attitude, but it wasn't a good word. No permission was asked, no acceptance given that rules should apply because they serve most people's tranquil purposes.

In each of the many countries that underwent upheavals, there were special issues. In the U.S., experts said it was about Vietnam and civil rights. In France, they said it was about the rigid system of education and the disgruntlement of workers. In Germany, they said education, environment and the authoritarian family. But underdeveloped Turkey and socialist Yugoslavia had similar experiences. So did Japan, the world's most consensual community.

Some kind of lightning bolt leapt around the world, igniting tinder that had been accumulating. There must have been some deeper common urge than was identified. The fires burnt out and the old answers returned with the old questions of jobs, religion, bringing up children, making ends meet.

But it would be a mistake to sweep aside the memory as an aberration, a

Fighters
Need
U.S. Aid

By Bill Bradley

WASHINGTON — Six years ago, Soviet armed forces invaded Afghanistan, killed the president and installed a puppet regime. Since then, the occupation has grown in size and brutality. Supported by tanks, artillery and air power, Soviet troops have increased to about 120,000; Soviet losses already exceed 30,000. Yet the conflict shows no sign of abating. Indeed, recent reports indicate that Moscow is preparing for a protracted war of attrition.

Despite overwhelming odds, Afghan resistance has continued. This extraordinary war of liberation resistance is better equipped, trained and more effective than before. As a result, the Soviets have been able to defend only a few

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an increasingly violent stalemate exists.

The war has inflicted great hardship on the Afghan people. Indiscriminate carpet bombing has leveled entire villages; whole populations have been massacred. Faced with the prospect of mass starvation, millions of Afghans have fled to neighboring Pakistan. Some four million people — a third of the population — are in exile.

This is not the first time the Soviet Union has resorted to such tactics to secure its political interests. Stalin manufactured a crisis in Ukraine to crush the resistance to collectivization, and killed millions of people, though to the Government's credit, it never took the war to the West.

War
sh

But it would be a mistake to sweep aside the memory as an aberration, a fuzzy-minded disturbance with no significance for the evolution of economically advanced societies. Those hairy, deliberately bedraggled youth were misguided, largely inarticulate in trying to express their grievances, seeking something they couldn't name and foolishly imagining that to demand obtrusively enough would suffice to obtain it.

They felt something wrong. But not knowing quite what it was or what to do about it, most of them returned to everyday life. Miss Varda's film is a cool, brooding commentary on the inevitable failure of a mindless attempt at a solution.

Whatever the source, however, it is probably still there lurking under current apprehensions. There is no reason to suppose that if there is success in restoring steady growth without a bust due to debts and the deficit, the emotional and psychological malaise of modern society will not resurface.

There was a message in the restive noise of 1968 that the rapid transformations of the second half of the 20th Century have been hard to digest, that there is a gap between our habits and assumptions and the way the world is hurtling through change.

Now, with quiet hindsight, it is time to peer through the emotional fog and try to figure out what it was really about and what it signals for modernism. Otherwise, there is still little chance to chart the rupturing reefs that may lie ahead. □

In Search of Karen Blixen's Kenya

Although much has changed, something of the land she celebrated remains

By ERROL TRZEBINSKI

Of the thousands of tourists who travel to Kenya each year, many have been inspired to do so after reading the classic "Out of Africa" by Karen Blixen, who wrote under the pen name Isak Dinesen. It has not seemed to matter to them that everything she described has been unceasingly compromised. Her ability to observe with the eye of a painter, to write with the sensibility of a poet, has insured that the fundamental beauty of the book remains untarnished.

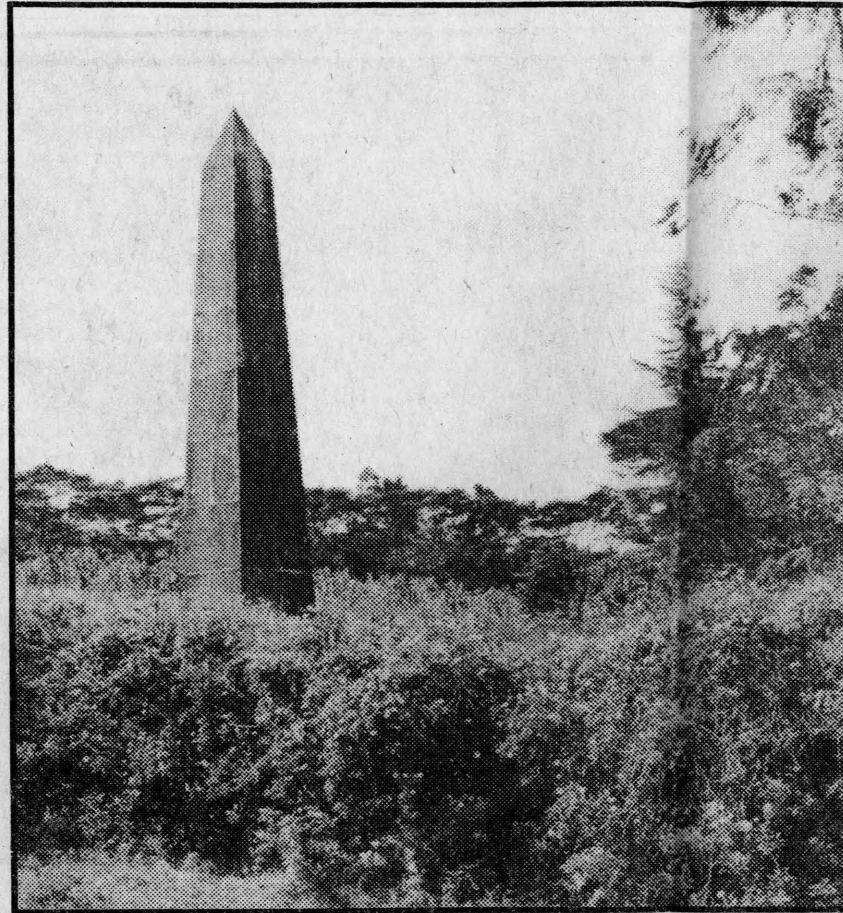
With the release of Sydney Pollack's film "Out of Africa," Karen Blixen's Kenya has now been depicted for an immeasurably wider audience, from which may come a new wave of travelers. It must be borne in mind, therefore, that what is on the screen is a world long past; in the interest of verisimilitude, the land Karen Blixen wrote about had to be relocated, her house reconstructed farther up the road and the whole of old Nairobi rebuilt, from the railroad station to the Norfolk Hotel.

The reality of modern Kenya is, of course, at odds with this cinematic image. The problems that face most African countries today are well known: the overpopulation, the breakdown of tradition and tribal culture, the shifting of basic values and the decimation of the game, those legendary herds that roamed the precincts of the tented camp that once was Nairobi.

Yet for the traveler who would seek it out, some of the spirit remains of Karen Blixen's Africa, the land where she lived from 1914 to 1931, ran a coffee plantation, married and was divorced from her husband, Baron Bror Blixen-Finecke, and fell in love with the aristocrat and hunter Denys Finch Hatton. A visitor seeking it out might go to her house in the Nairobi suburb of Karen; to the grave of Denys Finch Hatton, in the Ngong Hills; to the coast at Takaungu, north of Mombasa, where he had a house; to Chiromo, once the home of Karen Blixen's friends the McMills (it is now an extension of Nairobi University), and to Nairobi's city library, which was built as a memorial to Sir Northrup McMillan and which contained many items of furniture that Karen Blixen sold to Lady McMillan before she left Africa.

Then there is the Railway Museum, which houses the early carriages known as "horse boxes" and all the fascinating paraphernalia of the journey from Mombasa to Nairobi, which everyone experienced unless, like the early settler Lord Delamere, they trekked in from the north. Next comes the Muthaiga Club (out of bounds except to members) and, much farther afield, Voi, in southeastern Kenya, where Denys Finch Hatton died when his plane crashed.

Here is the house among the sisal planta-



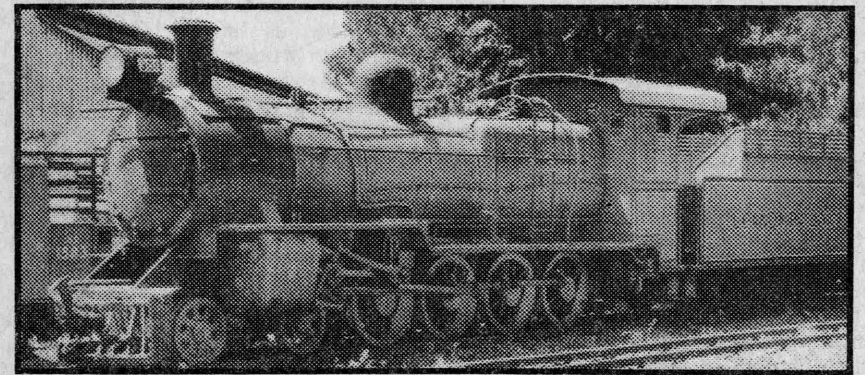
Denys Finch Hatton's grave in the Ngong Hills.

W. R. Cooper



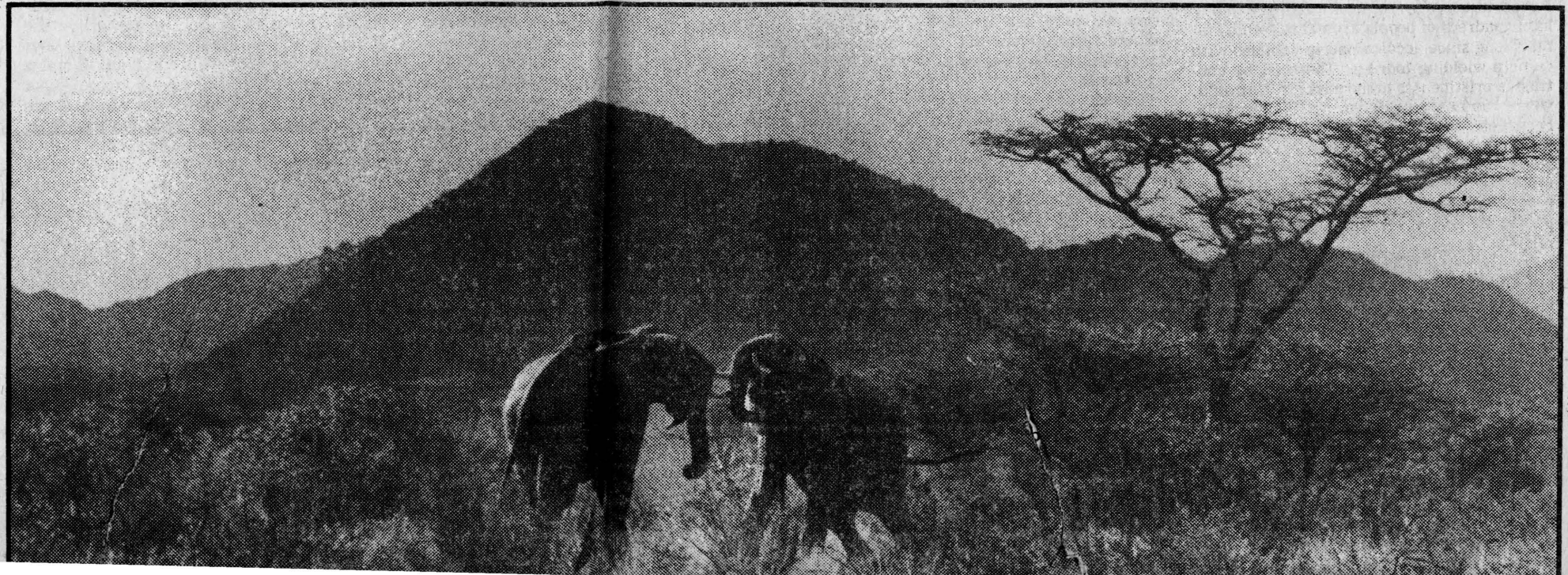
W. R. Cooper

Karen Blixen's house outside Nairobi.



W. R. Cooper

The Railway Museum in the capital.



spartan life in the bush. Then comes the coast and Takaungu, the house Denys Finch Hatton built. It has changed ownership several times and is seldom occupied. From its tiny veranda, the scenery is still as Karen Blixen described it, "of a divine, clean, barren marine greatness, with the blue Indian Ocean before you, the deep creek of Takaunga (sic) to the south. . . ." When the tide is out you can still "walk miles away seawards from the house, as on a tremendous, somewhat unevenly paved piazza, picking up strange long peaked shells and starfish."

One can read from the book here and know how utterly unchanged the place is; the water on the incoming tide sighs in the caves as she described it. Behind the house is the weathered ruin of an Arab mosque so thickly enshrouded in creeper that unless one knew it was there, one would not suspect its existence. The dhows that she wrote about still can be spotted beyond the reef, as they come in annually on the kaskasi, the monsoon that has blown them on their trading course from the Persian Gulf to East Africa.

They bring mangrove poles, dried shark, brass chests and Persian carpets, less exotic cargoes than of yore, but the atmosphere in the old port of Mombasa at Easter where they unload is still vivid despite the fact that the dhows now have engines to assist their lateen-sailed progress from the wind.

In addition to "Out of Africa," others of Karen Blixen's works, such as the "Seven Gothic Tales," contain references to things that touched the writer's life. Take "the nether millstone" in "The Roads Around Pisa"; Karen Blixen told in "Out of Africa" how she acquired a millstone after the millers to whom it belonged were murdered. It was fashioned into a table where she would take tea, pay off her employees or smoke a cigarette late at night. There, too, she sat with Denys Finch Hatton one New Year's watching the new moon and the planets Venus and Jupiter "all close together, in a group on the sky; it was such a radiant sight that you could hardly believe it to be real, and I have never seen it again."

In the bush, the nights are just as radiant. There are still many experiences she described that are here for the taking; that which has since been altered by encroachment and time merely seems now like raw material for her book, and of interest purely from that aspect.

I have wondered if those visiting Kenya carrying "Out of Africa" as their talisman and guide have felt thwarted by confrontation with reality — the old house at Karen, depleted of the acres of coffee and edged in now by garden suburb, not to mention the ugly modern construction of a women's college that has been built cheek by jowl with it.

Perhaps they will have searched in vain for Denys Finch Hatton's burial place in the Ngong Hills. I have been to it so often that I am appalled by my own ability to miss the

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Karen Tweedy-Holmes

Adolescent elephants sparring playfully in Kenya.

narrow path that leads to it. The terrain is domesticated now by hundreds of shambas — small farms with their neat red earth homesteads surrounded by thick shrubbery — strangely European boundaries for small holdings where Kikuyu children tend their fathers' flocks and women grow the maize.

But the obelisk is there, among these plots with tall, untidy eucalyptus trees that have subdued the wildness of the hills. The buffalo herds no longer wander freely from the thickets here to graze on the green slopes higher up. But standing on that ledge, after the steep climb from the dirt road, one can look out over the city of Nairobi and its sprawl of suburbs, and when cloud does not obscure their summits, see both Mount Kilimanjaro and Mount Kenya, far distant.

The brass plaque commemorating Denys Finch Hatton was stolen years ago from the obelisk. It bore the inscription: "He prayeth well, who loveth well / Both man and bird and beast" from Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." It seems to matter little that it is gone, now that one discovers that Denys Finch Hatton was responsible for the more than 5,000 square miles of the Serengeti National Park in neighboring Tanzania having being made into a game sanctuary in 1929; what more fitting monument could he have?

One can no longer detect the roof of Karen Blixen's Mbogani House from this spot — it is lost among the many others and the trees — but it is possible, if an eagle soars overhead, to imagine their picnics, in these hills, of almonds, raisins and wine; to imagine her composing her poem that begins, "The eagle's shadow runs across the plain / Towards the distant, nameless, air-blue mountains," and to reflect also on the struggle she had to get Finch Hatton's coffin to this spot.

One can understand her need to hoist a cloth banner high enough above the grave to be seen from the roof of her house in those last grief-filled months before she left Africa forever. It is not hard to imagine how the lions came later to bask on the warm flagstones of the grave, lazing in the sunshine, kings of all they surveyed below.

In the city itself, the Norfolk Hotel, which opened in 1904, has been renovated after a bombing in 1980. Old photographs and artifacts now insure that the atmosphere of the past pervades its corridors. It is still the favorite meeting place for tourists and locals and a busy watering hole at sundown.

The Indian bazaar is now mainly inhabited by African traders, but they sell the same

spices, and its flavor, if less Oriental, remains. In the outlying Parklands area, the bungalows with their fondant colors and decorative Eastern plasterwork can still be found.

Then there is the game and the primeval terrain of these animals — the green Masai Mara, where lion abound; the vast stretches of red-soiled Tsavo where elephant wander, browse, breed and, when the rains fail, perish. The bush still holds as much fascination today, because nothing is certain there, ever, except that night follows day.

One of the greatest experiences that newcomers find in Africa is the rediscovery of their own senses. The clutter of civilization is pared away as the limitless spaces are confronted for the first time; there is a renewed sense of perspective, proportion and one's own insignificance.

Anyone who enjoys watching creatures in their own habitat will not tire of looking at giraffe, gentle creatures, seeming ever to move in slow motion as they stretch their long necks even farther to nibble a succulent leaf from the top of an acacia thorn; they actually do appear to resemble Karen Blixen's perception of them as "rare, long-stemmed, speckled gigantic flowers."

One may be watching from Salt Lick Lodge

in Tsavo West National Park as 400 buffalo move forward to drink under the artificially moonlit pools at night. I have seen them emerge from the steam generated by their own numbers, and, to quote Karen Blixen again, it was just as if "the dark and massive, iron-like animals with the mighty horizontally swung horns were not approaching; but were being created before my eyes and sent out as they were finished."

But to see Africa only from the safety of a packed minibus, to experience it only in the comfort and security of a lodge, is to remain an outsider. Without walking through the bush or waking under green canvas, or listening to the cicadas, crickets and frogs at sundown; without being disturbed in the night by the haunting call of the hyena or waking at dawn as the mists roll back in the sunrise, you will not have truly experienced the magic of safari.

To know the land and its inhabitants, you must take risks, confront nature on your own feet, wash in water brought by hand from the nearest river. Then you may experience that "vital assurance and lightness of heart" that Karen Blixen described upon waking in the highlands, in those far-off days when she "woke in the morning and thought: Here I am, where I ought to be."

Nairobi, the Ngong Hills and Beyond

By NANCY COOPER

The best time to view game in East Africa is generally from November through February; the period from August through October is also popular. November and December can be rainy. Visas are required for American citizens by both Kenya and Tanzania.

Most visitors to Kenya come on a packaged safari, sometimes combining Kenya with the Serengeti National Park and other highlights of Tanzania. Examples of the programs of several companies that specialize in tours to East Africa are described below.

It is also possible to make individual arrangements, either before departure from the United States or after arrival in Nairobi. The latter approach can be time-consuming,

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and with it one runs the risk of not being able to find accommodations during popular periods. One should at least have a hotel booked in Nairobi before arrival.

It is wise to take the same precautions in Nairobi as one would in any city. Don't walk around there or in Mombasa late at night alone; one should also not go outside at Kitani Lodge in Tsavo West at night. Be careful with your wallet, and lock your car when you leave it.

On Your Own

The individual traveler, with a little planning, the willingness to extend his interest to the entire colonial period and the spirit to go it alone, can visit sites that figured in Karen Blixen's life, such as her home in the Nairobi suburb of Karen, and then go on to places that are still as wild and almost as empty as they were when Nairobi was a sea of mud defined by the railway station at one end and the Norfolk Hotel at the other.

Nairobi

Today international flights arrive at Kenyatta Airport; taxi fare to the center of Nairobi is about \$10. A good taxi company is **Kenatco Cab** (in Nairobi, 21561; in Mombasa, 20340).

The **Norfolk Hotel** (Harry Thuku Road; 335422) is the oldest hotel in Nairobi, with a display of old carriages in its bird-filled central garden and with many pictures that depict the original ambiance of the establishment. A double room costs \$90 with private bath and breakfast. In its formal restaurant, the **Ibis Grill**, one can get an immaculately cooked and served meal for \$60 for two with wine. A less expensive meal or a drink is available on the Norfolk's balcony, at the **Delamere Coffee Shop**. It was on this balcony that all the early settlers sat drinking and eating while in transit to the various parts of the country that were to become home. A meal for two will cost about \$20. (Unless otherwise noted, meal prices exclude the cost of liquor.) Food is English style, including

very good fish and chips. The Norfolk also has a third dining room, the **Delamere Restaurant**, with a buffet lunch and dinner. The buffet, which includes salads, cold meats and perhaps a curry, costs \$20 for two. The Norfolk accepts American Express, Diners' Club and MasterCard.

Highlights of Nairobi include the **McMillan Memorial Library** on Banda Street, where there is an Africana Room that contains many first-edition books. Downstairs, in the reference room, are newspapers dating from 1906 onwards. There is also a box of photographs dating from the 1880's. A few hours in the library can be a very rewarding experience. The library is open from 9 A.M. to 5 P.M. weekdays and until 1 P.M. on Saturdays; admission is \$1.25.

The **Nairobi National Museum**, on Museum Hill, near the Museum Roundabout, offers fascinating exhibits on humans and animals alike. Admission is \$1.85. Hours are 9:30 A.M. to 6 P.M. daily. There is also a Snake Park

Continued on Following Page

Kenya Seen Through Writers' Eyes

The works of Dinesen and her contemporaries still enhance visitors' perceptions

By NANCY MILLER

Early Friday morning Abde pulled up in front of the Norfolk Hotel in Nairobi. Lean, with light black skin and dark wavy hair, he was impatient, even moderately disdainful, of the tourists who come to visit Kenya's game preserves. Most often he spoke in a hoarse bellow, as if to make up for the gaps in his English.

For all his deficiencies, Abde had one major attraction. As he put it, he is the brother of Saufe, son of Farah — Farah, who merited an essay named in his honor in Isak Dinesen's "Shadows on the Grass." As her personal servant, Farah is inextricably linked to the story of love and loss told in "Out of Africa," perhaps one of the most enlightening literary guides to Kenya.

For Western visitors an African journey can be a humbling event: the landscape is queer, undecipherable. And the guidebooks, with their maps and explanations, cannot easily teach those born on other continents how and what to take in. But when viewed through some of its great memoirists, Kenya reveals its intimate self. Patterns emerge as when seen from high above in an airplane. It was just this vantage point that caused Dinesen to exclaim about her flights over Kenya in 1930 and 1931: "I see. This was the idea."

Through such writers as Isak Dinesen (Karen Blixen), Elspeth Huxley and Beryl Markham one almost acquires the gift of time. With these women as companions and commentators, the newcomer can almost catch them whispering in the wind: "Now, do you see?"

The heart of any visit to Kenya entails a safari — Arabic for trip — to one of its famed game preserves where the giraffe, zebra and gazelle mingle together as if they were guests at an open-air cocktail party. At the Masai Mara astride the Tanzanian border in western Kenya, the animals magically appear and disappear. The sun and the silence are unnerving.

"This country frightens me," says Lettice Palmer in Elspeth Huxley's childhood memoir "The Flame Trees of Thika." Huxley ar-

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rived in Kenya in 1913 at the age of 5. Lettice Palmer was one of her early neighbors, singular for her femininity and the incongruity of her presence in a raw, untamed Kenya.

"I don't mean the insects and the idea of snakes (I haven't actually seen one)," Lettice Palmer says, "or even the lions and rhinos. No, it isn't that which alarms me. It's a sort of quiet, smiling, destructive ferocity. Doesn't it strike you as strange that nothing people have created here has survived? Not even a few traces? No ruins or cities or temples — no ancient overgrown roads — no legends of past empires — no statues hidden in the ground — no tombs or burial mounds? No sign that generations of people have lived here, lived and died."

In "West With the Night," Beryl Markham also recognizes the animate void Lettice felt in Kenya's game preserves. But Markham, who came to Kenya as a small child in 1906, has a more benign attitude. Of the Serengeti Plains cutting across the Masai Mara, she writes: "They are endless and they are empty, but they are as warm with life as the waters of a tropic sea."

Nonetheless, to the newcomer, the sky and large billowing clouds seem a touch too close to the ground. And at night the southern and northern constellations creep out, crossing the heavens at an unnaturally quick pace. But for Dinesen, it is the air itself that distinguishes her Africa:

"The air in Africa is more significant in the landscape than in Europe, it is filled with loomings and mirages, and is in a way the real stage of activities. In the heat of the midday, the air oscillates and vibrates like the string of a violin, lifts up long layers of grassland with thorn-trees and hills on it, and creates vast silvery expanses of water in the dry grass."

Nairobi, Kenya's capital, has changed drastically since these women first set pen to paper. It is no longer a muddy, one-street town, but Nairobi still has some of the places they frequented, including the Norfolk Hotel, where Huxley's family first stayed in Kenya, the Government House, the Indian bazaars and the Nairobi racecourse.

Once she had grown too old to hunt barefoot in the bush with her friends of the Nandi tribe, Markham — who was also the first woman to fly solo across the Atlantic Ocean from east to west — spent a great deal of time at the Nairobi racecourse, where she



Collection of Peter H. Beard/Visions

Karen Blixen around 1930 with Denys Finch Hatton, left, and an unidentified companion.

watched the horses she had trained compete. (She apparently still visits the race course every Sunday, though she does not appreciate being approached.)

To prepare for the most important race of her career, Markham took her prize thoroughbred to the shores of Lake Nakuru with its famed bird sanctuary lying just 97 miles north of Nairobi in the Great Rift Valley. In "West With the Night," she shares with the reader the best place from which to view the lake: the Menegai Crater.

The Menegai Crater? When I asked Abde to drive there, he quickly developed a long list of reasons why he couldn't possibly detour from the main road. It would take too long. The road was terrible. He hadn't been there in years. He didn't know where it was.

The six-mile road to the crater was terri-

ble, but not hard to find. Narrow and badly rutted, it climbs up and up far above the Great Rift Valley. Tiny houses, barefoot boys with small herds of goats and fields of maize appear sporadically along its slope. About halfway up is a turnoff to an office of the Voice of Kenya, the state radio station. Then, suddenly, a wide open space appears, embellished only by a signpost noting the distances to such places as New York City, Calcutta and Tokyo. Just a few yards beyond, the hill abruptly ends. To one side is the 1,640-foot deep depression of the crater, which is now covered with lush greenery. To the other side lie the township and lake of Nakuru.

"There were no subtle strokes in the creation of Nakuru," writes Markham. "As long as the day lasts Nakuru is no lake at all, but a crucible of pink and crimson fire — each of

its flames, its million flames, struck from the wings of a flamingo. Ten thousand birds of such exorbitant hue, caught in the scope of an eye, is a sight that loses credence in one's own mind years afterward. But ten thousand flamingos on Lake Nakuru would be a number startling in its insignificance, and a hundred thousand would barely begin the count."

To the south, also overlooking the Great Rift Valley and just 15 miles southeast of Nairobi, are the Ngong Hills, rising more than 8,000 feet above sea level and 2,000 feet above the home of Karen Blixen. The landscape is astonishingly familiar from her "Out of Africa" narrative. "The trees," she writes, "had a light delicate foliage, the structure of which was different from that of the trees in Europe."

"Do you not see?"

Nairobi, Ngong



ing program in the Nairobi area that will take in some of the sites associated with Karen Blixen, such as her house in Karen and the Muthaiga Club; all Lindblad safaris are to include this feature, possibly as soon as Febru-

with many outdoor exhibits opposite the entrance to the museum. Admission: \$1.85.

At the **Railway Museum**, on Moi Avenue just beyond the station itself, visitors may climb up and sit in the old engines, passenger cars and dining cars. There are also displays of original documents, including menus, and photographs. Admission: 30 cents.

Wandering around Nairobi, one can find many unexpected places where its character comes to life. Walking toward the city from the vicinity of the Norfolk Hotel, one can stroll down Muindi Mbingu Street and pause at Jeevanjee Gardens. In this seedy-looking park, there is a small statue of Queen Victoria, her now-unwashed face set in its regal expression. Farther up the same street, past the open-fronted shops selling a seemingly incongruous array of dusty goods, is the City Market, offering a profusion of vegetables, flowers, local crafts and mingled smells. (Bargaining is a tradition.)

Restaurants in Nairobi

Lunch is served at the **Railway Restaurant**, which probably hasn't changed since the railway station was built. The china and silver often dates from Kenya Uganda Railway days. Lunch is \$15 for two.

A good spot to stop while strolling around the city is the **New Stanley Hotel** (Kimathi Street; telephone 333233). Here you can sit outside and have a drink or eat European-style fare while contemplating the Thorn Tree, which was used as a kind of message center long before a postal system was instituted in Kenya. People would skewer a letter for someone living elsewhere, and a traveler heading in that direction would carry the letter, perhaps months later, to its destination. The tree is now encased in concrete, and the traffic roars by a few feet away, but you can sit back, tune out the street sounds and try to imagine receiving a letter that had been written weeks before being brought unexpectedly by a traveler you might not even know. A meal at The New Stanley's **Thorn Tree Cafe** will cost about \$10 for two. The food is very good, rather simple fare served in a leisurely fashion.

Virtually every eating establishment in Kenya offers some form of excellent curry, thanks to the country's early Asian arrivals. The **Three Bells** (Tom Mboya Street; 20628) is a casual spot that is popular with local residents. A meal costs around \$10 for two. A slightly more exotic atmosphere is offered by the **Minar** (Banda Street, near the library; 29999; reservations recommended). In a décor of carved wooden screens and Indian tapestries, it offers an extensive menu of well-prepared dishes. Specialties include chicken kebab and seafood. A meal costs around \$20 for two. American Express and Diners' Club are accepted.

On the Road

Using a hotel in Nairobi as a base, visitors can rent a car and spend several days exploring. A week's unlimited-mileage rental of a small family car will cost around \$370; a small four-wheel-drive vehicle, which should not be necessary unless it is raining, costs about \$450. Driving is on the left, and standard shift is the norm. (Contact a local travel agency, such as **Let's Go Travel** in Nairobi;

readily available), as is making sure you have informed the hotel of your destination and time of return. Check that the car's spare tire and jack are in order and that you have a tank of gas before going off the main roads. (Gas — actually gasohol here, with 10 percent of an alcoholic product mixed in — costs about \$2 a gallon.)

The Suburb of Karen

In the Ngong Hills outside Nairobi, the house where Karen Blixen lived is being turned into a museum. At the moment one can only see the outside, but it will be formally opened to the public in the near future; the date has not yet been set. Admission will be about \$1.85. The house, on Karen Road, is next door to Karen College and no longer bordered by bush country. However, by walking down into the garden with its immense cactus trees and heavy foliage, one can look out to the Ngong Hills above the habitation line and feel some sense of what the atmosphere must have been like when the house was built.

After leaving the house, drive to the Magadi Road, turn off onto the C148, clock 4.6 kilometers and turn into the track on your left. This will lead you to the grave of Denys Finch Hatton, in the middle of an African shamba, or farm. The climb is somewhat steep, and it can be muddy in rainy weather. Also, some caution should be used in the Ngong Hills area; travelers are advised not to go there alone. From the grave you look over the area where the house in Karen is, and although it is virtually impossible to single out the house, you can see how each place once would have been visible to the other.

Completing the circuit, you can follow the C148 until reaching Ngong Town, where you should bear left, following the D523, which will take you to the northernmost end of the Ngong Hills. The road follows the shape of the hills and will bring you back to the Magadi Road. This part of Ngong is far less inhabited, and there is a fair amount of game to be seen, especially giraffe. There are some of the Masai manyatta, or encampments, and every so often you will come across a herdsman in his traditional garb.

There are not many places to eat in the Karen area, as the residents either go to their clubs or drive into Nairobi; you may wish to plan a light picnic in the car.

The one restaurant in Karen is arguably the best in Kenya. It is called the **Horseman** at Karen Roundabout (882033). With its English country-pub decor, it is a cozy place to get an excellent meal. The menu changes frequently, often including some form of game; one recent dinner featured saddle of impala and a coconut fish soup. A meal for two with wine will cost around \$50. Reservations are required and Diners' Club is accepted. This is not the place to go after a day's driving; it should be saved for an evening when you've had the time to change for dinner.

Wildlife Reserves

The **Nairobi National Park**, literally part of Nairobi, offers 40 square miles of game reserve right next to the city on the Mombasa Road. The entry fees are \$1.85 for the car, plus \$1.85 a person. This park abounds in virtually every type of game except elephants. Maps are available for \$1.85. You can get out of the car at the hippo pools and take a stroll



Marc and Evelyn Bernheim/Woodfin Camp

Curious giraffes peer at a car on the Mombasa highway.

along the river. The biggest hazard is generally from the monkeys, who will grab anything left lying around. Lock your car and don't leave anything on the hood; it will not be there when you return.

Some three and a half hours from Nairobi on the Mombasa Road is **Tsavo West National Park**. Among the simpler accommodations inside the park is the **Kitani Lodge**, which consists of small cottages (bedroom with camp beds, bathroom, small kitchen and a veranda) that have no electricity, no telephone and no fences. Visitors bring their own provisions and cook their own meals. It is a good idea for them to bring drinking water as well. Tour groups rarely come to this lodge. The cost is \$2.50 a person, with an additional charge of \$1.50 a person for bedding (or you can bring your own sleeping bags) and \$1 for cooking and lighting fuel (either paraffin or gas). Cooking and eating utensils are supplied. The park's entry fees are \$1.85 for the car plus \$1.85 per person. You must arrive well before the 6:30 P.M. closing time; in an effort to minimize poaching, the park forbids driving around after dark.

The **Masai Mara Game Reserve** has excellent tented camp facilities. The two main camps in the Mara are called **Governor's Camp** and **Cottars Camp**. Governor's Camp is an hour's flight from Nairobi (\$83 per person round trip). The rate of \$145 per double per night includes food, laundry and one game drive per day. Cottars Camp is a four-and-a-half-hour bus trip from Nairobi and can be reached by bus (\$150 round trip). Rates are \$70 double, including meals. Game drives are extra; unless shared with other people, they cost \$49 for a half day.

Arrangements for a trip to either Governor's Camp or Cottars Camp can be made through a travel agent in Nairobi. An agent can also make arrangements for the accommodations at Tsavo West.

On the Coast

The coast of Kenya figured prominently in the colonial era. Settlers arrived at the port of Mombasa and took the train upcountry. The train from Nairobi to Mombasa leaves twice a day, at 5 P.M. and 7 P.M. It is an overnight journey during which dinner is served. The first-class sleepers are comfortable and well appointed. Morning tea is avail-

able on request, and breakfast is served prior to arrival. A round-trip ticket including meals, bedding, tea and breakfast costs \$56 a person. You may book directly with the station (21212) or through a travel agent.

In Mombasa, the **Manor Hotel** (Nyerere Avenue; 21821) is a comfortable place with British atmosphere within distance of the old town. A double room costs \$30 per night for bed and breakfast; rooms are air-conditioned, and most have private bath. The restaurant serves an abundance of good, occasionally unusual, food for around \$10 for two.

Mombasa's old town is still very similar to the vista that greeted all visitors to Kenya before the days of jet travel. There is a museum, Fort Jesus, a jumble of architecture, curio shops, spice shops and a very relaxed atmosphere. **Ricodas** on Nyeri Street serves excellent traditional Swahili food; about \$3 for two.

Another former colonial haunt is the coastal town of Lamu. The **Peponi Hotel** is an old, rambling structure with more modern chalet-type accommodations along the beach. Rates are \$70 double, including very good meals; most rooms have private bath.

The flight from Mombasa to Lamu is via **Pioneer Airlines** (Mombasa: 432355; Lamu: 139). The fare is \$74 round trip.

A 19-day trip that includes the above-mentioned destinations can be arranged from the United States through a company such as **Donald Young Photographic Safaris** (2808 Winthrop Road, Lincoln, Neb. 68502; 402-488-4192/800-228-7712). The company estimates the cost of such a trip at around \$3,380 a person, double, including air fare from New York to Nairobi and back, hotels, some meals, game drives and flights and train travel within the country. This company has a large organization in Nairobi that can assist you during your stay in Kenya. The company will also arrange custom-designed tenting safaris.

Package Tours

Lindblad Travel (1 Sylvan Road North, Westport, Conn. 06881; 203-226-8531; 800-243-5657), has an 18-day "Kenya and Tanzania" program, including two nights in a luxury tented camp in the Masai Mara Reserve. The price is \$3,200 a person for a double. Air fare, which is extra, starts at \$1,100 from New York. The company is also developing a day's sightsee-

ing tour of Kenya and Tanzania that includes three nights in its luxury tented camp in the Masai Mara; price is from \$2,995 in April and May to \$3,295 in July through October and December through March. More time in tented camps is featured on a 16-day "Hemingway" tour of Kenya, which has a total of eight nights in camp in the Amboseli, Aberdare and Masai Mara reserves. It is priced from \$3,951 to \$4,695 per person. Air fare is extra.

Ker & Downey (250 West 57th Street, Suite 1222, New York, N.Y., 10107; 212-757-0722; 800-772-3274) offers solely custom-designed tented camp programs. Priced on a per-day basis, they start at \$310 a person for each of eight people and range up to \$570 a person for each of two. Both Kenya and Tanzania can be included; options include a horse safari.

All tented camps used in these programs have beds rather than cots and have private toilet and shower facilities.

The State Department has recently issued an advisory about a "severe fuel shortage" in Tanzania, particularly in the areas outside the capital, including the northern game parks. The department suggests that individual travelers be sure to have an adequate fuel supply before starting out on a trip and that those making arrangements through a tour operator be sure that the company is aware of the problem and has made arrangements to deal with it.

Practicalities

The United States Public Health Service requires yellow fever inoculations if travelers are going from Kenya to Tanzania or vice versa; they are recommended for travel to one of the countries only. Anti-malarial drugs are also recommended.

There is usually little problem eating local food or drinking water in Nairobi. Bottled water is available, but very expensive; some hotels will supply boiled water for concerned visitors. Travelers who are going on the road should bring water with them.

Bring cotton clothes with a jacket or sweater for chilly evenings. Long-sleeved shirts help prevent sunburn. Kenya is generally a very casual place. However, there are some restaurants that require men to wear jackets and ties.

Bring sunglasses, sunblock and toiletries and an absorbent hat (or you can buy one here for around \$5). Bring binoculars if you have them, camera and plenty of film.

Be sure to bring enough cash for souvenirs; not every curio shop accepts credit cards. Very few places in Mombasa will take credit cards, and those that do usually accept only American Express. Most hotels will cash travelers' checks, but because of the tight currency-control laws in Kenya, shops will not generally accept them in payment.

A map of Nairobi and environs is available for about \$1.85 in any bookshop. A map of Kenya is also useful. A good guide to dining is "Eating Out in Kenya" by Kathy Eldon (Kenway Publications), which is readily available for about \$2. Two books that are useful for game viewing are "Field Guide to the Birds of East Africa" and "Field Guide to the Mammals of Africa" (both published by Collins, \$15 each). Both are available from any bookshop in Nairobi.

Chasing the Ghosts of the Imagination

By BILL ZAVATSKY

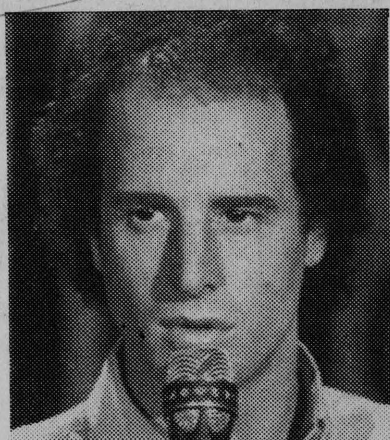
Clutching a microphone with both hands, Steven Wright walks on stage as if he were Hamlet pacing the parapets of Elsinore. Crowned with frizzy hair that accentuates his beetling brow, the boyish, 29-year-old comedian projects a disposition that teeters between the antic and the poetic. Like Shakespeare's melancholy prince, Mr. Wright too is chasing a ghost — his own imagination — and he prowls with a frowning intensity as he summons the odd, unsettling and very funny images that appear to his mind's eye.

Most of America has been laughing at Mr. Wright's inventions since 1978, when an overwhelmed Johnny Carson presented him twice on the "Tonight Show" in the space of a week. The comedian has since appeared frequently there, on the other late-night network shows, and busily worked the clubs and the concert circuits for the past six years. In September Home Box Office aired "A Steven Wright Special" to appreciative notices.

Earlier this year, Mr. Wright also made his film debut in "Desperately Seeking Susan," playing a nervous Jewish dentist from New Jersey. He is already in the deal-making stages with Orion Pictures for a film that he will write and star in, and Warner Bros. Records has just released his first album, "I Have a Pony."

A "to be or not to be" tension crackles through Mr. Wright's presentation from the moment he acknowledges his audience's applause with a frazzled "Thanks." He seems just to have stumbled away from an apparition, reeling with discoveries, seesawing on the edge of breakdown. Breathlessly he launches poem-like mobiles of words that are mock-philosophical (as he walks alone through a forest a tree falls in front of him and he doesn't hear it), art-historical (he visits a museum which contains all the heads and arms from the statues that are in all the other museums), aphoristical ("Curiosity killed the cat, but for a while I was a suspect"), the could-be everyday ("I bought some batteries, but they weren't included, so I had to buy them again") and the plain hysterical ("Today I was... no, that wasn't me.")

Mr. Wright is also the innocent doing battle with modern technology ("I like to leave messages before the beep"), though his possessions in-



'You can't have everything,' the comedian Steven Wright says philosophically. 'Where would you put it?'

clude a microwave fireplace: "You can lie down in front of the fire for the evening in eight minutes." If Woody Allen is the chief psychoanalyst of American culture, Mr. Wright may now be its most brilliant analyst, free-associating as if the survival of his creativity depended on it. His other obsessions include odd jobs, one as a proofreader for a skywriting company, another as a "narrator for bad mimes"; women (his girlfriend has a queen-size bed, he has a court-jester size bed), and a preoccupation with sudden arrest, presumably for moving violations of the imagination.

Like Samuel Beckett's hapless characters, Mr. Wright draws comic mileage from meager props. A lonely glass of water, perched on a stool to which he frequently repairs, serves as an oasis for his mental excursions. Refreshed, he suppresses a tentative smile and continues. "I spilled spot remover on my dog... and now he's gone." "I put tape on the mirrors of my house so I won't accidentally walk through into another dimension." "I have several hobbies which I enjoy to the fullest. I have a large seashell collection which I keep scattered on the beaches all over the world." He pauses to let the picture sink in, measuring the audience with his large, dark eyes. Then, posing the question that lies at the root of his art, he asks, "Maybe you've seen it?"

Some of Mr. Wright's material dates to his junior high and high school years. "I wasn't the class clown," he recalled, "because I was so introverted. But I could make the one or two guys laugh that I hung out with. Humor was a defense mechanism, too, because I was always much smaller than everyone else. I grew three or four inches after high school. I'd get past the football team by feeding them funny lines. 'Oh, this is an amusing elf!' I could see them thinking."

Mr. Wright's nascent originality received an unexpected jolt from a high school art instructor. "When I was painting then, I was totally into painting reality," he remembered in a recent interview. He communicated this theory of art to his teacher, who observed that the camera could do it much better. "This had never occurred to me," Mr. Wright said, smiling. He soon encountered Surrealist paintings at a Boston art show, "a whole new world" which he began to explore in college. "I thought, 'Why not do something that's not there, or a combination of the real and the abstract, which is what Surrealism is. Waterfalls turning into clothespins.'"

Although his Magritte-like word pictures ("Yesterday I saw a man who had wooden legs and real feet")

are often bizarre, the hilarity provoked by Mr. Wright's verbal prestidigitation is tinged with the after-shock of revelation, suggesting the nature of his appeal. If Hamlet's mad method was to recapture his kingdom with the snares of language, Mr. Wright seems intent on restoring the lost Eden of the child's imagination by daring to disclose his own fantasies. "I think I have the perspective of a child," he said, "but I use the words of an adult." From the beginning, he decided to steer clear of attention-getting four-letterisms and to forgo comic ploys that aspire to little more than further recognitions of the universal mother-in-law.

For now the bare stage is the perfect arena for Mr. Wright's soliloquies, but he is eager for new challenges — to write a children's book, and to do the film for Orion. While at work on "Desperately Seeking Susan" he "never left the set," he said. "I was always asking, 'What's this for?' 'What's that?' 'What's this

do?' It was a great personal experience just to be there and watch them." And Mr. Wright has already seen what the camera can do, having co-written the wordless prologue and epilogue which framed his HBO stage performance. "It was a little lab for me, that experiment," he said. "There was my perspective, without words."

The Keatonesque figure Mr. Wright played in these sketches lived in a desert shack. Ice skates hung on its wall, an allusion to his line, "I like to skate on the other side of the ice." The alarm clock was set for just after noon, and when it rang Mr. Wright donned his blue shirt, stared in his mirror, then flopped back into bed. Awakened by his hungry dog, Mr. Wright fed him a cookie from a refrigerator whose only other contents was a box of "Powdered Water." When he finally ventured outside, a passing bus ignored his signal to stop. Mr. Wright trudged to the town "saloon" where he was to perform, evoking another of his customized adages: "Everywhere is walking distance if you have the time."

His "experiment" showed that he could convert his mind-movies into screen images. "The name of the game is 'risk,'" he said. "For every good joke, I write two or three that don't work. In my act I do about 100 jokes in an hour. That means there are 300 jokes I don't use. I've stood there and had 500 people look at me and say, 'What is he talking about?' And maybe this movie will just be a huge joke that costs the studio a million dollars!"

Although he seems well on the way to even greater success, Mr. Wright has already put his own idiosyncratic perspective to it. "You can't have everything," he philosophizes. "Where would you put it?"

Bill Zavatsky, a New York writer, is working on a book about the making of the film "Rebel Without a Cause."

Film

FILM VIEW

VINCENT CANBY

Revenge Fuels the Cold War Movies of the 80's

You can't squelch patriotism," Sylvester Stallone was quoted as saying late last spring when it became apparent that "Rambo: First Blood Part II" was turning into the box-office smash of the season. Maybe you can't squelch it, but it's possible to distort it to ludicrous proportions.

This is being demonstrated once again by Mr. Stallone in his just-opened "Rocky IV," in which the actor, who refought and won the Vietnam War in "Rambo," has taken it upon himself to fight and win a war that hasn't yet been declared — World War III. There's nothing left for a "Rocky V" except a Miltonian confrontation with Satan. After that, God knows.

None of the Cold War movies of the late 1940's and early 1950's — including such things as "The Red Menace," "I Was a Communist for the F.B.I." and "My Son John" — was very successful either with the critics or the

flag, a nondenominational church, a tot-packed school bus, a close-up of Sylvester Stallone's right bicep.

Further, the action of these melodramas, more often than not, is prompted by a need for revenge, the simplest, most visceral of emotions, and one that need not be plausible to be dramatically effective. From "The Duchess of Malfi" and "Timon of Athens" to "Death Wish" ("One" through "Three"), Chuck Norris's two "Missing in Action" films and Mr. Stallone's "Rambo," revenge sells.

It's also probably no coincidence that the most successful of today's Cold War films take place not on home ground but mostly overseas in comparatively exotic locations — Vietnam in "Missing in Action" and "Rambo," and the Soviet Union in "Rocky IV" (the last quarter of the film, anyway) and "White Nights." Though "White Nights" is not a revenge film, its story about the escape from the Soviet Union of a Russian defector to the West (Mikhail Baryshnikov) and a disillusioned American defector to Russia (Gregory Hines) qualifies it as being something more than latently Cold War melodrama.

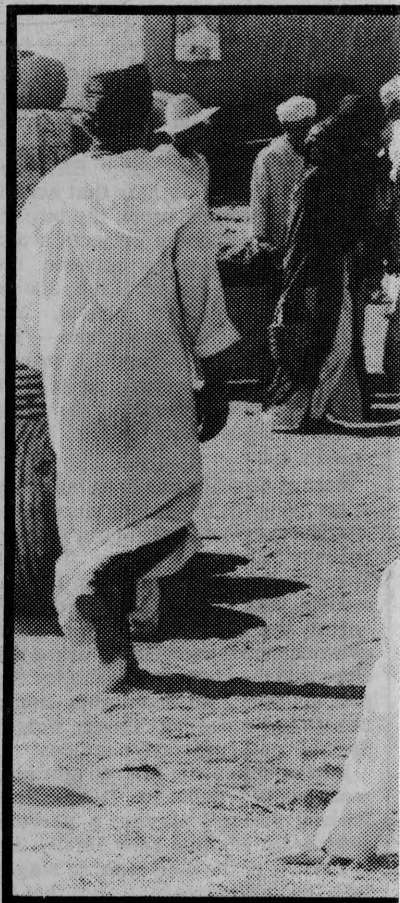
For reasons not easy to pin down, the two Cold War action films that were set in this country — John Milius's "Red Dawn" and Mr. Norris's "Invasion, U.S.A.," both of which picture a World War III fought on native soil — have not done as well at the box office as the films with foreign locations. It could be that American audiences prefer not to fantasize about mayhem so close to home — that sort of thing isn't as much fun to watch as Rambo's murdering Vietnamese and Russians 6,000 miles away.

Or, the reason could be much more simple: neither film was a particularly involving example of the action-movie implausibilities that one will accept as suddenly look ridiculous against a background of American shopping malls, gas stations and ranch houses.

Of these films are, apparently, adjusting to the issue, Variety reports that pirated "Rambo," which are currently being shown in the Middle East, carry subtitles that consider the film's story — changing the setting from the Philippines and the time from today to the Vietnam War. Gone are all references to the Vietnamese, to the Russians, who have strong ties to the East. The villains have become the Chinese, where, of course, much of the video footage used in the Middle East was probably shot.

War films of the 80's often deal in one-on-one combat as exemplified in the climactic fight between American Rocky Balboa and the Russian Rocky IV, as well as in the bitter enmity between Mr. Norris's American agent and Richard Dreyfuss's Russian terrorist in "Invasion, U.S.A." The characters are so up-front and simple in their personality, wit and humanity, the films, like cartoons, give the impression of being

Pre



Middle East adventure reunites DeWitt as soldier-of-fortune. The sequel to "Romancing the Stone," 84th Street Six, the R.K.O.

about confrontations between ideologies.

Far different are the confrontations between East and West seen in the James Bond film comic and self-aware to appeal to gut reaction. In the Cold War novels of Graham Greene and John Le Carré, winning is less important than the authors examine moral and spiritual issues. Though "Target," Arthur Penn's new spy narrative shape and the technology of a film, it's primarily concerned not with winning — it seems to assume the audience's own mind. Rather, it's about the toll taken by agents of both East and West in the ongoing struggle for intelligence.

Defenders of the Stallone oeuvre — "Rambo" movies — like to describe the films as if equating these films with fairy tales, dignifying the manner in which they roared and behaved. When, near the end of "Rocky IV," Stallone character single-handedly wins the Vietnamese encampment, their Russian captives, as well as all their aircraft, he's "right," but it's hanging tough not as a movie but as style, as slaughter for

"Rocky IV," which isn't vicious or flag-waver, set new box-office records giving weekend. In its first five days, it made more money than any other movie.

In "Rocky IV," Mr. Stallone has taken it upon himself to fight and win a war that hasn't yet been declared.

Music 'Chorus' by to the Sci

have a story to break up that feeling of one person stepping out of the line — to break the rhythm of that particular aspect. We could have two stories going simultaneously, the kids on the line and the love affair between Cassie and Zach. You can do that in a movie, but not in a play."

S. Campbell Drowns In Freak Accident

Choteau Acantha, June 23, '83

A freak accident claimed the life of Shaun D. Campbell of Pendroy last Saturday, June 18, when he and his horse fell into a reservoir and drowned.

The accident occurred on the Dave McCracken ranch west of Pendroy when Campbell was out gathering cattle on horseback. It is believed the horse slipped down a steep embankment into the water, and neither was able to get out. Both Campbell and his horse drowned in the reservoir.



SHAUN CAMPBELL

When Campbell failed to return, Dave McCracken began to search for him and found the horse in the reservoir. He then returned to his ranch and notified authorities. He and his wife returned to the reservoir with a rope and managed to pull out the dead horse, but were unable to locate Campbell.

Teton County Sheriff's officers, friends and relatives of Campbell joined in the search, using boats and drag lines with no success. Two hours later his brother, Orville Skogen, and Kenny Stevens, scuba divers from Great Falls, recovered the body.

Shaun David Campbell was born Nov. 3, 1957 at Seattle, Wash., the son of Michael J. and Janet M. Campbell. He attended elementary school at Pendroy and four years of high school at Choteau, graduating in 1976. He enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps in January 1976 under the delayed entry program, leaving in May 1976. He spent four years at Camp

Pendleton, Calif., Memphis, Tenn., and Beaufort, S.C. After his military discharge he returned to Montana to spend some time with his family. He returned to Savannah, Ga. to work at Gulf Stream America on airplanes. Missing Montana and the wide open spaces he returned home. In October of 1981 he went to work at the McCracken ranch, west of Pendroy, where he was employed at the time of his death.

Campbell married Myldred Sheeler at Conrad on Nov. 14, 1981. Survivors include, his wife, Myldred, two daughters, Danyelle and Kymberli, one son, Shaun Michael, and his parents, Michael J. and Helen Campbell, all of Pendroy; two sisters, Gail T. Campbell of Choteau, and Kelly Ann Campbell of Pendroy; eight brothers, Michael K. Campbell of Camp Pendleton, Calif.; Daniel J. Campbell of Choteau; Andrew T. and Nicholas P. Campbell, both of Pendroy; Orville Skogen of Great Falls; Michael Skogen of Fort Benton; Neil Skogen of Conrad, and Roger Skogen of Helena; grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. H.T. Hill of Newport, Ore., and numerous other relatives. Preceding him in death were his mother, Janet M. Campbell, and a sister, Colleen Kaye Campbell.

Mass of the resurrection was celebrated Wednesday, June 22, 1983 at St. Joseph's Catholic Church in Choteau with Rev. Harry Butori officiating. Virginia Luinstra, organist, accompanied Brent Ekegren, who sang, "The Lord's Prayer," "Ghost Rider," "Dream Weaver," and "The Circle Can Be Broken."

Pallbearers were Michael K. Campbell, Daniel Campbell, Andrew Campbell, Nicholas Campbell, Orville Skogen Jr., Michael Skogen, Neil Skogen and Roger Skogen.

Honorary pallbearers were Robert C. Sheeler, Gail T. Campbell, Kelly Ann Campbell, Tracy A. Sheeler, Daniel R. Sheeler, Charles W. Sheeler, Thomas A. Campbell, and John M. Campbell. Ushers were Dan Sullivan and Ron Sullivan.

Interment followed at the Choteau cemetery with committal rites conducted by C. James Smith Post No. 6 of American Legion.

Gorder Funeral Home of Choteau was in charge of arrangements.

A Rural Doctor Stresses The Role of Philosophy

By WILLIAM E. SCHMIDT

Special to The New York Times

CLAXTON, Ga. — Curtis G. Hames likes to tell visitors that the house where he was born in 1920 is only a few hundred feet from the building that now houses his medical office. "I guess you could say I haven't gone very far in my life," Dr. Hames said with a grin.

But in the nearly 40 years he has been tending the broken bones, clogged arteries and diseased kidneys of Georgia's rural Evans County, he has achieved a reputation that reaches well beyond the piney woods of the coastal plain.

In September, recognizing the years of research and work he has done on the epidemiology of disease in rural southeast Georgia, the Chicago-based MacArthur Foundation announced that Dr. Hames would receive a \$292,000 research grant.

The money, to be disbursed over a five-year period, will be used to help develop a teaching curriculum for medical students. It is to embody the research principles and data Dr. Hames has worked out while practicing country medicine in this crossroads of 2,700 people 50 miles west of Savannah.

Doctor as Philosopher

The curriculum will also be aimed at instilling in students the thinking that has been at the core of his life and work. Among these is his enduring belief, as the ancient Greek physician and philosopher Galen wrote, that every true physician ought to be a philosopher.

"The fact that we can establish a linear relationship between levels of education and high blood pressure among blacks ought to tell us something," said Dr. Hames, who kept his practice open to black patients even when racial segregation was unquestioned throughout rural Georgia. "It ought to tell us that perhaps we should be treating the problem with education rather than with medicine."

Dr. Hames's determination to look at what he calls the "big picture" led him, in the mid-1950's, to document the high incidence of hypertension, stroke and cardiac disease among people on the coastal plain of the Southeast.

Later he studied the relationship between health and the mineral content of the soil in southeast Georgia. Last May, as part of that work, he traveled to Peking to help preside over an international seminar studying the relationships between illness and the deficiency of the nonmetallic element selenium in diets.

More Than Just Germs

"Epidemiology is more than just figuring out what germs cause measles or yellow fever," said Dr. Hames, who still conducts a six-day practice in Claxton with a son, Dr. Curtis Hames Jr. Another son, Dr. Christopher Hames, is a pediatric psychiatrist at Bellevue Hospital in New York City.

"As physicians, we need to develop new concepts in the way we look at health and disease," he said. "We have to build whole new frameworks for the way we look at the relationship between man and his environment."

Claxton, situated where U.S. 280

and 301 meet, is a curious setting for a physician of Dr. Hames's eclectic nature. It is a country town best known for a large and ambitious mail-order fruitcake business. The water tower over the low roofs of town proclaims Claxton "the fruitcake capital of the world."

Dr. Hames never had any doubt that he wanted to practice medicine here after medical school.

Unsure as a Teen-ager

When he was a teen-ager his role model was Dr. Wallace Daniels, the town's only physician, who had delivered the infant Curtis Gordon Hames, but the teen-ager was not sure he was college material.

So, as a tenth grader, he hitched a ride to New York City on the back of a watermelon truck to visit Columbia University. He showed up unannounced one afternoon and, in the hesitant drawl that still characterizes his speech, said he wanted to know if he was smart enough to go to college.

"They tested me and told me I was a little bit slow," Dr. Hames recalls, "but that I'd do all right, especially because my spatial conceptualizations were excellent."

It was that particular talent, in the context of span of mind, that Dr. Hames has sought to exploit here. "I have an advantage that few others have, because I have spent my lifetime in one place," he said. "It gives me an ability to gather a data base, to spot trends and study relationships, that few others have."

He is a strong advocate of family medicine, saying it exposes the physician to the widest possible variety of medical problems and situations.

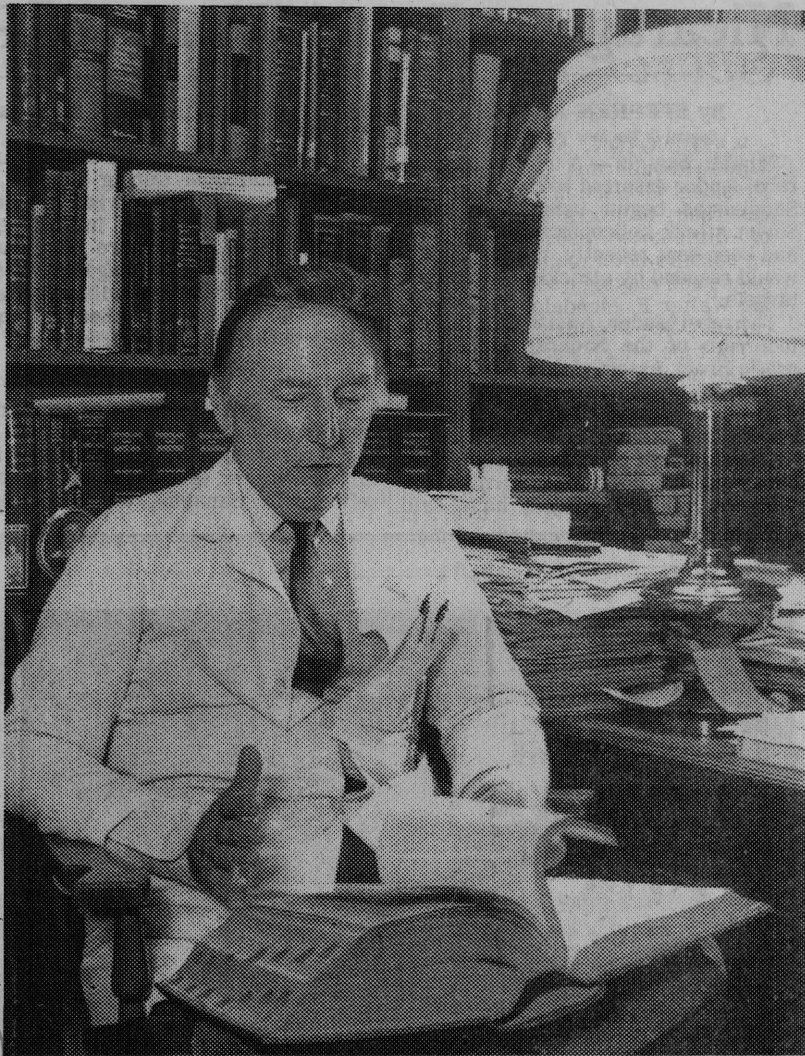
One problem confronting his profession today, he said, is that as medicine becomes more and more specialized, the kinds of ethical and moral decisions that confront the doctor are

more and more complex. And so Dr. Hames says doctors should be well grounded in the humanities and liberal arts.

The curriculum he will soon help to fashion, with the aid of academics from Georgia Southern College in nearby Statesboro, is one he hopes will apply outside the United States, particularly in the developing countries. There, he says, the relationship

between disease and environment is even more dramatic than here.

Dr. Hames says he is a pacifist and opponent of nuclear weapons. In recent years he has not only traveled overseas to proselytize for his views but has also been host to dozens of foreign doctors and medical students who live in private quarters above his medical office and assist him in his research.



The New York Times/Nancy Heffernan

Dr. Curtis G. Hames at his Claxton, Ga. home.

Trading with Indians near Willow Rounds was fraught with danger

Thu

The following article, "Reminiscences of the Indian Trade of the 1860's," as told by Col. S.C. Ashby, was found in the Montana Historical Society Library File No. SC 283 by Jack Hayne, local history buff from Dupuyer. We would like to thank Jack for sharing it with us, as it is especially interesting since it concerns the Willow Rounds locale. Jack noted that the story tends to shift from first person to third person on occasions, but that's the way it is written.

The following portion is an excerpt from the whole story of the life of Col. Ashby in Montana Territory. It includes the part that is relevant to his trading days in this part of Montana.

Ashby came up the Missouri on the steamboat Nile and landed at Fort Benton on June 12th, 1867, fifty-nine days from St. Louis.

He immediately got work with a freight forwarding business at Fort Benton. When this job was finished, he was contacted by I.G. Baker of the well known trading firm of I.G. Baker & Bro. and was employed by them that winter and on through the time of this story.

"In the summer of 1868, the Interior Department of Washington City, issued an order that there would be only two parties licensed to go out and trade with the Indians in their own country. The reason for this order was due to the fact that the Indians coming into the Fort Benton bottom would get drunk and sell their robes and furs for whiskey.

The people at the head of affairs evidently believed that by making the trading posts at some distance from the Fort, they would lessen the chances of the whiskey traders and make it possible for the Indians to receive some material benefit for their commodities.

The country north of Fort Benton was divided as follows: I.G. Baker and Brother received a license to trade in the Indian country north with the Bloods and the North Blackfeet on the Marias River; another license was issued to I.G. Baker to trade at the mouth of People's Creek on the Milk River, where Chas. W. Price could trade with the Gros Ventres and Assiniboines. The other license was issued to the Northwest Fur Company, Jas. Hubbell and John Replinger,

managers. They located on the Teton, about a mile or two from the town of Choteau (about a mile or two from where the town is presently located).

Baker and Brother employed Roche de Rouche, a Frenchman, to manage and interpret for the trading post on the Marias, at a large and handsome salary.

The loading of a large number of teams was left to me. Of course, I saw to it that the goods were loaded in good shape. Everything was gotten ready, the wagons in the corral, teamsters hired and cattle in shape to move. Everything being ready, Baker impressed upon me the importance of watching the goods in the wagons, because he feared that some irresponsible chap or person might put into some of these wagons a jug of whiskey. That would have cancelled our license.

After getting ready, Roche de Rouche came into the office of Baker and Brother, and in my presence said, "Gentlemen, I am a mighty poor man, but you have not got money enough to get me to go with these teams and goods and conduct a trade for the coming winter, so I positively refuse to go, as my wife (an Indian woman), has told me that every white man out there would be killed and scalped."

Baker and Brother investigated and tried for two or three days to find someone in the village who would take the place of Roche de Rouche. So they came back to the store, and I standing at the desk, listened to their conversation. One of them said, "We cannot get a man for love or money to take his place."

I was only a young boy without funds or experience and felt that while I might be taking my life in my own hands, that here was an opportunity that presented itself that would probably not come again. I turned away from my desk to Baker and Brother and said, "Gentlemen, I have had a little experience here with the Indians the last winter, and if you are willing, I am willing to go North and establish the post and conduct a place for you." They seemed delighted and readily accepted my offer, and Mr. I.G. Baker said to me, "Ashby, I have traded with the Sac and Fox Indians, and I will go with you to help you locate your buildings and stockade."

We started out and located

on the Marias River, just below what is known as the Willow Ronde, about ninety or a hundred miles north of Fort Benton; the same property is now owned by Sol Abbott.

Mr. Baker remained with me until we had the buildings up and the trenches dug for the stockade, and it being necessary that he should go to New York, he was to leave me in charge and told me that all that would be necessary to do if the Indians came before the stockade was up, was to move the wagons close to the cabin and do the best that I could in their defense.

While getting the post in condition to make it safe, the party whom I had as cook, quit, and it became necessary for me to attempt to feed twenty-five or thirty men; something that I had never tried to do before. I was successful from keeping them from starving to death, although the food set up to them would never have given me a position as Chef in the Waldorf-Astoria.

By the time that the buildings were up and finished and the trenches dug, the Indians came pouring in from the North, five thousand in one lot. These Indians were headed by Calf Shirt, who was the head of the band who massacred the wood-choppers -- eleven whites and one colored man -- on the Marias several years before (1865). (Note - this was at the prospective site of Ophir, a community that never got established). Calf Shirt had never been to the Missouri River since he had killed those men. As soon as we were located so that people could learn where we were, the whiskey traders from Sun River and every place else began to come to Fort Ashby.

I made a successful trade with the Bloods, the North Blackfeet, and the North Piegiens. While making their trade, I found that the Indians were pilfering, and also that my interpreters were not honest, as they were not careful enough in trying to protect us from marauders. I sent a courier with a letter to Baker and Brother and said to them that I was working night and day and explained the conditions, telling them I wanted a good, honest man sent that would help me watch and protect their business. When the courier returned it was after dark, but who should come with him in answer to my request but W.G. Conrad, who worked for us for forty dollars a month.

Liquor and alcohol, in those days, were packed in tin cans something similar to the ones in which coal oil is carried in now. This was to be carried on horseback by placing it in the par fleches or bags.

These whiskey men would make it very disagreeable for those, who like myself, were trading with the Indians, and as soon as this whiskey or alcohol was within a mile or two of my trading post, the Indians would get drunk, jump on their horses with nothing

but hair lariats, and when they would arrive at the post, they would say, "You miserable, dirty white dog. You are here with your cattle eating our grass, drinking our water, and cutting our wood. We want you to get out of here, or we will wipe you out." They would then shoot over our heads into the goods, and I will tell you that this is not a comfortable position to be in.

When there was as high as six, eight or ten thousand Indians and not less than five thousand surrounding you at any time, you can imagine our sensation.

In order to protect the goods, I sent and got Calf Shirt and dressed him up and made him my soldier, as I wished for his influence with the young bucks.

Father Imoda, a Catholic priest, came to me and wanted the use of one of the buildings to hold mass and baptize the young Indians, which I readily granted him. On one occasion when I had gone North to the Stoney Indians, near Mountain Chief Butte in Canada, the whiskey people came in close to the fort; nearly all the Indians got drunk, and among them was my soldier, Calf Shirt. It seemed his greatest desire was to kill or murder Father Imoda, and in one of those houses inside the stockade, he did raise his gun, ready cocked, direct in the face, or at the breast, of the Father and would have undoubtedly killed him if it had not been for Will G. Conrad, who saw the situation in an instant and threw up the Chief's arms; the gun went off with a bullet through the roof of the cabin.

Trading with the Indians, as explained by Col Ashby, was peculiar. There was no money, and the trading and the exchanges of goods was for hides, robes and pelts, the only things that the Indians could get. The robes had a price for which the whites would exchange the commodities of his store, and it depended somewhat with the Indian, as it did with his white brother, as to the particular

(Continued to page 8)

(over)



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June 13, 1984

Dear Ivan,

Sorry I have been a bit slow with this, but the end of the quarter workload bogged me down. The items on the accompanying list can all be found in the geography library on the 4th flook of Smith Hall at the University of Washington. If you have three or four hours that you could spend there, I am sure that you would find some of them of interest.

Thank you very much for Gary Hammond's and Bob Reid's names. The next time we get into that area I'll try to get in touch with them. I was particularly pleased to hear about the Pine Bluff Preserve, since I am also interested in what the Nature Conservancy is doing.

Unfortunately we did not get enough people to go along on the trip this year. We probably did not work hard enough on its promotion. However, we enjoyed it so much last year that we will probably try again in the summer of "85". In the meantime, Tom Walker and I will be doing a little bit of traveling with the idea of developing another trip/course combination.

Good luck with your forthcoming novel(s), and I do hope we get a chance to meet sometime in the future.

Sincerely,
16 June '84

Dick Boyle

Dear Dick--

The list came at just the right time--I'm done with the English Creek novel and can begin to turn my thinking toward the homesteader novel, and how that northern Montana country looked to Scots immigrants.

Maybe our paths will cross this fall. I'll probably be huckstering this book on your side of the Sound now and then.

thanks again.

p.s. Recent book you might like to see: Characters and Their Landscapes, by Ronald Blythe (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich). Mostly about Thomas Hardy country and so on, but some wonderfully quotable stuff.

PERIODICALS

- Lowenthal, David and H. C. Prince, "English Landscape Tastes: Geographical Review, 1965, Volume 55, pp. 186-222.
- Mather, E. Cotton, "The American Great Plains," Annals of the Association of American Geographers (AAAG), June 1972, Volume 62, No. 2, pp. 237-57. ("Despite the economic and physical diversity of the Great Plains region, certain cultural traits have persisted since early white settlement.....")
- Anon., "Geography in Literature," Geographical Review, 1924, Volume 14, pp. 659-660.
- Anon., "Bibliographical Sources for Geographical Fiction," Geographical Review, 1938, Volume 28, pp. 499-500.

RESOURCE PAPERS AND BOOKS

- ← See Lithal article, pp. 89-117
- Lowenthal, David and Martyn J. Bowden, Editors, Geographies of the Mind, Oxford University Press, 1976 G62
G46
- Moore, Gary T. and R. G. Golledge, Editors, Environmental Knowing: Theories, Research and Methods, Dander, Hutchison and Ross, 1976. (Section 7, pp. 259-294 contains 5 articles on literature and the environment.) PR
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- Pocock, Douglas C. D., Editor, Humanistic Geography and Literature, Barnes and Noble, 1981. →
- Salter, Christopher L. and Wm. J. Lloyd, Landscape in Literature, Resource Papers for College Geography, No. 76-3, Association of American Geographers, 1977. PS
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- Wagner, Philip L. and Marvin W. Mikesell, Editors, Readings in Cultural Geography, The University of Chicago Press, 1962.
- Wright, John K., Human Nature in Geography, Harvard University Press, 1966.

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- Lowenthal, David and H. C. Prince, "English Landscape Tastes: Geographical Review, 1965, Volume 55, pp. 186-222.
- Mather, E. Cotton, "The American Great Plains," Annals of the Association of American Geographers (AAAG), June 1972, Volume 62, No. 2, pp. 237-57. ("Despite the economic and physical diversity of the Great Plains region, certain cultural traits have persisted since early white settlement.....")
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- Wagner, Philip L. and Marvin W. Mikesell, Editors, Readings in Cultural Geography, The University of Chicago Press, 1962.
- Wright, John K., Human Nature in Geography, Harvard University Press, 1966.

ers, and others. One problem is that most historical researchers only have a general idea of the challenges that face archivists. A bigger problem is that archivists have not reached agreement on how they should deal with those challenges. This latter problem is the chief concern in this slim volume by Richard C. Berner, a veteran university archivist.

Berner's work is neither a book of theory nor a history of the development of archival practices in the United States. What he offers is a series of analytical essays on the development of archival theory and practice in America, emphasizing the functional essentials of the arrangement and description of archives. Unfortunately, he eschews dealing with the third basic practice—a particularly knotty one—the appraisal of records.

Berner analyzes the impact of the divergent views on the administration of public archives and historical manuscripts that developed early in the twentieth century. This he does very well, showing how archivists adopted the European principle of provenance so that they could treat records in groups, according to who created them, and how manuscript curators emphasized chronological and subject-matter arrangements of papers. This split between theory and practice would pose serious problems in servicing materials. Although provenance became the dominant operating principle in dealing with unpublished materials by the 1950s, theory and practice remained muddled because of the lingering influence of the historical manuscripts tradition and allied library methods. As Berner indicates, this is reflected in the American Library Association's *Anglo-American Cataloging Rules* and the Library of Congress's *National Union Catalog of Manuscript Collections*.

Although one can suggest that Berner exaggerates the current differences among those who administer archives and manuscripts, he makes a good case for the proposition that archivists must strive to refine the theory underlying their work and the arrangement and descriptive practices that stem from that theory. This is all the more necessary, as Berner points out, as the challenges by automation become more pressing for archival and manuscript repositories. Berner offers many interesting suggestions for improving archival practices. There is a serious question, however, as to whether his suggestions will fit in with a general archival theory acceptable to most members of his rather pragmatic profession.

Berner's work is certain to shake up the thinking of archivists and it will probably outrage many librarians. Yet they, and historians, can learn from his thoughtful and bold analysis of the problems of archival administration and from his models for better information retrieval. Never mind that he

chivists have the resources required to implement his suggestions. Berner's is an important challenge to archivists to reassess theory and to improve their approaches to arrangement, description, and, necessarily, training and appraisal. The question that remains unanswered, in the absence of a theorist-teacher of the stature of a Solon Buck, Ernst Posner, or Theodore Schellenberg, is how archivists are going to do so.

DONALD R. MCCOY
University of Kansas

Am Her Rev June 84

ROBERT G. DUNBAR. *Forging New Rights in Western Waters*. Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press. 1983. Pp. xiii, 278.

People born and raised in the semiarid and arid West have to cross the 98th meridian to experience what goes on in the humid East—weird moths with huge wingspreads banging against the windows at night, locusts the size of sparrows chattering in the trees by day, crickets and June bugs that do not hide in the cracks in the concrete but come right out and look you over. And the humidity? It has to be lived in to be believed. How can the Easterners stand it?

For their part, Easterners may well wonder at what Robert G. Dunbar discusses in his study of the development of Western water law. Suffice to say that for the people who pioneered and whose descendants live in the West, development of the West's water resources has meant the growth of the West itself. Its availability has determined the prosperity of the region; its scarcity has been the cause of many conflicts.

Dunbar traces the evolution of Western water use from aboriginal times to the present. Spanish pioneers found and used irrigation ditches dug by their Indian predecessors. In the latter half of the nineteenth century, Mormons confronted an environment that offered minimal rainfall, while farmers and ranchers from Montana south to Texas and from the Dakotas west to California wrestled with the need to provide enough water to make agriculture profitable and urban growth feasible. They soon found that the water laws of the humid East, based on English legal precedent, did not work very well in the West. Under riparian law, landowners living by watercourses had little obligation either to conserve water or see that their neighbors got a fair share. Western settlers quickly recognized the impracticality of such logic and worked out their own solution—the doctrine of prior appropriation, or "first in time, first in right."

Characteristically, states in the West went their own ways in shaping Western water laws. Colorado early tried to create a comprehensive system of

administrative structure copied and modified by other Western states and territories. As the West developed, complicated questions arose. What about rivers that originate in one state but course through one or more neighboring states? The interstate compact idea promised to resolve such issues, but it has provided plenty of litigation and headaches for federal courts.

Along with laws and policies on surface water, groundwater use has aroused controversy over its distribution and consumption. Meanwhile, many Westerners have raised an alarm over the federal government's infringements on state water rights. The historical record overflows with lawsuits, many of which drag on for years. California lawyers, for example, have enjoyed decades of business generated by the state's confusing acceptance of both riparian and prior appropriation doctrines. Critics have despaired of attempts to twist the appropriation doctrine to meet the challenges of an increasingly complex society.

Dunbar, with the credentials of almost four decades of exploring the mysteries of Western water law, argues effectively that the appropriation doctrine, for all its modifications and imperfections, is the West's best answer to its unique needs. His book, the only modern survey of its kind, offers an opportunity for understanding how important the water issue is in shaping the economic and social future of the West.

ABRAHAM HOFFMAN
Benjamin Franklin High School,
Los Angeles Unified School District

ALBERT E. COWDREY. *This Land, This South: An Environmental History*. (New Perspectives on the South.) Lexington: University Press of Kentucky. 1983. Pp. xii, 236. \$23.00.

The American South has been written about from almost every angle, but now an ignored part of its history has been covered in this fine book. *This Land, This South* is a clear and pungent environmental history that has long been needed.

Albert E. Cowdrey, a medical historian for the U.S. Army, has ably traced the environmental development of the South from its prehistoric beginnings to the reemergence of the South as a part of the magical "Sunbelt." Especially valuable to the professional and layman alike is the discussion of the fragile nature of the southern ecology. From the beginning of European penetration of the Southeast through its development as the center of plantation economy and on to the exploitation of sharecropping and twentieth-century ravages, the environment has been the subject of unbelievable abuse. The fact that the problem has remained

leaving behind, they were the only friends he had known; and a sense of his loneliness in the great wide world sank into the child's heart for the first time.

Poor Oliver! The workhouse board had that very day arrived at a decision which would exercise a material influence over all his future fortunes. They had established the rule that all poor people should have the alternative (for they would compel nobody, not they) of being starved by a gradual process in the house or by a quick one out of it. With this view, they issued three meals of thin gruel a day, with an onion twice a week, and half a roll on Sundays.

The room in which the boys were fed was a large stone hall with a copper at one end, out of which the master ladled the gruel at mealtimes. Of this festive composition each boy had one porringer, and no more. The bowls never wanted washing. The boys polished them with their spoons till they shone; and when they had performed this operation, they would sit staring at the copper, with such eager eyes, as if they could have devoured the very bricks of which it was composed, employing themselves, meanwhile, in sucking their fingers most assiduously, with the view of catching up any stray splashes of gruel that might have been cast thereon. Boys have generally excellent appetites. Oliver Twist and his companions suffered the tortures of slow starvation for three months: at last they got so voracious and wild with hunger that one boy, who was tall for his age, and not used to that sort of thing, hinted darkly to his companions that unless he had another basin of gruel per diem, he was afraid he might some night happen to eat the boy who slept next him. He had a wild, hungry eye; and they implicitly believed him. A council was held; lots were cast to determine who should walk up to the master after supper that evening and ask for more; and it fell to Oliver Twist.

The evening arrived; the boys took their places. The master stationed himself at the copper; his pauper assistants ranged themselves behind him; the gruel was served out; and a long grace was said over the short commons. The gruel disappeared; the boys winked at Oliver. Child as he was, he was desperate with hunger, and reckless with misery. He rose from the table and, advancing to the master, basin in hand, said, somewhat alarmed at his own temerity, "Please, sir, I want some more."

The master was a fat, healthy man; but he turned very pale

He gazed in stupefied astonishment on the small rebel and then clung for support to the copper. The assistants were paralyzed with wonder; the boys with fear. "What!" said the master at length, in a faint voice.

"Please, sir," replied Oliver, "I want some more."

The master aimed a blow at Oliver's head with the ladle, pinioned him in his arms, and shrieked aloud for the beadle. The board were sitting in solemn conclave, when Mr. Bumble rushed into the room in great excitement and, addressing the gentleman at the top, said, "Mr. Limbkins, I beg your pardon, sir! Oliver Twist has asked for more!"

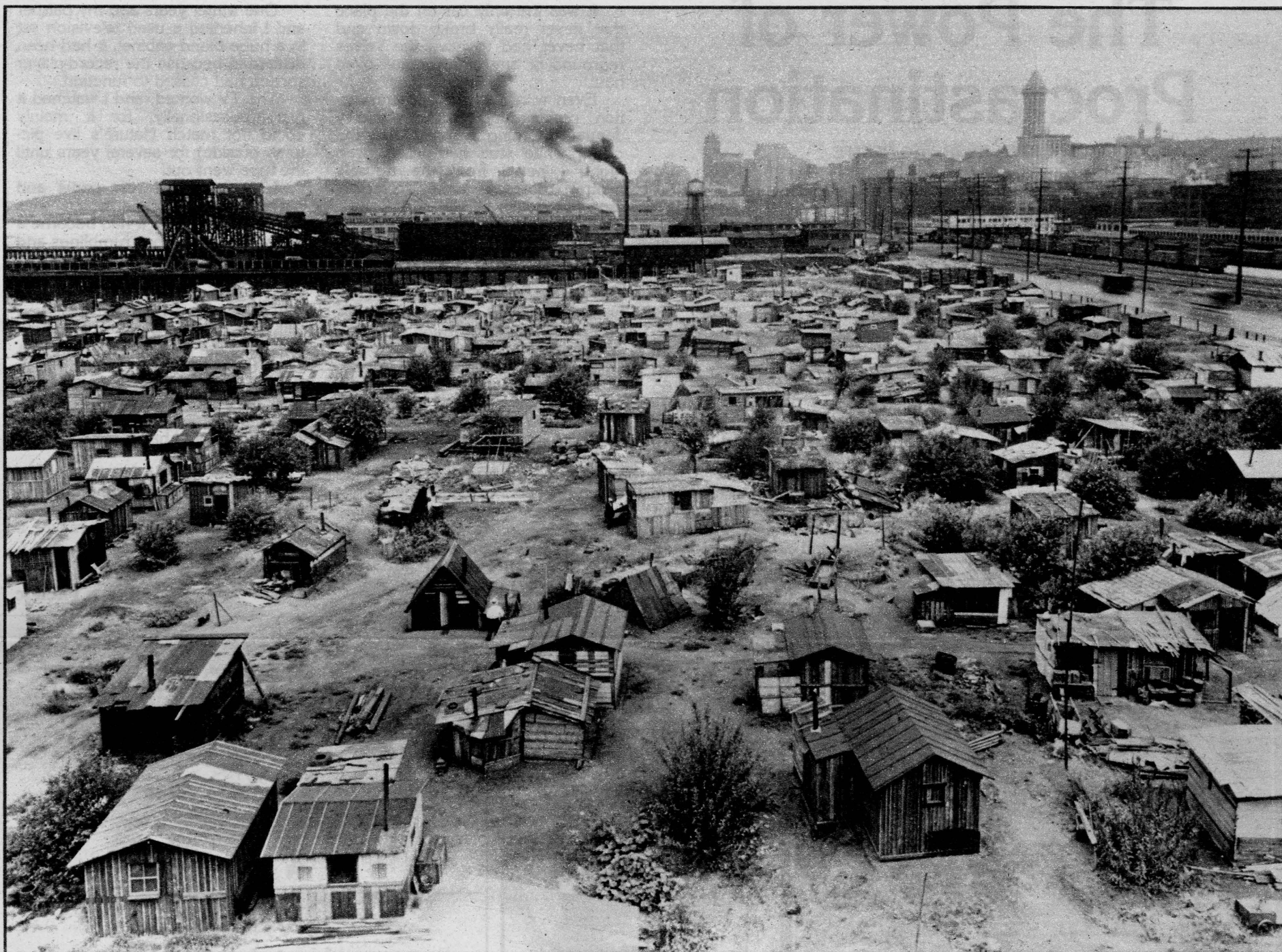
There was a general start. Horror was depicted on every countenance. "For more! That boy will be hung," said a gentleman in a white waistcoat. "I know that boy will be hung."

Oliver was ordered into instant confinement; and a bill was next morning pasted on the outside of the gate, offering a reward of five pounds to anybody who would take Oliver Twist off the hands of the parish. In other words, five pounds and Oliver Twist were offered to any man or woman who wanted an apprentice to any trade, business, or calling.

For a week after the commission of the impious and profane offence of asking for more, Oliver remained a prisoner in a dark and solitary room; crying bitterly all day; when the long, dismal night came on, spreading his little hands before his eyes to shut out the darkness, and crouching in a corner to sleep. As for exercise, it was a nice cold weather and he was allowed to perform his ablutions under the pump in a stone yard, while Mr. Bumble prevented him from catching cold by repeated applications of the cane. As for society, he was carried every other day into the hall and there sociably displayed as a public warning and example.

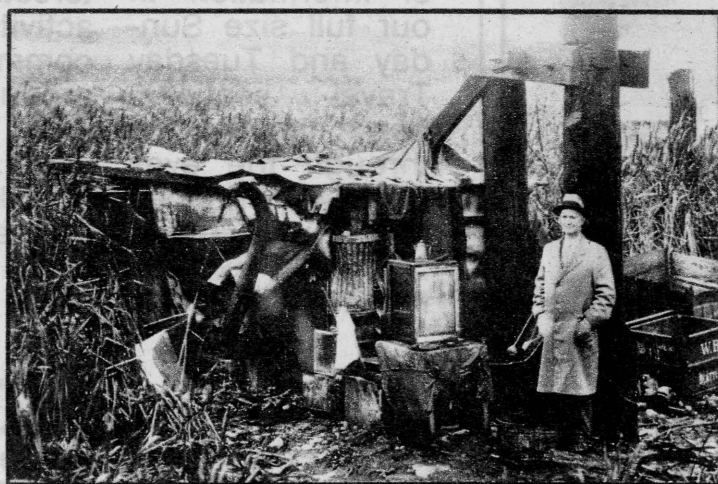
It chanced one morning, while Oliver's affairs were in this uncomfortable state, that Mr. Gamfield, chimney sweep, was deeply contemplating ways and means of paying certain arrears of rent when, passing the workhouse, his eyes encountered the bill on the gate. "No-o!" said Mr. Gamfield, bestowing a blow on the head of his policy and giving its jaw a sharp wrench.

The gentleman with the white waistcoat was standing at the gate after delivering himself of some profound sentiments in the



This is a mid-30s panorama of Hooverville, looking north.

Washington State Library



This tideflat home at Third Avenue and Charleston Street was photographed by James Less October 27, 1931.

UW Historical Photography Collection

Hooverville

WRITTEN BY PAUL DORPAT

In the winter of 1934 a University of Washington sociology student paid \$15 for a squatter's shack a few blocks from Skid Road. Donald Francis Roy moved in not to lighten the cost of housing, but to write a master's thesis he would title "Hoo-

verville, a study of a community of homeless men in Seattle."

Roy's thesis is remarkable not only for its daring research but also for its style. A profile of the sometimes sarcastic, often sympathetic and always playful Roy comes as

The Power of Procrastination

WRITTEN BY IRVING PETITE

When I checked my truck's rear lights, before going to an evening meeting in Issaquah, I realized that the small one for the rear license plate was working.

For at least two years the license-plate light has not worked. Earlier years, a smart rap would bring it alive.

Came the time such a rap wouldn't work, I removed the light bulb from its socket and replaced it, studied the wiring and realized that if I worked on it I might jostle a really critical brake or other light wire.

Now, all on its own, the license-plate light works again.

In a January week of deep snow, we'd chainsawed a fir log in the front yard, split it and loaded the truck bed for traction in what became 10-inch snow. That had worked better than studded tires, and perhaps the

weight had somehow remeshed the wiring.

So, over the years on Tiger Mountain, I have found nearly everything, save dents in the fenders and slow leaks in the tires, will take care of itself if left alone.

When my late partner, Bill McCauley, and I both were going to sea we bought, in 1948, a 1947 Ford for \$1,700. (That was within \$50 of the price of our original 165 acres of land on Tiger Mountain.)

Eventually we changed the green 1947 Ford's sparkplugs but retained the original ones and then, at about 90,000 miles, we removed the replacements and again installed the cleaned original set. We had driven the car 120,000 miles when the speedometer and ammeter stopped performing — and then we drove it some more.

It was the only car on the place that never really broke down and that never had to have the valves reground or any other engine overhaul.

Even with livestock, procrastination proves out. Another snowy January morning, before I knew the clean, white stuff had fallen overnight, I heard from the house's central room a turkey's rapidly repeated, healthy "B-l-e-e-P."

From that room — from which the Fisher stove with its capacity for three-foot logs keeps the entire house toasty — a series of turkey trills sounded again, and I whistled back . . . relieved in spirit that Snow White had made it through what had seemed to be her final days.

Snow White didn't want to eat, although when I came with earthworms for the house salamander and took her a few, she ate them if I put them into her opened beak.

Finally (when her head wove as if in death throes), I quit fooling around, pried her beak open while holding her under my arm and introduced, in stages, a quarter pound of raw hamburger. The next morning came the healthy "B-l-e-e-P."

One winter years ago my partner and I inherited a used television set in a huge blond cabinet. It had been discarded because the record-player section had ceased to function.

The TV worked, and I watched it (very occasionally, for it mainly could not match Nature's live pictures outside) for several years until the tube went out.

I removed the rear panel and peered into the cage which says "High Voltage," for it had become a region of malodorous rumblings and flashings. These were manifestations of "Beware" so I prudently buttoned it back up.

From then on I heard television without having to watch it. And then one night the light came back on. A wire or condenser in the "High Voltage" cage must have melted itself back into a state of productivity, or bypassed the ailing member, and once more I had a picture along with the audio.

As one of my favorite editors once told me, concerning another problem:

"If you don't look at it, maybe it will just go away."

Almost always, it does.

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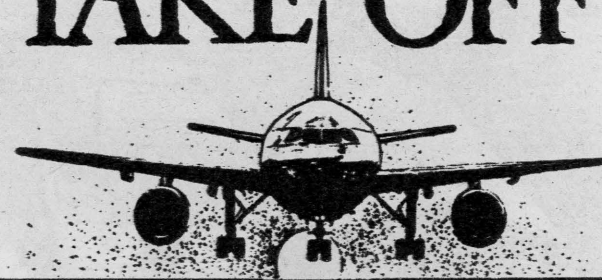
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steadily from his writing as has its scholarly influence on every bit of informed writing since on the local effects of the Great Depression.

In a style not very academic, Roy's introductory paragraph concludes:

"... From the sandy waste of an abandoned shipyard site, almost in the shadow of the multi-story brick-and-steel sanatoria of indisposed business, was swiftly hammered and wired into flower a conglomerate of grotesque dwellings, a Christmas-mix assortment of American junk that stuck together in congested disarray like sea-soaked jetsam spewed on the beach. To honor a distinguished engineer and designer, this unblueprinted, tin-can esque architecturaloid was named Hooverville."

Before he could get started with his research, Roy's \$15 home required some "aggressive adaptations." He placed "a curse upon the rat that gnawed under the flooring at night," let go his assistant "who snored vigorously from 11 p.m. to 8 a.m." and vowed to get "an occasional night's rest in an uptown hotel."

His shack's homemade stove leaked so that in a single night "one could quickly smoke a winter's supply of fish." Consequently, Roy vowed to eat "at least one meal a day in a restaurant."

Our mid-1930s' panorama (left) of Donald Roy's community was photographed from the roof of the B.F. Goodrich Rubber Co. building at the northwest corner of what were then Connecticut Street and Railroad Avenue, and are today Royal Brougham and East Marginal Ways. In this view we see a little more than half of the 500 shanties Roy described as "scattered over the terrain in insane disorder ... In this labyrinth the investigator wandered for days, pacing off lengths and widths and distances from this to that and achieved, after a great sacrifice of leather, a fairly accurate map."

Roy used this map-making venture to develop rapport with the residents. With the help of Hooverville's "mayor," Jesse Jackson, he divided the shacktown into 12 lettered parts. Each residence was then identified by a letter and number whitewashed beside the door.

With the "college boy's" map, the mayor explained, relief payments could be more readily delivered, new residents and drunk ones would

have a better chance of finding their way home at night and, with addresses, the residents could register to vote. Of course, the map also would help this "college boy" begin his census and write his thesis.

Using a conversational style that was a "combination of aggressiveness and seeming indifference," Roy interviewed 650 residents. He developed what today is called a "demographic profile" of what he called "Mr. Hooverville, Seattle's candidate for all-American oblivion."

Mr. Hooverville was "jobless, propertyless, familyless. Savings spent, he came to Hooverville in the fall of 1932 to make that community his home." He was primarily a "rustler," scrounging for materials to build his shack and maintain it and "bumming food from grocery stores." He was white, single, over 40 and a "shovel stiff," or unskilled laborer.

Roy also counted seven women, 120 Filipinos, 25 Mexicans and 29 blacks, one of them Hooverville's "sheriff."

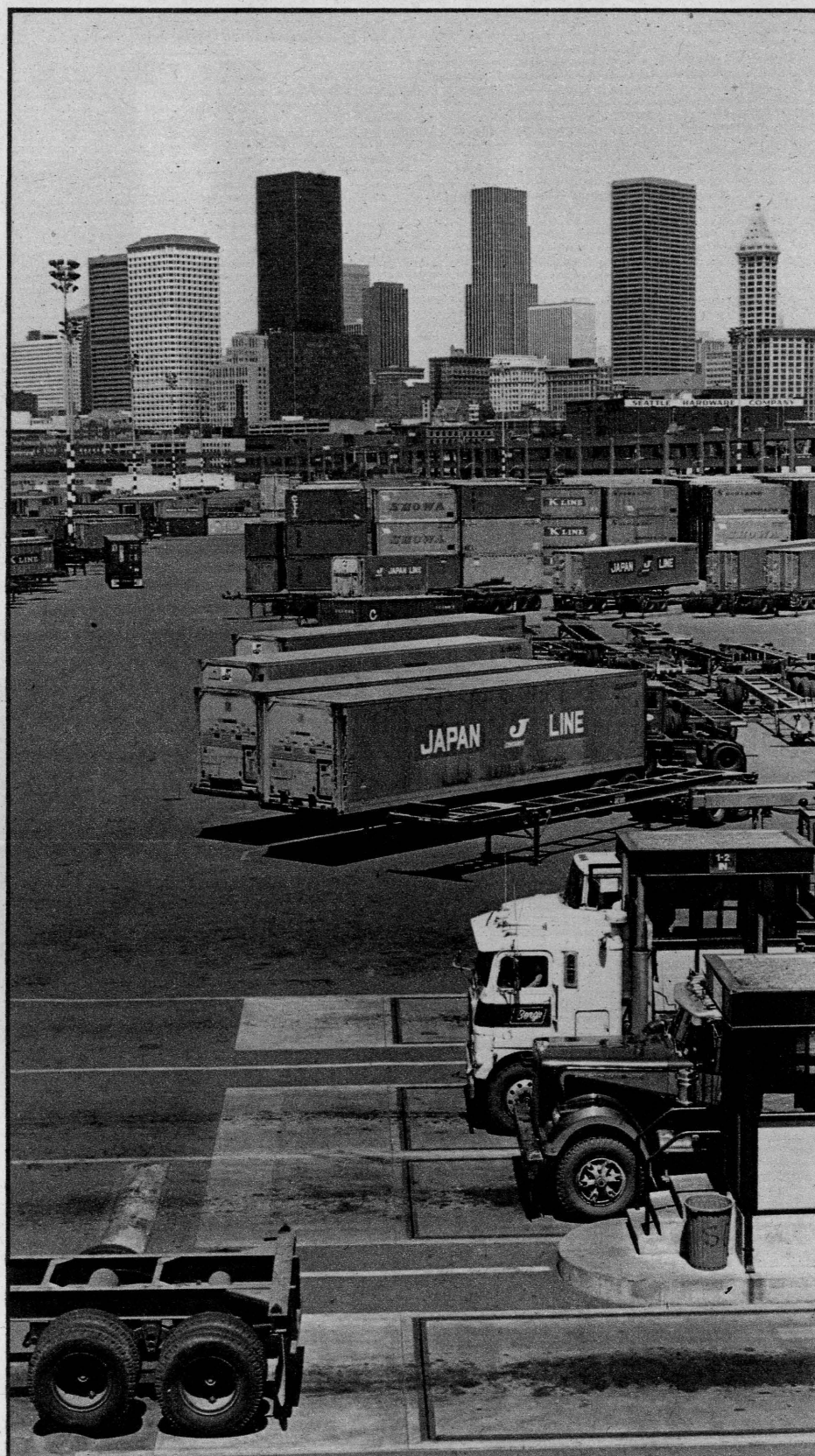
Roy noted that Hooverville was a rare social "air pocket" in which the normal impersonality of city living had not "choked out the flowers of open, unaffected friendliness toward fellow men ... This spirit of camaraderie is carried over racial barriers ... The attitudes of the Negroes, particularly, showed an utter absence of feelings of resentment or inferiority toward whites."

Hooverville was only one of several such local shantytowns.

"Louisville," on Harbor Island, was another of about the same size: around 1,000 residents in the dead of winter. And there were hundreds of other smaller sites dotting the tidelands, abandoned industrial parks, railroad sidings and the banks of the Duwamish River. Rudimentary squatting had been a regular practice in any idle area since at least the Crash of 1893, and still is today.

With wartime prosperity and the expansion of shipbuilding came the sudden destruction of both Louisville and Hooverville, even before Pearl Harbor. Many of the residents got jobs. Many others simply moved up the river and rustled new shacks.

Donald Roy's thesis was completed in 1935, so it says nothing about the fate of his neighbors. Nor, for that matter, does the University of Washington have any records of whatever happened to Donald Francis Roy.



Paul Dorpat

The site of Hooverville had shipyards from the turn of the century through World War I. It has returned to shipping purposes, as seen in this recent photo of containers for cargo.

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BRIDGER PASS CAMP (FLAT-HEAD PASS CAMP) was a summer camp set up by detachments from Fort Ellis to guard three adjacent passes through the Bridger Mountains: Bridger or Flathead Pass, Blackfoot Pass, and Sixteen-Mile Canyon.

The camp was probably maintained only from 1871 to 1873.

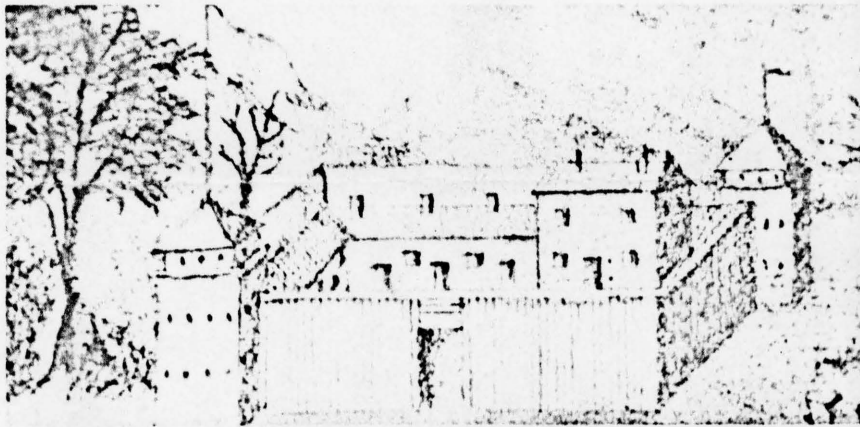
FORT BROWNING was built in 1869 by A.J. Smith, James Hubbell, and A.F. Hawley,¹² operating as the Northwest Fur Company, and may have been named for Orville H. Browning, secretary of the interior. Its tenure as a trading post was brief, as evidenced by an article in the September 25, 1868 issue of the *Montana Post*. The story claimed that an Indian agency was to be established at the fort for Gros Ventre and Crow Indians. The *Post* dubbed Fort Browning a "fine" post that would include forty houses. Less than a week following the newspaper item, Major Alonzo S. Reed assumed charge of the fort, located on the south side of the Milk River and on the west side of Peoples Creek.

The fort became an agency supply-dispersing center for Gros Ventres, Assiniboines, Sioux, and River Crow. Because of deadly smallpox among other tribes, the post was abandoned. The Sioux were sent to the reservation, the Assiniboines were moved to Belknap; the Crows remained in the area.

The site is near

FORT CAMPBELL was built in 1846 on the south side of the Milk River for the Harve Company fur organization. It was soon overshadowed by Fort Benton — an important fur post and trading center. Soon after built, Fort Campbell was abandoned. The Missouri from Fort Benton and the two were kept open until spring 1860, when they were combined.

The post was converted to a temporary Jesuit mission. It functioned in that capacity until 1864.



Fort Campbell by Father Nicholas Point.

sent by
Mike
Archdale,
Miles City

Ivan, I thought that
this little information
might be of some

interest to you. It is taken from the book "Military and

- 16 -

Trading Posts of Montana including sites in North Dakota

Wyoming, Alberta and British Columbia"

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Don Miller
Stan Co



MONTANA POST

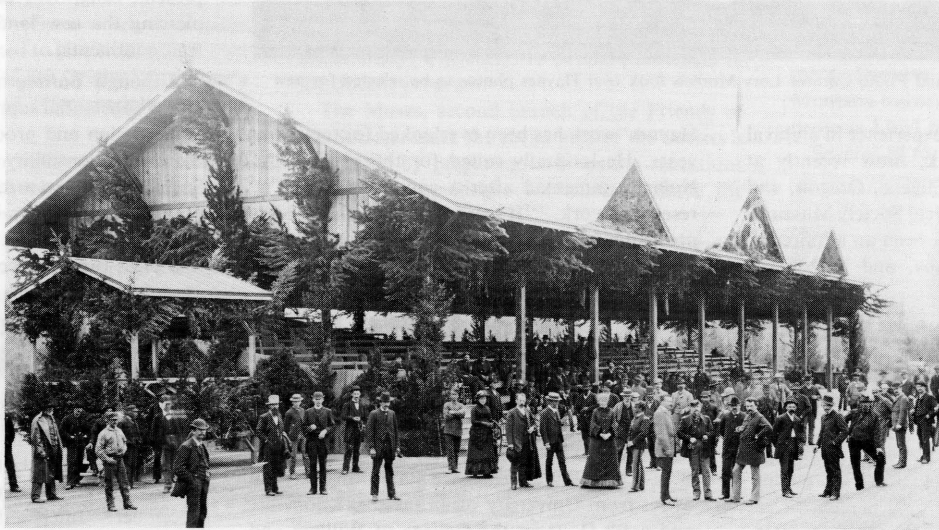
* REGISTERED TRADEMARK

Vol. 20 No. 4

Official Newsletter of the Montana Historical Society

Nov.-Dec. 1982

MHS Press to Undertake New Book



F. Jay Haynes Photo, Haynes Coll., MHS

Golden Spike Pavilion, Gold Creek, M.T., September 8, 1883

On September 8, 1883, at Gold Creek, Montana Territory, near present day Garrison, hundreds of celebrants gathered to mark the completion of the nation's second transcontinental, the Northern Pacific Railroad. The gala occasion was highlighted by speeches delivered by dignitaries, including Northern Pacific president Henry Villard and General U. S. Grant. Next summer is the centennial of that celebration. With the generous aid of a grant from Burlington Northern, Inc., the Montana Historical Society Press will join in the centennial observance with the production of a substantial volume on F. Jay Haynes' documentary and promotional photographs of the Northern Pacific Railroad, from 1877 to about 1905.

Utilizing the fabulous Haynes Photo Collection, already the basis for the Press' prize-winning *F. Jay Haynes, Photographer*, Montana Historical Society staff will oversee the writing, editing and production of a 200-page, large-format book that will trace the relationships between Haynes and the NP. Haynes, who carried the title of "Official Photographer" for the NP, took photographs of NP construction, excursion trains, structures, rolling stock and engines, roundhouses, scenic views and more, over a thirty-year period. The purpose of the new book,

which will be published in late August 1983, is to view the progress and promotion of the NP through the lens of its official photographer and to tell the story of Haynes' photographic efforts on the railroad's behalf.

Edward Nolan has joined the staff of the publications department at the Society for the duration of this project, as a researcher/writer. Nolan will research the 9,000 image F. Jay Haynes Photo Collection, aid in the selection of the best NP-related photographs, research the Haynes-NP connection, and write the text for the

book. The task is a challenge for historian Nolan and the Society staff who will be involved.

Nolan, a native of Yakima, Washington, on the NP mainline, has been researching Northern Pacific Railroad history for many years. His master's thesis, written at University of Oregon in 1971, dealt with W. Milnor Roberts, chief engineer of the Northern Pacific in the 1860s. Nolan is also very knowledgeable about the NP mainline and branch line development, the styles and varieties of station houses and other railroad structures, and the general history of the NP.

(continued)



Researcher Edward Nolan and Photo Curator Lory Morrow look over Haynes photos to be selected for new MHS Press book.

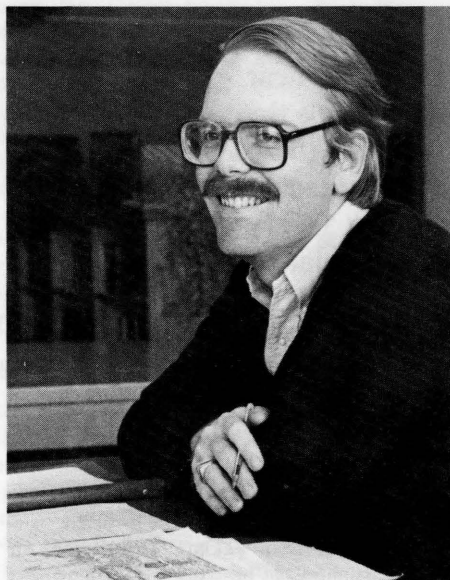
He has also had years of experience in archival and historical library work, most recently at Lane County Museum in Eugene, Oregon, and before that at Seattle Historical Society Museum. In addition, Nolan has long been an admirer of F. Jay Haynes' photography, and he believes

Haynes' work has been overlooked for too many years. He is ideally suited for this project. As Nolan commented after a couple of weeks of research work, "It seems that I have been preparing for this job for years without knowing it." The Montana Historical Society Press is for-

Van West, Supervisor of Capitol Tours

In September, Van West became supervisor of the Montana State Capitol tour program, which has been under the direction of the Society since late spring. As part of his duties, he is continuing to prepare an interpretation plan for the guides' use.

He is emphasising, he says, that "we are inter-



preters rather than only tour guides, presenting themes" for Montanans to consider as they view the art and architecture and hear the history of their capitol.

West describes the capitol as "where the people's representatives and representations of the people are combined in a symbolic structure,"

adding that its decorations demonstrate how turn-of-the-century Montanans saw their past.

An historian who is currently pursuing his own research into Montana topics, West received his B.A. from Middle Tennessee State University, an M.A. from University of Tennessee, Knoxville, and a Ph.D. from the College of William and Mary. He has worked as an interpreter at Colonial Williamsburg.

Serving with West as capitol tour guides are Joan Haefer, a longtime Society docent and former teacher, and Ed Madej, an ecologist and freelance writer who has taught at the college level.

Group tours during the winter season, including the Legislative Session, must be scheduled at least two weeks in advance—by calling Jennifer Thompson at the Society.

New Appointments to OGM Board

The Society's Board of Trustees has appointed two new members to the Original Governor's Mansion Restoration Board. Joan Bousliman, who has long been an active supporter of the Mansion, replaces retiring Board member Hugh McWhorter. Marjorie Sharp, who is also on the Board of the Friends of the Society, will fill the unexpired term of Janeen McCarvel, who resigned from the Board. The Trustees also reappointed Carla Cronholm and Bill Coddington to their second terms on the Board.

The Mansion Board elected a new slate of officers at its October meeting. Bill Coddington is the 1982-83 Chairman, Carla Cronholm is Vice-Chairman, and Sue Bartlett is Secretary-Treasurer.

tunate to have been able to hire Ed Nolan to research and write this book.

The book is planned to include 175 to 200 photographs, many of them presented in 7" x 9" size or larger. The photographs have been selected to portray the historical development of the NP as it encouraged settlement along its line and the historically important photographs Haynes took in his official role. Many of the photographs originally were commissioned by NP officials, while others were of Haynes' own selections that were utilized by the company in their promotion efforts.

Regardless of Haynes' premise for taking the specific photos, the historical photographic record produced by Haynes is impressive and very enlightening. In it we see views of roadbed construction, bridge and trestle construction, engineers with their locomotives, immigrants to a new land, the promise of bountiful farms and new towns. Haynes' camera, as this book will present, caught the images of a civilizing force piercing the new land — the Northern Pacific transcontinental.

Although Burlington Northern, Inc. is providing substantial support for this book, the contents, design and production of the volume are the sole responsibility of the Montana Historical Society Press. An arrangement has been worked out with University of Washington Press to distribute the book on an international basis. Initial press run is expected to be 5,000 copies.

AASLH Selects Mary Hoffschwelle

Mary Hoffschwelle, Curator of the Original Governor's Mansion, has been selected by the American Association for State and Local History to attend a national seminar in early December. "Interpreting the Decorative Arts in Historical Agencies" is hosted at the Louisiana State museum and The Historic New Orleans Collection in New Orleans.

Ms. Hoffschwelle will join other historical agency professionals from across the nation, including staffers from museums, other historical societies, and historical sites. Participants were selected on the basis of their involvement in decorative arts and their ability to pass seminar-gained skills on to others.

Experts in various fields of decorative arts will offer modern interpretive techniques and their application for historical agencies. Participants will study research techniques and methodologies, collecting strategies, aesthetics and provenance, form and function, and exhibit themes and techniques.

History Conference Sessions Taped

All sessions and individual speakers at the History Conference were tape-recorded, and copy tapes (in cassette form) are available for \$3.00 per tape, postage included. Because some sessions ran long enough to require more than one cassette, you might want to inquire before placing an order. Contact Jennifer Thompson here at the Society.

Society Announces Bradley Fellowship

The Society has announced creation of a \$5,000 summer fellowship for researchers of our library and archival collections, with the first to be awarded next summer. It is funded by an endowment from an anonymous benefactor. Applications are open to both professional and amateur historians.

The fellowship is appropriately named, for 19th century Army lieutenant James H. Bradley whom Joseph Kinsey Howard claimed as "one of us amateurs," adding "to whom Montana will always be in debt." Howard described Bradley's collecting of Indian folklore as being done from an attitude of respect, and also credited him with a careful recording of frontier life.

Extending from June 1 through September 15, the fellowship requires its recipient to be in residence at the Society for a minimum of eight weeks, and to file a brief report on work accomplished, at the end of that term.

Criteria for projects are: appropriateness of the research to the Society's holdings, the applicant's experience and training, and potential of the project to result in a published work of either article or book length.

While the fellowship will not be awarded to subsidize thesis or dissertation research, it may be used to research an area that will be included within a later thesis or dissertation.

Works may be considered for publication by the Montana Historical Society Press, or by *Montana the Magazine of Western History*.

Although applicants need not be professional historians, they should evidence experience as well as ability in historical research. Applications should consist of a resume including a list of publications, if any, three letters of reference, and a project proposal. The Fellowship Award will be made by a committee comprising three Society staff and two additional members. They must be submitted no later than March 1, 1983, to the Director's Office at the Society. Additional information is available from Brian Cockhill, Assistant Director.



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The title "Montana Post" is used with the permission of the Historic Landmark Society of Montana. This newsletter is not intended as a continuation of Montana's first bona fide newspaper of the same name, first published at Virginia City August 27, 1864.

Roeder Wins Paladin Award

This year's Vivian A. Paladin Writing Award, which is given to the author of the best article to appear in *Montana the Magazine of Western History*, was presented to Dr. Richard B. Roeder at the Ninth Annual Montana History Conference in Great Falls.

He was honored for his biography of Ella Knowles, Montana's first woman attorney, that was entitled "Crossing the Gender Line" and appeared in the Summer 1982 special issue, "Women on the 19th Century Frontier."

Each year the editorial board of the magazine is polled by the editors for their choice as the best article. The award criteria include the literary style, use of research materials, and contribution to our knowledge of Montana and western history. Named for Editor Emerita Vivian A. Paladin, the award carries a cash prize of \$150 and an engraved silver bowl.

Roeder, a Professor of History at Montana State University, is a specialist in Montana political history, especially the 1890 to 1920 period. He is co-author, with Michael P. Malone, of the standard textbook on Montana history, *Montana: A History of Two Centuries*, and he has also co-authored with Malone a reader, *Montana's Past*, and *Montana As It Was: 1876*. A frequent contributor to the magazine and other regional history journals, Roeder is known by readers for his exceptional



article "Joseph Kinsey Howard and His Vision of the West" (Winter 1980). In "Crossing the Gender Line," Roeder did what he does best by digging out elusive facts, explaining an historical event with clarity, and writing it with grace.

MHS Press Wins Book Award

F. Jay Haynes, *Photographer*, the recent publication of the Montana Historical Society Press, has received one of the American Association for State and Local History's Commendation of Merit Awards. Each year AASLH receives carefully screened nominations from all over the nation for awards in three categories. The Commendation of Merit, the largest of the award categories, honors state and local historical societies for outstanding contributions to local and regional history.

AASLH, a non-profit association headquartered in Nashville, Tennessee, has operated an annual awards program since 1944, and has a current membership of over 7,500 individuals and institutions in the United States and Canada.

This year there were over 150 nominations considered at the AASLH annual meeting in

Hartford, Connecticut. The Haynes book, which presented 160 of F. Jay Haynes' best photographs in full-size duotone format, received the award for the excellence of the book as a product of a state historical society.

"This award," Society director Robert Archibald commented, "is particularly gratifying to all of us who participated in making this book or watched it being done and lent support. It was a group effort of staff members from publications, photo archives and library departments."

The Montana Historical Society Press, which is now embarking on another volume of Haynes photographs, hopes soon to be capable of producing two to four books per year. The AASLH award, strong support from the Board of Trustees and the Society staff, and the prospects of good sales point to a strong future for the Press.

Christmas Show and Sale Set

The Seventh Annual Christmas Show and Sale is open in our lobby from December 4 through December 31, offering art and craft items in a wide variety of media. The show was coordinated by our Education Department, with proceeds going to benefit their programs. Members of Friends of the Society assisted in creating the display.

Available at the show are paintings, stained glass, stoneware, beadwork, weaving, pottery, wood carvings, bronzes, photographs, and Christmas decorations.

The Christmas show traditionally opens with a

public reception, this time on Saturday, December 4, with an evening of half-hour programs including choral and solo singing, a puppet show for children, harpsichord and flute music, and dramatic readings.

But the Christmas show is also an occasion for a family event that's not open to the public. Just before the reception, Society staff and volunteers, and their children, gather for treats and a visit from Santa Claus. On November 20, the children had attended a workshop here to make the ornaments decorating our lobby Christmas tree.

The Original Governor

by Mary Hoffschwelle, Curator,
Original Governor's Mansion

There are new plans afoot for the Original Governor's Mansion. These plans are the result of an intensive study of the Mansion's history and they are set out in an interpretive plan for the Mansion's next five years. What is involved is really a change of focus: instead of a house and tour generally attuned to the late nineteenth century, we will gradually move to an interpretation

and furnishings plan centered on the years between 1900 and 1917. During these years, the Mansion went from private home to official residence, a crucial turning point in its history. It is easy to announce these new plans, but it was quite another matter to develop them and ensure their historical accuracy. Let me outline the process and illustrate it with a few examples of the kinds of information used to study and interpret the Mansion's history.

It all began with the collection of bits of information, information which had to be evaluated, corroborated, contradicted, and connected. The next step was to compile this information about the Mansion, from its construction through to its restoration, to provide a general overview of the history of the building.

Historical information about the Original Governor's Mansion comes in all shapes, sizes, and media. Sources of information include written documents, oral history, pictures, and artifacts. No one source tells the whole story and it was the ability to connect these individual pieces of information that enabled us to reconstruct the Mansion's history.

A few examples will show how different types of information were put together to answer specific questions about the building. For instance, the date of the Mansion's construction has long been a mystery. Was it built in 1885? 1887? 1888? And who was the architect? Cass Gilbert perhaps? Frank Chessman, son of the original owner, wrote in a letter that he distinctly remembered that the house was built in 1885 and that his father had hired Cass Gilbert as the architect.

A recollection, however, is not always accurate and must be verified. Official records offered no help, and so the next source of information to be mined was the Helena press. William Chessman's construction projects were the subject of a number of short articles in the *Helena Independent* and *Herald*. They first reported that Chessman had plans to build a new home in April of 1887. An article in the *Independent* in



The Study, 1913. Peter Larson had the Study decorated in the Mid-Eastern style in the 1900s. According to Emily Stewart Stephens, "Mr. Larson may have enjoyed this room, but during our stay, it was used for telephone conversations, private conversations of a business nature and for putting children who for one reason or another needed to regain their manners and tractability."



The Mansion Dining Room (right), 1913. Today this room is probably the one which most closely resembles its original appearance.

's Mansion: New Plans

August gave a complete account of Chessman's building plans, reporting that the Chessmans intended to demolish their old home and build a new mansion at the corner of Ewing and Sixth to be designed by the firm of Hodgson, Stem and Welter of St. Paul and Helena. Later articles in 1888 noted that construction took place in that year.

To set the date at 1888 and identify the architects, all that was needed was a long search through the newspapers. Frank Chessman's memory was not correct in this instance, but such recollections cannot be dismissed as sources of accurate information. Indeed, memoirs can be used very effectively in conjunction with other sources. Let's take another example.

Governor and Mrs. Stewart's three daughters, Emily Stewart Stephens, Marjorie Stewart Keeton, and Leah Stewart Brickett, have each written accounts of their lives at the Mansion from 1913 until 1921. These memoirs can be compared with each other to check their descriptions of specific rooms. But we do not have to stop there, for in the Society's Photo Archives are five photographs of rooms at the Mansion, dated 1913. The written recollections of these rooms correspond generally to the photographs, an important agreement of evidence that validates the most complete sets of both written and pictorial information about the Mansion's interiors that we have for any period in its history.

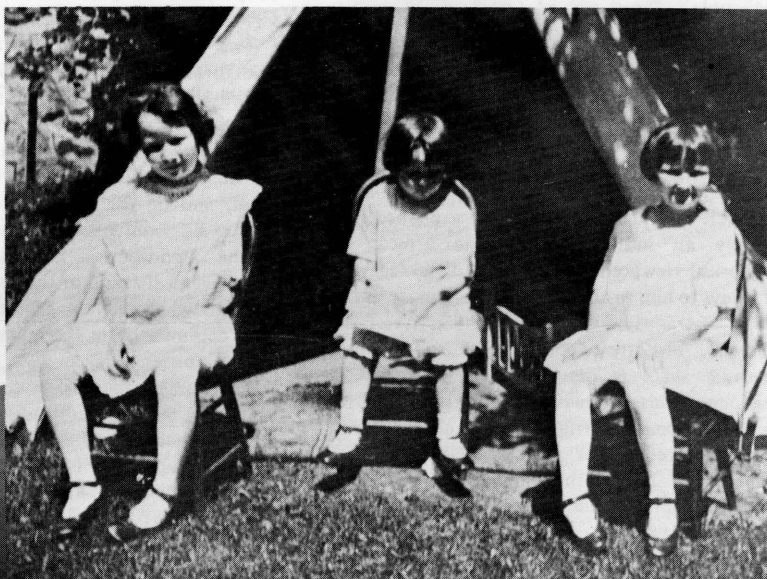
These important sources are further complemented by artifacts, in this case some original furnishings still in the Mansion today.

Tobey Furniture Company dining room set now in the Mansion is the same pictured in the 1913 photograph; oral tradition takes it back even further. Two chairs now in the Mansion Sewing Room can be glimpsed in the 1913 photograph of the second floor sitting room; this photograph also shows the floral fabric wallcoverings that still hang in that room. A photograph of the Study at the same date was crucial in the identification and repurchase of the large brass chandelier from that room. And the Stewart daughters, in their memoirs and correspondence, remembered and described all of these things.

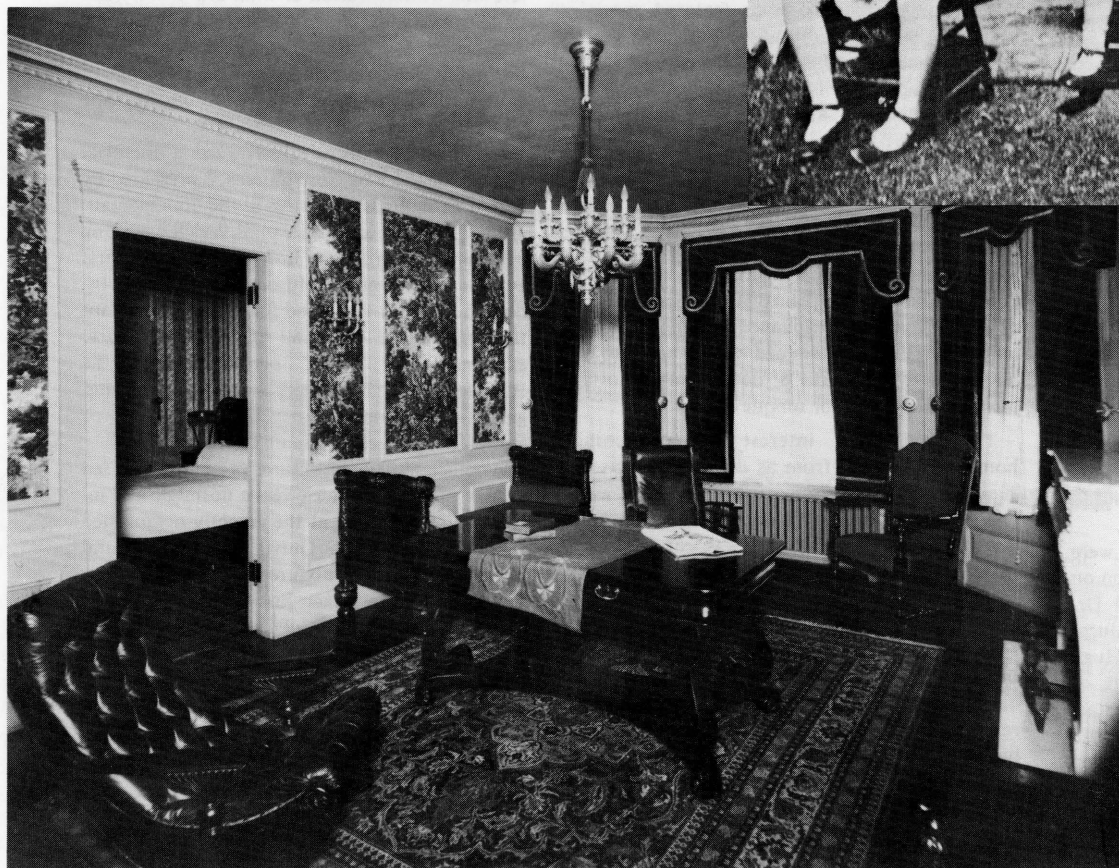
Those are just a few examples of the value of both two- and three-dimensional historical documents to a balanced and accurate history of the Mansion. With that history in hand, the next step was to consider its evidence and use it to develop a plan to guide the building's continued restoration, furnishing, and public tours. The goal was to select a period and theme that combined the most complete, fully integrated body

of information with an important aspect of the house's history. For the Original Governor's Mansion, the years between 1900 and 1917 are the most fully documented and also the years during which the important transition from private dwelling to official residence occurred, a transition that secured a continuing position of prominence for the building. The theme that illuminates these years for us is that of the life of the household, for the Mansion was always a home for a family.

Like all restoration projects, this one will move slowly at first, as we continue to assemble information, especially about the Mansion's furnishings and its occupants. There is also a very practical side to this pace — the building must be rewired and other maintenance projects completed before we presume to begin. As our plans progress, we continue to interpret the history of the house for the public in our tours. We hope that you will join us in our venture into a new phase in the history of the Mansion.



Emily, Leah, and Marjorie Stewart (above) in the Mansion Yard, 1915. There were many other children in the neighborhood for the Stewart girls to play with but, as Marjorie recalled, "we always had to dress up which annoyed us no end."



The Sitting Room (left), 1913. Mrs. Stewart played "Schubert's Serenade" on the victrola in this room as a hint to her children that it was bedtime.

Ninth Annual Montana History Conference



James Welch

James Welch, acclaimed poet and author from Missoula, capped a most successful Ninth Annual Montana History Conference with a beautiful address at the Rainbow Hotel on October 30. It was the concluding banquet of the conference and Welch was the master of the evening. He quietly pulled his audience into his world of Blackfeet warriors of a century and more ago by reading from his new novel on the subject. In understated tones, he explained how deeply an individual's heritage affects his historical viewpoint, and how the Blackfeet past conveys to him as an author so much more than a story of tragedy and sorrow. Yet, as Welch explained, his stories often have sad endings because there is much sadness in Blackfeet history. In his new work, he will probe the interplay of courage, fright, success and failure in one Blackfeet warrior group as Welch the author takes them through the waning years of Indian freedom on the plains of northern Montana.

The Ninth Annual Montana History Conference, which was partially funded by the Montana Committee for the Humanities, featured James Welch as part of a broad but cohesive theme: "From the River North: The Heritage of Western Canada and the United States." For the first time, the Montana History Conference offered a thematic approach to the three-day meeting that included panel sessions, lectures, illustrated talks and workshops. Informal comments made at the conference indicate that the theme approach was a welcome change and succeeded in alerting everyone to the common historical bonds between the United States and Canada.

Blackfeet, in both Canada and Montana, were the focus of a very interesting formal session on Saturday afternoon. The session featured Dr. Murton McCluskey, Director of Indian Education in the Great Falls Public Schools, Dr. Hugh Dempsey of the Glenbow-Alberta Institute of Calgary, Dr. Thomas Wessel of Montana State University and John C. Ewers discussing the full range of pre-reservation and reservation period history of the Blackfeet and Chippewa-Cree peoples who hunted and migrated back and forth across the international boundary. The same focus on international communication was the

topic of discussion in another Saturday afternoon session on the trade patterns north from the Missouri River. Prof. David Dinwoodie of University of Alberta at Edmonton, Jack Lepley of Fort Benton and James Francis of Idaho Falls explained how central the development of Missouri River steamboat trade was to the high plains of the United States and Canada.

Perhaps no greater expression of the historical and political links between the two nations can be found than in the creation of the Waterton-Glacier International Peace Park. Dave Walter, Reference Librarian at Montana Historical Society, challenged a panel, including Duane Barrus of Waterton Lakes National Park, Glacier Park Superintendent Robert Haraden, Prof. Hans Peterson of Northern Montana College and Prof. William Furdell of College of Great Falls, to reevaluate how successful the peace park concept has been. The panel and audience responded to Walter's paper with a full-range discussion of the merits of international cooperation in park administration and environmental management and politics.

Two workshops, on Friday and Saturday, and one formal session on Friday afternoon discussed homesteading. In the session, specialists presented papers on the settlement of the plains in Canada and the United States, on the founding and settlement of Great Falls as a booster town, and on the literature of women on the homestead frontier of both nations. As distinct as the conditions in Canada and the United States were, the sum of the presentations clearly indicated that there was much more similarity than dissimilarity in the homestead frontiers of both countries.

The homestead workshops featured specialists, including Jim Muhn of the Bureau of Land Management, John Lehr of University of Winnipeg, Allan Newell and Dan Gallacher of Historical Research Associates in Missoula, and historian Kurt Schweigert of Bismarck, North Dakota, explaining how to research the history of homesteads and homestead developments. They introduced new research methods and suggested how best to evaluate the significance of historic sites associated with the history of homesteading on the plains. As Martha Bowers of Iowa City, Iowa, explained, the most important research into homestead history needs to be directed at the patterns of development, not at just the exceptional or unique sites.

There is great interest in researching homestead history, from as diverse interests as genealogical to legal questions associated with energy developments on the plains. The two workshops stressed the variety of research materials that should be used in these studies, from the historical changes in homestead architecture as settlers moved westward to the specifics of how homesteads were located and titled. And the workshops made it clear that homesteads are legitimate objects for historical research and that the interest in these studies is high.

Delores Morrow, Photo Curator at Montana Historical Society, chaired another workshop at the conference, this one dealing with the use of photographs in historical research. Architect Jim



Fred Quivik

McDonald of Missoula demonstrated, using slides of historical and contemporary photographs of the Montana State Capitol, how architects can piece together a tangled architectural history. Ellen Seeley of Glacier National Park demonstrated the same type of use of comparative photographs in land management and natural history research. Society Photo Technician John Smart explained the intricacies of handling, copying and appreciating historical photographs.

Oral history was the subject of another workshop, which featured a live interview of Vivian A. Paladin, former editor of *Montana the Magazine of Western History*. In a most interesting demonstration of what oral history can do, Diane Sands of the Montana Oral History Association asked Mrs. Paladin about her life in the publishing and printing business, from her earliest days in Glasgow as a young linotype operator to her years at the Society.

An illustrated lecture, "Toward a Pictorial History of the Blackfeet Indians," presented by Senior Ethnologist Emeritus at the Smithsonian, John C. Ewers, equalled James Welch's evening address for interest and insight. Ewers, the first curator at Browning's Museum of the Plains Indian in the early 1940s and for years a consultant to *Montana the Magazine of Western History*, explained how artists' perspectives on the Blackfeet had changed over nearly a century, and gave the audience the benefit of his years of study of the Blackfeet and western art.

Another illustrated lecture, presented by Fred Quivik of Butte, gave viewers a nostalgic and informative look back at the recently demolished Great Falls smelter. Quivik, an architectural historian, showed a mixture of historic and contemporary photos taken just before destruction of the facilities. He explained how the Great Falls smelter complex operated, and described many of the architectural features of the smelter buildings.

From beginning to end, the Ninth Annual Montana History Conference proved again how much interest there is in the history of our state and region. Next year's conference will be held in Helena at the now traditional time, sometime in October.

MONTANA POST

PRESERVATION

Nov.-Dec. 1982



Montana State Historic Preservation Office

In this issue of Preservation

Elsewhere in this issue of the *Post Preservation*, we review and make available to you copies of a book by Fred Quivik entitled *Historic Bridges in Montana*. Although the book was published by the National Park Service, U.S. Department of the Interior, the extensive, systematic inventory of historic bridges on which it reports was funded by the Federal Highway Administration and the Montana Department of Highways. That survey and sponsorship are special phenomena that deserve your attention.

Federal agencies, or state and local agencies that use federal money, are required to comply with federal laws and regulations that afford historic and prehistoric resources consideration in project planning. The applicable legal structure does not require an agency to preserve all historic resources in a project's path. But it does impose on agencies a fairly exacting set of procedures to use in identifying, weighing the value of, and looking for ways to avoid harm to, significant cultural properties.

When observed—and it is in one form or another by many federal agencies—that legal framework affords Montana's cultural heritage a welcome consideration. The historic buildings at Fort Peck are not just at the mercy of the Corps of Engineers' wishes. Ghost town remains in Forest Service management should get professional review if demolition is being considered. Oil companies now often move drilling rigs just far enough to avoid the features of a significant prehistoric site.

But, as in any regulatory process, everyone grumbles about the various rules and requirements a lot, and can find in them wonderful scapegoats. The Highway Department regularly throws up its hands over what our office recommends as eligible for the National Register of Historic Places. We, in turn, nag at them for delaying consideration of cultural resources in particular projects.

And, in the middle of all that "regulatory compliance" work, we do not realize and appreciate often or fully enough the enormous amount of information about Montana's heritage that various federal and state agencies

continued . . .

A Labor of Love: The State Historic Preservation Review Board

For any Montanan interested in historic properties or historic preservation, the State Historic Preservation Board is a group you will want to know, and whose business meetings and duties may be of particular interest to you.

The State Historic Preservation Review Board consists of nine members appointed by the governor for four-year terms. Its membership must include both individuals with professional expertise in history, architectural history, architecture, archaeology, and paleontology as well as members of the public interested in preservation. The Board is legally mandated by federal regulation and state law. Montana must have a State

and to review and approve nominations that the Preservation office prepares for the National Register of Historic Places. The Montana State Antiquities Act also asks the Board to review the office's federal grant applications and to assist other state agencies in their compliance with state-mandated preservation measures.

At the present time, the Board meets quarterly. The first major agenda item at every meeting is review and approval of pending nominations to the National Register of Historic Places. Prior to each Board meeting, members are sent information and photographs of the properties to be considered. Board members are then able to



State Historic Preservation Review Board (L. to R.): Bill Melton, Ron Holliday, Tom Roll, Margaret Warden, David Rivenes, Jack Lepley, Fred Quivik.

Historic Preservation Review Board in addition to a professional preservation staff in order to receive federal Historic Preservation funds. In federal eyes, the Review Board exists to insure that two levels of professional review occur within each state for any National Register nomination or other preservation project, and to make certain that broader public interest in preservation influences program development. The Board is also directed by state law to make sure that Montana qualifies for federal funding,

spend meeting time making suggestions about nomination content, discussing the qualifications of property for the Register, listening to public reactions to a property's historic value, and then voting on specific nominations. Additionally, the Board joins the Preservation Office staff in selecting Preservation Award winners and in determining priorities for the office's annual work program.

But the Board's greatest contribution to Montana preservation and to the Preservation office

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staff occurs in other ways. It results from the concerted sharing of ideas, interest, experience, and time during meetings and throughout the rest of the year. In the course of Board meetings, for instance, the Board hears an outline of current office activities and plans. Their response, based on a wider, often community-based perspective, assists the staff significantly in better tailoring their work to Montana needs and preferences. Board members also serve as preservation troubleshooters in their own communities, explaining local problems to the Preservation office and explaining Preservation office work to people in the community. Board members also are often actively involved in preservation projects of their own and serve as good examples of both philosophy and good practice to others in the state. Even by itself, the time that Review Board members give to attend Board meetings and preservation functions constitutes good moral support for the Preservation office.

Let us introduce you to the individuals who comprise this Board and who contribute so much to Montana preservation work. We invite you also to attend Review Board meetings, the upcoming schedule for which is printed elsewhere in the newsletter.

J. Kimball Barnard, appointed to provide architectural expertise to the Board, is one of the newest members. Kim is a partner in the Missoula architectural firm of Barnard and Holloway Architects, which was begun in 1960 and has overseen a wide range of Montana construction. He was an honors graduate of Washington State University at Pullman in architecture, and is currently involved in rehabilitation project work on the Palace Hotel in Missoula.

Ron G. Holliday served as Montana's State Historic Preservation Officer from 1975 until 1977, when the State Historic Preservation Office was still in the Montana Fish and Game Department. He is now Administrator of the State Parks Division, Montana Fish, Wildlife, and Parks Department. Ron graduated from Rice University in Houston, Texas, with a B. S. degree and has a master's in Park Administration from Colorado State University at Ft. Collins. Ron's familiarity with the program, his

knowledge of state and federal budget and legislative processes, and his stewardship of state historical parks, insure the Board and the staff of a very practical kind of counsel.

One of the Board's two historians, John G. Lepley of Fort Benton, is among the most active and effective of the state's local historians and preservationists. Although a science teacher by occupation, Jack is among the founders of the Fort Benton Museum, has written several articles on Fort Benton and Missouri river themes, is a lecturer and guide on a variety of Western historical topics, directed a historical/architectural inventory of Fort Benton buildings, and has just organized the beginning restoration of the historic bridge at Fort Benton. Jack, who has teaching, history, and science degrees from the University of Montana, also serves in a variety of local governmental positions.

The required expertise in paleontology is brought to the Review Board by William G. Melton, Jr. Bill is currently curator of the geology collections at the University of Montana and an Adjunct Associate Professor of Geology there. A graduate of the Universities of Montana and Michigan, Bill worked previously at the University of Michigan in the Museum of Paleontology and for the United States Geological Service in Washington, D.C. Bill is currently involved in research and the collection of fossils from central Montana, and often answers questions and correspondence for the Preservation staff in that field.

Fredric L. Quivik, the board's architectural historian, may know Montana better than any other member of the Board or the staff. Fred is currently part-owner of an energy-conservation consulting firm in Butte but has served on a variety of historical survey projects in Montana. The largest of those was a systematic inventory of historic bridges in Montana. That inventory, done under contract to the Montana Department of Highways and the Historic American Engineering Record, resulted in the identification of over 500 historic bridges throughout the state. Fred has a degree in architecture from the University of Minnesota and a master's in historic preservation from Columbia University. He represents the national preservation advocacy group, Preservation Action, here in Montana,

and is an organizer of the Montana Preservation Network.

David Rivenes flies over for Review Board meetings, literally and figuratively, from Miles City. Dave and his wife Ella run TV station KYUS there, while pursuing a wide variety of interests in sports, history, and politics. Dave has been a dude rancher, a federal range manager, an insurance salesman, and brings to the Board a wonderful enthusiasm for the past and a solid knowledge of how to interest Montanans in it.

Dr. Tom E. Roll, Associate Professor of Anthropology, Montana State University, represents the field of archeology on the Board. Tom is a native of Montana, with degrees from the University of Montana, University of Nebraska, and Washington State University. He has worked extensively on Montana archeological research projects in the Tiber Dam and the Libby vicinities and is the author of a variety of publications in the field. Given the number of prehistoric site questions and issues that confront the staff, Tom's familiarity with the state's prehistory and his ability to link public and professional concerns have been invaluable.

Dr. Jeffrey J. Safford, Professor of History at Montana State University, is on sabbatical this fall in Great Britain. Jeff is the second of the Board's historians and brings to that position extensive teaching, researching, and writing experience in Montana and the United States history. Jeff's educational background includes undergraduate and graduate work in English, music, and history. He received his doctorate from Rutgers University. Within Montana, Jeff has organized Bicentennial efforts, Montana History Conferences, oral history projects, and research projects on historical properties used by Montana State University.

Margaret Warden's experience in libraries, state government, local organizations, and national lobbying efforts make her an invaluable member of the Review Board. Margaret is a native of Great Falls and began her professional career as a librarian for the Great Falls Tribune. Throughout her life, she has served on a wide range of community organizations and boards, most of them directed to education, history, or library work. She was elected to the State Senate in 1975 and 1977 and has served on the White House Conference on Libraries and Information Services.

In This Issue . . .

have generated in their execution of federal preservation regulations.

Consider the historic bridge inventory sponsored by the Federal Highway Administration and the Montana Department of Highways again. That work did not duplicate any other scholarship in the state. Bridges have not yet caught the imagination of many local historical organizations; schoolhouses and mansions are still more in vogue as community restoration projects. We tend to see bridges as utilitarian structures, almost without personality. Few of us are engineers, and so have little background to use in assessing the technology of bridge development.

The inventory, in one single effort, presents to all of us an incomparably rich, new lens through

which to look at Montana history. Through it, we can get a clearer sense of implications of county-splitting, because these bridges often lie in more than one single jurisdiction. We are introduced to a set of distinguished Montana bridge builders and the kind of terrain they had to confront, and we are shown bridge types that may survive here alone. We begin to see changes in community life when bridges link long-separated sides of a river. In short, for those of us who have browsed through the study, bridges have become fascinating reminders to ask more about the whys and hows of this state's settlement and evolution.

That slice of past was given to us not by the scholarly interest of a university professor. It was not paid for by industry seeking good public relations. It was orchestrated and funded by federal and state agencies, in order that they be good

stewards of Montana's resources in advance of their own project mandates. For that stewardship and public respect, thank you very much.

— Marcella Sherfy

REVIEW BOARD SCHEDULE

February 4, 1983
May 6, 1983
August 5, 1983
November 4, 1983

Draft National Register nominations must be received 60 days before they may be presented to the Review Board.

State & Federal Preservation Tax Incentives

TAX ACT PROJECTS IN PROGRESS

The investment tax credit (ITC) included in the Economic Recovery Tax Act of 1981 has visibly increased private sector investment in historic Montana properties. This is clearly reflected in rehabilitation projects reviewed by the State Historic Preservation Office. Under the less lucrative tax incentives available from 1976 through 1981, approximately \$5 million in Montana rehabilitation projects were certified as eligible for the federal tax incentives. Since passage of the new law, which includes a 25 per cent ITC for the substantial rehabilitation of certain depreciable buildings listed in the National Register of Historic Places, over \$9 million in rehabilitation projects have either been com-



1018-1024 Maryland Avenue, Butte

The rehabilitation of these two side-by-side four-plexes will return these almost uninhabitable apartments to utility as efficient contemporary units, while respecting the historic character of the interior and exterior of the buildings.

pleted, are under construction, or are being reviewed. This increase is especially significant when one considers the current economic climate under which these projects are beginning.

To qualify for the 25 per cent ITC, a building must be listed in the National Register of Historic Places, or located in an historic district listed in the National Register. For buildings listed as part of a district, owners must submit a short application through the State Historic Preservation Office to the National Park Service defining the historic character of the building and its contribution to the district. Almost all of the preservation projects this office has seen in the past, and those currently underway, have been located in Montana cities that have undertaken systematic surveys to identify their historic resources and that have nominated significant collections of buildings to the National Register. The State Historic Preservation Office can provide map boundaries for the National Register districts in Billings, Bozeman, Butte/Walker-ville, Fort Benton, Livingston, Helena, Red Lodge and Virginia City.

A partial list of projects which have qualified for the preservation tax incentives since January 1 include:

Old City Hall, Butte: adaptive reuse as a visitors' information center, retail and office space.

Snow House, Billings: conversion of a former single family residence to office space.

Power Block, Helena: rehabilitation of a six-

story building and three adjacent two-story buildings for office and retail space.

Belmont Hotel, Missoula: upper floor rehabilitation to provide downtown housing units.

Montana Club, Helena, Fifth Floor: rehabilitation of condominium office space.

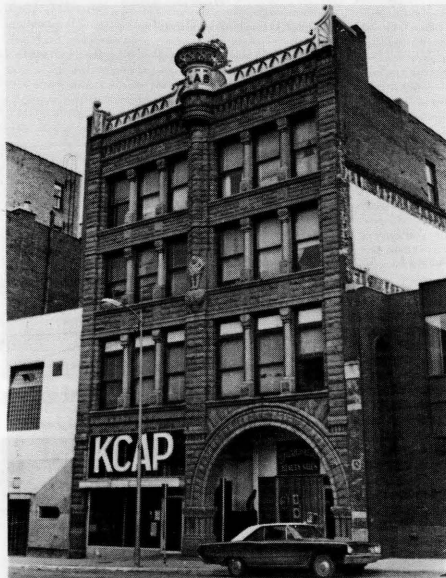
228-228½ East Second Street, Butte: rehabilitation of a small, turn-of-the-century duplex for continued use as a residential rental property.

CHANGE IN PRESERVATION TAX INCENTIVES

The new tax act bill passed by Congress on August 19, 1982, and signed by President Reagan reduced some of the incentives the Economic Recovery Tax Act of 1981 had provided for rehabilitating certain depreciable historic buildings. The new law, although not affecting the 25 per cent investment tax credit (ITC), requires that for depreciation purposes the owner must reduce the basis (acquisition cost plus capital improvements minus any depreciation deductions taken) in the building by one-half the value of the ITC.

Previously, those owners undertaking a certified rehabilitation of a certified historic structure could claim the 25 per cent ITC and did not have to subtract the ITC from their basis in the building. With the change in the law, building owners will be able to depreciate only 87.5 per cent of the rehabilitation expenditures rather than the entire amount. Tax payers utilizing the 15 per cent or 20 per cent ITCs for the rehabilitation of 30- and 40-year-old buildings must continue to reduce their basis in the building by the full value of the ITC.

A transition rule in the new act, for rehabilita-



Atlas Block, Helena

This building, the last of several "fanciful" buildings which once lined Last Chance Gulch, was saved at the last minute from the City's demolition order. The historic preservation tax incentives provided the margin necessary to make an otherwise unprofitable investment a reality.



A. W. Miles Building

This former hotel designed for transients will provide housing for the elderly in downtown Livingston. The rehabilitation work has been certified by the National Park Service as being consistent with the historic architectural characteristics of the building.

tions in process, permits exemption from reducing the basis in the building if one of the following conditions is met: (1) a contract for the rehabilitation was entered into after December 31, 1980, and was binding on July 1, 1982, and at all times thereafter, and the building is placed in service prior to January 1, 1986; or, (2) rehabilitation work was begun between December 31, 1980, and July 1, 1982, and the building is placed in service prior to January 1, 1986; or, (3) a Securities and Exchange Commission filing and a Department of Housing and Urban Development Section 8 application filing were made before July 1, 1982, and the building is placed in service prior to July 1, 1984.

STATE TAX CREDITS

Although the State Historic Preservation Office must continue to tell Montanans that there are no federal grants for building rehabilitation, the dollar incentives available for the rehabilitation of historically significant commercial, industrial, and residential rental structures are larger than most Montanans realize.

In 1976, Congress first passed limited tax incentives for the costs of rehabilitating certain depreciable properties listed in the National Register of Historic Places. The Economic Recovery Tax Act of 1981, which became law January 1, 1982, substantially increased the tax incentives available. The Act offers a 25 per cent investment tax credit against the costs of a substantial rehabilitation.

We do not, however, believe that many Montana investors or developers know how the federal preservation investment tax credit can generate an additional sizeable Montana tax credit. Section 15-30-162 of the Montana Code Annotated allows, as a credit against state taxes, a percentage of the credit allowed against federal taxes with respect to certain depreciable property. The amount of the credit allowed is 30 per cent of the federal credit, or in the case of certified historic structures, 30 per cent of 25 per cent. What this means for the hypothetical rehabilitation with allowable rehabilitation expenditures of \$150,000 is that the owner would be allowed to take a direct credit against federal taxes owed of 25 per cent or \$37,500, and a direct

credit against state taxes owed of 30 per cent of the federal credit, or \$12,500 for a total credit of 33.33 per cent, or in this example, \$50,000.

The state law, as the federal law, permits the credit to be carried forward 15 years or back three years if the taxpayer's liability is exceeded by the credit. In the event the taxpayer's liability

for the taxable year exceeds \$5,000, the investment tax credit may not exceed \$5,000 plus 50 per cent of the tax liability in excess of \$5,000. Both federal and state laws include other provisions and regulations that should be thoroughly considered by an owner and his accountant.

As is mentioned elsewhere in this issue, owners

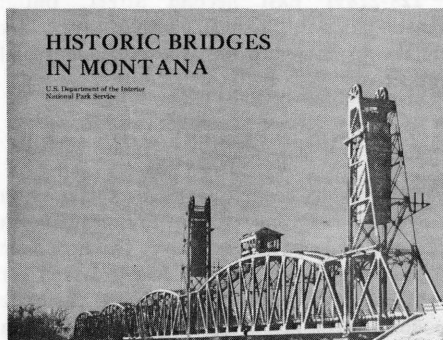
of historic buildings, investors, and developers have shown a tremendous interest in using the federal investment tax credit. The additional state tax credit could make the difference in many marginal projects and also provide a greater appeal to syndicated projects where the investment tax credit is used to attract a group of smaller investors.

Historic Bridges in Montana

Historic Bridges in Montana by Fredric L. Quivik, an 85-page book summarizing the results of a systematic inventory of all the bridges in Montana over 45 years of age and 20 feet in span, is now available from the State Historic Preservation Office, Montana Historical Society. The survey was funded by the Department of Highways, Federal Highway Administration, and the Historic American Engineering Record. Publication of the book was undertaken for those organizations by the National Park Service, U.S. Department of Interior.

The systematic inventory of historic Montana bridges represented the Montana Department of Highways' desire to have a cost-effective, comparative study of bridges that they were considering for possible replacement. The survey ultimately entailed field recording, photographing, and researching over 500 structures. Eighty of those recorded were judged by Quivik and, more recently, by the Montana State Historic Preservation Review Board, to be eligible for listing in the National Register of Historic Places.

Quivik describes the methods he used to do the survey, discusses all the bridges thought to be



Register-eligible, and begins with an excellent narrative history of the development of transportation patterns and engineering techniques in Montana. The narrative gives readers a framework in which to see bridges as representatives of historical changes in the state, and also in the context of engineering technology development in Montana.

Copies of the book will soon be made available to historical organizations, counties, and libraries throughout the state. Others interested in a copy should write to the Preservation Office.

Preservation Funds Status

If you are interested in following the vicissitudes of Federal funding for preservation, here is a short summary. We are now in Federal Fiscal Year (FY) 1983; it began on October 1, 1982. The federal funding that we are still allocating to several Montana projects, however, is FY82 money, appropriated a year ago by Congress. We successfully reapplied for the authority to expend those FY82 dollars into this next fiscal year. Congress has not yet voted on the Department of Interior appropriation for FY83, the appropriation which includes historic preservation funds. They will not do so until members return from Thanksgiving recess and may not complete action until after the first of the year. The Reagan Administration is again recommending that no federal funds be awarded to states for preservation grants. However, Congress continues to consider alternate budget proposals that contain a limited amount of federal funding for State Historic Preservation Office use and distribution. In the absence of an approved FY83 budget, the federal government is running on a continuing resolution approved by Congress that authorizes expenditures for brief periods of time at last year's levels. However, given its opposition to state preservation programs, the Reagan Administration has not yet released funding approved through the continuing resolution. They are threatening to impose deferral measures or rescissions on all continuing resolutions and perhaps on a real appropriation for FY83 if Congress authorizes Historic Preservation Fund grants. Hence, it looks as if the availability of preservation grant funding in Montana is more dependent now on Administration action than on Congressional approval.

1982 Historic Preservation Poster

Look for the 1982 Historic Preservation Poster at your local museum, library, county courthouse, or historical society meeting. It is entitled simply, "Homesteads," and reproduces an unidentified photograph of a homestead family in front of their house. The photograph, chosen for its very anonymity and its clear representation of homesteaders and their buildings, is from the L. A. Huffman Collection, which has just been donated to the Montana Historical Society.

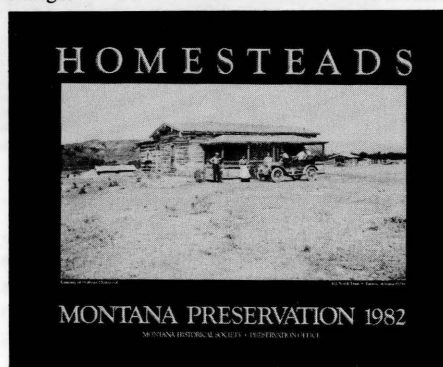
The poster's theme constitutes an area of particular interest and concern to the Historic Preservation Office. The office, along with many others in the state, is often asked to evaluate the relative significance of homestead remains that are threatened by energy development. Those remains range from continuously-used houses and barns, to abandoned buildings, to scatters of rubble in a field. And there are currently no easy ways to answer the question of which homestead sites are important. To date, we have very few statistics on even the number of buildings built, much less the percentage of those that survive. Very little has been done to compare the information that can be derived from a detailed study of sites and buildings with what can be drawn from the written homestead records in the National Archives.

The poster, then, represents one of several projects that the Preservation Office has undertaken to provoke interest and scholarship in homestead evaluation. Two morning-long

workshop sessions at the 9th Annual Montana History Conference concentrated on how to record and evaluate homesteads. The Preservation Office hired, on contract, Cultural Research and Management, Inc., Bismarck, N.D., to study a single township in each of Chouteau, Prairie, and Rosebud Counties to assess the potential of homestead sites in those areas and to provide us with information not readily available elsewhere.

We urge you then, to send us any information you or others have about homesteading or about a particular homestead site that interests you.

Copies of the 1982 Historic Preservation Poster may be obtained at the Montana Historical Society Gift Shop in Helena for \$2.50. If ordering by mail, please add \$1.25 shipping charge.



Architectural Photography: Techniques for Architects, Preservationists, Historians, Photographers, and Urban Planners, by Jeff Dean, American Association for State and Local History, Nashville, Tennessee: 1981. (\$19.95)

For the nonprofessional photographer interested in photographing buildings well, this book is an indispensable reference and guide. The author, Jeff Dean, shares his knowledge of architectural photography gained through "trial, error, and personal experience" in direct and simple language. During recent years, the 35mm single lens reflex camera has become the most widely used tool to record modern and historic buildings in the course of community historic and architectural survey projects and for nominations to the National Register of Historic Places. *Architectural Photography* is the first book ever published to focus on the types and makes of 35mm equipment specifically in terms of its utility in preparing high quality documentation of buildings.

— PAT BICK

New Society Volunteers Program

Since the early 1970s, docents have been an important part of the Montana Historical Society, helping with duties that range from preparing receptions to guiding school groups through the museum. Over the past summer, the docents' own board and Curator of Education Jennifer Thompson worked together to reorganize the program, now to be known as the Friends of the Society.

Under this umbrella title, three separate branches now exist for volunteer activity. About 70 people are currently participating in the program, some in two or all three aspects. Membership is open to public application annually in the autumn, for individuals interested in Montana history and willing to devote a regular time each week to their duties.

One branch of Friends of the Society retains the title of Docents, and continues the traditional function of "leading"—from which their name derives. They are trained to give tours of our own museum exhibits, or of the Original Governor's Mansion, and can also offer specially-designed tours.

Docents have given walking and bus tours to Helena and visiting school groups, focusing on a specific theme to enrich a current classroom topic. For example, a group of third graders learning about how communities develop were given a chronologically-arranged tour of some Helena neighborhoods. A junior high group studying architecture were guided among buildings that exhibited particular styles and features.

Pre-tour preparation is another aspect of Docents' duties, in which they visit classrooms



Docent Rita Sheehy with preschool children in the new Haynes Auditorium

before a planned school trip to the Society and explain how a museum can teach. They also take "treasure box" presentations of artifacts that pupils can examine, artifacts relating to a topic under study. Currently, 39 people participate in the docent program.

The Muses, second branch of the Friends of the Society, serve the social arm of the Society's functions, by preparing and hosting receptions and gallery openings. We currently have the assistance of 25 muses.

Finally the Departmental Assistants are the group who become extensions of departmental staff by assisting with responsibilities ranging from research and indexing, to inventory and reception work. They have already proved invaluable in departments throughout the building as they help with both special projects and ongoing workloads.

Society Hires Public Affairs Director

J. Anne Skinner joined the Society as Public Affairs Director during the summer, a new position that answers a long-felt need. As she describes the job, it is to "provide information to allow the public to use our many services—including ongoing basic ones, as well as the wide variety of educational and special events."

A native of Broadus, Ms. Skinner graduated from Powder River County High School and Eastern Montana College, obtaining a master's degree in Mass Communications from the University of Denver. She has served as Public Information Director for the Montana Department of Health and Environmental Sciences.

At the Society, she states, "it's exciting to be working with so many developing programs, and to inform the public about the diversity of methods used in preserving our Montana heritage."



Merrill G. Burlingame—K. Ross Toole Award Announced

The Merrill G. Burlingame-K. Ross Toole Award has been created by the Society to honor two of Montana's most influential and admired teachers of history, and to encourage student research and publication. To be given annually, the award will include a cash prize and publication of an article-length work in *Montana the Magazine of Western History*.

Manuscripts by undergraduate and graduate students will be considered, on topics of Montana or Western history. Students must be currently enrolled in a college or university, but need not be majoring in history or attending a Montana school. They must be sponsored by a faculty member from their institution.

Criteria for the award include readability and

Trustees Award Given To Stanley R. Davison

The 1982 Board of Trustees Award for Outstanding Contribution to Montana History, presented at the concluding banquet of the Ninth Annual Montana History Conference in Great Falls, went to Dr. Stanley R. Davison, Professor Emeritus at Western Montana College in Dillon. Dr. Davison, a native of East Helena and a graduate of University of Montana, was selected as the award recipient for his many years of unselfish service to the study and promotion of Montana history. As a scholar, teacher and collector of historical materials, Davison has greatly contributed to the development of Montana historical studies.

Dr. Davison, who received his Ph.D. in History from University of California at Berkeley, taught for a number of years at University of Montana and joined the faculty at Western in 1957, where he stayed until retirement. Davison continues to research and write Montana history, to do, as he says, "all of those projects I had no time to do."

Several of his articles have been published in



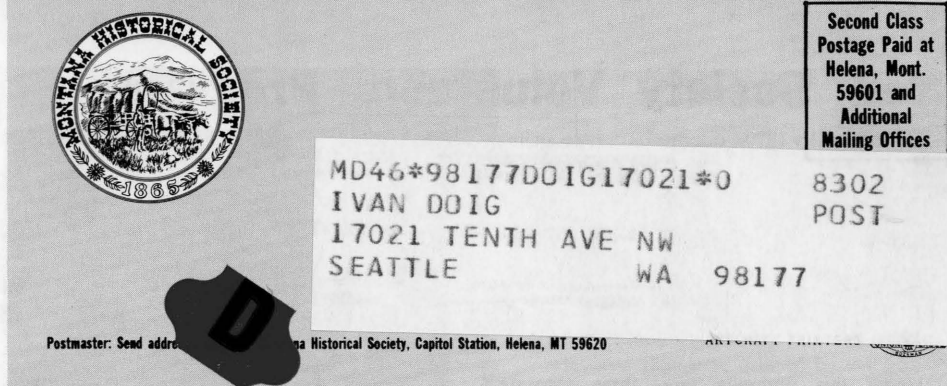
Montana the Magazine of Western History, including "1871: Montana's Year of Political Fusion" (1971) and "Confederate Backwash in Montana Territory" (1967). One of the most influential of his articles, "Hopes and Fancies of Early Reclamationists" (1955), appeared in *Historical Essays on Montana and the Northwest*, a volume honoring Paul C. Phillips and edited by K. Ross Toole and J. W. Smurr.

style of presentation, use of research materials, and overall conception of the article. Deadline for manuscript submission is July 1, 1983. Articles should be typed double-spaced, with notes and bibliography on separate sheets. Students should send them, with a cover letter and letter of sponsorship from a faculty member to William L. Lang, Editor, at the Society.

From the Editor's File

An item from Butte in the 1890s conjures up most everyone's contemporary hope that additional coin will appear at holiday time to lessen the financial impact of the gifting season. It seems that one William Mulcare of Butte carefully evaluated the Montana-bred turkeys for sale at the West Park street market and chose what appeared to be a plump, young Tom for his family's holiday feast. In that turkey's gizzard Mulcare fished out two smallish gold nuggets and one sizable sapphire. Although there was no comment from Mulcare on how tasty the bird was, a local jeweler sweetened Mulcare's holiday coffer by offering him \$11.48 for the gem and gold pieces. Mulcare's 75¢ investment in the market-sold turkey had turned a nice profit, but it also set him to thinking. As the Butte paper put it: "Bill is now hunting for the original grazing ground of that rooster, to see if he worked out all the claims before his timely demise."

Transportation schemes in the American West often verged on the bizarre and many readers are no doubt aware of the attempt to use camels in the American Southwest, but few pro-



bably know about the introduction of camels into Montana in the mid-1860s. In a delightful reminiscence of early-day Helena, pioneer Charles W. Cannon described the camel train that was housed at the stables on Upper Main Street and disturbed the peace each morning they left their quarters.

Everybody in town used to go there in the morning to see the strange beasts loaded, to watch them swagger to their feet and start off with tons of freight on their humps for the scattered mining camps of the territory. The train used to come down the gulch, its Main street now, and every horse, cow and beast that encountered the camels would get into a hysterical fright. "The camels are coming" was the warning cry that made every teamster turn from the main trail and the wild fear of the native horses to get away from the outlandish monsters caused many a runaway. . . . They were never

popular with the pioneers, but it was because no other beast of burden could be "broke" to them.

Patricia Dean, Assistant Curator in the Society's museum department, authored a recently-published article, "The True Carlsbad of America: The Hotel Broadwater and Natatorium of Helena, Montana," that Society members will find enlightening. Published in The Victorian Society of America's *Victorian Resorts and Hotels*, edited by Richard Guy Wilson, Dean's article discusses the character of Charles Broadwater's spa as a Victorian Era hostelry and resort. Also of potential interest to readers of the Victorian Society's publication is an article by Rodd L. Wheaton on the interior furnishings of early hotels in western national parks, which includes a lengthy discussion of hotels in Yellowstone National Park.

Three Forks Society Book Plans Set for Diamond Jubilee

The Three Forks Area Historical Society announces that the pre-publication sale of their book, "Headwaters Heritage History," will continue until February 1, 1983. The book contains photos and family histories covering Gallatin County communities. At 700 pages in length, the book will be published in August 1983 to coincide with the Diamond Jubilee Celebration of Three Forks. Pre-publication price is \$35, with an extra \$5 for postage and handling. Orders should be sent to: Ruth Myers, Box 682, Three Forks, MT 59752.

Tour Group Reservations

School groups and organizations who plan to visit Helena during the 1983 Legislature are invited to include tours of the Capitol and the Original Governor's Mansion in their travel plans.

Now that the Society is coordinating tours of both buildings, reservation arrangements should be made through the Education Department here at the Society. "We rely upon volunteer assistance," Curator of Education Jennifer Thompson states, "and so must have reservations at least two weeks in advance." From January through March 1983, the Original Governor's Mansion will be open only to groups that have made reservations.

Photo Show Scheduled For 1982

Works by three prominent 20th century photographers will be the featured exhibit in our Poindexter gallery from February 4, 1983, through June 15. They will replace the "Presence of the Past" exhibit that's been on view since summer.

Photographers represented are Ansel Adams, Wynn Bullock, and Edward Weston. Emphasis upon Western scenes, especially landscapes, is the guiding theme, according to Curator Steve Germann. Among the three photographers, pictures range in date from the 1920s to the 1970s.

The 30 to 40 prints to be included in the show are selections from limited edition portfolios given to the Society by Norman J. Holter in 1980. All are in black and white.

Photo Technician John Smart, Exhibits Curator Dan Tomberlin and Collections Curator Patty Dean select photos from an Ansel Adams portfolio.



"Children in Montana" Exhibit Schedule

"Children in Montana," the traveling photograph and text exhibit created by Curator of Collections Patty Dean for the Society, has received an enthusiastic response from organizations around the state. It is already reserved for one-month showings throughout 1983 and 1984.

The exhibit, funded by the First Bank System, is available free except for transportation to the next institution. It opened at the end of October at First Bank, Helena.

With pauses for refurbishing, the show's

schedule is:

Dec. 1982—First Bank, Butte
Jan. 1983—First Bank, Havre
Feb.—First Bank, Bozeman
Apr.—Fort Missoula Historical Museum
May—First Bank, Missoula
June—First Bank, Great Falls
July—Committee for the Arts, Polson
Aug.—Parmly Billings Library, Billings
Sept.—Mineral County Museum, Superior
Oct.-Dec.—Montana Historical Society

WPA -
(1865? prices from
somewhere in files
of diary extracts)

	Henry W Miller		Dr
Nov. 15	To Keg Syrup		25.00
"	10 Pkgs Tobacco	1.50	15.00
"	4 Skeins Yarn	75	3.00
"	1 Skein Yarn		1.25
"	1 Doz Spool Thread		1.00
"	1 quir Papr		.75
"	Envelopes		.50

Nov. 15	H Buckhouse & Br		Dr
	To 20 lbs Tobacco	3	60.00
"	4 " Smoking Toba		8.00
"	1 pr Blankets		16.00
"	2 Sacks 5lbs Salt	2	4.00
"	1 Hat		12.00
"	1 Ax		5.00
"	5 $\frac{1}{2}$ Yds Flannel	1	5.50
"	Matches		1.00
"	15 lbs Coffee	90	13.50
"	$\frac{1}{2}$ lb onion Seed		5.00
"	1 oz Cabbage Seed		1.00
"	10 $\frac{1}{2}$ Bacon	75	7.87
"	1 Box Y east Powder		.75

Nov. 17.	J.P.Shockley		Dr
	To 1 Pap Coffee		1.00
"	10 lbs Beans	40	4.00
"	2 Bars Soap	50	1.00
"	2 lbs Plumbs	1	2.00
"			

Nov. 19	Thos Foley		Cr
	By 16 lbs Butter	1.25	20.00

Nov. 19	Thos Foley		Dr
	To 2 cans Lard	7.50	15.00

Nov. 19	Dan Woodman		Dr
	To 1 lb Raisens		1.50

Nov 20	E S Miller		Cr
	By 3 5/9 bush oats	\$3	10.67

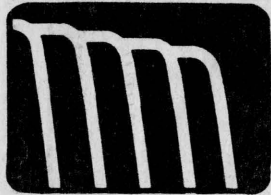
Nov. 20	Dan Woodman		Dr
	To 1 Box Sardiens		1.50
	" 1 lb crackers		.75
Nov. 20	John Sullivan		Dr
	To 2 lbs Butter	1.25	2.50
	" 2 lbs Sugar	.65	1.30
	" 1 pap Tea		.75
Nov. 22	John Sullivan		Dr
	To 1 pr Ladies Shoes		3.50
	" 2 pr Drawers	2.50	5.00
	" 1 lb candles		1.00
Nov. 25.	A Elliot		Dr
	TO 250 lbs Flo	.30	75.00
	" 55 lbs Beans	.40	22.00
	" 50 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs Bacon	.75	37.75
	" 2 Scks Salt	1.25	2.50
	" 1 Axe		5.00
	" 1 Tin Bucket		2.00
	" 1 Axe Hd1		1.25
	" 1 Shovel		6.00
	" 12 lbs Sugar	.55	6.60
	" 1 doz Y Pow		9.00
	" Needles and Thread		1.50
Nov. 28.	Lem Knaff		Dr
	To 1 lb Nails		.50
Nov. 30	Patsy O Shay		Dr
	To 1 Can Peaches		3.00
Dec 1.	J P Shockly		Dr
	To 11 $\frac{3}{4}$ lbs Ham	.75	8.85
	" 1 Pr Gold Scales		6.00
Dec. 2	Minesinger & Bro		Dr
	To 7 $\frac{1}{2}$ lbs Butter	1.25	9.25
Dec. 2.	O G England		Dr
	To 8 lbs Peaches	75	6.00

Dec. 4.	A J Campbell		Dr
	To 2 pr Sock		2.00
	" 1 m Boots		13.00
Dec. 5	Tyler Woodward		Dr
	To 1 pr Pants		7.00
Dec. 6.	Prilton & Gates		Dr
	To 100 lbs Flour		30.00
Dec. 6	Moses Duncan		Dr
	To 1 Bot Gin		2.50
	" 1 Bot Vinigar		1.25
Dec. 6.	W R Collins		Dr.
	TO 52 lbs Beans	45	25.40
	" 25 lbs Sugar	60	15.00
	" 3 Scks Salt	1.50	4.50
	" 15 lbs Coffee	1.00	15.00
	" 1 Coffee Mill		3.00
	" 1 Axe		5.00
	" 1 Keg Syrup		27.50
	" 1 Pr Boots		13.00
	" $\frac{1}{2}$ lb pepper	1.50	.75
	" 1 lb Soap		.50
	" 1 M Ogs Socks		2.00
	" 1 Castel Soap		.50
	" 1 Pap Pins		.50
	" 1 Hatchet		2.50
	" 1 Pocket Rule		2.00
	" 1 Ax Hd1		1.25
	" 200 Stand Flo	3.30	60.00
	" 200 Flour	.25	50.00
	" 1 Fry Pan		2.00
	" 10 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb Bacon	.75	7.70
	" 1 Ground Coffee		1.00

NOTE.

Partly from age and partly from penmanship the book from which the above has been transcribed is very difficult to read. I have there-fore attempted to give a comprehensive cross section of the entries to show prices as well as the type merchandise that was handled by the frontier trading post in Hell Gate M.T. in the year 1865.

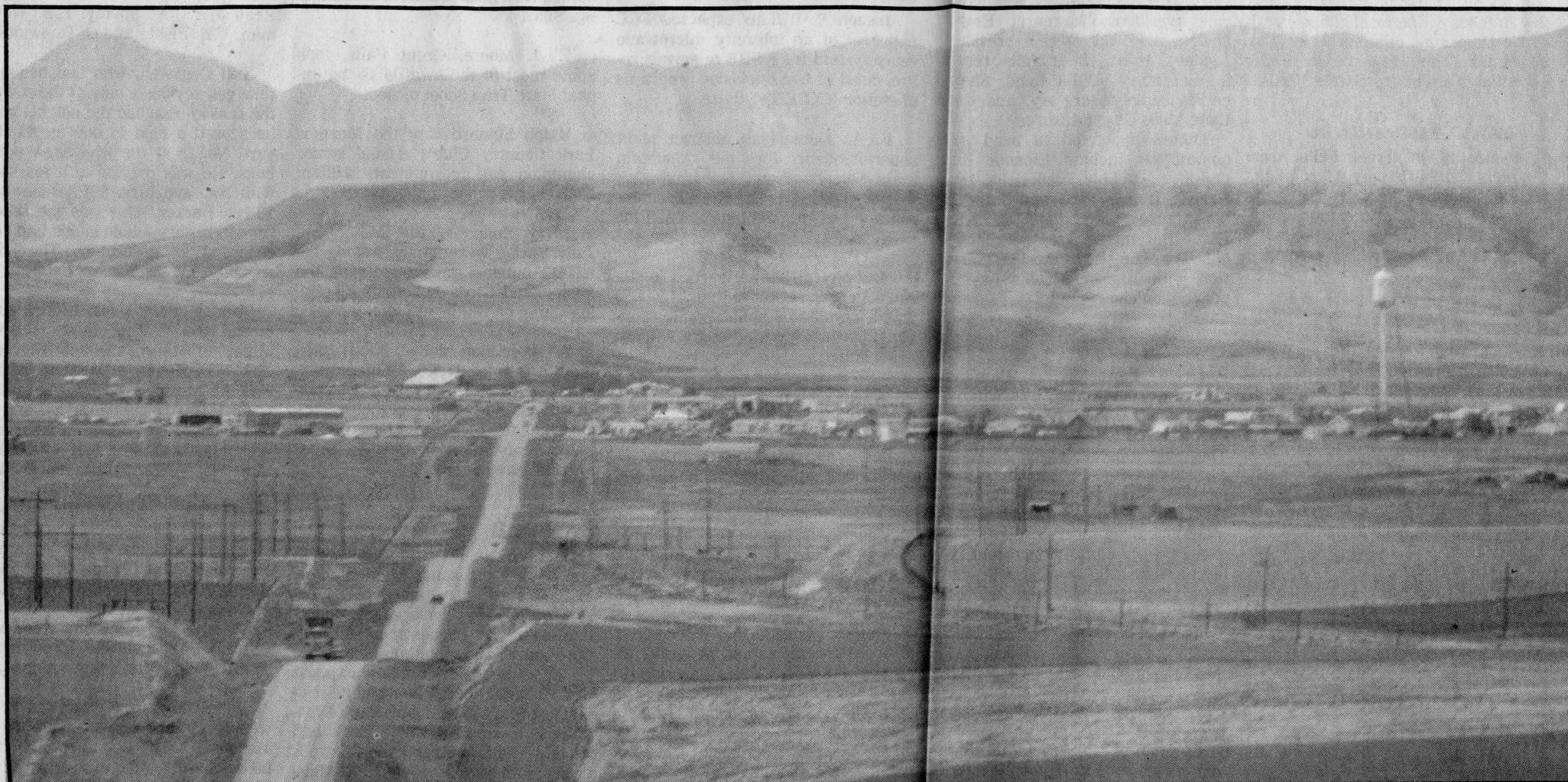
If you wish it copied in its entirety let me know. I have to use a magnifying glass and did not wish to spend any more time on it until I found whether or not the complete record was needed. McC.



TRIBUNE MONTANA PARADE

Section G

Sunday, July 10, 1983



With a mountain backdrop, Stanford stretches across the prairie along the railroad and beside highway 87. (Tribune Photos by Stuart S. White)

'New' Stanford to celebrate

By ROBERTA DONOVAN
Tribune Correspondent

STANFORD — People often move but towns seldom do. An exception is the town of Stanford, seat of Judith Basin County.

When the railroad came through what is now Judith Basin County in 1908, it completely missed Stanford. Undaunted, the people of that community packed up bag and baggage, buildings and all, and moved 2½ miles in order to be on the route. From that time on Stanford's first location, established about 1880, was known as Old Town.

THIS YEAR marks three-quarters of a century since the new Stanford was established and a **big anniversary celebration** is planned for July 16-17.

Events on **Saturday** will include a parade at 12:30 p.m., a flag cere-

Stanford's history dates back more than 100 years to 1875, when a trading post was established at the site of "Old Town" by the T.C. Power Co. of Fort Benton. The town was a stage stop on a line between Great Falls and Lewistown.

Among those who frequently stayed in "Old Town" were artist Charlie Russell and the Rev. W.W. VanOrsdel, known as "Brother Van." The story is told that on one occasion Brother Van held worship services in the bar, using sheets to cover the liquor and pictures on the wall that were "not conducive to a church service."

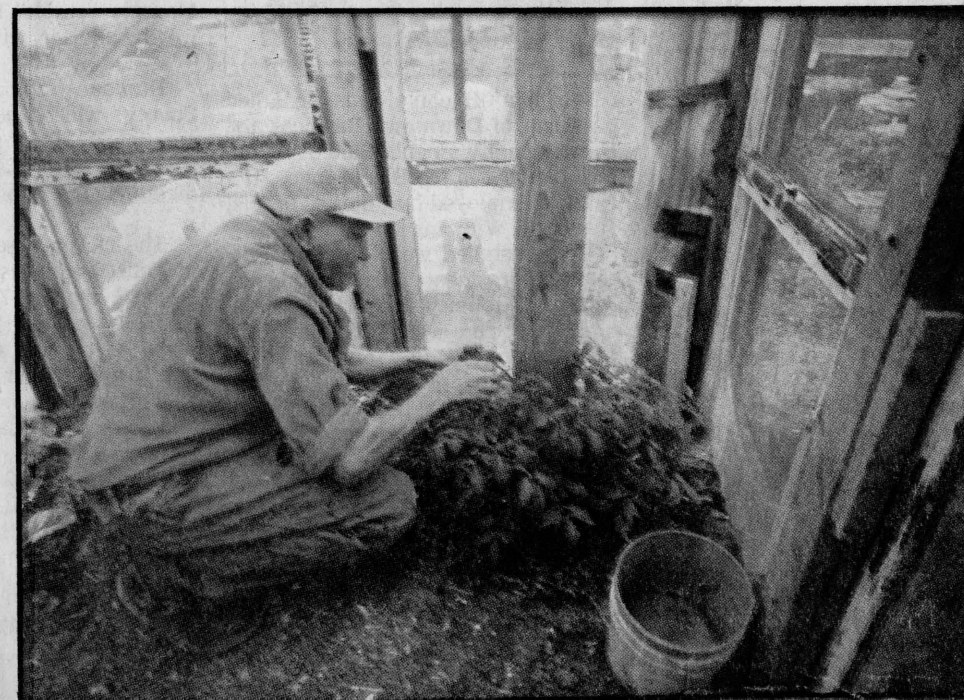
THE SITE for the new Stanford had barely been announced when two enterprising young men, A.C. Baumgartner and A.C. Edwards, made plans to build a hotel there. Work

early days. There were two drug stores, two mercantiles and several grocery stores. "We even had an undertaking parlor and there were two lumber yards. We have had a newspaper since 1910," she said. "At one time there were 13 banks in Judith Basin County, two of them in Stanford. But in 1929, when the Depression started, a lot of them went under," she added.

AMONG EARLY-DAY physicians were Drs. Myrick, Dismore and Igel. Dismore reportedly had a two or three-bed hospital upstairs in his home.

A.G. Gillespie ran a drug store. The building also housed the post office, a confectionery, the Masonic and Knights of Pythias hall, rented rooms and offices.

Early-day attorneys included Earl



Longtime resident John Ecker inspects tomato plants

due at 4, street dance at 9 and 11:30 p.m. a Calcutta auction to select the cowboys who will take part in the wild-cow-milking event the next day.

A pancake breakfast will be served by the Stanford Altar Society **Sunday** from 5:30-9 a.m. in the Rod and Gun Club at the fairgrounds. The annual Stanford Stampede is scheduled that afternoon, beginning at 1:30. Sonny Linger will be producer for the Professional Rodeo Cowboys Association-approved rodeo.

ANNIE LAURIE LESLIE has the unique distinction of having lived in Stanford more years than any other resident. Born on a ranch on Running Wolf Creek near Stanford, she came to live in the town the same year it was established and has been there ever since.

Miss Leslie, not only knows the town's history; she played an active role in it for many years. After graduating from Stanford High School in 1919 she worked for the First National Bank for 11 years. In 1932 she was elected clerk of the district court, a position she held for 36 years until her retirement.

Her father John W. Leslie ran a livery barn, supplying teams and wagons for settlers and caring for horses for visitors to Stanford.

One of his business calendars for the year 1915 hangs in the kitchen of the home shared by Miss Leslie and her sister-in-law Delight Leslie. It is incidentally the same home Miss Leslie has lived in since she was 8 years old and the oldest home in Stanford.

and the two-story 22-room hotel was opened in September. It proved too small for the booming community so a third story with 18 more rooms was added.

There was always a line of people waiting to be seated in the hotel dining room. Meals were served on tables covered with snowy cloths. Fine china and silver were used. The rooms in the hotel were steam-heated and the furnishings were the most modern available.

HOWEVER bathing facilities left something to be desired. The story is told that a schoolmarm stopped overnight at the hotel en route to her school. She told Edwards she wanted a room with a bath. He showed her to the room, then handed her a towel and told her that the creek was 2½ miles west of town.

Edwards' sense of humor was well known. When one hotel guest complained about a dirty towel in the hotel washroom, Edwards told him that 30 other people had used it and he was the first to complain.

A number of years later Edwards established the Farmers State Bank in Denton which his son Bill now heads.

ANOTHER HOTEL, the Hobart House, was established in Stanford by Miss Leslie's aunt and uncle, who came from Boston to visit the family and decided to stay. At one time Hobart House was used as a dormitory for country students attending the Stanford School.

Miss Leslie remembered that Stanford had more businesses in the

Strouf.

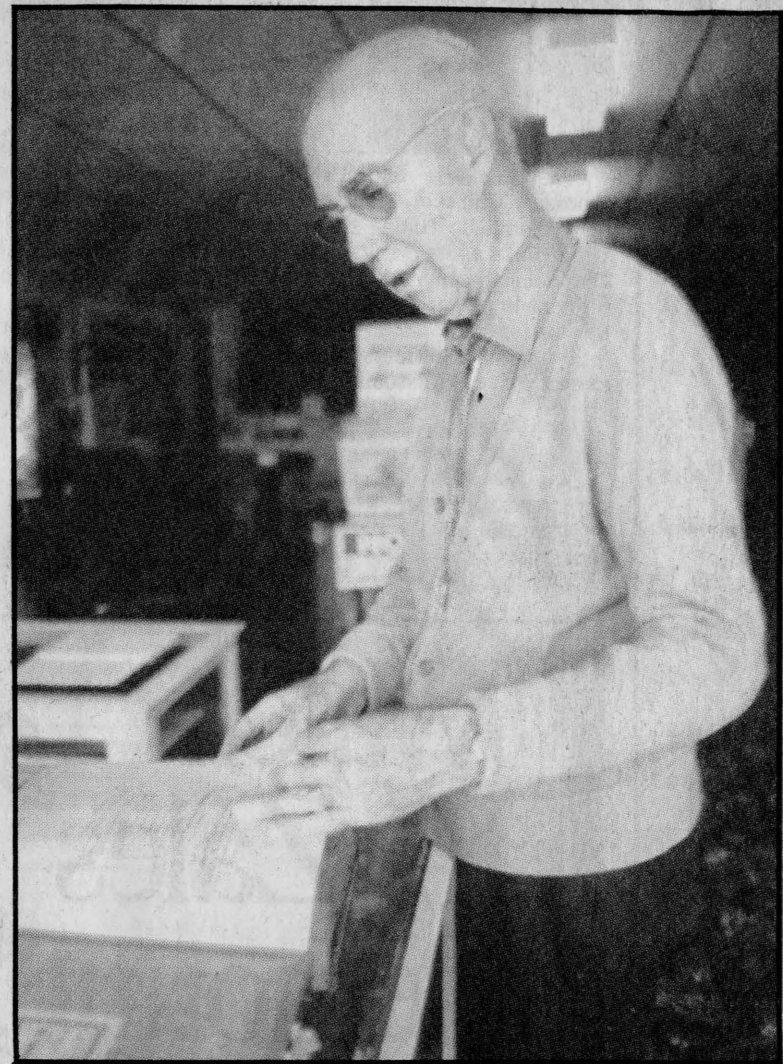
During the time when the new town of Stanford was being established, children attended school in a log building in Old Town but by the following fall a two-room school had been constructed. Enrollment grew rapidly and by the fall of 1911 it was necessary to rent the upper floor of the Gillespie Drug Store for the seventh, eighth and ninth grades. A modern brick schoolhouse was built in 1912. High school classes started that same fall and the first class graduated in 1916.

ONE EARLY RESIDENT was W.W. Galt, who arrived in 1910 with his five sons. The family started the Galt Brothers Hardware and Implement Co. and Galt Brothers Garage. W.W. Galt was Stanford's second mayor.

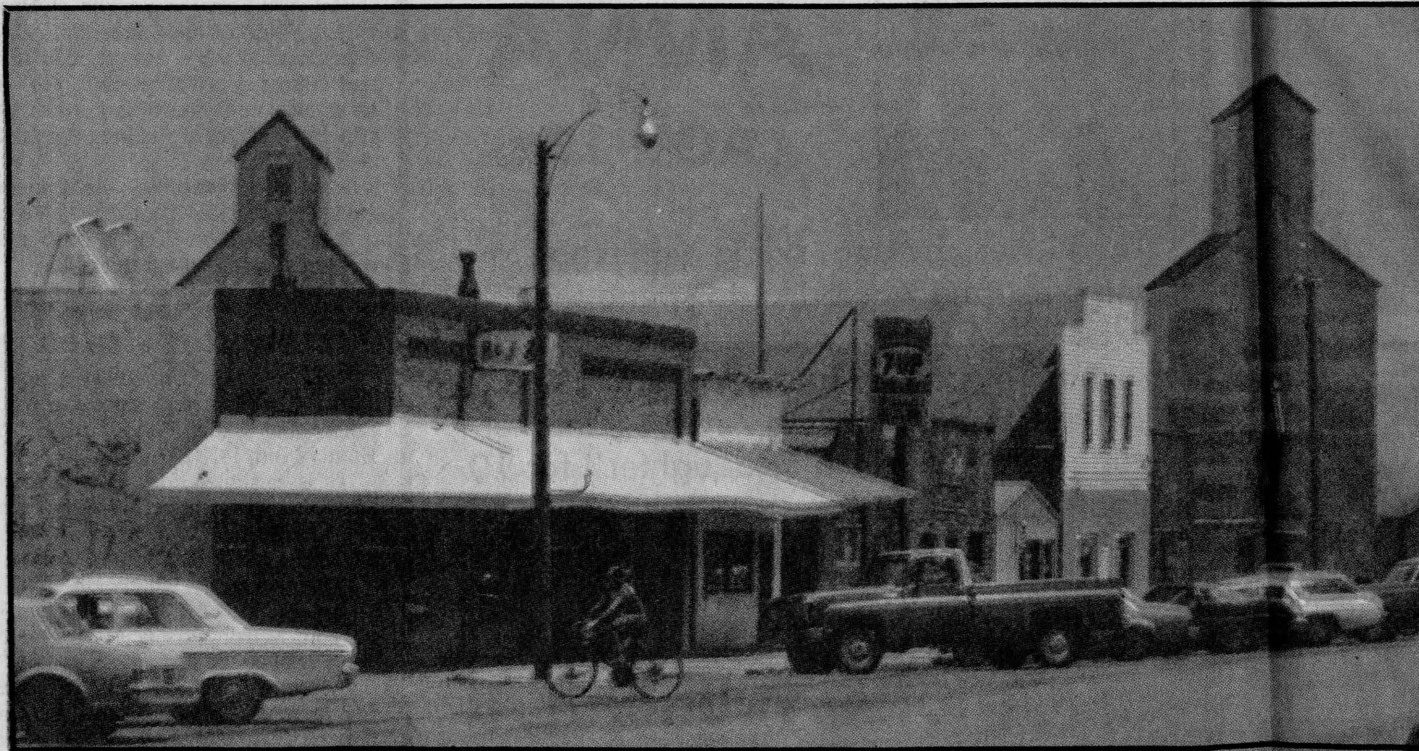
During the homestead boom a tent city sprang up near the stockyards at the edge of town. Settlers unloaded their livestock there and lived in tents until they could locate their land and move to it.

The town's water and sewer systems were completed in 1929. Parks were established and trees planted. Stanford had its own band and baseball team. The team, complete with uniforms, traveled to Lewistown for games by train.

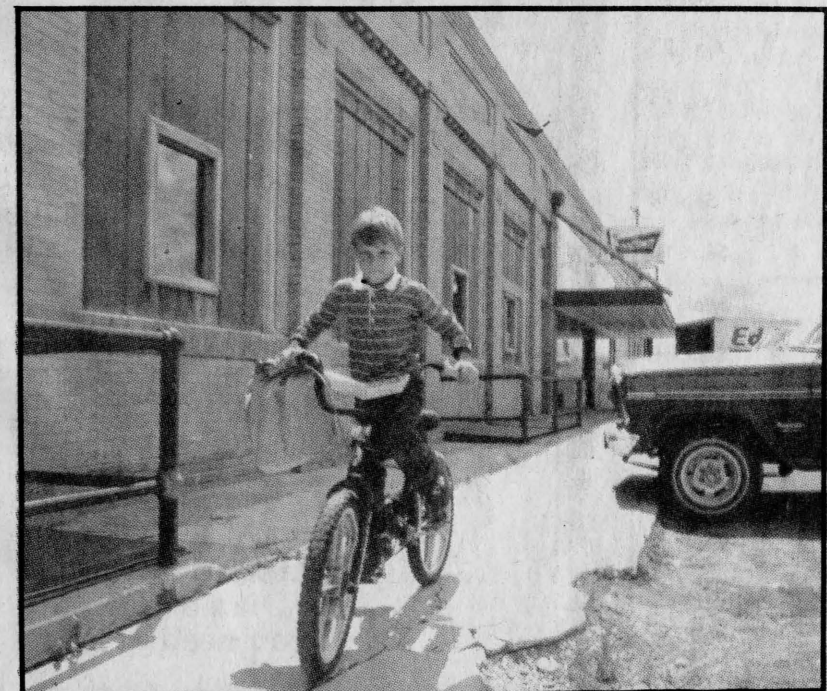
Stanford was selected county seat in 1920 when the new Judith Basin County was formed from sections of Fergus and Cascade counties. Moccasin and Hobson vied for the honor but Stanford won out in a bitterly contested decision.



George Goyins leafs through a 1911 ledger of the Basin Mercantile Company in the Judith Basin County museum.



Grain elevators dominate skyline above the theater (once livery barn) and Jim's Water Hole, one of first bars.



Lincoln Potter, 8, bikes home from Basin Mercantile with groceries for lunch.

WOTM to convene this week

Senior citizens lunch menus

Monday — Baked chicken, mashed potatoes, glazed carrots, cherry cobbler.

Tuesday — Spanish rice, creamed peas, peaches.

Wednesday — Pork roast, mashed potatoes and gravy, spinach, cinnamon crispies.

Thursday — Barbecued beef on a bun, oven browned potatoes, peas, peanut butter cookies.

Friday — Tuna-rice casserole, cauliflower and broccoli, fruit jello with whipped topping.

Women of the Moose

Great Falls Chapter 547, Women of the Moose, will welcome Eleanor Boyle, Pittsburgh, Pa., as she makes her official visit to the local chapter Monday at 8 p.m. in the Moose Home, 21 Montana Avenue, according to Myrtle Bateman, senior regent. Boyle is Grand Council member from International Headquarters of Women of the Moose.

Gracia Griffith, Grass Lodge, deputy grand regent for the Montana organization, will lead an executive session of WOTM today at 1 p.m. in the local Moose Home.

Great Falls Chapter 547 has been selected the Honor Chapter of Montana by International Headquarters and will be officially recognized as such at the annual Montana WOTM

Bulletin board

convention Thursday through Saturday in Sidney. The local chapter will conduct opening ceremonies at the convention. Thirty-four members are expected to attend from Great Falls.

Ostomy Association

A meeting of Great Falls Area Chapter, United Ostomy Association, will be conducted today at 1:30 p.m. in the Lewis and Clark auditorium of Columbus Hospital. Gordon R. Sullivan of the hospital, will present the program.

Women in Transition

The sixth in a series of twelve discussions sponsored by Women in Transition is scheduled 1 to 3 p.m. Wednesday in the Women in Transition office in the YWCA, 220 2nd St. N. Wednesday's topic will be "It's OK to be Assertive." The twelve-part series deals with personal effectiveness skills to help with personal life situations and in finding a job or occupation, Marian Lane, WIT director, said.

Downtown BPW Club



Virginia Hochule

Virginia Hochule was installed president of Downtown Business and Professional Women's Club at its annual banquet in the Black Angus. Hochule is employed by Church, Harris, Johnson & Williams law firm.

Also installed were Heather Porter, vice president; Suzie David, secretary, and Betty Barnhardt, treasurer. New committee chairmen are Gail Emery, young careerist; Rosalie Hall, foundation; Sharon Ashton, legislation; Porter, program; Marion Lander, public relations; Corrine Squires, finance; Karen Porter, bulletin; Arlene Hauser, state convention, and Janet Birkholtz, calling.

Montana BPW



elect; **Dodie Moseley**, Bozeman, first vice president; **Margaret Eraker**, Shelby, second vice president; **Regina Larson**, Great Falls, recording secretary; **Della Lund**, Shelby, corresponding secretary, and **Carol Cain**, Miles City, treasurer.

Others appointed to head state committees include **Eleanor King**, Gardiner; **Debbie Diedericks**, Doris Grams, **Debbie Winterrowd** and **Arlene Hauser**, Great Falls, and **Ginny Holt**, Bozeman. Great Falls was chosen as the site of the 1984 convention with Hauser serving as state convention chairman.

Civitan Club

Great Falls Civitan Club was named an Honor Club by Civitan International at the organization's recent convention in Hollywood, Fla. The club, represented by its 1981-'82 president **Albert F. French**, was recognized on the basis of its service to the community, knowledge of community issues and opportunities and excellence in club management. The designation is the highest self-judged award given by Civitan International, which has more than 1,000 clubs in eight countries. French was designated a Distinguished President at the convention.

Other meetings

Election of officers and an initiation ceremony will be on the agenda of a meeting of Great Falls Faith Assembly No. 3, Order of Rainbow for Girls Wednesday at 7:30 p.m. in the Masonic Temple. Tami Dambrowski, worthy advisor, will preside.

Humane Society of Cascade County will conduct its monthly meeting at 7:30 p.m. Thursday in Room 2D of the CasCo Building. The meeting is open to the public.

The last in a series of four informal discussions is scheduled by La Leche League at 7:30 p.m. Thursday at 3718 1st Ave. S. Nutrition suggestions for nursing mothers and their family and tips on weaning breastfed babies will be focus of discussion, Margaret Houge said.

A meeting of Cascade County Old Timers is scheduled Saturday evening at 7:30 in the Senior Citizens Center in Great Falls.

Bulletin Board rules

Notices for the Tribune Bulletin Board should be submitted to the Tribune news office by noon Tuesday or earlier for publication in the fol-



Montana album

25 years ago

Joseph P. Wilkins expected FCC approval of an intercity microwave relay system for KFBB to permit rebroadcast of live television programs of station KXLF TV, Butte.

F. A. Thibaudeau, district plant superintendent for the Mountain State Telephone and Telegraph Co., was designated as Great Falls representative on the Montana Council for traffic safety.

Bruce Neal, game warden in the Augusta area for more than 30 years, was honored at a public picnic sponsored by the Cascade County Wildlife Association.

Fred Sanborn, who retired as industrial and agricultural agent for the Great Northern Railroad, accepted a temporary appointment as deputy field agent for the State Land Department.

Robert Gilluly was appointed sports news editor of the Montana State University, Missoula, News Service, succeeding J. D. Coleman.

Stanley Deck, former news editor of KMON, was named program director of KMSO-TV in Missoula. He was a senior law student at Montana State University, Missoula.

Francis W. DiRocco was appointed first president of the Great Falls Deanery Council of the Diocesan Council of Catholic Men.

Noel Chilcutt, former jockey, was named presiding steward at North Montana State Fair's race meet.

Dr. L. W. Crouch of Great Falls was named the first Montana-Idaho district governor of Civitan Club International. Dr. E. D. Hitchcock was named secretary-treasurer.

Christian Stevens, Great Falls native who had been in Europe studying, teaching and writing for five years, was scheduled to return. He reported on the World's Fair at Brussels in a Montana Parade article.

Evelyn Johnson, charter member of Copper Chapter, American Busi-

ness Women's Association, was named American Business Woman of the Year.

E. J. Moore, Great Falls, took home most of the awards as the annual State Trap Shoot closed.

Ralph Stanard won the Meadow Lark Country Club's annual senior champion golf tournament. William Hodges was runnerup.

Jerry Connolly, Bill Miller and Judy Varley were named among the top 12 outstanding students at the Junior Red Cross Leadership Training Camp on Flathead Lake.

A six-million dollar bonus payment to some 15,000 Montana veterans of the Korean War was assured by a State Supreme Court decision that the bonus was constitutional. The maximum payment to an individual was to be \$600.

50 years ago

A three-day Fourth of July weekend caused thousands of Montanans to go places. The extended suspension of business gave many opportunities to visit friends or to go to national parks and mountain resorts.

Fishermen were having a great time. The Missouri River and its tributaries were the scene of many expeditions. Even Highwood Creek had its share as a number tried for trout there. Rainbows responded to flies and particularly to grasshoppers.

Great Falls did not stage any general celebration but there were rodeos in the area and some dances.

The eighth and final zinc plant unit was reopened by the Anaconda Copper Mining Co. and approximately 1,000 men were employed in the entire Great Falls plant. The increasing of operations gave a greater number of hours of work to more men than at any time in a considerable period.

Among Great Falls DeMolays who received merit medal awards at the chapter's meeting in the Masonic Temple were Ralph E. Allison, John C. Alt, E.A. Blomquist, William H. Cole, William H. Fahrman, R.M. Ekland, F.M. Grinde, C.A. Hansen,

George Harper, W.H. Mathews, A.W. McIntyre, Phil G. Preston, H.M. Read Jr., C.W. Stukey, L.B. Weissman, V.H. Fisher and G. Dunwiddie.

Ted Cogswell, who had begun to take golf seriously only at the start of the season, reached the heights when he scored a hole in one on the 142-yard No. 18 at the Riverview public links. He was playing in a foursome with Mr. and Mrs. F.F. Baney and Eileen Barker. This was the second time in history a hole in one had been recorded at Riverview. The other was on No. 9 three years before.

Among many social affairs given during the visit of Mrs. J. Bruce Miller of Aberdeen, Scotland, and Mrs. F.D. Kehew of Messina, Africa, was the musical and informal tea at which Mrs. Rachel Couch Ford entertained at her home. Piano solos were played by Mrs. F.H. Crowe and Mrs. W.C. Dickson and vocal numbers were presented by Mrs. Ford accompanied by Olive Sorrick. Mrs. F.J. Adams gave several readings.

Roses and larkspur decorated rooms of the Ford home. Mrs. Gowan Ferguson and Mrs. J.N. Thelen presided at the tea table and those assisting in serving were Mrs. Dorothy Dickinson Ball, Mrs. Charles A. Bovey and Mrs. John Struchen.

With Zita Durbin as chairman the weekly ladies' day luncheon of the Meadow Lark Country Club was under the direction of a group of the younger members of the club. Assisting Miss Durbin were Marjorie and Eleanor Sherwood, Jean Baldwin, Betty Peters, Vera Louise Thelen and Genevieve Clary.

Circle 194, Neighbors of Woodcraft, was entertained at a bridge and 500 party in the home of Mrs. J.T. Tamplin. Mrs. George Maiden won the high prize for 500, Mrs. W.T. Prichard, high score award for bridge, and Mrs. William Albrecht, the cut prize. Those attending included Mrs. John Kujich, Mrs. E.R. Britten, Mrs. Joseph Milch, Mrs. Paul Ludwig, Mrs. E.E. Dellabaugh, Mrs. Harry Kutros, Mrs. Emil Pfister, Mrs. C.A. Stage, Mrs. A.P. Drapes, Mrs. Ray Kelly, Mrs. Nettie Kirwin, Mrs. M.A. LaMotte and Mrs. William Bauer.



Malmstrom memos

WEDDINGS REGISTERED AT THE VIKING SHOP

Lori Lewis	
Bob Mai	July 1
Kelly Guthrie	
Philip Bruneau	July 2
Sandy Stevenson	
Mark Brajcich	July 2
Dawn McGinn	
Kim Anderson	July 3
Bobbi Dennis	
Thomas Woolcock	July 9
Cindy Chamberlain	
Rick Morrison	July 9
Shelley Guon	
Jim May	July 9
Leslie Oakland	
Dick Millard	July 9
Kris Oakland	
Doug Houtonen	July 9
Roxanne Fordahl	

Duane Jorge	July 16
Stephanie Langley	July 16
Bill McPhail	July 16
Patricia Manning	July 16
Russell Ehnes	July 16
Pat McCollum	July 23
Robert Elling	July 23
Crystal Anderson	July 29
Jeffrey Carr	July 29
Paula Junkermier	July 30
Jerry Poole	July 30
Karla Malcolm	July 30
John Marra	July 30
Allison Brown	July 31
Michael Florance	July 31
Joanne Ginter	July 31
Richard Gilman	July 31
Lora Simpson	Aug. 6
Mark Beatty	Aug. 6
Hilda Thomas	Aug. 6
Martin Kimmert	Aug. 6
Robin Jennen	Aug. 13
Stuart Vincent	Aug. 13
Colleen Maguire	Aug. 13
Craig Campbell	Aug. 13
Heather McIntosh	Aug. 20
Todd Pearson	Aug. 20
Ruth Boland	Aug. 20
Paul Ritter	Aug. 20
LeAnn Galt	Aug. 20
Richard Fiesthamel	Aug. 20
Debbie Gillet	Aug. 20
Kevin Schmid	Aug. 20
Cheryl Hill	Aug. 20
Dan Fura	Aug. 20
Sandy Williams	Aug. 20
Al Moreno	Aug. 20
Priscilla Koenen	Aug. 27
Brian Wilkins	Aug. 27
Hallie Baumann	Aug. 27
Leyton Yearout	Aug. 27
Tanya Hasbrouck	Aug. 27
Dave Nicholson	Aug. 27
Theresa Senko	Aug. 27
Robert Hughes	Aug. 27
Colleen Newman	Aug. 27
John Scott	Aug. 27
Sandy Stime	Aug. 28
Chris McKinnon	Aug. 28
Lisa Taylor	Sept. 3
Chris Lawrence	Sept. 3
Lisa White	Sept. 8
Glenn Gillette	Sept. 8
Tamera Davis	Sept. 10
Paul Barker	Sept. 10
Debbie Pickering	Sept. 10
Clark Cockrell	Sept. 10
Judith Vladic	Sept. 10
Rob Crotty	Sept. 10
Julie Cobbley	Sept. 10
Neal Rider	Sept. 10
Helen Johnston	Sept. 10
Mike Nordquist	Sept. 10
Vicki Snow	Sept. 17
John Corwin	Sept. 17
Laura Wilkins	Oct. 5
Dave Heine	Oct. 5

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Hilde Hartelius

The Business and Professional Women's Clubs of Montana elected and installed Hilde Hartelius of Great Falls as its president at the recent annual convention of the state organization at Mammoth Hot Springs.

Other state officers include Jeanette Price, Missoula, president-

Releases should be submitted in written form, on postcards or stationery. They should always include the name of the publicity person and a telephone number where she or he can be reached.

Items submitted past the Tuesday deadline will be published as brief announcements with the organization's name, time and place of meeting in the daily paper. The Tribune does not ever guarantee a date for publication.

Pictures accompanying news releases will be returned if a stamped, self-addressed envelope is provided.

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By BONNIE PULS

Telephone 454-1985

"PRESERVE IT RIGHT," a series of workshops on food preservation, will be offered this Thursday and July 21 in Great Falls Public Library by Cooperative Extension Service. The program will offer information on canning, drying and freezing foods with emphasis on jams, jellies, pickles, relishes and sauerkraut.

A series of "space exploration" brown bag lunch films will be offered by the base library beginning with "The Time of Apollo" Tuesday at 12:15 p.m. "Planet Mars" will be the feature at the same time on Friday.

SCHOOL PHYSICALS will be offered by the base hospital's Pediatric Clinic each Tuesday and Thursday afternoon through Sept. 1. Appointments for 10-15 children entering the Montana school system will be available each afternoon. Sports, daycare and preschool physicals will be scheduled during regular clinic hours. The Tuesday and Thursday examinations will include general physical exams, eye and dental screenings and immunizations. Parents should see immunization records are brought at the time of the appointment. Contact the Hospital appointment desk Monday through Friday during normal duty hours to

arrange a time for the physical. It is recommended parents schedule physicals as soon as possible due to late-summer personnel turnover.

A WOMEN'S EXERCISE class will begin Wednesday at the Sports Arena and will be scheduled 5:30 p.m. each week. It will include a small amount of weight-lifting. Interested women should sign up at the Sports Arena.

Tickets are available at the Recreation Center for an exhibition volleyball game 7:30 p.m. Aug. 3 in the C.M. Russell High School fieldhouse. The international game will feature the national team from Bulgaria pitted against the U.S. Olympic team. Get tickets from Kelly at the Recreation Center.

RECREATION CENTER TOURS coming up will include Gates of the Mountains tours July 23 and Aug. 27 and a tour to Virginia City, Nevada City and Deer Lodge Sept. 2. Deadlines to make reservations and payment are July 17 for the first tour, Aug. 21 for the second and August 1 for the last tour. Make reservations with Kelly in the Recreation Center.

Arts and Crafts Center will offer tile painting for youths in August if enough prospective students register. The class will be for youths aged 10-15 years. The center will also offer

another evening porcelain doll class in August. Sign up at the center.

NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS' Wives Club will welcome Ellen Knight, wife of Col. James B. Knight, 341st SMW Commander at a social Monday at 7:30 p.m. in the Chinook NCO Club. The welcoming event will be a dress affair.

Jazz night is scheduled each Sunday from 6:30 p.m. until midnight in the Back Room of the Recreation Center.

FAMILY SERVICES is recruiting volunteers for its welcoming committee and to do several hours of office work each week. The agency's welcoming committee greets new people to the Malmstrom community with information about the base and the area. In-office volunteers help answer phones, provide information and issue household items for loan. Contact the center between 10 a.m. and 2 p.m. Monday through Friday for additional information.

The Federal Women's Group will meet at 3 p.m. Thursday in the base library.

OFFICERS' WIVES CLUB will bid farewell to Mrs. Fredda Cothran and welcome Ellen Knight at a Hail and Farewell coffee Tuesday at 10 a.m. in the Officers Club. Reservations are not required.

Skating at the Youth Center roller rink is offered the first and third Saturday of each month through August. Hours are 7 to 10 p.m.

A FLOAT TRIP from Morony Dam to Carter's Ferry is planned by Protestant Youth of the Chapel Saturday. Participants will leave at 9:30 a.m. and return approximately 5 p.m. Interested youths must sign up for the trip by Monday by calling Chaplain Ted Wuerffel.

A women's aerobics class meets each Tuesday and Thursday at 9 a.m. in the Recreation Center. Interested women should contact the center.

Workshop slated

Oregon State University plans a one-day workshop, "Improving Your Counseling Skills," July 21 at the Holiday Inn, 1411 10th Ave. S.

It is designed for managers, supervisors and office personnel who want to improve their ability to influence the behavior of others.

The workshop will begin at 8:30 a.m. and end at 4:30 p.m. Leader will be Tom Murphy, associate professor in psychology at the university.

A fee will be charged. Registration information is available from the university's continuing education department, Corvallis, Ore., 97331.



INTRODUCING ANNA AGE: 17

Anna loves cooking, skiing, volleyball and cats. She would like to spend the 1983-1984 school year in this area, if a host family can be found for her. If you are interested in having Anna or another student as your "son or daughter" for 10 months, please call:

KARIN NIELSEN - (406) 727-1267

or

AMY HARRIS - (800) 992-9479

EDUCATIONAL FOUNDATION FOR FOREIGN STUDY

SAVES

ALONG THE MILK RIVER

Montana
May-June '82

THE PROMISE OF MONTANA'S NEXT YEAR COUNTRY

by Gary Wilson

Gary Wilson is a writer for the Havre newspaper. Specializing in historical pieces, he is completing a book about Havre's bootlegging and frontier days.

The Milk River Country is remote from the mainstream of Montana. Tucked just under the Canadian line, this high border country was the last stand for the buffalo, the cowboy and the open range. Some call it the "land of the long look," and it is indeed a land of wide-open spaces where trees and rain are scarce commodities. Here a number of small, scattered farming communities cling to their source of life, the Milk River.

The Milk River originates in Glacier Park and flows northwest from Hudson's Bay Divide. Its two main forks converge as it crosses into Alberta. The north fork is supplied with water from Sherburne Reservoir that passes over St. Mary's River north of Babb in two six-foot diameter pipes, and through a notch over Hudson's Divide. The lower fork flows from the Milk River Ridge in the vicinity of Divide Mountain and is joined by such tributaries as Fox and Livermore Creeks.

Its bluish-white color was once thought to be caused by the deposits of earthen materials such as clay and "rock flour" it picked up from the debris of the melting glaciers. But now its color seems to originate from fine sand picked up on the Alberta side in a deep gorge near Writing-On-Stone Park (Opposite Sweet Grass Hills on the U.S. Side).

Once in Alberta, the river runs parallel to the border for 100 miles until it once again enters Montana near the tiny, vintage homestead of Gold Stone in Hill County.

For the next 50 miles it follows the approximate course of an ancient tributary channel of the old Missouri River. At the point the Milk River begins to turn eastward, its waters are impounded by Fresno Dam. Below the dam it winds for 11 miles until it reaches Havre, which is the county seat of Hill County, and passes by its bustling train yards.

For the last 200 miles eastward, it parallels the tracks of the old Great Northern Railroad, the "High Line" railroad in Montana; (commonly spelled Hi-Line) and U.S. Highway #2, formerly called the Theodore Roosevelt Memorial Highway.

It flows through Hill, Blaine, Phillips and Valley Counties whose total population is 31,000. (1970 Census). The principal towns, after Havre, are Chinook, Harlem, Malta and Glasgow. The Milk joins the Missouri River six miles south of Nashua, just east of Fort Peck Dam.

The Milk River Country is a land of varied landscapes with a primitive, rough beauty composed of windswept plains once covered by glaciers. The landscape varies from rolling hills and badlands to low buttes and shallow valleys.

Here some of the finest milling and baking wheat in the world is grown. Where the ground is too broken and

topsoil too thin, cattle are raised with hay supplied by the rich, irrigated bottom lands along the river. Other lesser cash crops include sheep, hogs, poultry and honey.

The Milk is a relatively young river. It dates back about 10,000 years to the end of the last ice age. It is called a pirate river for the stream occupies the old, preglacial valley of the Missouri River from Havre to Nashua.

The course of the Missouri River was changed to its present course, 50 miles to the south, during one phase of the glacial age. The thick ice blocked the river's path and the Great Falls Glacial Lake was formed. (For a more detailed description of this geological event, see Dave Alt's geology column, P 68, July '81 issue, Montana Magazine.)

When the ice ages ended, the melted ice cut a new course through the ancient river channel of the Arrow and possibly the Judith. A hill of glacial debris, or a moraine, northeast of Fort Benton, compelled it to go east and prevented it from flowing north into Hudson's Bay again. Big Sandy Creek now occupies the original course of the Missouri River. It flows north to empty into the Milk River near Havre.

The Milk River Country gained its first fame from the Lewis and Clark party in 1805, even though the expedition by-passed it. Their log for Wednesday, May 8, stated: "We nooned it just above the entrance of a large river which disembogues on the land (right side). Examined it for 3 miles — looked navigable by the quantity of water it must water a large extent of country — perhaps connects to the Saskatchewan River? The water of this river possesses a peculiar whiteness, being about the color of a cup of tea with the admixture of a tablespoon of milk. From the color of its water we called it the Milk River."

The next important group through the area was the Congressional Pacific Railroad Survey. This expedition, under General Isaac Stevens, explored and charted the Milk River Country. Some authorities say this party gave the Bear's Paw Mountains their name. From a summit they envisioned the surrounding mountains "as the paw of a grizzly bear, ready to spring upon the plains."

The Fisk and Holmes wagon trains of the 1860s followed this natural highway as mapped by the Stevens party. Its route turned south at present-day Havre to Fort Benton and on to Helena. At Helena it continued west on the remainder of the Mullan Trail.

The long entry of one such fall trip stated: "We welcomed the mountain country with its clear streams and cool misty mornings, even though the nights were so cold that ice crusted in the water pails."

Other incidents from the log books included seeing 10,000 Indians camped with their large medicine lodges, wolves eating a Mr. Harris's cow alive, and a herd of

Waltermire, set professional wildlife managers back on their heels when it decided to investigate three FWP employees for doing a good job. The three had been successful at protecting stream flow for fisheries, exactly what anglers pay them to do.

A stronger voice for Montana's hunters and anglers. That will result from the Montana Wildlife Federation's recent truce and subsequent consolidation with several of the state's larger sporting clubs such as Butte's Skyline Sportsmen and Missoula's Western Fish and Game Assn. With this additional and more organized political clout (the membership has nearly doubled), hunting and fishing can only benefit. At the same time, however, the federation can expect a weaker voice because of the departure of Executive Director Wilbur Rehmann who is leaving to pursue a full-time career in music as part of a small group of Montanians called Cheap Cologne.

Catch and release fishing and other special management, such as artificial lures only and size limitations, have been catching lots of flak of late. This seems strange in light of the fact that only 7 percent of Montana's Class I waters (the best trout streams) are covered by any kind of special fishing regs.

Senator John Melcher's Lee Metcalf Wilderness bill has one vital aspect for hunters and anglers that, to date, hasn't received much press coverage. The bill omits the most valuable wildlife habitat and watersheds from wilderness designation, a fact sure to reduce the quality and quantity of hunting and fishing in the Gallatin-Madison area and lower water quality in the Gallatin and Madison rivers and dozens of other trout streams. It seems strange that the Madison-Gallatin Alliance, the local organization that has worked for years to get approval for a Lee Metcalf Wilderness, totally opposes Melcher's effort to so designate part of the area.

Update on endrin. The Montana Department of Agriculture hopes to get approval for two chemical alternatives to endrin, but farmers have already criticized the chemicals as too costly and less effective. The cooler spring weather prevented a similar outbreak of cutworms this year and probably prevented a renewed endrin controversy.

M

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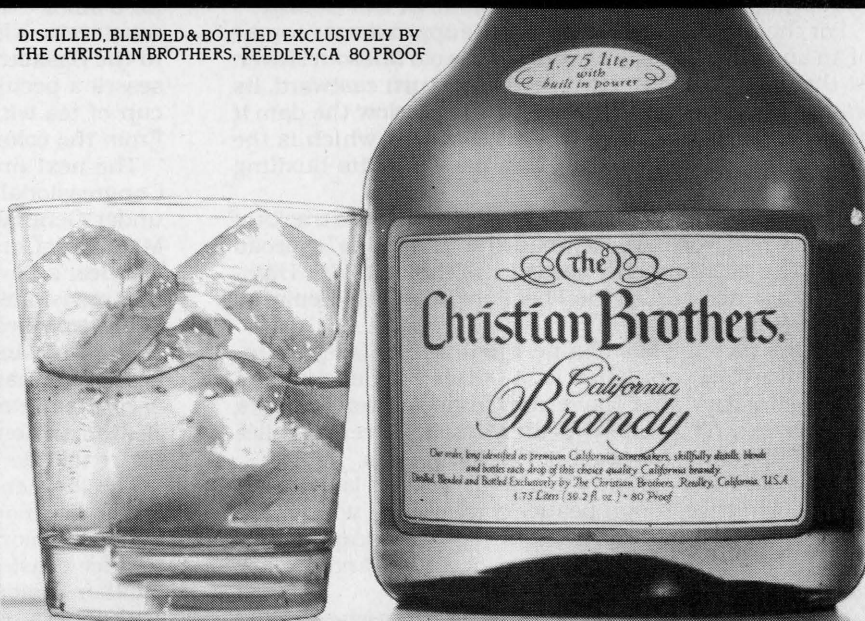
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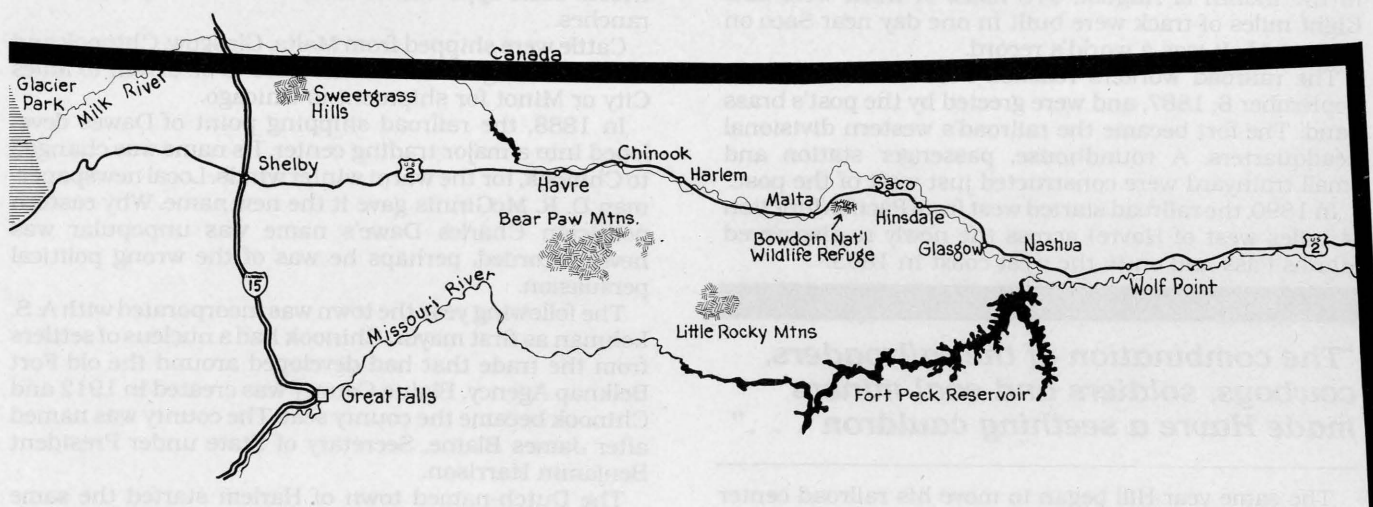
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MONTANA'S HI-LINE



buffalo surrounding a wagon train for six days. Also mentioned was a prospecting trip in the Bear's Paw Mountains that was ended abruptly by a charging grizzly bear. And lastly, an Indian attack that was combated by the wagon train's brass band playing "Yankee Doodle Dandy." The astounded Indians were then given gifts, the peace pipe smoked and they departed.

"Civilization" was first established at the trading posts along the river. Some of these doubled as Indian agency supply-dispensing points. Such firms as I. G. Baker, Thomas Power and Durfee and Peck were represented. The Gros Ventres, Assiniboiné and Blackfeet were the main tribes in the area. However, Sioux, Crow and Cree did frequent the country. The slaughter of the buffalo diminished the importance of these posts, as the Indians had lost their main medium of exchange. These trading posts had passed out of existence by the 1880s.

An overland Pony Express Company briefly established a northerly route along the Milk River. It started at Fort Peck and relay stations were established every 40 miles until it reached Fort Benton. Serious Indian opposition ended this venture after six months.

Another group who temporarily settled along the river was the Cree and Metis (French-Indian) from Canada. They built cabins and lived off the bountiful buffalo herds. The Gros Ventres, however, were unhappy with the presence of the intruders on their hunting grounds and asked the army to remove them. The army eventually burned all their cabins, but little game remained.

By the late 1870s, a wagon trail had been established from Fort Benton northeast to the new army post of Fort Assiniboiné. From the fort, the road went north to the Mountie post at Fort Walsh in Saskatchewan.

The first real permanence came with the establishment of the Fort Assiniboiné Military Reservation. To the east, protection was provided by Ft. Keogh. Keogh's troops fought a battle with Sitting Bull on Frenchman Creek near present-day Saco. Sitting Bull's band, then hiding in Canada, was attracted by the abundant game as food was scarce across the line.

With the Nez Perce defeat at Snake Creek near the Bear's Paw Mountains in 1877, and Sitting Bull's sur-

render at Fort Keogh in 1880, the Milk River Country became relatively stable. Its population consisted of about 5,000 Indians and the few settlers associated with army and Indian agency posts.

Cattlemen became attracted to the tall, plentiful buffalo grass in this region. The first cattle were brought here by Thomas O'Hanlon at old Fort Belknap near present-day Chinook. Simon Pepin brought cattle to Fort Assiniboiné in 1882.

The real cattle invasion occurred after the disastrous winter of 1886-1887 in the Judith Basin Country. The range had been overstocked and grass was scarce. Combined with the very hard winter, it was essential to find new grazing lands and the Milk River Country was the most promising.

By the turn of the century, there were estimated to be 300 cattlemen and 30,000 head of cattle granted permission by the U.S. government to graze. These included the N-N brand of the Niedinghaus Bros. near Hinsdale, the Bear Paw Cattle Pool south of Chinook, the Circle C near the Little Rockies, and the Circle Diamond brand of the Bloom Cattle Co. near Malta.

The Milk River Country and all of the Hi-Line owes its real development to the energy and foresight of the "empire builder," James J. Hill.

Hill bought a bankrupt railroad in Minnesota in 1872. With his Eastern and European backers, he reorganized it into the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railroad. Later this became the Great Northern Railway with the absorption of the Montana Central.

His railroad started west but was stopped at Minot, North Dakota in 1886. President Cleveland had vetoed passage through the vast Indian reservations in Montana.

Hill's political friends were able to convince Congress and the Manitoba Line entered Montana in 1887. He received a 75-foot right-of-way and a station plot every 10 miles. The cost was 50 cents a mile through the Indian lands.

The coming of the railroad changed the location and reduced the size of the Indian reservations. Fort Belknap was moved to Harlem from Chinook, and Fort Peck was

replaced by an agency at Poplar and a sub-agency at Wolf Point. On May 1, 1888, part of the old reservations were opened to settlers.

Railroad construction resumed on May 7, 1887, and the 550 miles of track were completed on September 28. In the month of August, 116 miles of track were laid. Eight miles of track were built in one day near Saco on August 11. It was a world's record.

The railroad workers reached Fort Assinniboiné on September 6, 1887, and were greeted by the post's brass band. The fort became the railroad's western divisional headquarters. A roundhouse, passenger station and small trainyard were constructed just west of the post.

In 1890, the railroad started west from Pacific Junction (4 miles west of Havre) across the newly re-discovered Marias Pass and on to the west coast in 1893.

"The combination of the railroaders, cowboys, soldiers and coal miners made Havre a seething cauldron . . ."

The same year Hill began to move his railroad center from the fort to Bull Hook Bottoms on the main line then under construction. The water supply on Beaver Creek had been too unpredictable, while Havre had what was described as "exceptional well water and lots of it."

Bull Hook Siding had been his second choice. The first choice had been Yantic (later Lohman), but its good citizens wanted too much for the land.

Pioneer cattlemen and businessmen Ed Broadwater and Simon Pepin donated the land to Hill with the understanding that the town would serve as the railroad's divisional headquarters.

Hill didn't want his division point called Bull Hook Bottoms, so a committee of its first citizens met to pick a more respectable name. Since most were French, the name France was first choice. Finally LeHavre (The harbor) was picked after Gus Decelles' birth place in France and Havre (pronounced Hav-er) was born.

Havre became known as the toughest railroad town between Seattle and Chicago, and the second toughest community in Montana — after Butte. "The combination of the railroaders, cowboys, soldiers and coal miners made Havre a seething cauldron because its clientele was made up of such violent and conflicting elements," as one writer described it, and the meeting place for all these elements was Shorty Young's notorious Montana Hotel, Honky Tonk and Brothel.

In conjunction with the railroad and the bolsterous towns it had created, farming also had begun in a small way. These early farming efforts were mostly on irrigated land. The early farmers located on land near streams where the irrigation canals were the easiest to construct.

The first of the irrigation projects began near Chinook in the fall of 1889. A T. C. Burns came from the Yellowstone Valley and took up land under the Desert Land Act. He built a canal from the Milk River to irrigate his farm claims. Tom Everett did the same near Harlem. Irrigation companies were formed on Frenchman Creek near Saco and on Beaver Creek near Havre by the Clack family.

Hill was unhappy with these irrigation attempts since he was trying to promote dryland farming under the 1862 Homestead Act. But four years of poor moisture killed that scheme.

All that remained in the Milk River for a time were the stockmen and settlers building irrigation canals such as the Matheson Ditch Company. These irrigated land projects produced premium blue-joint and later alfalfa hay. It

was assured that livestock could be watered and fed throughout the worst of winters.

The railroad placed a section house every six miles for construction, maintenance and communication purposes. Settlers used them first as trade centers, and businesses soon appeared to cater to the nearby farms and ranches.

Cattle were shipped from Malta, Glasgow, Chinook and Havre. No longer would cattle have to be driven to Miles City or Minot for shipment to Chicago.

In 1888, the railroad shipping point of Dawes developed into a major trading center. Its name was changed to Chinook, for the warm winter winds. Local newspaperman D. R. McGinnis gave it the new name. Why eastern politician Charles Dawe's name was unpopular was never recorded, perhaps he was of the wrong political persuasion.

The following year the town was incorporated with A. S. Lohman as first mayor. Chinook had a nucleus of settlers from the trade that had developed around the old Fort Belknap Agency. Blaine County was created in 1912 and Chinook became the county seat. The county was named after James Blaine, Secretary of State under President Benjamin Harrison.

The Dutch-named town of Harlem started the same year with the move of the Fort Belknap Agency there from Chinook. Its population of 1430 Gros Ventres, Assinniboiné and Teton Sioux made it a natural commercial center. The Harlem merchants, such as L. Minugh, were also able to attract business from the gold miners of the Little Rockies. Harlem even boasted a saloon run by Loney Curry, brother of outlaw Harvey "Kid" Curry. Harlem lost out as the Blaine County seat, but it has continued as an agricultural and reservation commercial center.

Dodson was the first site of the old Milk River Indian Agency called Fort Browning on Peoples Creek. It was abandoned in 1873 because of hostile Sioux who interfered with the trading activities. The town was named for a merchant who had run a trading post and saloon previous to the arrival of the Manitoba Railroad. At one time Dodson rivaled Malta for the county seat. While no longer a major town, it still hosts the Phillips County Fair.

Malta began in 1887 as railroad siding #54. A Robert Trafton, nicknamed "The bone boss," moved his trading post to Malta and became its first businessman. The railroad enabled him to do a lucrative business in the collection and sale of buffalo bones gathered by the Indians and shipped to eastern fertilizer plants.

Malta, named after the Mediterranean island, was christened after a Malta group complained to the railroad's St. Paul office. They told the railroad executives that the Hi-Line towns should have names instead of just siding numbers. Names were then picked for all unnamed sidings.

Malta became a major cattle raising area and shipping point. The large ranchers in the area asked for a centrally located stockyard and Malta came into being. Phillips, Coburn, Matador and Phelps were the major cattlemen at that time. Phillips also raised large herds of sheep and was rivaled only by Jurgen Kuhr in Blaine County.

Malta became the county seat when Phillips County was created in 1915. The county was named for Ben Phillips, prominent cattleman, state politician and mining magnate.

Saco is the last town encountered before leaving Phillips County. It was named after a seaport city and river in Maine — perhaps Indian in origin. Near Saco was the Durfee and Peck trading post called Janeau's Post (later moved to the future Lewistown area). Saco was born when the Manitoba Line constructed a water tank and

section house there. To the south of Saco are the Larb Hills, created from the debris that the glaciers left.

Hinsdale, in Valley County, got its name from a town in New Hampshire. It also had a railroad section house. Near Hinsdale on Rock Creek was another Durfee and Peck trading post called Tom Campbell's House. North of Hinsdale, Rock Creek cuts through a "pint-sized" Grand Canyon with 100-foot walls.

"The bone boss" moved his trading post to Malta and became its first businessman.

Glasgow developed in 1887 as Siding #45. By 1888, it sported a tent city of eight saloons, three restaurants and one store. The first settler was said to be Charles Hall who sold plots of the town without any ownership. Glasgow was a significant cattle and sheep railroad shipping point. By 1893, it was county seat of newly created Valley County.

As it grew in importance, it developed more permanent buildings such as a courthouse, general store, Methodist Church, Coleman's Hotel and log cabins as residences.

The Glasgow area was the site of several trading posts with Fort Peck the most famous. Its name now graces the spectacular earth-filled dam, lake and recreational area. The post lies under the man-made lake.

Nashua, on Porcupine Creek, is the eastern gateway to Fort Peck Dam. To the south of Nashua was the trading post, Fort Dauphin. Nashua means "Meeting of two streams." The town is sheltered by a high butte. Nashua is the western border of the Fort Peck Indian Reservation. Below Nashua, the Milk River flows into the Missouri River and the railroad follows its easterly course.

The railroad was built, the towns started, and agriculture had begun in a small way.

In 1909, with the enlargement of the Homestead Act to 320 acres, Hill began a new attempt at the expansion of settlements in the Milk River Country. He opened his own agricultural experiment stations, and because the rain returned, they produced beautiful prize-winning crops. Hill now controlled three railroads, the Great Northern, Northern Pacific and the Burlington, and his special exhibition cars toured the country with displays of the blue ribbon crops.

He called the Milk River Valley "a poor man's paradise where land was plentiful and a fortune could be made with little effort." The railroad's posters portrayed the hardy farmer who plowed his way across Montana and turned over a furrow of gold coins in the process.

Meanwhile efforts continued to bring a formal irrigation project to the Milk River Country. The Boundary Waters Treaty was signed in 1909 between the United States and the British Dominion of Canada. This agreement spelled out the equal apportionment of the St. Mary and Milk Rivers for the purposes of irrigation and hydroelectric power.

Federal monies were to create a major dam at Shermans Lake in Glacier Park. Diversion dams and/or canals were to be placed at Lohman, Chinook, Harlem, Dodson, the Saco-Malta area and Vandalia. In 1939, the Fresno Dam would complete the Milk River Irrigation Project.

But in 1910, dryland farming was the thing to do. The rain continued and agriculture passed mining in importance. It appeared that rain truly did follow the plow. So plow deep!

Soon every half section was occupied, and land previously considered barely fit for grazing was homes-

teated. Even greater incentive came in 1912 with the "prove-up process" reduced from five to three years. The boom increased. New settlers rode the rails west for \$12.50 single fare or a whole boxcar for \$50.

The ranchers, who already had overgrazing problems, were being squeezed out by those "fool hoemen."

In 1911, Fort Assiniboine began the process of deactivation. The military reservation was eventually broken up into a state agricultural station, the Rocky Boys Indian Reservation for Cree and Chippewa, a portion to L. K. Devlin under a mining claim (future Beaver Creek Park) and the remainder opened to homesteaders.

Between 1910 and 1920, county populations doubled. In 1910 alone, the Great Northern moved more than 1000 immigrant boxcars into Northern Montana. In one day, 250 homesteaders arrived in Havre. In 1913, Havre had 1600 homestead claims in one month. Phillips County reached a high of 13,000 people.

It was estimated that 70,000 to 80,000 people flooded Northern Montana between 1909 and 1918, but 60,000 of these would be gone by 1922.

Prosperous communities came into being throughout the Milk River Country. Towns such as Gildford, Fresno, Zurich, Coberg, Savoy, Beaverton and Strater developed with schools, lumberyards, newspapers, stockyards and grain elevators. And in some cases, banks.

With America's entry into World War I, the pressure to produce was even greater. The slogan became: "Food will win the war!" Farmers borrowed money to expand their production. Grain prices were predicted to soon reach four dollars a bushel. When the war ended, so did the grain supports. Wheat prices plummeted; and worse, the rain stopped.

The banks failed as loans were uncollectable and the farmland as collateral was worthless. All the small town banks disappeared. The Hinsdale Bank is an exception and today is an important part of that community.

With the drought came the hot, dry winds. The deeply-plowed fields blew away, machinery and fences disappeared under soil drifts and farm houses filled with dust and dirt. Russian thistle appeared, which was thought to have been brought in grain seed from Russia. It competed with what was left of the grain fields. Added to this was a flu epidemic presumed brought back from the war, cutworms, grasshoppers, wheat maggots and a wheat rust spore.

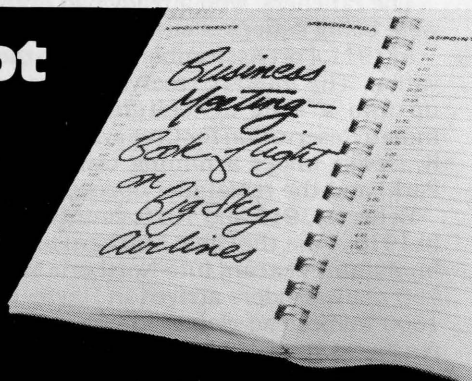
Federal money was supplied to buy new seed, but because of the drought, it was useless. Some used the money to buy Canadian liquor and smuggled it back across the line. Havre became a major bootlegging center under the leadership of Ed "Daddy" Marshall, Shorty Young and Pat Thomas.

A major exodus began. By 1919, Hill County had a destitute population of 3,000 who lived mainly on potatoes and eggs. Hill was not thought of kindly by them. One of their sayings was: "Twixt Hill and Hell, there's just one letter, were Hill in Hell, we'd feel much better!" "So long Old Dry" was a common farewell that expressed their discontent.

Much of the land was sold for taxes and repurchased by the stockmen who returned it to grazing. But not all the land regained its natural grass cover and erosion continued. Some farmers remained: those who owned their land, weren't deeply in debt and had practiced conservation. Larger combination farms of grain and livestock would be developed. The irrigation canals built earlier saved many.

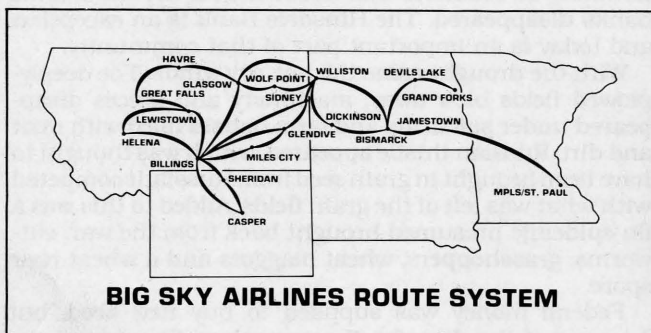
Only the hardest survived. Perhaps out of this was born the tough, conservative, independent and never-say-die spirit of the Milk River Country. From now on it would be "The Next Year Country." Just hang on, it has to get better! And it made everyone more dependent upon

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each other; the strong community spirit of help-your-neighbor still exists today.

But the "dirty thirties" proved just as rough as "the dismal twenties." There were a few good years of moisture, but the depression kept farm prices low. Wheat sold for 50 cents a bushel. By 1930, Hill County had seen 90 percent of its farm mortgages foreclosed.

There were a few bright spots. In 1923, three irrigation districts were formed from Lohman to Harlem. With this

With the drought came the hot, dry winds . . . Russian thistle . . . a flu epidemic, cutworms, grasshoppers, wheat maggots and a wheat rust spore.

accomplished, the Utah and Idaho Sugar Company built a plant in Chinook in 1925. The sugar beet industry in the Milk River Country was born. The beet tops were used as livestock feed and such by-products as molasses could be produced. It seemed like the perfect industry had been found.

In 1928, Saco received a spurt of economic activity when the Great Northern built a 75-mile branch line to the "Big Flat" wheat country with Hogeland as the western terminus.

In 1929, Northern Montana College opened its doors using Havre High School as its temporary headquarters. The college was authorized by the 1913 state legislature, and reaffirmed in 1927, but no funds were provided until the later date.

Major economic relief did not appear until the election of Franklin Roosevelt in 1932. At that time, Valley County was in its third year of drought. Nine hundred families were on welfare and Red Cross assistance. Eighty percent of the farmers were in trouble.

Roosevelt initiated the P.W.A. and W.P.A. that employed many thousands in the construction of roads, courthouses, bridges and dams. The Fort Peck Dam Project helped save the economy of the Milk River Country and the financially troubled Great Northern Railway. Rock came from Snake Butte near Harlem to protect the face of the dam; and gravel came from the Cole Pit, north of Saco.

The dam site employed more than 50,000 people and cost more than 160 million dollars. This project was hard for "locals" to envision as evidenced by Glasgow's Mayor Leo Coleman's reply to the U.S. Army Engineers. When told of the project he exclaimed: "My God, man, it would cost a million dollars to build a dam across there!"

A town of 6,000 was established, which was called Fort Peck, to house the workers and technicians. When the 250-foot-high dam was completed, it formed a lake 180 miles long with a lakeshore of 1500 miles. The railroad built a spur line to service the needs of the gigantic undertaking.

While the dam's lake destroyed fertile river bottom lands, it did provide desperately needed jobs for destitute farmers, lessened flood problems on the Mississippi River and provided power for the mining industry. It also created one of the finest water recreational areas in America.

Another important government project was "The Malta Plan." It was conceived by Phillips County Extension Agent, H. L. Lanz. The Roosevelt Administration adopted the idea and it was officially known as The Milk River Northern Montana Utilization Project. One can see why it's remembered as "The Malta Plan."

Six-hundred thousand acres in Blaine, Phillips and Valley Counties were affected. About 900 families moved

off the sub-marginal land and 97 of those changed to 80-acre irrigated Milk River Valley parcels. Loans were provided for resettlement. The Bureau of Land Management took control of their former land to use for grazing purposes.

In March of 1937, the final and most important phase of the Milk River Irrigation Project began. The creation of Fresno Dam and Reservoir corrected the major defect in the irrigation system — water shortage. Fresno Dam became an insurance policy for the storage of water closer to the crops; it also helped alleviate the flood problems between Havre and Saco. And like Fort Peck, it provided much needed employment. It supplied vitally needed water to the Bowdoin National Wildlife Refuge between Saco and Malta. The adjacent Nelson Reservoir was also assured of an adequate supply of water. The \$1,800,000 dam was completed in November of 1939.

When construction had first begun, much was made of the fact that the first half hour obliterated the former homestead of "Long" George Francis. He was at one time a lawman, stockman, champion rodeo star and an alleged outlaw. He died tragically 18 miles north of the dam site on the Milk River in December of 1920.

In addition, skeletons of prehistoric animals were also unearthed, but unlike Fort Peck, there was little time for excavation. Those remains were reburied in the dam site; a sad loss.

Near the end of the 1930s, livestock and grain prices had improved. The demand for meat also increased. Prosperity came with the war years and continued until the early 1970s.

There were some economic setbacks during those good years. One was population decline and another was loss of industry.

People moved to the West Coast to work in the defense industries during World War II. Dodson was said to have been hurt the worst by this. With the completion of Fort Peck Dam, Glasgow's population fell back to its 1920 level. The town of Fort Peck dwindled from 6,000 in 1940 to the current 500 residents.

In 1952, Chinook's sugar beet factory closed. Low prices and high labor costs were just two of the reasons. Great Western Sugar kept a receiving station open in Chinook until 1977. Ironically, the high school athletic teams are still called the "Sugar Beetters."

Chinook's hopes were then placed in the Diamond Asphalt Refinery. It produced mainly road oil and was supplied from South Chinook's Bowes Oil Fields. It eventually became Canadian owned but closed in 1972. The Blaine County Development Corporation attempted to keep the refinery open, but was unsuccessful.

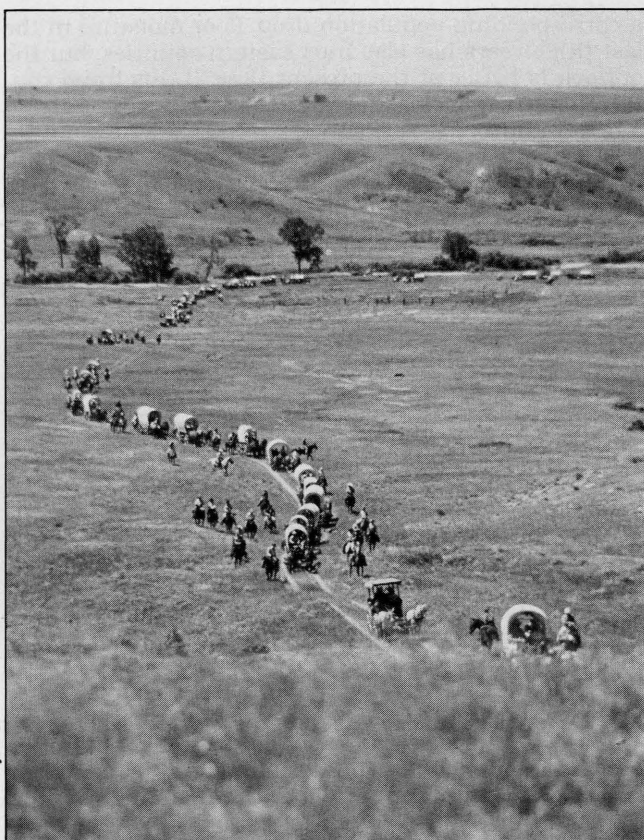
However, it was successful in the purchase of the Havre Livestock Commission with the help of the Western Bank of Chinook and the local business people. The \$750,000 sales yard opened for business in September of 1979 and serves buyers in Montana, Idaho and Nebraska.

Recently, Chinook received a federal grant, thanks to U.S. Representative Ron Marlenee, to refurbish its main commercial center called the Lohman Block.

Glasgow lost its railroad roundhouse when diesels replaced the steam locomotives. It regained its economic momentum when the Glasgow Air Base was built in 1955, but it closed 10 years later. The base is now owned by Valley County. The intention is to develop it into a major industrial park, but so far success has been limited.

Tourism on Fort Peck Lake is a bright spot in Glasgow's economy; it hosts more than 700,000 visitors a year. Glasgow's population is down from its 1964 peak of 8,000, but still boasts about 6,500 people. The city remains an important stock-raising and wheat-growing center.

Photo by State Travel Promotion Unit



Milk River Wagon Train — an annual event.

Malta has continued as a cattle town balanced with grain production. Its economy has been helped by the American Colloid Plant that processes Bentonite, an insulating product. Additionally, renewed activity in the Little Rockies gold mines has contributed jobs too. A new private recreation complex and a nine-hole golf course are being built south of town. Malta is an attractive and substantial town of 2,500 people. It is the headquarters for the Milk River Irrigation Districts.

The Malta-Saco area is blessed with Hewitt Lake and Bowdoin National Wildlife Refuges, and the Nelson Reservoir and Sleeping Buffalo Recreational areas. The latter features Olympic-sized mineral pools. The mineral baths were originally developed by the Saco American Legion Post.

Havre's economy is balanced between agriculture — mainly cereal grain production — and the Burlington Northern Railroad. Other major contributors are the U.S. government, Northern Montana College, Big Bud Tractors and Friggstad Plows.

Northern Montana College is one of Havre's "better growth industries." With its enrollment increasing, the college is expanding both its courses of study and number of buildings. Recently a much needed library was added, and a Farm Mechanics building is in the planning stages. The school offers a small college atmosphere with a modern spacious campus and a strong curriculum. Northern is one of the best kept secrets in the state for it is not well-known yet, even among Montanans.

A new shopping center was recently built in Havre. It could help Havre become a regional shopping center both on the High-Line and in southern Alberta and Saskatchewan.

The current U.S. economy has stalled any real growth in the Milk River Country. The low livestock and grain prices have encouraged the continued disappearance of the small family farms and ranches. This has resulted in

a corresponding population drop. Poor moisture in the last three years has also hurt eastern counties, but the outlook is better at the present time. If this trend continues into the spring, the cattle herds will be rebuilt and a better grain crop is assured.

The economy is tied to agriculture. And agriculture in turn is tied to moisture and its conservation. Methods of farming have improved dramatically since the 1920s. The most significant early advancement was the adoption of the Canadian Summer Fallow System and the development of mechanized equipment. Many other advancements have been made since that time.

The Roosevelt Administration had brought balanced production and price supports to farming. The Commodity Credit Corporation still survives. This lessened the gamble, but drought still can't be controlled. Irrigated land lessens this impact and can support many more times the population and crops.

The Milk River Country currently has about 120,000 acres of irrigated land under production. This is now in jeopardy. Soon Alberta will take its full share of the Milk River under the Boundary Waters Treaty of 1909. Alberta's plan to have 465,000 acres of land under irrigation across the southern part of the province will soon go into effect.

The Milk River Irrigation Districts feel even more pressure from adjacent B.L.M. stock watering projects.

One option under study to alleviate the future water loss and increase irrigation is to divert 50,000 to 70,000 acre-feet of water from the Tiber Dam Reservoir on the Marias River. Water would be carried 80 miles on a gravity-flow system to Fresno Reservoir on the Milk River.

Another obstacle to overcome is the limitations of the 1902 Reclamation Act. U.S. Representative Ron Marlenee has said the law is out of date and impractical, and

To some it will always to "the next year country." And to those who leave in discouragement, "it was only fit for steers and bachelors!"

believes the 160-acre limit on irrigated land should be increased to 960 acres. "The law made sense in 1902," he said, "but then so did riding to town in a horse drawn wagon."

Other major challenges are saline seep, soil erosion and silt problems. Dr. Harlan Larson, a long-time Havre resident and chiropractor, has boated on Fresno Reservoir for more than 30 years. He said that 10 miles behind the Fresno Dam the silt build-up has covered some 10-foot-high concrete blocks from an old bridge. He feels that silt dams are needed soon or the storage capacity of the reservoir will be seriously threatened.

Saline seep is a major threat to farmlands. Alternate oil seed crops such as sunflowers help to combat the problems. The roots go deep and help soak up the moisture.

Soil erosion problems are also very serious. Some of the High-Line counties are the highest in the nation for soil loss. Apparently the hard-learned soil-conservation lessons of the past have been forgotten by some.

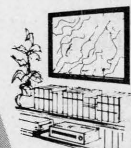
Many questions remain. Will the vast potential in natural gas and coal ever be realized? Will the Milk River Country become a boom area? And if so, at what price to "Broad Margins" or open spaces, as Joseph Kinsey Howard called them.

To some it will always be "the next year country" with much potential to be realized. And to those who leave it in discouragement, "it was only fit for steers and bachelors!"

Those who stay here think it's the best, this, the Milk River Country. **M**



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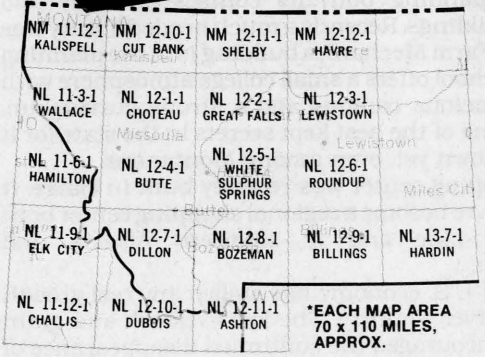


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LABOR IN THE PACIFIC SLOPE TIMBER INDUSTRY:
A TWENTIETH CENTURY PERSPECTIVE

by

William G. Robbins

When Paul Bunyan made the long trek from the Great Lakes pineries to the thick forests of the Pacific slope, he brought with him a rich tradition of folklore and ballad that loggers had passed along for generations, some of them dating to the heyday of lumbering in the Maine woods. But in this last great timber stand there was a new twist to the stories that glorified hardship and the strenuous work and danger inherent in the enterprise of logging and lumbering. Beginning in the 1930s, public relations conscious timber trade organizations like the West Coast Lumbermen's Association began hiring prominent and skilled writers like Stewart Holbrook and James Stevens to add a luster of authenticity to the romantic tales. That effort has succeeded and today the Bunyanesque version of laboring folk in the tall forests of the western coast dominates popular thinking about the industry.

In the last two decades folklorists and writers of fiction have embellished that vision of life in the lumber camp, the epic stories of the great logging drives down western rivers, and the loggers' free wheeling hedonism when they entered the skidroad

districts of far western towns during the holidays or slack seasons. In that view, the back-breaking dawn-to-dark work in the woods and the sweat and blood of the speed-ups in the mills are described as a composite of patriotism, apple pie, and duty to family and motherhood. Anything, that is, but the daily reckoning with death and crippling injury and the protracted periods of unemployment that have characterized the industry. Ken Kesey's *SOMETIMES A GREAT NOTION*, especially the movie version, fits the former prescription. It portrays a logging family of heroic proportions -- Hank Stamper, the family strong man, who can work harder, swim further, and fight better than any of the logging and mill working fraternity on the Agua Wakonda.

In truth, those who have worked in the woods, often with a twinkle in their eye, have helped perpetuate some of the tales. Barre Toelken, the University of Oregon folklorist, relates the story of an interviewer who once asked an old logger if there was any substance to the rumor that men in the woods were superstitious about getting killed during their last day on the job. "Did I ever hear of getting killed on the last day of work," the old timer replied? "Well, I guess if you got killed, it *WOULD* be your last day of work, wouldn't it? Anyhow, you know, no matter whether you're injured or killed, they leave you there by the cold deck and take you in with the last load of the day, so you won't lose a day's pay. And no matter what, a day's pay is a day's pay." The man's response has elements both of polite teasing and recognition about the reality of work and an arbitrary

employer. There are numerous folk stories like this of loggers who are fearless, yet resigned, to their job and the employer.

But the daily experiences of loggers and millworkers from the Humboldt redwoods north to British Columbia were quite different. While popular lore depicts a tradition of larger-than-life he-men, Charlotte Todes and Vernon Jensen, two of the earliest historians to write realistically about logging and lumbering, argue that the story was also one of working people struggling in a harsh and demanding environment to make a living. For the far western timber industry and the frontier were one in the early twentieth century. To make matters worse for the men and women who lived in the lumber towns and the small logging camps, chaotic and unstable business conditions and uncompromising and exceedingly individualistic operators were daily points of reckoning.

There were other features that made North America's last forest frontier unique. Working people in the region believed that logging and lumbering would be permanent sources of employment. By contrast, in the South loggers normally were farmers as well. By the 1920s, more people were employed in the industry in California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, and British Columbia than in any other single activity. Lumbering provided more than half the wages earned in Oregon and Washington. Another anomaly -- the federal census returns in the early twentieth century also show that the vast majority of workers in

the industry were unmarried males. The estimate for 1910 of 90 percent single males underscores the itinerant and unstable nature of the work, especially in the logging camps. Although conditions changed over the years, single males continued to dominate the workforce well into the automobile age.

But it was in that world of difficult working conditions, swashbuckling logging bosses, frequent job changes, and always unstable employment that men -- and by the Second World War a growing number of women -- sought to make a living. In their struggle, they had to cope with a variety of industrial innovations -- new technological devices, shifting market strategies, the introduction of substitute building materials, and the company's efforts to increase efficiency and cut production costs. Speed was of the essence, and the widespread use of steam power in the woods early in the century meant that lumbermen had cut the technological gap between their logging and mill operations.

And in most cases involving clashes with the workforce, lumbermen had the authority of the state on their side whether it be to boost production or to keep wages down. In the wake of the Industrial Workers of the World (IWW) threat to employer autonomy at the onset of the First World War, most western lumber states passed criminal syndicalist laws to curb union organizing. But loggers continued to show their independence and frequently used their main weapon -- quitting -- when working conditions and wages were intolerable. For the men who worked in the woods, the

legendary "Eight Day Wilson" epitomized the worker who quit at the slightest indiscretion on the part of the employer.

In most lumbering centers along the Pacific slope, the era of bull (oxen) team and skidroad logging came to an end shortly after the turn of the century. By 1910 the sounds of the steam engine and the squeal of the yarding machine had replaced the profanity of the bull puncher and the grating of the oxbows. At first steam donkeys (a steam powered capstan with a wire cable used to haul logs) were used to do "ground logging" either to water's edge or to a railroad landing. Loggers further increased their ability to move logs from the woods when they added an aerial twist, the "high lead," to the steam powered "ground lead" system. Sometimes as many as three donkeys were used to relay logs nearly a mile to water's edge or a railway siding.

But, whether it involved bull team logging or steam donkeys, the men in the woods worked from "daylight to dark." Although the change to steam power meant little difference in the length of the workday, it dramatically altered the pace of activity in the woods. Men who had walked behind the slow moving oxen now ran and scrambled to get out of the way of the "wire rope" when the "donkey puncher" threw the lever that set the steam powered capstan in motion. In addition to stepping-up the speed at which labor was done, the use of steam donkeys to yard and load logs multiplied the incidence of injury and death. Those social costs -- borne mostly by the workers -- were inherent in the

increased production of the woods operations.

"Steam was fast and required fast work," one old logger remembers. "And then there was always 10 men sitting around waiting for a job. If you didn't do your work, it was down the road." Another veteran logger who admired the adaptation of steam power to the woods, points out that "steam engines didn't get tired." And, he might have added, it forced workers to conform to the rhythms of the machine and made them vulnerable when a "wire rope" mainline or choker snapped while hauling in a log. The development of the "high lead" system, with cables suspended in the air, increased the accident rate even more. Logging bosses worsened those mechanical hazards when they offered "yarding bonuses" to crews that exceeded a predetermined volume of timber.

Until motorized vehicles and chain saws were used in the woods, it took more men to fall, yard, and transport logs to the mills than it did to cut the same volume of timber into lumber. Logging with steam, therefore, was labor-intensive, requiring a large workforce regardless of the size of the operation. Even the smaller camps might employ 40 or more people, depending on the number of "sides" a camp operated (a side included a complete crew to operate the steam donkey and yard logs to a "landing"). A camp also included timber fallers and buckers, saw filers and other maintenance personnel, men to operate the logging railroad, and finally the camp cook and the "flunkies" -- people who helped

in the kitchen and waited on tables. By the early 1920s women were increasingly being hired to run the cookhouses.

Although the camps varied in size, nowhere was life more arbitrary than in the largest operations. Hirings and firings were as common as the rising and setting of the sun. Some of the logging bosses had reputations for being particularly ruthless in the handling of their employees. Many of them were famous for having three crews -- "one coming, one going, and one working." To the camp bosses, however, there was a certain production oriented logic to arbitrary firings -- fresh men tended to work harder than those who had been on the job longer. Camp superintendents "had no regard for whether a man had his own plans or had family responsibilities," one logger recalls. "Men were just like tools, and you used them and threw them away if you didn't need them anymore." Although the influence of the IWW curbed some of those arbitrary practices at the time of the First World War, it was not until the great union organizing of the late 1930s and 1940s that workers eliminated the worst of these conditions.

Business survival in this most cutthroat of industries meant "highball" operations -- that is outfits that worked their machinery and men to the limit of mechanical and human endurance. The Columbia River country was the scene of some of the more notorious "highball" operations, according to many old timers. "They killed men and they waited until evening before they'd bring them in," one logger claims. But the tales about the

Columbia River camps were just as true in other sections where the volume of production was the measure of a company's success. For their part, public relations writers for the lumber industry characterized danger in the woods and mills as part of the job. They downplayed the physical threat by emphasizing the "tough" and "daring" nature of the logger. The incidence of fatality and injury did not lessen until the 1940s when unions forced most logging bosses to observe specific safety procedures on the job. By that time crews could get medical attention to an injured man much more quickly. Today, of course, two-way radios and life-flight helicopters make it possible to remove injured workers from the woods much faster.

Although loggers understood why accidents occurred in the woods, trade journals, employers' associations, and "safety organizations" blamed the "human element" for these tragedies. For employers it was cheaper to contribute to workmen's compensation schemes than to seek other means to make work safer. And most of the largest lumbermen supported state systems of accident insurance. But slowing production, installing safety devices, and employing more workers did not figure in their strategy. And there was little difference between the woods and mill operations. In each case, men and women had to conform to the speed of the machine and the need of the companies to increase output. High rates of turnover and the employment of unskilled and inexperienced workers raised the potential for accident even more. In addition to the danger in the woods,

hurriedly built logging railroads, overloaded trains, and faulty braking systems on engines were everyday hazards for crews who had to ride the trains to and from the logging sites.

Living and working conditions for loggers in British Columbia were similar to those south of the border. Turnover in the camps was high -- foremen fired men indiscriminately and workers frequently left camps because of the arbitrary circumstances of employment. Charlie Hemstrom, who came to the Lake Cowichan area from Sweden in 1906, described the living quarters in the camps as poor. But, he added, "we were not used to anything anyway, so bad conditions didn't matter too much." If a worker was "union-minded," he remembers, he kept it quiet or "you went down the road if they found out." Like their fellow workers elsewhere in the days before union organization, the British Columbia logger's main weapon was to pack his bedroll and leave camp. And everywhere, men were constantly on the move from one logging operation to the next.

Whether they were attached to a large or small camp, loggers worked in isolated areas away from the comforts of hearth and home -- and the cultural distractions of urban life. Even the sizeable company towns fit within this framework. The bunkhouses in the early years of the century were little more than temporary shacks thrown together to provide cheap housing for as many men as possible. Damp and often filled with fleas, these rough boarded, unventilated cabins or bunkhouses usually were dirty and overcrowded with occupants sleeping in double bunks, built in

tiers one above the other. One trademark of bunkhouses on the Pacific slope was wet and steamy clothing left hanging to dry. But, the rank odor, one man remembers, was "just the way you lived in those days."

The buildings were roughly furnished at best. Before electricity came to the larger camps in the 1940s, kerosene lanterns and oil barrel stoves were standard equipment. Although many of the larger operations provided bedrolls by the 1920s, the smaller outfits still expected men to pack their "own balloon." Under these conditions, loggers improvised to make themselves as comfortable as possible. One innovation was the widespread use of empty dynamite, or "powder boxes," for a variety of purposes. Armed with his bedroll and a company lantern, a logger could fashion some crude but makeshift comforts for himself. The powder boxes, or "Dupont furniture" as the loggers referred to them, served as chairs, lamp tables, and, nailed to the wall, as a storage area for sundries -- tobacco, snoose, and cigarettes.

From most accounts -- both the boss loggers and the single men who ate in the cookhouse -- the food in the camps was fairly good by the time of the First World War. Although we might quibble today about the excessive amount of fatty and starchy food in the logger's diet, men who worked from dawn to dusk complained little about meat, potatoes, and biscuits topped with gravy -- as long as the meal was well prepared. One of the quickest ways for a camp to lose a top man was poor food. But it was the protest of the loggers and their willingness to quit

if the food was bad, not the generosity of camp bosses, that brought good meals to the cookhouses.

There was more to the logging world than merely getting the logs to the railroad siding. Because of the extensive waterways in the Pacific slope country, most of the larger companies also had sizeable booming and rafting crews. Until the widespread use of gasoline powered equipment, therefore, operators usually employed far more men in their overall logging operations than they did at the manufacturing end. Many men spent as much of their working life on the water as they did in the woods. And sometimes transporting logs via water required a large crew -- one logger on the southern Oregon coast used a crew of 75 men to drive logs during the winter months "on the freshet water." Still others used tidal currents to move logs on the ebb tide to mill locations. Like their fellow workers in the woods, the booming and rafting crews faced constant danger from rolling logs, or being crushed or drowned if they fell into the water in the vicinity of the rafts.

With the exception of sporadic IWW and American Federation of Labor (AFL) attempts to organize the logging camps before World War One, legitimate unions made little headway until the 1930s. Several factors contributed to the relatively late success of union organizing in the logging camps -- the strident individualism and paternalism of many owners, the isolation and transient nature of the work, and the fact that the labor force

included mostly single males who moved often. This tradition of itineracy lasted well into the automobile age and long after most logging camps had closed down. Even in the post World War Two era, the easy availability of jobs meant that many disgruntled workers simply moved on to the next show rather than seek better working conditions or wages through a union contract.

Living conditions in the logging camps, especially the larger ones, improved with each passing decade. Militant union activity at the onset of American entry into the First World War, especially on the part of the IWW, brought better food, higher pay, cleaner bunkhouses, and for a time the adoption of the eight hour day. But the period of reaction and union busting after the war left most of the mills and logging camps unorganized until the late 1930s. The Western Operators Association, formed in 1923, was particularly aggressive in anti-union activity, especially in the state of Washington. But, after a protracted struggle that lasted well into the 1940s, most of the larger operations were unionized. In most cases, the Douglas fir region was organized before the pine country of the interior.

By the 1940s, most of the big camps provided bath and shower facilities, reading and recreation rooms, and washing machines. But highballing remained a fact of life in all camps until unions, through their contractual agreements, forced the companies to establish safety procedures that eventually cut down the accident rate. Loggers also continued to exercise their time worn habit of quitting when conditions were too dangerous, a

tradition that lasted until the late 1970s when the lumber economy in the region literally came apart at the seams. Despite the insistence of workers on safe job conditions, the dramatic expansion of logging activity along the Pacific slope at the end of the Second World War brought an actual increase in the number of accidents.

Changes in technology and transportation came slowly to the Pacific slope logging industry. The use of "hand briars," or crosscut saws, steam donkeys, and logging camps remained standard through the 1930s. During the Great Depression, however, a few loggers began using bulldozers -- "cats" -- to build roads and to yard logs, and a few of the larger operators purchased gasoline powered donkey engines. But more than anything else, the shortage of labor during the Second World War speeded changes that eventually revolutionized work in the woods. The construction of all weather roads and the increasing use of pick-up trucks and "crummies" to transport loggers to the woods made it possible for men in many areas to live in town and travel to work on a daily basis. If anything, the commuting distance lengthened rather than shortened the logger's workday, especially as the merchantable timber stands retreated further from centers of population.

The new equipment in the woods meant other hazards for loggers. Although operators had used contract work and volume

yardsticks to increase production in the days of steam power and crosscut saws, the new machines placed a premium on those practices. Unions opposed contract work because it encouraged the "speed-up" and because operators, not the worker, determined the measuring stick for wages. While unions have been able to protect workers from some of these evils, companies have been successful in negotiating volume wage rates for some jobs, particularly timber falling. Although most fallers are paid well, it is still the most dangerous of all work in the woods. And there are some who believe that timber fallers who are paid "by the thousand" are trading "their health to make their wealth."

The introduction of gasoline power to the woods, particularly the chain saw, also made it possible for a smaller number of workers to vastly increase the amount of timber delivered to the mills. Once again, the mechanization of the woods operation had narrowed the gap between the advances that already had taken place on the manufacturing end. The new technology introduced in the late 1930s and 1940s meant that logging operations required fewer men to cut and yard a given volume of logs. Although the workforce, both in the woods and in the mills, was still an itinerant one, there was a difference by the 1940s -- most of the sawmills and larger logging outfits were unionized. This gave workers a degree of influence in determining the conditions and circumstances of work, although it had no effect on the stability of the industry.

The extraordinary volume of logs produced with the new machines eventually proved disastrous to many lumbering communities when the economy was less expansive. Pete Kromminga, who has spent most of his life in southwestern Oregon, lived through the technological revolution in logging operations before he went longshoring in the mid 1950s. He worked out of Reedsport, Oregon, in 1948 for a "31 man outfit that had all hand fallers and buckers." In that year the company sublet its timber falling to a power saw contractor who employed seven men to fall the same amount of timber with chain saws. "Twenty-four people displaced," he notes, with a grim nod to the new technology. The same thing happened with the introduction of gasoline engines in the woods. A "steam pot," according to Kromminga, required a fireman, two "wood splits," a person to run the "drag saw," and another fireman to feed the "loading pot." When operators began purchasing gasoline and diesel powered engines, he points out, "you didn't need those five men."

Because of the expansive postwar construction industry, especially in California, the Pacific slope logging industry experienced nearly 20 years of relative prosperity. Although the men and women who worked in the woods and in the mills suffered through seasonal and market-related lay-offs, they usually were of short duration. At the same time the Lumber and Sawmill Workers (AFL) and the International Woodworkers of America (IWA-CIO) fought for better wages and working conditions for their memberships. Although jurisdictional disputes and raids on

each other's membership hampered working class solidarity on some issues, the union's were a force after 1945. The International Longshoremen and Warehousemen's Union gave strong support to the forest products unions, especially the IWA. Through job actions and several industry-wide strikes, the unions were able to exact a better life for most of those who labored in the mills and in the woods.

But the heavy harvests of the postwar years, the continued mechanization of the woods operations, and the shifting capital of the forest products giants began to take its toll on the workforce of the Pacific slope logging industry by the 1960s. The experiences of working people on earlier logging frontiers -- mill closures, rising unemployment, and the social costs associated with migrating industries -- began to repeat itself in the Pacific Northwest, once the bastion of the nation's timber industry. Washington and California had already declined as centers of the lumber trade. In Oregon, the leading wood producing state in the country since the Second World War, employment in the forest products industry declined by more than ten percent between 1960 and 1970. Then, a great rash of mill closures occurred in the late 1970s and early 1980s when high interest rates caused the home building industry to go into a prolonged slump.

Even for those workers who were able to hold onto their jobs, this brought problems. With a surplus labor force

available in the region, the forest products giants began demanding contract concessions in wages and benefits, and some, like the Louisiana-Pacific Corporation, embarked on a concerted effort to decertify unions in their woods and mill operations. While workers on the Pacific slope reap the costs in high unemployment and a myriad of related social problems, the forest products giants have taken the great profits made on this last forest frontier and invested in heavily capitalized plants and equipment in the Southeast and elsewhere. Which suggests that little has changed in the most migratory of one of America's basic industries.

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Organ Prelude, Mrs. J. J. Wilcomb

Opening Sentences

"God is our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Therefore will we not fear, though the earth do change, and the mountains be shaken into the heart of the seas; though the waters thereof roar and be troubled; though the mountains tremble with the swelling thereof. For the Eternal God is our refuge, and underneath are the everlasting arms." (Ps. 46:1-3; Deut. 33:27)

Invocation

Almighty God, our Father, from whom we come and unto whom our spirits return: Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations. Thou art our refuge and strength, a very present help in trouble. Grant us Thy blessing in this hour, and enable us so to put our trust in Thee that our spirits may grow calm and our hearts be comforted. Lift our eyes beyond the shadows of earth, and help us to see life in the light of eternity. So may we find grace for this and every time of need. In the faith of Jesus, we pray.

Solo, Going Home,

Mr. Neil Dahlstrom

Scripture readings

We would not have you ignorant, brethren, concerning them that fall asleep; that you sorrow not, even as those who have no hope. (I Thess. 4:13)

For God created man to be immortal, and made him in the image of his own eternity....The souls of the righteous are in the hand of God, and there can no evil touch them. In the sight of the unwise they seem to die, and their going from us is thought to be their destruction; but they are in peace, and their hope is full of immortality: for God has proved them, and found them worth of himself. (Wisdom of Solomon, 2,3)

We have been asked to read the 23rd Psalm, which is a favorite Scripture of both Mr. and Mrs. Gisborne. Before reading these treasured words, let us try to ~~xxxxxxx~~ picture ~~xxxxx~~ the experience out of which they grew.

The tending of sheep in ancient Israel was a work quite different from what we know in modern Montana. The flocks were small in number. Each sheep had a name, and responded to that name when the familiar voice of his own shepherd called it. The shepherd of Israel did not herd his little flock from behind, as we do our large ones. Rather, he went before, finding out the safer ways, and his sheep followed him, in confidence, depending upon him to lead them to safe watering places and to good pasturage. The shepherd carried certain equipment necessary for the protection and care of his sheep. His rod was a heavy club, nailed at one end, and was used for fighting off wild animals and robbers. His staff was a longer, lighter implement, used to beat down leaves from trees and shrubs for the sheep to eat when grass was short, and it usually had a crook in one end, for the rescuing of sheep caught in the rocks or tumbled into a stream. He carried, too, a supply of healing oil and ointment, used in dressing wounds and for the cooling of over-heated heads. Often the shepherd had two assistants, sometimes boys, sometimes well-trained dogs, who followed the flock, looking out for stragglers, keeping all on the right way, and fending off danger from the rear. The shepherd's name--his honor--was at stake always. He must give right leadership to the flock, and he must know where good pasturage, safe water, quiet rest were to be found.

Now let us read the 23rd Psalm, picturing the shepherd meditating on the meaning of life as symbolized in his own work.

The Lord is my Shepherd! I shall not want! He maketh me to lie down in green pastures! He leadeth me beside the still waters! He restoreth my soul! He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his name's sake!

Scots
Heaven:
funeral

Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil; for Thou art with me; Thy rod, and Thy staff, they comfort me. Thou preparest a table before me, in the presence of mine enemies. Thou anointest my head with oil. My cup runneth over! (And), surely, (Thy) goodness and (Thy) mercy shall follow me, all the days of my life, and I will dwell in the house of the Lord, forever!

Is it any wonder that this Psalm has comforted the hearts of men and women through the ages, bringing them confidence and faith in God?

Harry Gisborne, I assure you, knew the deeper meaning of this Psalm. He knew, too, that his time to rest ~~back~~ completely in his trust in God might come at any moment. His heart had been a problem ever since before his enlistment in the first world war. And through all the years since, he realized that a day could come, all unannounced, when that heart would be unable to keep his body going. But he enlisted in the war, and served his country's cause. And then he enlisted in the continuing battle to protect and to preserve for future generations the natural resources of his country.

You have read in the papers and heard from his friends something about the creative ~~xxxxx~~ contributions Harry Gisborne has made in his chosen field of service. You know that these contributions won for him the highest recognition our Government has to bestow upon a civilian. You will be interested to know that only a few days ago, Harry Gisborne told his wife that he was completely happy and satisfied with his job, that he would not trade places with any other man he knew, and that he hoped, when his heart finally gave out, it would be when he was at work on his job somewhere, and that it would be for him a quick and quiet going.

Harry also left definite instructions to the effect that he wished his body to be cremated and the ashes strewn over the Mission Mountains. And he expressed the hope that this service in which we are now engaged would be kept brief and simple and filled with the joy of life. Respecting his wishes, we refrain from saying much that is in our hearts. However, I want you to know that Harry Gisborne has been one of the most stimulating and helpful Churchmen with whom it has been my privilege to work. With his scientific turn of mind, he has helped to keep his Pastor alert. Critical as a scientist must always be, he has at the same time been unusually appreciative. He has been radiantly happy in his Church fellowship, and creatively helpful in our services.

In keeping with our friend's own spirit and view of life, I ask you to try to think of this service as a recognition of life, and not as a resignation to death. Try to understand that Harry Gisborne is not in this casket here, which contains the body that no longer serves him. Try to realize that our great and good friend is here, however, in your own hearts, in your own affections, in the continuing work of his spirit amongst us. And, with him, try to believe that Harry Gisborne has been graduated into that fulness of living which is God's own gift to all who love life and live a life of love and service. This was Harry's faith.

In the fulness of this faith, let us now be united in prayer.

Eternal God, our Father, in whom we live and move and have our being, never far from any one of us, but most near when we most deeply feel our need of thee: reveal thyself to us now as the God who watches over all our ways, and turns even death and sorrow into blessing for those who trust thee.

In sadness of heart, we are met together for these solemn and tender offices of love and faith. Banish the shadows that encompass us, and grant that in Thy light we may see life, clearly and whole. Help us to realize that thou art God of Life, and that with thee there are no dead; that our dear departed who have passed out of our physical sight are indeed at home with Thee, forever. Help us to appreciate that death, instead of being the end of life, is in very truth the beginning of a larger and more abundant being. And, as they were never lost to Thee while abiding here with us, so they are not lost to us by their advance to a world beyond our present knowing.

Comfort, we pray, the hearts that are heavy with sorrow and the sense of loneliness. Lift upon them the light of Thy love, and grant them faith to look beyond this scene of sadness to Thy heavenly realm, where all tears are dried, all broken friendships completed, and all unfinished tasks brought to fulfillment. In the faith of Jesus, we pray.

Solo, THE LORD'S PRAYER, Mr. Neil Dahlstrom.

Benediction

And now may the Lord bless you and keep you; may the Lord make his face to shine upon you and be gracious unto you; may the Lord lift up the light of his countenance upon you, and give you His peace. Amen.

Organ Postlude, Mrs. Wilcomb

Seventh: I authorize and empower my executors, hereinafter named, and the survivor, to sell and dispose of all, or any part, of the real estate of which I may die seized, or possessed, at public or private sale, at such times and on such terms and conditions as they shall deem proper, and to execute, acknowledge and deliver all proper writings, deeds of conveyance and transfers therefor. I direct that all transfer, inheritance, estate and similar taxes with respect to all property passing under this will shall be paid out of my residuary estate.

Eighth: I hereby designate and appoint my husband, John Roe, and my son, William Roe, and the survivor, executors of this my Last Will and Testament, and direct that my said executors herein be required to give no bond or other security.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, in the presence of witnesses, this 1st day of February, 19—.

MARY ROE [L.S.]

On this 1st day of February, 19—, the foregoing instrument was signed, sealed, published and declared by Mary Roe, the above-named testatrix, as and for her Last Will and Testament, in our presence and in the presence of each of us, and we thereupon, at her request, in her presence and in the presence of each other, have hereunto subscribed our names as witnesses.

John Jones, residing at 500 West 44th Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City.

Arthur Smith, residing at 45 Point Street, Borough of Brooklyn, New York City.

Ida Brown, residing at 600 East 79th Street, Borough of Manhattan, New York City.

FORM 3. WILL CONTAINING BEQUESTS TO INDIVIDUALS AND CHARITIES, AND LEAVING RESIDUARY ESTATE TO TESTATOR'S WIFE, WITH EXPRESSION OF CONFIDENCE THAT SHE WILL PROVIDE FOR TESTATOR'S CHILDREN

I, HENRY A. SMITH, of Camden, N. J., declare this to be my will, revoking all other wills and codicils heretofore made by me.

First: My executors shall first pay my debts, funeral expenses and expenses of administration.

Second: I then bequeath:

(a) To my sisters, Helen C. Robertson, Mary Smith, and Alice J. Conroy and to my brother, George P. Smith, twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000) to each of them;

(b) To my wife's sisters, Agnes R. Jones and Mary Jones Brown, ten thousand dollars (\$10,000), to each of them; to my wife's mother, Mrs. Louise A. Jones, twenty-five thousand dollars (\$25,000), but if she predeceases me then this bequest shall not lapse, but shall go to her

said two daughters, Agnes and Mary, equally, or to the survivor of such two;

(c) To my friend, John P. Everett, now president of Y..... College, ten thousand dollars (\$10,000), but if he predeceases me this bequest shall not lapse, but shall go to his wife, Evelyn Everett;

(d) To my secretary, Allen J. Coban, twenty-five hundred dollars (\$2,500);

(e) To the trustees of Y..... College, a body corporate established by law in the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, fifty thousand dollars (\$50,000). Without limiting such trustees' discretion in their use of this absolute bequest, I here mention my preference that this bequest be added to the general endowment of the college, the income to be applied to the maintenance and, if possible, to the increase of professors' salaries at such college;

(f) To the X..... Hospital Association, Camden, N. J., ten thousand dollars (\$10,000), to take and hold the same in trust, as part of the endowment funds of such association, the net income of this bequest to be expended, from time to time, for the general charitable and benevolent purposes of the association;

(g) To the City of E..... Free Library, E....., N. J., five thousand dollars (\$5,000), to take and hold the same in trust for the benefit of such library, the net income of this bequest to be expended, from time to time, in the purchase of books, prints, pictures, maps and manuscripts, preferably those dealing with local history, all in furtherance of the educational purposes of the library.

Third: All the residue of my estate, including any lapsed legacies, and subject to the payment of all transfer, succession or inheritance taxes, either against my estate or the bequests made in this will, I devise and bequeath to my wife, Margaret A. Smith, her heirs and assigns, to be her absolute property.

I make no provision in this will for my children, and make my wife my residuary legatee, with every confidence in her that she will provide for herself and my children when and as she may determine is in her and their several best interests. This expression of my confidence in her neither qualifies this residuary bequest nor impresses a trust character thereon, the bequest being absolute and free of all restrictions.

Fourth: I appoint my wife, Margaret A. Smith, and V..... Trust Company of the City of New York my executors. If my wife does not survive me, I appoint my brother, George P. Smith, executor in her place. No bond or other security shall be required of her, him or it as such executrix or executors.

Fifth: I authorize and empower my executors:

(a) To sell, at public or private sale, and to mortgage, lease, and convey, all or any part of my estate, both real and personal, at such times and upon and for such terms and conditions as they may deem best;

(b) At the risk of my estate and without responsibility to them, in their discretion, to continue, and to turn over in payment of any bequest or devise in this will, any stocks, bonds or other securities in which at the time of my death any portion of my estate may be invested;

(c) In their discretion, to settle, compromise and adjust any and all claims in favor of or against my estate;

(d) In their discretion, to vote, deal and consent, in person or by proxy, as to all stocks or other securities of my estate;

(e) In their discretion, to continue to completion any investment or undertaking of mine pending, but not completed, at the time of my death, and, in that connection, to borrow and pledge securities of the estate to secure any such borrowings.

Sixth: Should my wife not survive me, then I appoint as the guardian of the property and persons of my minor children surviving me, my brother, George P. Smith. No bond shall be required of him as such guardian.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I subscribe my signature, under seal, declaring this to be my last will and testament, this fifteenth day of February, nineteen hundred and

HENRY A. SMITH [L.S.]

(ATTESTATION CLAUSE)

FORM 4. WILL LEAVING ENTIRE ESTATE IN TRUST FOR WIFE DURING HER LIFETIME, AND UPON HER DEATH PROVIDING SEPARATE TRUSTS FOR EACH OF TESTATOR'S CHILDREN UNTIL THEIR RESPECTIVE MAJORITIES⁵

I, JOHN BROWN, of the Borough of Brooklyn, County of Kings, City and State of New York, husband of MARY BROWN, of the same place, being of sound and disposing mind and memory and mindful of the uncertainty of human life, and intending to dispose of all my property of whatsoever kind and nature upon my death, do hereby make, publish, and declare this to be my Last Will and Testament, hereby revoking all former Wills and Codicils by me at any time heretofore made.

FIRST: All my property and estate, as well real as personal, wherever situated, which at the time of my death shall belong to me or be subject to my disposal by Will, I give, devise and bequeath to my executors and trustees, hereinafter named, IN TRUST, nevertheless, to invest the same and keep the same and the proceeds of the sale of same invested, and to receive the rents, issues, income, and profits therefrom, and after defraying all expenses and other lawful charges upon the same, to pay over the net income thereof to my wife, MARY BROWN, during her life, with the right in said executors and trustees to pay out

⁵ The provision for division of the children's interests into separate trusts is necessary to avoid violating the rule against perpetuities.

to her such portions of the principal of my estate, not exceeding, however, in the aggregate 25% of the value of said principal at the time of my death, as they shall in their uncontrolled discretion see fit.

In the event that the net income derived from the investment of my estate shall not in any year amount to the sum of \$2,500, then I direct my executors and trustees, hereinafter named, to pay to my wife from the principal of my estate so much thereof as will make up the difference between the net amount derived from my estate and said sum of \$2,500, so that in each and every year my wife shall receive at least the sum of \$2,500.

SECOND: The provision made herein for my said wife, as aforesaid, I hereby declare is intended to be, and is so given to her, in full satisfaction and in lieu of and for her dower, which she may or can in any wise claim or demand out of my estate.

THIRD: Upon the death of my wife, MARY BROWN, my executors and trustees are directed—

(a) to divide the estate held in trust for my said wife into as many equal shares and separate trusts as there shall be children me surviving, and children who predecease me leaving lawful issue me surviving, one equal share or trust for each of my children who survive me and one equal share or trust for the issue of each of my children who shall have predeceased me, per stirpes and not per capita;

(b) to divide each share, set apart for the benefit of a child who shall have predeceased me leaving lawful issue me surviving, into as many equal portions and separate trusts as there shall be children of such deceased child me surviving, for the benefit of such children;

(c) to distribute and pay over the principal of the trust fund of any beneficiary who shall die after my death and before the death of my wife, to the issue of such beneficiary surviving my wife's death, share and share alike, or if there be no such surviving issue, to the surviving brothers and sisters of such beneficiary, share and share alike; and I give, devise and bequeath the same accordingly.

FOURTH: My executors and trustees are directed to hold the equal shares and subdivided shares, referred to in subdivisions (a) and (b) of Item Third, as separate and distinct trusts and separate and distinct trust funds, investing them and keeping them invested and paying such part of the net income and of the principal of said trust funds to their respective beneficiaries as my executors and trustees shall in their discretion deem advisable; PROVIDED, however, that the entire undistributed balance of each trust fund shall be paid to its respective beneficiary upon the latter's attaining the age of 21 years.

PROVIDED, further, that if the beneficiary of any of the aforesaid trust funds shall die after the death of my wife and before attaining the age of 21 years, I direct my executors and trustees to distribute and pay over on his death the balance of his trust fund to his surviving issue, share and share alike, or, if said beneficiary shall die without

issue him surviving, to his surviving brothers and sisters, share and share alike; and I give, devise and bequeath the same accordingly.

FIFTH: I hereby authorize my executors and trustees, or the survivor or survivors of them, or the one, or those thereof, who shall qualify and shall be executor and trustee, or executors and trustees of this my Last Will and Testament, to maintain and retain in their discretion any investments which I may have at the time of my death, disregarding entirely whether they are such as are recognized in the law as being legal for trust funds, and my executors and trustees are further authorized in making any or all investments to be guided entirely by their own discretion, and in order to fully carry out this provision the said executors and trustees are hereby exempted from the necessity of making these investments in such securities as are known in the Law of the State of New York as legal for trust funds. The said executors and trustees are expressly held harmless for any loss which may result from making investments of this character, provided, however, that they shall use good faith and due discretion in making and retaining such investments in the use of the discretionary powers herein conveyed.

SIXTH: If any person named in this, my Last Will and Testament, shall directly or indirectly institute or become an acting party to any proceedings to set aside, interfere with, or make null any provision of this Will, or shall offer any objections to the probate thereof, or shall in any manner, directly or indirectly, contest the probate thereof, then and in that event I revoke the provision of this, my Will, in his, her, or their favor, or for the use and benefit of such person or persons, and such act or proceeding shall operate and be effective as a release on the part of such heir, next of kin, legatee or devisee to any part of my property or estate, and any provision of my Will in favor of such party I do hereby abrogate, annul and make void, and I direct and will that the person so acting, proceeding or contesting shall receive no part or portion whatsoever of my estate, either under this Will or otherwise, and the said property that would have gone to him, her, or them, shall go to and become a part of my residuary estate; provided, however, that if the said person or persons acting, proceeding, or contesting shall, in accordance with the terms of this Will, be entitled to receive any part or portion whatsoever of my residuary estate, then, and in that event the said residuary estate shall go exclusively to such legatees and devisees as have not participated in such proceeding or contest, in accordance with the intent of this provision.

SEVENTH: It is my will, and I direct, that my executors and trustees herein named shall not be required to give any bond or security whatsoever, either as executors or trustees, any law to the contrary notwithstanding.

EIGHTH: I hereby nominate, constitute, and appoint MARY BROWN, my beloved wife, and THE X..... TRUST COMPANY OF NEW YORK, which at the present time has its principal office at No. 11 Broad Street,

in the Borough of Manhattan, City and State of New York, to be Executors and Trustees of this my Last Will and Testament, hereby authorizing and empowering them, or the survivor or survivors, successor or successors, or the one, or those thereof, who shall qualify, and shall be executor and trustee or executors and trustees for the time being, of this, my Last Will and Testament, if in her, its, or their discretion it shall seem expedient, to sell, either at public or private sale and at such times and in such manner and upon such terms and conditions as she or it or they may deem most advantageous and for the best interest of my estate, the whole or any part of the real estate of which I may die seized or possessed, or any interest therein, and to execute and deliver any and all conveyances, deeds or other instruments that may be necessary or proper to transfer said property or to carry out the intention of this provision.

And I further give and grant unto my said executors and trustees, or those who may be acting for the time being, or their successor or successors, full power and authority to mortgage or lease any and all of my real estate, or any interest therein on any terms and in any manner as she, it, or they, in their discretion, shall deem for the best interests of my estate, and I authorize and empower her, it, or them to execute and deliver good and sufficient instruments therefor to carry out the intention of this provision.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, and written my name on the margin of each page hereof, this 29th day of JANUARY, in the year one thousand nine hundred and

JOHN BROWN [L.S.]

(ATTESTATION CLAUSE)

FORM 5. WILL MAKING VARIOUS BEQUESTS AND DIVIDING RESIDUARY ESTATE INTO TRUSTS FOR TESTATOR'S WIFE, SON, AND DESCENDANTS OF SON AND OF A DECEASED SON

I, FRANK A. ROBERTS, a resident and domiciled in Manhattan Borough, City, County, and State of New York, do hereby make, publish and declare this my last will and testament in the manner and form following:

ARTICLE FIRST

I. I give and bequeath to my cousin, Henrietta Perry, of Richmond, Virginia, the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars (\$2,500).

II. I give and bequeath to Peter Watkins, my chauffeur, the sum of two thousand five hundred dollars (\$2,500), provided he shall be in my employment at the time of my death.

III. I give and bequeath to all my house servants who have been at the time of my death at least five years in my employment at either

my residence in Mamaroneck, Westchester County, New York, or in my New York City house, the sum of one thousand dollars (\$1,000) each, and to all my other house servants at either of said places who have been at least three years in my employment at the time of my death the sum of five hundred dollars (\$500) each. I give and bequeath to my colored servant, George Williams, the sum of five hundred dollars (\$500) provided he shall be in my employment at the time of my death.

IV. I give and bequeath to Fred J. Hunt, the sum of ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) provided he shall be in my employment or in the employment of a company or companies in which I shall be interested at the time of my death.

V. I give and bequeath to my secretary, Frank Foster, the sum of five thousand dollars (\$5,000), irrespective of whether or not he shall be in my employment at the time of my death. I give and bequeath to my trustees, provided said Frank Foster shall be in my employment at the time of my death, securities of the aggregate value of one hundred thousand dollars (\$100,000) which at the time of my death shall produce income of five thousand dollars (\$5,000) per year, in trust to pay the entire net income thereof to the said Frank Foster, during his lifetime in equal quarterly payments as near as may be, the principal of said trust fund to revert upon the death of said Frank Foster to my residuary estate.

VI. I give and bequeath to my trustees a fund in trust sufficient to produce a net income of three thousand dollars (\$3,000) per year for the benefit of and for the purpose of continuing what are now known as the Frank A. Roberts Scholarships at the X. University.

VII. I make no further contributions in this my will to charity for the reason that in my lifetime I have contributed largely to religious, charitable, and educational causes.

ARTICLE SECOND

I. I direct that all my antique marble busts, bronzes, statues, paintings, rugs, tapestries, antiquities, old furniture, etchings, engravings, pictures, books, porcelains, and other objects of art generally shall be appraised, and I authorize my executors and trustees to sell the same at public sale or at private sale for not less than their appraised value. I direct that my wife and son shall have the first right to purchase any of the same at private sale at their appraised value, and that in case either of them shall desire to purchase the same object my wife shall have the first choice.

I direct that in case of the purchase of any of the same by my wife or son, the purchase price or prices thereof may be chargeable against the income of my wife and son herein directed to be paid to them and payable out of the same at such times or over such periods as my executors or trustees may in their discretion fix and determine. I direct that the pro-

visions of this article regarding such a sale of any of said objects or property shall not apply to any of said objects or property which may be otherwise specifically bequeathed or disposed of in this my will or in any codicil or codicils thereto.

II. I give and bequeath all my household furniture, plate and plated ware, linen, china, household stores and utensils, and all personal and household effects of whatsoever nature in my residence in New York City, except such as may be otherwise specifically bequeathed or disposed of in this my will or in any codicil or codicils thereto, to my dear wife, Anne C. Roberts.

III. I give and bequeath to my son, John, all of the thoroughbred horses which I may own at the time of my death, wheresoever they may then be, whether in the United States or in any other country.

ARTICLE THIRD

I. I direct that the cost and expense of the upkeep and maintenance of my Mamaroneck residence shall be a charge upon my general estate and shall be paid by my executors or trustees out of the funds of my general estate until the sale of said Mamaroneck residence by my executors or trustees at such time and upon such terms and conditions as may be fixed or determined upon by them in their discretion.

ARTICLE FOURTH

I. All the rest, residue and remainder of my property, real, personal, and mixed, of every kind and description whatsoever and wheresoever situated, of which I may die seized or possessed, including any lapsed legacies or trust funds which may become part of my residuary estate, I direct my executors and trustees to divide into five (5) equal parts. Said five (5) equal parts I give, devise and bequeath as follows:

A. Two (2) of said equal parts to my trustees in trust to pay the total income therefrom to my son, John, during his life in equal quarterly payments as near as may be, and at his death to divide into as many shares, share and share alike, per stirpes and not per capita, as there shall be then living lawful issue, per stirpes and not per capita, of my said son, John; to such of said issue as were not in being at the time of my death to pay their respective shares forthwith; to such of said issue as were in being at the time of my death to pay the principal of their respective shares when they shall reach the age of thirty (30) years, and in the meantime, to apply so much of the income from said respective shares as may in the sole judgment and discretion of my trustees be necessary or proper to the education, support and maintenance of said issue respectively, and to accumulate any balance of such income not so applied until said issue shall respectively attain the age of twenty-one (21) years, when such excess accumulation shall be paid to said issue respectively, and thereafter and until the termination of the trust with respect

to the principal of said share, to pay to said issue the total income from the shares so held in trust for them, respectively, in equal quarterly payments as near as may be.

If any issue of my said son, John, entitled under this subparagraph A, of Paragraph I, of article fourth of this my will to the principal of his or her share only when he or she shall reach the age of thirty (30) years die before reaching said age, leaving lawful issue him or her surviving, then upon such death to pay such share to such lawful issue, share and share alike, per stirpes and not per capita; or if he or she die before reaching said age not leaving lawful issue him or her surviving, then upon such death to pay such share to the other issue then living, share and share alike, per stirpes and not per capita, of my said son, John, or if he or she die before reaching said age, leaving him or her surviving no issue of my said son, John, then upon such death to pay such share to the issue then living of my deceased son, Edward, share and share alike, per stirpes and not per capita. Any share of the issue of either of my said sons pursuant to this paragraph, the right to which shall lapse through death, shall be divided among the remaining issue of the other son share and share alike per stirpes and not per capita.

B. One (1) of said equal parts to my trustees in trust to divide into as many shares, share and share alike, per stirpes and not per capita, as there shall be living at the time of my death lawful issue, per stirpes and not per capita, of my deceased son, Edward, to pay to said issue the principal of their respective shares when they shall reach the age of thirty (30) years, and in the meantime, to apply so much of the income from said respective shares as may in the sole judgment and discretion of my trustees be necessary or proper to the education, support and maintenance of said issue respectively, and to accumulate any balance of such income not so applied until said issue shall respectively attain the age of twenty-one (21) years, when such excess accumulation shall be paid to said issue respectively, and thereafter and until the termination of the trust with respect to the principal of said share, to pay to said issue the total income from the shares so held in trust for them, respectively, in equal quarterly payments as near as may be.

If any issue of my said deceased son, Edward, entitled under this subparagraph B, of Paragraph I, of article fourth of this my will to the principal of his or her share only when he or she shall reach the age of thirty (30) years die before reaching said age, leaving lawful issue him or her surviving, then upon such death to pay such share to such lawful issue, share and share alike, per stirpes and not per capita; or if he or she die before reaching said age not leaving lawful issue him or her surviving, then upon such death to pay such share to the other issue then living, share and share alike, per stirpes and not per capita, of my said deceased son, Edward, or if he or she die before reaching said age, leaving him or her surviving no issue of my said deceased son, Edward, then upon such death to pay such share to the issue then living of my other son,

John, share and share alike, per stirpes and not per capita. Any share of the issue of either of my said sons pursuant to this paragraph, the right to which shall lapse through death, shall be divided among the remaining issue of the other son, share and share alike, per stirpes and not per capita.

C. Two (2) of said equal parts to my said trustees in trust to pay the total income therefrom to my dear wife, Anne C. Roberts, during her life in equal quarterly payments as near as may be, and at her death to divide the principal into two equal shares, and to pay one share to my son, John, and to divide the other share in equal parts among the children of my deceased son, Edward, and among the surviving issue of any of said children of my deceased son, Edward, who may predecease my wife, leaving issue them surviving, per stirpes and not per capita. In the event that my son, John, shall predecease my wife, leaving issue him surviving, I direct that the share to which he is entitled under this subparagraph C of Paragraph I of article fourth of this my will shall be divided among his surviving issue, per stirpes and not per capita.

II. The provisions made for my dear wife in this my will are in lieu of dower, thirds and all other right, share, interest or claim in or to my estate.

III. I authorize and direct my executors, as soon as may be after the probate of this my will, pending the settlement of my estate and until the establishment of the trust fund for the benefit of my dear wife, Anne C. Roberts, as provided for in this article fourth of this my will, to pay to my said wife such sums as they in their sole discretion may determine to be necessary and proper for her care and support and comfort, and in such instalments and at such intervals as they also in their sole discretion may determine. The amounts so paid by my executors pursuant to the provisions of this paragraph shall be charged as an expense upon my general estate.

ARTICLE FIFTH

I hereby nominate and appoint my friend, Harold A. Wiley, and my son, John Roberts, to be the executors and trustees of this my last will and of any codicil or codicils thereto.

In case of the death, resignation or inability of either of my executors or trustees to act hereunder, I authorize and empower the survivor to appoint a successor coexecutor or a successor cotrustee.

Any person so appointed under the terms of this article shall, without giving any security, have and exercise all the rights and powers of an executor and trustee herein conferred upon the executors and trustees herein named by me, as fully as if he had been originally designated and appointed a coexecutor or cotrustee, including all discretionary powers and the power to appoint a successor to an executor or trustee whose position shall for any reason become vacant.

I hereby order and direct that no bond or other security of any kind shall be required of my said executors and trustees, or of any successor

executor or trustee, appointed in pursuance of the powers herein given, required under any law or for any cause whatsoever or because of the nonresidence of any such executor or trustee in any state or jurisdiction wherein my will or my codicil or codicils hereto shall be required to be or may be proved or filed.

ARTICLE SIXTH

I hereby cancel, revoke, and annul all former wills and testaments or codicils to the same by me at any time made and declare this and this only to be my last will and testament.

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have to this my last will and testament, written on fourteen typewritten pages, each page thereof being signed by me at the foot thereof, set my hand and seal in the City of New York, this 15th day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and

FRANK A. ROBERTS [L. S.]

The foregoing instrument, written on fourteen typewritten pages, was on the day of the date thereof subscribed, sealed, published and declared by the above-named, Frank A. Roberts, the testator therein named, as and for his last will and testament in the presence of each of us who, at his request and in his presence and in the presence of each other have hereunto subscribed our names as attesting witnesses, the day and year last above written.

Oliver Hamilton, residing at 300 Central Park West, New York City.
Mary Rhodes, residing at 19 East Sixty-Fourth St., New York City.
William Brown, residing at Stewart Manor, Tuckahoe, New York.

FORM 6. CODICIL TO FOREGOING WILL

I, FRANK A. ROBERTS, a resident of and domiciled in Manhattan Borough, City, County and State of New York, do hereby make, publish and declare this first codicil which is to be taken as an addition to and as a part of my last will and testament bearing date of 15th day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and

First. I authorize and direct my executors and trustees to retain Thomas L. Morton to perform substantially the same duties and to have substantially the same responsibilities with respect to the affairs of my estate as he now performs and has with respect to my business affairs, it being my intention that my executors and trustees shall retain the said Thomas L. Morton during his lifetime. The remuneration to be paid to said Thomas L. Morton by my executors and trustees shall be the sum of fifteen thousand dollars (\$15,000) per year.

Second. I hereby revoke Paragraph V of article first of my will and direct that there be substituted therefor the following:

"V. I give and bequeath to my secretary, Frank Foster, the sum of five thousand dollars (\$5,000) irrespective of whether or not he shall be in my employment at the time of my death. I give and bequeath to my trustees, provided said Frank Foster shall be in my employment at the time of my death, securities of the aggregate value of two hundred thousand dollars (\$200,000), which at the time of my death shall produce an income of at least ten thousand dollars (\$10,000) per year, in trust to pay the entire net income thereof to the said Frank Foster during his lifetime in equal quarterly payments as near as may be, the principal of said trust fund to revert upon the death of said Frank Foster to my residuary estate."

Third. Except as herein expressly modified, I hereby ratify and confirm my said will, dated the 15th day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and (19...).

IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have to this first codicil to my last will and testament, written on two typewritten pages, hereunto set my hand and affixed my seal, this third day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and (19...).

FRANK A. ROBERTS [L. S.]

The foregoing instrument, written on two pages, was on the day of the date thereof subscribed, sealed, published, and declared by Frank A. Roberts, the testator therein named, as and for a first codicil to his last will and testament bearing date the 15th day of October, in the year one thousand nine hundred and (19...), in the presence of each of us who, at his request, in his presence and in the presence of each other have subscribed our names as attesting witnesses the third day of February, in the year one thousand nine hundred and (19...).

(SIGNATURES AND RESIDENCES OF WITNESSES)

Joan Clay

- 1 - Duke's fox hunting
- 2 - Scottish caste system
- 23 - 'hay stack is sheet anchor
- 24 - few dead cattle after grass gets green
- 27 - 'love 7 yr fella man... best man mt
- 28 - overbreeding
- 33 - 17 m/p/h o UP in 1850
- 40 - a long spoon to sup c. level
- 42 - gurdy weather
- 49 - bk count 7 cattle can be trusted
- 57 - Siquid: Regius
- 58 - meal gang: string 7 horse shoes hit c. stove power
- 60 - 1st touch of trouble
- 82 - died in the boots
- 83 - '86 winter blotted them out
 - roping dog & chickens *
- 87 - design of riding to stagecoach ←
- 92 - merry as a marriage bell
- 94 - shrink at stockings
 - on range 'only safety is hay & shelter
- 96 - thin soup
- 97 - a talking to.
- 110 - lived a rapid life

Clay / 2

111 - . bks won't freeze

155 - # 66 Fredrick St, E'burgh

178-9 - losses of '86 winter; 180 - no \$ made on cattle, ¹⁸⁷⁰⁻ 1882

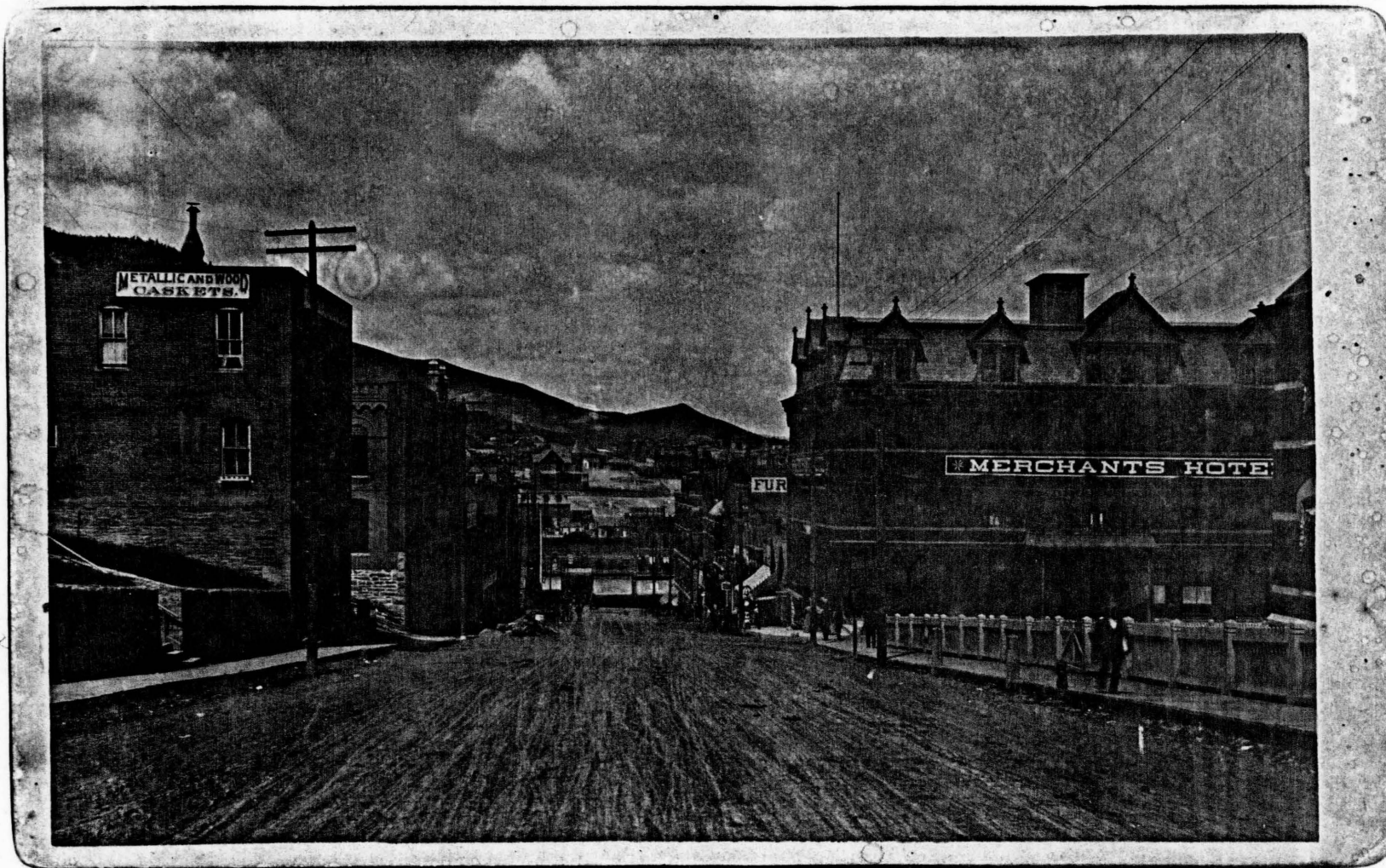
181 - dead crush for gas at Ford *

196 - . killing house (meat packing) in Se land

204 - throw in a Lord for respect

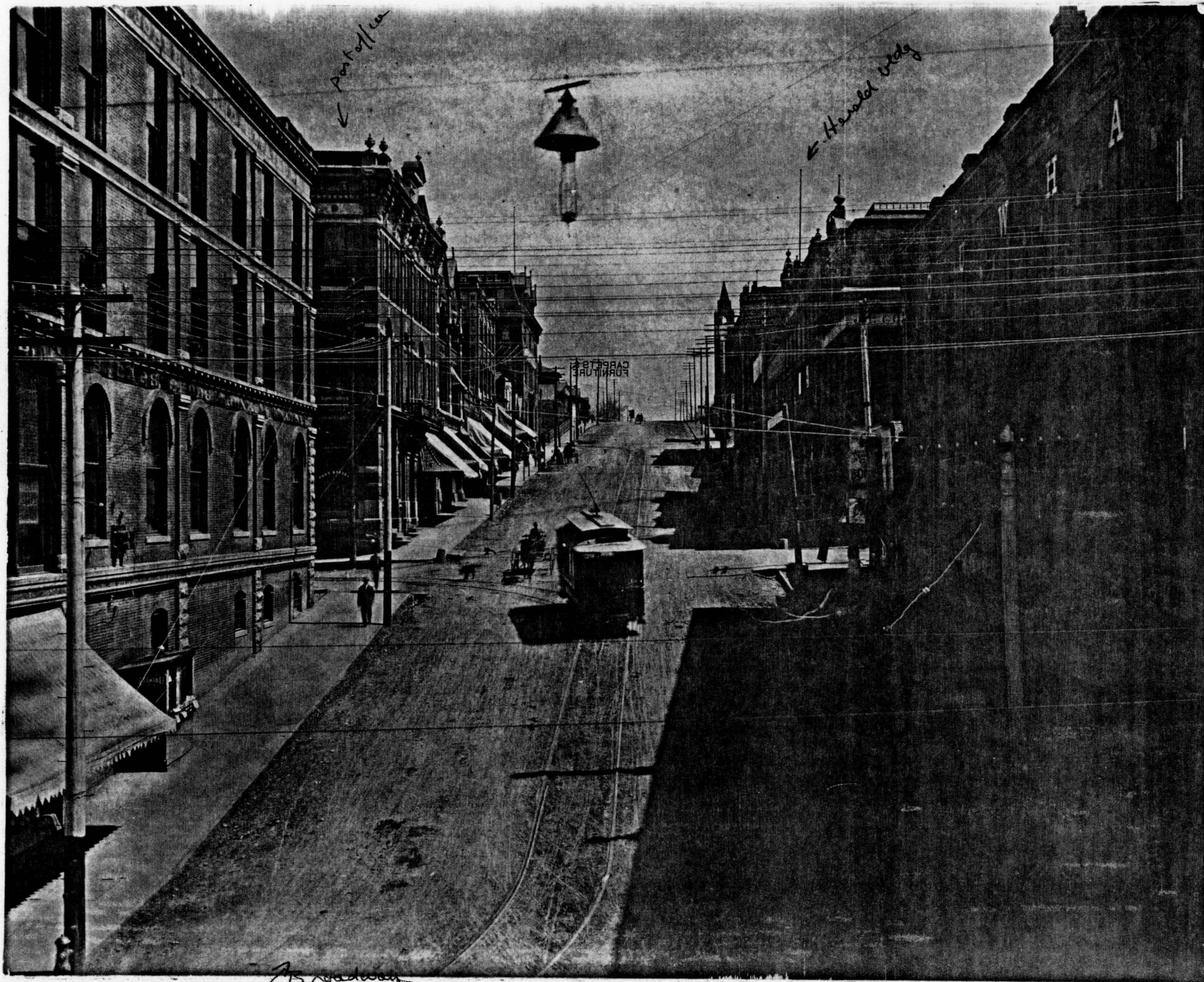
210 - painting . cattle

228 - can fight armies, but . settler never



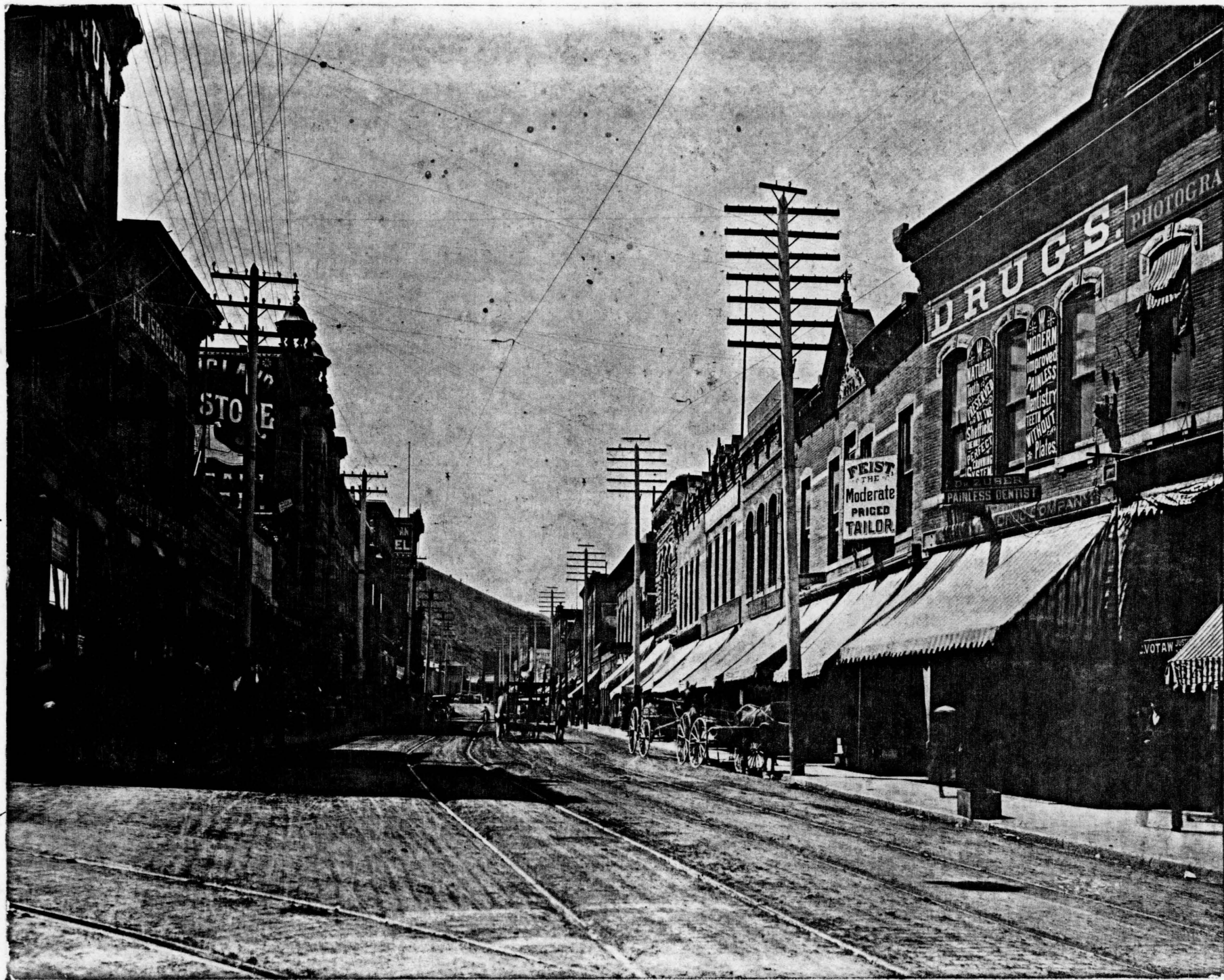
Broadway, looking west from street
in front of Assay Office
Helena, Montana

assay
office
&
court house
here ~~show~~ up
- hill from
hotel



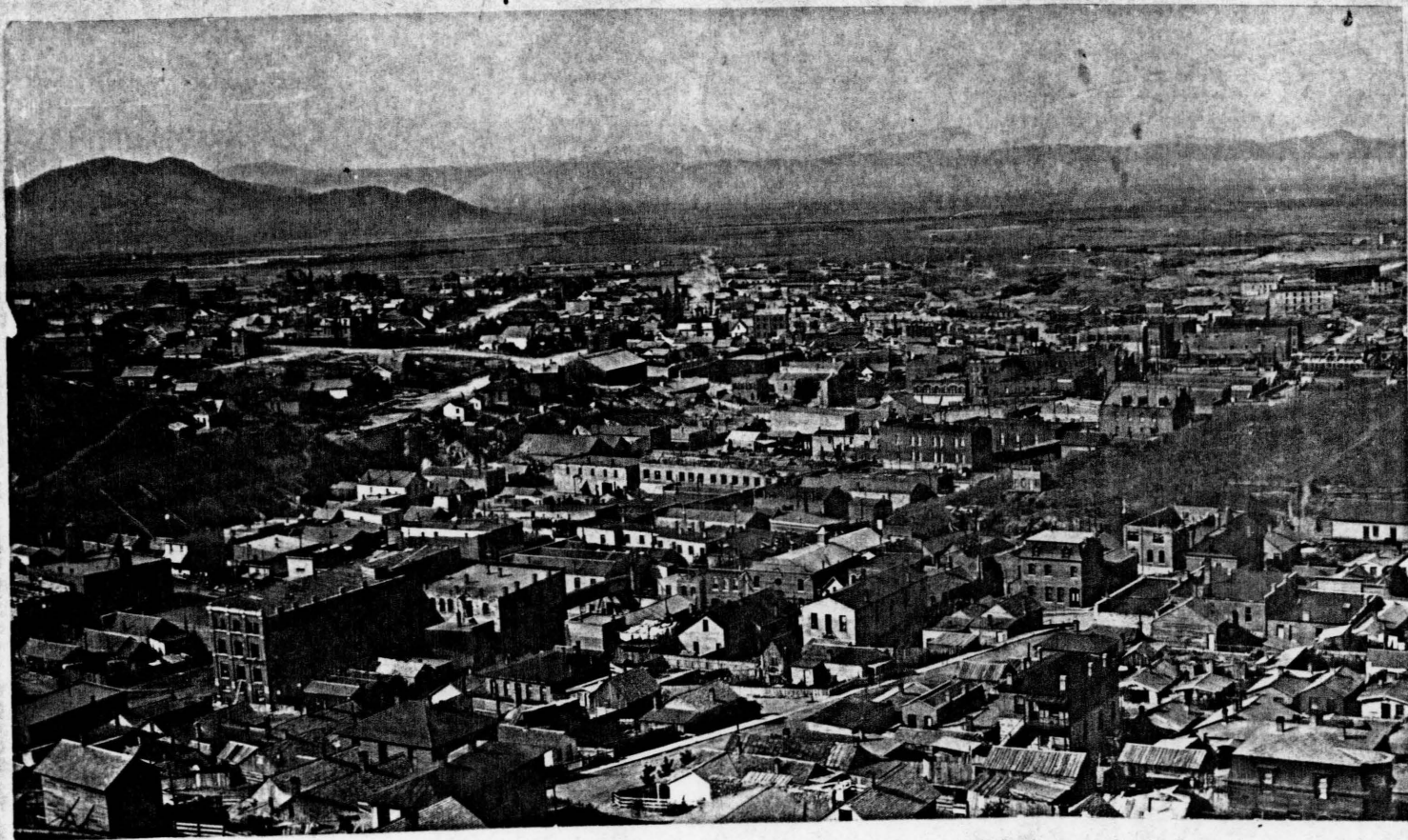
Street
Broadway
Looking
east from
Main Street
Helena,
Montana
ca. 1890

7B Broadway



Main Street
Looking south
from Broadway
Helena,
Montana
ca. 1890

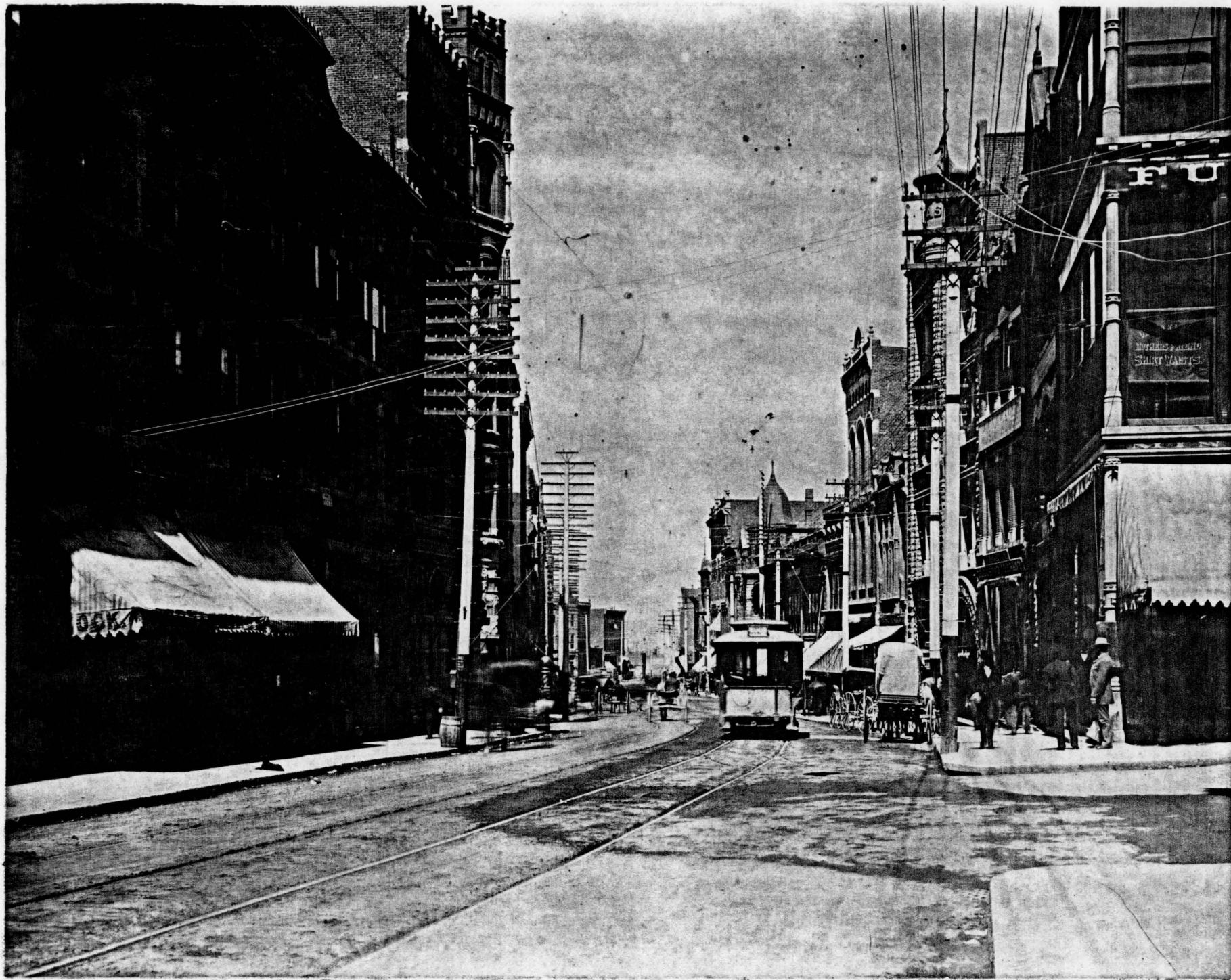
Broadway



← fire
tower
hill

Helena, Montana in 1888

Helena in 1888



atlas
Main Street
Looking north from the foot of Broadway
Helena, Montana
ca. 1890

Broadway

MHS
Myers -
Mont's
Trolleys

Ordinance 214 covered service for the western portion of Helena via a proposed West End Electric Railroad, sponsored by Richard A. Harlow and Donald Bradford. The route specified began at Lawrence & Main, ran west on Lawrence to Meagher, north to Harrison and Holter, west to Hayes, north to Floweree and west to Highland Park.. (The Helena, Hot Springs & Smelter completed a modified portion of this route: from Park & Sixth, south to Clark, west to Harrison, north to Floweree, west to Hayes and north to the main line on Knight. The track remained in place but was not often used until 1906.)

Of interest was the fact that both these franchises indicated the growing interest in electricity for motive power.

Later in July, the Council approved a Helena, Hot Springs & Smelter extension along Boulder Avenue. An August 7, 1889 letter from H. B. Palmer, secretary of the steam line, to Samuel T. Hauser shed light on the company's reasons for seeking extensions. Concerning the matter of building a line to the Hauser Addition, east of Helena, Palmer stated:

"We know that in running the line adjacent property will be greatly enhanced in value, and that you may feel disposed to grant us the necessary right of way through your lands, and also give us a reasonable donation of land to assist the enterprise and partly to compensate for the loss in operating the road until such time as the district becomes settled up, and the line is on a paying basis."

Company president E. D. Edgerton clarified Palmer's request the next day with another letter to Hauser. Edgerton said his company did not come to Hauser "so much for the quantity of land to be given" as it did for his "influence and aid in a general way with others." Edgerton hoped Hauser would make his answer to the request as "liberal as possible," indicating that any necessary adjustments could be effected later. Hauser's response was either negative or delayed, for the steam line's expansion was not forthcoming.

Michael Keefe moved ahead with construction of his street railway line. By noon, September 4, 1889, a block and a half of roadbed on Broadway was ready for iron ties. Keefe planned to begin operations with a horse car and convert either to cable or electricity as soon as possible. He finished the line to Montana Ave. in December and started service: "...a great boon to East Side residents."

Major J. J. Palmer returned to Helena in the fall of 1889 and made plans to run a cable or electric trolley east from Main Street to the Hauser Addition and eventually to the smelter at East Helena. He wanted to use Broadway for part of his track and ran into conflict with the Keefe line. The City Council surveyed the problem, decided Broadway was wide enough for two street car lines, and gave Palmer a franchise to build his line, using any type of motive power except steam.

Electricity interested E. D. Edgerton as well. "I think we have a good chance here to use electricity..." he commented in a letter to J. G. White of the "Western Engineering Company" (sic), on October 2. Two days later, Edgerton revealed his motivation for converting the motor line to electricity. "There is no doubt in my mind that a road down to our ground (East Helena) equipped with electricity, would enhance the value of our property more than a steam line." He wanted to increase equipment as well as trackage. Edgerton sold company stocks to the Northwestern Guaranty Loan Company and thus secured \$3000 for the purchase of additional rolling stock.

Edgerton gave a more detailed account of the steam line's financial and physical situation in the company's annual report dated December 1, 1889. The statement covered the period from May 1 to November 30. During this seven month period, the line carried 153,734 passengers, received \$18,000 in gross revenues and spent



Historic Helena (Lang's copy)

At the top of Tower Hill, just above Jackson Street, stands a pioneer landmark peculiar to Helena. The old fire lookout has been modified several times since first constructed to warn the miners of fire in the Last Chance Gulch diggings. But the location is the same. And the general design has remained intact throughout the years. Years that saw Helena evolve from a lusty, brawling gold town to the State Capital and center of commerce. The bell—two feet in diameter—that hung from the earliest tower was rung many times during those early mining days. The first one to spot a blaze, amid the shanty dwellings of canvas and log, or the closest man to the tower was compelled to climb the steps and ring the alarm to those below. The bell is reported to have had the stamp "Helena—Queen of the Mountains" on its metal rim. The name stuck. Now, 100 years later, Helena is still affectionately referred to as queen of the mountains.

The tower is pictured during an 1880 celebration on the Fourth of July. Ten years later a photographer climbed the tower's plank steps and shot a panoramic view of the south end of the gulch, showing the huge mansions perched on the flanks of Mount Helena in the background.

