

The Life of Verna Mauk Pattie

Our daughter, Carol Pattie Fisher, has been after me for a long time to write of the experiences we have had following the oil fields and of those I had before I met her Dad.

I hardly know where to begin. But maybe if I do put down a few things as they come to mind, others will pop into my mind that has been long forgotten.

My paternal grandmother was Mary Monroe, born in South Dansville, New York, November 15, 1862. When she was 11 months old, in 1863, she was indentured to be raised and work as a housekeeper until the age of 18. A copy of her indenture paper is included here.

I wish as a young girl I had paid more attention to the things she told me about her early life. As I recall her telling me, the man who took her was a blacksmith. She said she wore his old leather aprons to do the wash on a washboard in the back yard, when weather permitted. She was up long before daylight and had to pump water from a well and carry it to a big iron kettle in the yard, build a fire under it, then milk the cow, feed the chickens, and cook breakfast for the family. Then start washing which took the rest of the day. She said she worked always from daylight to dark and sometimes until after the family was in bed. About all the education they gave her was to write her name and do the simple sums. They gave her a new Bible when she left. The indenture paper stated they were to educate her in

reading, writing, and arithmetic and to give her a new Bible at the expiration of her service.

My grandfather, Dallas Nesbit Mauk, was born in Rochester Mills, Pennsylvania on July 22, 1854. The story I have is he fell in love with her. He paid off her indenture early and they were married. Many of these things I'm not too sure of as I haven't been able to as yet find too much to go on.

To them was born my father, Elmer, on October 21, 1881 at Bangor, Michigan. He died December 23, 1944 in Salem, Oregon. Rose was married to Carl Rielly. They both are buried at Salem Oregon. Fred married Sue Sutton at Conrad, Montana, and both are deceased. Charlie married Evelyn Fling. They were divorced and he married Alma Black and for years lived in Denver, Colorado. He is deceased and to my best knowledge she is too.

My maternal grandmother was Emma Matilda Moore born August 6, 1859 at Little Falls, New York. She married Ottis Henry. My mother Mayme Sarah was the oldest girl in this family born March 6, 1880, Lennox, Iowa died October 28, 1944 Salem, Oregon. Bert was the oldest boy. He married Bertha Von Reidan. Mertie was next and married Roy Phelps. Frank married Francis Von Reidan a sister of Bertha's. Edith married Ray Stokes, who is still alive and lives in Riverside, California. Charlie married late in life at 74 to a widow from Minnesota. I never knew her maiden name.

My mother went to Normal College at Grandfork, North Dakota and taught at Maysville, Nothwood, Thompson, and Hatton before she married. She and Dad were married in a double wedding with her

sister Mertie Roy Phelps on October 21, 1903 (the 21st was Dad's birthday).

In the course of years both the Mauks and Henrys moved to the Red River Valley of North Dakota and settled on homesteads there near Reynolds. Grandpa Mauk and his brother Harry took up land adjoining each other.

Harry Mauk, decided to leave North Dakota to return either to Michigan or Pennsylvania, so Dad rented his farm near Reynolds and Dad and Mama set up housekeeping there. I was born there August 3, 1904, in a thunder storm. Mama said it was one of the worst storms she had ever seen. I weighed less than 3 pounds. Grandma Mauk fixed a clothes basket with hot water bottles and put me in it on the oven door. They said they had a terrible time getting anything to agree with me. finally Grandma went to the basement and got a jar of peaches and gave me some juice and I quit crying.

My Dad went out to milk the next morning and saw his father going out to do the same so he sang at the top of his lungs "Today is the day they give babies away with a half pound of tea. It's a girl!" It seems this was a song popular at that time. Ha!

My Grandfather Henry and his family decided to sell out and move to Westhope, North Dakota. My Dad and Mama decided to follow them. I don't know the exact dates. I may find out more about it if I go through the stuff in the old trunk which I will do later.

I do know my Dad took up a homestead near Plaza, North

Dakota, adjoining the Sioux Reservation before I was 4 years old. He moved Mama and I into a 12X16 shack he build on it to hold it down while he went back to Westhope to farm. We had a milk cow, a few chickens, one horse, and a dog called Pup. Mama rode the horse with me in front of the saddle to Plaza for groceries and mail. Then Dad got a buggy for her later.

Dad had to mine coal from a mine almost 100 miles from the homestead and haul it home to keep us warm in the winter. In those days there was no gas, or electricity. We used just wood and coal. Mama said we picked up cow chips and most anything else that would burn for summer use. A little later my Aunt Edith took up a homestead adjoining ours. She was single. Many single women homestead in those days. Dad put up a small shack for her as close as he could to ours and she stayed on her land within the law. The law stated you had to live on your land at least six months of the year.

The Indians got "firewater" ever so often and would come riding through our place yelling like mad. One time some of them stopped and pounded on the door and wanted in. Mama said to move on or she would shoot. She finally had to shoot through the door. She shot low down and told them the next would be higher if they didn't get on their way. The next time Dad came home she had him change the position of the clothes line, so when they came yelling there again some of them were unseated from their horses.

About this time Mama became acquainted with a young Indian

woman at the store. She found me playing with a little girl about my age. This Indian woman had been away to school and had may white ways and wanted to learn more. Mama invited her to come over which she did quit often. Mama gave her home made bread and many things. She even made the little girl a dress like one of mine and taught her mother many things. Mama told this woman how the braves were bothering her. She said, "I'll put a stop to it," and she did as we were never bothered again.

There was a big prairie fire once that almost got our place before they got it stopped. It was lucky Dad was home that time. He had plowed a fire break all around our place but sparks flying over could have set a fire inside the break. I have heard them tell about it. I guess they hauled water from a slew near us and fought it all day. I was left in the shack Mama said. She came in and made sandwiches and coffee and they would take turns coming in to eat, and to see how I was doing. A mail man and his team were burned to death when caught in this fire. They said he probably tried to out run it and couldn't.

After our time was up on the homestead, as it was proved up, we moved back to Westhope. I don't know if Dad got anything out of the homestead or just left it as many did in later years. He said the land was dry and just wouldn't raise much. Mama always tried to raise a garden, even hauled water to it, but it never amounted to much, only a lot of hard work.

Dad rented some farm land near Westhope and I started school in Westhope. I remember Haley's Comet coming over and how scared

I was. I was around 6 years old. We heard the sound of the comet early in the morning. We thought the chimney had fallen off the house. People were saying the comet tail would whip the earth and maybe destroy it. They said there would be a big explosion.

Uncle Bart and Forey Wyman, who married another of the Von Reidan girls, Lena, got a threshing machine and went from farm to farm to thrash. They had Dad as cook on the cook car. He took me with him to help him. I guess I was about 8 or 9. I can sure remember getting up before daylight to get breakfast. I sat the table, cleaned the dishes etc. It was always late when we got to bed. It seems I was sleepy all the time.

Grandpa Mauk was still at Reynolds but he had heard about land to be opened around Conrad, Montana, when the railroad went through. He wanted Dad to go with him to look at it. So in the fall of 1908 they went to look it over. They were real enthused over it. They said the grass was up to your knees. So Grandpa filed on the land seven miles west of Conrad. The next spring the Mauks sold the farm at Reynolds and go what they called the immigrant car. This is a railroad car, like a big boxcar. You loaded animals, machinery, household goods and usually some of the family in it. That is if had stock to care for enroute. The family loaded up and headed for Conrad. Grandpa built a 4 room house, two rooms down and two up. He made a cistern as they had to haul water. He later drilled or dug a well, but the water had so much soda in it even the stock would hardly drink it.

It was on this place in Westhope where my cousin Vivian and I hid under the bed most all of one afternoon. We had heard stories of gypsies who stole kids. A large bunch of gypsies came through our place. Dad sent one of the men up from the field to help Mama watch them, as they would steal anything they could get their hands on. Mama told us to go in the house and play. We were too scared to play, so we hid. We locked the door and when Mama came we wouldn't even answer her because we were sure it was the gypsies. She hammered and hammered until we let her in. Boy was she mad at us!

Later we moved to the Stair place where Dad farmed and we lived in the old house on this land. In 1910 Dad had a mastoid infection and had to have a mastoidectomy and nearly died. This was considered a very serious operation in those days. The Drs. George and Charlie Durman did the operation in Westhope. In later years their brother was a doctor in Great Falls, Montana. My brother Clair had been born April 27th¹⁹¹⁰ of that year and was three months old when Dad became ill. It was almost a year before Dad was able to do much. He kept talking about going to Montana. Some of the rest of the family, Uncle Jack and Aunt Jess, Uncle Fred, Uncle Carl and Aunt Rose had already moved to the Conrad area. The Reilly's had also moved from Reynolds and lived in Conrad. So in 1913 we moved to Conrad arriving on my mother's birthday, March 6th.

They had taken Aunt Jess to the hospital that morning with acute appendicitis and they were operation on her when we

arrived. Dr. Harry Power was the doctor. He had a homestead that joined my Grandpa's. Jessie had had a baby boy, Bruce, born December 31, 1912, and he was a sick baby as they couldn't seem to get anything to agree with him. Aunt Rose was trying to take care of Bruce for Aunt Jess, as well as the baby, and was in tears when we got to their house. Both Grandma and Grandpa wanted to stay in town, so Dad took the team and we all went to the ranch including the baby. Dad had to care for the stock and Mama had to see what she could do with the baby. She strained oatmeal gruel along with other home remedies of the time and soon had him feeling well and gaining weight.

My Dad helped Grandpa with his crop that year and got a small piece of land and broke it up seeded it to flax which made a good crop. He sold it and made a little on it.

That fall we rented a house in Conrad and I started to school again. Jobs were scarce around there so Mama took in a roomer and three or four boarders. We had one extra room for the roomer. The rest just ate their meals there. Dad hauled coal for a lumber yard which was very hard work. Everyone used coal and wood in those days. The coal was all shoveled on and off the dray by hand. So dad shoveled many a ton.

Just before World War I started Dad decided to file on an additional homestead of 160 acres seven and one half miles west of Bynum, Montana, near what was called the Prescott Dam or Bynum Dam. It had just been finished and wasn't filled completely yet. When the lake was filled to capacity, it covered some of our

land. So here we were holding down another homestead in the usual 14X16 tar papered shack. This one was better as we had a nice cellar that was always cool. It was in sandstone and could be swept up and kept nice and clean. We had one Holstein. That was the meanest cow I ever saw, but she gave a lot of milk. It took both Mama and I and the help of Clair to get her tied up, Then sometimes she would kick Mama over. We put in a garden and Dad put in some crop near the lake and it looked good until the lake came up and covered it. He worked for Coffee and Walistines near Pendroy. They were very large ranchers. This earned him extra cash. When he could, he worked on our place. Around 1915 he and I took the wagon and with a tent and food drove to Blackleaf Canyon where he cut poles for a 40 X 40 barn. I was cook and general helper. When we had a load, we would come home, then go back for another until we had enough. He dug down 6 feet into the hillside for the back of the barn so it was level with the hill and he could drive up to unload hay into the loft. I helped him with all of it. When we had it enclosed, except the part above the 6 foot dugout wall, we thought we had that mean old cow trapped. We ran her in and shut the door. Dad went to get the milk pail and she was out when he came back. She had climbed that straight up and down wall.

At first I went back to Conrad at the start of the school year and stayed with either Uncle Fred or at Grandma's. Usually I stayed at Uncle Fred's as it wasn't so far to walk. At that time I went to a country school near Grandpa's and Uncle Fred's.

The folks would stay on until the weather got bad as they had to spend so many months on the homestead to prove up. Then they would come to Conrad. My sister Earla Mae was born in Conrad January 12, 1918. That spring it was back to the homestead. Dad got a nice little Jersey cow for me to milk and Earla got most of the milk from it. That winter we moved to Bynum and both Clair and I went to school there. Mother again took in a couple boarders to help out.

It was the winter of the bad flu epidemic (1918), Many died and it was a terrible winter. My dad drove a car for Dr. Maynard from Choteau to do his rounds. Maybe for a week at a time they never were in bed. Dad drove and Dr. Maynard slept in the car. While Doc saw the patient, Dad usually dozed in a chair or on a lounge in the patient's home. They would stop in whenever out our way any time of day or night. Mama would get up and make coffee and feed them. We all had the flu real bad. Finally Doc brought Dad home one night about midnight sick with the flu. Dad almost died, and it left him with a bad heart for the rest of his life.

Aunt Edith came from Westhope and stayed with us a couple of years. She was working for Ray Porter at the post office in the grocery store.

That spring it was back to the homestead near Bynum. Then Dad sold the place and we move back to Conrad.

My mother's brother Frank was living out of Ontario, Oregon, on an irrigated place and talked my folks into coming out

there. So in 1919 we started out in an old Ford touring car loaded to the ground, as we were camping all the way. Not much roads just trails mostly. There were my folks, my brother Clair, my Sister Earla, myself, and Aunt Edith who was going as far as Boise, Idaho, where their brother Charlie lived.

We had a funny experience going over the divide just out of Helena, Montana. The old Ford was so loaded down it couldn't make the grade. A telephone company truck came along and offered us a pull for which we were very thankful. There were four or five fellows in the back of this truck. It being a very hot day, Dad had opened the divided windshield which they had on cars those days. A herd of cattle had been over the road and left some very soft droppings. The wheels of the truck hit some of these and sent it through the windshield right into my Aunt's and my face. It was very embarrassing to a teenager and a young woman. All the more so as the men in the truck nearly fell over laughing. We used our handkerchiefs to clean ourselves the best we could (no kleenex those days). We tried to get Dad to stop at the first creek so we could wash. He too thought it funny and made us suffer awhile until we reached the next creek. We stayed in Helena at Gebauers that night. The next morning we were doing fine until we reached Dell, Montana. There a leaf in the rear spring broke. There was no garage so we set up camp and Dad telegraphed to Dillon to have leaf come out C.O.D on the morning train. He was all ready to put it in when the train got in. He had it on in no time so thought we could make a few miles yet

that day. We loaded up, but when I got in and sat down we heard something pop and discovered the leaf had broken again. I only weighed about 80 pounds but got a lot of kidding. So it was wait again for another spring. Poor Dad, he always called Dell "hell" from that day on.

We camped along the Madison River one night (I believe it was the Madison) we were all busy setting up camp when we missed Earla. We called and searched and had all the other campers searching, when someone looked up and there she sat as big as life on top of the car. The top was canvas and she sank down so about all you could see was her head. She was only about 15 months old. She had been walking since she was seven and a one half months. No one thought she could climb like that! We finally made it to Boise, Idaho, without anymore trouble, except a flat or two and a boiling radiator.

We left my Aunt Edith there and we went on to Uncle Frank's where Dad, Mama, and Clair picked apples and I helped Mrs. Countryman cook for the pickers and packers. That winter Dad fed cattle for the Mayheu Cattle Co. We lived in a small place about a quarter mile from Uncle Frank, and Clair and I went to school about 3 miles from there. We walked on top the ditch bank for a couple miles. I never saw so many pheasant. There must have been a couple hundred on the fence line and ground each morning. They would wake us up. Many mornings it was so foggy we could hardly see our turn off.

On February 26, 1920, my brother, Dale was born at my Uncle

Frank's place. I had to stay out of school and take care of Earla and keep house for Dad and Clair.

That spring it was back to Conrad, Montana again. Mama took in boarders and roomers.

My Aunt Edith had married and was living in Pocatello, Idaho. Her husband was an engineer on the Oregon Short Line. She wasn't very well and in 1921 wanted me to come help her, so I did. After she got to feeling better, I worked part time at a mortuary near where they lived. I answered the telephone, let people in, and other general office work. Then I got a job as a cashier in a cafe. The next spring I went back to Conrad.

I was one of the girls on the committee to prepare for the Freshman party. There was no place in Conrad where we could buy ice cream in quantity, so we decided to make our own. I had a friend who offered to supply milk and cream for the party. So after school one day, we went out to get it. Warren Earhart had a Ford touring car. My girl friend Vivian Hammer and another boy on the committee went along. We had milk and cream in everything that would hold it. Coming home we hit a little ditch, the front wheels locked, and we flipped over (the Fords were known for this at that time). I was thrown clear. I lifted the car enough for Warren to crawl out. Then between us we got the others out. Vivian had been holding a 2 quart jar of cream. The jar broke and cut her hand badly. The doctor said she couldn't of lost much more blood. It took us quite awhile to get to town, even if it was only about one and a half miles. The boys carried Vivian.

We had the party. After it was all over and in the night, I woke screaming with pain in my back. They took me to the doctor and he taped me up and kept me in bed awhile.

I was in my second year of high school when Dad had another heart attack. They were living north of town on a small ranch. They had to move into town and of course he couldn't work, so I quit school and went to work in the Conrad Hotel. I got \$1.00 a day and board and room \$2.00 if I roomed at home. I worked 12 hours, seven days a week. I quit the Hotel to go to work for Jim Bowlin in his candy, cigar, and ice cream parlor as he paid a little more.

Then I went to work in a cafe on Front Street. I worked in the dining room. There was also a counter room. The cook was surely and hard to get along with. The girls in the counter room would ask me to put an order in if it was one that he didn't like to fix. We had to make coffee by pouring a big coffee pot of boiling water thru the coffee urn. When we needed hot water, we would step to the kitchen and call "coffee". This day they had called for it several times and it wasn't on the range so they asked me to see why. I said "Where is the coffee water? The counter room is out." He said "No pot no coffee!" The pot had been put in a different place by someone and the girls didn't know it. I grabbed the put up, hit the kitchen door with my foot, and let the pot fly. I said "Here is you G.D. pot! You can scream, cuss, and rave about everything else, you could have told them the pot wasn't in the kitchen!" I was sure I'd be

fired, as the cook was sort of a pet of the boss. So I flew into the office and said, "You might as well give me my check now, as I'm sure you will when my shift is done. I just threw the coffee pot at your pet cook and cussed him out." The boss looked funny like he didn't know just what to say, but said, "No, go back to work. We will talk about it later." I said "I'm not going back to work if you intend to fire me." "O.K." he said "Go to work." You never saw such a change in anyone as there was in that cook. He couldn't be nice enough to me and the other girls also.

While working in the cafe a fellow came in who just didn't have all his "marbles". he fell for us girls. I asked him if he wanted to eat, as he was on the end stool at the counter and people were waiting to get seated. He said no. so I told him to move on and give others a chance, but when I came back in he was still there. After I had set down my order, I walked by him from behind and grabbed him by the collar and jerked him off the stool. He hit the floor and lit a running. He lost his hat and was afraid to come back and get it. Finally, another fellow came in and got it. He said this fellow was telling all over town what tough girls there were in that cafe.

Another time quite a prominent man got smart. As I brought his order, he ran his hand under my dress, at that, I upset his plate of stew on his head on purpose. He had a fancy grey suit on and it was am mess. He was going to have me fired, but my boss saw it all from the kitchen and told him he would sue him if he tried anything and to get out and not come back. We never

heard anything more from him. He was old enough to by my father.

Finally Dad was able to go back to work. He went into partners with Fred Loraine in painting.

In 1923 the Dempsey-Gibbons fight was in Shelby so we took a picnic lunch and went to see the fight. We only saw it from on top the hill and watched the crowd break down the fence and all get in free. This fight broke Shelby and one man went to prison because of it (pictures in Shelby). He was using bank money.

In about 1924 I went to work for the Mountain States Telephone Co. for \$40.00 a month, no board and room. We had one day a week off and worked 8 hour shifts. It was much easier work with a chance of raises, but they didn't come very fast. Now that I only worked 8 hours and a day off, I could go to dances at least once a week. There were dances every Saturday night at Ledger, Brady, Williams, Pendroy, and Manson. We'd dance all night and work all the next day.

A big English Bulldog had come to our house about this time. It was winter and real cold so we took him in. He became my dog. Mama would feed him at night, then he wanted out and would come to the telephone office. Bugs would lay at my feet until time to go home. He always walked me home. All the young fellows were afraid to walk me home. He got between them and me and would growl. One night he didn't show up. I called Mama and asked if she has let him out and she had. My brother found his body next spring on the prairie. He had been shot.

There was a phone line to Carter and the Knees area east of

Conrad. The connections were very poor. A salesman had car trouble down there and was trying to call his wife in Seattle. They couldn't understand each other so I was on the line to help them. She asked "Where are you?" He said, "I'm down at the Knees." She said "Well for goodness sakes get up off your knees and talk into the phone!"

I worked on my days off part time in a cafe, as that winter Dad had another heart attack. He was in bed most of three months. The doctor said he couldn't stand another Montana winter. In the fall of 1926, about August, the family left for Salem, Oregon. I stayed behind to work and help them as much as I could until they could get settled.

Shortly after the folks moved to Oregon, Dad met George Henderson, who was a painter like my Dad. They formed a partnership, Henderson and Mauk Painting Contractors.

One of their contracts was to paint the inside of the Marion Hotel. Dad was on a scaffold in the lobby the went up as high as the second story. It broke and he fell to the marble floor. He broke his heel badly. He was in the hospital in Portland for a long time. He had quite a limp from then on.

They also did the insane asylum at the end of Center Street. When Dad came to the gate each morning, one of the inmates would meet him. He thought he was Napoleon, and he escorted Dad to the building where he was working and would give him orders for the day. They had promised Dad they would keep anyone from bothering him. One day Dad was up on a 16 foot ladder with a

bucket of paint, painting the window trim, when a man started to shake the ladder. There was nothing to grab onto, so Dad would start down the ladder and the fellow would laugh and run out of the room. As soon as he'd go back up the ladder, here he was shaking the ladder again. Finally an attendant came in and got him. Another inmate watched Dad paint on a hot day. He was laying in the shade on the grass. After watching Dad work awhile he said, "They say I'm crazy, but I think you are. Here I am laying in the nice cool grass in the shade on this hot day and you are working."

After this, whenever any of us pulled some silly stunt, Dad would say, "You'd better cut that out or I'll take you out to the end of Center Street".

That fall I also bought a small lunch room on Front Street in Conrad, called the Electric Lunch. I needed a cook so I called the Great Falls employment agency and asked them to send up an all-around cook. The next morning a guy came up. He said he had never worked for a woman but would give it a try. When he came to work on the evening shift, he had a tall white starched hat on and starched pants and coat. I thought what's he doing in this 6 booth 9 stool cafe? The first plates he sent out were so messy I had the waitress take them back and went to the kitchen and told him I wouldn't stand for anything like that. We went round and round and finally I told him he was fired. He said "How will you manage this shift?" I said, "Like I have done before, I'll do it myself!"

They were beginning to get interested in oil around there and a crew came in to drill a well on the Van Dollie place north of town. They ate in my cafe. I met my future husband, Bob, about July when he came in to eat. With the hours we both worked there wasn't much time for dates. He came in at midnight, ate, and stayed while I cleaned up, and closed the cafe, then took me home. We went to shows when we could get time off. We were married on October 21, 1926, in Great Falls by a Justice of the Peace. Rusty Hurd and Jessie Griegs were our witnesses. We didn't have a honeymoon. The 21st was my Dad's birthday and Dad and Mama's wedding anniversary. We were married in Great Falls because we thought it would be easier as all the family had moved to Oregon. Grandma was sick and old and could not give us a wedding.

I don't seem to have much information on Bob's family. His Mother was Catherin Kenworthy, of the Bain's and Kenworthy's. They were of Irish and English decent. Bob was from a family of 9 boys, 2 girls and was one of the oldest. He was about 14 and large for his age when he ran away from home. When World War I broke out, he lied about his age and enlisted in the Navy. He served on a destroyer for four years. He said he thought if he left home the rest of the children would have more to eat. He didn't go home or let them know where he was until several years after we were married. Out of this family there are only two boy living as of this date, Hal of Louisville, Kentucky and Forrest (Bunny) of Las Vegas, Nevada.

I sold the cafe just before we were married. I didn't make much money on it, but was glad to get rid of it as I was just tired.

We went to Kevin, Montana for awhile, then to Salt Lake City where Bob worked on a well at Sugar House and I cooked for the crew. The cook house was just a tar paper shack with one end partitioned off for a bedroom for us. We had real small windows that slid open. We had a small heater in there that Bob would light a fire in each evening. When I had my work done each evening he was usually in bed reading. Bob had never had much schooling. He was self educated, remembered everything he read, and read everything he could to help himself.

I came in one evening and slipped my tired feet into my house slippers and there was an icicle in it. So I reached out the window and got another one, leaned over Bob and put on his stomach where his pajamas were open. He had one hand under his head. He jumped and brought his hand down and hit me. I had a dandy black eye the next morning. You should have seen the crew when they came in for breakfast. There were no comments but many a sly glance. I'm sure they thought we had had a real fight.

There was a fellow working on this well who really liked his liquor. Of course, he had to get it from a bootlegger so spent all his money every payday for booze. He was an Indian from Oklahoma, a great big guy. Finally he got the d.t.'s. One morning long after all the other men had eaten and I was making pies for lunch, he came rushing in and slid back in the corner as

far as he could get away from the doors and windows. I said, "Charlie, breakfast is over, but there is still coffee on the stove. You can get yourself a cup of coffee." He said, "No, I'm just trying to get away from those people trying to poison me." Needless to say I left the cook house and went over to the well where Bob was. He came back and got him out of the cook house. In going back to the rig, he dashed into the boiler house and locked himself in. There was danger of the boiler exploding if it wasn't checked. Bob finally talked him into unlocking the door. He then ran for the bunk house and dived under the bed. It was a real low bed. No one could imagine him getting under it so fast! He was still sure someone was going to poison him. There were cigarette ashes on the floor by the bed, which he claimed was poison. They called a doctor and finally got him straightened out, but he was out of a job and went back to Kevin.

We stayed until April of 1927 when they decided to abandon the well, as it just wasn't getting anywhere. So we returned to Kevin, Montana.

We rented a small house and Bob went to work for Hurd and Mungar on a labor contract. A labor contract is where the men give labor and don't get paid unless they get a well, then they have an interest in it. He never did get his money, as they didn't get a well.

I never saw so much rain as that spring. The whole flat from Sunburst to Shelby was one lake. We almost had it coming in our

doorways. It was almost impossible for the men to get to and from work. It was still 12 hour shifts, so they didn't get much rest.

A man from Eureka, Montana, had put in a telephone system with a small P.B.X. board. It was in a house and whoever ran it was on 24 hour duty. You had a cot and slept by the switch board. I started working relief for the operator. She had been there nearly a year and had no one to help her who knew anything about toll calls. I hadn't worked too long before she got sick and had to quit. So I became the 24 hour operator. There I was trying to cook meals, pack Bob's lunches, as he was still working, and watch the switchboard. There were quite a few nights when I didn't get much sleep. The boss was supposed to get a new operator, but he didn't try very hard. He finally found a woman to take over.

The Pondera field south of Conrad was opening up so we moved back to Conrad. Bob went to work for the Nadeau brothers for awhile.

The oil boom there had swamped the phone office and they needed an experienced operator so asked me to come back to work until they could get someone trained. So I worked again in the Conrad office for awhile.

Roy Callender got a contract for a wild cat well east of Power about 20 miles. A wildcat well is one drilled quite a distance from any proven well where no others have been drilled. He wanted Bob to work on it and asked me to cook for the crew.

So we were off again. Our camp was an abandoned homesteader's house of three rooms, a large living room, a kitchen, and a small bedroom. They brought cots and bedding to set up in the living room and a heating stove. That was the crew's bunkhouse. We had the small bedroom off the kitchen, with nothing but a bed in it. The kitchen had a pretty good Monarch range in it. It baked real good. My cupboards were orange crates nailed to the wall above a rough board table, also nailed to the wall on one side and legs on the other. This was covered with oil cloth as was the long home made table with benches. They hauled water and put it in a barrel outside the back door. There was a pile of coal and wood to start the fires with outside the door also. I baked my own bread, cakes, pies, and cookies. I gave them some kind of a hot bread every evening, either hot bread rolls, ginger bread, corn bread, hot baking powder biscuits or muffins. We used a coal oil lamp for light.

Roy had a Chrysler Coupe with a tool rack on the back. I was also "flunky" and used it to go to Power for groceries. Whenever they needed a tool sent down from Kevin, it was me who went in and ordered it to come down by train, then brought it out. I got \$125.00 a month on this job. We finally got snowed in and was running out of groceries, when a truck made it through and we packed up and left. The roads were so bad it took us all day to get to Conrad. We were stuck and shoveling most of the time.

We got a room at the Cowley Hotel and stayed there awhile.

But the weather didn't break. Bob worked some and I went to cashiering for Jim Bowlin in his cafe. The depression was beginning to be felt.

Grandma Mauk had pneumonia and nearly died and was in the hospital a long time. The doctor told Bob to try and get some good whiskey as the U.S. was dry then (or was supposed to be, but you could get plenty of bootleg stuff). Grandma was an avid W.C.T.U. member. When she got to feeling better, she refused to take any more whiskey and was real put out to think they had given it to her. She asked Bob if he was the one got it and he said "Yes, on doctor's orders". She said, "Get that stuff out of here and don't drink it, sell it to someone". Of course we all got a big kick out of that. She was in her 80's then.

Alberta, Canada, was just getting started in the oil business and needed experienced men. Bob decided to go up there. I was to stay and work at the office until he got a job and a place to stay. It wasn't long before I was on my way to Canada via the stubby little train to Sweetgrass where we went through customs. This train in Canada stopped at every crossing, I believe, anyway I was on it until about 6 P.M. Bob had made arrangements for the garage man at Vulcan to meet me at Nantua and take me to his home. I stayed all night, then Bob came for me the next day. He was working on a well at Eyermore, for the Hudson Bay Company, between Brooks and Bazano near the Boe river.

Bob had gotten a homestead house from people by the name of

Kitchmark. He had swept out the bedroom and living room, boarded up the archway into what had been a dining room and kitchen, and put boards over the stair opening at the top, as it was an open stairs going upstairs. He had gotten a bed, a small 4 hole cook stove, made a table of rough lumber, made stools to sit on, and purchased a coal oil lamp. By this time I had this moving down to a system. I had a trunk and it held just enough bedding, cooking utensils, and dishes to get along with, some towels, a couple or three scatter rugs, silverware, etc. We moved 11 times in one year.

Bob was working from midnight to eight in the morning. He hadn't had any sleep yet, so I made up the bed and he rolled in. we had bought groceries on our way home. I began to scrub and clean the room that was to be living room, kitchen, and dining room and try to put things away. There were no shelves and I couldn't hammer with him sleeping. I also needed to think about a lunch for him at midnight, so I boiled eggs and tried out my little stove with a cake, and it came out fine. It was soon time to call Bob and cook his breakfast and get him off to work. After he left, I went to bed. I had only been asleep a little while when I heard the most awful noise at the door. I didn't have a weapon of any kind so took my high heel shoe and a light and went to investigate. I found a little black and white terrier pup trying to make a bed in a tub that Bob put the junk from the two rooms in. He was more scared than I, but I finally made friends with him. Never found out who he belonged to but

gave him to Mrs. Kitchmark when we left.

It was here where we took the old Ford and went to a fossil bed down by the river. The road was just a dug out grade made with a blade, not much and very steep. When we were coming home, the Ford couldn't make it. We started to roll back and Bob said, "You have to jump out, I can't handle it!" I jumped, the car went over my head, hit my temple and down I went. There was a terrible crash and dust until you couldn't see a thing. I started crawling up the bank. When the dust cleared, Bob as white as a sheet, was sitting on the bank. As I came crawling over the bank I said, "There is you G.D. old Ford! I hope it stays there!". Bob said, "It doesn't look like you are hurt much!" I didn't think I was at the time. The next day there was hardly a spot on me that wasn't black and blue or the skin scrapped off, and I was so lame I could hardly walk. The crew from the well went down with the truck and got the car. The top was broken off within two inches of the body. So we were back to driving it again.

We were on this well about 8 months. The weather began to get real bad and they shut down. We went to Calgary and rented an apartment. Bob went to work on what they called the Ghost Creek well. I stayed in town. In the Spring, we went back out to the Hudson Bay well at Eyermore. Someone was farming and living in the house where we had lived, so we looked around and all we could find was another three room place in terrible shape. It had no doors, the glass was out of the windows, and the range stock had used it for shelter for a long time. Everyone said it

couldn't be made fit to live in. I said it could! I bought a can of lye, a bottle of lysol, soap, a bag of calamine, and Bob put the doors back on the hinges and put in the windows. The fellows from camp said if I had enough "gumption" or what ever they call it to fix that place up and live in it they would help me. So they hauled down barrels of hot water, shovels, brooms, then we put on rubber overshoes and went after walls, floor, and in fact the whole thing with hot lye water. We rinsed, then it was lysol water and another rinsing. We let that dry. I then mixed up the calamine and went over the wood work and all.

We picked up a cook stove from the dump and found bricks for legs and wired the oven door shut. But it baked real good. Again Bob made the table and benches. I got orange crates from the store and nailed them to the wall for cupboards. We got a second hand bedstead and a new cheap mattress. We also bought a round second hand table to put the living room lamp on. We each had what today they call a Kennedy rocker. I bought a bolt of creatin (it was bright). I made curtains for the windows and cupboards. We put up a corner shelf with a rod under it and a creatin curtain over it to use as a clothes closet.

We had an outhouse and a lot of rattle snakes so I carried a hoe whenever I went. I set the legs of our bed in tin cans. Everyone laughed at me but I slept better. One morning I went out to get some wood to start the fire. There was a rattlesnake coiled up near the wood in this little shed off the kitchen. I used my hoe and killed him. There were mice between the walls

and in the attic, coyotes howling, and the wind blew 90 per a good share of the time. At times I thought I was about ready to climb the walls.

The cook got sick at camp, so the boss came down and asked if I'd cook, until they could get another one out from Calgary. There were three men on each shift, as well as 2 water haulers, and 2 geologists. There were three 8 hour shifts. You had to do your own baking as there was nothing but a small country store near the well. You can imagine how many hours a cook put in. The boss didn't seem to be making any effort to find a cook, so I told him I could see he wasn't trying to find someone and he said "No why should I? The men are all bragging on the cooking and are happy." I said, "Well I'm not! Either you get a cook within the week or help for me or I quit". He brought out a cute little Irish girl in a couple days who couldn't understand me or I her. We finally made signs to each other and got along just fine. Her first name was Chrisie. I don't remember her last name. She was a lovely girl and a good worker.

I would go down to our little shack after the evening work was done. One evening I came in and Bob said, "You almost became a widow this evening." Someone had shot through the living room window and it went into the wall just above his head. This place, as I said, was out on the prairie, a long way from anyone. We never did find out who fired the shot. the bullet was from a high powered rifle so could have traveled a long ways. We stayed here until late fall.

Before we came back down to the states, Bob went to work on a well at Pigeon Lake. This is the same place where they got the big oil field later. In fact, Bob and Boyd drilled several wells there in later years. When the weather begin to get bad, they shut down. They wanted Bob and I to stay and watch the place that winter. We were supposed to get our food and some pay. It sounded pretty good as things were really tough in the oil fields. So we took it on. We never saw anyone from that company again and NO food or money! We used up what we had. We caught whitefish from the lake and Bob hunted deer but no luck. Henry Lee, a man that had also worked on the rig, was there. One morning Bob went hunting and Henry went out to cut down some trees for wood. I was doing up the dishes, when two grouse or fool hens lit in a tree by the kitchen door. I grabbed the 22 and shot one. The other one just sat there, so I shot it. I only wounded it in the wing. It headed through the snow for a creek bed with me right after it. I was plowing through snow over my knees. The bird went over the bank and stuck it's head in a hole in the snow. I caught it, and was just coming up the bank when here came Henry all out of breath. he had heard the shots, came running, saw the blood and my tracks, and the 22 laying on the door step. He was sure someone had got me. We cleaned the birds, and we fool hen and dumplings for supper. Did it ever taste good after what we had been having.

There was a bachelor homesteader down the road a mile, who wanted to go visit his folks for a couple weeks. He asked Bob to

care for his cow, horses, and chickens. Bob walked down there every day. We got the eggs and milk. Boy was that nice! The milk was usually frozen in the bucket when he got home, but he had the eggs in his pocket so they were O.K.

There was a saw mill in operation across the lake about 8 miles away. One day some men from there came over and wanted to know if there was anyone that could babbet the main shaft on a saw mill. Bob said he could. They had come over with a team and sled. Bob went back with the them. Henry had just left also, so I was alone. Bob said it would probably take a couple days. It was so still and cold you could hear for miles. About the third night, I woke up and heard foot steps in the snow. I got up, got the 22, and started to watching to see who was coming. I thought whoever it was would never come in sight. I must of waited a couple hours. Finally out of the woods came a man with a good sized pack on his back. I wasn't sure until he got much closer that it was Bob. He had walked home across the lake with his pay and groceries.

About the last of March or first of April, Bob walked out to a phone. He called a driller friend of his, who was in Calgary, to come get us. He had a Ford Coupe and we loaded all our stuff in it and took off. There was still a lot of snow and cold at night. The roads were plowed with banks on each side and icy. About 2 a.m. we came to Penoko (the insane asylum is there), we decided to stay and get warm at least. There was a note on the key board at the desk, help yourself to a key. We did, but found

there was no heat in the rooms. We went to bed with most of our clothes on and I put my housecoat on too. About 4:30 we decided we couldn't get warm, so got up and left. We made Calgary about 2 p.m. Clem and his wife had a nice apartment and she was expecting us. We had such a good dinner. Of course Bob and I headed for the bath, it felt so good. All we had been able to take all winter was what we called "spit" baths, as there wasn't even a wash tub at camp. We stayed a few days with them.

We had bought an old Essex car from Pat and Middie Creag. We loaded all our belongings into it and headed home. We got to the line at Coutts-Sweetgrass after it was closed that night. We left our car in Coutts and walked over to Sweetgrass to Art Deans. He and his wife had a small rooming house. We got a room there for the night. In the morning Bob got up early and went to get the car across the line. We had it loaded to the ground. We had this big trunk in the back seat. The customs man said, "Get that trunk out so we can look into it." Poor Bob had to take it out and then put it back in. He was mad and fit to be tied when he came back. They told him he could keep the car on the American side until such time he that he got a job and went to work. If we brought the car over we had to pay duty on it. We didn't feel it was worth it. I don't know how many times Mr. Moberly came over to check on it, someone kept reporting Bob had gone to work. There just weren't any jobs to be had. Finally we decided to go to Kevin. Bob thought he might have a better chance of work. He did get a job for a few days at Chester,

of 1933. Anyone who went through that time will know what I'm talking about. Bob managed to get a day's work running pipe or something just enough to keep the wolf from the door. Then Roosevelt was elected president and things begin to pick up. They began to drill again and Bob had work.

Bob and Boyd decided to make some home brew. When it was finished, they put it in a hole under the floor in our bedroom. One night the "war" started. The bottles began to blow up. It brought us both right out of bed. Every bottle blew up. The next day I saw to it that I took a shovel and cleaned up the mess, but it smelled awful for a long time.

We bought a three room house from Cyril Dipple and lived in it until 1936. The house was next door to John and Edith Printy. John worked for a supply store that sold oil well equipment. Our yards were fenced in as one. It was a big back yard, so Bob and John spaded it up and we put in a big garden. It did real well. They had come out with the idea that we can in the oven. We decided to can some of our corn. I had about a dozen jars in the oven, and I was also making grape jelly. The only place I could find to hang the bag to drain was from the rod on the oven door. I had set the kettle to drain into a box. Well the corn blew up in the oven, it blew the door open, and upset the juice. You can't believe the mess I had, and after all that work too. There was juice from floor to ceiling and the walls.

We had so much cabbage, Edith and I decided to make sauerkraut. We had a big crock, I think it held 5 gallons. We

had to find a place to put it where it would work. The Printy's had room for it in back of their kitchen stove. The kraut began to work and it began to smell. John said, "We should put it outside and bring the privy inside. It couldn't be any worse!" Ha! When it was ready, we canned it. It was real good too.

Bob was working on a well about 20 or 25 miles out of Kevin. It was miles from anywhere. They would throw their lunch scraps out the doghouse door. Bob noticed they were always gone the next day. He decided to watch and see what got them. It was a little yellow short hair pup. It was scared to death, but Bob took scraps from home for him and finally caught him. He brought him home one midnight. What a mess he was, dirty, oily, his coat rough and spotted, and skin and bones. The next morning I bathed him, so he looked better. We thought the Printy girls would like him so we took him over there. But he wouldn't stay with them, and came back to us. We named him Buck and had him about 15 years.

There was a group of young married couples who ran around together. We had our own entertainment. There were the Printy's, Ira and Sally, Cyril and Ida Dipple, The Henry Harrington's, and Bob and I. About this time, Helen Wilcox came from North Dakota to work in a cafe. She met Rolland Dipple, and they were married and joined our crowd. This bunch had a lot of fun together. We went to dances at Sweetgrass and Shelby. We also went to Andy Dipple's often and danced to Cyril's piano playing. The Printy's, the Cyril Dipple's and Bob and I even

went to Great Falls to take in a walk a thon. We didn't get home until morning. This bunch always had holiday dinners together. We'd take turns at each others house. Every one furnished something. One Christmas we were at Printy's. It was a beautiful day, the men sat outside in their shirt sleeves, and the doors were open. Printy's had a big white dog, they called "Ink". About the time we were ready to eat, Buck and Ink got into a fight under the Christmas table. What excitement that caused! The men had a time getting them outside.

We would go to each others house and play Pan. No one had any money, so we would buy \$1.00 worth of chips. When you lost that you were out of the game, unless someone lucky would lend you some chips. Whenever we met, they furnished something to eat a midnight. It was never very much, as none of us could afford much, but we did have fun.

During our "lean" days in Kevin, I raised some nice Rhode Island Red chickens for the eggs and to eat. I had some nice big fryers. One day Bob, Boyd, and Doc Olsen had been downtown playing cards and having a drink or two. They came home and asked if I'd give them fried chicken and hot biscuits for dinner. I said, "Yes, if someone will kill a rooster." Doc and Boyd said they would. A little later, I looked out in the chicken yard and there were chickens laying all over the yard like they were dead. I tore out of there so mad I could have killed both of them. As it was, they heard what I thought of them. Doc was inside the coop handing the chickens to Boyd to lay in the yard. Doc would

put their heads under their wings and turn them around and around. They wouldn't move for a long time. Of course they hadn't killed all my chickens. But for awhile there, it was doubtful if they would have a chicken dinner.

Boyd was a stocky, heavy set man, with no hips. He had a terrible time keeping his pants up. He used a "soft rope", that is a rough frayed rope, for a belt. He then rolled his pants down low on his hips. Everyone that saw him for the first time was sure he would lose his pants.

I had done quite a bit of canning before we moved to Cut Bank. I had put the jars in boxes that they came in. One day I went down in the small whole under the house for potatoes, etc. for dinner. I heard sizzling and hissing. It sounded to me like a jar of fruit spoiling. I went to the box and put my hand it to see if it was wet around the top. I put my hand on a mass of wiggling lizards. I screamed, threw my pan of potatoes, and got out of there fast. Bob was in the living room and came running. He went down and cleaned them out of there. I never went down there again. We were told, that when the people who bought the place built on and made a basement, they took out tub fulls of lizards.

In 1936 when we moved to Cut Bank, Montana, again it was finding a place to live. I'd say Cut Bank had between 600-800 people then and not many houses. We bought a lot from Ed Tucker. He had the water and gas onto it and had started to dig a basement. For some reason he decided not to build. We paid

\$125.00 for it. We then sold our house in Kevin. We were lucky to find a small house to live in across the street from our lot. We began to save toward lumber to build. When we had enough money for a truck load of lumber, we went over the mountains and brought a load home. Then after work Bob and I would build on the house. My brother, Clair came to live with us and work out of Cut Bank. He pitched in and helped. By the fall of 1937 we had it all framed and the windows and doors in and we moved in. But as winter came work stopped.

Bob got a job at Laramie, Wyoming, and away we went again. We only got as far as Belt, Montana, when we found the roads blocked. We couldn't get a room so we sat up in rocking chairs tipped back with our feet on other chairs all night in the hall. The snow plows were busy, so in the morning we started out again. We were driving a Ford coupe, very heavily loaded. We made Sheridan, Wyoming, that night about midnight. We found a nice warm room which was like heaven to us, as we were so very tired. Next morning we found we were snowed in again. But we were on our way the following morning. We stayed at the Laramie Hotel. Bob had to drive quite a ways to work. I can't think what they called the area--something like "Ghost Creek"-- anyway, it was about the 4000 foot elevation and very miserable working. They were still on 12 hour shifts.

From here we went to Lusk, Wyoming, got an apartment and sort of settled down for a few months. Bob was working in the Lusk Oil Field. That fall we came back to Cut Bank and moved

back into our unfinished house. Bob went to work for the Texas Company, and we tried to get a little more done on the house and keep warm in it. We finally got the floor laid and some wall board on. The Earl Davis's were building next door, so they saved the paper from around their wall board, and we put it on the ceiling rafters to hold the heat down. We couldn't do much at a time, as we had made up our minds we were not going in debt.

Things were still not good and many companies were cutting their help to 6 hours. Bob took a job as relief pumper for the Texas Company. He had to go to work at 4 a.m. We had no garage and many a morning it was -40 degrees F. We ran an extension cord out our bedroom window with a large light bulb on it. This he put under the hood and covered the hood with a blanket. This car was a red Chevrolet. It always started. One morning he was relieving the pumpers. They all gathered in a large building where several wells pumped from it. It was very cold, so Bob left the car running. When he came out, it was gone. At first he thought some of the fellow were playing a joke on him. This building was near the river bank, and he found the car nose down in the river. Needless to say this was quite a blow to us at the time. It was hauled out of there and repaired. Bob worked another month or so but wasn't making enough to keep ahead of the bills. We owed a \$27.00 garage bill yet, so he quit.

It wasn't too long until he went to work drilling rig for Texas again. It was actually their clean out string or the one they drilled in with after the rotary.

As the oil field work around Kevin slowed more and more and they struck oil both North and South of Cut Bank, more of our friends moved to Cut Bank. The Printy's were transferred there and bought a house just up the alley a couple doors from us. The Rolland Dipple's bought the Cecil Dillon house just across the street from us.

Both Bob and Rolland worked on the same wells and each time they had time off we went fishing. We came to Essex real often. We camped at the Walton Ranger Station Campground. We also fished on the East side of Cut Bank Creek. We went to the North Fork, where our friends the Ralph Day's and her folks the Harry Halcombs lived. It was very good fishing up there and we always had a good time. Once when we took a dinner to cook along the river, Charlie Wise, and old trapper from up there was with us. Bob said, "While you cook dinner I'll fish awhile". Charlie said, "Bob you be careful the moose are thick and sort of mean." Well we had dinner ready and he didn't come. Finally Charlie went looking for him and met him coming back. He had been treed by a moose almost all afternoon.

When we were fishing on Railroad Creek near Essex, we saw large herds of elk. We always took Buck with us as he minded well. As we were headed home once, the elk saw him and started to chase him. I picked him up and turned my back on them and walked away. The elk just stood and watched.

Another time when we were fishing on the Cut Bank Creek, I was watching Bob play and land a nice fish. All of a sudden, I

was being eaten alive by big red ants. I was standing on an ant hill. I began to strip. About that time Bob looked up and said, "What in Hell are you doing?" It was very close to the highway. I was just lucky no one came by before I got my clothes on.

Another time Rolland and Helen, Bob and I were fishing on the same creek. We had heard rumors of people being run out of the creek by some of the Indians. So we saw Rolland coming down the middle of the creek. I got an old red plaid coat of Bob's out of the car and an old hat of his, put them on, worked my way up the creek in the brush and called to Rolland to "Get out of there we don't allow anyone to fish here." Then I hurried back to the campfire, and put the coat and hat away. He came in asked if Helen and I had seen anyone. We said, "No". When Bob came in he asked if he'd had any trouble, of course Bob said, "No". It was a long time before we told him what I had done.

Later Bob went to work for Body Johnson and Judd Frary in the South Field of Cut Bank. Bill McCullough was the tool pusher. Rolland Dipple also was on this well. As World War II advanced, men became scarce. Frary and Johnson build a three room house on their lease and we moved down there to look after it. We rented our house in town. Finally Bob was drilling, and I was topping tanks and shipping oil.

We had some terrible storms while we were down there. Our house was just over the brow of a hill. Of course we had outside plumbing. We had it real cozy with a small gas stove in it. One morning I went out to it early. I thought there was a strange

feeling in the air. I had no more gotten inside when the worst wind and snow storm struck. I was sure the outhouse would blow over so I came out and tried to get to the house, but it blew me down the hill. By this time Bob and Ira Cassidy, who was living with us, were getting into their clothes to come rescue me. Sally Cassidy stood in the kitchen window and gave them reports. At times she could see the outhouse and at times she couldn't. Then a break came, and she cried, "It's gone!" About that time I stumbled into the garage. I was lucky the garage was attached to the house. This snow was wet with dust mixed with it. I had just a housedress on and my bedroom slippers. I was a mess. After I had been blown over the hill, I managed to crawl back up in the lee of the house. This storm lasted three days. The men had a terrible time getting to the wells. Sally was expecting their first child anytime. I was very relieved when the weather broke and Ira could take her to town to be near a doctor, I had had visions of delivering the baby there.

In October, 1944, I was called to Salem, Oregon. My mother was very ill. She passed away October 28th. My brother, Dale, was on a destroyer in the Pacific. Earla and Clair were in Salem. The Red Cross got in contact with Dale and he came home for the funeral. I stayed awhile, then came home, as I was to work in the Post Office during the Christmas rush. On December 23rd I received a call at the Post Office telling me Dad had dropped dead down town. I went back to Salem. Earla had been living with Dad, but Clair was working in the shipyard in San

Diego, and Dale was again at sea. He got home the day after Christmas. It was a sad Christmas for all of us. My sister had a little five year old boy, Don, so we tried to make it a good one for him. I stayed about a month to help Earla break up the home and settle things.

In 1946 Carol came to brighten our home. What a change it made after just the two of us for so long and how we loved her. Our old dog, Buck, was no about 14 and he just loved her. We couldn't keep him away from her. One day she had had a bath and was all dressed up in a white dress and booties and I had put her on a white blanket on the davenport in sun. Buck had been outside. It had been raining. I was busy in the kitchen but would look in on her ever so often. There was Buck, laying beside her with his muddy feet, and she was trying to get an ear in her mouth. Her dress and blanket were all mud. When Carol was beginning to ride her trike, she ran over Buck's leg one day while he was sleeping. Buck nipped her on the leg. I heard first his howl, then her cry, and then his howl again, so I rushed in to see what the trouble was. It seems when he nipped her, she bit him on the ear.

About 1946 or 47 Boyd Stewart and Bill Flemming bought a cable tool drilling rig. Bob worked for them. Later Bob bought our Flemming's interest and they bought a second rig. The company was known as Pattie and Stewart Drilling Company. Bill Flemming became their tool pusher. They eventually bought up some leases and were lucky enough to get some wells on them.

Then they formed another company with Grant Brown, Sr. and Jr., and bought a rotary which they operated in Canada.

They had to rotary rigs running in Canada called the Stewart Drilling Company. They made many trips across the border. A friend of Bob's was running a club in Edmonton and asked Bob to get him 500 pair of dice in Las Vegas and declare them. When Bob told them at customs what he had, they just laughed and said, "Get out of here! You don't expect us to believe that?" So he took them up free of duty. His friend nearly had a heart attack, when Bob told him what he had done.

They also had two standard rigs running around Cut Bank. They would take turns going to Canada, so one wasn't away from home all the time.

There were many nicknames in the oil field as in other places in the West. A few were: "Snake Eisner, he worked for Bob and Boyd and he lived in a little house on the north side of Cut Bank. He was found dead, laying half in and half out of the door. He had been hit on the head with an iron fry pan. They never found the party who did it. Jimmie "The Gear Jammer", was a truck driver who worked for them. "Oklamogie" Charlie was the part Indian, who was with us on the Salt Lake well, that got the d.t.s from bootleg whiskey.

Soon after Bob and Boyd bought their rig, they had a bad fire in the rig. Bob was badly burned. It happened Thanksgiving eve 1948. It was nip and tuck for quite awhile for him. There was no hospital in Cut Bank at that time. So Dr. Olsen got a

couple rooms in the back of the Glacier Hotel and turned it into a hospital room with nurses around the clock. Sam Pointer was also burned in this fire. Dr. Olsen did a marvelous job taking care of them.

We had invited my Aunt Jess and Maurice up for Thanksgiving. They went down to see Bob that day and said they wouldn't have known him if they hadn't known who to expect to see. Bob recovered real well, but the cold bothered him. So that next winter we went to Florida to visit his brothers. We stayed until we thought winter should be about over, but ran into one of the worst storms I ever saw. We were snowed in at Lemon, Colorado, three days. We got the last room in the hotel. We were lucky, too, as many lost their lives in that storm. We followed the snow plows and saw them digging our cars with people in them. Cattle were piled up along the fences. We were very glad to be back in our little house.

We bought a larger house at the end of the same block we were living on. We sold the house we built.

Carol started to kindergarten that year. We lived in this house 5 years, then built a large ranch type home on 6th Avenue S.E. We had 15 happy years in this home.

Bob and Boyd sold their rigs and Bob was semi-retired. He looked after our leases and Boyd and Rose moved to Sequim, Washington. Finally they sold the largest lease so Boyd was out entirely. Bob still had some leases and wells with Moberly and Hannah.

After Bob retired, we spent part of each year in the south. Mostly in the Phoenix-mesa area. We also went to Mexico and on a Caribbean Cruise.

Carol was in college at Bozeman, Montana, where she got her nursing degree and met her husband Robert Fisher.

Her junior year in college, Bob had a bad heart attack in Great Falls on our way home from the south and visiting Carol. he was in the hospital three weeks.

After this we began thinking of selling the big house and moving to Great Falls to be nearer the doctors and the hospital. So in 1969 we bought a condominium on 11th Avenue South called the Devonshire. We sold our home in Cut Bank to the Bob Yunk's. I hated to leave that home as we had spent so many happy years there. and it was my dream house, as I had designed it. But it was tool large for us and we knew it was for the best.

Carol and her husband, Bob, were married at the Presbyterian Church in Cut Bank and had her reception at home. By now they had moved to California and then to Del Rio, Texas as Bob was in the Air Force pilot school there.

Bob and I had bought a place at 5269 East Albany, Mesa, Arizona, where we spent our winters, as he loved to play golf and the climate was better for him.

Going back a few years about to 1960, we had bought a 140 acres about half way East and West Glacier at Essex, Montana. In 1961 we began to clear the land an build a house on it. We also drilled a well near the river, and pumped water up for house use

and to irrigate the garden. It is a beautiful spot, and we had so much enjoyment fixing it up. In 1962 Bob decided to put in a three-hole golf course. He drilled another well in about the middle of our place. It turned out to be a big well. He put in underground irrigation for the golf course. The elk, deer, and bear sure enjoy it, as do the rest of us. Bob liked this place, but it was a little too quiet for him to stay too long at a time. So he spent the fore part of each week in town, so he could play golf and cards with friends.

When We decided to build on our land at Essex, we moved a small trailer house up there. It wasn't big enough for all of us, so we set up a tent right at the door. Carol and the old dog, Duke, slept in it. It came time for Carol to register for school and went to Cut Bank. I stayed to watch the place, as we had tools and a lot of lumber etc. scattered around. It started to rain in the night and rained till morning. Sometime around midnight, I heard the rustle of the tent canvas, so got up to see if someone was out there. I didn't see anyone, but heard it several times and then the garbage can went over. By this time Duke knew what was out there, but he didn't want any thing to do with it. He just laid on his blanket and rolled his eyes at me. I had put a box of fruit jars under the trailer along with other things. Of course I thought it was a pesky black bear and wasn't too concerned. I opened the door several times, flashed the light around, and stamped on the floor trying to scar him away. Finally as I lay in bed thinking, "I wished he'd leave so I could

get some sleep," I heard a scratching on the screen of the window over the stove and there was the head of a grizzly. I flashed the flashlight in his eyes and he left. Then I got my .45 out and thought I might need it. About seven the next morning I got up, dressed, and went outside. Duke was real brave then, too, and rushed out barking as much as to say "Let me to him". I didn't see the bear, but found the back of the tent in riddles where he had taken his claws and torn it. What a mess he had made of everything. When Bob came home I said, "We can't have that grizzly around here, someone will get hurt." We only had outside facilities. One morning when I went out, he was just back of the toilet and still there when I went back in the trailer. We saw him around there several times, finally we had some friends visiting and he came in real close to the trailer. Bob said, "This is it." He got the 30-30 and shot the bear.

The black bear were around often, but would run when you yelled at them. The men that built our fireplace had thrown their bedrolls down on the floor in the house. There were no windows or door on yet. The bears would come in and walk right by them. So when the carpenters got a floor on the loft, they nailed some boards on the 2X4 and went up there to sleep. Mr. Anderson said he thought he would slept sounder.

A couple of years we had a grizzly with twins out on the golf course. They were so much fun to watch from distance. One year there were 5 grizzlies on the golf course at one time. These were full grown bears. They didn't bother around the

buildings and didn't stay long.

I had a cute little black bear in my wash house one summer. He was smelling around on the floor like a dog would. I clapped my hands at him and he ran. I was running into him all summer here and there he would be on his hind legs watching me. I enjoyed him. Every year the black bears are around, but I don't mind them.

Only one time did I have trouble with a bear. It was in 1976 and another grizzly. I was sitting in my front window reading my mail, when I saw him come up over the bank from the river. I had the inside front door open, just the screen shut. He came up the step. I banged on the metal of the door but he didn't scare. I shut the inside door and began looking for my gun. When I went south in the fall, I had hidden the gun and couldn't remember just where I had put it. I finally found my .45 but by this time the bear had gone around to the back. I stepped out on the steps and shot in front of him. It kicked rocks and dirt into his face but he came a step or two towards me. I had to do this 3 or 4 times before he went back around the house into the woods. I set in the window and watched to see if I could see where he went. We had a trailer house parked near the trees. Soon, here he came around the end of the trailer. He stood up on his hind legs and looked in the window. I had visions of him breaking out the window, so I went out in the yard and yelled at him and threw rocks over that way. He finally turned around and started toward me, so I used the gun again. He

finally turned around and went into the woods. I didn't try to hit him, as I didn't want a wounded grizzly around, but it was several days before I went out without my gun.

On April 2, 1970, Carol had a darling little boy, named Robert Conrad, which nearly cost her her life. So it makes both she and Bobby that much more precious to us. They were in the Air Force at Del Rio, Texas. When Bobby was three months old, they were sent to Germany. Oh how we hated to see them leave.

Then on March 31, 1971, at Wiesbaden, Germany, another little grandson was born. He was named William (Bill) Loren. When he was 6 months old, my friend, Oline Brown, and I made a trip to Germany to see Carol and family. It was a good trip. We went to Berlin and East Berlin, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden. The summer of 1972 they all came home for a visit. In 1973 they came home to stay and moved to Walnut, California.

Bob and I continued to live part-time in Montana and Mesa, Arizona, where he passed away March 3, 1974. Feeling this great loss terribly, I started to try and make a new life for myself.