

## ORAL HISTORY INTERVIEW WITH BOB GRIMALDI

July 7, 2015

Don: This is Don Sullivan. I am with Bob Grimaldi, longtime resident of Polebridge, and I would say one of the more colorful people that I've known up there. Today is July 7, 2015. First thing, I want to thank you Bob for conducting this interview and contributing to the history of the North Fork. It's much appreciated. Bob, when did you first have an inkling that you might like to come up to Polebridge, or even were aware of Polebridge?

Bob: The first time that I was aware was when I took a trip. I was stationed at Fairchild Air Force Base in Spokane. The family took a trip up into British Columbia, over to Banff and Calgary, and then we came on down through Glacier National Park. In those days I was an avid fisherman. I first heard about the bull trout that were in the North Fork River. It was late in the year, so there wasn't any bull trout fishing available then. I went back to Spokane and the next spring, late spring and early summer, I came over here and fished for the bull trout. There used to be a campground inside the Park called Riverside Campground. You just go inside the Park and north about two miles, not very far. It was right there on the east bank of the North Fork River. We would go camping there and go fishing and try to catch the bull trout. That was how I first got acquainted with the area. That was in 1968.

Don: Did you catch any bull trout?

Bob: Oh yes. When you could catch them legally I caught a number of them. The best one was a 12-pounder and a 9-pounder.

Don: Those are bigger fish than I've caught out of the North Fork, I can tell you.

Bob: I said, "Geez, I think I would like to buy some property around here." Bob Olson owned the store [Polebridge Mercantile] at that time, and I remember asking him about land for sale. He said, "Oh no, there's nothing for sale up here. It's all bought up." I said, "Really?" He said, "Yeah. Between the Forest Service and the big landowners, there's nobody selling property." I was surprised. And I didn't know any better in those days to inquire a little further, so I assumed that was true. Then in 1973 or 1974 I was stationed at Ft. Leonard Wood, Missouri, and I used to get a copy of the *Hungry Horse News* all the time. I had subscriptions about every year. I got a copy one day in the mail and saw an advertisement that there was some land for sale at Polebridge. So, I went to my boss and said, "I need three or four days off, or a week." He says, "What do you need it off for?" I said, "Well, I want to go to Montana and check on some land that's available."

That was in November. It was late in the year. I flew into Spokane. I was going to rent a car and drive over, but they got a lot of snow there, too, so I caught the train. I got off in Whitefish. The guy that had the land for sale met me there and we went up to Polebridge. It was at least two or three feet of snow all over the place. I looked at the area and how much land he had for sale, so that's how I bought it.

Don: And there was no house on that land, right?

Bob: No. There was nothing. No trees, just a few shoots of aspen trees. All the trees that you see there now, I planted every one of them. I bought some, transplanted some. When I left the military in 1975 I had a job at Washington State over in the Seattle area, but every time I had any holiday time or whenever I could get off I always came up to Polebridge. The first thing I built was a firepit. The second thing I had built was an outhouse. We would pitch tents and camp and that type of thing.

Don: Now you say “we.” I happen to know you were married a few years.

Bob: 54.

Don: 54 years to lovely Jean.

Bob: Five kids, yeah.

Don: Five kids. Now did Jean accompany you up when you looked at the land?

Bob: Oh, sometimes. When I went to look at the land?

Don: Yeah.

Bob: No, no, she stayed behind in Missouri.

Don: But she was your sidekick all those years up in Polebridge?

Bob: Yes. When I retired from the Civil Service at Great Falls over at Malmstrom Air Force Base, she knew what I wanted to do, but I asked her what do you think? She says, “I don’t know. I’ve got a nice home here. We have some roots here.” We had lived in Great Falls for 12 years on and off, so she gave in to what I wanted to do, which pleased me immensely. I liked Great Falls, but I wanted to try living in the wilds of Montana at that time.

Don: When did you have the house built?

Bob: I started building it in 1980. Started with the foundation one year, and then John O’Hara built the foundation for me in 1980, or 1979, I can’t remember. The next year we went up with the superstructure, and gradually built it over the next two or three years, and of course I’ve put two additions on it over that time. Ray Brown built both additions and built the garage I have out there. No, I’m sorry, Ray didn’t build the garage; Ed Neneman built the garage.

Don: Okay. Now you have what I would consider to be one of the more interesting and nicer fences around your place. Can you tell me that story?

Bob: Well, I had one fellow up there say I probably did that out of boredom, you know. Nothing could be further from the truth. Just north of Fairfield, Montana, on Highway 87 between Choteau, and I think it’s Fairfield. Is it Fairfield?

Don: Yes, it is.

Bob: A guy had some similar structures outside of his house. I stopped one day and went over there and looked at them to see how he had them up and how he put them together. I said, "You know, I ought to put a couple of those up around the house." So, I had a guy who was working for Jerry Wernick. Jerry had a mason working for him up there, so I had him build me the two structures where I put the entrance way. Then I said, "Well, why don't we just put a couple of these on each side?" I put a couple on each side, put some logs up, and it looked pretty good. So, I said, "I think I will just do the whole front up there," you know. But after I did that I started picking rocks up all over the place. Everywhere you could imagine, I would haul rocks. I think a lot of people saw me out there with my old truck loading the rocks and hauling them back. You had to get two types. You had to get the good-looking ones, then you had to get the scrap rocks to fill inside to hold them.

Don: Right.

Bob: I put a railroad tie inside on top of a trailer pad, then built it up and put the wire fence around it.

Don: Yes.

Bob: For a long time I was taking rocks out of the River, and I didn't know that it was against the law. I had no idea, so for about two years, I think, I was taking rocks out of the river. One day my daughter and her son, my grandson, were with me down by the river down by Great Northern Flats. I had the truck all full of rocks and was just about ready to leave, and here comes a solitary ranger. He says, "Do you know it's illegal to take rocks out of the river?" I said, "No, I don't know that." And he says, "Well, it is. You have to put them back." I said, "You've got to be kidding me?" He says, "No. I'm just going to give you a citation, but you have to put the rocks back." "Oh, okay."

So, I got the citation. I got a call from the guy from the Forest Service, a law enforcement guy—I can't remember his name. He said, "How long have you been taking rocks out of the river?" I said, "I've been taking the rocks out of the river for a couple of years." He says, "Well, it was against the law. You've got to take the rocks back and put them back where you got them." By that time I had well over half of my fencing built up there. I said, "Well that's going to be impossible. I have rocks that I've picked up on the road and I've picked up on Hay Creek and all the way up north along the road. I've got rocks from everywhere up there. I don't know which ones came out of the river." He was going to come up and see me and talk to me more. Well, first he wanted me to come in. I said, "Well, I don't have time to come in. If you want to talk to me you can come up here." He said he couldn't get up for three or four days. I said, "Well, I'll be here."

So, three or four days later a guy from the Forest Service called me. His name was Fred. He said that what's-his-name couldn't make it. I said, "Okay." He says, "You know, what we're concerned about is that you are selling the rocks." He said, "The problem is that there are people that are taking rocks out of the river and then they sell them." He said, "I notice that the license plate on your truck is from Cascade County, too, and that's why we thought you might be buying rocks and hauling them

over to Great Falls and selling them.” I said, “I have never sold a rock. Every rock I’ve used. You can see what I’ve done out here.” He said, “Well, I think we’re going to let it pass, but you really ought to put the rocks back.” I said, “Well, I’ll tell you what. You tell me which rocks came out of the river and where they came from, and I’ll be glad to take them back.”

Don: [Laughs]

Bob: He kind of smiled and said, “Well I guess you know I can’t do that.” I said, “That’s right, you can’t, so what rocks I have I’m keeping, but I won’t go take rocks out of the river anymore.” So that was the end of that story.

Don: That’s a good story, and I’ve heard other people tell that story, too. What do you remember about the North Fork back in the late ‘60s or early ‘70s that might be different than today?

Bob: Oh, vastly differently, a different world entirely. The road was narrow. In some places you would have to pull over a little bit to let somebody by. Everybody waved. On the road, everybody you met waved. The road was muddy up here in the spring. Up by Tom Ladenburg’s place you couldn’t even get through in the spring. You could just barely get through if you had 4-wheel drive before they paved it. Going up Vance Hill was a much more dangerous experience than it is now. Coming up Fool Hen Hill was an experience. too.

Don: There weren’t any rocks in the road, were there, in those days?

Bob: Not too many rocks, no. It was rutty. A lot of places were rutty and muddy. That’s what I remember most about it. Just very few people. There wasn’t that many people up here.

Don: Didn’t have many neighbors in those days either, did you?

Bob: You know, when I bought the land the Uptons weren’t there. John O’Hara wasn’t there. Tom Riemer wasn’t there. The only structure I remember seeing was two structures down below me, back down towards town in the meadow. There’s one that’s still there. It’s off to the left, slightly in the woods. Then there was another one, an old structure that became the church that burned down. Those are the only two structures that were there when I bought the land.

Don: You are kind of a pioneer then?

Bob: Well, there was a guy—I don’t remember the names of the people. I’ve forgotten who they were now. I think that one old structure is still owned by the original owner, I don’t know. I know some lady, I can’t remember her name, she became a schoolteacher. She went off to Alaska. I think she lived in one of those cabins two or three years. I think the guy that owned that church, was his name Chadborn?

Don: I don’t know.

Bob: That’s the one who was the so-called minister.

Don: Bo.

Bob: Bo Tanner.

Don: Bo Tanner, right. Yes. The Reverend Bo Tanner, who had a couple of secrets. What were those secrets, do you remember?

Bob: Oh, everybody knows all those, yeah. He was a character. I bought some rails. At first I had a buck fence built on my property, and I bought some rails from him, and I got oh I don't know, a lot of rails for \$500. I thought what a deal, and it was. I mean he cut them to length and delivered them to me for \$500. Even back in those days that was a deal.

Don: Yes.

Bob: I never had any problems personally with Bo Tanner. I know the first incident I heard of is something attacked one of John Frederick's pigs or something.

Don: John Frederick had pigs? [It was Bo Tanner who had the pigs. A dog attacked them (not John's), and Bo shot the dog.]

Bob: Well, was it a pig or a goat? I don't know. That was the first uproar over something about Bo Tanner and John Frederick's goat or pig. You know in those days you heard about it. I don't know the facts of the matter, but it seemed like it was something along that line.

Don: Did you have any encounters over the years with animals?

Bob: Oh, I had a couple of beautiful encounters. One year I had a grizzly bear. I had dog food in my garage and I had a metal door enclosed, but of course the bear could smell the dog food. The first thing he did was, I had like three oval windows in my garage door, and he broke out the windows trying to get in. They were plexiglass windows that he just broke out. You could see where his paw prints were on the door. It had rained, and it was muddy, and you could see where he tried to put his claws under the door obviously wanting to lift it up. But I had the doors locked, so he couldn't get it up.

Don: A pretty smart bear, though.

Bob: Yes. Oh, I've got another one even smarter than that. Two or three days later I moved my dog food. I called the bear guy, Tim Manley, and he said, "Well, you've got to move that dog food out of there." I says, "Okay, I've got a couple of sheds. I will put it back there." So, I put it in one of my sheds with a three-quarter inch plywood door, pretty well framed, had it locked and put the dog food out there. Two or three days later the bear was back. That bear got his claws under that door and ripped three-quarter inch plywood out about two or three feet up. He ripped the whole thing out of the door. But for some reason he didn't go in there. I don't know why or what happened.

So, Tim Manley brought me a Critter Ridder, a little thing that if anything moves out there—beep, beep, beep, it will scare the critters away. I put a Critter Ridder out there

and I had Mike Eddy put in some floodlights out there for me. The bear came back a few weeks later, and I heard the Critter Ridder go off about 2 or 3 o'clock in the morning. I got up and clicked the lights on, and here was a—she was a good-sized bear and she had a cub with her. She looked at the lights, you know, and she left. There's two more if you want to hear them.

Don: Yes, I want to hear them.

Bob: When I would come in from Great Falls I would always bring some food. Of course, I always brought boxes. I would bring the food in the house and put the boxes out on the porch to burn the next day and do whatever, but I had put some out there one night. It was around 11:00 o'clock at night. We were still up and everything. I heard a noise out on the porch, and I had a wood pile of kindling out there so I could just go out on the porch and take it in the house. We had a curtain that covered the whole front of the house. It was all glass in those days. They were glass doors. I didn't have any frame in the door like I have now. I had all sliding glass doors, two of them. I opened up the drapes. It was a dark night and I couldn't see anything, so I had my flashlight, a big flashlight, and I put it out there and right in the door was a massive head. I don't know how big that guy was, but he was pretty big. A massive head looking right back at me, eyes shining, and I said, "Holy...!" I told my wife, "Get upstairs!" He was big enough, and if he had wanted to he could have forced those glass doors open, I'm sure of it. Of course, you always think things are bigger than they were when you see them that close, but still I think he could have, so my wife went upstairs. I shut the drapes and went up there myself for a while, and he apparently took off, but that was an interesting experience.

Don: Then you had a little car trouble too, I hear.

Bob: Yes. I had been down to Polson looking at a dog down there. A lady gave me some carrots and a bunch of root vegetables that she had. She said, "Would you like some of those vegetables?" I said, "Sure." So, I filled up a box of vegetables. I stopped at the theater in Kalispell to see, I think it was the movie Secretariat about the horse race. It was a Saturday night, and by the time I got back to Polebridge it was late at night, 11:00 maybe. I knew I should have taken those vegetables out of the car, but it was late. I was tired, and I said, "I'll get them in the morning." I didn't think a bear was going to bother vegetables, but I thought he might go for me. You know, you just don't make a good decision.

So, I go in the house, go to bed. This is after my wife had died. I got up the next morning as I usually did about 6:00 or 7:00, made some coffee, opened up the blinds and sat there and had coffee and some breakfast. Go out on the porch and I see a black object laying on the ground by my car. What the heck is that? So, I go down and pick it up. I look at my car; it was a door handle off the passenger side. I said, "What the heck? You've got to be kidding me!" I go around to the other side. Both door handles are ripped off on the other side. The rear door—it was a Ford Explorer—had the door opening thing; but you know how you have to click it up, and somehow the bear couldn't get that up. He went to the other two and broke those open. That cost me \$450 to get the door handles replaced, all for a few vegetables that

I was stupid and didn't bother to take out the night before. That's about my major [animal] experiences.

The other one, though, was fishing up on Hay Creek, all the way up to where it flattens out. You know where that is, don't you?

Don: I do, yes.

Bob: Maybe you hook a lot of 6 or 7-inch fish, but every once in a while you get maybe a 9-inch or something, not too much, but boy they were wild. You had a little fishing rod, a small fiberglass rod, a little reel, a light line—2 pound, 4 pound test. They were fun to catch, and they were good to eat, too, you know. I was down in there fishing. It's tough getting in there, too. The bank is close. Not too many places where you have much room to throw back; you just throw a little mep spinner in there, a little silver mep spinner, and zap. I was working up the stream and came around a corner. There was a lot of debris in the stream and so forth, and it was a hot day. The water was pretty good, flowing down, and on the other side of the bank, maybe 25 yards upstream, was a grizzly. He was facing away from me. He wasn't looking towards me; he was looking upstream. I think what probably saved me was that the breeze was coming downstream in the cold water, so I don't think he could smell me. I'll tell you what, I packed out of there as fast as I could, scratched, beat up. All I cared is, "I've got to get out of here." It was a good quarter of a mile down in there from up at the road.

One more bear story that amazed me. Going up Hay Creek where you have all that scree running up the hillside, again I come around the corner and my son and a friend of his were riding on the back of the truck, and my wife was with me. Coming around the corner around a little curve there, right in the middle of the road there was a beautiful bear, just beautiful. He was probably about 20 yards away at the most. My wife sees the bear and she starts screaming. We've got the window open to the back of the truck, and she's screaming at the kids to get in the truck. She's carrying on, and the bear turned and looked at the truck. I'm watching the bear. What I think happened, between my wife screaming and the bear turning around and looking at the truck, what he did next was, you know in the old cartoons you always saw a bear running or something, and you would see them take their hind feet and put them almost behind their heads? You ever see pictures like that?

Don: [Laughs] Yes.

Bob: That's what this bear did. He put his legs, and he hit that road and was gone up that scree. I'll tell you what, within moments he was gone out of sight. I think what he may have done is he was surprised by the truck. He turned and saw the truck with the big headlights, and my wife screaming. I don't know how bears think, but he may have thought, "I've never seen or heard anything like this before." [Chuckles].

Don: They can really go, can't they?

Bob: Oh, I was stunned, stunned by the speed of that bear uphill, over those rocks and everything.

Don: Yes, I've seen it myself.

Bob: That's my bear experiences, other than seeing them here and now on the road.

Don: You probably saw some elk down there in Polebridge.

Bob: Yes. Lee Downes took me one year. You know, he took care of Tom [Ladenburg's] place after Tom died, and in the winter he would feed the elk. One day he came up and he says, "You want to go down and see the elk?" He said he would take me out when he was going to take some hay out to feed them. So, riding on the tractor surrounded by elk, kind of snowy, but it was fun to do, you know.

Don: What an experience. You can't have experiences anywhere else like we have them in North Fork, right?

Bob: Those were something. A couple of other good wildlife experiences. In November, it was just before Thanksgiving, and we were headed back to Great Falls. This is when weren't living there full-time. We come in through the Park. The road was still open, and maybe about two miles inside the Park I see on my left what looked like a dog standing on the side of the road. I started slowing down. It was a wolf standing on the left of the road. That was the first one I had ever seen. It was the Camas pack. That's when the Camas pack developed and it was on the left-hand side of the road. This was probably the early 90s, maybe 1991-92.

Don: I think they came down in like 1988 or 1989.

Bob: I was just wild with excitement and joy at seeing that wolf. So, I slowed down completely and then I stopped, and here's the thing. To this day—it happened, but when you tell people they are probably thinking you are stretching the story, but that wolf crossed the road. He or she crossed the road, and here came five or six more wolves. It was about seven wolves in a troop, and they went into the woods on my right. I'm going nuts, you know. So, I start creeping along a little bit more. I'll be darned if the wolf that had just crossed the road came back on the right-hand side of the road—one wolf, the same wolf—looked around, went across the road, there came the other five. So, I saw them going across, and two or three minutes later here they come across the road again.

Don: Wow, what an experience.

Bob: I mean, I just went wild. Then one time I think we were leaving Polebridge, and again it was in November. It was a little later, it was dark, and between where you turn off to go out the West Glacier exit after you make your turn, about a half a mile down the road my headlights picked up two or three elk going across the road. I slowed down, three or four more, two, three, four, five—I don't know. To this day I think it was at least 50 elk crossed the road right in front of me. Just in my headlights, but that was exciting to see that.

Don: Isn't that something.

Bob: I saw a lynx one, just for seconds, but I've never seen a mountain lion in the North Fork. The only one I've ever seen is one that the Blue Moon guy, his son, shot a



beautiful mountain lion. I saw it about a half hour after he shot it. He was still warm and soft. That's the only one I've ever seen in the North Fork. I've never seen a mountain lion in all the years I lived up there and traveled, but I did see the lynx.

Don: Well, they are elusive aren't they?

Bob: Yes.

Don: They are there, you just don't see them.

Bob: One time I think I saw half a wolverine. I don't know what else it could have been, but I only saw half of it up on Red Meadow Road.

Don: Which half? [Laughs]

Bob: The rear half. He was going into the woods. I know he wasn't a pine marten, and he was too big in the rear end to be anything other than a wolverine, as far as I could tell. A beaver wouldn't be up that far from water. It looked like he was black. Looked like the hind end of what I would say was a wolverine, but I didn't see the front half, so I don't know.

Don: What else would you like to say about the North Fork, your experience on the North Fork or anything at all?

Bob: Well, by and large all of my experiences of the North Fork were wonderful. It was a wonderful place to play and live and visit. I always wanted to do more things than I did do, but you can't do it all. When I retired I was 62 and I had not done a lot of hiking, because I had never really had the time. I always was interested in doing a lot more than I did, but by and large most of the people up there have been very friendly and helpful. Another thing, you know I had three open bays attached to my garage and a building, the main building and two sheds. I have never had a single item stolen from me that I know of, not a single item. One time I had a tent pitched with a lantern in it. I collapsed the tent and rolled it up, took it home, and came back the next year. I said, "Where is my lantern? I know I had left a lantern up here." I was grumbling to myself that somebody stole my lantern. And I had rolled it up and taken it home.

But no, I have nothing but fond memories. Of course, as you well know, I felt strongly that at least the road between Canyon Creek and Camas Creek should be paved, and I still believe it. When it was defeated I finally gave up the ghost. I still have no understanding, no comprehension of why people would object to that part of the road being paved. But I do feel I was instrumental in getting the road improved. I didn't get it paved, but I got it improved, and I've been happy with the improvement. So, for my detractors and those who have maligned me, I at least have that satisfaction of seeing that done.

Don: You were one of the founders of the North Fork Road Coalition for Health and Safety, right?

Bob: Yes, myself, Ray Brown and Joe Franchini, and they elected me chairman. They didn't want to do the work, I guess. I don't know. I did what I could, and I probably alienated a lot of people because I have a strong personality and I'm not the easiest

guy to reach a consensus with. As I'm older now, it's much easier, but when I was younger I sort of had a little bit of "It's my way or the highway," and that's from being in the military as a warrant officer for a few years.

Don: Tell me a little bit about that, would you, your military experience.

Bob: Well, I retired as a warrant officer in 1975. I spent 16 years in the Air Force and 5 in the Army, so that gave me a lot of travel. I spent a lot of time in Europe, almost 12 years. Well, 9 years in the military and 3 years as a civilian, stationed in Germany, Vietnam, Italy, so I had a great career.

Don: Now, I happen to know that you are maybe the biggest Red Sox fan in the country, and if not in the country, certainly in Montana. How did that come to be?

Bob: Well, when I was a kid I lived in Quincy, Massachusetts, which is just south of Boston. You could take a bus and you went to a subway station at Fields Corner, which is about three miles away. Then you'd get on the subway and ride into Kenmore Square in Boston, and you'd get off and walk to Fenway Park. Well, I spent two summers there, the summers of 1951 and 1952. Maybe it was 1951 and part of 1952, and three summers. Of course, tickets back in those days were not very expensive, so I spent a lot of time at Fenway Park when I was 13, 14, or 15 years old. One summer I got to meet my hero—got to shake his hand—Ted Williams.

Don: Ted Williams, yes.

Bob: I got to shake his hand. I was awed by his presence. You know young people are with sports figure heroes, and there wasn't many bigger than him in those days.

Don: Absolutely.

Bob: Just only the hated Yankee Joe DiMaggio, you know. I used to get in fist fights when I was a kid over who was better, Ted Williams or Joe DiMaggio.

Don: So, did you grow up in Boston then?

Bob: No, no, I grew up in Maine, but I had two aunts who lived there in the Boston area, so in the summer I would go down and spend some time with them. I don't know if I'm their biggest fan, but win, lose, or draw, I always root for them.

Don: Root for the Red Sox.

Bob: I root for them all the time, yeah.

Don: Well Bob, I want to thank you for your time and for the recollections that are so important to the history of the North Fork. I just want to say that I've known you for a good 30 years or maybe a little bit more, and have always respected you as one of the leading people of the community, always concerned about the community. I certainly agree with you that you made a huge impact in improving the road, and I think everyone who drives the road would thank you for that. And thank you for all the friendship that you have given to so many people over the years.

Bob: Can I talk about our first meeting?

Don: Oh, absolutely.

Bob: I have to tell you this. I don't think you will remember it, but up at the Community Center one time—oh, this goes way back—but you came up to me I think, and you introduced yourself and we started chatting. I asked you where your place was and you told me. I said, “Oh, I've got to get up there someday and see it,” and you said, “Yes, for sure. You are welcome any time. Come on up and I will be glad to show you around.” Somehow we got on the topic of the road at that point, and you of course were not a road supporter. I didn't know whether you were or you weren't, but I got on the subject of the road. Our argument got a little heated, not anything where we were going to come to fisticuffs or anything, but it got a little tense and stressful. I remember you saying, “Well, maybe it's better you don't come up to see me.”

Don: [Laughs]

Bob: I've got to tell that story. It happened. You can deny it, but I know it happened. And for years after that I didn't think too highly of you. I didn't know you at all, other than that first instance. We all have detractors. You had a couple, and when I told one that story they said yeah, they had things to say. So, I didn't hold you in very high regard for quite a few years. I don't know when it happened, but I finally . . . when you did your work as a clergyman, or what do you call that?

Don: A lay pastor, yes.

Bob: A lay pastor, I thought that was an excellent service. I remember the battle that you had to get the use of the Hall. I voted for you at that time to be allowed to use it for nothing, and actually I was quite upset with people who voted that you had to pay. I said, “This is outrageous. The man wants to give the community a connection to the Lord and faith and so forth.” I have to say, too, that when the North Fork Improvement Association changed its name to the North Fork Landowners Association I was really really happy, because the North Fork Improvement Association never improved anything. You know, this is going down for the record, but as far as I could tell they were clannish. They didn't seem to care for newcomers too much. I remember that, back in those days, and you didn't feel welcome. I never felt welcome. Towards the end of the years, though, it changed when more people started coming in, but back in the beginning I always used to say, “Can somebody show me what they've improved?” But still, most of the people were nothing but super first-class people. A few exceptions, but we'll leave them unnamed.

Don: Well, I totally agree with you Bob, we had a few headbutts when we first met, but over the years I have learned to appreciate you and your intellect and your concern and your dedication to the North Fork. And I think I can say that we have become fast friends.

Bob: Yes.

Don: And I have enjoyed your company immensely.

Bob: I appreciate that, and yours, too. And you too, Sue.

Sue: Yes, I agree.

Don: Yes, Sue Sullivan as well. That wraps it up, and once again I want to thank you Bob for taking this time and sharing these memories. They are priceless.