

Edward B. “Mac” McNeil Oral History Interview

October 25, 2011

This interview was conducted by Tom Edwards and Annemarie Harrod

Tom: Today’s date is October 25th. I’m interviewing Mac McNeil, and this is the first part of the interview. We’re doing this in Kalispell at the McNeil house on Rufenach Circle. Rufenach—do you understand what that means?

Mac: It’s German for call after.

Tom: Call after. I knew you’d know that. We’re doing an oral history project, and we’ve got your name and the fact that you were born in Chicago, so we’re kind of picking up from there. Can I get you to introduce yourself again?

Mac: I’m Edward McNeil. I was brought up in Whiting, Indiana, at the site of the world’s largest oil refinery. There were all sorts of factories around. You could tell what direction the wind was by the smell. I didn’t realize it until after I’d been through college, but we had a pretty good school system, because the company paid so many taxes. I didn’t realize it before, but I was raised in an unfortunate fashion. All of the schools—elementary, middle, and high school—were in sort of a two-block stretch, playground and everything. Just at the end of that was the Carnegie Library, and we lived just across the street from that. The result was I only went to school and came home and didn’t go home with other kids, and so forth, so I really had a restricted life because of where we stayed. Where I went to college?

Tom: Yes, please.

Mac: I went to Miami University in Ohio. I was recruited into physics by the physics professor, and I graduated *cum laude* with honors in physics. That honors was one of the toughest exams they have. It’s nine hours of written exams and three hours of oral exam.

Tom: How many people were asking you questions on the oral exam?

Mac: One.

Tom: Just one? When did you first come to the North Fork? I know why. I think it was probably because of Cecily.

Mac: Because of allergies. While I was still in graduate school I realized I had troubles with my nose and summer flu, and so forth. I’d been tested for this, that, and the other, and the guy said, “Well, the only thing I can figure is it must be allergies.” We tried going up to northern Wisconsin, out on the peninsula in Lake Superior, but even that didn’t get us away from the pollens, and so we tried coming out to Estes Park. What is that park? It has a more proper name.

Tom: It’s in Colorado.

Mac: In Colorado, yes. And found, lo and behold, no allergies while we were there. So, Cecily started doing research to see if she could find some national forest land in the Rockies someplace where we could rent or something. In the course of it she saw an ad for land inside Glacier National Park. Charlie Green had put that ad in. She jumped on a train and came out, looking at what he was showing, and it was in Dutch Creek. The first place she saw she didn't like because there was rot in the logs. The second one was very nice. He didn't know for sure if it was for sale, but it was, so she said right then and there we were going to buy it. And so, from then on every summer we would come out to, at first, inside the Park at Dutch Creek. Then we began to, every weekend, visit with the various people in the North Fork, because at that time they had square dances at the McFarland—do they call it a ranch, or what?

Tom: Dude ranch is what it was called back then.

Mac: Sometimes at the Hall, alternating back and forth, and so a lot of people I remember. Adolf Opalka was the ranger at Polebridge at that time. I remember early-on sitting on a log during a meeting and Adolf was telling me, "Now you don't want to go shooting a bear on your property, because you will have about a ton of rotting meat. What you want to do is gut-load them so they'll go off in the woods and die someplace else." I realized afterwards he was giving us permission go ahead and shoot whether anybody said you should or not. I found another reason why was that they were actually dumping bears they caught down in Dutch Creek at that time, so they would turn up occasionally at our cabin. You will find in the cookbook that Cecily has my recipe that was called Bear Stew, but it was just because every time we cooked it a bear would come sniffing around the cabin. I would have to go out and throw a chunk of wood at them or something.

Annemarie: Did it taste good?

Mac: Oh yes. The recipe was actually beef bourguignon.

Annemarie: Oh, so you've never tasted bear meat?

Mac: No. We lived at Dutch Creek summers for a good many years. What was the year of the Huckleberry Fire? About 1966? [1967] Well whenever, that fire burned down very close to our cabin, but one of the guys from Dutch Creek was running a tractor, and he dug a fire break which saved our cabin. But then the *Hungry Horse News* publicized the fact that that cabin had survived, and before we got out of there a bunch of vandals came in—I don't know how many—but they jumped up and down on the car we had outside, broke windows and so forth. They broke into the cabin. They stole a lot of things; like we had antique planes, wooden planes, left over from the previous owner, fishing gear and so forth. Then they took a container of varnish and poured it all over the books in the bookcase. They tried to break up the refrigerator with an axe, but it only dented it. It was sort of depressing. The Edwards family [Burt and Thelma] at Logging Creek [ranger station] said, "You'd better buy some land on the other side [of the river] before it gets too expensive."

At that point Cecily did another search, going up and down the road. When she came to that section just before Moose Creek, where you're going down the hill to Moose Creek and you can see between the trees all the way up to Canada, she was so struck by that view she asked, "Does anybody have any property for sale?" And yes, it turned out [John and Trudy] Stonestreet had a

lot right there on Moose Creek. She went in and saw that there was water besides a homestead cabin, and she says, "We'll take it." After that we were there every summer. I take that back, I was at Harvard one summer, but Cecily and the boys were there.

We would buy a bit of lumber down in Columbia Falls. They would let us put it on the cuff so we could pay during the year. I worked on building the first cabin, the tree house of the August Moon. After that was more or less finished, then came the year of the floods that took out the bridges.

Tom: That would have been in 1964, the big flood that flooded half of Polebridge.

Mac: Well, on Dutch Creek it damaged the bridge, so they took out the old bridge and just left the debris, so the timber was just lying on the ground there. After about a year or so I somehow managed to use the VW bus to drag it one by one up to our land. I was starting to build a garage next to the old cabin, but Cecily vetoed that. This is what happens to me. I start to get something built and she says, "I don't like it." So, I took them and used them to build a foundation for a little cabin next to it, so that is the one that's called Pinewood. It's a little closer to the ground than the first cabin.

Tom: Did you know the original homesteader of your Moose Creek property?

Mac: No. They were dead. They were called Ingham, and then Stonestreet had bought from them and held onto it for a long time, then finally sold it to us.

Annemarie: How many acres did you acquire?

Mac: 103-something. It's sort of an L-shaped plot right against the meridian, and the lower end just barely crosses Moose Creek. At the time the old-timers told us, "You got took. You paid \$40 an acre for that land." God knows what it costs nowadays.

Tom: Oh, quite a difference. So, when you were up there in the summertime, how was your life different than it was in Chicago?

Mac: Well, you couldn't go to the store for the milk.

Tom: How often did you go to town?

Mac: We went about once a week and stocked up. We had to think of everything, and the kids had to help us chop wood and so forth, so that they realized that if you wanted food on the table you had to do something besides just turn a switch. They could see cows, and so forth, so they knew that the milk didn't originate in a carton.

Tom: Where did you shop?

Mac: At the B&B [in Columbia Falls].

Tom: B&B. Do you know what that stood for?

Mac: No.

Tom: Brown & Brown.

Annemarie: And now it's gone through several iterations, and it's a Smith's.

Mac: Yes, so now we go to Smith's, or I mean I did.

Tom: Do you have any interesting stories about transportation, and the cars that you drove on the North Fork Road?

Mac: The first thing I would say is something about manners. Back in those days you could be driving your car—of course, it was a dirt road—and you would see a car approaching from a distance, both of you making rooster tails [plumes], but in those days you both slowed down so you were going very slow when you passed and you'd wave, so it didn't make so much dust in the other guy's face, and then you speeded up after that. I don't see that anymore. It looks to me more like the Indianapolis Raceway or something. I can remember when I was building the cabin it was the 4th of July. We could hear the cars on the road down below, and we got real excited because we heard six cars on that day. Nowadays it's more like six cars an hour.

Tom: So, you've seen a lot of growth.

Mac: Yes, and we tried to fight it all the way.

Annemarie: Do you have any memories of road adventures with your various vehicles, your cars, your VW? Did you have a Nash also?

Mac: We didn't have a Nash out here, only the VW. The only thing was, every once in a while we would get a flat tire, and then you would just have to change it. And you did have to worry about logging trucks sometimes. There was a period when logging was going on up there, and we got one of those CB radios in the VW. We tried to call out, "We're at mile marker so and so, to give a warning to the loggers, too. I don't know that it did much good. We didn't have any trouble. I know some people who ran their car off the road, turned over and said, "Well, there was a squirrel in the road," or something, but I don't remember anything very adventurous about the road.

The more adventurous things were right around the cabin, the animals. We actually did see a mountain lion a couple of times. The funniest one was when we finally had both cabins and the whole family was down to visit for Christmas. One of them said, "I've always wanted to see a mountain lion." At that time I guess it probably was Bruce who needed to have his diaper changed. Cecily went into the cabin, and he was squalling, and we looked up and a mountain lion came around looking. I remember he could walk under the other cabin and went right on past in front of six or eight people, an audience, and they were amazed that when you bring up the topic you get a show. [Laughs]

Tom: They didn't think it was planned, it just happened, huh?

Mac: Yes. The other time I was lying down, trying to sun with the dog next to me, and the dog got sort of fidgety and I was wondering why. Then I looked up and I could see just going behind a bush nearby was a long piece of yellow rope about this high off the ground, moving along, and I said, "Whoops." What else could it be?

Tom: Did you instantly know that, or did you have to ponder on it?

Mac: I had to ponder a bit, because at first it's a levitation effect, which is a little surprising, and then you try to work back to what it might be. And we've had people poaching there. Apparently, no trespassing signs don't mean a damn thing.

Tom: Do you think that could be because the people don't have a clue where they're at? Do they think they're on Forest Service land as opposed to private land?

Mac: No, these were North Forkers. They knew damn well where they were.

Tom: One of the questions we ask everybody, and it may or may not affect you since those were early days but not necessarily homestead days. Did you have any ways of communicating other than the CB radio?

Mac: The way we communicate is by voice, so either you could walk over to their place to talk to them or you would get in a car and go there. That was the only thing you could do. For a while we also had a radio, but that wasn't for talking to the local people. What I remember is that one evening I looked out and saw a little light over on the Park side, so I called in a fire warning on it. Joe [Adolf?] Opalka was very happy because his fire truck had the aid of navigation. It was someplace where he could drive right into it and squirt it down.

Tom: Did you have any other wildfire experiences while you were on the North Fork?

Mac: The Red Bench Fire was sort of west of us and coming towards us. We didn't know if it was going to split and go north or go south, because as you watched you could see the direction of the smoke cloud just changing all kinds of directions. We were worried about Ruth Sondreson. We went down to see that she was all right. She was busy packing away photographs and stuff into her truck. I can remember and I was watching the smoke cloud up above. When it finally started going straight overhead I said, "We've got to go," and we went away to Apgar. I hear that the oldest Edwards boy, is that you? Which one of you was in the Army?

Tom: Gary, the second one.

Mac: I heard that Gary stayed through the whole damn thing. He's lucky he didn't get burned out, that's all I can say.

Annemarie: Was this the 1988 fire?

Tom: Yes.

Mac: Now, during the Huckleberry Fire the Forest Service was at what's now the Glacier Institute. They had seen the fire, and they called the department and said, "You want us to go

across and spray that down?” The Park said, “No, no, that’s our jurisdiction,” and then they fiddled around for several hours. By that time the fire had spread all over towards the mountain. After that, and maybe in part because of the Interlocal that we make them start, on subsequent fires everybody cooperated, but it took a while to put out the Huckleberry fire.

Tom: Were you happy to see that Interlocal committee start, so you could figure out what was going on?

Mac: Well, we were the ones that were pushing for it, so yes I think, and I think experience shows that it has helped, because there wasn’t much communication. The sort of things I remember, I remember some homesteader stories. You know the Holcolms [Harry and Lena]. Next to their little house there was a big stump hollowed out inside and they used it for a smokehouse in the early days. Old Holcomb told me in those days you could see mostly just the trees. To make his barn I think he said he cut down three trees to make the sides. He had a couple of horses to help him put it together. I remember as long as she was alive Ma Holcomb would get up in the morning and go down and fish for something for breakfast and then make bread, and it was just surprising.

Tom: They pretty much lived off the land, I believe, didn’t they?

Mac: Yes.

Tom: That’s what you’re kind of alluding to.

Mac: Oh, yes. You had to. Now as I understand it, some of the other homesteaders part of the family would stay on the North Fork and another part would have to go work on the railroad in the summer to make money, because that’s the only way they could survive. Can you remember the name of Ann Hensen’s brother? Ben Hensen, was it?

Tom: Yes.

Mac: He was telling a story about when he was a kid up there. They had horses, and he was told before breakfast to go out and do something with the horses and he found no horses. He looked over across the river and there they were over in McFarland’s meadow, so he crossed the river, wandered over to the horses and tried to sneak up and stop one of them, but they went to the other end of the meadow. This happened a couple of times, so one time he was down near the south end and I think it was Black Jack Reuter that had a cabin there. He came out and said, “You having some trouble, boy?” He says, “You must be hungry. Would you like some breakfast?” He said, “Well, yes sir.” So they went in this cabin where a little bed had been made into one corner and a table with a zinc top in another corner, and in the third corner was a stove, and in the middle there was a sack of something with the dog lying on it. Black Jack got a bowl and started mixing in some flour, then he said, “We need some yeast,” and he reached into a jug and he pulled out this big mass...that was his sourdough, and put it in, and he said, “Do you like oats in your cereal?” He says, “Well yes.” And he went over and he kicked the dog and reached into that sack and took a handful of that and put it in, and he then started cooking away. He had to make the table look nice because the tin dishes were nailed to the surface. He took an old dirty dishrag and wiped them out, and that was doing the dishes.

Annemarie: The plates were nailed to the surface of the table?

Mac: Yes. He served up pancakes, and he actually had good maple syrup to put on them and the kid ate. He says, "Well now, would you like some more?" And the kid, thinking about the dog, said, "No sir, I'm filled up." He eventually managed to get the horses home.

Annemarie: What about Ralph Thayer. Did you know him?

Mac: Oh yes, he surveyed our property. You remember the government did what they call a catadioptric survey or something like that, something from satellites to help them lay out and mark quarter section corners. There's one, of course, on the corner of our land. I went up and looked, and they had to pull out Ralph's peg to put their brass marker in there, so we were sort of proud of Ralph. Many years later when he was in the Veterans Home we went to see him there, because there was a sort of possible dispute about right-of-way on our land, and we saw that he said they didn't have one diagonally across the land, it was only a little strip of the very north edge that belonged to the national forest, and they were taking an option on it. Eventually that cleared out.

Once we came in and found at the bottom of the road where we were turning in there were two guys camping, rather scruffy types, and we told them it was private property and they shouldn't be camping there, but they didn't take that nicely. So, we called a ranger, I think it was, to go and talk to them. He persuaded them to go down to the Ford Campground. We later found out that they were convicts from the prison.

Tom: So, you sized it up about right from the beginning.

Mac: Yes. We treaded very carefully under those circumstances.

Annemarie: Did Ralph live in his homestead cabin when you and Cecily settled there on Moose Creek?

Mac: I've never been to his cabin, but he sometimes lived up there. Who is the guy that moved and recently sort of took it over?

Annemarie: The Hubbles [John and Nancy] bought it from Johnny Mathison.

Mac: I heard some of that stuff from a few of the people who were up at that end, but we were more likely to be thinking about the Sondresons. Who were the ones that were at the bottom of the hill?

Tom: Wurtz.

Mac: Wurtz, yes. Their cabin was stuffed with paper, I think it was. And then, of course, that later became the family with the German wife.

Tom: Barbara Lawrence.

Mac: Yes. She would blow a whistle, and if the kids weren't in the car by the five minutes she would drive off to town anyhow.

Tom: Good recollection. Did you ever spend a Christmas holiday in the North Fork, or were you always teaching?

Mac: I never spent a Christmas holiday or anything like that. I was once in Kalispell during a Christmas season. That's after Alan had moved here. That's when I fell down in the restaurant, something with the knee which only got straightened out when I got back to Chicago. On the operating table they did an arthroscopy and afterwards he says, "Well, it wasn't much wrong. I cleaned out some mice, but if you ever need a new knee call me."

Annemarie: What a character. Did you attend picnics and square dances on the North Fork?

Mac: Oh yes, regularly.

Tom: Tell us about them.

Mac: Well, mainly I remember we would have to cook something, bake a cake or something. I remember one in particular where there were comments about the icing. I had made it with sour whipped cream because that's all that was available. At the square dances we did square dancing, and there was a fair collection of records there. Of course, you get to talking about the meetings, oh my God.

Annemarie: The North Fork Improvement Association?

Mac: Yes. I was president one year. That was the year you probably helped work on the Memorial Privy in the backyard.

Tom: No, your boys got it. I got out of that for some reason.

Mac: Oh.

Tom: That was Morgan Hart and Alan and Allen Chrisman, I heard were the ones got volunteered for that job.

Mac: Dragooned [Laughs]. So, I know at least something worthwhile was done once. Another thing that was important in those days was the cabin was leaning. I put some propping poles up against the side that was leaning, and it was a year later or so that somebody took a tractor and helped pull it straight.

Tom: They pulled it straight is what they did?

Mac: Yes.

Annemarie: This was Sondreson Hall?

Tom: Yes.

Tom: Was that year a good experience of being president? You must have known everybody then.

Mac: You can't really say that I know people, because I have something in my brain that puts a shutter down whenever I try to get somebody's name. And furthermore, in my college teaching I would have 200 of these students every 8 weeks and eventually you get snowed under. I started out trying to memorize all the students when I was on Navy Pier, but the classes were a lot smaller then too.

Annemarie: What was your experience with the land use plan? Tell us what that was and what you remember about it.

Mac: Let me think. There was sort of fighting back and forth. It was sort of like chickens pecking about whether to pave or not pave the road that had gone on for years.

Annemarie: About what decade is this?

Mac: I don't know. It had been going on forever. Several of us suggested why don't we get together and talk about what we do want and see if there's anything we can agree on? My mind blanks again on the guy who writes for the *Hungry Horse News*.

Annemarie: Larry Wilson?

Mac: Larry Wilson, yes. I think he was very important in that, too, because that's where we met. There were a lot of things that we did agree on. It was just mainly the road. We tried to write up the stuff we agreed on, and I remember it came down to a final draft. I was one, and...

Annemarie: The Sweets [Harold and Rachel]?

Mac: Yes, Harold Sweet, the two of us looked at that and gave it back for approval, and then we submitted that to the county, and by damn if the county didn't more or less approve it, because nothing like that had been done before, apparently. There were some attempts by other places to do something similar. That was something good and positive, but the moral is you've got to keep fighting to keep it, because carpetbaggers come along. They don't know the minutes of the previous meeting, and they just decide we should do this. We'll build a Disneyland up the North Fork, or that sort of stuff. So, it never gets to be a calm area about that.

Tom: So you had a fairly long association with the North Fork from part-time to bigger part-time. What kind of changes could you capsulize, or did you see from the beginning to the end or until now?

Mac: Well I think I would say at the beginning it was much more like the pioneers, much more neighborly. People would help each other, help them build a barn or whatever. I'm going to town; can I buy stuff for you? Gradually that sort of wore away, and I don't hear much about that anymore. What I hear is mainly through Alan now, because neither Cecily nor I feel too safe going up there anymore. I couldn't manage it at all. I'm sure she could, but she would be worried about being alone up on the property, so Alan has to take care of it now.

Tom: Does he spend quite a bit of time up there in recent times?

Mac: Yes. He's on the board of . . .

Annemarie: The North Fork Preservation Association. He's on the board. And also on the board of the North Fork Landowners Association.

Mac: Yes, he's on the board of that, and so he has to keep going up for meetings, so he's spent a lot of weekends up there.

Tom: Did you envision that when he was five years old?

Mac: Not directly, no, but we did hope that the boys would be involved with it somehow. We originally took the property simply because we wanted to keep one square of land more or less the way it always was, and you can't find much of that anymore.

Tom: That's a good thing. Thank you.

Annemarie: One more question. Did you know Burt and Thelma Edwards, Tom's parents?

Mac: Certainly.

Annemarie: Tell us about them.

Mac: Well, they were at Logging Creek originally?

Tom: Yes.

Mac: From the beginning they were sort of our mentors. They had an old park sign that we picked up, so that made us sort of the ranger for Dutch Creek for anybody that came along. But anyhow, we were always going back and forth between Logging and our place so the kids would have somebody to play with, and I gather that went on quite a bit.

Tom: Yes.

Mac: I had one frightening episode. I'm sure it was at Logging. The family had said, "Oh, the swimming is marvelous now," and they persuaded me to go in.

Annemarie: At Logging Lake?

Mac: Logging Creek, right where it comes out in the [North Fork] river. Oh, my reaction was immediate. I struggled when I finally got to shore and got on the ground on my hands and knees, panting. I turned purple on my legs and arms, like I always used to do, and that gave a scare to my wife, because she could recognize anaphylactic shock.

Annemarie: We're talking about glacier-fed water?

Mac: Yes. They said, “Oh it’s warm now.” The hell it was, for me. [Chuckles]

Tom: Could it have been hyperthermia, as well?

Mac: It happens very rapidly. I remember in Chicago, at Beach Grant Park out by the aquarium. I was there one summer just for the sun, and the water is very shallow way out. I said, “Well, that must be warmed up pretty well.” So, I started to wade out in it and I could feel the itching starting on my legs already, so I turned around and came back, and it was probably a very funny sight because I had purple socks from here to here from the capillaries.

Tom: You mentioned earlier that you had made kind of a fancy cake for a picnic or a square dance. Did you do much cooking on the wood stove? I assume that was how you cooked.

Mac: Yes. That was another thing we wanted the kids to know, that there was a different kind of stove that was used. I don’t think they had seen my grandmother’s house at that time. She had a Franklin stove for heating in the music parlor and fireplaces elsewhere, but I don’t think they had seen that. But I thought they should see something of this nature. We had a wood stove in the old cabin. Well, we had it at Dutch Creek and then we had it at Moose Creek, too, in the homestead cabin. But when we put in the new cabin we had a gas stove. It was a funny thing, in preparing for going to Dutch Creek the first time I looked up the make of the refrigerator, which was gas-burning.

Tom: A Servel?

Mac: Yes, to see if they had something that was used where they had no service, and yes they had a gas-made version. I called and asked about buying it and they said, “But that’s for Borneo and Ceylon and so forth.” I said, “But can’t I buy one?” They said, “If you promise not to demand repairs or anything, we’ll let it go at that,” so we did get it. That was the one that got chopped up in the vandalism.

Tom: Did you notice any difference between living in the Park, as opposed to living on the outside or on the Forest Service land?

Mac: I think yes, it was more social when we were out. You see, there were social goings-on all the time, which was sort of surprising in the wild woods, but these things were happening.

Annemarie: And there were more people on the North Fork than in the Park. That probably made a difference, too.

Mac: Yes. Cecily drew a cartoon. You’ve seen her book of cartoons?

Tom: Yes.

Annemarie: *The North Fork File?*

Mac: Yes. It sort of illustrated how it seemed to us. One shows some cowboy hat and jeans characters standing around being introduced to each other. “This is Dr. So-and-so from here, and

this is Professor So-and-so from there.” That’s the way the title went. We had a theological enclave there with Funk and Hart.

Annemarie: Bob Funk and Ray Hart.

Mac: Yes. Cecily remembers going past in the car and seeing Hart swearing at his wife because the car was stuck and she wasn’t able to get out of the rut. She thought that was very un-theological. [Chuckles] Another story was Rachael Sweet talking about coming to visit Hart. He was stark naked. Well, the way she tells it, he was sort of strutting out after her. Later I heard from Hart, he said he was in his cubbyhole taking a shower, and she barged right in. And then she extrapolated from that.

Annemarie: He didn’t take a towel out with him to his outside shower stall, and so he had to streak from the shower stall back to the cabin.

Tom: Two sides to every story.

Annemarie: In those days there wasn’t much traffic on the road, so he could normally streak without anybody seeing him.

Mac: Yes, I told you about the six cars on the 4th of July?

Tom: Yes. Should we take a break?

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Mac: Sure. And they all said yes, and I said, “Well, I just happen to have some in the trunk.” I put it on dry ice and transported it for several days just for that occasion. And I remember on another occasion making Crepe Suzette.

Annemarie: On the North Fork?

Mac: I think that was still in the Park or something. Oh, I did that in the North Fork, I’m sure.

Tom: Did you ever bake bread?

Mac: No. I did cakes, cookies, and so forth.

Tom: A gourmet pastry chef, and that is a reputation that is following you to this day.

Mac: Yes, except now with my wife governing my diet, my God—no salt and very sparse, too. Of course, she’s managed to get me to lose a lot of weight.

Annemarie: Do you feel better?

Mac: I can’t say that. At the time I went into the hospital last I was 255, and the last time I checked at the doctor it was 220-something.

Tom: Oh, good job.

Mac: Oh, this coffee cup has the Transporter from Star Trek. When it gets hot the figures vanish.

Tom: You can tell it's not hot at the moment. A footnote—this is Tom Edwards and Annemarie Harrod and Mac McNeil, also known as Edward McNeil, doing a brief interview for the North Fork History Project in October of 2011.

[End of recording]