

COFFEE WITH BUD EVANS AND APRIL DONAHOE

July 19, 2024
At the Evans cabin

Attendees:

Bud and April	Rob and Trish Rego
Kevin, Beth, and Sarah Ulrichsen	Pat Elliott
Rob Fisher	Melissa Cloud
Bernie and Vickie Wiedmann	Linda Pittman
Ed Neneman	Marcus Pajda (married to Linda's granddaughter)
Joyce and John O'Hara	Katie Lawson
Jim and Lorna Rittenburg	Denis Deck
Ray Brown	Dave and Joyce Quam (Lawson relative)
Lois Walker	Ave Evans Garcia (Frank's great-grandson)
Jack and Sue McFarland	John Stone
Jan Caldwell	Wendy Upton

Bud: I want to talk a little bit about the history of this cabin. Then since there were people inhabiting the cabin and around, there are stories about that. My folks ran a business out of here, and I'll talk a little bit about that. And then if anybody has stories—I've heard there might be a story or two.

This homestead originally belonged to Chauncey "Chance" Beebe and his wife Eva DeFord Beebe. Back in 1914, Chance and his to-be wife I think lived over on Big Prairie. They rode into town—it took them two days. They got married and came back up. There was a big party in the North Fork [including a celebration in the upstairs of Bill Adair's Polebridge Store]. They ended up homesteading this property. They built a cabin, but it burned down in 1916. The community got together and raised this cabin in two weeks, so the story goes. These logs were all planed with a broad axe by Fred "Big Nose" Johnson, who lived on Trail Creek. I don't know exactly what caused the fire, or where the original cabin sat. I do know that we used to go and see remnants of a trapper's cabin, about 300 yards from here. But I don't think that was his.

They lived here and then sold the homestead to Bill Adair in 1920, so they weren't here very long. Bill Adair had the store, and he would take his horses and a wagon to town every week or two for supplies for the store. I don't know if he ever lived here.

Lois Walker: Bill and Jessie Adair always lived in the cabin that later became the Northern Lights Saloon. That was what they called the mother cabin.

Bud: Then what happened here, from 1920 to 1946?

Lois: Adair owned it, and he had a partner in the store, Bill Lacher. Adair and Lacher both used to work for the railroad in Minnesota. They came out together in the early 1890s and brought the very first engine that came to the new roundhouse in Kalispell. They loved it here, so they eventually came out and brought their wives. They ran a bar together for a while in Kalispell. Then Lacher went into farming and Bill Adair went to Belton and started working for the guy who ran the mercantile there. After several years, he said, "Hey, I could do this myself." The road to the oil wells at Kintla Lake had been opened by one of the oil companies. So, Bill opened

his own store on what we now call the Inside Road in what was later to become Glacier Park. That was around 1904. Once the Park was established, though, the writing was on the wall. Adair filed on a homestead on this side of the river in 1912 and built the cabin where they lived. It was 160 acres, but it was a long, narrow homestead all along the river. He built the new store and moved his operation over here in 1914.

What happened was that Lacher and his family would come up occasionally to help out with the store. They would stay here in this cabin, and one of their daughters attended the Polebridge School when it was across the road from Square Peg Ranch. I think Adair let other people stay here from time to time, as well.

Bud: That's good to know. Thank you. At that time, there was no upstairs in the cabin. There were just boards on top of these rafters. So, when my dad bought the place in 1946 Adair told him, "These sill logs are 30 years old, and every 30 years you should change them." A few years later he hired Walt Hammer. They jacked it up and put new sill logs under it and added a real fancy concrete foundation underneath it. But it was still only about this far off the ground, and the floor was this far off the ground, and every spring the crawl space filled with water.

In 1940, my dad had started what he called Wilderness Trail Trips, out of the Selway-Bitterroot. It was a hiking concession. He was 29 years old when he started it. He had a degree in botany and had spent some time as a naturalist in Glacier Park. Then he found my mom, and she became his nurse for the trail trips. Then he married his nurse.

Fast forward through the war years, when they stopped doing the trips for a few years. Then he bought this place in 1946, and they started the trips again in 1947, taking people into Glacier Park. They ran those tours until 1953. We have a lot of stories about that.

Wendy Upton: I'm curious. Did the McFarlands and the Evanses ever work together?

April: No. They were two totally separate enterprises.

Lois: The Wilderness Trails business was a hiking trip. They had horses that would pack the tents and supplies.

Bud: Here's a pamphlet about the Wilderness Trail Trips in Glacier National Park. I'll just pass this notebook around and people can look through it. They went through some transitions, but when he started these out of Thompson Falls a ten-day trip cost \$75. That included food. All you had to bring was your boots. I guess I should change hats here, because this is the hat that he wore. [Puts on Frank's hat] His recommendation was "old clothes, good hiking boots, and plenty of socks." These boots are dated 1944, so they were a newer version. He liked cork soles and the heel. One change of clothes. Maybe some light rain gear. That was all you needed. They gave you the sleeping bag and the food.

I have a little plate there in the kitchen. This was your lunch. Your lunch bag went in here. I think there was a little cellophane bag of dried fruit, some flaxseed crackers, and a Hershey bar. There's a whole plate of crackers back there today. You'd think for \$75 bucks you'd get a bigger meal than that, but they said you didn't want a big meal on the trail. Just enough to keep you going, then we'll have a big dinner tonight. Of course, they fed them really well for breakfast. Then you had your drink out of the spring and utensils. That was in the days before giardia.

When he ran the trip in Glacier Park, on Day 11, I think, they had the option to go on a float trip down the river in a World War II surplus life raft. Everyone did, of course. That's really how he got started, with all the surplus stuff from the war. He had tents, sleeping bags, dried potatoes. We had dried potatoes probably until middle school. There was a bucket of those, and then the flaxseed crackers.

John Stone: There was no end to those, huh?

April: No. They came in big, huge metal barrels.

Lois: And Frank served in the Army in World War II.

Bud: Yes, he did, for a little while.

April: He had hay fever real bad.

Lois: Yes, bad allergies.

April: When they ran their trips, my mother's mother came out to take care of Bud and me. She would cook everything on the wood stove. She baked bread and took care of us. When everybody came in off the trips on the river, she'd have a big fried chicken dinner and fresh bread. Everyone would be out in the shower house getting cleaned up, then Dad would have this huge dinner, with pineapple buttermilk sherbet for dessert. Everyone would take turns cranking the freezer.

Wendy: Where did she get the chicken?

April: I have no idea. There was a young couple that they hired to help with the rafts and whatnot, and they helped Grandma. They may have been the supplier.

Ray Brown: Do you remember their names?

April: I do know that Warren and Margaret Roe were up here for a couple of years.

Bud: Walt Connelly was his camp boy. That's how Dad got connected with Walt and Mid.

Lois: Yes, and Walt worked at the Quarter Circle MC, too, as did Mid.

April: So did I.

Lois: There was originally a fireplace in this cabin, wasn't there? Do you know if Walt Hammer built it?

Bud: No. There was a big fireplace right here, and Dad built that. Then about where you're sitting there's a chimney that goes up, and we had a big barrel stove there. Let's skip forward a little bit. We have stories from when we were kids. But more about the cabin ... Thirty years after the sill logs were replaced and the floor started to rot through, Dad was gone by then but us kids were still coming. We started falling through the floor, and our mom said, "You know, I have a little bit of money, so why don't we put it into the cabin and save this place?" I have a really good friend who's an architect and a builder in Chewelah, Washington, which is where I live now. He built a foundation and had an outfit out of Kalispell, Treweek, that jacked the cabin up, put it on a little railing, moved it over and dropped it on the new foundation. The former spot was over here about 50 feet. That was in 1997.

I'll backtrack a little bit, because Ray Brown reminded me of this. There were a lot of trees that burned in the 1988 Red Bench Fire, so we were able to harvest enough of them to pay for a new roof, which was way past due. Ray did that for us in 1988-89.

Lois: Is the barn original to the property? Was that a Beebe structure?

Bud: That's a good question.

April: We don't know. It's been here my whole life, that I can remember.

Bud: That may be the revision roofing, but that would have been done in the 1940s. And it's lasted that long. It's hard to believe.

Sue McFarland: Is the barn in pretty good shape?

Bud: No.

Lois: It has an apartment inside.

Ray: Yes, Frank used to rent out the apartment.

April: It needs to be cleaned.

Sue: But structurally it's still in good shape?

April: Yes.

John Stone: I had a couple of buddies who lived in it for a while.

Bud: Once this cabin got moved, my brother was concerned about the roof maybe having a little bow in it. He made sure that got fixed, then Ed Neneman and Rob Fisher did a whole bunch of interior stuff. They put this big beam in, which goes all the way through the cabin from front to back.

Ray: How the hell did they do that?

Rob Fisher: You're up Ed. How did we do that?

Ed: You were here. You can tell.

Rob: Normally, something like that would be a two-piece beam, retrofit. But Ed thought we could just cut a hole in the side of the building, build some supports with metal pipe on it, and we could roll the beam in, all the way to the other end. Then we put the post under it. So, we didn't have to splice the beam, and I thought that was the best thing I'd ever seen Ed Neneman do.

Lois: When was the Ben Maes cabin moved over from the Park, the one that Rob stays in now?

Bud: That would have been in the 1960s.

Lois: Frank loved to move old buildings.

Bud: Yes, he did. He collected buildings.

April: We had one that burned, too.

Lois: You had the one that came down from the border station. And you had the Ben Maes cabin. And there was the Quinn cabin, that burned. And the Fisher barn that sat over at the intersection. And there was one he brought down and used as sort of a studio for Ginny Tcheng.

Bud: That was the border cabin.

Lois: And when people were going on the hikes with them, there was a bunkhouse?

Bud: There was a bunkhouse back here that apparently collapsed one winter. Dad was going to rebuild something like that later, and he got about as far as he could reach. He had a root cellar on one end and a woodshed on the other end and a two-car garage. He got up about this far, then there was another project that came along and he never finished it.

April: We used to have a wood framed big tent in the back. It had a wood stove and bunk beds and everything in it.

Lois: A platform tent.

April: Yes, right across the stream.

Jim: Are any of those moved buildings still on the property?

Bud: Just the Ben Maes cabin. That was kind of my brother Floyd Luke's project. He had a lot to do with that.

Lois: The Fisher barn ended up at Ray Hart's. That's his library, as you come into the house. And tell us about the swimming pool and the bath house and the greenhouse.

April: The bath house was back across the stream. It was two-sided—male and female areas for showering and bathing. Then there was an outhouse. You heated your water on an open thing with metal boilers and hauled buckets of hot water, to which you added cold water.

Lois: What was the water supply? Did that come out of the creek?

April: Yes. And he had showers.

Bud: Yes [holding up a leather bag]. You all thought this was a feed bag. But it's a shower bag. You'd put hot water in here, and there's a hose with a spout. And you'd better soap up, because once it comes out you're not getting any more.

April: There was no turn-off. And in the bath house, there was a gas-powered washing machine with a wringer. And there were things out there where we washed all the sheets.

Lois: And there was the horse barn across the road. Jerry Costello helped him build that.

Bud: Yes. Dad retired in about 1969, I guess. He had a heart attack. Then he moved up here and got divorced from our mom. Then he built the horse barn. It was a long building. His horses Star and Quinn lived there.

One thing that happened before we moved the cabin was that we got all the bats out. There were a lot of them, and sometimes they'd fly around. [Bud had a cloth bat on a string that he waved around to surprise people]

Ray: There's one now!

John Stone: Bud comes by that kind of wit naturally.

Bud: When my wife came up here for I think the first time there was a bat that got loose in here. It was making a figure 8, trying to find a way out. I couldn't say anything to her. She was reading, and I thought, "I hope she doesn't see that." She said, "I keep seeing this weird flash or a shadow." I opened the door and finally got it out. I told her later what was going on.

April: One of the things we had as kids was our worm business. We made a couple hundred dollars a summer selling "fine, fresh, fat, friendly worms." We sold them for 25 cents a dozen, 15 to a dozen. If we went anywhere, we had to leave them out on the garbage can, with an honor system for people to pay. But every morning, before we did anything else, we had to dig worms and then take our Safeway bag and go out and pick up dried cow pies and put them in the worm garden, where Mother would redirect water to refurbish the worms.

Wendy: Were the cows from Ladenburg's?

April: I'm not sure. They were here often.

Lois: Some of them were probably from Finley Arnett's pasture.

April: Then as kids we also sold chipmunks. We had figure 4 traps that we caught chipmunks in. Dad had a big cage. One of the ones we caught was pregnant, so we got to see the baby chipmunks, which were the size of a nickel. They had stripes on their body before they had fur. We came here one year and above the sink we could smell something funky. It was a weasel that had had a litter of babies between the felt paper and the log. Dad took the babies and then caught the mother. But he didn't have the bottom of the cage sitting flat. It was up on something, so the mother was able to get out. She took out five of her babies before he realized it, but we had this one little, tiny weasel that we raised with condensed milk and scrapings off of liver on a toothpick. We kept her on the pilot light at the stove, but one day the oven was on and we didn't realize it, so she got overheated. But she made it through. She actually got white in the winter before she died. She drowned in the toilet, after all that. But she was the friendliest little thing. She'd run all over and get dust bunnies in her fur. Her cage was her home. And Dad put a mouse in a box from school, but it was gone. It was the same thing with digging in the snow. It's just instantaneous.

Bud: They're fast.

Wendy: I guess I'm curious. These weren't gophers you were catching?

April: No, they were chipmunks.

Wendy: I haven't seen that many chipmunks around here.

April: That's because we cornered the market. Then one day Dad came in with a robin that had fallen out of its nest in the barn. We raised Martin Luther on his diet of worms.

Wendy: You sold worms to whoever was fishing at Bowman Lake or Kintla?

April: Yes. Everybody came and got worms. Regular old earthworms. But there used to be a big pond out here, where the stream kind of opened up, and there were always moose in it. Many people saw their first moose here. It was really moist in that area and good digging, especially with the cow patty mixture.

Lois: Frank loved animals. Any animals.

Bud: Yes, he was a biologist.

Wendy: We haven't heard about the dog Pandora.

April: That was his baby.

John Stone: Lobo del Norte.

Lorna Rittenburg: How much did you sell the chipmunks for?

April: I think we only got \$4 or \$5 for them. It was a good price for that time. We sold them at kind of a feed store in the valley in Spokane. How he knew they even wanted them, I don't know, but they sold them as pets.

John Stone: So, now we're talking about interstate transport and sale of wild animals. Lois, you might want to leave this out of the recording. Is there a sunset on that felony?

Jack McFarland: What did you do with the money from your sales?

April: That was our Christmas money.

Bud: Our college fund. I got to go to college for about a week.

Ray: Gopher money.

Bud: If I remember, we topped out at about \$100 or something like that. April remembers more than I do.

April: We also made bookmarks out of dried flowers. We picked them and dried them. Then we put them between 35 mm film and laced them up. We sold them at Montana House in Apgar. After Dad identified them, of course.

Jack: Did you ever sell those at the Merc, too? As soon as you said that, I thought, "Oh, that's where they came from."

April: We might have. It would have been a long, long time ago. Maybe Dad did, afterwards. It would have been when Ted Ross still owned the store.

Bud: We might have taken a few to the store.

April: I used to go over after Ted Ross made his store run. He'd sit me in the corner with a grease pen and tell me how much to put prices on everything. I thought that was so much fun, then I got to pick out candy. It was almost as bad as Jack's grandma.

Bud: Mary McFarland made you work, too?

April: Yes, I worked for Mary. She was a neat lady.

Jack: She didn't tolerate much slacking.

April: No, she didn't. \$75 a month. Sun-up until long after the sun went down.

Jack: But usually there were cute guys around.

April: Yes, there were.

Jack: She used to say she'd get all the wranglers, because she'd get the cute girls. Nate Clark, bless his heart.

Wendy: So, Polebridge was a community.

April: Not like it is now.

Wendy: No, but the McFarlands, the Evanses, etc. In the stories I've heard, you all got together.

Bud: There were a lot of kids who were the same age, more or less. The Edwards boys at Logging Ranger Station, the Maas girls at the Polebridge Ranger Station, the Walter boys at Bowman.

April: We used to have Wednesday picnics at the Riverside Campground.

Wendy: Where was that?

April: It used to be on the way to McFarlands.

Jack: Not too far from Walshes.

April: Every Wednesday we'd go up there, and we'd have Maxine Maas's special beans.

Lois: Weren't there ladies' hikes, too? Once Cecily McNeil was here.

April: Yes, Cecily and Thelma Edwards and Maxine Maas. They would go "kitchen heaping."

Lois: Yes, tell us about kitchen heaping.

April: They'd get out the old maps and figure out approximately where the old homestead cabins were. They would hike in—sometimes going through nettle and awful stuff. They'd go and dig around where the cabin dumps were.

Bud: It used to be there was just a faint road into places. Dad was driving his 1952 Chevy Suburban. He'd say, "I think this is a road." We'd turn in and would be bumping along, over downed trees and whatever.

John Stone: Deep tracks are narrower, so a Suburban, particularly, would be up on one side.

Bud: It didn't bother him at all. Meanwhile, April had the air sickness bag in the back.

Lois: And you would go purpling, right?

April: That was at night. We used to go over in the meadow area in Glacier to watch the mountains turn purple. I saw my first wolf over there.

John Stone: Sweet.

April: The thing I remember is the eyes. They didn't move a bit. We kept coming closer, and the eyes just got bigger.

John Stone: And it started drooling.

April: It probably did.

Jan Caldwell: And the social gatherings, like the Saturday night square dances at McFarlands.

April: Yes, ones at the McFarlands and ones at the community hall every other week. How did they arrange that, Jack?

Jack: Originally, there wasn't a hall, so they were all at the ranch, although I think there were some at Frank's. Then they built the community hall in 1952-1953. That made it way easier for everyone on this side of the river. Then it just alternated for a while.

April: It was nice, though. One or the other.

Jim Rittenburg: Were there any up at Kintla Ranch?

April: I never went to any up there.

Lois: Yes, they had some up there. It was a long way to go.

Ray: How about at the Hensen homestead?

April: I didn't go to any there, if there were.

Lois: There were dances at the Holcomb place, although they also had a lot of card parties there.

April: The Wurtzes had card parties, too.

Jack: There was a big distinction, between what were the bigger community gatherings and what were the smaller get-togethers.

April: The big things were the Saturday night dances. And you would cook the starch to make your petticoats stand out, and you would hang them as far as you could get them, so that they would dry flat and stick way out.

Wendy: What did you do in the wintertime?

April: We went back to Idaho.

Bud: We lived in Coeur d'Alene where Dad taught biology. We spent summers here, because my dad had summers off, and my mom was a nurse. She would quit her job at the hospital, where she was an RN, then spend three months up here. We'd pack into the back of the Chevy, and there was a trailer that we pulled, a wooden trailer that was loaded. We had so much stuff. It was amazing. And there was about this much room for April and me in the top of the car. We put a scratchy old World War II blanket in to lay on.

April: Every summer we'd get a kitten, for the mice. Kittens don't really catch that many mice, but we would get one. That was our treat, to climb into this little, tiny scratchy area with the kitty. We wouldn't even be out of Coeur d'Alene and we'd say, "Are we almost there yet?"

John Stone: And would the air conditioning in the Suburban reach to the back where you guys were?

April: There were no windows. We were this far from the roof of the car. We couldn't even roll over.

John: So, you couldn't get your seat belt on, either.

April: There were no seat belts. But when we would stop for lunch or potty breaks, they had to pull us out.

John: Is that the same panel truck you have to this day?

Bud: Yes. They bought it brand new in 1952. We pulled it out of here in the early 1980s and hauled it to Chewelah, and a friend of mine restored it. He pulled part of the frame off, and he said, "You know, Bud, the front axle isn't even attached to the frame. It's way back here." Which explains why Dad would complain about the car always pulling to the left. But he literally drove it until the wheels fell off.

John: We used it with a long trailer that he had, to bring the border cabin down here, four logs at a time.

Bud: Yes, the trailer was way in the back, and then the end of the logs in the front. The trailer wasn't attached, if I remember right. It pivoted on the logs in the back.

John: It turned really nice. It was a long trailer.

Bud: Dad was up here full time in 1970, until he passed away in 1982. I would just visit a little bit, but there are stories that occurred during that time and even before.

Lois: And he started writing the weekly column in the *Hungry Horse News* in 1971. I have them all, electronically as well as in hard copy.

John: Was he the first one to write that column?

Lois: No, there had been columns all the way back, into the 19-teens.

April: Why is nobody writing one now?

Lois: After Larry Wilson had his heart surgery and then had Covid so bad, he just didn't feel up to it. He'd been writing them since 1985, so almost 40 years.

Wendy: He said so many people had died, and he didn't want to keep writing about them.

April: I keep thinking, why do I keep taking the paper?

Wendy: The reason we liked to read the *Hungry Horse News* was to read H. Frank Evans' column about what was going on in the North Fork. And then Larry's.

April: Well, Lois has done some good ones.

Lois: I do them occasionally. The challenge is to be out and about in the community, so that you know what's going on to write about. You have to be really nosy.

Wendy: Yes, Frank knew everybody and what everybody was doing.

Ray: Do you remember when Frank got into the tussle with the mail carrier, Ben Ringo? It was hilarious. Ben would stuff the mail way into the back of the box.

Lois: I recall that you took a trip to Alaska in 1967, while the Huckleberry Fire was going on.

Bud: Yes. Dad figured that would be the last summer I'd be around before getting a job. We had the 1952 Chevy, which was in pretty good shape, we thought. He built a little platform on top of it. At the Wildlife Jamboree he had won a 12-foot aluminum boat. It was the grand prize drawing, one of only two things he ever won. He rebarred it and then built a tent out of scraps from the Wilderness Trail Trips. He had a tent up there, with a bed. Floyd and I slept up there on the way to Alaska. We had the platform and then the boat on top of that. Then he bought a little 3hp motor. That thing was just loaded to the gills.

We drove up the Alcan Highway, and that was when it was a dirt road. Way worse than this road ever gets. We had six spare tires, and we went through all of those. We got to Calgary or somewhere in Canada and Dad said, "There's no oil pressure." We pulled over and looked, and there was oil squirting out of the oil pump. We rolled a thing and stuck it in the hole. That didn't work. Turned out the diaphragm had burst. We pulled into the first station we came to, and this is how my dad lived. That guy had a part. He just went and got a part and put it on the pump, and we were off and running, just like that.

Lois: Amazing.

Bud: We got up there and went clear to Fairbanks. I think my mom flew into Fairbanks and stayed for a little bit. Or maybe into Anchorage, then we drove up to Fairbanks. I remember driving, so I must have had my permit. That was quite a trip.

Joyce: What year was that?

Bud: 1967.

John O'Hara: How many people are aware that Frank Evans actually owns, still to this day, the land speed record for driving in the subdivision? Let's see a show of hands.

John Stone: Zero to what?

John O'Hara: It was 1980. We went into the store to get our mail, and Karen Feather said, "Hey, would you like a job?" Of course. We had about a dime to our name. She said, "The census people just called, and they're looking for someone to take the census in the North Fork." Sign us up! About a week later there was a knock at the door, and it was your dad. He was outraged at the government's frivolous spending, counting people who don't exist up here. He said, "That's what you're gonna have to do, you know. You're going to have to go to every cabin." We brought our stuff back and submitted it. They looked at it, and it was exactly as he had said. "You don't have enough people," they said. You've got to find more people. How the heck do you do that? To make a long story short, we completed the census.

Joyce: We found people. There were people where you wouldn't believe. All over these woods. We even found cabins with big families in them. Nobody knew it, until we skied in.

John O'Hara: We turned the data in, and another week went by. A knock on the door, and there was Frank. He said, "I'll be waiting for your information about the population in Polebridge, whenever you get ready to give it to me. I'll put it in the column and everything will be good." I thought, "Something is not right here. That is probably against the law, because that's private information." We called Whitefish, where we were being handled, and the lady there knew your dad. She said, "Do not do that!", so we didn't. Sure enough, a week later knock knock knock on the door. I said, "I'm sorry, Frank, I can't do that." I felt really empowered, because I actually

had the government behind me. He was irate. I saw him mad a couple of times, but he was really mad then. He walked out the door, mumbled some stuff, got in his car, backed out, and by the time he hit the cattle guard at Cabin 1, he was going 50 miles an hour, and he still holds that record today.

Ray: What was he driving?

John O'Hara: The little brown Datsun thing.

April: Did you see him when he came from the Bainbridge Island Rotary sale, where he had probably four feet of glass tied on it? We thought he was going to tip over going over the pass. But he got the glass, and he had cabins he was going to put glass in.

Bud: He built a greenhouse out of that.

April: But I'll bet there's still glass in the barn.

Bud: Yes, there is. If anybody needs some glass.

Sue McFarland: Where was the greenhouse?

Bud: Across a little bit from the little shed out there. It kind of collapsed.

April: He built a swimming pool out there for us.

Lois: Over three summers, he said, it took him to build it. It was stone-lined.

April: Yes, there were three different steps. It was all rock and cement. Everybody used to come over and swim in it. It leaked, so we had a constant stream of 30-some degree water coming in from the spring, so it was real refreshing. Every few weeks they would put chlorine in it, but it would start to get icky. So, I'd have to dive down and hook a chain onto the big plug. He had a thing across the pool, and he would roll up the plug and drain it. Then we had to brush all the gunk off the rocks, and Dad would come out with the hose and wash it all down the drain.

John Stone: I remember one summer we lined it with plastic, because it leaked. We filled it up and got in it. It was an opportunity for him to relive you guys' childhood.

April: It was a fun thing.

Sue: Is it still there?

April: No, it's filled with the stuff they took out of the old cabin.

Bud: Yes, it was an opportunity to get rid of the pool, which was a liability, and throw away all the garbage.

John Stone: What years was that pool functional?

Bud: Probably from the late 1950s through the late 1960s. Maybe there was a ten-year sweet spot.

April: I think it was still in existence in the early 1970s.

Lois: When did the Quinn cabin burn?

John O'Hara: In the late 1970s.

Bud: Yes. It was when Dad was living up here full-time.

Joyce: He had renters, and they had never done anything with a wood stove.

Bud: Yes, and they were starting the fire with gasoline. Which works really well.

Ray: What about the little one-room cabin across the road?

Bud: That was the Marie Price Peterson cabin. He put that up for her when she didn't have her place up north anymore. And the small tool shed out here was her mail cabin, where she would snowshoe out to the road, fire up the stove and stay warm until the mail came.

Lois: Then as he went north, she would answer her letters and give them to him as he came back through.

April: I don't think most people knew that Marie's cabin sat back there in the woods on the road to the store. It was pretty well hidden. It burned in the 1988 fire.

Bud: I don't know where that came from.

April: I thought it was [unintelligible].

Bud: That could have been.

Ray: Because he rented that, too, on and off.

Lois: Yes, he did. Other people lived there. [Marie Peterson died in 1978.]

Ray: The Muhlbergs, perhaps. They stayed in that little shack.

April: It *was* a shack. There was a stove and a bed.

Ray: That was about it.

Jim Rittenburg: Is there a bit of land, on the corner of the Loop Road, that's in the Nature Conservancy?

Lois: Yes, John Frederick, when he owned that field where the hay barn is, put a conservation easement on that piece, which now belongs to the Tusicks. They own a sheep ranch down in Polson. They bought it from John. But he got the easement through the Flathead Land Trust.

Bud: I have one other quick story that has nothing to do with all this, then we'll hear from John Stone and from Rob Fisher, because they've spent a lot of time up here in my dad's later years. There are some cookies back on the table that are Ranger Cookies. That's what my mom made. If you came for dinner, you had chop suey. No other choice. I can't tell you the recipe, but it changed all the time. It's where all the leftovers ended up, with a little bit of soy sauce. Then the Ranger Cookies were always burned on the bottom. Always.

April: Floyd was a big burned cookie connoisseur.

Bud: They lasted forever. For one thing, they are hard to chew. And they never went bad, because they were burned. We'd say, "Mom, can't you figure it out?" We discovered that the stove there, which is I think a 1948 Smith and Merritt or whatever it is, has a thermostat that

doesn't work. So it's always at 525. She'd set it for 325, and it was 200 degrees off. These are actually from the same recipe.

Joyce: Are they burned?

Bud: No.

John Stone: Darn.

Bud: I did them according to the directions.

John Stone: Did you use the same stove?

Bud: No. I did these on an electric stove in Chewelah and then brought them. They need to be eaten, because they won't last two years like the old ones.

Sue: What's the story with the poppies in the yard?

April: My mom was responsible for all the poppies here. She babied them, and we'd have to carry water from the creek to where she'd planted them.

John Stone: Hoss, are you listening to this? You should be carrying water to the poppies.

April: I can have this kind of poppies in Washington. You can get them at the feed store. But these have tremendously long roots, because it's so dry and rocky here.

Lois: Yes, I can't get them to grow up where we are.

April: You have to baby them when they're young, for the first four or five years.

Joyce: I've tried that. I have a watering system, so I have a sprinkler just for the poppies. No good. They didn't come back. I always thought hers came from Sullivan Meadow. Where did your mom bring them from?

April: I don't know. She might have gotten them from the meadow, but I just know that they were her babies.

Bud: We'd have to go out every year and snap off the heads.

Joyce: Yes, we've all tried it. Margaret Heaphy's the only one I know who's been able to grow them.

Lois: And Peter Moore has some at his place, and they came from here.

April: She was so proud of them.

Bud: Yes, and there were lots and lots of them. Then the knapweed sprayer kind of got carried away.

Joyce: But they're coming back.

Bud: Yes, and Rob has really nurtured them.

Joyce: I'd put a fence around them.

Bud: So, John ...

John Stone: I get teary-eyed when I think about Panorama Ranch and my time here with Frank. You were saying he was a naturalist, and he truly was. When I met him he was retired up here, in the late 1970s. I was just taken with his breadth of his knowledge of the natural world, and his wit. He was a sharp guy for his early 70s. In those days I used to always read about Sigurd Olson out of Minnesota, who was a naturalist, and Olaus Murie out of Jackson Hole. He was contemporary of theirs. He may not have been as well written and known, but he certainly knew the natural world at the same level those guys did.

We'd do things like go into Sullivan Meadow and go all the way to the other side of the meadow. We'd hunker down in the grass, and he'd whistle the deer in. They'd come to within about five feet of us. We'd just lay there in the grass. And you were talking about going and checking on old homesteads. He was still doing that in the 1970s. I think I came along at a time when it gave him someone to pal around with, and I was just like a sponge, absorbing all this knowledge and stuff he had.

I think probably my best story of a day with Frank, and this was a typical day, was at the cabin that used to be across the corner of the intersection, the old Frank Fisher barn. He had tagged it. He had a system for tagging the corners with different little aluminum flags that he'd staple to the ends of the logs so they'd be numbered, and they'd be different shapes so he could put it back together. I had the opportunity to help out the day that we put that back up. Mark Ross, of Mark and Jammy, was kind of the brains of it, and there was a self-loading logger that day. I have a great picture of being up on top of that structure, learning something about log cabins. There's a tremendous rainbow through the sky.

I spent several summers where in the late afternoons he wasn't driving around doing the purpling thing, but it was right here. We'd play badminton and drink gin and tonics and watch the mountains purple. Then we'd come inside, like we did on that day, and we'd play cribbage. We'd keep a running score on the back of the cribbage board all summer long. We were extremely competitive. On the day we set up the log barn, he had double-skunked me. He was just needling me like crazy when some local, from a family that had lived up here for years and years in the summer, came knocking at the door and said, "Somebody just hit one of Ladenburg's cows."

I couldn't keep up with him. We jumped in my truck and drove down there. It was August, and there was this big, bloated cow. He stuck a knife in that thing, and the cow went "Psssss." Some logger had stopped and had dinner with Ladenburg, and he was just leaving. He picked the cow up by the head and put it in the back of my truck. We brought it up here, strung it around the old root cellar with beams sticking out. I pulled it with my truck and hung it overnight. He was so mad because he put the heart in a pan of water and Pandora ate the heart. We traded the hide for butchering, and we each got 150 pounds of some of the toughest meat I've ever eaten. But it was free.

I try each year, when Bud and April come up, to tell them a story that they haven't heard before. I didn't know Bud before in those days. I'd met April about the time Frank passed, maybe a summer before. Floyd had come up a couple of summers when Frank was still alive, and I'd met him. But I do try to save a story for each year. If you want me to tell the soup one, I'll gladly tell the soup story, but this is another one you haven't heard.

I was getting ready to go to New Zealand for the winter and was working really late in the year in the woods. This was when I started having back problems, and Frank said, "I'll take care of

you.” I remember standing right here, and Frank was putting me in one of Edna’s old corsets so I could go out in the woods and hold a chainsaw and finish making the money I needed to go to New Zealand.

John O’Hara: Do you have any pictures?

John Stone: I wish. But he was funny that way. There are a million stories—the oil can on the dining room table filled with maple syrup—one of the old cardboard ones with the metal lid. He thought that was so funny. But the soup story was, one summer I was living here with a girlfriend. I actually lived in this cabin by the road first, then I moved my tepee onto the other side of the road. We were living in that, and he made us come over and eat lunch or dinner every day. He just wanted people around the dining room table to BS with. He’d make soup a lot in the summer. And he’d always leave it on the stove.

April: It was never refrigerated.

John Stone: No. But he’d boil it the next day, and we’d eat it, and it was fine. I usually burned my tongue on it, because I didn’t wait long enough. One day there was only enough soup left for one. I remember eating it, and it was kind of lukewarm. My girlfriend didn’t eat any, and Frank didn’t have any. I just remember the world was green for the next two days, as I dry heaved for two days. He tried to poison me.

April: You know, he was an avid booster for the team in Coeur d’Alene. They were playing the Washington State University Cougars junior varsity. The taxidermist called and said, “Frank, I have a cougar, and it’s still warm. Do you want the meat?” Dad said, “Sure.” He went over, and the taxidermist gave him everything after he took what he needed to mount the cat for these people, and Dad served cougar to the boosters. We had a big barbecue thing in the basement, so we had barbecued cougar. It’s like lean, lean meat. He had to wrap the roast in bacon, because it was too lean.

John Stone: And how was it?

April: It wasn’t bad. As kids, Bud and Floyd had to straighten bent nails and things, because he was going to reuse them. To this day, I have a problem with washing plastic bags and aluminum foil and ironing wrapping paper. He was a recycler long before the word was out. You didn’t want to waste anything.

John Stone: He lived frugally for someone of his era, being a professor at Coeur d’Alene College.

Wendy: Here at his house he had newspaper piled up all over every single wall. Piles and piles and piles of newspapers. I don’t know what he was ever going to do with them.

John: He had “War Ends,” World War II, stapled up on the wall. He had everything stapled up in this cabin.

April: In one of the notebooks here there are pictures of the inside of the cabin when he lived here.

Bud: John, at your right elbow is the kitchen above the sink, He probably had wine brewing there.

Lois: What all kind of wine did he make. We hear the stories.

April: Potato wine, cantaloupe wine, rose petal wine, rhubarb wine, huckleberry wine, beet wine, dandelion wine.

Bud: Rhubarb wine was his best, absolutely. He may even have made a little grape wine.

John Stone: I made rhubarb wine with him one fall. He had made some that I thought was actually pretty good. Of course, I was 22, and I kept that for like 20 years. I opened it with Tami once, and it was like perfume. Needless to say, we didn't finish it. But outside this kitchen window he would keep a piece of wood with suet on it in the winter. He'd get everything from hairy woodpeckers and Clark's nutcrackers to camp robbers and Stellar's jays—all the big birds that just loved that stuff.

April: When we were cleaning out the cabin, and he had the bottom part of the kitchen clean where he kept his flour, but we found a dry, flat fish. I'm sure one time when he was flouring his fish he didn't remember to retrieve it. He just put it in the flour bin.

Bud: He was a little deep into his martini, and he forgot about the fish.

April: You just never knew what you were going to find.

Bud: We used to come up here occasionally in late April and try to plant the garden. One spring we came up for a short weekend and I opened up the flour drawer. The mice had gotten in there, so there were all these droppings. Being frugal, he scraped all those out of there, and said, "Don't tell your mom." Somehow that story slipped out, and everybody was in trouble.

Lois: But you were going to bake whatever you made, so ...

Wendy: He would drink out of a Mason quart jar, not a pint jar. At 5:00.

John Stone: Well, then you've kept that tradition alive, Jerry.

Jerry Costello: Got to. Wine at five.

April: He called it the "attitude adjustment hour."

John Stone: I talked to Pat about Frank. She holds him dear to her heart and has lots of memories.

Pat Elliott: I remember coming down, and he had a machine he was making wood shakes with. I don't remember where the shakes were, or where he was putting them. It was after the Quinn cabin. We were across the road cutting lodgepole. We had an old Chevy truck at that time. Frank had made one cut on a big lodgepole, and it wouldn't fall. My son and husband went with a big rope, and we got Jeff to climb up and attach the rope. He came down and we said, "Everybody pull on the rope." We pulled and the tree was falling. Jon looked and said, "Oh, but we didn't move the truck." It came down on the hood of the truck.

Jerry: You're supposed to tie the rope to the truck and drive the truck away.

Pat: We didn't do anything the way you were supposed to do it.

John O'Hara: He was pretty obstinate, too. We were playing volleyball one day. We formed a bird club up here, and we would go out birding every Sunday for months. We were playing

volleyball in front of the saloon, and all of a sudden a flock of geese came in low, very low. Low to the point where you were startled. The name recognition then began. What species are they? Pretty much a Canadian goose, right? No, no, no. Your father said, “The wing beat’s too slow.” What does that mean?! We used that as a joke after that. Anything that went wrong up here, we’d say, “The wing beat’s too slow.” He never backed down from that.

April: My daughter was about five or six, and she read voraciously. We were outside and Dad stepped on a snake. He picked it up, and Shannon said, “Grandpa, you’re going to get bit. That’s a red racer.” He said, “Oh Shannon, we don’t have red racers up here. We only have garter snakes, and they don’t bite you.” About that time, the blood started running. Chomp.

Joyce: A red racer?

April: It’s a form of garter snake, but they will bite. There’s a red stripe down them.

Wendy: I saw one of those the other day over in the meadow.

April: She had had garter snakes as pets.

Lois: Okay, Rob Fisher, you’re on. Let’s hear the Rob stories.

Rob: What’s left to say?

Lois: When did you first meet Frank?

Rob: My experience with Frank was very short, because I showed up here in Polebridge in 1980. I really never had a rapport with him, other than meeting him once or twice.

Lois: You were living up at the hairpin turn?

Rob: No, my first place was next to Tami and John Stone, where the green gate is now. First off, it’s nice to see you all. What a nice gathering of faces that I’ve known, most of them, for so long. What an honor to be a part of the Panorama Ranch. I grew up in inner city Los Angeles and was stuck in bumper-to-bumper traffic my last year of college. John Denver had just come out with “Rocky Mountain High.” Here I was stuck, not even moving, and that song was number 1 and was on all the time. So, for me to end up on a dirt road, off the grid next to a national park was pretty special. We all kind of share that common history. We all went a-lookin’ and found something that we thought was pretty nice and decided to maybe make a living here.

Lois: You worked at the Saloon for years, right?

Rob: My history is nine years fighting fires for the Forest Service. My first years I wasn’t even here in the summers. I was off fighting fires. Then in 1990 I gave that up at the age of 40 and decided to try to be a carpenter up here. I’d been a carpenter in Eugene, Oregon and Steamboat Springs and Portland, Oregon. But I bought my property up here in May of 1980, right after Mt. St. Helen’s erupted. A buddy I was building a greenhouse for in Eugene, Oregon, and I bought 20 acres, up on the top of Vance Hill.

Ray: Was that Jim VanderSchaaf’s property?

Rob: It was. Dick VanderSchaaf and his brother and I were good friends from Eugene. He had hiked the Glacier Park Highline Trail the year before. He came down through Bowman Lake and came to this little town called Polebridge and fell in love with it. His mom lived in Whitefish, so

before he got back on the Amtrak train to Eugene he told his mom, “If you ever see any property for sale up the North Fork, call me.” I was building the greenhouse for him when the phone call came. We didn’t even have a car to get here, so we had to rent a Datsun B210 and up we came.

My first years were fighting fires, then I became a carpenter from 1990 through my retirement. Yes, I’ve been a waiter at the Saloon. I’ve made the pizzas on Friday nights. I’ve washed dishes there early on, in exchange for a meal. I finished pounding my nails, and instead of turning left here at the ranch I’d go right to the Saloon and have a meal and wash some dishes and go home.

Lois: You helped John Frederick modify the Howard Zink cabin into what it is today.

Rob: Yes, many of the faces here are ex-clients. The Pittmans, for sure. We’re all so lucky. I keep coming back to the fact that we all have so much history here. And to find a place like this.

Wendy: And that we’re all still here. And that we’re all still friends. 45 years of people.

Rob: The beautiful thing about being at the Panorama is that you’re right at the front door of Polebridge. I was going to title my little 5-minute talk, “What I’ve seen out my window.” Because when I’m sitting at my table by the window, you can’t but see everything that goes by.

Wendy: Well, that’s sad.

Rob: But it’s the outside world passing by. Once they’re gone, then I have it to myself. There have been so many times when the crowds have all gone for the day, especially these long summer days, when it’s just the deer coming out into the meadow. You’ve got it to yourself.

Lois: But you missed last winter. It was icy, icy, icy. We got stuck coming down Coal Creek Hill and sat there for about two hours. We were coming home from a search and rescue meeting. Eventually, Mark and Margaret stopped and helped us get out of the ditch. We were coming along here in front of the ranch, and I was driving. The road was icy, and I did a 180, through the snow and was headed back south. Here came Mark and Margaret, and I see Margaret saying, “I think that’s Lois.” At that point, we decided we were not going to do Vance Hill.

Wendy: We used to ice skate down Vance Hill.

Lois: I have pictures of John O’Hara and Ron Wilhelm skating down the hill.

Rob: So many of you I’ve seen pass by. John Frederick and the green bus. Or Linda Pittman and Carl. As Linda runs by, Carl is doing security on his motor bike behind her. Or it’s 2:00 in the morning and there are headlights and a little noise coming down the road, and it’s Ed Neneman coming back from the Blue Moon Saloon. Or Duke and Naomi Hoiland, who also loved to dance and would come home late.

John Stone: It sounds like you’ve logged all of this. Dates and times?

Lois: Too bad you’re not here to do the column in the *Hungry Horse New* every week.

Rob: Some of the things I’ve seen. How many people have stopped at the sign and taken their family picture? How many people, when we had the stable across the street, stopped. I put up the sign saying “Danger, Keep Out” to keep people from going inside the collapsing barn. The minute I put the sign up, more people came. They weren’t going in so much, but they wanted a

picture. I've seen northern lights from horizon to horizon. I've seen Harley Davidsons roar by in big groups. All the rafts—that's the latest thing I see a lot of.

Joyce: What I've noticed since you've been here is how immaculate you keep this place.

Bud: And thanks to Rob, we can come up here and have a peaceful time.

Joyce: He's the best caretaker ever.

Rob: I'll tell you, some of the things I have to do here look pretty old. I wash my clothes by the creek, and I have a big bucket and a plunger these guys gave me.

April: Is that the one that has holes in it? That blue thing?

Rob: Yes. I know why people slow down. They go, "Honey, look. They still wash things that way." Or, being the guy mowing the lawn or moving the irrigation, and looking at people saying, "How lucky he is!" I get that a lot. That's what I get out of being here. And helping you guys get ready—it lets me come back every year.

Lois: The aluminum printing plates that are still in the barn—the ones we took up to patch the roof on the Grizzly Inn.

Rob: The ones from the *Hungry Horse News*.

Lois: Yes, they used them to patch holes in the roof until they could put a new roof on.

Joyce: All of us poor kids who were up here, we all used them.

Wendy: They were free!

Joyce: But that's what burned down Cheryl Watts' cabin.

John O'Hara: You'd get sidetracked reading the print on them.

Joyce: Rosalind Yanishevsky had some. We all had them.

Rob: There are so many uses for those.

Bud: Never throw anything away.

Wendy: I think Frank introduced Rick and I to those plates. He said, "Oh yeah, you can go down to the *Hungry Horse* and get all this aluminum in piles. They're good for the greenhouse, the ceiling, the floor, and they're free!" All of a sudden, everybody's house had them, especially in the outhouse where you could read two-year-old news. And the ink never wore off. I think we still have some in the garage.

Joyce: They were great behind a wood stove.

Kevin Ulrichsen: My dad used to be a printer, and that's what the ink would stick to.

Lois: The roof at the North Fork Hostel.

Rob: For the newcomers who have only been here for a few years, you can see what a tight community this is. There aren't too many places like this.

Joyce: Well, we were small enough that we all socialized together. We all did everything together. Thanksgiving was in our big kitchen in our first cabin. We went on bird walks together.

Wendy: And the Hall was pretty important.

Joyce: Yes, all the 4th of July celebrations were there.

Wendy: Pat Elliott, didn't you start the first Thanksgiving at the Hall in 1975?

Pat: Yes, we did.

Wendy: In fact, Rick and I didn't even have a snow shovel. We got into the ditch in our two-wheel drive truck at Sidermans. We shoveled our way out with a license plate.

Joyce: There weren't as many bears up here then, either. I think the old-timers shot them on sight. And they ate them.

Bud: Bear burgers are good. If you haven't had one, you've missed out.

Joyce: We were in the Park constantly, on horses or hiking. I think at Sullivan Meadow, at the water, is where they saw a grizzly. And, of course, there was the Giefer grizzly. He came through our meadow. There were three or four little shacks, and ours was the only one he didn't break into. He would go in one way and out another.

Wendy: He got John Frederick's chickens.

Joyce: When Sharon Costantino was living here. By then we had a lot of mountain lions, and they got their goat and some rabbits. Sharon was an animal freak.

Lois: As part of the North Fork History Project, we have done a couple of interviews with Bud and April. If anybody would like a copy, if you'll give me your email address I'll be glad to send them to you. There's a lot of the same stories we've heard today, but others, too.

Joyce: Well, thank you, Lois. The fact that you're pulling everything together in paper form is awesome.

Lois: I try to do everything paper and digital, so that for one you can search it better.

Lorna: How did the poppies and daffodils get here? They're always a treat to see.

April: I've never seen the daffodils. I've seen pictures of them.

Lorna: They're spectacular.

Lois: They're more narcissus than daffodils. They're white, and they continually multiply.

Pat: I picked up some from Ruth and Hazen Lawson. They had some of Frank's. One year I took seeds, but I was never able to get them going.

John Stone: I stop every spring and take a picture.

Bud: I think I was up here one year early. We were talking about burning down the horse barn. But the yard was just full of them. I'd never seen them before.

Joyce: Well, you know, your dad was a really nice guy. I think we've heard great stories, but he was a really nice guy.

Wendy: Very generous.

Joyce: When we first moved in, he came over. He'd heard that my dream was to live in the middle of nowhere with horses. He brought me a halter and a hundred pound bag of grain and said, "They're yours." I could walk to the end of our road, and I'd bring the horses in with grain in a can. I got to ride Star all over this country, bareback. If you fell off, which luckily I never did, it wasn't too far to go. She was great. We rode right past Giefer grizzly. He was asleep under a tree. Out of the corner of my eye I saw him get up. That night was the night he broke into all the sheds.

Lois: He was finally shot by a hunter in Canada.

Jack: Hoss, I just want to put that vicious rumor to rest. When we go by your house and it's after 9:00, we don't honk. We're not the ones honking at you.

Joyce: I will, if you're out in your chair.

John Stone: I usually wait until it's a little later.

Rob: It's all welcome. It's all part of community.

Jack: I have to tell one story, because some of you have heard this when we were all little. It's about the early forced child labor up here. Our parents were willing participants. I don't know how many rose petals we picked, but it was a lot. We did get at least one piece of candy from the store, but our parents got the wine. I never really picked dandelions. Up and down in the old panel van. As we were saying, it was so dusty, I'm sure that's what happened to my lungs.

April: It was awful. Your two uncles, not your dad, were at my first birthday party in 1947. I don't know where he was.

Jack: I think there was an article in the *Hungry Horse News* about that gathering.

John O'Hara: When you came to visit and he had a bottle of wine, the type of wine was indicative of how well he liked you. I never got to taste the epitome of Frank's wine.

Ray: You got the dandelions.

John O'Hara: I had to have done something.

John Stone: It was all about the census.

Joyce: That's right.

Bud: The best wine was the rhubarb. It had a little wood alcohol in it, because it had a little more kick than the others.

John O'Hara: With him, it was more the taste than the buzz. Because his wine did taste really good.

John Stone: He was always very secretive about his root cellar. I never got in the front door. I've seen pictures of other people in there, but he wouldn't let me in the front door. The winter I was

here after he passed away, I sat all winter long in his recliner, and I ate all those canned cherries he had put up. I'd open a quart jar and eat the whole thing, because I knew there were more tomorrow.

April: But you left all of the clam juice.

John Stone: Yes.

April: He'd put the clams in water, and he thought that water had to be clam juice. He would can it.

Bud: Or he would hold the clam up and squeeze the water out. He thought that was clam juice.

John Stone: He was an unconventional canner, at best.

Bud: His philosophy, when he made a big batch of stuff, was "eat what you can, and can what you can't." There were canned leftovers that we went through after he died. Turkey soup from ten years prior.

John Stone: And a lot of pickles. When in doubt, pickle it.

Bud: Yes.

Ray: It's amazing half of us are still alive.

Bud: And then he made crocks of sauerkraut.

Sue: Did he grow all the cabbage?

Bud: Yes.

Joyce: He had a big garden.

April: What was interesting was that we had some soup here one time. He said he had made some sort of chicken soup. Floyd said, "Ooh, this is bad." We were all kind of sitting there. Floyd went out and looked at the can in the kitchen. He had used smoked salmon. It wasn't chicken.

Bud: And he used dill. I couldn't eat dill for a lot of years.

Pat: He invited us to dinner one night, Jon and myself and Jeff and Melissa. He had made what he called Drunken Chicken, and he also had picked broccoli from the garden. We came in and sat at the table. It was very dark. We were eating along and about the time we were getting ready to finish dinner, Frank decided that he would teach us the card game Oh, Hell. He went and turned the light on. We looked at the broccoli that hadn't been eaten yet, and there were all of these little worms on it.

Joyce: No, he never worried about the worms. We all ate them.

Bud: Because they ate broccoli, too.

John Stone: If you were complaining, imagine what the worms were saying.

Wendy: He was real good about inviting new people, like Rick and I, and Joyce and John, and the Elliots. I think we all came about the same time. His gin in the quart mason jar with no ice.

Joyce: You all remember my baby shower with Capella. Frank embroidered a square. I still have that. I should have brought it. I believe he did a yin and yang. All the guys embroidered. Doug Chadwick, John Gray, whoever lived up here. I'll bring that quilt in when we have our history talk on August 14.

Lois: And the Chadwicks. Frank would always talk in his columns about people who were having babies. He was ecstatic that there were more babies in the community.

Bud: We have a couple of door prizes.

Joyce: John, I put your name in. I put one for me and one for him. I knew he'd show up.

Bud: The first one goes to Trish Rego.

Ray: Open it out here. Watch out for the worms.

Trish: It's a bobble-head moose.

Bud: The second one goes to Joyce Quam.

Joyce Quam: It's a metal candle holder with a cowboy on a horse.

Bud: One more. This goes to Ray Brown.

Ray: Newspapers from 1920 with maps. And a Grand Rapids, Michigan calendar from 1918. And a catalog. Bella's Haas Co., New York. Did you find these in the attic or somewhere?

Bud: Yes. One of those came from the shed.

John Stone: This is a weather calendar.

[Everyone starts talking at once. Bud talks about an old car that they got from Bart Monahan, which he still has in his garage. It has gone through several restorations. Title still says Frank Evans.]