

COFFEE WITH LARRY WILSON

September 2, 2026

Larry: It's so nice to see all these people who I have known for so long. When I first met Lynn Ogle, he was 14 years old or so. When I became the assistant scout master of a Boy Scout troop in Missoula, he was the senior patrol leader. Actually, we roomed together—shared a house in Columbia Falls when he worked for the railroad. Then he went off to the Navy and the Army, then came back and became a policeman, and then a deputy sheriff, and here he is, over 80.

It's been a long time that I've been associated with the North Fork. My first memory up here was when I was about 4½ years old. My dad had been activated for World War II in 1939, and he had just been promoted to lieutenant colonel. We camped at what was later [Harold and Rachel] Sweet's place, at the mouth of Whale Creek. It's funny, you know, because in my mind I'm the same person now as I was then. I have never changed. But my big memory of that time is of my dad carrying me across the creek, because all I could see was the water below. He caught two 15-pound bull trout the first day we were there. He kept them alive on a stringer in the creek, so we could camp all week and then go to town, where he smoked them. That was my first memory of the North Fork. The old barn was there then, and we found a dead coyote inside. I have the skull of that coyote on my wall in the cabin. I don't know which one it is, though, because I have a couple of coyote skulls.

I think all of us have probably done something to keep the country here the same as it is. To limit the changes. But there are a lot of changes. In 1949, it was a three-hour drive to Columbia Falls. Or, you could take a three-hour drive to West Glacier. The inside road and the outside road were about the same. My mother and Ruth Sondreson were the terrors of the North Fork. Ruth cooked for the Sondreson logging crew, and my mother cooked for the Kintla Ranch guests. They had to make grocery runs once a week. They'd feed breakfast as early as possible, then race to town and race back. People learned the days they went for groceries and just stayed out of the way. And cars were different then. Is there anybody here today who has a car that doesn't have air conditioning? There was no air conditioning then. And cars leaked dust, and the road was *really* dusty then. We complain about the road now. It's a lot better than it was then. In the late 1940s and early 1950s, grass still grew in the middle of the road.

Then came the pine beetle epidemic, and there were 100 trucks a day hauling logs out of the North Fork. During that time, they did improve the road a lot, but it was still really dusty, and you had to drive carefully. Because logging trucks tried to make two trips a day, and they had to hurry to do that, especially if they were coming from Whale Creek. During that time, the lodgepole was pretty much wiped out on the North Fork. That was partly because there were good loggers and there were bad loggers. Some of the bad loggers decked the logs and left them stacked on the North Fork until the beetles flew. They would then infect new trees, thus giving the loggers something to do next year, too. I guess I can't blame the loggers too much. They knew what they were doing alright. But the Forest Service was supposed to be in charge. They should have stopped that and made the loggers haul them as they cut them. But they didn't. The Red Meadow drainage was probably the worst—skinned of every tree, clear to the lake. And now it's a brush pile. I don't know if they've thinned up there or not in the last couple of years.

Lois Walker: A little bit, after the Hay Creek fire.

Lynn Ogle: And it was a one-lane road.

Larry: You bet. The whole North Fork was one-lane roads.

Lynn: And you had to have a CB [citizen's band] radio, to avoid getting run over by a logging truck.

Larry: Yes. There were some turnouts, but you also ran the real risk of having to back up for half a mile. I had an old Schwinn bicycle. There were none of the neat bikes they have today. I couldn't drive down some of these roads, because the dust was too deep. It was so deep that you'd get stuck going uphill and have to get off and push it to the top of the hill.

When I bought this property, I paid \$10 an acre for it. But it wasn't the same as it is today. The little cabin here was homesteaded by a family named Rue. They had two kids. The floor inside is 12' x 15'. Can you imagine spending the winter with your wife and two small children in it? I don't know where they got their water. I presume they did the same thing I did—get it at Trail Creek and haul it in. Which really limits baths.

When I bought it, that cabin had no eaves, and it had a sod roof. The first thing we did was tear the roof off and tear the floor up, because it was all warped. We put a floor in and a new roof on it.

Lois: What year was that?

Larry: I bought the place in 1954, I think, because I graduated from high school in 1955. We repaired the cabin so that it was stable. But when we came up here in the winter the road was not plowed, unless there was a logging job up here. The loggers would plow what they needed, but sometimes that ended at Polebridge, or Whale Creek, or Trail Creek. You just never knew. And there were no snowmobiles in those days. We would come up here and snowshoe to the border, because Madge and Ollie Terrian lived at the border. They had cows and chickens and horses. Ollie, especially, wanted us to come visit, because Madge would not let him have any peanut butter unless the kids were there. So, when we'd show up he was happy, because he got to have peanut butter, and so did we. She said it was justifiable, because he wasted so much tobacco rolling his own. They'd spent all their money on tobacco, without buying peanut butter, too.

Lois: Was Madge a good bit older than Ollie? [Yes, Madge was born in 1881; Ollie in 1905]

Larry: Madge was kind of a secret. She was only 4'11". And the rumor up here was that she had eight husbands over the years. It was a practical thing. She had cows and horses and chickens, and she was little, so she needed help to do the chores. So, she would go to the bars in town and get a haying crew of four or five guys to put up her hay. Then the best worker she would offer marriage [or so the rumor goes; probably not true]. Ollie was the last, and they were married for quite a long time. But they sometimes fought, too, because Madge was strong-willed, and so was Ollie. At one point Madge charged Ollie with domestic abuse, and he was put in jail. After ten days or so, Madge realized she needed him, so she went to town and got him out of jail, but he still was not allowed to live at the border. That's when he got associated with the Foremans and stayed at their lake cabin and went to the border morning and night to do the chores.

Ollie outlived Madge, and if you go to the border even today, you can see his truck. On his last trip he took cows to town to sell, sold them, then came home and found Madge dead on the kitchen floor. That Model A truck is still sitting where he brought it home that day. I tried to buy

it from the [George] Ostrom bunch once, but they said no. They like it as a monument. He had just had it overhauled, but I don't know that they've ever started the engine since Madge died.

Jerry Wernick: It's at Moose City?

Larry: Yes, it's at Moose City. I was just up there the other day, and it's still there. It looks a lot different now, because all the barns are gone except one, and the main house went down the river in the 1995 flood. And one of the houses that Madge had built floated down the river, too. The cabins that are there are not the originals. But they are on the original sites. When Ostrom and company bought that land, they rebuilt the cabins on the original sites, so they are sound.

George was quite a character. It's too bad we can't have him here to tell stories. He was an announcer for the radio station, and he owned a newspaper in Kalispell. When he found out that Moose City was for sale, he got together a bunch of investors. George never had a penny in it. He convinced them that he deserved a share just because he had come up with the idea. So, the Hollensteiners and the Sliters and all the other people who invested let George have the big cabin. It was originally one of the border patrol cabins, and I guess George's family still runs it. But I get a kick out of patrolling up there yet, because so many of them have been there quite a long time.

Lois: Yes, one of his daughters manages everything now.

Larry: It's interesting, because George had four children—two sons and two daughters. Both of the sons had some kind of horrible disease and died.

Lynn Ogle: Multiple sclerosis.

Larry: But the two girls were sharp. One of them was a bigshot with Flathead Electric.

Lynn: She was a news reporter with George before that.

Larry: When George owned the *Kalispell News* he turned it into quite a newspaper, because he could really write photo captions. They were funny. You could read his paper and laugh all the way through, even when he was talking about people dying in accidents or whatever. He was just funny, the way he wrote his captions. He and his wife Iris are both gone. I thought Iris would outlive him, because she was a super fine lady.

Lynn: He always called her his first wife Iris.

Larry: Yes, and we always said that she should be sainted. But she died before he did.

Lois: Yes, just a little before him.

Lynn: They were living at Buffalo Hills in Kalispell.

Larry: Yes, I went and visited them. The last time I went, she had just finished beating him four games straight of Crib. He had thrown the cards on the floor, and he was ready to have a visitor.

Lois: He was quite an artist, too. Some of his paintings were on the walls there.

Larry: Yes, he was an artist. His daughters were artists. One son was a ranger in the Park. Both boys were both military veterans. The one son spent many years at the Soldiers Home in Columbia Falls. He created a stir on the North Fork because he had a friend who would come and take him hunting. He couldn't walk, so he had a special permit to attach a gun mount on the window of his car, and he could shoot from the road, and he did. They got deer every year and drank a lot of beer. It always worried me, because they were not in control a lot of the time.

When I came here the North Fork still had mostly homesteaders. In 1950 the trend started where most of the people coming were retirees. The first real summer residents were the Foremans. They came, and then they brought the Chrismans a year or two later. And then the Chrismans bought two homesteads back here that they still own.

Originally, I was not happy with the fact that people were retiring up here and building fancy houses. But the interesting thing is that all of them came for the same reason that I came. And they've been as careful with the place as I would have been.

My cabin is just a second generation bigger than the homesteader cabins. And some of the homesteaders built two-story houses. One of the neatest ones to look at are the Wurtz house and the Walsh house. Those are both two-story homestead houses, but they are the second generation of house. Both of them built small single-story cabins to start with, and then built two-story homes. And Harry Holcomb built a frame house because his wife Lena wanted a frame house. His was the first real frame house up here, and it's still sitting there in the field. You see it every time you drive up and down the North Fork Road.

And Adelbert Glover built a neat, small two-story cabin, up past Tepee Lake. The property is still in family hands, and two parts of the family still come every year. Adelbert had a sawmill back there. He logged that place and sold lumber, because he decided it was too expensive to haul the logs out. I think he sold more to Stoltze than he did to Plum Creek. Columbia Falls had three big sawmills originally, and now there's just the one left. But they're still paying good dividends on their stock, I can tell you.

Lois: Something interesting about Glover is that even though he didn't have children, he sat on the parent-teacher association that they had at Ford Schoolhouse. He served on the board, even though he didn't have kids himself, because he thought the school was important.

Larry: I did that, too! Except I had fifteen [foster] kids altogether. Once I bought this place when I was in high school we would come up and stay with Madge and Ollie mostly. The Rue cabin had a little wood cook stove in it and a small oil burning stove. We'd put a two-gallon bucket on the back and tip it up, and it would keep the stove running.

When I was first teaching in Columbia Falls [starting in 1960] I would bring five boys at a time up here. That 12' x 15' cabin is not a good space for six people, teenage boys especially. But we had a lot of fun, because I was in the Army National Guard at the time and I could check out radios, and I could even check out vehicles. We'd come up here in National Guard three-quarter ton trucks with walkie talkies. I would stay at the cabin, and they would scatter and go wherever. I taught them all how to play poker, too. We'd play poker for .22 shells. If you look carefully at the wall down there, you'll see when they shot a gopher I'd pay them two .22 shells per gopher. You can see the stubs of tails on the wall yet, where they nailed them up on the wall. Then we'd play poker for the .22 shells, and I'd try to win them back.

It's kind of surprising, because those first kids that I had in the 7th grade are 79 years old this year. They had a reunion during Heritage Days this year, and I went. They were the Class of 1966. I had them, of course, in 1960 and 1961 in the 7th grade. Now they're 79, and I'm 89, and now we're about the same age. Then we weren't. But we had a lot of fun, and they were the ones who helped build this main cabin. Ollie Terrian was the architect in charge. All of these logs came from half a mile around here. The neighbors said, "Any dead logs you find you can have, free." We brought them in and built this cabin in one summer. Just the main log house, of course.

It's 18' x 36'. Ollie was in charge, and the kids did the hard work, peeling the logs and running the tractor to pull the logs up.

The front porch was built by Ed Neneman, and it's made out of logs that came from the Kintla Lodge that we disassembled. Then, if you knew Bob Johnson who had the Sinclair station in Hungry Horse, he and his son Dion built the kitchen. So, it's been a hodgepodge of adding on.

A friend of mine didn't have a job, and he wanted to cut posts, so I let him cut the posts out of the meadow here. He cut 10,000 posts out of this meadow. He had them all decked up along the road. They brought the peeler up. Frank Fortig was the man who owned the peeler. He brought it up, and they peeled all those posts right here. So, we had a heap of chips in the middle of the road that ran from the cabin out to the end of the meadow. In those days you didn't have to have a burning permit. Those were green chips, but they burned really well, and when we lit them afire they put up a smoke column that brought Forest Service people from Martin City.

That got me interested in the post business. So, one of my former students and I bought the post yard, and I spent 30 years cutting fence posts up here. It's surprising how many places we've been and how the trees have come back. This was all clear-cut at one time. We cut I don't know how many thousands of posts in here. This property has been logged three times since I owned it, and it's still a forest.

I question some of the techniques that they're using today, and I question the size of some of their brush piles. Some of these piles are so big. Granted, they have the equipment today that they can burn them safely, but they burn so hot that I'm not sure that even grass will grow there for years. I think they'll kill the soil.

Lynn: Morel mushrooms will grow.

Larry: Yes, it's a good spot for morels. And I notice one pile between here and the border didn't burn hardly at all. So, I hope they come back this fall. But we can't really complain. For years the Forest Service didn't do much of anything. The last ten years we can say that they've been active up here. We have seen a lot of thinning. Not so much logging, because the logs have all burned up. When we drove up here yesterday we met three or four logging trucks, double loaded with nice looking sticks, going out. Maybe logging will come back.

That's how I met the guy I bought this property from [Tom Reynolds]. He came from England. He was an orphan, and he got out of the orphanage just as World War I started. In England, if you are raised in an orphanage, you have to repay the government with service. So, he was placed into the Army. He fought in World War I, was captured by the Germans, and served the last part of the war in a prisoner of war camp. But when the war ended, his service time wasn't over. So, he had to stay in the Army, and he was sent to Egypt. And he became a band member. He was an oboe player.

Then he came to Canada, which was a legal process for U.K. residents. He came into the United States once and got caught and deported back to Canada. Then Billy Kruse, who lived up here, hooked up with him and was his sponsor. He got him through all the paperwork and brought him to the North Fork. So, Tom bought the former Bill McAfee homestead, and Billy Kruse was next door. Ed Peterson and Billy Kruse got in a row over a woman, and Ed Peterson shot and killed Billy Kruse. Billy Kruse's cabin is now owned by Dick Leigh. And if you look around my cabin before you leave, the round oak table in my living room was Billy Kruse's. In fact, my whole house is full of antiques.

My pots and pans came from Kintla Ranch. My dad sold the ranch to a fellow by the name of Pete Widener, who never spent a night in the lodge, although he camped for three or four nights. He hired me and a friend of mine to be the caretakers the next summer. We lived up here with no car. We had horses, though. But we had the whole place, which was completely equipped to be a dude ranch. We had a full set of dishes that we used until they were all dirty, and that's when we washed them. When you have big sinks, you know, there's no sense in wasting water every day. Dishes for 50 would last a week or 10 days for us.

We'd ride horseback up Trail Creek and pick huckleberries, which we sold at that time for \$9 a gallon. That was \$3 more than they were selling for in town, so we thought we were pretty smart, hooking the tourists. And we rented cabins, because all of the linens were there, and the laundry worked. We didn't feed meals, but we did pretty good. We got paid by Widener for being caretakers, then we made money by selling huckleberries and renting cabins.

We would go to the community hall on horseback. It used to be the last meeting in the fall when they'd have a raffle. The first name out of the box that year was ours. Guess what we won.

Dee Docal: A free stay at the Kintla Ranch?

Larry: No, a gallon can of pickles that someone had donated. I haven't been fond of dill pickles ever since.

Jerry Wernick: I have a question. I've heard that it was really cold and snowy in the early 1950s. Is that true? And if so, how cold was it?

Larry: Really cold. In fact, in 1957 I did my practice teaching in Polson. We had our first blizzard the first week in October. And we had a blizzard a week until the middle of November, and then once it cleared off it really got cold. I can remember one winter when we were up here it was -40. We couldn't get cars started. In fact, you couldn't drain the oil, because the oil was frozen in the cars. We'd drag them down to where the Holycrosses live now, where my dad lived, or to the Hoilands. We put them in the garage and heat the garage until the oil was liquid. Then we could get something started again, and it would run.

Lynn: Mostly they were diesels.

Larry: When I was in high school in the mid-1950s and was in the Boy Scouts, we came up here and camped in the middle of May, and there were five feet of snow on the level. We parked out on the main road and snowshoed down to Kintla Ranch and stayed in the river cabins down there, because they all had heating stoves and cook stoves. We ran into Ollie Terrian at Mud Lake. We were showshoeing, and he was out on his trap line. But he decided that we were so much fun that he came back with us and told us stories until 2:00 in the morning. In fact, one of the guys in that troop was named Mike Hanson. His mother was the county superintendent of schools. But after that night, he was so caught up in Ollie's stories of trapping that we called him Trapper Hanson from then on, and we do still today.

Lois: Speaking of boys coming up, I had a phone call from Bill Meeker yesterday. He was telling me stories about how Larry's dad Ross had a boys camp, or boys ranch, down on Flathead Lake for awhile, which later moved to Foy's Lake and then up here. Bill said he first came there in 1956 when he was 14 years old. He came for three summers. Larry was the camp counselor.

Larry: I'd just finished my freshman year in college. Bill Meeker and Jim Neal came the same three years. That was when we were just getting the boys camp started. The first couple of years

we only had four boys, then six. We had fun! With six boys we could do whatever we wanted. With four boys we could *really* do whatever we wanted. We would water ski on Flathead Lake and swim and camp on Wild Horse Island. We'd come to the North Fork and float the river and go on pack trips into the Bob Marshall Wilderness. You name it. We just had eight weeks of pure fun.

Both Bill and Jim Neal own property here now. Jim owns property right across the road from Pat Elliott. I don't know if they're going to get here this year or not. He's 82. Bill's 82. They're getting older.

Lois: Bill said every other weekend, or every ten days or so, you would come to the North Fork. Larry either used his mother's Ford station wagon, or the family Chevrolet red cab wooden stake bed truck. Three would sit in the front, and the others rode in the truck bed. He said you stayed in the old Rue homestead cabin. Larry did the cooking.

Larry: Yes. Basically, the kids slept outside in tents. When I was in college later and was a scout leader we came up here and the boys stayed outside. Lynn and I basically cooked for them. They camped right here—this cabin wasn't here yet.

Lynn: We used to have huge piles of snow right here. They'd dig down and make snow caves. Some of them would set up a tent, but lots of them stayed in the snow caves, right over the bank here.

Lois: What's fascinating to me is that he said each boy had to spend one night alone in the woods.

Lynn: For the Boy Scouts, that was at Melita Island.

Larry: That was the Order of the Arrow. We did the same thing with the boys camping.

Lois: I asked, "Did their parents know about that?" Bill said, "I might have told my parents eventually."

Larry: We never talked about it, but I remember Jim Neal spent his night down here. We watched them. It was a self-confidence building exercise. I watched Lynn Ogle on his night, which was on Melita Island. They had to keep a fire going. If they didn't keep the fire going, they failed, and they had to do another night. That didn't happen often, because they knew how to keep it going. If you get down to coals, if you have a couple of pine cones you can get it going again, and they did.

Lois: Bill said, "It changed my life. It was absolutely the best thing that ever happened to me."

Larry: What they don't remember or talk about as much is that we also did survival training. They could take two matches. No food. And spend three days. They had to eat off the land, and that can get exciting. At Melita Island they wiped out the squirrel population, because we had a lot of Boy Scouts at that time. I see that Melita was sold, but now the Boy Scouts own it again.

Lynn: It was given to them, actually. But I understand it's for sale again.

Larry: I haven't been back for many years.

Lois: It's on Flathead Lake?

Larry: Yes, it's on the Polson side of Wild Horse Island. Just south, but very close to Wild Horse. The thing that was exciting about Melita Island was canoeing on Flathead Lake in a

windstorm, where you could use the paddles for sails. Basically, what we learned to do was swamp the canoe until it was full of water. Then you could use the paddles as sails and control where you were at. If you tried to keep the inside of the canoe dry and sail, you were doomed. You'd tip it over every time.

Lynn: We used to tip it over, then you had to get underneath. Because it always captured some air in there. When the weather let up we'd roll the canoe back over and rock it back and forth until you got a lot of the water out, then put the canoe paddles inside, climb up and stand on the gunnels of the canoe, jump up and down, and move it across until we got to land where we could dump it out.

Larry: You know, kids don't do that today.

Lynn: That's how we got our canoeing merit badge.

Larry: I've often wondered who came up with the idea for the funny-looking hats that bicyclists wear. We didn't have those when we were kids. If we'd have had a helmet, it wouldn't have looked like that. But now the schools teach it, and they provide the helmets.

Jim Rittenburg: Larry, when you first came up here was the border crossing open?

Larry: Yes. When we first came here, there was only a Canadian customs person. He lived in a frame house with a frame garage, and the big log houses that are now at Ray Hart's and at Moose City were empty. There was no American customs agent at all. The Canadian customs person was hired jointly; both governments paid his salary. His name was [R.B.] Stevenson. At that time, my dad had the hunting concession for that part of Canada. Stevenson and my mother fought constantly over what tariffs they had to pay. Because Canadians call cookies biscuits. In official documents it listed biscuits, not cookies. My mother just could not understand why she had to pay a duty on cookies to get them across to the hunting camp.

He was an interesting fellow himself. He retired, and he and his wife left. They were gone about a year, then he went broke. He overspent his money, so he came back, because they hadn't replaced him yet. He was the customs agent again and was there for about three to six months, when he committed suicide. That was not good to start with, but his wife couldn't drive, she didn't know what bank their money was in, or if there was any. She was just abandoned there by herself. Finally, the Canadian government rescued her. Since then, of course, they've spent a million dollars on a U.S. facility, and another million on the Canadian stuff. And then they closed the border in the wake of the 1995 flood. That's your government dollar at work.

Lois: Do you know anything about the aerial photographs of the North Fork taken by Wayne Johnston?

Larry: Yes. Wayne was a hard-drinking North Forker. He owned property up near the border, 160 acres, and he was a pilot. I have a bunch of his aerial photos. They used to hang in the hall, but they're not particularly good photos.

Lois: I have an album now that Steve Kelly inherited. It's a very nice album of those aerial photos, as well as some personal ones, like the picture of Ted Ramon with his grandfather, Milton Huck. I have most of them digitally, which means I must have gotten them from you at some point, but now we have the originals.

Larry: Wayne was a pretty good photographer. He and Larry Gaffaney had a running feud. They would try to run into each other on the road.

Lynn: You have to remember that Larry Gaffaney had running feuds with just about everybody.

Larry: Yes, Larry Gaffaney was an interesting fellow. He was Naomi Hoiland's dad. Naomi and Maureen were sisters. Larry was their dad, and his wife was Florence. They separated for a long period, and Larry married someone else and had children with her. But when I knew them best, Larry became a junior high teacher in Columbia Falls while I was teaching there, so we taught together. He was always talking about how tough he was, and how he was in charge at home. We believed him until his wife showed up one day. Then we found out that the best thing he did was say, "Yes, dear." She absolutely ruled the roost.

Lois: Tell me about the airstrip that was down along the river at Kintla Ranch. When was it used; who used it?

Larry: When my dad owned the ranch the second time, he allowed the airstrip to be built. Jug Quiram was a part of it, because he had the equipment. I don't think there was anybody who was actually an aircraft specialist or a pilot who put it in. It was to help sell those lots along the river. That's how the Quirams got their lot. My dad paid Jug with a lot. My dad and I had a lot of arguments about subdivision. But he laid that out with 36 one-acre lots along the river. I think about 14 of them were sold before my dad stopped selling, because the ranch sold.

Lois: How much was the airstrip used?

Larry: You could buy a lot for \$250, and you could do it with \$25 down and \$25 a month. And that's the way some of them were sold. But Bill Meeker has purchased several of them back.

Lois: He told me that after your dad had passed away and his second wife Katie owned the property, he bought your dad's cabin and two other lots from Katie, and that he has subsequently bought three other lots.

Larry: That's right. He bought an undeveloped lot from Jerry Elwood, which was Lot 3 I think. Then he bought Winnie Storli's, which had a cabin on it. And he bought Gary Lapka's lot down at the end. He has six now, yes.

It's kind of funny, because when Bill came his son was 18. When his son was 31, he died in a skydiving accident. But during those years his son would come with other cousins, Bill's nephews, so at any time during the summer there were almost always five or six guys down there. But now there's a whole new set of cousins coming. This summer the oldest was 12, and the youngest was 1, and there were five cousins there all at once. So, Bill has turned that into a family retreat, and they all like it.

It's interesting, though, because none of them down there have an easement across my property.

Lynn: Or mine.

Larry: Except the Chrismans. I gave Meeker an easement across mine. Did you, Lynn?

Lynn: Yes.

Larry: So, Meekers and Chrismans are the only ones who had easements. So, when I came in here two weeks ago, I saw two big fancy painted signs that said "Screaming Eagle Ranch," with an arrow. I took them down, and of course I took the one at the main road down first, then I took down the one where the road splits down here. I was going to find out where Screaming Eagle ranch was. Well, it's Gary Byers' old place. New people have bought it. I think they paid a dear price for 60 acres. And they had 80 people there last weekend. A family reunion—mostly her

family. They're nice people. I have not told them they can't cross my property. I won't, but I'm a little concerned that Byers is now breaking up his property into 20-acre pieces. He also had one of the one-acre lots on the river which he's now sold to someone else.

I've stopped hunting, but I foresee that there will be trouble with hunters amongst all these new owners. We've never allowed the public in, and our general rule has always been that if you own land down there and you bring your friends to hunt that's okay, but you can't give your friends permission to hunt if you're not there. Where all these new people will go, who knows? Because Gary didn't tell them anything. And he didn't tell them that I haven't given anyone a right-of-way to cross my property.

But we've also had sales that have failed, because you can't borrow money on a piece of property that you don't have an easement to. So, they've been turned down by banks and pulled out. What am I going to do? I don't know. What is Lynn going to do? I know even less. Basically, we have always gotten along with our neighbors and tried to. As long as everybody talks with each other, we tend to get along. Do they get an easement? Nope. Unless they want to buy one, and they'll have to pay a dear price for it. I told one that he could have an easement. All he'd have to do is pay me 10 percent of what he paid for the land. I've found out since that if I got one percent I'd be rich.

I think the North Fork is filling up. It's not the same as it was. I think of all the houses just north of Polebridge. In the jack pine thicket that wasn't livable. You couldn't sell it to anybody. But people bought it, because it was the only thing available. Now the Rittenburgs can look down on them. Or if you go to the Kinsolvings, you can see eight or ten houses from their place. And where their house sits was where my peeler landing was. We peeled several thousand fence posts right there.

Lois: Did you know Paul Abbott of Abbott's Flats? Or was that before your time?

Larry: No. Matt Brill and Paul Abbott were buddies. They homesteaded at the same time in 1912. Paul Abbott married first, but his wife did not like it up here, so Paul sold his homestead to Matt Brill. Kintla Ranch, at one time, had 5½ miles of riverfront and 700-some acres. When Matt sold out, he saved 160 that is now partly owned by Bill Meeker and partly owned by Gary Byers. He and Mata would come up summers and stay there.

Matt Brill was one of my favorite homesteaders. He was a classic BS-er. You could sit around a campfire with him, and he could talk non-stop for two weeks, I'm sure. He told all of us stories, and on top of that he was a famous cook. My dad always tried to get Matt when we had a pack trip going out, because he was just a terrific camp cook. And he taught me to make a peach cobbler in a Dutch oven on a campfire. For years, I was *the* peach cobbler maker in the Boy Scouts, and I can't remember how to do it today. I never wrote it down, so I don't know what happened to it. It's gone. And so is Matt.

But it's interesting, because Matt was one of the few people who really made a living up here. When he first came to the country he homesteaded early, but he didn't stay up here year-round. He'd work up here in the summer, or he'd work at a bar in West Glacier or Columbia Falls. He became quite well-known in the valley as a runner. He used to bet people he could run five miles in a given time. People were always taking him up on it. He said he never bought many beers when he was in town.

But he and Mata were just fantastic with people. When you stayed at Matt and Mata's kitchen, she always fed you wild strawberry jam. But if you ate her jam, that meant the next day, if strawberries were ripe, you picked strawberries, so there'd be some next year. And they all loved it. It was all part of the ritual. Guests came year after year. When we bought the place, there were people who had been coming to Kintla Ranch for 20 years. They had "their week" in "my cabin." "My cabin" might have belonged to five or six of them, who came at different times. The ones I liked the best included Dave Wedum's parents. They met up here at Kintla Ranch, and his dad Carl came every year, with Al Lucke, who was his wife's brother, and Charlie Boyer from California, who got rich selling his orchard to Disneyland. That's where Disneyland is today.

But they would come, and Carl and Charlie would fish for bull trout. Al Lucke would fly-fish for cutthroat. We ate all of those. The cutthroat were eaten daily. The bull trout were saved, and the last week they stayed here they fired up the smokehouse on the weekend and smoked all the bull trout. They would only smoke bull trout if they'd caught 100 pounds worth. I have pictures. If you're ever in town and want to see North Fork pictures, stop by. I have 27 albums of photos taken up here.

We used to catch fish to eat. My dad was a game warden, and he was the district supervisor of District 1 from the end of World War II until he retired. He was a game warden for 18 years. But after he retired from being Sheriff and then a realtor and living up here, he poached a bull trout a week. He said, "I figure I've got it coming."

Lois: I've read that in the fall the ladies on Trail Creek would get together and have a weekend when they canned fish for the winter.

Larry: That was mostly in the winter that they did that. They would catch whitefish. They would all go down and camp at the mouth of Trail Creek and catch whitefish, in February I think. After they caught as many fish as they could in a weekend, they would get together at somebody's house and smoke them or can them. If you think about it, in 1950 people lit their cabins with kerosene lamps, and if they had a little extra money they might own an Aladdin lamp, which was as bright as a Coleman pump-up lamp, but it required constant fiddling. You had to mess with it all the time. Every five minutes, you had to turn it down or up, because as it got hotter, it got dimmer. Then you had to turn up the gas a little more.

So, when you realize that, you also realize that there was no refrigeration. No propane lights, even, until later. If you look around my old cabin, they had a hole cut out where a fruit box was set in the wall, open to the air. That was their winter freezer. You could put your stuff in there, and then open the door inside the cabin.

Lois: And they canned everything. I remember Marietta Downes talking about how she had to do a lot of the cooking because her mother had had polio. They even canned cake. They'd put the batter in a wide-mouth jar and bake it. Then when they wanted dessert, they just ran a knife around and pulled the cake out.

Larry: Marietta always had canned cake. My granddad could can venison so that it was just mouthwatering. It was better to eat his canned venison than to eat anything fresh.

One kind of funny story is about the Block family, who came here from Michigan. Walter was a retired fireman. When he came here, he had two grown boys, Bud and Dan Block. I didn't know all of this at the time, but Danny Block was 24 years old when they came, and his wife Gerane was 17. He was a combat veteran of World War II, so he had the GI Bill. They moved up here

and tried to raise mink to make a living, but they couldn't make much money at it. But they trapped. And Walt Hammer was also living up here and trapping. One day, as he was coming back from the Whitefish Divide, there was a moose in Walt Hammer's trail, and he shot it, because it wouldn't get out of the way. He didn't want the moose, so he went to Dan Block and said, "I just shot a moose, and a gutted it out. If you'd like to have that meat, go get it." It was only about a half a mile from Dan's cabin. So, Dan went and got it and butchered it, and they canned it. On the labels they put "Moose Meat." There was no moose season in those days. It was against the law to shoot moose.

My dad was the game warden. Somebody turned Danny Block in to my dad. He went to investigate, and he said, "Can I look in your root cellar," and they said, "Sure." There were all the labels that said moose meat. He said, "I'll had to confiscate one quart of this and take it down to have it tested to see if it's moose meat. If it is, I'll have to give you a ticket." Well, it was, and he gave them a ticket, and Danny never forgave him for that. All his life, he did not get along with my dad, although my dad was best friends with his father Walter.

The mink business did not last. So, Danny then left the North Fork. He was up here for five or six years. He was tall, probably 6'3" or 6'4". With dark black hair, a handsome guy. And his wife was young, with bright red hair down to her waist. When they would dance at the hall or the other places where they held dances, everybody would stop dancing just to watch them, they were such a good-looking couple.

Finally, they left. I didn't know where they went. I was just a kid. What he did was use his GI Bill to go to college, and he became a professor at the University of Montana Western in Dillon. Gerane, his wife, just died last winter. She was the last living charter member of the North Fork Improvement Association.

Lois: After your mom. Gerane and Louise were the last two original members of the NFIA.

Larry: Will things continue to change? Yes. Will the road get paved? Probably not in my lifetime, but maybe in yours. And will it be better? Probably not. The road is a lot better today than it was in 1950, I can tell you that. I can drive from here to town in an hour and 15 minutes, as opposed to three hours in those days.

Lynn: If you didn't have to back up for anybody.

Larry: Yes, and you don't have to back up for logging trucks anymore. We met four yesterday coming up. But now I don't like to drive both ways in one day. So, I'll drive one way, and then David will drive us home usually, with me yelling at him.

Jerry Wernick: Larry, when we first came here the road was oiled, not treated with mag chloride, by the logging association. When did that begin?

Larry: That began when the pine park beetle infestation became a big deal, in the early 1950s. They would not give notice to everybody when they were going to oil it. Boy, if you want to talk about washing your car. Because they just applied used motor oil, thick enough to splash puddles. I'd forgotten about that. It was really a messy road when they did that. And it didn't stay smooth for as long as the mag chloride does, or maybe it's just my memory. The mag chloride gives us almost a paved road in many places, until it's gone. And it's pretty expensive.

The Forest Service has a RAC committee, Resource Advisory Committee, that is given money by Congress to spend on a variety of things to promote tourism. Half of the money must be spent

on Forest Service roads or trails, and the other half can be spent on any Forest Service project that the RAC decides on. The RAC has now been in existence for about 25 years, I think. From the very beginning, they funded dust abatement from Polebridge to Camas Road. But the RAC funds have gotten smaller and smaller every year. And the Forest Service got to the point where they wanted more control.

I served on the RAC for 16 years, and so did Ron Buentemeier, who was a manager at Stoltz. They decided that they'd had enough of us, so they decided that anybody who had served two 4-year terms had to get off the committee. They effectively eliminated the RAC as it had existed and appointed a majority of retired, or spouses of, Forest Service employees. So, they changed how the funds were spent, in addition to the fact that the amount of RAC money is declining, and some of those people really disliked spending all that money on the North Fork Road. But there's only one other road in Flathead County that is Forest Service. I think it's one of the lake roads. But they can use it in the Bob Marshall, for example, on trails. They can use it in the North Fork on trails.

Bill Walker: Which they did this year.

Larry: That money will disappear. Like all government money. Search and Rescue, which I've been a part of for 40 years, now gets a lot of money from the state. North Valley Search and Rescue gets about \$65,000 a year from the state of Montana, so we don't have to have fundraisers anymore. And the state can tell us what to do, which is what I think is bad. So, we don't have our own dispatch anymore. The Sheriff does that, which is something an old guy like me could still do. But I'm not much good at climbing hills anymore.

Currently, search and rescue is trying to buy a piece of land by the county dump in Columbia Falls, because currently our building is out at the Soldiers Home. We have a 100-year lease, but every 10 years the rent is renegotiated. The rent started out at \$50 a year. We built the building—the state didn't put a nickel into it. We fundraised and built it with our people. Now the rent is \$500 a month, so we're looking for a way out. We'd like to buy property, because even though we raised the money to buy all the vehicles, the county insisted that we sign the titles over to the county. In case we would ever disband, the county would get them. But we would like to build a building on land that we own, and we can then charge them rent to store their vehicles. And maybe it will be as much as \$500 a month. We'll see. But the problem is that they're negotiating with the county to buy a piece of land. My advice to them is: don't trust the county. And Lynn is retired county.

Lynn: Don't trust the county.

Larry: It's a logical thing. Politicians are the same everywhere, aren't they? What's their biggest goal? To serve the people? No. To get reelected. How do you get reelected? Lower taxes, or don't increase taxes. Sooner or later, someone is going to look at that \$65,000 a year that we get and say, "Oh, the Sheriff could use that a lot better." And they would shift it and we wouldn't get it anymore. If they took our vehicles away from us, why wouldn't they take our land away from us? That's my personal view.

Jim Rittenburg: Larry, what's the story of the old cable cars that used to go across the river?

Larry: The road used to be in the Park, before there was a road outside the Park. Trail Creek Road is older than the main North Fork Road. So, with the Inside Road the people came up, and they built those cable cars to cross the river. There was one at Abbott's Flats, there was one down

by Ford Ranger Station, there was one at the border, and there was one further down the river. There's one at the border still.

Kintla Ranch, for instance, had a Forest Service phone line. Mostly it was for their maintenance people to be able to fix the line.

Jim: When did these go in?

Larry: They went in from 1910 to 1935. Then they were repaired into the 1950s. The one at Kintla Ranch was still in use for many years. The one at the border I think they took out of commission after the 1964 flood, but there was such a big row about it that they replaced it, and it's back in again now.

People can get hurt on those things, and a lot of them have. What happens is when you turn it loose, it will glide to the center of the river. Then you have to have a tool to grab the cable and pull, and lock, and pull, until you get to the other side. If you make the mistake of letting it loose too soon, it will come back over your hand, and that really smarts. In fact, I think there's the remains of one of the cable cars down there in my junk pile. The boiler that's on top, that you can't see because Bonny is parked there, is the boiler that gave us hot water at Kintla Ranch. We had a boiler that heated water to put in the hot water tank so we could wash dishes, take showers, etc.

Lynn: When we tore down the lodge at Kintla Ranch we brought the boiler up here.

Jerry Wernick: Was it heated with wood or oil?

Larry: He was heated only with wood. My job at 6:00 a.m. was to start the fire.

Jerry: You mentioned that the Trail Creek Road pre-existed the North Fork Road. How far did it go, and why was that true?

Larry: It went to Tuchuck Campground, and it was mostly used by homesteaders. There was a line of homesteads all the way up Trail Creek Road, to where Rick Mace is now. That's short of Tuchuck Campground, but when they got there they realized that it would be nice to have a campground, and they went on ahead. Then in 1954 they built the Frozen Lake Road and built the road from Tuchuck Campground over to Graves Creek to haul logs out. Actually, there was a round trip to haul logs. Trucks would come up empty, load up, and go out toward Eureka. So we didn't have to meet all those logging trucks on this road.

When I graduated from high school, I went to work for the Forest Service. I was really hired to be on the brush crew at Big Creek. I went to Big Creek and got my fancy sleeping bag that they have. At Big Creek, on the brush crew, we would load up in the back of a pickup at 7:30 in the morning. We didn't get paid until 8:00. The idea was that we would go to work on our time and come home on their time. The funny thing about it was that it took until 10:00 for us to get to the job. So, we already had part of a day in. Then to get home we had to leave the job at 3:30 to get back to Big Creek by 5:00.

After a few days I realized that there were guys working at Ford Ranger Station. I asked the boss, "What do you have to do to get to go to Ford?" He said, "You *want* to go to Ford?" They had an awful time getting people to come to Ford, because it was so far north, but I lived up there. He said, "Pack your bag." I was moved to Ford the next day, and I stayed there all that summer. But the next summer three of us stayed here at my place, and we walked to Ford to go to work and walked home after work. That was not just to save money, but it was so we didn't have to eat on

the Forest Service dollar. We would only eat lunch, which was \$1.00. We had 10-pound flour sacks, so we would fill them up for lunch. We had a cook who never served canned stuff, except for canned fruit. Everything else was fresh—ham, beef, fried chicken, you name it. All those things were available every day. So, we would pack enough that we had lunch and dinner, and we could save up enough for the weekend.

Margaret Heaphy: What did you actually do on a brush crew?

Larry: Mainly we did two things. Where logging had been done along roads, we went along both sides of the road. We only had axes—we didn't have chainsaws. We would limb the downed trees and pile the brush. Then after a logging job was done, we would go into the logging job where they had already piled the brush with a CAT and there would be logs sticking out. We would climb up on the piles and chop those off and dump them into the pile so they would burn.

The third year I was there, I think, all the guys went back to college before I did, and I was the only one left on the brush crew. So, they put me in charge of laying out Frozen Lake Road. I knew nothing about laying out a road. They said, "Well, it's easy. You just put these stakes in, giving them direction, so I did. The boss came, and he said, "You know, you weren't thinking. Those logging trucks can't make those sharp corners, the way you laid them out. So, we had to redo it, and that was good, too. Then the Frozen Lake Road went clear through.

They logged up there all winter, and the next spring I had a Chevy Suburban, two-wheel drive. Jim Neal and I drove up to see what it looked like where they had logged. There was a smooth snow road, which continued right out to a brush pile, so we drove out there and sank. We thought that's simple, we'll just dig our way out. It was morning. But it was a warm day in June. We dug; more snow. The more we dug, the more snow we found. Finally, the Suburban was sitting on its frame. We were clear up there, and it was getting dark. It had been a nice day, but it was June, so the nights were still cold, and we just had on jeans and t-shirts. So, we started to walk out, and when it got dark the road had a lot of rocks in it, so that was difficult. And it was cold. We finally decided to stop and build a fire. Well, if you've ever been underdressed when it's cold and have a fire, you know that you only warm on one side, and the other side is colder than hell. We sat by the fire for awhile, then would turn around for awhile. Finally we decided that was too uncomfortable. We put the fire out and started walking again. By 4:00 a.m. we were at Tom Peterson's. Of course, they were asleep, so we sat down where the sun would catch us, with our backs to a tree. The sun came up, and we got warm. We waited until Marie started a fire in the stove and knocked on the door. We got coffee and cookies and a ride up to the border. Ollie took his jeep and went up and pulled the Suburban out.

I don't know that I'd survive an adventure like that today. The same thing is true with the river. After World War II, there were no rubber boats. Then there were surplus military rubber boats. They were half rotten or leaked. The pumps had usually been long lost, so you had to blow them up by getting your mouth down against the valve. No matter what you did, it seemed like they all leaked. And Frank Evans, who owned Panorama Ranch at the time, had a hiking concession in the Park. We called him "Cheese and Raisins Evans," because they hiked and apparently—I never went on a hike, so I don't know this personally—but the people who came back from the hikes then stayed at either McFarland's or our place at Kintla Ranch for a week or so. They said that on the trail all they got fed was cheese and raisins. So, they'd come to our places to eat well, and they did.

Frank would come out from Kintla Lake and then hike down to where Kintla Creek comes into the river, and get in these surplus military rafts and float to Polebridge. We had weekly pick-ups where we would pick up guests at Polebridge—both McFarlands and us. We'd bring them back where they could eat for a week. I don't know that there are any hiking concessions left in the Park, are there? Glacier Park, until World War II, was a rich man's place. People with money came, and they took pack trips. And they ate at tables with linens. If you go to any of the hotels, you'll see they have pictures of those people, all set up in the wilderness with tables with linens and silverware and the whole nine yards. There were a few homesteaders who made good money as packers for tourists like that.

When World War II ended, people had money again. Everybody had money—not just rich people, but you and I. Everybody then had a car. And free time. And a 40-hour work week. So, Glacier Park became a hiker's park instead of a packer's park. That's what it remains today, only it's getting crowded. When I was a boy and we hiked, I certainly hiked all of the trails in the north end of the Park. We rarely saw anybody else. I always took my dog, although you weren't supposed to even then. Now you see a lot of people. The last time I was there, I took the Ulrichsens in my car, and we went over Logan Pass early in the morning on our way to Browning for Indian Days. That's been 15 years ago, I bet.

I still drive out through the Park a lot of times, on Camas Road. I never come in that way, because I'm not going to wait in a long line to reach the gate. My \$10 senior pass is still good. But I never got a reservation, and I'll pass this along to you, in case they ever bring them back. I like to go once a year to Kintla Lake, just to sit and watch the lake. When they had reservations I never applied for one. When the ranger would ask, I'd just say I was going to visit the Walshes or the McFarlands. They can't deny you entrance if you're going to visit someone who's a landowner.

One of my big enjoyments in town is when former students visit. I just love it when somebody comes to visit, students or North Forkers. When I'm on the North Fork, mostly I patrol, because then I get to visit everybody, too.

Lois: Do you know Paul Snyder, who just passed away?

Larry: Yes. Paul Snyder was in my homeroom in the 8th grade. Then he wrestled for us for four years, and he was a divisional champ. Then he became a teacher in Columbia Falls, a PE [physical education] teacher. He was first hired to be the PE teacher for the elementary school. He was big into weightlifting at that time. He was really built up, and the little kids that he had called him Mr. Hulk. They never called him Mr. Snyder at all. He liked that. But then he moved to the high school, and he became the football coach. He was a great guy. I had his older brother in school and his younger sister. I knew his parents well. His dad was an old-time cowboy. Spud Snyder was his name. They raised Appaloosas. I guess the family was fighting over how they broke up the ranch, but they were all good folks.

Lorna: I met one of your students. His daughter owned a cherry farm on Flathead Lake. I can't remember his name. Was it Wyman? You taught him and his wife. And he said that he came up here and peeled logs for you in the summer. Then he would help you with the poles.

Larry: That sounds like Mike Kapitski. He was our chief log peeler. We taught him to play poker, too. I hadn't seen him for years until we had the Wedge Canyon Fire. He was an employee

of the state forestry. He was a planning officer, and he just had to tell everyone that we had taught him how to play poker.

Lynn: He's now on the Flathead County Fire Service Area Board.

Larry: Yes, he lives in Martin City, I think.

Lynn: Yes, he lives at Lake 5. I see him once a month.

Lorna: What do you think the North Fork will look like in 20 years?

Larry: In 20 years I think the road will be paved, and it will look like the east side of Glacier Park. And I'll be glad I'm dead. I spent 20-some years up here dealing with planning and zoning and getting it done. Now when I see what Will Hammerquist has done, they're starting the whole thing over again. All it's going to be is a five-year fight. And at the end of the five-year fight, maybe they'll come up with a new plan, and maybe they won't, but it won't be the same. If it were up to me, they'd let sleeping dogs lie.

Those people in Polebridge who need a variance, it's in the plan already! If they were grandfathered in and they want a variance, they can have one at no charge. Somebody needs to read the plan.

Lynn: At the last meeting they asked me what I thought about opening it up. I said it was like opening Pandora's box. When you open a part of it, you open it all. And you should be aware of what you're opening up. Because the county will do what the county wants to do, whether you like it or not. If it's stagnant now, it will stay that way, and it will work just the way it's always worked since 1984 or 1985.

Larry: Well, the county tricked us. We didn't get what we thought we were getting when we got the plan approved. As a result, you still see buildings within the setback. And some of them were built after the zoning was set. And the county said, "Oh, those are temporary, and that's legal." That makes most of what Will has done at the Merc legal. The firetruck is a temporary thing. The fruit stand could probably be moved easily, too. The trash heap down at Trail Creek is considered a temporary building, as are the buildings out by the road at Pigpen Barnes' place. In addition, the county expects us to turn in violations, and then just *maybe* they'll enforce it. But for sure, if you turn somebody in, all you are to your neighbors is a snitch. So, I don't turn anybody in. As long as they don't mess with me, I won't mess with them. And I think that's the way to live.

There's room for more people up here, even. But it's interesting. The rich people who have come here and built fancy houses have come here for the same reason I came here. They enjoy the place, so what's wrong with that? Nothing. I think the Fishels would be happy with what's gone on up above Vance Hill, where the Rittenburgs live. And I think Bill Padgett would be happy, too. Dwayne wanted something for free, so maybe he won't be so happy, but he's got his down on Hawk Creek, anyway.

And what happens to our property when we die? The Holcombs set up a family trust. They've been gone a long time now, and there are two branches of the family, the Mormon branch and the I-don't-know-what-they-are branch. They get along, but they have separate ideas about what they're going to do with the place. One likes target shooting, and one hates it. But what do you do when you're both there at the same time? Four years ago they decided they would put out deeds to every member of the family, so that everybody would be able to identify what they own. There are so many Holcombs now that they would only have three square feet each.

David gets mine. It gets complicated. The Foremans had three kids, who all had three kids each. Chrismans had only two kids. Kari doesn't have any kids, and Allen has two boys, so that's pretty safe. But if you have a family like Wes Martin, he's one of 17 kids. Besides that, what I want on the North Fork is not necessarily what my kids might want. Trevor came up here and worked and liked it, but didn't like being in the woods, so he doesn't come up much any more.

Jim Rittenburg: I think that's the thing. How many are actually going to come and live up here? If you own property and you don't live up here, you know what happens pretty quick. It gets taken over by everything else.

Larry: I think I'd rather inherit money. Becky [Braunig] Haag wanted to leave me her cabin. When she was drawing up her will, I was supposed to be helping her. She said, "I want to leave you the property." I said, "No, you aren't! I've got two places now, one in town and one up here, that I have to maintain and pay taxes on. No more!" She said, "Well, then I'll leave it to my former boss in Texas." I said that would be alright, because he's been up here a couple of times. But call him, to let him know you're doing this. So, she did call him. He said, "No way! I'm a Texas boy, and I'm not moving to Montana. I don't want it." So, then she decided to give it to Oliver, but she said, "I'm not going to tell him." And she didn't. When she died, I was the executor, and I was the lucky one that got to go tell Oliver that he was an heir. He said, "What?!" I said, "Don't worry—taxes aren't due until November." This was in May. In October, he said, "I don't have \$2,000." I said, "Okay, we'll make it easy. We won't turn it over to you until December, so the estate will pay the taxes this year." So, that's what we did. Everything I got from that estate was cash or stock investments, so no complaints about that. Interestingly enough, I didn't have to pay taxes on it.

Lois: Well, thank you, Larry.

Larry: Has it been two hours? I'm having fun. Do we have to quit? Are there any other questions? I can talk for three days and three nights.