Celebrating the history of Central Montana

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Special supplement to the

LEWISTOWN NEWS-ARGUS

Masonic Temple in Lewistown standing since 1908

By MATTHEW STRISSEL
Staff Writer

Located at 322 W. Broadway Street, the Masonic Temple in Lewistown is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. According to the Montana Memory Project, it is associated with events that reflect significant settlement patterns in the growth of Montana and in the development of Lewistown.

The origins of the Masonic Lodge, No. 37 show it has a storied past. According to "History of Lewistown" by Robert Dissly, a banker from White Sulphur Springs by the name of James H. Moe came to Lewistown to start the town's first bank, the Bank of Fergus County, established in 1887.

After taking up residence in Lewistown, Moe, an enthusiastic Mason, found others in the community who were denied attending regular Masonic meetings. This group set about the movement, and began funding, for a lodge in Lewistown.

On Feb. 16, 1888, a petition was drawn up, asking for letters of dispensation and forwarded it to Benton Lodge No. 25 in Fort Benton, under whose jurisdiction the Lewistown Masons fell. On March 17, 1888, Benton Lodge No. 25 endorsed their petition.

The Lewistown Masons rented a hall from Robert Jackson on East Main Street for the initiation of new members. On June 2, 1888, James W. Hathaway, Grand Master of the Masons in Montana, issued and signed letters of dispensation to the Lewistown Lodge.

The petitioners were James W. Daugherty, Samuel Phillips, William W. DeWitt, Frank Day, George W. Ayers, William Hortop, Isaac M. Priddy, Nick Kizer, I.F. Beck, C.M. Rogers, James H. More, Oscar W. Kelly, E.J. Spurgen, W.H. Culver, T.C. Gray, John Mitchell, John Raw, Henry B. Lapham, Alfred J. Stephens, William S. Powell, W.V. Lewis and E.J. Morrison.

The Grand Lodge of Montana nominated and appointed James W. Dougherty to be the first Worshipful Master, Samuel Phillips as the first Senior Warden and William W. Dewitt as the first Junior Warden.

The meeting to organize Lewistown Lodge U.D. was held on June 23, 1888, and officers were elected. James H. Moe was the first treasurer, and O.W. Kelly the first secretary. The Lodge chose three trustees in W.S. Powell, C.M Rogers and Frank Day.

At the time, members of the new lodge found it difficult to communicate, due to many of the members living between 6 and 30 miles away from Lewistown, before modern motor vehicles and telephones became mainstream. Yet, their names appeared on the minutes of meetings, even in mid-winter through cold and stormy nights of long travel.

Lewistown Lodge, No. 37 was chartered at the 25th meeting of the Grand Lodge of Montana in Great Falls. The Charter was signed by Grand Master Arthur C. Logan on Oct. 30, 1889.

On Nov 1, 1889, the newly elected Grand Master, John Anderson appointed James H. Moe to constitute Lewistown Lodge No. 37. Acting under the authority of the Grand Master's letter, Moe proceeded to constitute Lewistown Lodge No. 37 on Nov. 16, 1889.

They then moved to George M. Stafford's two-story brick building, which housed Stafford's harness dealer's shop in August, 1890. In 1896 the Lodge moved to the then-brand-new Argus building at 423 West Main Street. This building was replaced by the present brick structure in 1913. The lodge's next move was from the Argus building to the Lang building in 1903.

In 1908, subscriptions were received for the building of a Masonic Temple in Lewistown. On June 6, 1908 the resolution authorizing the building of the Masonic Temple was adopted by the Lodge. The resolution called for a building to cost $30,000 to be built by selling bonds to members. These bonds, bearing interest at 5 %, along with renting out the lower floor of the building, raised enough money for the building.

According to "The First 100 years, a History of Lewistown" by Roberta Donovan, the contract for the erection of the Masonic Temple was awarded to Peter Tuss, and completion was expected in October 1908.

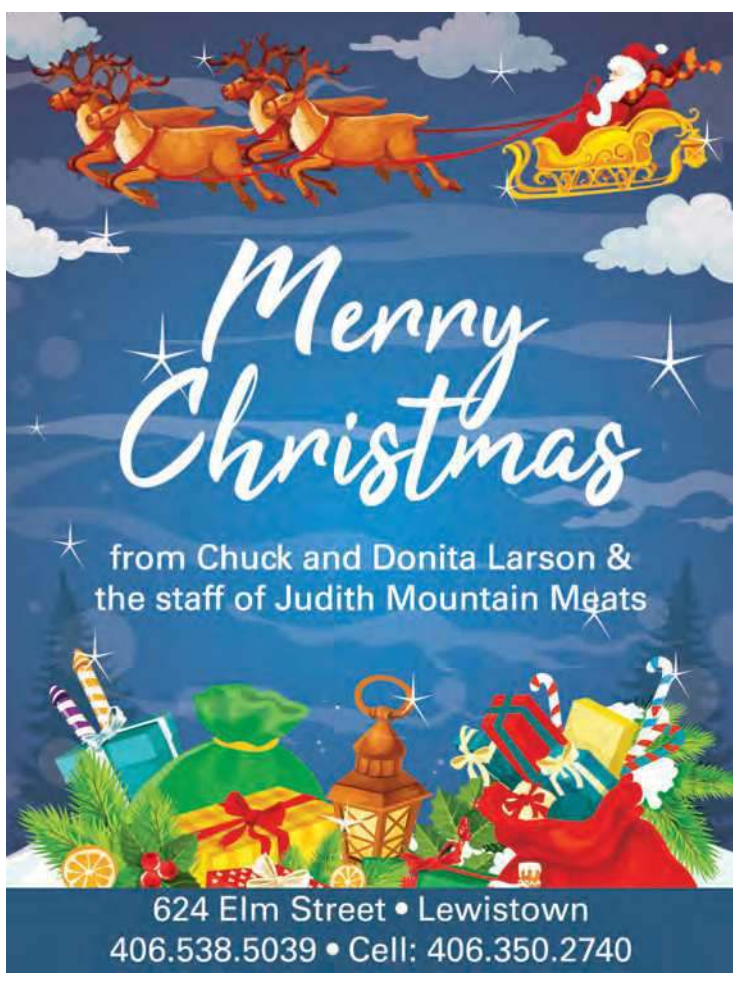
A joint celebration for laying the cornerstones of both the courthouse and the Masonic Temple was held Aug. 26, 1908. Both ceremonies were conducted by the Masonic Lodge. First the cornerstone at the courthouse was laid, followed by a parade down Main Street and the laying of the cornerstone at the Masonic Temple at 4th and Broadway. The Masons' grand lodge officers came from all over the state to attend. A half-day holiday was declared, so that the whole town could turn out.

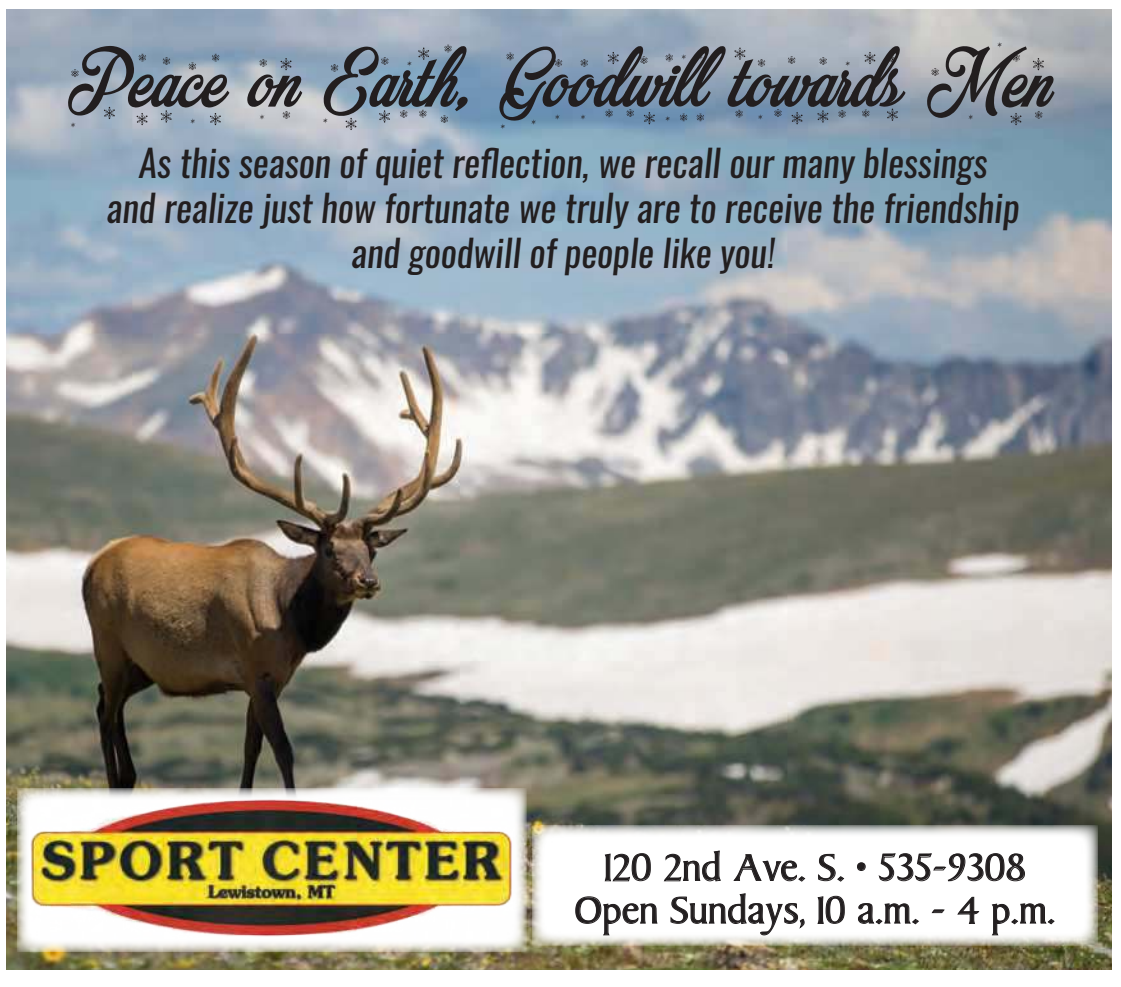
The Montana Memory Project states that the Masonic Temple was designed by Otto F. Wasmansdorff and George D. Eastman.

While the Lewistown Lodge No. 37 has since held meetings in different buildings through the years, the Masonic Temple of Lewistown still stands to this day.

The Masonic Temple in Lewistown was built in 1909 and is listed on the National Register of Historic Places. The building stands to this day.

Original photo courtesy of the Montana Memory Project, Culver/Brenner Collection, Lewistown Public Library. Composite and 2020 photo by Matthew Strissel.





St. Leo's Catholic Church, an early mainstay of Lewistown

By MATTHEW STRISSEL
Staff Writer

St. Leo's Catholic Church stands on the corner of Broadway and Second Avenue North in Lewistown. The building's basement was home to grade school classrooms until St. Leo's High School was created.

Original photo courtesy of the Montana Memory Project, Lewistown Public Library. Composite and 2020 photo by Matthew Strissel.

The St. Leo's Catholic Church was built in 1916, but its history goes back long before the building's foundation was laid.

According to "History of Lewistown" by Robert Dissly, the formal organization of the Catholic parish began with a meeting of Catholics on Sunday, Oct. 10, 1886 to raise money toward the building of a church. The officers elected were H.P Brooks, Dr. Leo Lapalme and D. Brereton. Solicitors appointed to collect money were C.J. McNamera, Michael Brass, D.M. Crowley, Thomas Morgan and Michael Burnett. Directors elected were Francis A. Janeaux, D.M. Crowley and Oliver Pichette.

On Oct. 23, 1886, Francis A. and Virginia Janeaux deeded Block 2 of Janeaux Addition No. 1 as a building site for the church to Rev. John E. Brondel, Vicar Apostolic of Montana. The people of Lewistown built the 24' x 60' building on the corner of Miller and East Watson St., which was blessed as St. Leo by Bishop John B. Brondel of Helena on Sept. 23, 1888.

Visiting priests from St. Peter's Mission, Great Falls and Fort Benton celebrated mass for the French Canadian, Indian and settler congregations until July 4, 1893 when Rev. John Van Den Heuvel was appointed as the first resident priest.

For the next 20 years, Lewistown, and all of Montana, began to experience a population boom due to the building and operation of the railroads, and the filing of homesteads to the Judith Basin area. In 1914, more filings for homesteads were made in the Lewistown land office than in any other land office in the United States.

When the Catholic population reached its peak in 1915-16, the need for a new Catholic church became apparent. The resident pastor, Rev. Victor J. Van Den Broeck, obtained church sites for the towns that were organized at the time. Negotiations with the parish, the railroad committee and the City of Lewistown began for a larger, permanent structure for St. Leo's.

An article in the April 11, 1913 edition of the "Fergus County Argus" states: "Father Van Den Broeck yesterday saw the successful conclusion of a year's strenuous work when the deeds were filed, giving the Catholic church the coveted site of Brooks Island. The present church property was turned over to the railroad committee of the Chamber of Commerce for $15,000, of which $5,000 was cash and $10,000 was donated by Mr. Brooks himself."

Rev. Van Den Broeck helped select a design for the new church. Other building committee members were P.J. Osweiler, Timothy Crowley, R. Baker, William Abel, John Brooks and Art D'Autremont. The committee chose the local firm, Link and Haire, to design the new church. Stanton and Smith, a local contractor, was awarded the contract for $45,787.

The "Brooks Island" site, formed by the meandering Spring Creek, was feared to be too swampy at first by the architects, but by October, the reinforced concrete portion was completed, and the full basement was nearly excavated.

Construction proceeded rapidly, with E.J. Bryan of Link and Haire as superintendents, under the direction of Father Van Der Broeck.

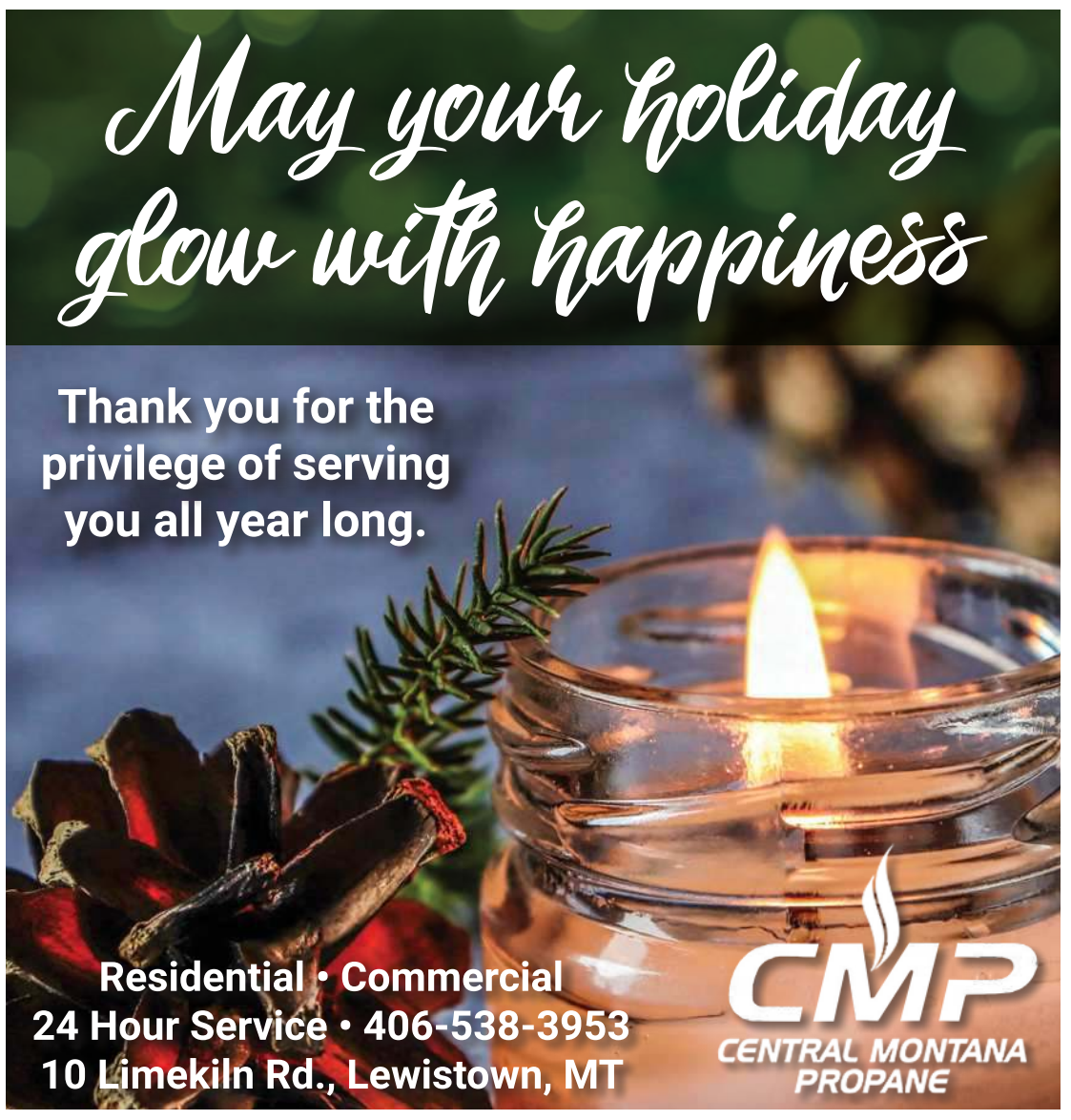
The first service was held in the church on Oct. 1, 1916. Catherine Mary Regli and August Fah were the first couple to be married in the new church. Father Van Den Broeck celebrated the wedding mass on Oct. 25, 1916. On Sunday, Nov. 12, 1916, Bishop Mathias Lenihan of Great Falls dedicated the edifice of the new St. Leo's Church.

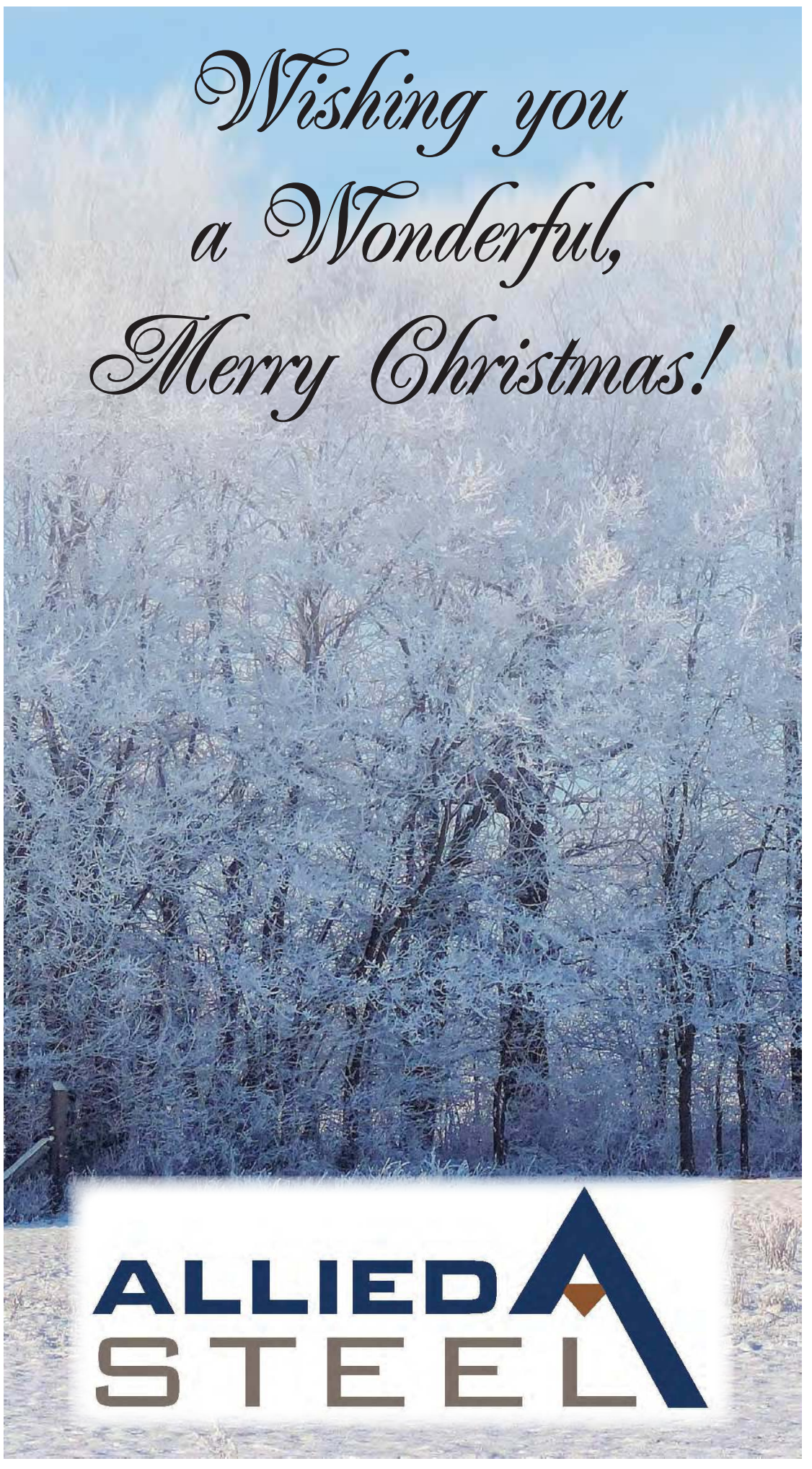
The design of St. Leo's Catholic Church incorporates a blend of Italian Early Christian and Romanesque styling on a Roman cross plan. The bell tower rises to 95 feet high.

According to, "The First 100 Years, A History of Lewistown" by Roberta Donovan, the basement of the new church was used as a grade school from 1916 until a new school was built in 1928. Some of the basement rooms in the church were used for classes until 1960 when the new St. Leo's High School was completed.

During the early years, the basement classrooms were sometimes flooded by the nearby Spring Creek. A former student remembered that when this happened, it was not unusual to see the nuns who taught in the school, their habits tucked up out of the way, wading in the cold water in order to dip it out with buckets.

Today, St. Leo's Catholic Church of Lewistown is listed on the National Register of Historic Places.





The Christmas Sleigh Ride

By GENE MEIER

In the 1980s I became friends with Dr. Earl Cline. He was one of the two veterinarians in the Central Montana area and also our new neighbor. Our first meeting was at Saturday coffee with Roger Pollard. Soon after that first meeting he started occasionally dropping by to pick me up and say, "Hey kid, let's go have some pie." His gruff exterior soon melted away and a great friendship began.

One day he said, "Those two horses you have – can they pull a sleigh?"

"Heck," I responded, "I suppose they can. Why do you ask?"

"I have this sleigh and a set of harnesses. Just come and get it."

"Well," I said, "what if I have a wreck and destroy it?"

Doc said, "Well, we fix it or if it can not be fixed, we'll just trash the whole rigging. All I want out of this is for you to give me a ride."

So, I promised him that ride.

I eventually bought everything from him and completely restored it. It was homemade with two seats and bent pipe runners – good enough for a starter. My wife volunteered to help by recovering the seats and helping with the painting. It was going to work.

The day finally arrived when the snow was just right. I got out the sleigh and harness and hooked up the old sorrel gelding. For the first 50 feet it was an old-fashioned runaway, and I briefly wondered if I had done the right thing. Just that quick it was over, and the horse just knew what to do. What a rush to be gliding over the snow and ice with only the sound of the horse moving so effortlessly.

Soon I was gliding around town every chance that came along. I even picked up the kids the afternoon they were released from school for Christmas vacation. What memories were made that winter season!

The new year approached quickly and I was having a hard time paying off the promise I made to Doc. It seemed he was always busy. As luck would have it, a late March snow fell and Doc was home when I called. I picked him up and away we sleighed. He was transported back in time to the old days when life was much simpler. He just sat there and grinned and his eyes twinkled with delight. It was a ride I will never forget.

Soon the spring sun was doing its magic and the snow was gone. Doc and I would still do the coffee thing and laugh with joy reminiscing of the good times.

Over Memorial weekend that year, Roger called and said, "Don't call Doc for coffee today, he can't come."

"Why not," I inquired, "is he sick?"

Gene Meier pauses in the middle of a sleigh ride, an activity he says is like being the middle of a Christmas card. Across Meier's lap is the buffalo hide robe a friend made for him. Photo courtesy of Gene Meier

Roger informed me that he suffered a heart attack last night and was gone. Many memories came flooding back at that moment. He will always be treasured for high friendship and words of wisdom. I still think of him every time I hook up a sleigh.

Well, that is how I got my start driving light horse hitches. I had learned a lot from my uncle, Dick Delaney, about the basics of horses and driving, but I am mostly self-taught. I was hooked on the horse drawn vehicle mode of transportation upon that first sleigh ride. I bought and traded until I finally have acquired a respectable collection of vehicles.

To this day my favorite vehicles are the sleighs, or as they are technically called, cutters. A cutter is generally a two-passenger, narrow runner, single horse vehicle. They are so named because of the way they cut through the snow and slide on ice. As the runner slides on the ice, the friction of the steel runner actually melts the ice and the vehicle glides on a thin layer of water. If you follow a cutter, or an ice skater, you can see the water after it has refrozen and thin lines of ice will remain. I have to admit that I drive the cutters for my own mental health. It is my own form of stress relief. The whole world slows to the clip-clop of the horse's trot.

Another favorite memory of mine is the year a friend of mine bought a Christmas day ride for her friend. That day was the perfect gift. No wind, the temperature was about 10 degrees and not much sun – all qualities for a fine sleighing day. With the sleigh bells making a melodic chime in rhythm with the horse, we toured the town. To this day she still talks about her surprise on Christmas Day.

The cutter I now favor is over 100 years old. It was built by Michigan Buggy Works, a company long out of business. All my accessories are either actual items that were used during the era or good reproductions. The bells are genuine sleigh bells that range in size from double ought to 13. My foot warmer is from the turn of the century era and burns charcoal as the fuel.

The buffalo robe I use was given to me by another very dear friend of ours. That is a story in itself! She bought the buffalo and had its hide tanned. When it was done, she took it home and backed it, by hand, with one of her vintage wool blankets. She even took the time to turn a hide scrap into a muff for my wife. In her quiet fashion, she dropped it on our doorstop one day and said, "Merry Christmas."

The years have brought many happy memories. On one occasion I was going along the Frog Pond Road on Christmas Eve afternoon. It was one of those perfect days and I was alone, enjoying the ride. I looked down the street and saw a lady a block or two away, hurriedly cleaning her walk for the arrival of family. As I approached, you could tell that she suddenly realized she was hearing bells. Looking in my direction, I watched her as she stopped mid sweep. It seemed as though a blanket of calmness fell all around her as I passed and we exchanged greetings.

A year or two later, on another Christmas Eve day, I happened to be in the same neighborhood. As I was passing by the Fleharty house, their children from out-of-town were just arriving. I stopped and asked if the children would like a ride. A resounding "yes" was the response. The children thought this had all been pre-arranged for them and could no way have just been coincidence. It was the crown of a perfect holiday weekend.

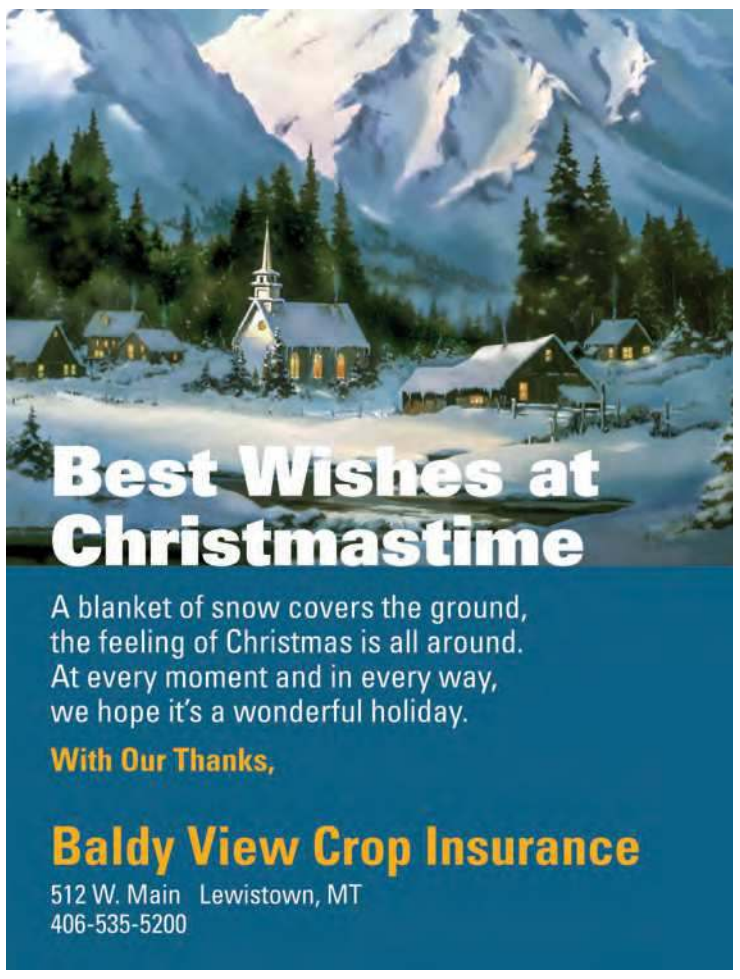
One of my most special memories happened on another Christmas Eve day. I had been all over town, the horse was tired and we were headed back to the trailer. As I looked down the street, I could see a young lady waving for me to stop. I pulled to the side and stopped. She asked if I might have time to give her daughter a short ride. I told her that my horse was worn out and we were headed for home and the barn. I asked if it would be possible to do it another time. Her response struck straight to my heart. The little girl was not expected to live to the end of the year. I told her "yes" and waited while she bundled my passenger.

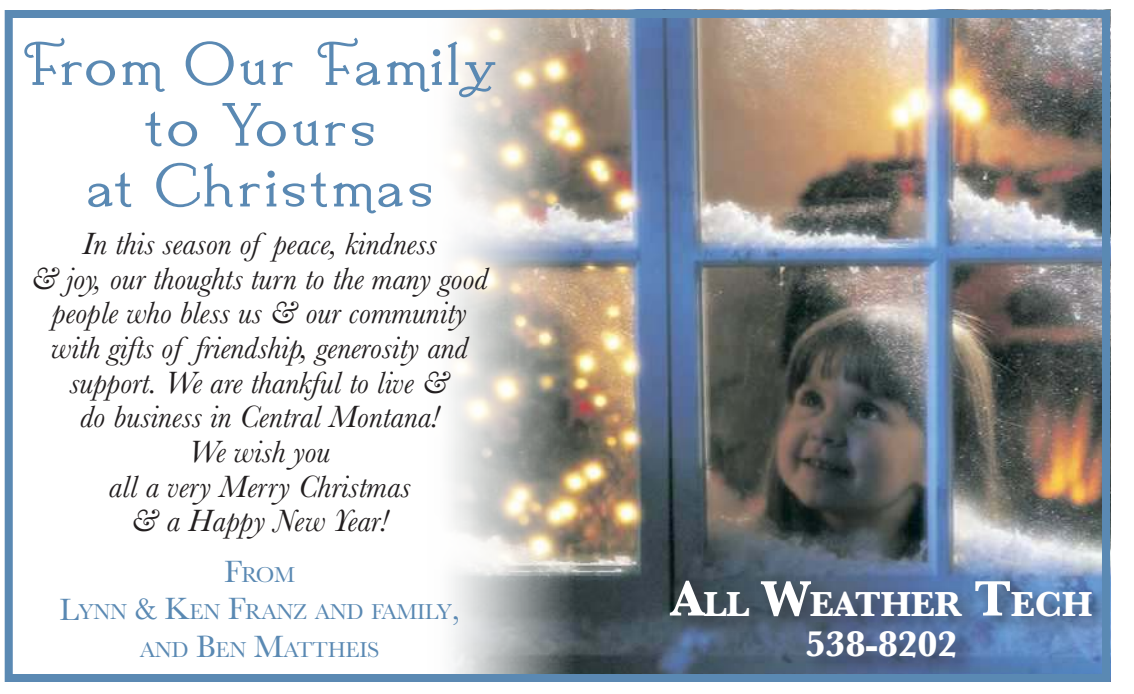
She emerged with a very fragile young girl I figured to be about 10 years old. I loaded both of them up and off we went. Not the usual trot, but a nice, slow walk. The bells were quieter during that ride with slow, rhythmic notes I have not heard since.

After a while the lady asked if I would take them home. When I dropped them off I wished them the best. She thanked me and told me I had made their day very special. I had to choke back the tears after seeing the girl and how much she enjoyed the ride. Knowing that one little act of kindness could bring such pleasure to someone made the ride most worthwhile. When I got back to the trailer to load up to go home, I found a twenty dollar bill in the cushion. I donated it to charity.

I have to say that the nicest sleigh ride of all is on a full moon, cloudless evening. It needs to be about 10 degrees, and no wind really helps. With the moon reflecting off the snow, you can see for miles and you do not even need lights because it is so bright. I am lucky if we get one of those nights once a year.

But when you do, what a ride. It is almost like a fairytale landscape or something you would see on a Christmas card. Yes, I guess that's what sleigh riding is all about — being in my own personal Christmas card.





Fall in Central Montana has long been a 'Season of hunting madness'

By KATHERINE SEARS
Reporter

If you flip back on old editions of county newspapers in Central Montana, something between articles about new families moving to town, livestock market updates and local correspondence will catch a hunter's eye. Front pages from October and November papers of years past hold news about the opening of game seasons and local hunters bagging prized animals.

Advertisements for hunting gear took up full pages during the season and included items hunters are still quite likely to purchase, such as beer, shotgun shells, jackets, waterproof pants, all rubber overshoes and, of course a hunter can't forget the cigars and tobacco.

One story in particular should resonate with modern hunters. "An October 1957 issue of The Argus Farmer" contains the column "Season of hunting madness here," which summarizes a comical view of a day in the life of typical male hunter in 1957.

"The season of The Hunter's Moon…the season of madness for a goodly share of the Montana populace (and of the rest of the states, if licenses on cars can be believed) is here.

"…The thrill of shooting a deer must be great indeed to reimburse the hunter for the energy, sleep, liniment and bandaids as well as cash outlay," reads the column.

"…Our stoic hunter, undaunted, goes shuffling off into the greenwoods never taking a look back to see how it should look coming back to the car.

"If he gets 'turned around' he is always apt to find someone else that won't admit he is lost either and they stand there swapping false information.

"…By the time the hunter has arrived at the dead deer's side he has realized he is unfamiliar with the job ahead and has a sneaking suspicion he couldn't be farther away from the car. He is likely right in both assumptions.

"Hunting is a great leveler of society. Even the most dignified of men looks slightly silly as he hacks and pulls and gets involved generally and often far above the elbows in the innards of a deer. As for a woman who tackles the job…she is often surprised that her husband makes so much fuss.

"…It is a long way to the car and a long way home and fortunately it is a long time until next hunting season. Memories grow dim and the joys of hunting loom large and alluring again and the merry-go-round begins again."

Below the column sits a photo of three successful local hunters who had just returned from the Woodchopper Ridge area of the Little Belt Mountains with a calf elk, cow elk and a bull elk.

Other photos made the front page, including one from October 1957 with the headline "12-year-old Downs 4-point buck." That 12-year-old happened to be a girl, Donna Woodworth of Lewistown, who had been out hunting with her dad, Jack Woodworth, when she was able to bag the buck with her .222 rifle on her first shot in the field with her new rifle.

Now Donna Dengel, she still resides in Lewistown with her husband Rich. A recent phone call to Donna about that day sparked a good laugh and old memories.

"My dad was so proud of me and put that in the paper as a surprise," recalled Donna. "I saw it and I could have died," she laughed.

"I was famous and you know, in junior high, you don't want to be famous."

She said she didn't hunt much, but being the oldest of three girls, she would go out with her dad occasionally.

"Dad had a service station in town so we would go out and had to be back to open the station," said Donna.

Back before expensive camouflage and all the fancy accessories, it was much more about the experience than what you brought home.

"I was just glad to be with him," remembered Donna. "It wasn't so much about the killing as it was about just being with him."

Most photos with animals included an old car and a man dressed in trousers with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth. Titled "A rare prize," a photo of J.F. Forbes of Lewistown shows him with a mountain goat he shot in the Crazy Mountains strapped to the top of his car. Part of the caption read "Forbes is one of the few Central Montanans lucky enough to get a shot at the prize game this season."

He was indeed one of the few, and remains one of the few as the odds of drawing a mountain goat tag are often slim. Hunting regulations for mountain goats in Montana were established in 1905, with the season closing for two years from 1936 to 1938. Quotas for the animal were established in some areas in 1953 to manage the number of hunters and harvest. When Forbes shot this goat in 1957, there were as many as six hunting districts in Montana that provided unlimited hunting.

Regulations were quite different then, as evidenced by a regulation listed in an October, 1944 edition of "The Lewistown News-Democrat," which stated it was illegal to kill female deer or fawns and antlered elk only could be taken. Pheasants were still held to a three-per-day limit.

According to an article of "The Argus Farmer," resident hunters in 1957 could bag two deer of either sex – either mule deer or whitetail deer. Residents were also able to take only antlered bulls from Oct. 23 to Nov. 24 in the Central Montana region. From Oct. 20-22, either sex elk could be taken in the Little Belts. Hunting hours ran from 5 a.m. to 8 p.m.

However, Central Montana has long been a Mecca for hunters from all over, as noted in this 1957 article.

"From the activity noted in a few of the Lewistown sporting goods stores, it seems a certainty that this area will host more hunters on big game opening day than ever before," read the article.

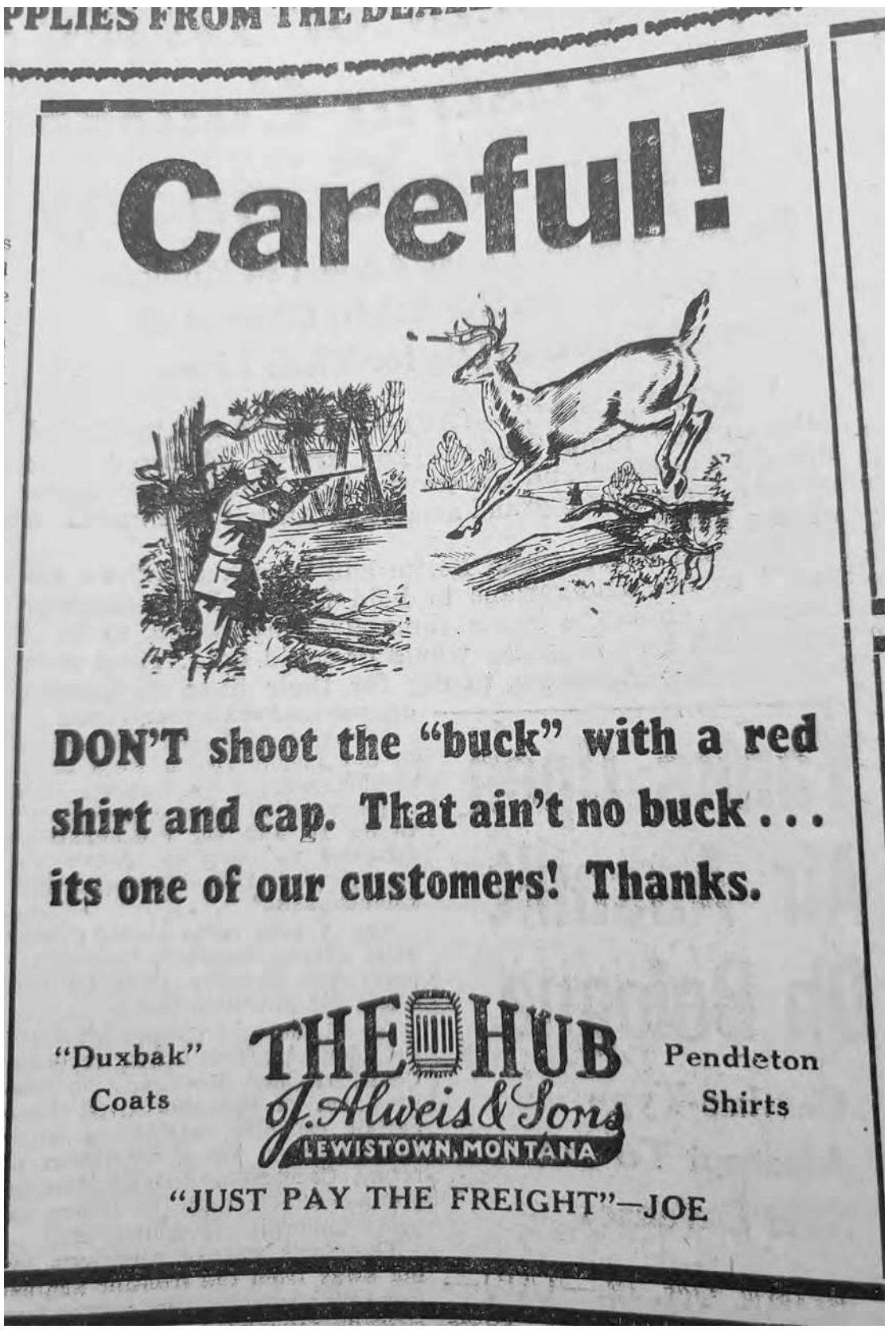
"…One dealer said that with other deer hunting areas becoming 'tougher each season, more and more hunters are heading for the Central Montana area.' Another sporting goods man said that if a hunting paradise still remains, then Central Montana is it.

"…Central Montana hunters will head for their favorite spots before the sun is overhead Sunday. Many deer hunters will go to the Missouri River breaks while those after elk will try the Little Belt Mountains."

A paradise it remains, as the landscape and locals' desire of the pursuit, seemingly written in their DNA, hasn't changed, and those who now walk the woods and plains for game are surely in the footprints of hunters past.

(From left) Bill Crooks of Lewistown bagged a calf elk with his 30-06; Homer Hughes of Lewistown, harvested a cow elk with a 30-06; and Max Tyler of Moore shot the bull elk pictured here with a 60-year-old 40-82 Winchester rifle. The caption noted Max's hobby was collecting old cartridge type rifles and hunting with them.

Photo from Oct. 31, 1957 edition of The Argus Farmer



One page of "The Lewistown Democrat-News" each issue was dedicated to hunting ads, which advertised clothing, tobacco, beer and ammunition. The ads also often cautioned hunters about shooting one another.

Photo from Oct. 13, 1944 edition of The Lewistown Democrat-News

J.F. Forbes shot a white mountain goat in 1957. The caption noted he bagged it in the Crazy Mountains and he was "one of the few Central Montanans lucky enough to get a shot at the prize game this season." Forbes was the former owner-manager of the Fergus hotel and, at the time, worked in oil development and divided his time between Lewistown and Billings.

Photo from Oct. 10, 1957 edition of The Argus Farmer

Donna Dengel was briefly "famous" when she bagged her first whitetail buck in 1957. The original caption on the picture noted she shot the deer from about 120 yards away on Joe Kovich's ranch land south of Cheadle. Her father, Jack Woodworth, said it was "a great thrill" for both of them and it was "quite a feat for young Donna" as he hunted 15 years before he got his first whitetail buck. The caption also said Donna's mother, sister, and friend, Jan Hughes of Lewistown, "watched the kill from the Woodworth car."

Photo from Oct. 10, 1957 edition of The Argus Farmer

An early history of my family in America, Central Montana, and Lewistown's Jake Roberts

By GARY YAEGER

Author's note: I know my title sounds sort of misconstrued, but I hope to be able to explain what I meant in this article. God has really blessed me in my lifetime and I thank Him for the longevity he has given me in my thousands of memories, growing up and living in central Montana. The subjects in the story I'm writing about -- at age 77, I've outlived them all. Likely, only the ones closer to my age will remember this. I've been going to write this for nearly 10 years. Every year, I've waited until too late to submit it to the Lewistown News-Argus for their greatly anticipated Christmas Edition.

My cousin, Janet Yaeger-Walling-Lewellen of Lewistown, faithfully sends me a copy as gift each year. I sent an article to the Christmas Edition in (I think?) 2005 about My First Car And Truck. That gave me the courage to write. Oh, how many years I was truly blessed to get to read stories in the Christmas Edition by my late historian friend, John Foster. I always absorbed all of the historical information and stories of Central Montana that John shared. Thank you, Lewistown News-Argus, for continuing to pursue and print the Christmas Edition.

My grandfather, Frank Anton Jäger, was born in Alsace, France in 1849. When France started the Franco Prussian War in 1869, Grandpa was a private in the French Army, which drafted each soldier for two years. He served as a baker and was quoted in the book, "Progressive Men of Montana," as saying, "I'd bake bread in the early morning and walk over the hill to watch the war in the afternoon." Germany won this war in 1871 and Alsace was ceded to them.

Alsace's iron mines were fought over, and the country changed hands many times between France and Germany over the decades and centuries. Alsace (and Lorraine) has always been a country split of French and German people. The German side was east of the Rhine River and the old Roman Road. West Alsace was the French side of this tiny country. Grandpa Frank, his brother, August, and sister Annie, didn't trust the German Kaiser. So they emigrated to America in 1872.

In 1874, Frank was working as a bricklayer in St. Joseph, Missouri. He'd seen an advertisement posted for "help wanted" with Thomas "T.C." Power's Block P steamboat packet. Grandpa hired on as a baker and a hunter (a jäger!). I understand he was quite a good butcher. The steamboats, which ran from St. Louis, Missouri to Fort Benton, Montana Territory, were fired by cordwood in their boilers. On the way upstream, when they stopped at a wooding stop and were needing meat for the crew and passengers, Grandpa, his horse, .22 single shot rifle and a butcher knife were dropped off. He'd meet the steamboat at the next wooding landing with fresh wild game. Grandpa did this for three years, 1874, 1875 and 1876. The steamboat Benton was his usual vessel for the two trips each season.

With Frank's rather apparent admiration for Montana, he requested to stay at Fort Benton on his last 1876 trip. That winter, he fed and herded mules for T.C. Power's freighting business. Power freighted the tons of merchandise shipped to Benton from St. Louis, to the numerous gold camps in Montana, such as Virginia City and Helena. In the spring of 1877, he began freighting for Power for four years. He became all three: an oxen "bullwhacker," a teamster of horses and a "muleskinner."

Frank also freighted into Central Montana. Before T.C. Power bought Francis Janeaux's trading post, he would have freighted to the local gold camps. This area must have won his hear—in the fall of 1880 he quit freighting. After trying his hand at gold mining at Barker and Diamond City, he headed out with a team and wagon for Beaver Creek in May of 1881.

He was the first permanent white settler living on Beaver Creek. Angus McMillan had traveled through Beaver Creek the year before and noticed there were no settlers there. His homestead was on Cottonwood Creek. There were Crow Indians hunting buffalo and fishing on Beaver Creek when Frank arrived. That fall, they tried to get him to go to south central Montana with them. They warned him this was "Ah-ki-ni-kun-scoo" or a snow hole. He declined and rode his saddle horse to Helena where he filed for his homestead on Sept. 28, 1881.

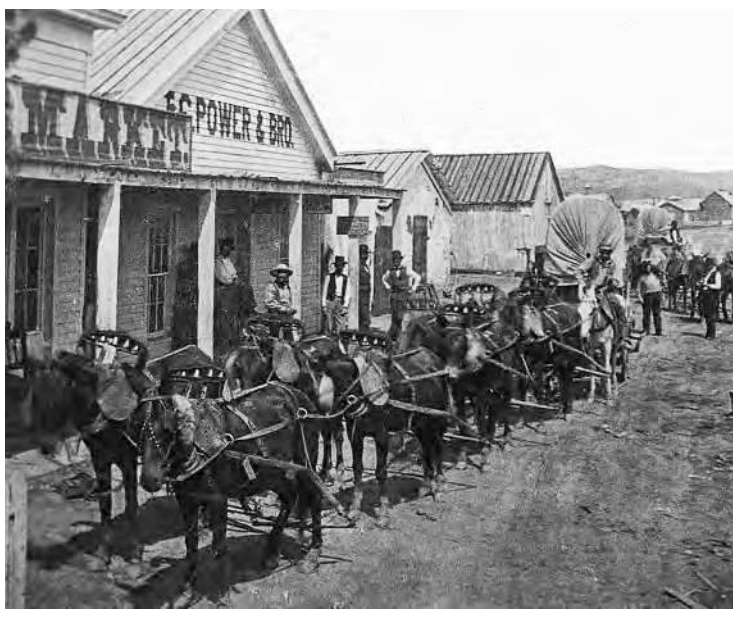
Reedsfort's new 1880 post office became Frank's first Central Montana postal address. That first winter, Frank ended up butchering one of his horses, as he'd ran out of supplies to eat. Maybe he passed up a good invitation from his Indian friends?

My Grandmother, Rosalie Frieda Regli, had come to America from Andermatt, Switzerland in the fall of 1883 and was staying with her first cousin, Mrs. John, Marie Tresch, up Beaver Creek. John and Marie Tresch introduced Frank and Rosalie and they married June 27, 1884 at the Meagher County seat at White Sulphur Springs, Montana Territory.

The Tresch couple traveled with them on the Carroll Trail and were their witnesses. They were married with the Jäger name. Grandpa was informed that he could drop the umlaut and add an "e", Americanizing his name. People still called him "J-ger" which irritated him, so he again changed his name to Yaeger.

Rosalie and Frank Jäger-Jaeger-Yaeger pose for their June 27, 1884, wedding photo.

Frank and Rosalie grew their farm from the original 160-acre homestead and in the process had 16 living children; eight boys and eight girls. Most of the children attended the "McMillan School," so named by its proximity to the McMillan Ranch, northeast of the Yaeger farm. The school was actually on the Robert Keller property. Many of the older boys, my dad (Joseph) included, only attended school through the third grade. They were needed as laborers on the ranch.



A muleskinner and freighting outfit stands in front of T.C. Power and Bro, Grandpa Jäger's headquarters in Fort Benton.

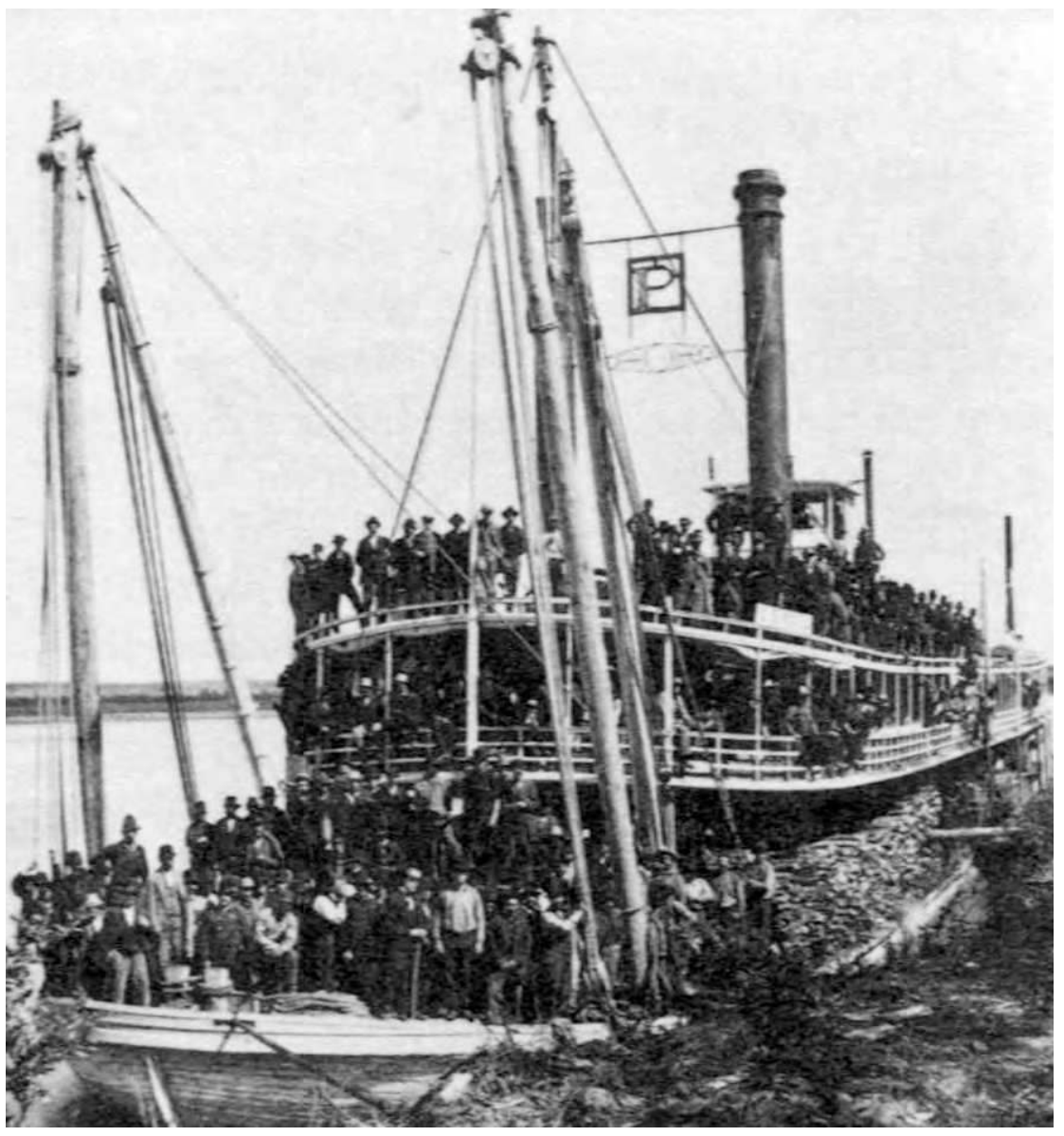
About the time of the photograph with the Yaeger kids on the porch, or a little before, Uncle William J. and Aunt May K. Yaeger contracted spinal meningitis and had very high fevers. In a vain attempt to save their lives, living 10 miles by horseback to a doctor, Grandma had them ingest diluted chlorine bleach. While it saved their lives, the two children would permanently be deaf mutes. When they became of school age, they were taken to a special school at Boulder, Montana. This was a financial hardship as well as an inconvenience. An older sibling would take them to the Milwaukee Railroad Depot in Glengarry. They'd transfer at Great Falls to the Great Northern Railway that took them into Boulder. They always came home for two weeks over Christmas vacation, then home after school let out in the spring.

Montana Territorial Governor Preston Leslie originally requested funds in 1887 for an institution which would be termed a "Deaf and Dumb Asylum" at Boulder. In 1903 this school (it wasn't ever an asylum) was established as the "School for the Deaf and Dumb." Blind students were also included in this Manual Training School. Decades later a school was built in Great Falls, where it remains the Montana School for the Deaf and Blind.

Bill and May Yaeger both graduated from the Manual Training School at Boulder. At Boulder the older students watched out for and mentored the younger students. While there, Bill had a young blind friend who had come there from Big Timber, Montana by the name of Jacob "Jake" Roberts. As I remember from my childhood, Dad said, "Jake was backing a truck into a dark barn." A hanging wire injured and infected one of Jake's eyes, and the infection spread to both. As was medically done then, the doctor removed both infected eyes.

After graduation at Boulder, May went on to graduate from Columbia Institution for the Deaf and Blind, now known today as Gauladet University in Washington, D.C. Uncle Bill worked with his brothers on the ranch. One spring day, after Jake had graduated school at Boulder, he showed up at the Yaeger ranch. Uncle Bill had left an open invitation for Jake to come and visit. Jake had his worldly belongings with him. (I can't remember, but I think it was his father who brought him?) The Yaeger family really loved and admired Jake. Grandma Yaeger always had an extra place at her dining table for another person. She had a player piano and they were thrilled beyond belief with this young man's ability on a piano, and the accordion he'd brought along.

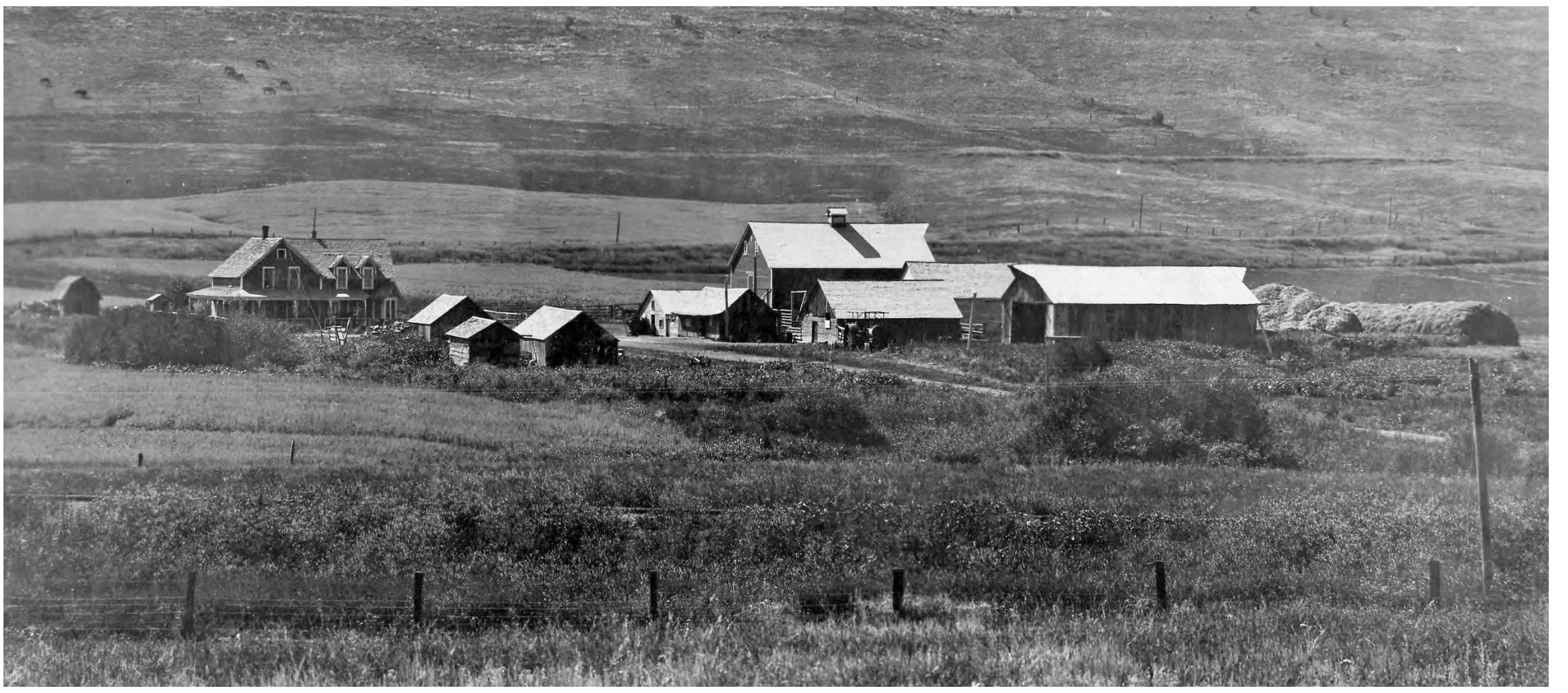
Continued on page 7.



The Block P steamboat Benton docks on the Missouri River below Fort Benton.

Photos courtesy of Gary Yaeger

Family history *(continued)*



The homestead ca. 1920, the year Grandpa passed away.

Photo courtesy of Gary Yaeger

Watching Jake and Uncle Bill communicate in my younger years was so fascinating to me. Jake would "speak" to Bill with the one hand manual alphabet. To answer, Jake would cup his hands around Bill's right hand and Bill would "speak" to Jake with a deliberate, slow, up and down rythm whereby Jake would feel the position of Bill's hand to "read" what Bill was saying.

If I remember correctly, Jake stayed in Grandma Yaeger's hospitality for "about four months." The Yaegers helped him get a 1925 Studebaker Sedan, with the big "Whiskey Six" cylinder engine (They were a moonshiner's dream car that could generally outrun the law) and the necessary equipment he'd need for tuning and repairing pianos and accordions. They were able to help him locate a driver to haul him around Central Montana, tuning pianos.

Jake eventually got situated in Lewistown and word spread like wildfire that he was a great piano tuner. Jake would one day marry his first wife, Daphne, who preceeded him in death. In my lifetime, they had a lovely home on Lewistown's south side. I believe it was on Fifth Avenue South. Jake eventually procured land for a trailer court behind his home and garage on Fourth Avenue South. His piano, and later, organ delivery truck was kept in the garage. The earliest automobile I remember them having was a maroon Oldsmobile of ca. 1950. I think the sign on their property said, "Roberts Piano Company - Piano Tuning" and the other business was "Jake's Trailer Court."

Grandpa Yaeger passed in 1920, but he had been a diatonic button accordion player, as was my dad, Joseph "Joe." My older brother Bill (There was always confusion with brother and Uncle Bill, both being William Joseph Yaeger) had played the "button box" accordion and I learned it in the second grade. Our son, Mike, and Bill's grandson, Henry Hoovestal, both play the button box, giving us five generations.

About 1951, Dad bought brother Bill a new Hohner 80 bass "student size" piano accordion from Jake Roberts. Bill had taken piano lessons from Eva McEwen in Lewistown, so it was kind of a natural for him. Dad later traded Bill's Hohner for a Soprani 120 bass accordion with Jake. Dad thoroughly loved music in our home and could always find a reason for another music instrument.

We often had supper at Jake and Daphne's home, and them at our place on Beaver Creek. One evening when I was 11, Dad asked Jake if he had something that "might fit Gary?" Jake only had two full size 120 bass accordions, two Twoli (Italian) Ampliphonic accordions, one white and one black.

The McMillan School ca. 1904, included teacher Emil Kindschey (former Lewistown Mayor) and students Rear L-R:Ed Cameron, Anna Keller, Walter Keller, Walter Tresch, and Mr. Kindschey. Third row: Margaret Yaeger (Shuckhart), Rosella Yaeger (Machler), Louis Keller, Sara Tresch (Carter) Mary McMillan (Hollenback), Herb Cameron, Julius "Booblie" Tresch, Leo Keller. Standing at left: Anna McMillan and Julia Yaeger (McArthur). Second row: Harry Hasterlick, Mary Keller (Bucher), Ruth Klaus, Leona Cramer, Frank Yaeger Jr., Leo Hasterlick, George Yaeger and Fred Yaeger. Front row:Joe Yaeger (Dad) Edith Cameron, Ina McMillan (Yaeger), Jessie Black, Leo Dietziger and Paul Keller.

Photo courtesy Grace Kindschey [Deffinbaugh]

Jake adjusted the straps on both for me to try. I could barely see over the top with my head pitched up. Jake offered one of them at $749, at *half price*!

I remember telling Dad, it's too big. He said, "Aw... you'll grow into it." I wanted the white one. But brother Bill whispered into my ear, "White ones are for girls!" God has truly given me a blessed lifetime with that black Twoli Ampliphonic, now in the possession of our son Mike.

Afterward, every opportunity I had to watch and listen to Jake playing, and I had my accordion -- I absorbed it. Daphne thought I should take "piano lessons" to help me learn the treble side. I took two lessons from a gentleman they had teaching in their home. The first lesson I learned E,G,B,D,F and the second lesson I learned F,A,C,E. That's as much as I ever learned reading music (I can't read Japanese or Chinese, either). Jake was mentoring with me and I was playing by ear, like he did. I was never destined to become a professional, but I am the best one on our block, today. He'd play a song and afterward I'd ask, "What was that you did at such and such a place. He'd show me and I'd later practice until I got it. I played music for a slew of dances in Central Montana in my young years. I played mostly banjo or drums and some accordion, but not many dances after I started high school.

I've told you about the early years with Jake Roberts. Now, my memory goes back to age 3. Jake came to the ranch to tune my long-gone Grandma's old player piano, and I was astonished that anyone could get that fabulous of music from that piano. I remember crying and no one knew why. Few people have that issue. It is directly tied to decently-played music. I've since made that happen to a couple of musicians over the years.

In 1949, my dad turned 50 years old. The dining room table, the couch, chairs and miscellaneous furniture were pushed into the corner of the dining room. The living room rug was rolled up and placed in the dining room corner. Jake Roberts played piano or accordion for Dad's celebration dance. Family and friends came from around the area to enjoy that evening.

I always looked forward to evenings when Mom would invite Jake and Daphne, or Daphne would do for our family. There was always music until at least midnight. I often heard old stories Dad and Jake would laugh over. Three stories I remember were these:

Jake's driver of that Studebaker sedan was driving with the driver's window opened. A grasshopper flew in and he swallowed it. Jake really "belly laughed" over that.

Continued on page 8.

Fourteen of the Yaeger children on the porch ca 1909. Josephine, the oldest was married and Audie, the youngest wasn't born yet. (Back, from left) Frank Jr, Joe (Dad), Julia, George, Fred "Fritz," Margaret, Rosella and Bertha in the doorway. (front, from left) May, Clo, Adah, Rudolph, Charley and William.

Photo courtesy of Gary Yaeger

Family history *(continued)*

Older sister Clo (left) rode the train to Boulder School with brother Bill (and sister May, not shown).

Photos courtesy of Gary Yaeger

Then he told of going to a family's home to tune their piano. He and his driver were invited for supper. Jake was generally dressed up. He laughed again, telling about the "tough beefsteak!" Jake later discovered he'd cut the bottom off of his necktie!

The last story he marvelled over back then was when the driver was taking Jake to the Yaeger ranch in that Studebaker. He hit the Milwaukee (Jawbone) Railroad crossing at Glengarry so fast and hard, it broke the rear axle out of the car and left it lying on the ground behind the car.

A later story Daphne told at our supper table was regarding Jake's Studebaker delivery truck. Lewistown blacksmith Charlie Yost had built Jake a rear corner hoist for this truck's box, for loading and unloading pianos, and later, organs. Jake's delivery truck had a flat left front tire. She said one day a man came to their front door and rang the doorbell. He asked if Jake was home. He's in the garage, she said, pointing in the direction it sat behind their home. The man left. Then he was soon back to ring the doorbell again. He said, "He's not there." Daphne said, "I know he is in there, changing a tire." The man went back, not knowing Jake was working on the left front tire in pitch-black conditions. The man hollared and Jake answered.

I always marvelled when in Lewistown and would see Jake walking uptown to Main Street. I remember asking how he knew where he was. He said he counted footsteps and listened when he came to intersections and curbs. He could hear a difference in sound with his keen, (compensating for blindness) hearing. We'd always have at least a 5-minute visit when we ran into one another, catching up on happenings.

In the early 1950s Jake and Daphne invited my parents and us boys up to South Fork in the Little Belt Mountains. They had a small "teardrop" style trailer they pulled up there for the summer. Jake would remove the wheels and tires, so it wouldn't get taken. He loved camping up there. I swear he could tell the different types of evergreen trees burning, by the smell of their smoke. Maybe that's stretching it.

The Forest Service finally gave them the news they could no longer keep their trailer there for the summer. Area rancher Bill Trask agreed to sell them a small plot of ground near the road on his place for Jake to have a cabin built. They loved that cabin. I think they went up there nearly every summer weekend, sometimes for the week.

I remember my parents, a cousin and I visiting them one summer day. Jake took my cousin and I for a walk up a county gravel road. I don't remember which one. He said, "Now around this corner there are juniper bushes. Have you ever chewed on them?" He also explained how he could hear where we were on that hike. By this time, they'd traded their Oldsmobile for a Volkswagen van.

In 1953 Jake sold Dad a Connsonata (pre-Conn) organ with full bass pedals. Dad loved music in our house. That made it fun when Jake and Daphne came, adding another instrument to the mix. I used to get up an hour early, before attending the one-room school at Glengarry, just so I could practice the organ. I was never told to do that, or that I couldn't do that.

By about 1957, Jake would have me come to the Central Montana Fair, where he'd play the piano and I'd play the organ in his new "instrument van trailer." I did that at several fairs and Jake had me play intermittent music between each rodeo event.

Jake was the organist for a Masonic Lodge. He was the only person Dad had ever heard that could tell you how many stair steps there were from beside the Golden Montana entrance to the upstairs meeting room, again showing his keen senses the average person never used.

Daphne Roberts passed away and left Jake a widower. Eventually, Jake married a musician friend of mine and his; Joyce Hoffman had played music before with Jake and somehow, they began seeing each other on a friendlier basis. They soon married and Joyce was a great caregiver for Jake.

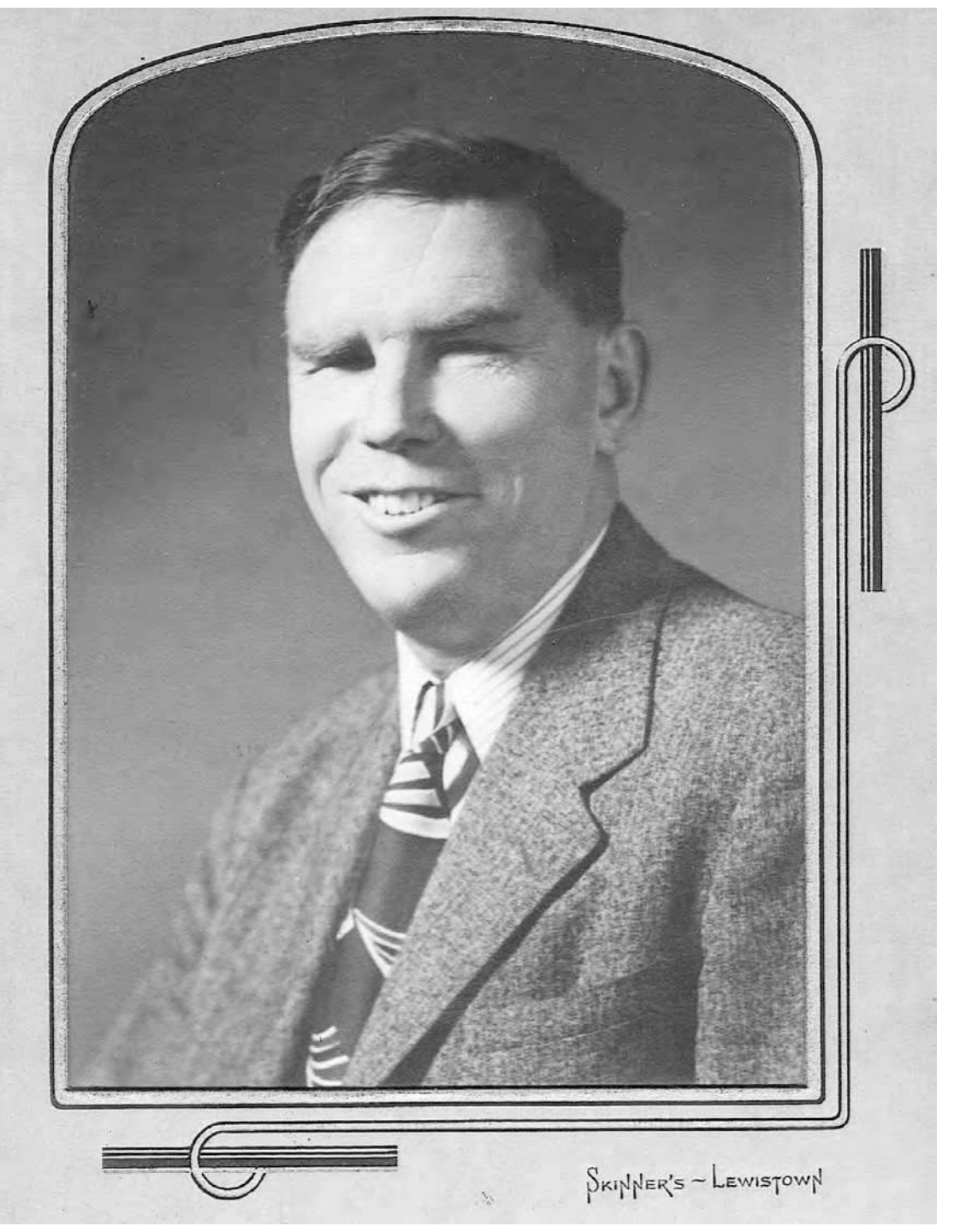
In 1984 I had the golden opportunity to play accordion with Jake at the piano and Joyce at the organ once more, at the Central Montana Fair. Fred Lark of KXLO was broadcasting us live over the air. That was one very memorable afternoon for me. I still have the cassette tape Joyce Roberts gave me afterward and I cherish it.

A chapter closed in my life that day. It was the last time I ever saw Jake Roberts, or Joyce. I pray the Good Lord will give me the opportunity to see them again in Heaven someday. My parents, my brother Bill, and Daphne can join the jam session, too.

May Yaeger stands at the Boulder School.

Me with my tenor banjo, and brother Bill with his new Hohner 80 bass accordion, Jan. 1, 1952.

The author, Gary Yaeger, plays his Twoli Ampliphoic accordion at a Glengarry school program in 1955.



A portrait of Jake Roberts from Skinners Studio shows the muscian in his middle-age years.

School days, school days

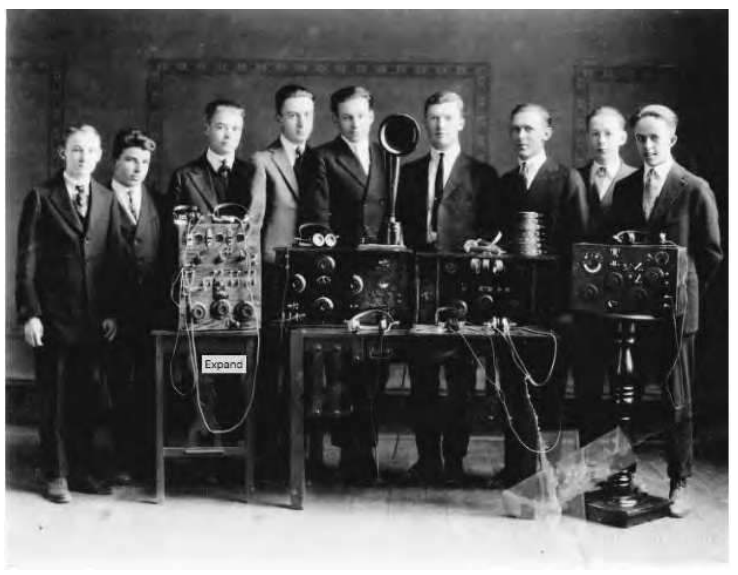
Photos shine light on student activities

By **DEB HILL** | News-Argus Managing Editor

And you thought your gym uniforms were ugly – have a look at what students in years past had to wear while climbing ropes or swimming laps. Other "extra curriculars" available included glee club, the radio club, orchestra, and, of course, sports such as basketball and track. Looks like students of the past were just as involved in school activities as those of the present day.

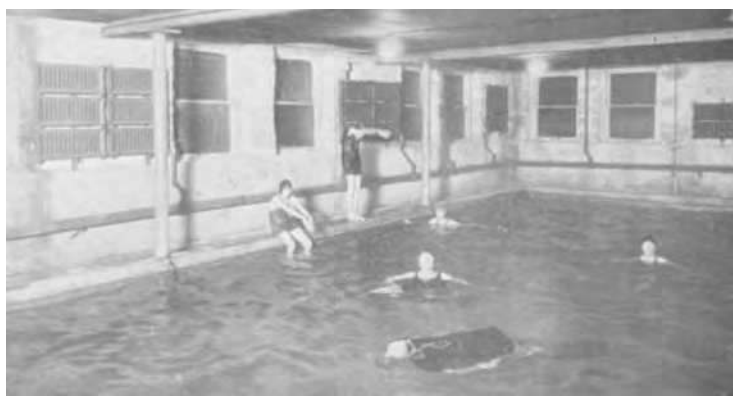
The Fergus County High School orchestra members practice in the gymnasium next door to the high school building in the photo circa 1920.

Photos courtesy of Lewistown Public Library



The Fergus High School Radio Club, circa 1922, stands with their prized radio equipment.

The Fergus County High School basketball team of 1914 included (from left) Fred Johnson, Frank Ottman, Bob Wright, Glen Dunlap (Captain of team) and Joe Whelan. Coach R.W. Nelson is on the far right.



Students practice swimming at the pool in the High School gymnasium in this photo from the 1920 Fergus County High School Annual.

(Photo above) Girls climb ropes in the High School gymnasium in 1920.

(Photo left) Members of the Fergus High School Glee Club of 1918 posed for a group photo. Unfortunately, the Club members' names are not recorded for posterity.

The Moonshine Files

In 1919 the 18th amendment to the Constitution was ratified by the states, banning the manufacture, transportation and sale of intoxicating beverages. Until the passage of the 21st amendment in 1933, liquor was illegal everywhere in the U.S., including Fergus County.

However prohibition was difficult to enforce. According to local archivist Shirley Barrick, the Fergus County records show County officials went to great lengths to try and squelch the manufacture and sale, including sending undercover agents out to try and buy booze.

The information reprinted here reports what was found when the County Attorney and the Police Chief hired agents to visit suspected moonshiners in and around Lewistown. The agents visited various businesses and homes, and wrote a report on each visit.

Working for the County, each agent received payment for each visit, and billed the County for reimbursement when he was able to purchase liquor, and for other expenses. As can be seen in these excerpts from the agents' records and invoices, the Prohibition years in Fergus County were anything but dull.

Special Investigation of Liquor Traffic by Jack Ross and Jack McLeod per agreement with County Attorney

Sept. 11, 1921: As per agreements with County Attorney, Jack McLeod worked with me that day; we went to the Myrtle Rooms on Main Street between Second and Third Avenues. I have been told the place is run by a woman named Mrs. D. M. Thompson; they call her May. She is a small woman and in the presence of Jack McLeod I bought four rounds of drinks from her. She served whisky out of a pint flask with a Pebble Ford Brand. I paid her 50¢ a drink, making it a total $6 for the four rounds. This was during afternoon and evening of this day. I turned the Fowler bottle over to Officer Coolidge.

Expense, $ 6.00
Wages $12.00 two men

Sept. 12, 1921: In the presence of Jack McLeod, I bought two drinks of moonshine whisky from Bill Frantz and paid him 50¢ a drink. This was in the back end of the Senate Soft Drink Parlor on Main Street, next door, east of entrance to Elks Club. This was about 2:30 p.m. I asked him for a bottle and he told me to come to the Blue Goose Pool Hall, and get the bottle. Jack McLeod and myself went to the Blue Goose Pool Hall and I bought a pint bottle of moonshine whisky from Bill Frantz, and paid him $3 for same, and this was witnessed by Jack McLeod who took a drink from the bottle.

Expense, $ 4.00
Wages: $12.00 two men

Sept. 12, 1921: Jack McLeod went to the Elkhorn Rooms on Second and Main; went up and got the first drink about 9 p.m. and paid Mrs. Rhome $1; she also drank. I went back to the place about 10:30 p.m. and bought one more round. Mrs. Rhome and myself, and paid her one dollar ($1).

I held my drink in my hand until Officer Martin came in and he grabbed the glass and the whisky was in the glass.

Expense, four drinks $2

Sept. 15, 1921: As per agreement with the County Attorney, Jack McLeod, Officer Coolidge, Floyd Wright and myself went up to Perry Heath's barn dance, and Jack McLeod and Floyd Wright bought four rounds of drinks for three from Bill Cook and paid 50¢ for each; and Floyd Wright bought a bottle of moonshine whisky from Bill Cook and paid him $3 for same.

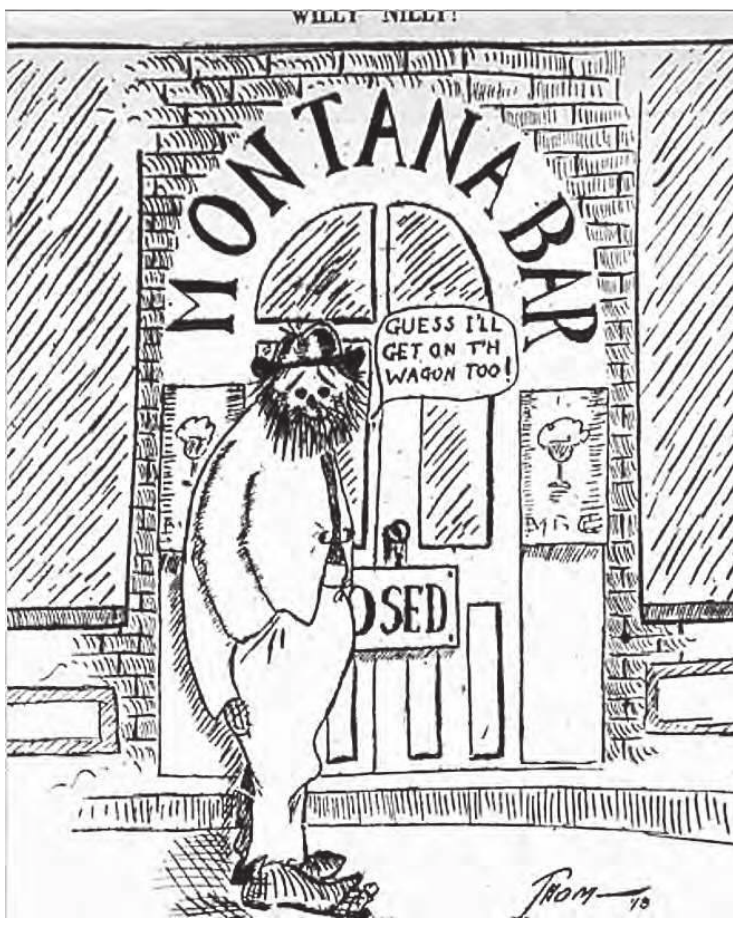
Expenses, $ 9.00
Wages $18.00 three men

Sept. 17, 1921: As per arrangements with County Attorney, Floyd Wright and myself went to Winnett, Montana, and worked trying to buy moonshine from those who are selling it, but we could not get any; and on the 18th, we also tried to buy and we did not have success.

Expenses, $ 6.50
$ 8.60 Fare, round trip
Wages, $24.00 Two men, two days

Sept. 30, 1921: Jack McLeod and myself went to Martin Johnson's where he has the still and he was not at home; he went to Ware to Sam Johnson's place, and so went there, and Martin Johnson was somewhat drunk. Jack McLeod asked Martin Johnson for a bottle of moonshine and gave him $2 and Martin Johnson went inside to get it, and Sam Johnson forbid his brother to sell to us, and Martin he returned the money, and said they did not have any.

Wages, two men, $12.00
Taxi $5.00
Railroad fare, $ 3.72



A cartoon from the Montana Standard records the start of prohibition.

Photo courtesy of Montana Memory Project.

Special Investigation of Liquor Traffic by Frank Quinn per agreement with County Attorney

Sept. 25, 1922: I first saw E. W. Ray Chief of Police of Lewistown, and had a talk with him. He then took me up to the County Attorney, Edgar J. Baker, and I made an agreement with Mr. Baker, to secure evidence of violations of the liquor laws. I to receive my expenses and $6 per day.

I first dropped in to Vince Geise's rooming house, on the corner of Main and 1st Ave. and talked with Geise a while and asked for a drink. A man by the name of Orval Kemp was with me, and we were served three drinks of whisky (moonshine) for which I paid the sum of .75, I do not know the other man's name.

I got a room at this place and retired about 10 p.m.

Expenses: Lunch .35
Dinner .75
Drinks .75
Room $1

On this day I also dropped into the Elk Horn rooms and bought beer; the same men were with me. I paid $1.

Expenses: suppers .60

Before going to bed I bought two drinks more at the place where I was rooming from Vince Geis; paid .50. Kemp was with me

Expense .50
Wages $6

Oct. 7, 1922: Went to the place of Rafel Tuss, in Lime Kiln Gulch East of Lewistown, I had a report from Chief Ray that this party has a still on his place. I met him on his ranch and had a talk with him. I did not ask for whisky as I was afraid to rush him. I will have to go back when I can get on better terms with him and can then brace him for a drink.

Expenses
Dinner .50
Bed $1
Per diam $6

Oct. 8, 1922: Worked around Lewistown all day without much success. Went to the Smith Rooms and got a room. I asked for a drink and the girl who works there, called "Dutch," gave me the room and went and got a bottle, and glass.

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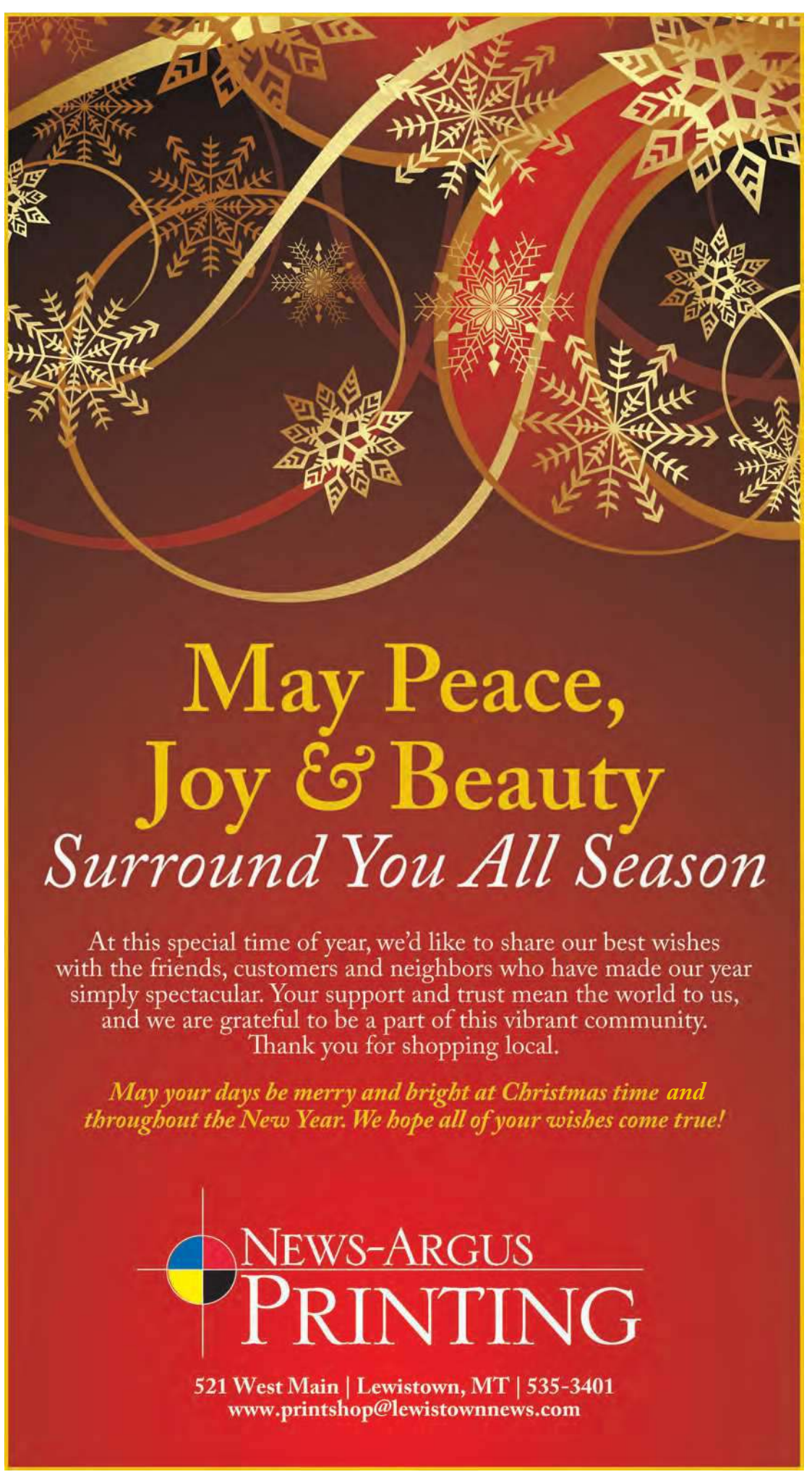
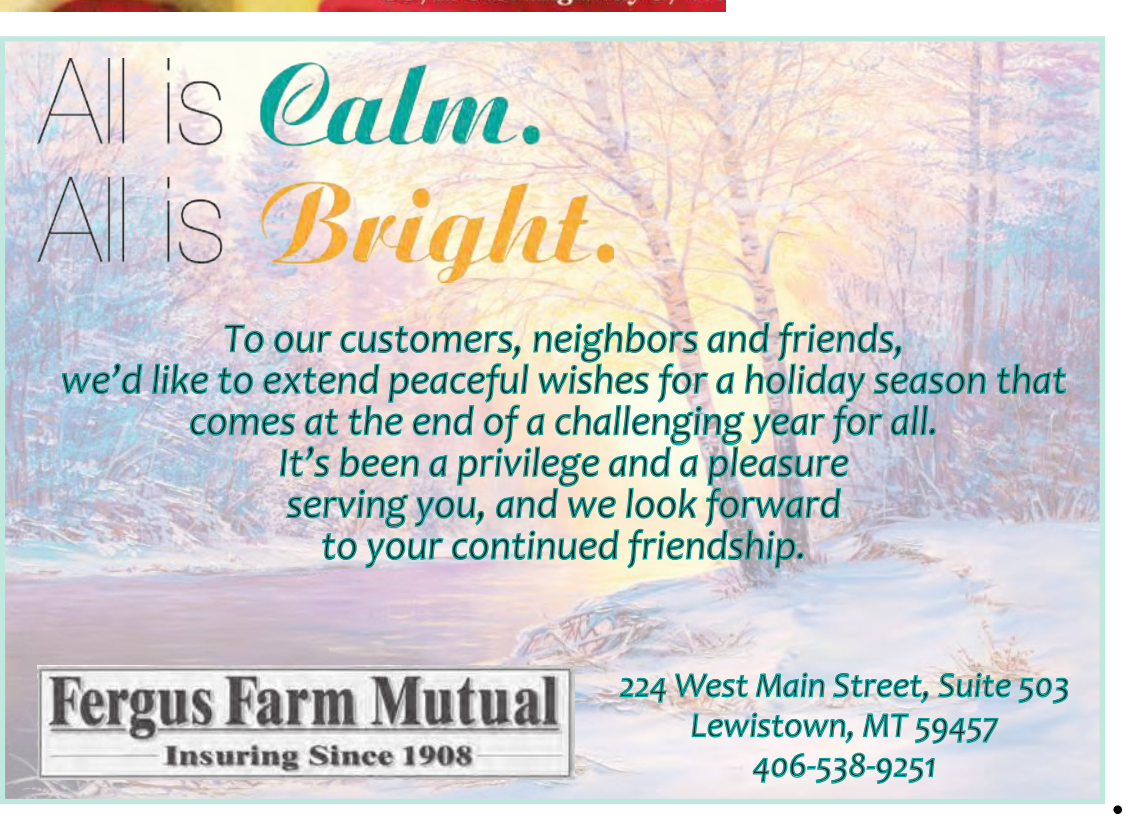




Moonshine *(continued)*

She then stopped and looked at me and asked if I thought she was a dam fool, she then gave me my money back and would not let me have the room.

Exp. Lunch	.40
Dinner	.50
Bed	$1
Per diam	$6

Oct. 18, 1922: Mr. Baker advanced me $13 this morning; saw E.W. Ray, Chief of Police; he wants me to go out by Power House and work the field on the left of road for a still.

Breakfast	.50
Lunch	.55
Supper	.50
Lodging	$1
Pay	$6

Oct. 22, 1925 Hired a horse at livery on Second Ave. North and went to Lime Kiln Gulch east of Lewistown, where I bought about two quarts of moon-shine white whisky from Mrs. Raphe-al Tuss. Had a talk with one of their sons and he said he was working at the still night and day. I asked him where his dad was and he told me he was in Lewistown, that he went to town last night and had not come home yet.

Exp. Breakfast	$ .40
Lodging	$1
Horse	$3
Dinner	.50
Liquor	$2
Supper	.50
Per diem	$6

Oct. 23, 1922: Mr. Cole sent me to Moore, west of Lewistown this afternoon to investigate the Kipe Hotel, run by a man called Bubbles; he said he did not have any booze, the only way he gets it is by going to a doctor and getting a prescription. I hired a car here in town which cost me 6.83.

Expenses:	
Breakfast	.50
Lunch	.55
Supper	.70
Lodging	$1
Ford car	$6.83
Per diem	$6

Nov. 30, 1922: Mrs. Lucy Hamilton, proprietor of Sapphire Hotel, told me this morning at 3 a.m. that rancher and neighbor of Mr. Hamilton, about 30 miles from town, is and has been running a whisky still and selling it. She said he didn't peddle it. He sold all he could make at ranch. He has a windmill and runs the coils through running water. I was unable to learn his name this time.

Room	$1
Board	$1.50

A homemade still from a museum collection shows the equipment agents looked for.

Photo courtesy of Wikimedia

Wages $5

Dec. 1, 1922: M. S. Old and I were reliably informed today, Dec. 1, of two moonshiners at Giltedge, Montana. Names Dewey Wells and George Smith. I regard information sufficient for investigation. --H.W.Lutz

Aug. 16, 1923: Purchased from Jim Awberry and Dyke Hill one suit of clothes and one pair of shoes at the order of the County Attorney, this stuff was stolen from Sweitzer's store. Paid $24 for same. --Laurence Plummer, Berl Henderson, Carl Peterson

Aug. 17, 1923: Went to Manhattan Cafe and bought a feed and several rounds of drinks from Mrs. Waddell for $12. Bought several drinks of moonshine whiskey from a sporting woman, going by the name of "Big Vie," who had in her possession a ring and one lady's watch, which is stolen property. She claims she got the ring from Dyke Hill and that Dyke Hill got it from Frank Berry's old lady. Think Big Vie stays at the Acme Rooms.

On the night of Aug. 17 we worked around to get acquainted with Pearl Bisby at the Acme Rooms, and bought several drinks of moonshine whiskey, for which we paid $25, and we were made acquainted with Miss Bisby by a man that goes by the name of Frank Berry and is known as Gumshoe.

Aug. 23, 1923: Went to Elite Rooming House on the night of the 23rd and bought several drinks of moonshine whiskey from Mrs. Woods, the landlady, and they had several prostitutes in that rooming house.

Aug. 23, 1923: Hanna and Graham purchased a pint from Watson in Fowler's house. Fowler present and told Watson "These boys are all right." Fowler gave Hanna and Graham drinks from his own bottle, served in whisky glass.

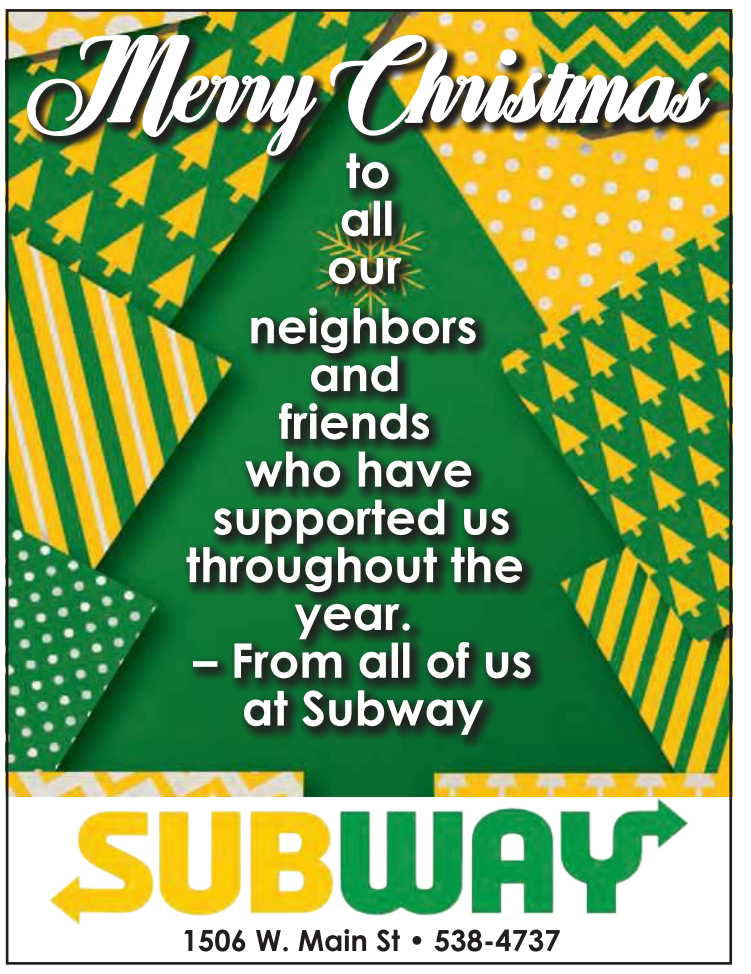
A fellow by name of "Ed" also sold whisky to Hanna and Lewis. He lives in shack back of Fowler's and goes to Fowler's house for supply.

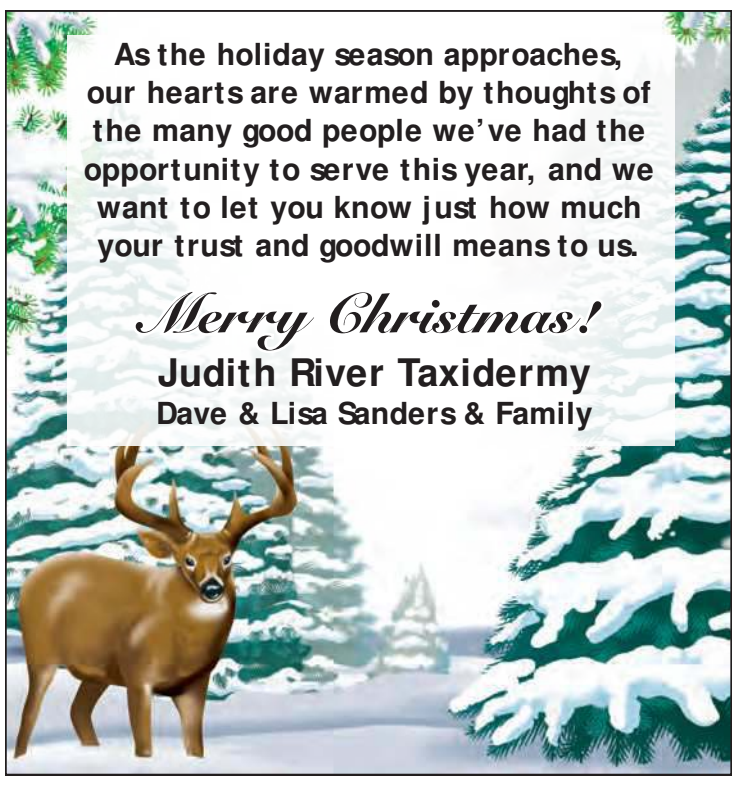
Sept. 16, 1923: About 1:30 p.m. Hanna and Graham went in, Mrs. Woods met at door. Sorenson and Lewis already in front room. Had round of whisky served by Mrs. Woods. Said needed $1 more to pay for round; that there had been $2 already paid, Hanna paid $1. The party included Hanna, Sorenson, Lewis, Graham, and two women, Violet and Mike. Later Hanna ordered another round, paid $3 same party. Dyke came in before party broke up. Lewis, Graham and Sorenson had drinks there and before Hanna joined the party. By C. Hanna.

School Days

The first school in Lewistown was located on the corner of Main and Sixth Avenue South. It was later moved to Fifth and Washington. The Presbyterian Church is in the background of this undated photo.

Photo courtesy of Lewistown Public Library





Anticipation

By RON JIMMERSON

As a child, Christmas was the holiday I most looked forward to. As the weather began to cool in the fall, the Christmas catalogs began arriving in the mail. We didn't have a TV and there were few opportunities for advertisers to entice us with promotions for the latest toys. So, it was up to the catalogs to stoke our desires. As we poured over the catalogs each night we tried to sort out the possible from the impossible gifts.

Photo courtesy of John Matychuk on Unsplash

The most impossible gift I could imagine getting was an electric train. So, though my siblings and I longed for an electric train set, we knew that the wind-up version was the maximum possibility even if we opted for a group gift. By mid-fall we had usually narrowed down our choice to one special gift we hoped Santa could manage. Though I don't recall the specifics, I'm sure Mom and Dad helped us understand the limits of Santa's generosity.

After we'd fixated on the gift we wanted from Santa, it was a matter of waiting for the tediously long fall days to pass until Christmas. By the time Christmas morning arrived I had played out every imaginable pleasure I would experience upon owning that toy.

I calculated how much I could haul in that toy semi truck I anticipated. I imagined how fun it would be to fight my brothers with those new boxing gloves. We planned the cowboy and Indian battles we could wage once we had those guns and bow and arrow sets. In retrospect, the anticipation lasted much longer than the actual joy of having the longed-for toy.

Sometimes the actual joy of having the gifts ended rather abruptly. The first time I got socked a good one in the nose with the new boxing gloves, "it really hurt!" Those things didn't work at all like I thought they would.

And that gleaming toy semi-truck I so anticipated didn't work well at all in the rough terrain where we played trucks in the yard. The trailer wouldn't stay attached except on a perfectly flat surface and it wouldn't haul farm truck-type things well at all. Dad rescued me on this one by building a metal box for it and turning it into a dump truck.

One gift we all received during our obsession with cowboys and Indians was a total surprise. We each got a pair of beautiful cowboy boots. We hit the jackpot with Santa that year. The tops of my boots had a beautiful design on them, so of course I wanted to tuck my pants into the boots to show them off. The trouble was, anytime I tried to run or play, the pants came out and covered the tops of my boots. People kept telling me real cowboys didn't tuck their pants into their boots, but I insisted and was miserable every time I wore them.

Over time I slowly discovered some things that I might not have learned if Santa had had the means to provide us with more stuff. As it was, we learned to adapt or move on if our anticipation didn't live up to our expectations. By adapting my semi-truck, Dad set me on a path of making, adapting and fixing things to suit my needs, including that truck that I soon transformed into a farm truck.

As we got older, my siblings and I spent days on end building or modifying our toys; discovering that the process of creating what we wanted was much more rewarding than just buying them or receiving them as a gift. Some gifts, like the boxing gloves, helped us learn that fighting wasn't really as fun as we thought it would be. As it turned out we discovered that everyone wanted to play the Indian in our cowboy/Indian game unless we could be the Lone Ranger, whose sidekick was an Indian.

And the lesson learned from the boots? Even the joy of unanticipated gifts can be short lived and usually can't compare to the satisfaction of creating something ourselves. On the other hand, there is much to be said for pure beauty. I still remember the beauty of those boots and the warm feelings I felt as I gazed at them. I guess they eventually wore out, but like most childhood memories I seem to have forgotten the negative aspects.

When I think about it, looking back and looking forward are part of the same process. Anticipation and recollection are two sides of the same coin that reflect our outlook on life. If we can focus on the positive, life is wonderful.

Ronald Jimmerson was born in 1944 in Lewistown, Montana and spent his childhood years on the family ranch about 40 miles north of there in the community of Salt Creek. He spent 24 years as a professor at Washington State University, before taking early retirement to follow a passion for building and remodeling homes. He is currently mostly retired, living in Portland, Oregon.

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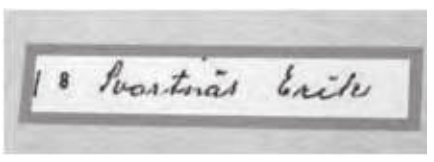
Two emigrants' journey

By ANDY JOHNSON

(Writer's note: As researched by my cousin Kay and her husband Dick Shager in Wisconsin, and my sister Kris, in Seeley Lake).

I never called my grandfather anything other than "Granpa," but in Lewistown he was called Erik, Erik Andrew Johnson, and I never really got used to that. His original name was Erik Andrew Svartnas (born 1887) and he had emigrated from Vaasa, Finland. My mother said he was avoiding compulsory military service (a draft dodger), because in 1901 Russia changed the law so Finnish men had to serve in the Russian Army.

He came over on the good ship Umbria, which offloaded at Ellis Island. He signed in as Erik Svartnas on Dec. 19, 1904, 116 years ago. I haven't been able to verify this, but he told me that he spent a couple of years in New York City, attending classes in English and civics, among others, so he could assimilate into our culture.



A page from a family scrapbook shows Erik's signature, with his original last name of Svartnas, at Ellis Island, and what is believed to be a photo of the ship Umbria that brought Erik to America.

Photos courtesy of Andy Johnson

With $10 in his pocket and a train ticket to South Bend, Washington, he began his life's adventure. He labored in South Bend until the 1907 financial crisis. By 1910 he was working in Dolan, South Dakota, where he also completed his naturalization papers, but these papers list his permanent address as Great Falls. He helped build some houses there, and then started working as a carpenter in the smelter.

Gramma Johnson (Bertha) was born in Prussia, Germany to Carl and Fredericka Facknitz in 1880. After Carl was killed in a farming accident, Fredericka, her mother, and Bertha emigrated on the good ship General Werder to America, arriving at Ellis Island on Sept. 24, 1886. They took a train to La Crosse, Wisconsin; then traveled on to Alma, Wisconsin, where other family members were already living.

Soon they were on their way to Great Falls, where Fredericka did domestic work to provide for Bertha. At 16, Bertha married Carl Davidson, a Swedish immigrant house builder, 18 years her senior. They had two children, Florence and Carl Jr.

During this time, Erik was also helping Carl Sr. build houses. Apparently a couple are still standing, beautiful structures, built in the old fashion, as in Lewistown. Carl Sr. died in 1911, and a year later Bertha married Erik, that good-looking Finnlander helper, seven years her junior.

They had one child, Paul, in Great Falls, then packed up the household in 1914 and went off to homestead 320 acres near Suffolk, in Judith Basin country. (Apparently homesteads on semi-arid land were 320 acres instead of the standard 160 acres.) From 1915 to 1920, rains were plentiful and crops were good. Their homestead was proved up by 1917.

Edward Arnold Johnson (my father) was born on Feb. 6, 1915 on the Suffolk homestead. My mother said he was born in a three-sided shack, which seems reasonable timewise, but it must have been cold, considering how cold Montana Februarys can be, with the wind never stopping out in that country.

This photo of the Johnson Ranch near Alaska Bench shows the house, barn, outbuildings and a wind driven generator. The previous owner's buildings are to the right. The author is surprised his Granpa didn't remove those, considering how industrious and fastidious he could be.

The author keeps this wedding photo of his grandparents, which, he says, shows a "fine looking couple taken in the old style, with Erik sitting and Bertha standing by his side."

The ranch house where Erik and Bertha raised their four children was, luckily, next to a forest, considering they had three chimneys to feed.

Photos courtesy of Andy Johnson

Now Bertha had three young boys to tend to, while being a homesteader's wife. Her oldest, Florence, they sent to a boarding high school in Lewistown. Anti-German feelings were heating up and Bertha did not leave the homestead for two years. Bertha's mother, Fredericka, became more incapacitated with dementia and her second husband had passed away, so Bertha brought Fredericka to the homestead, caring for her also.

After proving up his homestead, Erik started looking around for better ground. He had grown fond of the mountains, with good farming and ranching land in the foothills. In 1918, Erik and Bertha did a land swap with T.H Bowles and A.O. Stebbins, who had a beautiful 640-acre place near Alaska Bench in the Big Snowy Mountains. Swapping of mortgages was also involved. This pleased Bertha because the scenery was better, she was closer to Lewistown, and to her cousin Meta, living in Shawmut.

In 1919, Bertha bought her own 40 acres from A.O. Stebbins, bringing their total to 680 acres. Apparently they moved to their new digs by fall of 1918.

Continued on page 14.

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Two emigrants (continued)

A year later Bertha's mother's dementia had progressed to the point where Bertha finally committed her to Warm Springs State Hospital, where she passed away.

The Depression years were hard on them like everyone, but they weren't starving. My father rode an old tractor to high school, 8 miles each way. They remained on the ranch until 1943. My mother said that Bertha started having rheumatism problems (she was in her early 60s by then), so they sold the ranch and moved to Lewistown, where they bought the large house at 624 West Water, across from the high school.

He partitioned the house for multiple renters, and added on a small apartment at the back end, where they spent their remaining years. I vaguely remember "helping" him one day, building the apartment until he called my mother to come pick me up. Apparently, he did not appreciate my "carpentering." They also bought a few other properties in Lewistown and turned them into rentals, thus deriving their retirement income.

Bertha was content to sit in her rocker and visit with friends. Erik bought a grain truck and delivered coal to folks until natural gas invaded Lewistown. I went along on a few trips, and it felt strange every time someone called him "Erik." He also turned their garage into a woodworking shop and puttered there daily.

They liked to travel and made a trip to Arizona to pick up a load of gnarled desert cedar. These he turned into decorative tables and chairs and one, a small table, has been beside my living room chair for the past 40 years.

Probably soon after the house was built, Erik and his sons built this beautiful big red barn, complete with a prow and beam to hoist hay bales up and into the loft. My mother considered it the finest barn in the Alaska Bench area. It received a fresh coat of paint every spring, including the spring this photo was taken, 1941, an ominous year for the nation.

Photos courtesy of Andy Johnson

Eric enjoyed playing the violin, and made several in his shop, some of which still are in the family. The Argus did an article about his violin making in the late '60s or early '70s.

Bertha's rocker is now with my son in Spokane. It was the "courting" rocker, because if one of their children sat in it with their "sweetheart," marriage was usually not too far off.

Florence married Neal Smith, who took great pride in being a Private WWI "doughboy." They settled in Lewistown and had one child, Lois. Neal was Lewistown's mayor for a stint, and passed away on the golf course, doing what he loved best with his friends. Florence lingered on for a few more years and passed away at the Eagles Manor.

I only saw Carl Jr. (Doc) once, when he visited the family. That is when my mother took the family picture. He was a doctor during WWII, married, then doctored in Missouri until his passing.

The author's grandparents, Erik and Bertha, celebrate their 50th wedding anniversary, no doubt wondering where the years went.

The Johnson family poses for a photo during one of the rare visits Doc (barely visible behind Bertha) made from Missouri. Erik is on the right. Bertha is in the center surrounded by three sons and one daughter, with their spouses, and all their grandchildren, sans the author's mother, who took the picture. The author is posed on Erik's arm. This may be the only picture of the entire family together at that stage in their life.

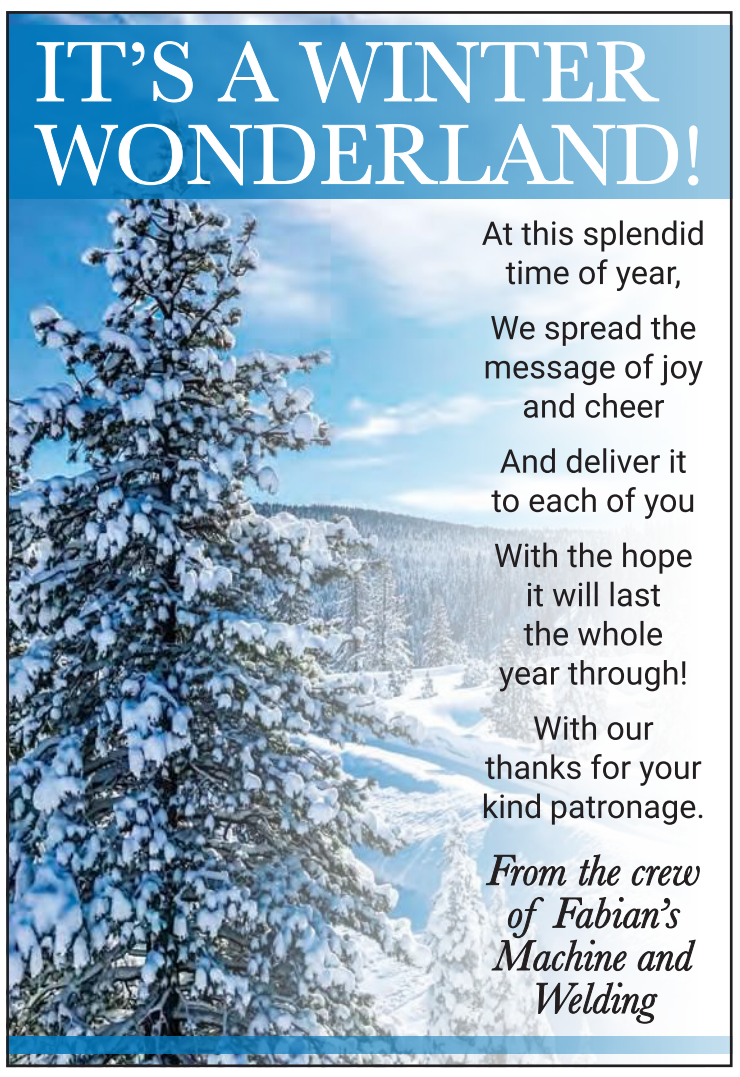
Paul and Eleanor made their home in Great Falls, where he managed a savings and loan bank. They had three girls, Marcia, Kay, and Patsy.

My parents, Arnie and Sylvia, made Lewistown their home. He was a watchmaker, repairing watches and clocks, even the one that tops the Courthouse. They bought Rogers Jewelry and, with the support of citizens from all over Fergus County, put three children through college, two girls, Karin and Kris, and one son, me. I am the only male "cousin" in a herd of girls and Bertha implored me to get married and have a son to continue the male lineage. (Some of that old-world thinking showing through.)

Bertha passed away in 1963 in Lewistown. Arnie passed away unexpectedly in September of 1973 while on vacation, and I remember Granpa saying it just wasn't right burying his children. He caught the flu and passed away two months later. Maybe he was just tired of life.

Erik and Bertha's headstone is set in Sunset Memorial Gardens Cemetery, above upper Carter Pond, with a beautiful view of the Judith Mountains and surrounding country, which was important to the author's Granpa. The author is not sure who misspelled his grantfather's name, but then he is also not sure why he changed his name from Svartnas to Johnson. Johnson is not a Finnish name. Was he still worried about being a draft dodger?

So, every May, I make the trek from wherever I'm at to tend four sets of graves in Lewistown, two sets of grandparents, one set of an aunt and uncle, and one set of parents. It's a time to pay my respects and reflect on those that paved the way for us, the grandchildren.



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A letter to Santa, 2009

By RON JIMMERSON

The ways we kept in touch with each other and the outside world in rural Montana in the 1950s would be considered primitive by today's standards. Of course letters and cards, especially at Christmas time, were a key ingredient.

By the time I arrived on the scene, our parents and grandparents had made strides toward more regular contact by stringing their own telephone lines. The party line allowed for quick communication with neighbors and, with some effort, you could make a long distance call to the outside world -- if you could reach Central (located in a neighbor's home).

Our other connection to the world was the radio. We could usually pick up KXLO in Lewistown and sometimes a Great Falls or Billings station. While the folks listened to the news and market reports, my main interest in the radio started at 4:30 in the afternoon. We had to really hustle to walk (run) the two and a half miles from school to be home in time to catch "Bobby Benson and the B Bar B Riders." Other favorites were "Sky King" and "Hop-along Cassidy."

Later in the evening we could tune into "The Shadow," "The FBI," and "Dragnet." These evening programs were a little scary, mostly because of the music and the sinister sounding voices of the characters. I think our exposure to these programs was kept limited, because they often led us to have nightmares that Mom had to deal with in the middle of the night.

Though I enjoyed the stories the radio brought, I couldn't comprehend why they were so limited. After the programs ended (much too quickly), the radio just went back to playing music or news anyway. Why not continue with something worthwhile?

I remember looking forward to "Uncle Don's Story Time" on Saturday mornings when the local announcer (somebody's uncle, not mine) at KXLO would read a story. But, like the other programs for kids, it only lasted a half hour; then we had to go create our own entertainment.

But one day my concept of connecting with the outside world took a leap forward. On a Saturday in the fall, "Uncle Don" announced he would be reading letters to Santa on the radio, and invited every kid to send in his or her letter. I remember being excited by the idea of having my letter to Santa sent out over the air waves to hundreds of people.

If I recall correctly, my siblings and I wrote a joint letter listing the items each of us wanted from Santa. We tuned in each night at the designated time to listen for our letter. Finally the time came and "Uncle Don" took a deep breath: "Terry wants a..., Margie wants a... Ronnie wants a ... Kenny wants a...., Larry wants a .... Linda wants a..."

By the time he'd finished he seemed to be gasping for air. But, we were now famous. Our names and our desires had been broadcast to the world (well, at least to the world we knew).

I distinctly remember that was the year I asked for a doll for Christmas. It must have been the year Kenny and I passed some of the winter days playing house while Terry and Margie were at school. I got a doll I named Rosie and Kenny got a boy doll he named Peanuts. I can't help but think that someone planted the idea of the dolls after we tore the arm off one of Margie's dolls when we were punishing her (the doll) for bad behavior.

In any case, we now had our own dolls to love and to punish as we saw fit. Rosie was probably one of the most memorable gifts I ever got from Santa; after all, she was there when I first became famous in the big world beyond our family.

Ronald Jimmerson was born in 1944 in Lewistown, Montana, and spent his childhood years on the family ranch about 40 miles north of there in the community of Salt Creek. After graduating from St Leo's High School in 1962, he earned a Bachelor of Science degree in animal sciences from Montana State University in 1967. That summer he married his life partner, Pat Griffin, who was raised in Great Falls, and they joined the Peace Corps. They spent nearly three years in the Tongan Islands, traveling home through Australia and Southeast Asia. Upon returning to the states, Ron earned a masters and PhD in adult and extension education from the University of Wisconsin, Madison. He spent 24 years as a professor at Washington State University, before taking early retirement to follow a passion for building and remodeling homes. He is currently mostly retired, living in Portland, Oregon

Photo courtesy of Dominika Roseclay/Pexels

Growing up farming in the 50s and 60s

Former Fergus County resident remembers how things used to be

By DEB HILL
News-Argus
Managing Editor

Although it's been over 50 years since Ron Jimmerson last called Fergus County home, he remembers quite clearly his upbringing on the family farm about 20 miles south of Winifred. Life was a bit different back in those days, and Jimmerson was willing to share his recollections of just how different it was.

Working the family farm near Salt Creek, on land he refers to as being in "marginal" country, meant scrabbling to produce a little bit of everything, with everyone pitching in.

"We did some dry land farming, raising wheat and barley, but also cattle, hogs and sometimes chickens," Jimmerson said. ""I was the third oldest of 12 kids. We all had our chores."

"You were expected to work, and your work was important," he added. "It was like having a built-in responsibility. You might be watching your younger siblings, or working outside on the farm, but you knew your job was important."

Jimmerson recalls each member of the family could make a choice about whether to work in the house or outside on the farm.

"I always found it amusing that one of my sisters picked milking the cows over doing the dishes," Jimmerson said. "We used to tease my mother that she was a feminist for allowing this. She was not amused."

As anyone with a farm knows, there's a lot of work involved. But running a family farm in the 1950s was a lot less mechanized than today's situation, and Jimmerson has clear memories of just what it took to get the job done.

"We only had one tractor, so in the summer we sometimes kept it going 24 hours a day," he recalled.

At one point the family was raising as many as 1,000 hogs.

"We used a grain truck with a stock rack to haul them," Jimmerson said. "It was a lot of work, those pigs. It wasn't something I enjoyed. I didn't like how the smell stayed on my hands."

Of course, during the school year, there were other responsibilities. Jimmerson attended the Salt Creek school through eighth grade, and then went to school in Lewistown, staying with his grandmother in town.

The one room Salt Creek school was his first recollection. Most of the other students at the Salt Creek school were Jimmerson's siblings or cousins. He remembers quite a few of his teachers in the tiny Salt Creek school, although not always fondly.

A young Ron Jimmerson, age 3 or 4 years, stands in front of the family garage. The building was originally a school house that his mother, Martha Wickens, attended as a student when she was young. The building was moved to the family farm from "up on the bench."

Photo courtesy of Ron Jimmerson

"I had Mrs. Drogan as my first, second and third grade teacher, and I'd have to say I hated it," he said.

Mrs. Drogan lived in the basement of the school building, which had no indoor plumbing, only an outhouse and a pump outside.

"She was an older single woman but eventually we found out she had a boyfriend and they got married," Jimmerson said. "We had a party-line phone and we think she tuned into that pretty frequently. One time I remember she asked about a person who had wrecked a car, which wasn't something people knew about. One time we had her to our house for Christmas because we were all snowed in. There was a small Christmas tree in the school house and we took that to our house and invited her."

From fourth through seventh grade, though, school improved for Jimmerson when a new teacher arrived.

"His name was 'Big Jim Bowie' and he was from Texas," Jimmerson said. "He said he was a relative of James Bowie, who died at the Alamo."

This was obviously a huge improvement, from the standpoint of a young boy, although it didn't mean he enjoyed his lessons.

"My mindset was that I hated school," Jimmerson said, laughing to think that he would one day make a profession out of teaching others. "In sixth grade my dad bought a car and then he drove us to school. That car ride was the only part of the day I liked."

Unfortunately the ride was only offered in the morning; Jimmerson and his siblings walked the 2.5 miles back home each afternoon.

Continued on page 17.

Wishing you a Christmas that's a perfect "10."

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Growing up farming *(continued)*

Some of the Jimmerson kids (from left, Ken, Ron, Marj and Terry) pose on the front porch with their dog, Lady in this undated family photo.

Photo courtesy of Ron Jimmerson

While chores took up most of the day when he was not in class, Jimmerson said he still remembers the amusements he could choose from once his work was finished.

"We didn't have a television until, I think, my last year of high school. Even then, if you had one, you only got one or two channels that didn't have 'snow.' We didn't have that many store-bought toys. Mostly we made our own, or modified toys we had been given. My brothers and I were into tinkering, and I also liked to draw pictures of cars. Later I got into building hot rods – I had a '47 Plymouth four-door that I boosted up and put a new hood ornament on it. I remember in 1955 when cars got wrap-around windshields, that was a big deal. And tail-fins. We used to go to the Lewistown car dealers just to see the new models."

Occasionally, in the winter, the family went sledding or attended an ice skating party.

"There were more community things like that," Jimmerson said. "In the winter there were community meetings and in the summer our favorite thing was to go to Warm Springs for swimming."

At one point, Jimmerson's oldest brother attended a seminary.

"He came back playing guitar," Jimmerson said. "Then we all had guitars and banjos and we sang in talent shows. When we saw the Lemon Sisters, we figured we could be like that. My mother was very musical."

On Sunday, of course, the family attended church in either Winifred or Hilger. After church they could play with their favorite cousins, the Wickens family, who lived not far down the road.

"We were in 4-H, and I remember some field trips we took. We toured the creamery in Lewistown and we visited the newspaper and saw the presses working," Jimmerson remembered. "We also saw a couple of movies as 4-H members. We saw 'Killers from Outer Space' and 'Steel Lady,' about a tank in the war. We didn't see that many movies, until I was high school age. Mom loved movies. One night Dad said, 'Let's go to the drive-in,' and we saw Lucille Ball and Desi Arnez in 'Long, Long Trailer.' We thought it was wonderful but my dad thought it was too silly."

The fair in the summer was also a "big deal."

"When we got older we took a pig or steer to show. I think we did that mostly so we could stay in town and spend all our money at the carnival," Jimmerson said.

He also remembers the rare expeditions to eat out at the Bon Ton or Snow White Café in Lewistown.

"Mostly we ate at home, though," he said. "Three meals a day, with everyone around the table for each meal."

Jimmerson graduated from St. Leo's High School in 1962. He took a year off to help his father build a barn for the ever-increasing number of hogs and then went to Montana State University to study animal husbandry. After graduating with a Bachelor's degree in 1967, he and his wife, Pat signed up for the Peace Corps and ended up in the South Pacific, teaching agriculture.

"We went from being country bumpkins to taking a plane to Hawaii for two and a half months of Peace Corps training to teaching in the Tongan Islands," Jimmerson said.

On his return to the U.S. in about 1970, Jimmerson was accepted to the University of Wisconsin in Madison, where he earned a Masters Degree in Extension Education and a Ph.D. in Extension and Adult Education. He taught at Washington State University in Pullman, Washington.

While gone from Fergus County for decades, Jimmerson said his early upbringing left him with remarkable memories that have guided his adult life.

"We had different ways back then, and different opportunities. I miss the innocence of the time. My world was very small. We didn't think about all the terrible things going on in the world. It was very naïve. It's good to be aware of other cultures, but somewhere you need to establish your own community."

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Skaggs School District No. 110

By SHIRLEY BARRICK

School District No. 110 was created Sept. 6, 1913 according to the laws of Montana. The County Superintendent appointed William Reeder, James Skaggs and William Cowen as Trustees. A special meeting was held Sept. 13. William Reeder was appointed Chairman and Laura Skaggs was appointed Clerk. A motion was made by James Skaggs that school begin on Sept. 15. The motion was seconded and carried. Eleven desks were offered from District No. 1. Miss Mary Moore was engaged to teach a term of three months at $60 per month and board with the James Skaggs family. A suitable homestead house having belonged to John and Emma Johnson was offered by James Skaggs rent free. Both Mr. and Mrs. Johnson had each homesteaded 160 acres. James Skaggs and Walter Cox bought their homesteads in 1909. At the Oct. 18 board meeting it was approved that Pete Kovacich haul 1.5 tons of coal from Brew's coal mine.

At the March 14, 1914 meeting the taxable property in the district was $70,181. The board appointed Harry Reeder, John Sharp and B.E. Muns judges for the election. William Reeder was elected for a three year term. Ten votes were cast.

At the regular meeting held April 18, 1914, Miss Ethel Allds was employed for three months at $65 per month. There was not enough money in the treasury to pay the teacher so the patrons of the school agreed to advance the balance.

Florence Blank was a teacher at both the Skaggs and Cheadle schools from 1951-1954.

Photo courtesy of Shirley Barrick

May 23, 1914 a special meeting of the trustees approved an order to have the County Commissioners levy a special tax of seven mills on assessable property to pay the teacher and other expenses

A regular meeting with all trustees was held Jan. 19, 1915 and it was voted a district school house was needed and steps are to be taken to secure the necessary funds and school house site. James Skaggs offered to donate one acre of land, anywhere near County Road in T15, R 20, Sec.17, provided the location meets the approval of the voters.

At the March 13, 1915 meeting all trustees present. The purpose of considering the proposition of building a school house in said district. It was decided to submit the proposition of bonding the district to a vote of the electors at the school election April 3, 1915. The clerk was instructed to select a teacher for a term of seven months beginning April 12, 1915 with a vacation of five weeks in the middle of the term. The clerk was also instructed to answer all letters of inquiry received from teachers.

The annual school election was held April 3, 1915. John Sharp, Claude Dowd and Mrs. William Reeder were appointed judges. W.P. Cowen was elected for a three year term and James Skaggs was elected for a one year term. The vote was also taken to bond the district for $750. There were five votes for, one against and one thrown out on account of being marked both for bonding and against.

April 17, 1915 meeting, it was decided that the bond election was unlawful on account that the notice did not state the amount of the bond. Another bond election will be held July 17, 1915. Pete Kovacich, James Skaggs and Mrs. James Skaggs will be judges for the election. For the bond eight, Against zero. The clerk was ordered to advertise the sale of bonds.

Mary Moore (right), first teacher at the Skaggs School, is shown with her sister, named Eva or Edith, in 1913. Mary Moore was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Moore, pioneer residents of Lewistown.

Dec. 11, 1915 William Reeder resigned as trustee and John Sharp was appointed by the County Superintendent effective Dec. 18,1915.

January 5, 1916 James Skaggs elected Chairman of the Board and examining of bids for the sale of the bond. One bid was received from the State Board of Land Commissioners and was accepted. Plans for the school house from the State Board of Health were examined and approved with slight changes as to size and interior finishes. W.P. Cowen was appointed to check on lumber, other materials and have several lumber companies figure the price.

April 1, 1916. School election was held at the W.P. Cowen ranch. Alex Sharp, Willie Cowen and Hall Cowen were judges. John Sharp was elected for three years. Comer Ditty was let the contract to build the school house. Miss Stella Martin engaged to teach seven months for $65 per month. School opened May 22, 1916. The new school was located 10 miles east of Lewistown. The present location would be near the junction of Divide Road and Skaggs Lane.

April 3, 1917 School election held at new school. James Skaggs elected for three years.

April 17, 1917 Miss Stella Martin engaged to teach for eight months at $70 per month. School opened April 30, 1917.

April 4, 1918 W.P. Cowen elected to three year term.

April 18, 1918 Miss Jessica Shurter engaged to teach eight months at $80 per month. School opened on Sept 4, 1918. She resigned, Oct. 18, 1918.

April 1919 John Sharp elected trustee for three years. Miss Jane McGinnis to teach for $90 per month. School opened April 27 and is to continue for eight months.

April 1920 James Skaggs elected for three years. Miss Jane McGinnis to teach for eight months for $100 per month. Trustees vote to build a teacherage.

April 1921 Alex Sharp elected for two years as John Sharp is absent from the district for more than 60 days. James Skaggs resigned. Fred Carlson elected for one year. W.P. Cowen elected for three years. Willie Cowan appointed clerk. Mrs. L. Boyd to teach for $110 per month. School opened April 4, 1921. Mrs. Boyd resigned Sept. 23. Mrs. L.C. Carpenter engaged to teach for the term of seven weeks.

April 1922 Board voted to use school as a practice school. Five practice teachers from the Normal Training Department of Fergus County high School taught for two months. Miss Verna Waterman conducted the school. Board voted again to build a teacherage. Fred Carlson elected for three years. Miss Helen Obee selected to teach six months at $85 per month. She resigned after teaching for five months.

April 1923 Peter Kovacich elected for three years. Mrs. L.C. Carpenter to teach eight months at $100 per month. School began April 16.

April 1924 W.P. Cowen elected for three years. Miss Hilda Callahan to teach at $100 per month. School to open May 19.

August 28,1924 Trustees voted to close school the fifth day of September as all available money had been used. Money being tied up in closed banks.

April 1925 Fred Carlson elected for three years. Miss Jane McGinnis was engaged to teach for eight months and to start May 18. School closed on Dec. 24. Miss McGinnis hired to teach the following term and school to start the first Monday in April.

April 1926 Peter Kovacich elected for three years. School opened April 4, 1926 at $125 per month. School closed Nov. 12, 1926. Miss McGinnis engaged to teach the next term.

April 1927 W.P. Cowen elected for three years. School opened April 5 with Miss Marguerite Cowen as substitute for Miss Jane McGinnis could not be there until May 31.

April 1928 Fred Carlson elected for three years and Willie Cowen clerk. Miss Jane McGinnis engaged to teach, school to start March 12.

April 1929 Jane McGinnis to teach and begin the first Monday in April. School is to be open eight months. Peter Kovacich elected for three years. The board voted to paint the school house.

April 1930 W.P. Cowan elected for three years. Miss Jane McGinnis to teach eight months

April 1931 Miss Jane McGinnis to teach seven months. School to open March 2, 1931. There was no annual election. Fred Carlson was appointed trustee for one year.

December 1931 It was voted to have no school in year 1932 as there being but one child to attend.

April 2, 1932 Fred Carlson elected for two years and Peter Kovacich for three years. Marion Kovacich was appointed clerk. Miss Jane McGinnis resigned at the end of 1931 term.

April 27, 1932 Trustees met a special meeting at Peter Kovacich's residence to discuss hiring a teacher with children. Miss Frances Hanson accepted. School is to be five months and pay is $85 per month. School to open May 9, 1932.

Continued on page 19.

The Skaggs School in 1937 included Pauline Kovacich, teacher, and pupils (from left) Elsie Tuss, Thomas Parac, Vincent Tuss, Bernard Tuss, Robert Brown, Richard Plovanich, Carl Brown and Laura Brown.

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Skaggs School *(continued)*

The 1950 Skaggs School students were (from left) Frances Kovacich (first grade), Shirley Kovacich (second grade) and Dean Kovacich (sixth grade).

Photos courtesy of Shirley Barrick

April 1, 1933 W.P. Cowan elected for three years. Clarence Lott, Mrs. Clarence Lott and Mrs. Lena Carlson judges.

April 15, 1933 Regular meeting held at Fred Carlson residence. Mr. Frank Horacek requested mileage transportation for his child to attend school as they live 5-6 miles away. This was discussed at length but nothing decided.

May 13, 1933 Mr. Frank Horacek's mileage-transportation was again discussed. The board voted that such requests will not be paid. The affect of the new nepotism law which was passed at the last legislative session caused the removal of Marion Kovacich as district clerk as being the son of Peter Kovacich a trustee. Mr. Kovacich is more valuable to the school board than the related clerk. Therefore, a new clerk was appointed by the board. It is Clarence Robinson. W.P Cowen made a motion to draw warrants, $20 to Marion Kovacich, past clerk; Fred Carlson for 4000 pounds of coal at $4 per ton which came to $8 and to Pete Kovacich for a load of wood, $6. Fred Carlson seconded motion. Motion carried. W.P. Cowen made a motion to pay only County and State apportionment money for three children, Evert Lee Lott, Hall Cowen, Jr. and William Cowen to attend Lewistown Schools. Forms were signed by the board. Motion seconded and carried. W.P. Cowen made a motion that a new Course of Study prepared in form problems will be bought at a later date. Motion carried. It was decided to buy a new broom, one gallon cement to patch around the chimney, one water pail and one night latch for the school house door. Mrs. Alice Sweeney was employed to teach a summer term of four months for a salary fixed at $50 per month. School to start May 29, 1933.

June 12, 1933 Teacher Alice Sweeney asked a raise, the board rejected the request.

June 18, 1933 Board accepted Mrs. Sweeney's resignation. Miss Mildred Robinson was employed to finish the term.

April 7, 1934 George L. Smith was appointed clerk. Jane McGinnis hired to teach at $70 per month.

July 10, 1934 Regular meeting. Decisions to clean school, buy some floor oil, ridge roll for the roof and buy a phonograph.

March 24, 1935 Jane McGinnis hired to teach for $60 per month. Shingling the schoolhouse was discussed.

April 6, 1935 There weren't enough people to hold and election so County Superintendent, Miss Patton appointed Anton Tuss to succeed Peter Kovacich.

April 20, 1935 It was voted to shingle schoolhouse the coming summer and those present agreed to donate the labor to put the shingles on.

April 4, 1936 Hall Cowen elected for three years and William Skaggs for two years. Judges at the election were Marion Kovacich, Anna Tuss and George Smith. Mrs. William Cowen acted as clerk of the election. Miss Jane McGinnis was hired for seven months at a salary of $65 per month. School to begin April 6, 1936.

April 18, 1936 Regular meeting was held with three trustees present. Marion Kovacich was appointed clerk.

June 14, 1936 Budget meeting. Operating expenses for 1936 set at $950.

March 6, 1937 There were numerous applications. Pauline Nelson's application was accepted as she is a Fergus County resident and resides at Forest Grove. School is to begin on April 5 for a term of seven months at $65 per month. Fire insurance for the school and teacherage was discussed and found to be necessary. Other business is a load of wood for $5 and two ton of coal for $8, a new teacherage chimney with a cast iron base. The board and clerk will clean the school during the term.

April 3, 1937 Election Judges, Anton Tuss Anna Tuss and Frank Kovacich. Fred Carlson was reelected for a three year term.

April 26, 1937 Organization meeting was held. Fred Carlson chairman. Marion Kovacich appointed clerk at $20 per year. Estimated budget at $770 for the year. Fire Insurance policy was accepted for the school building and teacherage by Lewistown Insurance Company. Policy is for three years for the amount of $1,000. Premium was $25.

July 1937 Miss Pauline Nelson asked the board if she would be permitted to hold school four weeks less than first agreed as she would like to attend college in Dillon. Permit granted and school closed on Sept. 17.

April 2, 1938 Election judges were Mrs. Anna Tuss, Melissa Cowen, Mrs. Fred Carlson and Miss Florence Cowen. William Skaggs was reelected for three years.

April 16, 1938 Organization meeting held. Fred Carlson, Chairman and Marion Kovacich clerk. School to start May 16 with Pauline Nelson as teacher with a salary of $65 per month.

March 18,1939 Fred Carlson resigned as trustee and chairman of the board.

March 19, 1939 Anton Tuss has filed to be a candidate for school board.

March 23, 1939 Alice Carrigan filed to be a candidate for the school board.

April 1, 1939 Election judges, Anna Tuss, Mrs. Hall Cowen, and Marie Kovacich. Miss Florence Iverson clerk of the election. Mr. Anton Tuss was elected by majority for three years, Alice Carrigan for a two year term with no opposition and Mr. Vernal Abbott for a one year term. Florence Iverson was selected teacher and term to begin April 3.

April 15, 1939 Trustees present Anton Tuss, Alice Carrigan and Vernal Abbott. Anton Tuss appointed Chairman and Marion Kovacich, clerk. Budget was fixed. 5 gallons of floor oil was voted on.

March 3, 1940 Meeting held at Alice Carrigan's residence. Discussion about Floyd Carlson's tuition. Lewistown District #1 demanded payment of $25. Trustees agreed that this sum not be paid because they are holding school in the district as a summer school. The school building and teacherage Fire Insurance discussed and will be paid when due in April. Several teacher applications have been received. Clerk ordered to write to them by airmail.

March 22, 1940 Joseph Plovanich filed for trustee.

April 6, 1940 Annual election; judges Matt Z. Tuss, Vernal Abbott and Joseph Kovacich; Marguerite Abbott Clerk of Election. Joseph Plovanich elected for a three year term. Marguerite Abbott will be next teacher. School to start April 8, term six months at a salary of $65 per month.

April 20, 1940 Organizational meeting was held. Anton Tuss elected chairman and Marion Kovacich, Clerk.

Continued on page 20.

March 1, 1941 School house furnace needs repair. Mary Peterson engaged to teach for six

In 1952, Skaggs School students and their teacher pose for a photo: (from left) Shirley Kovacich, Florence Blank (teacher), Frances Kovacich and Dean Kovacich

Photos courtesy of Shirley Barrick

County School Superintendent Mrs. Barsness (back left) stands with the Skaggs School class of 1952: (front, from left) Shirley Kovacich and Frances Kovacich, and back row, right, Dean Kovacich.

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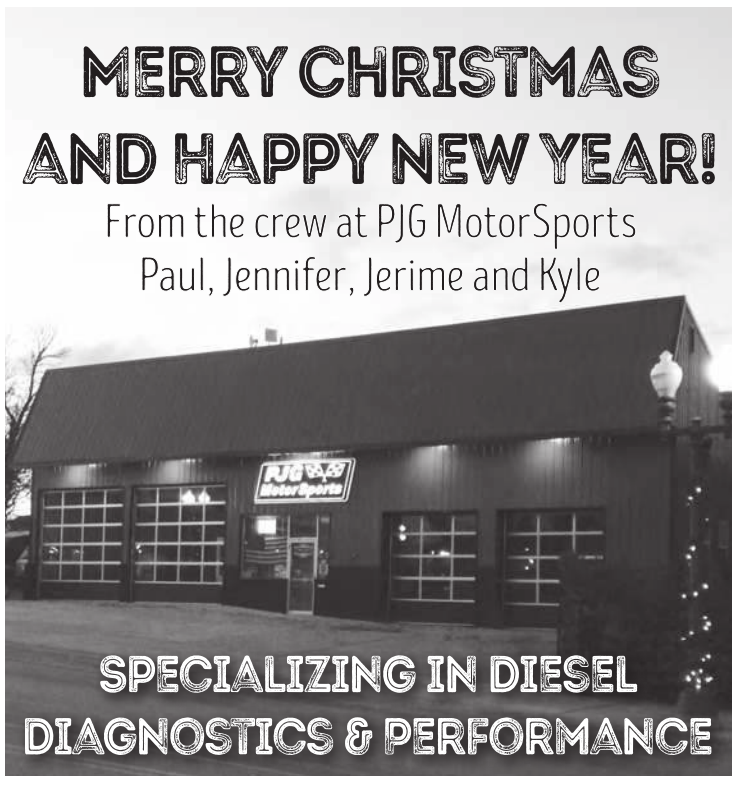

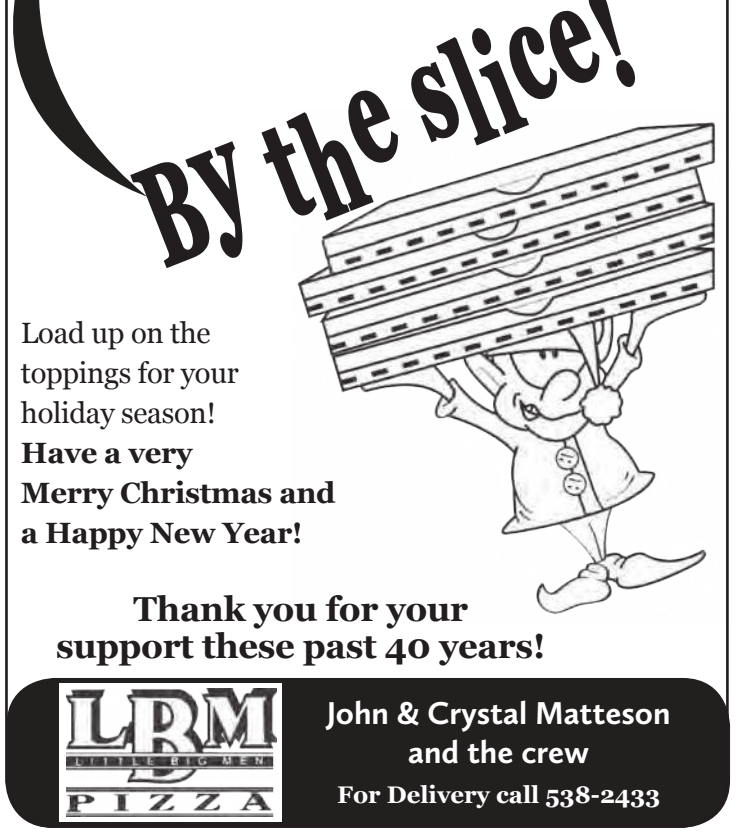

Skaggs School *(continued)*

March 1, 1941 School house furnace needs repair. Mary Peterson engaged to teach for six months at $65 per month.

April 6, 1941 Judges of election, Peter Kovacich Matt Z. Tuss and Anton Tuss; Anna Tuss clerk of the election. Hall Cowen was elected for a three year term because of Alice Carrigan's resignation several days before election.

May 15, 1941 Had a special meeting in regards to Rural Electrification. It was voted to join the REA line and become a member of the Fergus County Rural Electrification System. A warrant of $5 was approved for membership in the organization.

Aug. 13, 1941 A special meeting of the board was held about the two children of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Kottas who recently moved to the district. The trustees to arrange payment for the first quarter. Meeting held in County Superintendent's office. The budget was rearranged to meet this need.

Jan. 24, 1942 Special meeting held and the trustees agreed not to pay any tuition for the two Kottas children.

The first clerk minute book ended at the Jan. 24, 1942 meeting. The quotes taken from these minutes enable us to visualize the changes of time and the economic stresses of our early school boards.

Picture of Pauline Kovacich, former teacher and the school clerk for the last ten years the school was in operation.

Photos courtesy of Shirley Barrick

A coal heater with coal being $4 per ton heated the schoolroom in its early years. Later replaced by a coal furnace in the basement and much later by an oil furnace. Electricity in 1949 brightened the days of replacing the kerosene lamps and the lanterns used earlier for social events that were held at the school.

The school never had running water. When the railroad was being constructed men cleaned out a spring about a quarter of a mile west of the school. Water was carried to the school each day. This water was used by the students and the teachers who lived in the teacherage. Later families brought water to school. In the late 1950s a well was dug but it had too much iron in it and it had to be abandoned. Water again was hauled by the families whose children attended the school.

Through the years the enrollment varied a lot. In the 1920s there were around 30 students, in 1932, one, and in the late 30's and 40's it was a larger grades 1-8 classroom. My sister and I were the only students for two years and then neighborhood children started to enroll again.

The final term of this school was 1972-1973. Only three students were enrolled, the children of Arthur and Linda Heath; Drena, Arthur, Jr. and Angela. With no children attending for three years, the school district was abandoned and became part of Lewistown District # 1.

An auction sale was held June 28, 1976. Dean and Dorothy Kovacich bought the schoolhouse and teacherage. Several years later it was sold to Macie Lundin Ahlgren. She tore the school down and used some to the lumber to build shelters along the trail to the pictographs near Forest Grove.

For 63 years, School District #110 served a large community of families and many students. For 60 years students received their education, many going on to have a variety of careers.

The long list of wonderful supporting trustees through the years that provided for an education in the community. Many were on the board for many years such as Anton Tuss who served for 33 years.

The Skaggs School closed its doors for the last time and Linda Heath who was the mother of the last students and a trustee wrote the following poem.

In a photo taken in 1976, Joe Kovacich, Anna Tuss and Anton (Tony) Tuss, all former students, stand in front of the school building. Joe and Tony also served as trustees.

Country School

There's an old country school three miles down the road---
My three children attend; there are six students enrolled.
It's high on a hill, with pines all around:
The children think it's great for sledding down.
They receive individual attention, which would be hard to get
If they were in a class of twenty-six.
There is no indoor plumbing, this is true,
But what in the world did their grandparents do?
There will always be town school----yes, till the last;
But the old country school is becoming a thing of the past.

Mary Moore - First teacher at Skaggs School

By SHIRLEY BARRICK

Mary Moore stated teaching on Sept. 15, 1913 at the newly created Skaggs School District #110. She lived with the James Skaggs family who had three children in school. She and the Skaggs children walked to school, which was about a mile away.

Mary liked her students and they loved her.

In the late fall when the days were getting short and she was going to dismiss school she noticed a wolf circling the school. As everyone was walking home, she kept everyone inside. The Skaggs family became concerned when their children and the boarding teacher did not arrive. James Skagggs and hired hands went looking for them.

My dad, Marion Kovacich, age 12, was also a student and talked about this experience with a scared teacher and students. Everyone was so happy to see help arrive. My dad said no one ever saw the wolf again and he always assumed that the hired hands did away with it.

Mary only taught one year at Skaggs and two years at the Jenni School. She did not like teaching and went to work at a dress shop. She liked being a clerk and later established the well-known Mary Moore Shop in Helena with her sisters. She owned the shop for many years.

Mary Moore was the first teacher at Skaggs School.

Photo courtesy of Shirley Barrick

In the 1950s my parents, sister and I went to Anaconda to visit relatives for a couple of days and on the way home we stopped in Helena. My dad wanted to visit with Mary Moore, his favorite teacher. I remember how glad they were to see each other. I wish that I would have listened to their conversation.

Skaggs School teacher Florence Blank

Florence taught at the Skaggs School from March 19,1951-Nov. 9, 1951. Salary for the year was $2,052. She also taught from March 17, 1952 to Aug. 29, 1952, and at Cheadle School from May 25, 1953-Nov. 20, 1953 and March 15, 1954 to Sept. 3, 1954.

She also taught in Judith Gap before going to teach in California

Florence taught for a total of 50 years. She still resides in California but has relatives in Montana.

She was a favorite teacher to her students and kept in contact with many of them.

Skaggs School District #110 Trustees

1913	William Reeder, James Skaggs, William Cowen		Not enough people for an election. Anton Tuss appointed by County Superintendent
1914	William Reeder, James Skaggs, William Cowen	1936	Fred Carlson, William Skaggs, Hall Cowen
1915	William Reeder, James Skaggs -resigned Dec. 11 William Cowen John Sharp appointed Dec. 17	1937	Fred Carlson, William Skaggs, Hall Cowen
1916	James Skaggs, John Sharp, William Cowen	1938	Fred Carlson, William Skaggs, Hall Cowen
1917	James Skaggs, John Sharp, William Cowen	1939	Anton Tuss, Alice Carrigan, Vernal Abbott
1918	James Skaggs, John Sharp, William Cowen	1940	Anton Tuss, Alice Carrigan, Joseph Plovanich
1919	James Skaggs, John Sharp, William Cowen	1941	Anton Tuss, Hall Cowen, Joseph Plovanich
1920	James Skaggs, John Sharp, William Cowen	1942	Anton Tuss, Hall Cowen, Joseph Plovanich
1921	Fred Carlson, Alexander Sharp, William Cowen	1943	Anton Tuss, Hall Cowen, Joseph Plovanich
1922	Fred Carlson, Alexander Sharp, William Cowen	1944	Anton Tuss, Hall Cowen, Joseph Plovanich
1923	Fred Carlson, Peter Kovacich William Cowen	1945	Anton Tuss, Hall Cowen, Joseph Plovanich
1924	Fred Carlson, Peter Kovacich William Cowen	1946	Anton Tuss, Hall Cowen, Vernal Abbott
1925	Fred Carlson, Peter Kovacich William Cowen	1947	Anton Tuss, Marie Kovacich, Vernal Abbott
1926	Peter Kovacich, Fred Carlson, William Cowen	1948	Anton Tuss, Fred Carlson, Vernal Abbott
1927	Peter Kovacich, Fred Carlson, William Cowen	1949	Anton Tuss, Fred Carlson, Vernal Abbott
1928	Peter Kovacich, Fred Carlson, William Cowen	1950	Anton Tuss, Fred Carlson, Vernal Abbott
1929	Peter Kovacich, Fred Carlson, William Cowen	1951	Anton Tuss, Fred Carlson, Vernal Abbott
1930	Peter Kovacich, Fred Carlson, William Cowen	1952	Anton Tuss, Fred Carlson, Vernal Abbott
1931	No election County Superintendent appoints above trustees	1953	Anton Tuss, Fred Carlson, Vernal Abbott
1932	William Cowen, Fred Carlson, Peter Kovacich	1954	Anton Tuss, Fred Carlson, Vernal Abbott
1933	Willia Cowen, Fred Carlson, Peter Kovacich	1955	Anton Tuss, Matt Vlastelic, Vernal Abbott
1934	William Cowen, Fred Carlson, Peter Kovacich	1956	Anton Tuss, Floyd Carlson, Vernal Abbott
1935	Fred Carlson, Anton Tuss, William Cowen	1957	Anton Tuss, Floyd Carlson, Vernal Abbott
		1958	Anton Tuss, Floyd Carlson, Vernal Abbott
		1959	Anton Tuss, Floyd Carlson, Joseph Plovanich
		1960	Anton Tuss, Floyd Carlson, Joseph Plovanich
		1961	Anton Tuss, Floyd Carlson, E.O. Kizer (resigned)
		1962	Anton Tuss, Floyd Carlson, Carol Carlson
		1963	Anton Tuss, Floyd Carlson, Carol Carlson
		1964	Anton Tuss, Floyd Carlson, Carol Carlson
		1965	Anton Tuss, Floyd Carlson, Carol Carlson (resigned)
		1966	Anton Tuss, Floyd Carlson, Richard Koch
		1967	Richard Koch, Floyd Carlson (resigned), Anne Tuss-appointed, Anton Tuss
		1968	Richard Koch, Gordon Buckentin (resigned), Anton Tuss
		1969	Richard Koch, Frank Kovacich, Anton Tuss
		1970	Richard Koch, Frank Kovacich, Anton Tuss
		1971	Richard Koch, Joseph Kovacich, Anton Tuss
		1972	Richard Koch, Art Heath, Richard Koch resigned) Linda Heath-appointed
		1973	Richard Koch, Art Heath, Linda Heath
		1974	Richard Koch, Art Heath, Linda Heath
		1975	Richard Koch, Art Heath, Linda Heath
		1976	Richard Koch, Joseph Kovacich, Linda Heath

Country School Still Schedules Summer Sess

Countless thousands of persons received their educations through the eighth grade in one room country schools which at one time were scattered throughout the entire country. Particularly in farming communities the small rural schools ing in its one room under the supervision of a single teacher. At present the school has seven students, Maxine Lott, Floyd Carlson, Robert Carlson, Paulette Tuss and Ralph Carlson. They all live within five miles of the school; however, many live witain two miles. Maxine Lott formerly attended school in the Cheadle School, which has since been abandoned as have so many country schools.

The Skaggs School has served many generations of the same families. The father of each child now in attendance was educated in the school many years ago. Paulette Tuss' starts in March and closes in mid November. The only other school in the county which operates on the same schedule is the Fort McGinnis School. mind spending their summers in the school, in fact they seem to enjoy each other's company and the family like atmosphere created from the intimate

CHILDREN enrolled in the Skaggs school range from the first grade grade through the seventh. Next September two more children are scheduled to join the seven already in attendance. Pictured above, from the ert, front to rear Annette Tuss, Jam teacher, Mrs. Luci right, from front Carlson, Robert Tuss and Ralph C

SKAGGS SCHOOL, built in 19~~1~~4, is still in the education business despite modern transportation and a decline in the number of rural families. At one time the school had 33 students enrolled, all served as the only source of education.

Then as thousands of homesteaders left the soil and moved into small towns and cities, country schools were left abandoned to slowly rot away, their paint fading and broken windows staring vacantly at the once populated countryside.

Improved methods of transportation speeded up the trend from country schools. Now school buses travel long distances to bring children to city schools so that very few of attending classes in the school's single room. At present seven children are receiving their educations in the school which is surrounded by gentle hills covered with timber.

Mrs. Lucille McVey, of Lewistown, has been teaching in the Skaggs School for the past five years. She has a total of 13 years teaching experience. Mrs. McVey commutes between the school and Lewistown daily, driving east from Lewistown on Highway 87 for 11 miles. The school is located several miles off the highway on a road which enters the highway from the south.

The children don't seem to contact of so few students all spending so much time together in a single room.

Several of the children report that they have little brothers and sisters who will

IMPRESSIVE LOSS

To Graduate

A former Hilger resident, Mrs. Violet Hopper, and her son, Mark, will receive diplomas this year at the College of Caldwell, Idaho.

Mrs. Hopper has resumed her teaching career after rearing a start school soon, so it seems that the Skaggs School will be in operation for some time to come, despite the general trend to the contrary.

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17-JEWEL SPORTSMAN & STARLITE

The May 4, 1963 edition of the Lewistown News-Argus contained a story on the Skaggs School, which was about 10 miles east of town up on the Divide. Only the foundation remains standing. Former County School Superintendent Shirley Barrick attended the school through eighth grade. The school operated from 1913 through 1973.

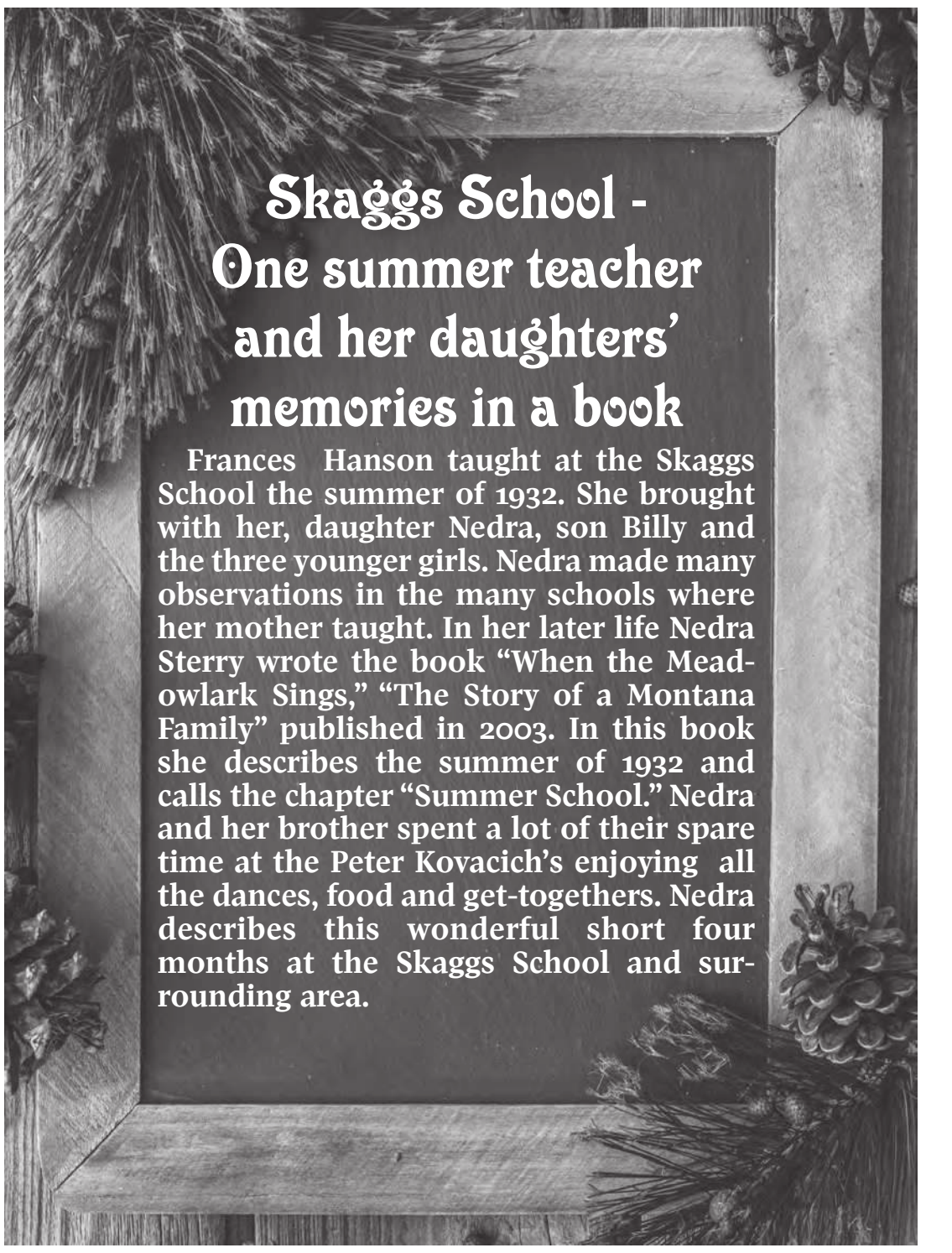
News-Argus file photo

A Mountain School in Summer

By BERTHA ZELENKA
(teacher 1945)

On a pine covered hill in a canyon small,
Surrounded by timbered mountains tall, painted white and built of wood,
Like a miniature southern mansion, the Schoolhouse stood.
Built by workmen with skill and pride.
A neat little teacherage was tacked to the side.
Pillared porch, heavy doors, entry way, cloakrooms and hardwood floors,
Dark, polished woodwork, and windows so high,
That all one could see was treetops and sky.
Why study about tropical gardens and flowers rare,
When the scent of wild roses perfume the air?
Why talk of polar regions, ice bergs and winds so chill,
While butterflies rest on the windowsill?
Why worry about the four fundamentals, square root, or the rule of three
When you can't count the needles on a small fir tree?
Who can concentrate on nouns, verbs, syntax, simile, or metaphor,
When a little pine squirrel scampers in through the door,
And jumps into the old tin basin to take a dip?
(I never heard of a water cooler that didn't drip).
Why read of lions, tigers, grizzly bears, and wild wolf packs,
When so many animals leave their tracks, in the cool damp sand,
of the narrow road?
And down by the spring lives Hoppy, the frog, and Blinker the toad?
Why listen to recording of operas, arias, and bands and symphonies
When wild birds hold concerts in the tops of the trees?
When the school-day was over, and the children had gone home,
I and my pre-schooler were left alone.
As we watched night erase the glowing color from the evening sky
I tried to answer each how and why.
Soon he was sleeping, dreaming of the joys,
Known only to happy little boys.
I stood in the open doorway, looking out into the quiet night
Strange and beautiful in the dim mystic light.
Two deer came out of the brush and stood near a tree
And the jolly old moon smiled down at me.
An owl wheeled low on silent wing.
As I slowly closed the teacherage door,
The laughing stars began to sing.
Children! Children! Did I teach you anything!?

(At the school located 10 miles east of Lewistown near the junction of Divide Road and Skagg's Lane)



Skaggs School - One summer teacher and her daughters' memories in a book

Frances Hanson taught at the Skaggs School the summer of 1932. She brought with her, daughter Nedra, son Billy and the three younger girls. Nedra made many observations in the many schools where her mother taught. In her later life Nedra Sterry wrote the book "When the Meadowlark Sings," "The Story of a Montana Family" published in 2003. In this book she describes the summer of 1932 and calls the chapter "Summer School." Nedra and her brother spent a lot of their spare time at the Peter Kovacich's enjoying all the dances, food and get-togethers. Nedra describes this wonderful short four months at the Skaggs School and surrounding area.

Wishing everyone a Merry Christmas & a wonderful New Year.
Thank You!
DENTON FOODS
567-2331

Merry Christmas and Happy New Year!
We thank you for your patronage.
DOUBLE B RV & GIFTS
566-2363
Hwy 200 & Hwy 80

Sweet Tidings to you!
FOR SANTA
It's been a real treat to serve people like you!
Merry Christmas!
The LONGBRANCH
The Denton Motel
SHADE TREE CAFE
Denton, MT

Mystery Photo

The News-Argus received this photo with only the following information:
Ghost Art Gallery, Upper Last Chance Gulch Walking Mall.

If you think you may have information about the photo, please call us at 535-3401 or email to: editor@lewistownnews.com.

Fergus County Summer School 1956

County's Summer Schools Prepare for Picnic Friday

Fergus County's five summer schools are making preparations for a picnic Friday beginning at 11 a.m. in Lewistown's city park.

The five schools hold school during spring and summer. Students have their vacation in the winter.

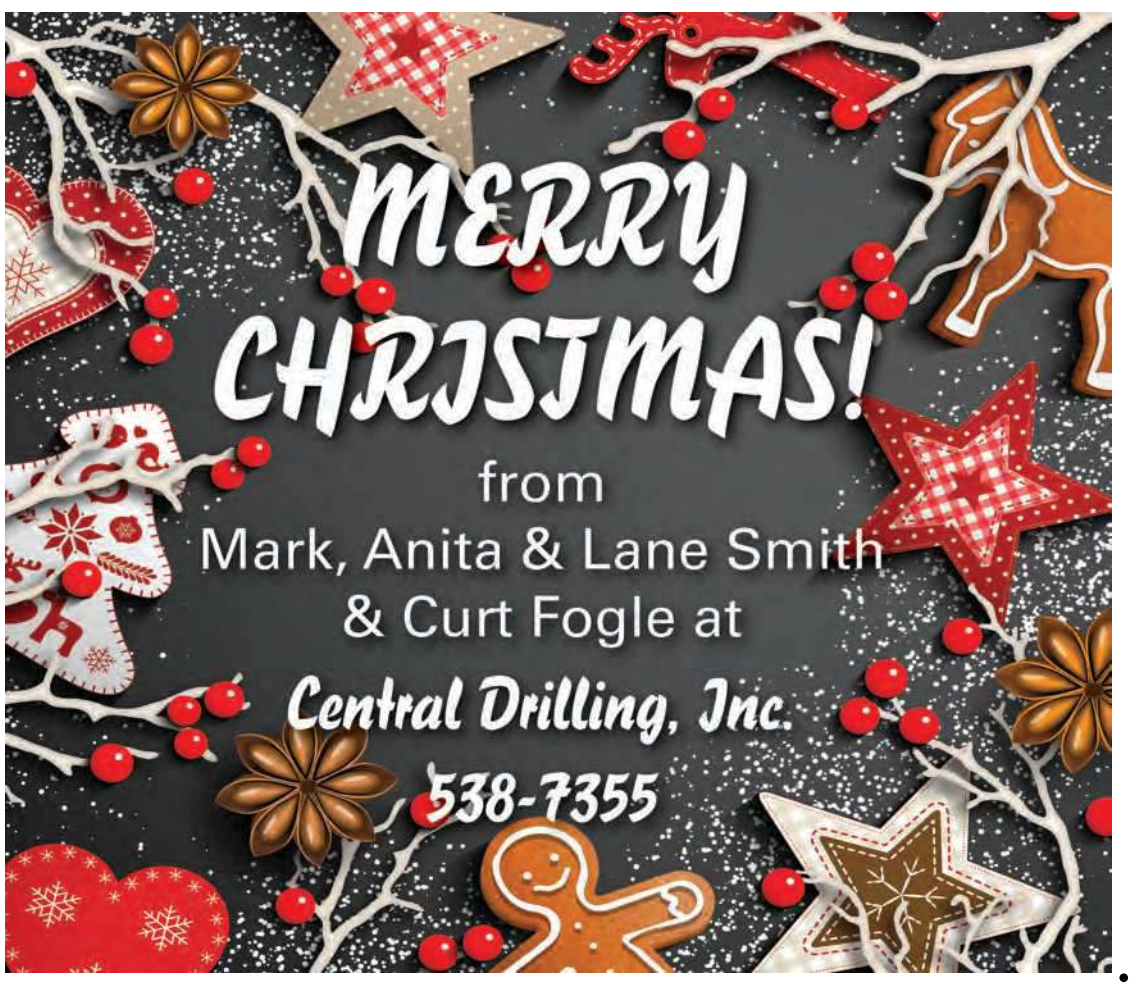
Josephine Farrelly, teacher of the Skaggs School, is in charge of picnic preparations.

Schools that will participate are the Bear Paw District # 48; Cheadle District # 98; Roy Junction District #163; Fort Maginnis District #184; and Skaggs #110.

This is an article from the Lewistown Daily News or paper at the time in 1956

Skaggs School District Clerks and terms of service

Mrs. James Skaggs (Laura) Sept. 6, 1913 to April 16, 1921
Willie Cowen April 16, 1921 to April 2, 1932
Marion Kovacich April 2, 1932 to May 13, 1933
Clarence Robinson May 13, 1933 to April 15, 1934
George L. Smith April 15, 1934 to April 18, 1936
Marion Kovacich April 18, 1936 to June 8, 1966
Pauline Kovacich June 8, 1966 to June 30, 1976



Old Man's Horse

By TOM HANSEN

There's a pretty paint horse down in the corral
standing all alone
Kinda reminds me of that good old strawberry
roan
There's a gal that's going to ride him at first light
After she's had a restful night

Old Pinto stands there as quiet as a mouse
But doesn't think kindly of leaving his house
She lopes off into the rising sun
But pretty quick Old Pinto comes undone

Here he comes over the hill with stirrups flapping
When he hits he barn there's nobody clapping
She says catch that no good Pinto s o b
He can't do that to me

I'll ride him half to death
But by now she's kinda short of breath
She steps on Old Pinto the same thing again
He throws her up against the gate coming in

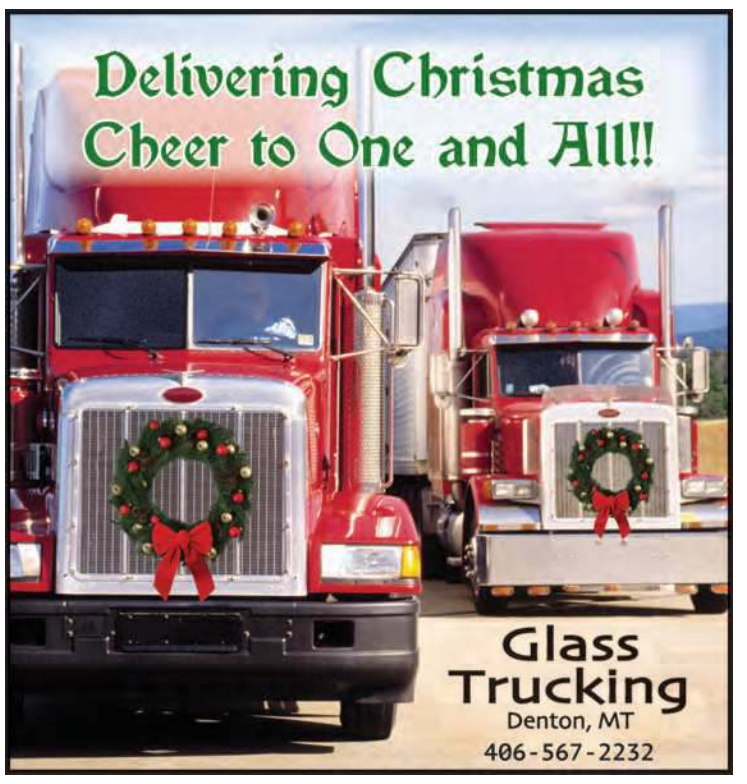
She says that's enough for today
Tomorrow we'll figure a different play
Me and another knowledgeable old fellow
standing by
Said we'll draw straws to see who'll give him a
try

Well, he wins and lopes off nice as can be
It's hard to believe when he brings him back for
us to see
He knew exactly what was wrong of course
He's not a woman's, but an old man's, horse.

Tom Hanson rides one of his first horses bareback in this undated family photo.

Photos courtesy of Hanson family

Tom Hanson schools one of his favorite horses.



SEIDEN DRUG
A MONTANA FAMILY PHARMACIES MEMBER

Kathy Perry, Amy Olson,
Jennifer Chamberlin,
Brooke Seal &
Lanette Scott
406-535-1470
310 Wendell Ave., Suite 102
Lewistown, MT 59457

The first people

By W.D. NOTTINGHAM

The Montana Historical Society now has an exhibit entitled, "End of the Last Ice Age" in Helena that takes visitors back over 10,000 years to the time of mammoths, short-faced bears, and Montana's earliest people. This is a "must see" exhibit for the young and old alike.

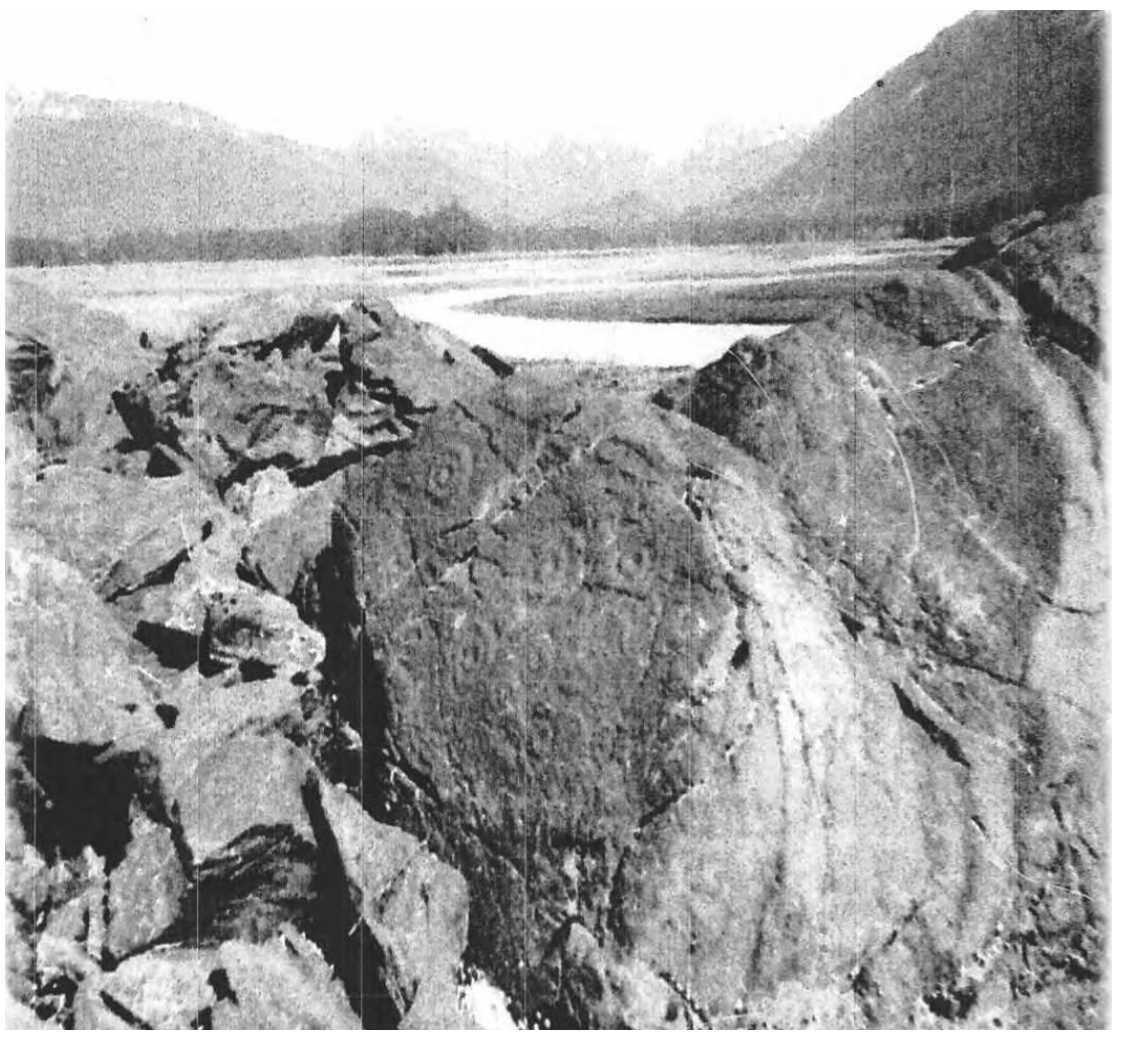
Of greatest interest to me is the Anzick display showing artifacts from a 12,600-year-old gravesite of a young boy found near Wilsall. This boy was from the "Clovis" group of early Americans, thought to be among the first people. Clovis is a name taken from Clovis, New Mexico, where early stone projectile points were found featuring a distinct shape with flutes for spear-shaft attachment.

Following the end of the Last Ice Age some 13,000 years ago, in concert with early man's arrival, came the extinction of numerous sepcies of megafauna, including mammoths, saber-toothed cats, dire wolves and giant sloths. Some event other than human intrusion is thought to have had an impact on this extinction following the Last Ice Age.

Dating from 13,000 years ago, stone projectile points were used on spears. The design of these points is an important method of identifying the evolution and movement of various people. Some 4,000 years ago the throwing stick, or atlatl, became popular and about 1,700 years ago the bow and arrow evolved. All these devices used stone points formed from a wide variety of fine-grained stone.

The question of "Where did these people come from" has been the subject of study by archeologists for years, and with the advance in DNA technology, coupled with conventional approaches, a more clear picture is evolving.

The Anzick child yielded DNA that shows a relationship to many native people in the Americas and Asian people from a region near Eastern Mongolia. People from the Mongolian region bear a strong resemblance to the Blackfoot and Navaho. Somehow these Asians migrated into the Americas thousands of years ago. Anyone who has trod Alaska's tundra knows this is a difficult way to travel, especially carrying a heavy pack, compared to travel by water.



Petroglyphs--shapes and symbols pecked or scraped into stone— such as these in Alaska, may be evidence of early cultures in North America.

Photos courtesy of Dennis Nottingham

However, considering migration slowly over the Bering "Land Bridge" during a period of glacial rebound and subsidence, along with discovery of artifiacts, is one significant theory. Others have been considering the water migration theory or combination, each which have merit.

During my 50 years in Alaska, coupled with time in my birth state of Montana, I have observed some things connected to these early people. I have worked throughout Alaska and know many native people and have listened to their lore and ideas. The Tlingits are excellent artists, hunters, and fishermen, and had a lot to offer in the form of history.

On one brown bear hunting trip to Admiralty Island in 1965, my Tlingit hunting partner and I were resting on a beach in the morning sun when, as if by magic, an entire rock face appeared covered by a dozen or so concentric circle petroglyphs. These rock carvings were extremely old, as evidenced by the wear and rounding of edges. This type of petroglyph can be found along the Pacific Coast, even extending into Nevada, where age has been estimated to be in the 10,000 to 15,000 year range.

The Alaska petroglyphs seem to be from two distinct ages. Later work is obvious with their sharp edges and more recent totem forms, while older works feature worn concentric circles primarily. Tlingit elders make no claim to the older works and know nothing of their origin, other than they were made by traveling "Star" people, according to lore.

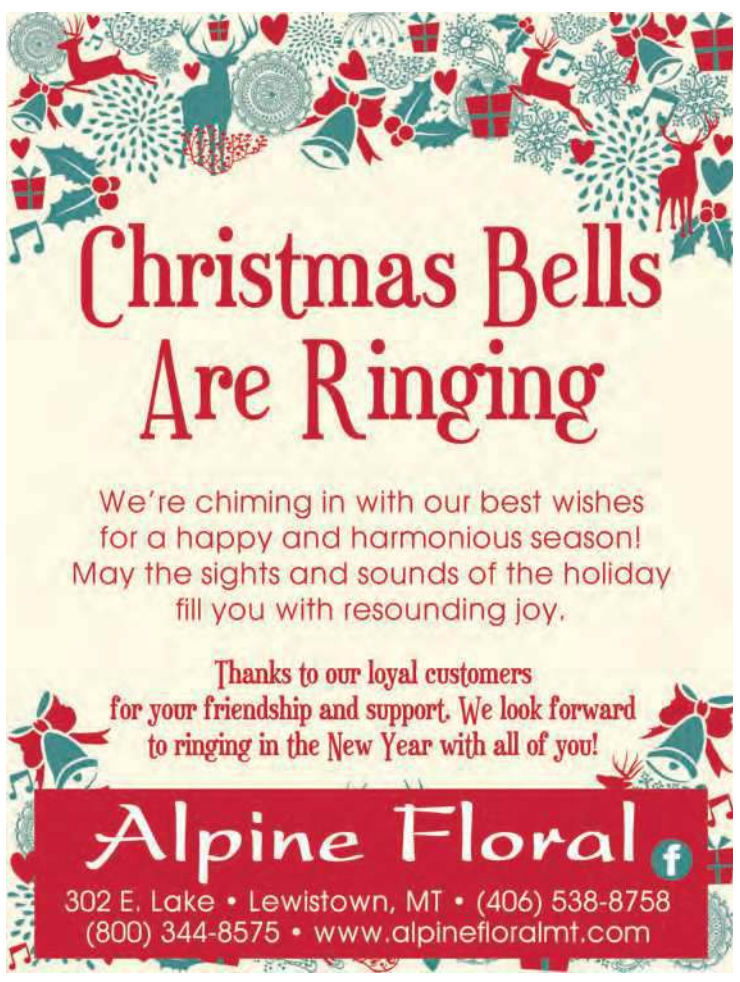
Further north I had a gold mine on the Seward Peninsula (near the Bering Land Bridge) and worked on a zinc mine north of Kotzebue. Evidence of stone workings could be found in these areas, but if they were related to Clovis activity, that could not be determined. However, to the south at Afognak Island (near Kodiak), a Clovis-type spear point was found in 1985, with its truly artistic shape and form.

In my mind, migration from Asia came by several routes, including land, sea, or a combination. These people spread out across the Arctic and south into the Americas at a fairly fast rate. Montana offered prime conditions for these hunters, even with the demise of some megafauna, but with the rise of bison.

Amidst the many theories, DNA testing has shown the Anzick child to be the oldest confirmed inhabitant of Montana and is truly among the "First People."

A bison hunt is depicted on a leather hide. Early Montana cultures may have turned to hunting bison after the demise of other species of megafauna.

The classic shape of the Clovis point is an indicator of one of the earliest groups of settlers in Montana.



Bombs away!

Central Montana key in the accuracy of WWII aerial attacks

By MIRIAM CAMPAN | Reporter

The setting was bucolic. The sagebrush-covered prairie that fed local livestock was overshadowed in its beauty only by the Judith and Little Snowy mountains. However, during WWII, this portion of prairie became a slice of the nightmarish reality of a world war that was raging across the Atlantic Ocean.

For 10 months, from February through November 1943, the War Department utilized an area located approximately 12 miles north of Winnett as a test site for aerial bombing. Known today as the Lewistown Satellite Airfield, day and night training missions utilized the B-17 heavy bombardment aircraft in an effort to blast away at targets of concentric circles representing a giant bulls-eye from the sky. The center circle was 200 feet in diameter and was surrounded by four rings spaced 100 feet apart to create a target that was 1,000 feet in diameter.

Falling from the sky were bombs, weighing from four pounds to heavier 100-pounds, accompanied by spotting charges that produced a flash of flame and white smoke upon impact. On the outskirts of the target range were three observation buildings that triangulated the location of the dropped bombs. Although a 1954 aerial photograph reveals the target site location, the three outlying buildings no longer remain.

In 1942, the Army selected the sparsely populated Petroleum County region as the location of the Lewistown Pattern Bombing Range. One pilot compared flying over Central Montana, with its lack of clearly identifiable landmarks, to flying over a blacked-out England, making the undeveloped area ideal for training missions. To this day, dummy bomb fragments litter the slopes surrounding the range.

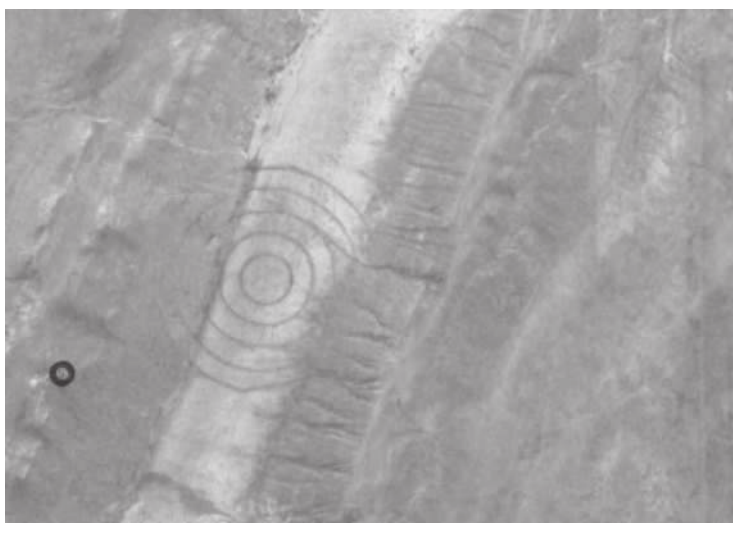
Also in 1942, Major General Robert Olds laid out the precise purposes of the B-17 bomb squadron training fields. According to the National Register of Historic Places nomination form, National Park Service men were individually trained in "the delicate art of bombing, and creating a combat team that works as one man. Particular emphasis was laid on the ability of this united team to take a four-engine bomber to any target in any weather and at any time of day or night and successfully present the maximum defensive fire power necessary to ward off attacks . . ."

Local Winnett high school students are known to have visited the bombing range site and removed "souvenirs" over the years. Despite high school field trips, the Lewistown Satellite Airfield retains a high degree of integrity overall. Though the bombing range has not been maintained, the layout of the 1942 military design of the target is intact and its function well represented.

Leroy Musick stands alongside the remnants of dummy bombs, used for practicing drop accuracy from a B-17 bomber.

Photos courtesy of Zane Fulbright

The site is listed on the National Register of Historic Places with the primary reason, during the nomination process, being the high concentration of dummy bomb fragments: 25 tail fins, 18 nose cones, and 68 other undistinguishable fragments. The effects of these bombs are still visible from the air amongst the sagebrush.



A decade after the target site was utilized by practicing B-17 bombers, evidence of the concentric circles used for target practice was still evident from an aerial view.

Honest Bob Ammon and the Gilt Edge fiasco

By John R. Foster

Editor's note: This story first ran in the "Lewistown News-Argus" on Dec. 14, 1986. It is reprinted here in tribute to John Foster, who passed away in 2018. For years and years, Foster provided stories on local history to the News-Argus for publication. These stories are now collected in a book.

For two reasons, the Central Montana ghost town of Gilt Edge is ultimately unique in the annals of western gold mining history. Not only was the town's birth the result of a radical new mining process that was to, and eventually did, revolutionize the western mining industry; the camp's uncommon business affairs, commonly referred to as "damn crooked politics," held up the growth and vital prosperity of the town and the new mining process for six agonizing years.

John Foster

The entire history of early day Gilt Edge and its battle for survival against economic chaos, and not so honorable business practices, is recorded on the old pages of the "Fergus County Argus," forerunner of the "Lewistown News-Argus." After the "Mineral Argus" of Maiden moved to Lewistown in August of 1886 and became the "Fergus County Argus," it continued to cover, in vivid detail, every facet of the Judith Mountain gold industry. Fortunately, the fiasco at Gilt Edge did not escape the Argus reporter's watchful eye and gives us a colorful story of that Gilt Edge trauma nearly 100 years ago.

Bringing excited optimism to the residents of Fergus County, we find the camp developing normally at first. On June 15, 1893, the Argus printed first mention of the new Gilt Edge Mining Company. Just six weeks previous this new company, headed by President T.E. Collins, manager H.S. Sherard, treasurer C.H. Clark, and Secretary J.K. Clark, had purchased the Gilt Edge mining claims from the original discoverers and owners, W.E. "Limerock" Wilson, Henry Musson, and Ed Anderson.

A gold processing mill, 126 feet by 26 feet, was in the process of being built 1 mile down the gulch from the mine. Adjacent was a manager's residence and assay office. Further up the gulch toward the mine was a bunkhouse to accommodate 50 miners. The United States was in severe economic depression at that time, and the Argus applauded the efforts of these bold investors in speculating their hard earned money towards such a noble effort. In conclusion, the Argus stated: "We would not be surprised to see quite a pretentious town spring up in a year or two."

The white two story frame building in the center of this photo served as a hotel in Gilt Edge. Originally a part of Fort Maginnis, just a few miles to the north, the building was moved to the new mining camp of Gilt Edge after the fort was closed by the U.S. Army in 1890. Fort Maginnis operated from 1880 to 1890, and Gilt Edge did not start up as a town until 1893, three years after the fort was disbanded and closed. This old hotel building remained intact at Gilt Edge after the town became a ghost town.

It didn't take a year or two. The new town of Gilt Edge sprang up immediately just a block east of the new Gilt Edge Mill, on the eastern foothills of the Judith Mountains where the plains meet the pine trees. In the Aug. 10, 1983 edition, the Argus boasted that Young and Dance's new hotel was nearing completion. Thos. Merrifield was running a restaurant, and John Arnold was finishing his livery stable. Deaupre and Matlock had just opened a drug and general merchandise store. Gilt Edge had two new saloons in full operation; Dish Clarks and Graham and O'Donnel's. Several new dwelling houses were being built, and Roe and Wilber were running a "four-horse daily" stage line between Lewistown and Gilt Edge.

By Aug. 17, it was reported that the company had discovered a coal vein some 200 yards from the new mill. That was a blessing, as the steam powered boilers were consuming two tons of coal per day. The town kept growing, and a "Mr. Clark" was busy selling new residents and businessmen town lots.

By November of 1893 the mine and mill employed 40, and the mill was processing $17,000 worth of gold per month. Expansion plans to replace the original six leeching tanks with 12 larger ones were announced. In the town, plans for building a new schoolhouse for "50 scholars" was discussed. Three new saloons (for a total of five) were in operation, plus a new hotel, store, meat market, and blacksmith shop. By December of that year, another saloon (for a total of six), served the residents of new Gilt Edge, and on Dec. 29, 1893, the first child was born to Mr. and Mrs. Charles Purdy.

These printed excerpts from the "Fergus County Argus" reflect exciting and normal growth for a new mining camp, particularly one emerging on a national economic depression. For the new mill was the first of its kind in Fergus County, the state of Montana, and by a matter of days, the second in the U.S.

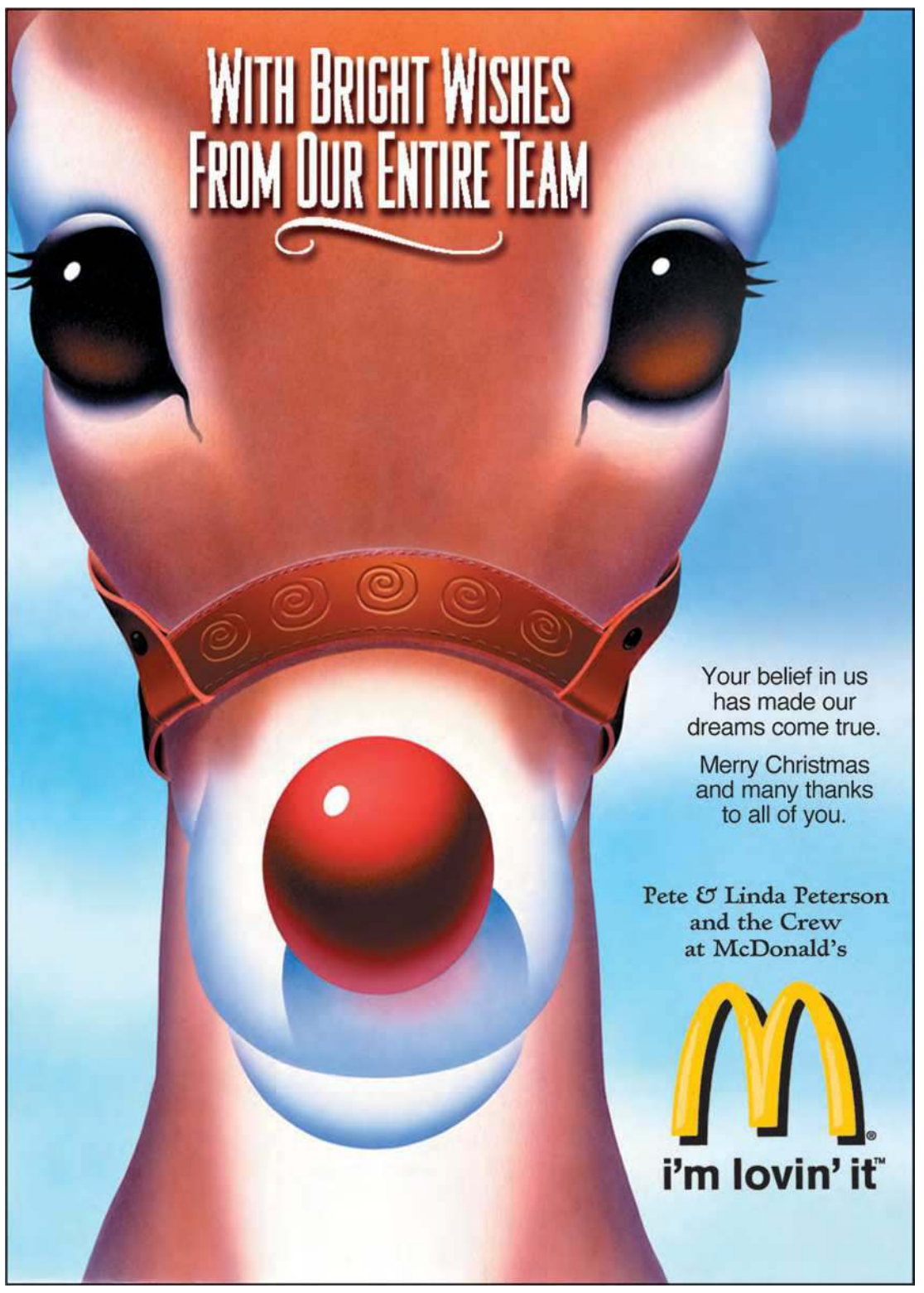
Using a radical new technique developed in the Transvaal of South Africa just a few months before, Gilt Edge was a test; a test to see how this revolutionary new process called Cyanide Gold Processing would function. The gold on the east side of the Judith Mountains, where Gilt Edge boomed, was not high grade gold visible to the naked eye. It was low grade gold ore, separable from the earth only by this new cyanide leeching process. If it proved successful, it would provide unlimited new ventures in gold mining, and revolutionize the gold mining industry. The eye of the entire mining world was on Gilt Edge in Fergus County, Montana.

While all of the printed Argus reports of 1893 reflected only prosperity and growth concerning the new town of Gilt Edge, the new era of 1894 brought a new twist and introduced a new personality to Gilt Edge news that rocked the residents of Fergus County and the entire mining world for the next several years.

What had been known intimately by the people of Gilt Edge and their creditors and was highly circulated by rumor was finally published by the press. In January of 1894, the Argus confirmed that since the Gilt Edge Mining Company had begun operations in May of the previous year they had not paid any of their laborers or miners one red cent in cash for wages. They paid only in promises and IOU notes. Thus, the new town of Gilt Edge had been built entirely on credit. Every merchant and businessperson in the town had accepted the miner's IOU notes in exchange for goods and services. The entire community waited with mounting anxiety for the Gilt Edge Mining Company to pay its men in cash.

The anxiety ceased in early January of 1894 when a new company official, a New York lawyer named Robert H. Ammon, arrived on the scene. Ammon had first come to Fergus County in October of 1893, boasting an interest in the new company and stating that "the Gilt Edge is the finest gold mine in the county."

Continued on page 27.



Gilt Edge *(continued)*

Ammon's return to Fergus County in January of 1894 was accompanied by J.K. Clark of Great Falls, whom he had just replaced as secretary of the company, and A.G. Esklund of Saint Paul. Prior to the threesome's arrival in Fergus County, Ammon had deposited "tens of thousands" in a Great Falls bank, and was still carrying a "huge amount of cash" for the Gilt Edge pay off. Enroute through Lewistown. Ammon stopped at the "Fergus County Argus" office and requested that a reporter come with them as witness to the transaction. One did. The report, published Jan. 11, 1894, is as follows:

"The gratification of the laborers was not so great as anticipated when Mr. Ammon announced that his pay-off at this time was more of a favor than otherwise, and that the money he had with him was not the company's but his own, and further that if he did pay off, he should expect each man to receive a discount of 10 percent, this rake-off to help pay Mr. Ammon's expenses and time. Further, the company was unable to pay its employees, and unless Mr. Ammon's proposition was accepted the chance of receiving their hire at an early day was very slim. To use an apt but not altogether Anglo-Saxon expression, many bucked on this proposition, and for a time results seemed doubtful, but later one after another accepted 90 cents on the dollar they had earned rather than further stand off their creditors. It is understood that contractors, merchants, and all others must come to these terms or whistle."

How far the 10 percent discount went down the line is unknown. The merchants of Gilt Edge obviously accepted the discount rather than "whistle." Whether the suppliers to the gold camp merchants did or not was quickly muffed in the next exciting episode of Gilt Edge history.

For not only did the company not pay their men for the first eight and a half months of Gilt Edge mining operations, they had not paid for the materials and machinery used to build the mill and mine improvements. Yet it was common knowledge that gold bullion was being produced "in bulk" via the new cyanide process mill at Gilt Edge. The result: perhaps the greatest chase for $25,000 worth of gold in all of western history.

On Jan 16, 1894 T.C. Power and Company, Montana Hardware Company, and George T. Chambers all of Lewistown, assigned their claims of unpaid bills against the company to Austin W. Warr, of the Bank of Fergus County, which totaled over $8,000. Attachment on the gold rumored to be in the safe at the Gilt Edge plant was to be made by the sheriff of Fergus County the following day.

The Giltedge Saloon, one of six erected while the gold processing plant was being built, sees a steady clientele in this 1895 photo.

Photo courtesy of Lewistown Public Library

News of the attachment reached Mr. Ammon at Gilt Edge late at night on Jan. 16 via Frank Moshner, who also had a large claim against the company.

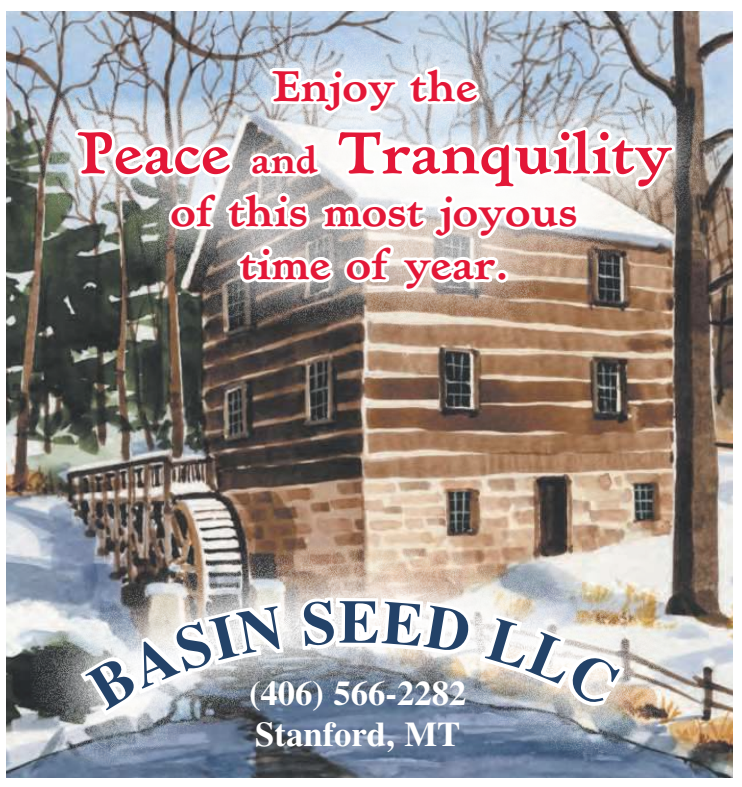
At five o'clock in the morning on Jan. 17, Jack Parr, an employee of Ammon, left Gilt Edge "in charge of about 800 pounds of cyanide product (gold bars) valued at $25,000." He had passed through Lewistown at 7:15 a.m. headed for Great Falls. R.A. Ammon had left Gilt Edge at the same hour in the morning, and before leaving had closed the mill "and in a measure, had evacuated the camp."

The sheriff at Lewistown did not receive attachment papers until nine o'clock on the morning of Jan. 17, nearly two hours after the bullion had passed through Lewistown in Jack Parr's rig.

It was 10 o'clock in the morning on Jan. 17 before deputies started in pursuit. Four deputies started in pursuit. Four deputies left on four different roads. As the papers of attachment also included the mine and mill, at noon Undersheriff Scott and a special deputy left Lewistown to take charge of the Gilt Edge plant.

At 12:20 p.m. on Jan. 17, Robert A. Ammon gave a bill of sale for the $25,000 worth of gold bullion to Frank Moshner, apparently to settle his claims against the company, and together they started after Deputy Lyons, who was the only one of the four deputies who had not returned back to Lewistown by that time.

Continued on page 28.



Gilt Edge *(continued)*

At Stanford (then still part of Fergus County) Lyons was overtaken by Ammon and Moshner, and "by flow of eloquence interspersed with falsehoods," Ammon convinced Deputy Lyons that the pursuit was useless, "and leaving the hypnotized deputy," Ammon and Moshner journeyed onward. When Lyons "recovered consciousness," he over took the treasure "beyond county lines after it had passed into Moshner's possession." Lyons then turned back to Lewistown.

But the capture was not over. Earlier that morning, only one-half hour after Lyons and the three other deputies had left Lewistown in pursuit of Jack Parr and the $25,000 in gold, a deputy named Jeff Nichols returned from Helena. Taking along extra mounts and "a duplicate set of papers," Nichols "overtook Parr, Ammon, and the bullion at Rocky Ridge (in Cascade County), not more than 12 miles beyond where Lyons had overtaken them." While his warrants were only good in Fergus County, "Nichols took possession of the bullion by force at Armington and held it 13 hours, or until the Cascade County Sheriff took it from him, Nichols not legally holding it." Moshner then took the gold to Great Falls, "where they sold it to Cascade National Bank for $25,000."

Christmas trees available for purchase line the street in front of the Giltedge Mercantile Co. in this photo, circa 1910.

Photo courtesy of Lewistown Public Library

Later Undersheriff Scott went to Great Falls, and according to the Argus account:

"Finding the bullion in the possession of the Cascade bank, he immediately garnished that institution for indebtedness due either Moshner or the Gilt Edge Company. The bank made affidavits to the effect that they held neither money nor other property belonging to either party, whereupon Undersheriff Scott levied upon all real estate in Cascade County belonging to either Mr. T.E. Collins (president of the Gilt Edge Mining Company) and Mr. Armington (a stockholder). When Mr. Scott left, bonds were being prepared for the release of this property. Mr. Scott said that Mr. Collins and Mrs. Armington seriously regretted Mr. Ammon's action in the matter and would be in Lewistown shortly with the purpose of squaring themselves with all creditors."

On Feb. 15, 1894, the Gilt Edge bookkeeper and timekeeper were arrested and jailed. The charge: stealing books and records that were under attachment.

By April 26 of 1894, four months after the chase, the Gilt Edge matter had not been resolved. A "Fergus County Argus" editorial of that date lambasted Robert A. Ammon in the affray, indicating that he was a man "devoid of all honor," and that his "trickery and obstinacy" in the case had held up prompt payment of the company's debt payments. While Gilt Edge Company President Collins had conceded in fairness a just proposition to Mr. Warr, Ammons had apparently "killed the whole deal." The editorial concluded: "Either by controlling a majority of stock or some other means, Ammon has the whole say as to the affairs of the company, and until he is willing to concede to a fair proposition, there is little prospect of renewal of operations at Gilt Edge."

Through the summer of 1894 the Gilt Edge Cyanide plant was apparently idle, and the town of Gilt Edge stagnant. In August of 1894 the Argus made mention that pursuant to a judgment of the Cascade County Courts, the Gilt Edge plant was to be sold at auction. In early September the sale occurred on schedule, selling the property for $11,250 to "Mr. Moshner and Mr. Donovan." The sale netted enough to pay Austin Warr his $8,000 in claims after costs of the suit and liens were deducted.

But Moshner and Donovan apparently bought the property at the auction on behalf of Robert A. Ammon, for in December Ammon was back running the newly opened Gilt Edge Cyanide operation. Several articles in the December editions indicated that Ammon had a force of 30 men working, and that business was again booming in the town of Gilt Edge, despite the fact that the number of saloons was at three (down three from the six the year before.)

The Argus concluded 1894 with the statement: "The 'bullion button' of Mr. Ammon was not the dimensions that gentleman wished for, but nevertheless Mr. A. is going to win 'er out, which we trust he will."

The new year of 1895 promised greater things for Gilt Edge than the series of fiascos of 1894. The mill at Gilt Edge ran under Ammon's direction through the spring of that year. Ammon went back to New York in late winter to see his family, returning in the spring. On April 4, 1895, the Argus announced Mr. Ammon's plans to expand the mill, and made mention of a $500 gold bar that Ammon had flashed around Lewistown while enroute to Great Falls. Ammon further concluded that he was getting 99% of the gold out of the rock, "Ammon has great determination," the report stated, "Although the sentiment of Gilt Edge seems to be against him." The paper concluded: "If Ammon succeeds, so will Gilt Edge."

In the July 11, 1895 Argus account, the Gilt Edge Mine was now owned by Ammon-Stivers Mining Company, who succeeded the Gilt Edge Mining Company. The mine and mill continued to operate, and the town of Gilt Edge continued to function.

But 1896 did not end without fiasco. To repeat part of 1894, the Argus mentioned on Nov. 28 that the Ammon-Stivers entire list of mining property at Gilt Edge would be sold at a sheriff's sale on Dec. 20, 1895.

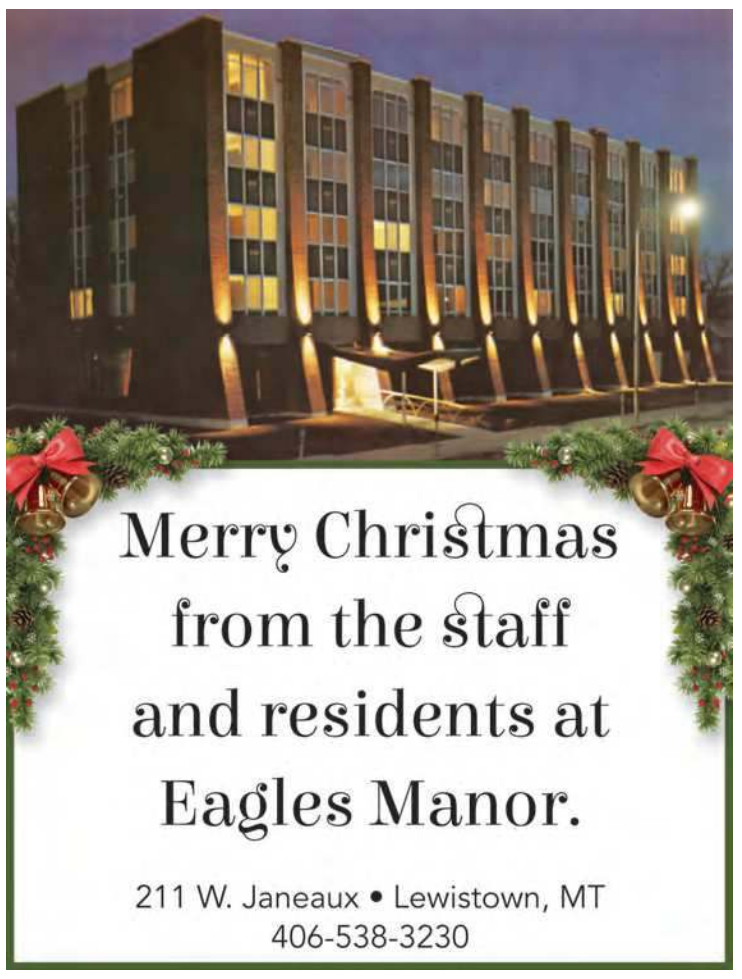
While the sale went off as scheduled, there was only one bidder and one buyer. Attorney Blackford represented the lien holders, and bid $13,325.13, representing the entire amount of claims and costs. The Argus cautioned in its Dec. 26 newspaper: "There is likely to be a battle on technicalities before the title passes to the lien holders."

And so 1895 ended with an idle cyanide plant at Gilt Edge. It was not a good Christmas in that again the unemployment rate at Gilt Edge was back up to 100 percent. Early in 1896 many Gilt Edge miners had left for Belt, Montana, seeking new employment. In February the Argus announced that Messrs. Cort and MacGowan had control of the Ammon-Stivers mining Company property as the trustees for the new lien holders, who had bought the property at the sheriff's sale of Dec. '95.

On April 2, 1896, quoting from the "Anaconda Standard," the Argus noted that a new "syndicate" was operating the old Ammon-Stivers Mining Company, and recently cleaned up $6,000 as a result of new management. "If Bob Ammon learns of this," the Standard article continued, "and credits the story, he is likely to leave Cripple Creek and return to Gilt Edge, where his old friends would like to meet him."

"There has been a good deal of trouble and litigation over this property, but those who claim to know maintain that is a fine mining proposition and will yet be a winner if properly managed."

Continued on page 29.



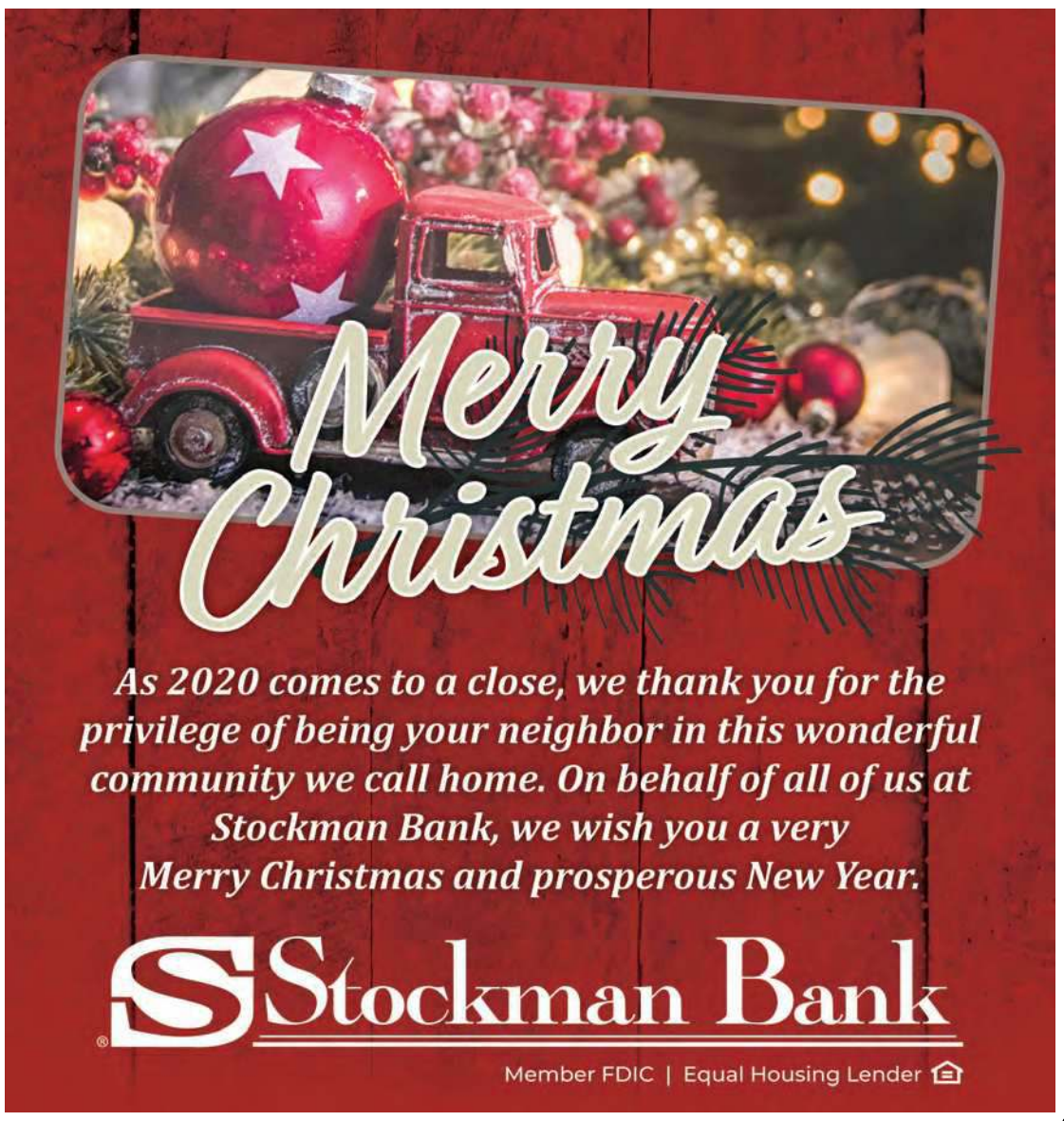
Wishing you the gifts of

Peace
Joy &
love

this holiday season and throughout
the new year. *Merry Christmas.*

SCL Health
MEDICAL GROUP

SCLHealthMG.org/Montana



Gilt Edge *(continued)*

One week later the Argus reported that the syndicate paid off their employees and has put on quite a few new men. Consequently, things were again prosperous in the Gilt Edge mining community.

The good news of Gilt Edge prosperity only lasted until June of 1896; however, when on June 25 the Argus reported that the miners were out on strike "on account of not getting paid." The Argus dealt a blow to many in the community of Gilt Edge who had visions of prosperity dancing in their heads: "That from all reliable sources, Mr. Robert A. Ammon will resume control of the Ammon-Stivers Mining Company's property, as he has secured 96 percent of the stock."

The events of August of 1896 through July of 1897 are not available due to the fact that the News-Argus file on this period is missing. We can only imagine the drama that followed in this one-year period.

According to a Sept 1, 1897 report in the Argus, however, litigation on the ownership of the Gilt Edge Properties was again in the Great Falls courts.

Almost jubilantly, the headlines of the Fergus County Argus on Oct. 1, 1897, boasted the following: "AMMON IN TOILS-CLEAR CASE OF BLACKMAIL MADE AGAINST THE GILT EDGE HERO AND HIS PARTNERS." Quoting from a New York newspaper dated Sept. 29, 1897, the article began by saying: "Colonel Robert Ammon, William A. Swietzer, and William Woods, lawyers, have been arrested charged with blackmailing Samuel Keller, formerly manager of the E.S. Bean Company, discretionary operator who failed in March last."

In October of 1897, it appeared that Ammon's control of the Gilt Edge Properties was lessening. Argus articles indicated that the Chickadee Mine in the Gilt Edge District had been sold to a London, England firm for $25,000. Other Gilt Edge claims were purchased by Wyoming interests. In late October, L.G. Phelps, E.W. King, and Hon. Martin Maginnis were at the Gilt Edge site getting the mine and mill ready to open again.

Another jubilant mention of R.A. Ammon in the Fergus County Press came on Jan. 5, 1898, with the following:

"Honest Bob Ammon is again in trouble, according to the 'New York Journal.' This time the federal charges to those brought about a month ago by the state authorities, charging him with connection with the bucket shop firm of Sam Keller and Co., which has been fleecing people right and left for some time. While Ammon has up to this time escaped punishment, the day is not far distant when he will receive his just dues and we hardly know of anyone familiar with his operations at Gilt Edge who will regret hearing of his conviction."

On Feb. 9, 1898, this Argus noted that the Gilt Edge Mill was handling 80 tons of ore a day, with 65 men employed, and was under the management of W. E. King. King was quoted in saying "that when the legal controversy over the titles is settled," if his interest be successful, "then many improvements would be made," Among these was to be a gravity tramway from the mine a mile down to the mill. From the beginning, the ore had been hauled in horse drawn wagons to the mill.

The Feb. 9 article concluded what was to finally be the beginning of prosperity for Gilt Edge and another parting crack at "Honest Bob" Ammon:

"Mr. King presents a striking contrast to "Honest Bob," who shone so brilliantly at Gilt Edge for a brief space. When Mr. Ammon moved he had shining gold bars to show the curious, but when pay day comes his employees got a 'standoff.' To use Mr. King's own language, 'I prefer to show the employees a little more gold and the public a little less.' With a mining camp, 'no news is good news' and Gilt Edge is no exception. Every man is so busily employed he has no time for hi-jinx or fairy tales."

On Feb 16, 1898, the Argus read: "MORE ADVERSE CLAIMS: FIGHT FOR PATENTS TO GILT EDGE CLAIMS BECOMING MORE COMPLICATED EVERY DAY." By May 4, in an article entitled "GILT EDGE DECISION," the Phelps-King interests were declared "Victors in the first Skirmish." By Aug 28, 1898, Phelps and King had apparently won, for they announced transfer of their interests to a syndicate with which A.R. Ledoux and A.R. Deveroux, prominent New York capitalists, were connected. With King continuing the management, a new mill for the Gilt Edge mine was announced, its location to be near the mine, eliminating the hauling of the ore a mile down the gulch to the old mill. This new mill was to process 150 tons of ore a day via the cyanide process, and a much larger crew than ever before was to be hired.

The newly formed Great Northern Mining and Development Company built this expanded cyanide process mill on the Gilt Edge mine site in 1899. Replacing the old original 1893 cyanide mill that had been built a mile down the gulch, the new plant eliminated the need of hauling ore from the mine down the mile-long road to the mill via horse drawn ore wagons. With the Gilt Edge mine and mill under the new GNMD company management, and with the completion of the nearby Whiskey Gulch mill in 1901, the town of Gilt Edge flourished for the next decade.

E. W. King Is a self-taught engineer and expert in the cyanide gold mining process who took over the Gilt Edge operations for the newly formed Great Northern Mining and Development late in 1897. Under King's leadership, the mine and mill flourished, as did the town of Gilt Edge. King was later associated with the Barnes-King Mining Company at Kendall. Originally from Wisconsin, King designed the Great Falls water works and first Great Falls electric light plant before coming to Fergus County in 1897.

A new firm, the Gilt Edge Mercantile, whose capital stock of $10,000 was supplied by prominent Lewistown businessmen, had opened in May in Gilt Edge, relying on the probability that prosperity would once and for all come to the beleaguered Judith Mountain mining community.

And it did.

The work on building the new cyanide mill had commenced, and the old mill and tailings had been leased out to Jack Williams.

On Jan 4, 1899, the Argus announced that the articles of incorporation for the Great Northern Mining and Development Company of Gilt Edge had been filed. This company was to be the organization that was to make Gilt Edge and the area mines prosperous for the next decade. Mr. W.E. King remained on as superintendent of Great Northern Mining and Development, and at the end of the February of 1899 he was presented with a gold watch by the men of the Gilt Edge mine and mill. "Mr. King is deservedly popular with his employees and in this respect, as well as many other, presents a striking contrast to others who have been manager of mining operations in the gold camp."

On Aug. 16, 1899, the Argus indicated that the new Great Northern Mining and Development Co. mill at Gilt Edge was in operation with 80 men employed, and "immense bodies of ore" were in sight. The town of Gilt Edge was reportedly very prosperous, and Argus accounts detailed many of the new building and remodeling efforts. "Pay day is now as certain as the sun rise." The Argus account concluded.

On Sept. 27, 1899 miners on the Gilt Edge properties discovered "an immense cave" full of stalagmites and stalactites, over 200 feet long. "It was sealed off to prevent souvenir hunters from carrying off the natural beauty of the place."

With the expanding population of Gilt Edge resulting from the success of the Great Northern Mining and Development Company's operations, the Argus accounts of Feb. 28, 1900 reported that "so urgent has become the need of a resident deputy sheriff (at Gilt Edge) that a petition to the county commissioners demanding the appointment of one is now being circulated." The article concluded that "the law-abiding citizens have become tired of the frequent acts of lawlessness, fights, brandishing of guns, etc., and they feel that something must be done."

On Aug. 29, 1900, the Argus headlined the intention of the A.S. Wright and Company to build a new 200-ton-a-day cyanide mill near Gilt Edge.

Continued on page 30.

Montana - One person who influenced early development

By W.D. NOTTINGHAM

Montana has important economics based on mining and agriculture, which rely on movement of materials of a bulk nature extensively involving railroads. Up to the days of the 1908 Homestead Act, mining and ranching were key, but that was all changed primarily with the arrival of railroads in the 1880s. Before railroads, shipment of supplies to Montana was by river steamboat, which travel time took months, or by wagon with limited load capacity. None of the railroad expansion would have been economically possible without the invention and economic development of steel, specifically for steel railroad rails.

The idea of using rails to support carriages started pre-1760 with the use of wooden rails. From 1760 to 1831, steel straps on wooden rails were used, but as loads got larger, wrought iron rails were used after 1831.

Modern steel was invented in about 1075 in Asia, using air blown through molten iron, but the process was always too expensive for large industrial use. In 1856, Sir Henry Bessemer in England patented a process of blowing air through molten iron on a commercial basis, removing unwanted excess carbon and producing a tough ductile material. This product had the potential of economically replacing wrought iron railroad rails that were subject to failure and cracking, causing safety concerns and high-maintenance costs.

Several companies attempted to refine the Bessemer Process and make it commercial, without much success. Finally, in 1872, Andrew Carnegie purchased use of Bessemer's patent and succeeded with refinements just in time for the need for steel rails for the westward railroad expansion of the 1800s. He reduced the cost of rail steel by a factor of five, and effectively made railroad expansion to rural areas viable.

Who was the genius Andrew Carnegie, who succeeded when so many others had failed over a period of hundreds of years? Born in 1835, Andrew Carnegie was a self-made man of the 1800s who rose from poverty as a Scottish immigrant to become the second wealthiest man in the U.S. Along the way he helped young people to advance. For Carnegie, one man let him use his library to study on Saturdays. This fueled his intense interest in education and search for knowledge. Self-taught, he learned the Morse code, invested in railroads, built bridges, and gained use of the Bessemer patent, key to producing rail steel for railroad westward expansion.

Carnegie's philosophy regarding the Path of Life was as follows:

- One-third of life should be spent on education.
- One-third of life should be spent earning money.
- One-third of life should be spent on philanthropy and helping others.

Andrew Carnegie

Carnegie spent much of his fortune, estimated in the billions of today's dollars, on his beloved libraries throughout the United States; libraries estimated to be 2,500 in number.

My birth town of Fort Benton, Montana received one of these libraries, one of 17 in the state. The 17 Montana libraries were partially funded from 1901 to 1918, and 12 are still functioning. Libraries were located in Big Timber, Bozeman, Chinook, Dillon, Fort Benton, Glasgow, Great Falls, Hamilton, Hardin, Havre, Kalispell, Lewistown, Livingston, Malta, Miles City, Missoula, and Red Lodge.

I personally used the Fort Benton Carnegie Library in the 1950s for research on the Lewis and Clark Expedition and still periodically take advantage of its services.

The Lewistown Public Library is one of 17 Montana libraries originally built using Carnegie funding. Twelve are still operating.

News-Argus File Photo

Gilt Edge *(continued)*

On Feb. 4, 1901, this lavish new mill located in Cave Gulch, 2 ½ miles from Gilt Edge, opened and began turning out gold bricks. Called the Whisky Gulch Mine and Mill, this new operation had the latest in equipment, and provided many new jobs for the expanding town of Gilt Edge.

With the full and successful operation of the Great Northern Mining and Development Company's new mill on the old Gilt Edge Mining Company (Ammon-Stivers) property and with the new Whiskey Gulch Mill of A.S. Wright, the town of Gilt Edge flourished for a full decade at the turn of the century. Prosperity was everywhere at hand.

In November of 1900 the Argus mentioned that while Gilt Edge had no school house and no church, a Sunday school had started. Classes for students had been run in Gilt Edge without a school building since 1894, however. In November of 1900 the school report was as follows: Miss Alta A. Perry, teacher, primary department: number enrolled, 35, average attendance, 28; Grammar department, R. A. McKee, teacher; number enrolled, 21 average attendance, 18. Intermediate department, D.M. Drinkard, teacher; number enrolled, 31 average attendance, 26.

On Jan. 9, 1901, the Argus reported that the Gilt Edge Mining Camp was well supplied with doctors. At the time there were four; Dr. Tillotson, Dr. Attix, Dr. Hedges and Dr. Keyte.

Gilt Edge reportedly reached a peak population of about 1,500 people in the first decade of the 20th Century. They got a new school building, but never had a bank or newspaper. Many of the buildings at Gilt Edge had been hauled in from the ruins of old Fort Maginnis to the north, which had been abandoned by the U.S. Army in 1890, three years before the Gilt Edge Experiment started.

By the turn of the century Fergus County was well on its way to becoming Montana's largest gold producer. In addition to the two large and ultimately successful cyanide mills at Gilt Edge, the original Maiden area mines in the Judith Mountains were converted to cyanide operation. The New Year mill in the Judiths opened in 1900, as well as some others. Kendall in the north Moccasin Mountains began to flourish in 1900, and by 1901 had two heavy producing cyanide mills. In 1901, W.E. King, of the Great Northern Mining and Development Company of Gilt Edge, became affiliated with one of the Kendall properties, which was to become the Barnes-King Mining and development Company of Kendall.

Gold mining in Fergus County reached its peak under cyanide production about 1910. By 1912 most of the Gilt Edge properties had run out of ore and began a slow decline to oblivion. So was the case in the Maiden and New Year Districts of the Judith's and of Kendall in the North Moccasins. Today, they are all ghost towns on the map of Montana's colorful past.

Of all of the mining camp stories on record, the month-by-month and year-by-year account of the Gilt Edge continuing fiasco is one of the most intriguing. From 1893 until the turn of the century the well-known and eventually proven potential of Montana's first cyanide mill and the town that grew up beside it hung in the abyss of the notorious and controlling antics of Robert A. "Honest Bob" Ammon, the celebrated New York lawyer.

Had the same quality of management engulfed the Gilt Edge interests in 1893 as was present at the turn of the century, the development of Gilt Edge and the growth of cyanide gold processing in Fergus County would obviously have advanced six years ahead of time.

But it didn't.

Instead we have the printed tales of promise, adventure, humor, heartache, and "damn crooked politics" that forged the headlines and Gilt Edge mining camp columns of the Fergus County Argus between 1893 and the turn of the century.

The last printed Argus account of "Honest Bob" Ammon comes from the Pictorial Edition of 1901. Undated, this colorful anecdote deals with what was supposedly R.A. Ammons last visit to Gilt Edge, and must have been 1898 or 1899:

"A crowd of angry employees made a rush for the mill at Gilt Edge, one evening, with the declared intention of suspending him from a limb of a tree in a noose. A little bird, or again the mountain breeze, carried news to him of the danger, and he took to the timber and remained away till dawn. Mr. Ammon managed to get out of Gilt Edge with his life. The last heard of this enterprising gentleman in these parts was that he was back in Gotham engineering a 'get rich quick' scheme."

So far as is known, Ammon never returned to Central Montana.

The Butchers of Winifred on the Northern Fergus County frontier

Compiled by ED BUTCHER

In 1913 some of America's last homestead areas were opened south of the Missouri River in Fergus County. A flood of adventurers arrived, hoping to capitalize on the opportunity for free land to begin a farming/ranching business. In addition to young people raised on farms throughout America, this flood of homesteaders included European immigrants who did not yet speak English, as well as ambitious Americans from numerous urban areas. Although some had agriculture backgrounds, even the homesteaders with those backgrounds were in for an education in an area of low rainfall, periodically severe winters and unexpectedly hot summers.

In summary, northern Fergus County presented a fragile environment requiring flexibility of implementing unconventional farming practices, which had to be developed quickly. Soil fertility and moisture patterns varied extensively throughout Montana, and even within Fergus County, so developing a successful farming operation relied upon part luck and a lot of ingenuity.

Within 20 years most of these enthusiastic adventurers found themselves in a poverty--survival situation, and the 1930 national Depression then forced most still afloat into bankruptcy. These depressed survivors, who had begun their venture full of hope and a sense of adventure, were forced from the land.

There can be told many stories of the trials and tribulations of these adventurers into this last frontier of America's growth as a nation. Into this 1913 homestead booming area in northern Fergus County arrived Harry Anthony Butcher, a young single West Virginian, and his friend Mort Donner, whom Harry had met while working in Ohio.

Harry's family had historically been frontier settlers, in western Virginia during the pre-Revolutionary War settlement of the early American frontier era. For a century, four generations of Butchers had been successful and prosperous farmers in western Virginia, with a reputation of honesty and hard work. However, Harry, who had attended college and taught school, wanted to venture out of the tightly knit West Virginia communities where most people had deep roots and family ties.

Although historical records are scarce, the family patriarch appears to have been Valentine Butcher, who was first recorded west of the Appalachians circa 1759. Indications are that Valentine was probably a member of General Braddock's British army, which was decimated during the French and Indian War in the western frontier colonies of Pennsylvania and Virginia. During the chaos of the troops fleeing the battlefields, there is a probability that Valentine deserted for the fertile Virginia frontier land in those Indian hunting grounds. Army deserters were severely disciplined, if not executed, by British commanders, so they would not want to leave a document trail, and the wilderness in Indian Territory was the safest escape option.

Then we can turn to Harry Butcher's well-documented direct ancestor, Paulser Butcher, who appears to have been one of Valentine's sons he had left in England. According to family reports, Paulser Butcher was one of seven brothers who had been impressed into the British Army by a recruiting detail, who detained them as part of a group of young men caught in a British pub impressed into British Army service. However, they reportedly deserted from a British Army regiment deployed to the American Colonies, and joined the American Revolutionary movement.

Considering the dates of events, they would have been members of General Gage's Regiment of eight boatloads of soldiers sent to Boston in 1768 to control the revolutionary activities occurring in the American Colonies. Paulser and two of the brothers were probably members of the 36 British soldiers who reportedly deserted within two weeks of arriving in turbulent Boston. Those who were recaptured were reportedly executed on the Boston Common by an army firing squad. There are no details concerning the Butcher brothers' escape, but some 1,769 legal documents first identify Paulser over the Appalachian Mountains deep in the western Virginia frontier in Augusta County near Fort Seybert and Fort Upper Track, Virginia.

The other four brothers apparently remained with General Gage's army units until the battles at Concord and Lexington, when they apparently took the opportunity to desert and join the Revolution. It has been reported that four Butcher brothers were killed along with the famous revolutionary, Dr. Warren, as part of the colonial casualties during the Battle of Bunker Hill.

By 1773, Paulser had married Elizabeth Bush and the three brothers joined Daniel Boone and other frontiersmen who had crossed the Appalachian Mountains and ventured deeper into Indian Territory. Paulser settled on Gee Lick Run in northwestern Virginia, and marked out a farm (a tomahawk survey) on which he planted peach and apple trees, from which, within a few years, he developed a profitable business making "the best peach brandy in the Appalachians" and invested his profits in large tracts of fertile farm land, which he eventually divided up among his large family.

In 1774, using the name "Paul," he and his brother-in-law, Adam Bush, were part of the Hackers Creek Militia (which included a number of renown Indian fighters such as Jesse Hughs) recruited by Virginia Royal Governor Dunsmore as part of a 3,000 man expeditionary force to address the Indian massacres of frontier families. Their defeat of Chief Cornstalk's Indian force on the Ohio River, and attacks on the large Indian settlements in Ohio, forced a ceasefire and treaty with the Ohio Tribes responsible for the attacks.

Paulser and Adam served the full 180-day commitment before returning to their farms on Gee Lick Run in West Augusta County (current Lewis County). Paulser was apparently an active member of the militia throughout the Revolutionary War, and was highly praised in the Congressional Record by his Congressman, while requesting Congress grant his widow a pension in 1833, "…for his outstanding service to General Washington as a member of the militia in protecting the Virginia frontier from British/Indian attacks on the western settlements as a "spy" [modern day special forces fighter]…!"

Harry Butcher

Photos courtesy of Ed Butcher

Paulser Butcher was one of the early settlers of present-day Lewis County, Virginia--establishing Butcherville (near present-day Weston in Lewis County), Virginia. The family developed large farms in that frontier region of Virginia, and for the next century large families of Butchers were farmers or merchants in Lewis, Braxton, or Richie counties, Virginia.

During the Civil War, Harry's father Milton (at age 14) and his grandfather Isaac (who grew up with the legendary Confederate General "Stonewall" Jackson) fought with General Robert E. Lee's the Army of Northern Virginia. Milton gained fame as a courier in General Echo's regiment and served under Colonel George S. Patton (grandfather of the World War II general of the same name).

Finally, a century after the Butchers first settled Western Virginia, Harry's older brother Bournie, at 16, was the first member of the family to "go West" (to Pitkin County, Colorado). Bournie was the father of Milton H. Butcher, who moved to Winifred in 1926, following his father's unexpected death when his widowed mother married her brother-in-law, Harry Butcher.

In 1913 Harry Butcher exited the train at Hilger and traveled north about 25 miles and filed for his 160-acre homestead east of what would become Winifred. He also filed for a 320-acre "Desert Claim" which was additional land Congress had amended to the original Homestead Act for the arid western lands.

He began breaking sod and planting crops on his homestead. Once the crops were planted, the unmarried Harry secured extra employment driving freight teams for Central Montana freighters and other odd jobs, including working for the Harlow Ranch in the Snowy Mountains. (This is the Snowy Mountain ranch his son Emmet would eventually purchase nearly a century later.)

During these Homestead years, since Harry was not married and did not have livestock (his horses were turned out in the open range of the Missouri River Breaks to forage), he established the practice of returning East during the winter months to visit family, and working in Ohio and Michigan for extra income. Harry's early crops of wheat and oats were good, with exceptional crop yields in 1915 and 1916, but the 1916 crop was destroyed by a severe hail storm, which also caught Harry disking with four green-broke horses who bolted, destroying the harness and disk.

In 1917, Harry suspended his Winifred farming when he enlisted in the U.S. Navy, serving World War I on the East Coast based in Boston Harbor. Harry was discharged in 1918 to return to his Winifred homestead, where he rounded up his work horses which had been foraging with other homestead horses in the open range of the Missouri River Breaks during his military commitment. As Harry re-established his farming operation, he also resumed his old pattern of spending winters working in the eastern states. During this post-war period, Harry joined the Detroit Fire Department, as well as working for a Detroit streetcar company during those winters.

Then, in January, 1921, a new chapter in his life began as Harry, who was in the East at the time, traveled with other West Virginia/Virginia Butcher family members attending the funeral for his brother Bournie in Glenwood Springs, Colorado. The young grief-stricken widow Lilly and her two children (Milton and Virginia) returned East with the Butcher family, where they spent four months and became acquainted with the large extended Butcher family, including the bachelor Harry.

Lilly returned to Colorado to auction off the farm assets and sell their Snowmass ranch. She then moved to Grand Junction, Colorado, where her brother lived and purchased a large house, renting out rooms to support her family. Her young son Milton (whose nickname was "Bud") delivered newspapers for three papers, riding a bicycle 25 miles per day. Young Bud saved his extra newspaper money, which he would eventually use to purchase his first cattle after they moved to Montana.

The move to Montana occurred in 1925, when the bachelor Harry proposed to his brother's widow Lilly, and after the marriage re-located them to the Winifred homestead which he had proved up. In 1926 the family was blessed with twins--Emmet and Emma (Emma died a few months later). As a married man, Harry discontinued seasonally working in Ohio and Michigan for extra income. Instead, the ambitious and entrepreneurial Harry expanded his Winifred holdings by leasing neighboring homesteads of Abe Daley, Bill Broughton, Jim O'Reilly, and John Bausch. Harry diversified into raising cattle, in addition to expanding the grain farming by several hundred acres.

The 14-year-old Milton also purchased his own cows from his newspaper money he had been saving in his postal saving account. This future rancher built his ranch from a 10-year-old's newspaper route! Milton immediately assumed a man's job, although he did want an education, and attended high school in Winifred where he starred in basketball and track. He exchanged a room over the café for getting up at 4 a.m. to start the cook stoves for breakfast and set pins at the duck pin ally in the evenings for spending money—returning on weekends to the ranch to help with the work.

The Butcher ranch was expanding through the hard work of Harry and his 14-year-old nephew, until, by the 1930s they were farming 1,000 acres, which required maintaining about 75 head of draft horses. This involved getting up at 3 a.m., graining and harnessing the work teams, eating a quick breakfast and being in the field by 5 a.m. They farmed until noon, when they brought in the teams and switched to fresh horses which the women had harnessed and were waiting for them. They farmed until dark, when they returned for supper and unharnessed and fed the horses and went to bed to repeat the process the next day.

They avoided the expense of mechanizing, which spelt the doom of many of the homesteaders—especially with the advent of the Great Depression in 1929. Harry's West Virginia family historically raised horses, and he believed in smaller 1,400 pound draft horses because they required less feed than the large teams. The Butchers simply added more teams for heavy work—often having eight to 12 horse hitches. One-third of their grain was raised for horse feed when farming, but they could winter the smaller horses on grass in the "breaks" without supplemental feed.

In 1928 there were excellent crops produced in the Winifred area, and a number of farmers shifted from horses to tractors, which created debts proving difficult to repay after the 1929 financial collapse, which forced a number into bankruptcy. After 30 continuous days of threshing crews, Mort Donner traded the threshing machine he had purchased in 1927 for an International McCormack Deering No. 8 Combine which he and Harry used to harvest the 1929 crops. This was the year the Butchers established a new home-site south of the ridge at the head of Rose Creek on the John Bausch homestead (where they could finally get water from a hand dug well). This added acreage was purchased with Lilly's money she had saved from the sale of her property in Colorado.

Critical to their survival during the 30s was the construction of a dam on the drainage south of the new home site which they used to irrigate a large garden until the 1950s. They canned most of their food, including meat, which reduced the need for scarce cash to survive. The Butchers never borrowed money and operated on cash, thus avoiding debt, and kept very little money in the banks. Their savings was always kept in Postal Savings since they trusted the Federal Government more than local banks. Consequently, they avoided the personal financial catastrophe experienced by numerous local people who lost their money when Winifred's two banks failed in the mid-1920's.

Continued on page 32.

Harry Butcher stands outside a house in Virginia. Butcher was a teen when this undated photo was taken.

The Butchers *(continued)*

In 1931 Lilly's father, Thomas J. Burke, attempted to convince Harry and Lilly to move to Pitkin County, Colorado to take over his 1,200 cow ranch, but they declined the offer to avoid becoming involved in the Burke family conflicts and continued building their own Winifred ranch.

During this time the Brush Creek School community was comprised of the Roy Taylor's (who left for work in Washington by 1936), Pollard's, Wherley's, Runyan's, Dawson's, Arthur's, Burnside's, Charles Eifert, and Joe Riechelt whose farming operations survived the Depression. During the homestead era, the one-room schools were periodically relocated in different location within the school district to be the most convenient for the families' children, and were centers for family get-togethers and community dances.

In 1933 Harry and Lilly were blessed with a daughter, Carol. This was a traumatic year for the Butcher family when a fire started in the sleeping quarters separate from their ranch house during harvest on Aug. 4. Lilly rushed 7-year-old Emmet out of the burning house and sent 17-year-old Virginia running to the field to alert the men, who had seen the smoke and met her. They arrived as Lilly (who had made a frantic and unsuccessful effort to rescue the sleeping baby Carol) emerged from the burning sleeping quarters with her clothes on fire. They rolled her in the dirt to smother the flames and submerged the badly burned lady in the stock water tank. They then used the accepted method of smearing butter on her burned body before rushing her to St. Joseph hospital in Lewistown where she died three days later.

With her mother gone, Harry's step-daughter/niece Virginia Butcher eloped with Mendon Byrer in 1934--- a match which had strong disapproval from both her brother Milton and Uncle/stepfather Harry. Virginia and Mendon moved to California, where she died from complications of child birth four years after the birth of a daughter Catherine, whom she had named after her Winifred best friend Catherine Dreyer (Simpson).

In 1934 with both of his biological parents dead and his sister gone, Milton decided to go to college in Bozeman. When he graduated from Winifred in 1929, he had been offered a basketball scholarship to Montana State College. "Bud" Butcher as he was known had been named to the All-Conference Team when the six men Winifred team had played Lewistown County High School in the conference championship game, which they lost in a close game. Five years later, he decided to accept the college challenge, but he chose to enroll in the chemical engineering program and within two quarters realized that he did not have the educational background from Winifred and returned to his ranch. However, Bud's love for basketball kept him playing on the Winifred Independent team in the Fergus County league until a knee injury forced him to quit when he was 38 years old.

During the difficult Depression years of low prices, crop failures, and drought, Harry and his step-son/nephew Milton worked together farming, while raising young Emmet. Some years they were unable to pay taxes, but the County allowed three years of delinquent taxes, so on good years they would pay up back taxes and were able to keep the property together.

They would trail drive their two-year old steers to the railroad in Winifred and ship them to the Chicago stockyards. Milton would ride in the caboose as stockman, unloading the cattle every eight hours to feed and water them during the trip, and supervising their sale in Chicago. Times were often difficult, and in 1936 the cattle did not sell for enough to pay the freight. Milton utilized these annual trips to visit family members in Ohio, West Virginia, and Virginia. stopping on his return at the Studebaker factory in South Bend, Indiana to ferry cars and trucks to the Studebaker dealer (Charlie Young) in Lewistown. Milton would drive one and tow a second vehicle—sometimes driving a truck hauling a second car and towing a third vehicle—thus earning enough to pay for his vacation.

Harry (left)and Emmett Butcher stand outside the family home.

Photos courtesy of Ed Butcher

In 1938 the Butchers purchased their first tractor—an International Harvester "M" to pull the horse drawn plows, followed by the purchase of a small International crawler tractor used for seeding, which began their conversion to mechanized farming. They continued to maintain the large draft horse herd until the fall of 1948, when they sold all but their saddle horses and three of the best young teams which they continued to use for haying. The winter of 1948-1949 began in November with heavy snow and severe cold which lasted until March. Like most large ranches during this time, the Butchers had always wintered the cow herd on grass, which blew clear of snow on the hills and ridges. They only raised enough hay to feed the calves and yearlings.

During that winter, the deep snow and severe cold resulted in the death of a majority of the cows. despite Milton's daily efforts to pull weak cows out of snow drifts to forage for grass, as there was no source of extra hay in the area. They did drive a team and large sled to Winifred to purchase the high protein cotton seed chunks (which looked like peanut brittle) which was marketed as a nutritious supplement. Those trips would take all day, but the snow was too deep to get to town with Milton's new Studebaker two-ton truck, even chained up on singles.

As their farming expanded and they had surplus cash, during the mid-1940s, Harry purchased the "large" WD-9 International tractor, a 14-foot Graham-Hoeme tool bar cultivator, and an International Harvester one-way disk plow. In 1948 Milton also purchased a second W-9 tractor and plows, which seemed like giant machinery in those days and greatly improved their farming operation.

In 1940, Harry married Belle Dahl, a widow who owned a farm at the edge of Winifred which she sold to George Carson that was later purchased by Tom DeMars resulting in having a woman at last in the home. During WWII agriculture prices improved and with good crops, both Harry and Milton had cash available to begin purchasing abandoned homesteads from the County for delinquent taxes, as well as from insurance companies that had foreclosed on homesteads during the Depression.

By 1950 the Butchers had expanded their ranching operation to 25,000 acres without borrowing a penny. Milton and Harry had each purchased about half of the acres. By 1952, Emmet had married and with WWII and college behind him, he returned to join the ranching operation.

Milton recognized that he and Emmet had completely different business philosophies, as the college-educated Emmet had acquired the business philosophy of quickly expanding on borrowed money by leveraging the equity in property. In contrast Milton's philosophy (and Harry's) was to pay cash as you grow a business, which can be summed up by the advice Milton later gave his son Edward…"you may only owe a dollar, but if you only have 50 cents to pay off the note, the banker will take everything you own!" A philosophy to protect assets while expanding a business was rooted in family tradition, as well as the 1920s and 1930s experience.

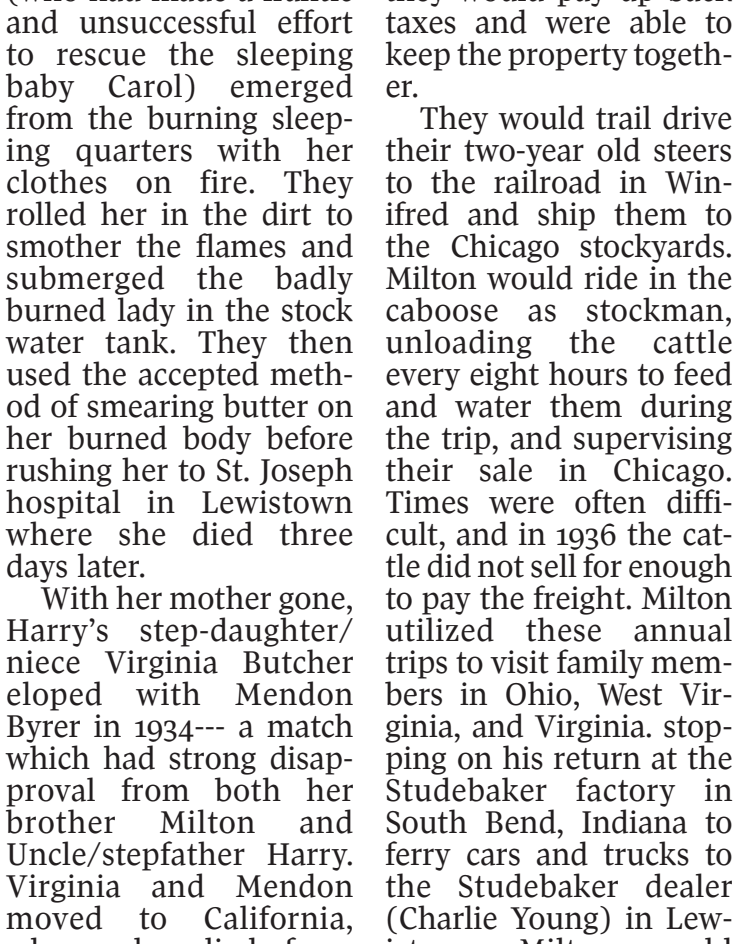
Consequently, after Emmet joined them, Milton proposed they separate the operation of the big ranch into two ranches, which was amicable, as both parties began separate operations. A few years later, Harry Butcher died from leukemia in 1956, and willed his entire operation to his son, Emmet, without any recognition of his nephew/stepson Milton in his will, resulting in Milton having to purchase some small acreage which was fenced in his property from his brother Emmet, and he also lost some adjoining farm land which he had farmed for years, but Milton simply shrugged it off and the two brothers operated their individual ranches side-by-side. They were examples of how families with different opinions and personalities should get along.

After Harry's death, his widow Belle Dahl Butcher joined two widowed sisters from Minnesota-- spending their summers in Winifred and winters in southern California, where Belle died and the two Butcher brothers began the second generation of the family ranching in northern Fergus County.

Once Emmet had inherited Harry's ranch, he began a program of rapid expansion and growth which eventually included purchasing and development of a ranch near Lewistown, as he also became one of the first Simmental cattle producers in America. This expansion resulted in the eventual sale of the northern Fergus County ranch which Harry had built on the Montana prairie. Meanwhile, the conservative Milton followed his no-debt philosophy and developed his share of the Butcher families' ranch on the "last American Frontier" which he passed on to his next generation of Butchers.

Two hundred years after the Butchers helped settle and develop the Virginia frontier west of the Appalachian Mountains, Harry Butcher and his nephew/stepson Milton helped settle and develop America's last frontier in Montana.

This is but one family's historic experiences. Each person and family during each time in history had an individual experience and individual struggles as they met the challenges of that point in time in the history of the American frontier.



Harry Butcher posed in his Navy uniform during his service in WWI.

The shaggy ones

By VERN CRAIG

Editor's note: This story was first published in "Montana Wildlife" in February, 1968. Shirley Barrick thught it was worth a reprint.

Besides the huge mass of the animals, two other features of buffalo are most striking at first acquaintance, the pig-like grunts and those wild little eyes which seem almost too small for such a large, shaggy head. The huge head is made to look even larger by a wooly growth of long hair that almost hides its ears. Hair of the head grows 10 to 14 inches long. The visage is set off by a distinctive beard, 8 to 10 inches long, which is kept worn by grazing and rubbing, especially during the rut.

Ancestry

Though he has been called "buffalo" since pioneer days, this big grass eater is no relation to the buffalo of Asia, of Africa, or of the variety of domestic water buffalo in the Philippines. Neither is there any evidence that he is a descendant of the great "superbison" of the American Tertiary period. The bison, as he is more properly called, apparently migrated to North America in the middle-Pleistocene during the warm periods between invasions of great glaciers that scoured the continent. Cousin to the American bison is the Wisent, once common in Europe. Today, there are only a handful of Wisents remaining, and those are in captivity.

Former range

When Europeans came to North America, bison ranged over about a third of the continent. The vast range extended from Canada's Great Slave Lake to old Mexico, from the Blue Mountains in Oregon and the Sierra Nevadas in the southwest, eastward to New York and the Carolinas. "Their bones have been found with those of mountain sheep on mountain summits where horses could not find a footing and which man could reach only by climbing."

Three races of buffalo have been generally recognized: the wood bison, plains bison and the diminutive mountain bison. It is accepted that the three have common ancestry but have gained physical differences through long habitation of different environments.

Former numbers

Just how many of these shabby brutes roamed the mountains, prairies and muskegs will never be known. Possibly peak numbers had been reached even before discovery of America. Ernest Thompson Seton estimated that there may have been 60 million in about 1800. Other estimates place them at 40 million in 1830, 5.5 million by 1870-1871 and by 1900, less than 300 wild bison were known to exist in North America.

Their passing

It is not our purpose here to bemoan the passing of buffalo. They were not compatible with whiteman's civilization and were destined to ultimate destruction in one way or another. It is interesting, though, to muse the finale of this great era. A talk by 85-year-old B.F. Lamb at the Laurel Rotary Club in 1943 gave the following eye-witness account of the last great herds in Montana. "I have nothing to tell but what I saw and can remember, and it is a long time since I gave much thought to it."

"It is about the passing of the buffalo. It is as I saw it. It takes me back to the early eighties and the scene is on the north side of the Yellowstone River near Miles city…"

"At that time the country was not settled, and that year (1880), vast herds of buffalo drifted in to take the place of other kinds of game such as antelope, deer, elk, and some straggling bands of buffalo that were on the range then. Anywhere from 5-10 miles from the Yellowstone River you could look in any direction and see buffalo on every hill, ridge and valley as far as the eye could reach. You could see millions at one time."

"If one had not seen it, it would be almost unbelievable. But they were there and were gone in the course of one year. The last cleanup of the herd was on the prairie south of Dickinson in North Dakota."

Usher L. Burdick in his account of George Newton, a buffalo skinner, gives another picture of the buffalo in Montana.

"Newton started out with this firm (Frazier) with a salary of $50 per month, and was considered one of the best skinners in the West. An ordinary skinner would skin 12 animals per day and a top-notcher would skin as many as 30, and Mr. Newton made the record run of 30 on several occasions. A record of 30 was by no means the top record of the West. In the winter of 1878-1879 the firm of Frazier Brothers killed 5,000 buffalo and these were skinned by a crew of six men.

"It is estimated by Newton that in the winter of 1879-1880, 150,000 buffalo were killed along the Yellowstone from the Big Horn Mountains to where Sidney, Montana is now located.

"A prime robe was worth $4, which was not obtained from the largest animal, for regular bull hides were worth only $2.75, and calf hides $1.75. A prime robe was usually of finer texture and came from buffalo cows or a spike.

"In the winter of 1880-1881, George Newton went to work for himself in the buffalo business and had his partner John Herbert, afterward policeman at Bismark, North Dakota. In the winter of 1880-1881, this new firm killed 1,300 buffalo. In the winter of 1881-1882 they operated along the Little Dry.

"In 1882-1883, a great calamity came over the business of the buffalo hunter. Great preparations were made by the supply dealers along the Big Dry, Little Dry, and Frazer Creek to have a large quantity of ammunition and food in readiness for the hunters. Mr. Newton estimated that during the winter of 1882-1883, a thousand hunters were on hand to meet the great herds of buffalo as they would make their return from Canada, according to their custom…" The buffalo never returned.

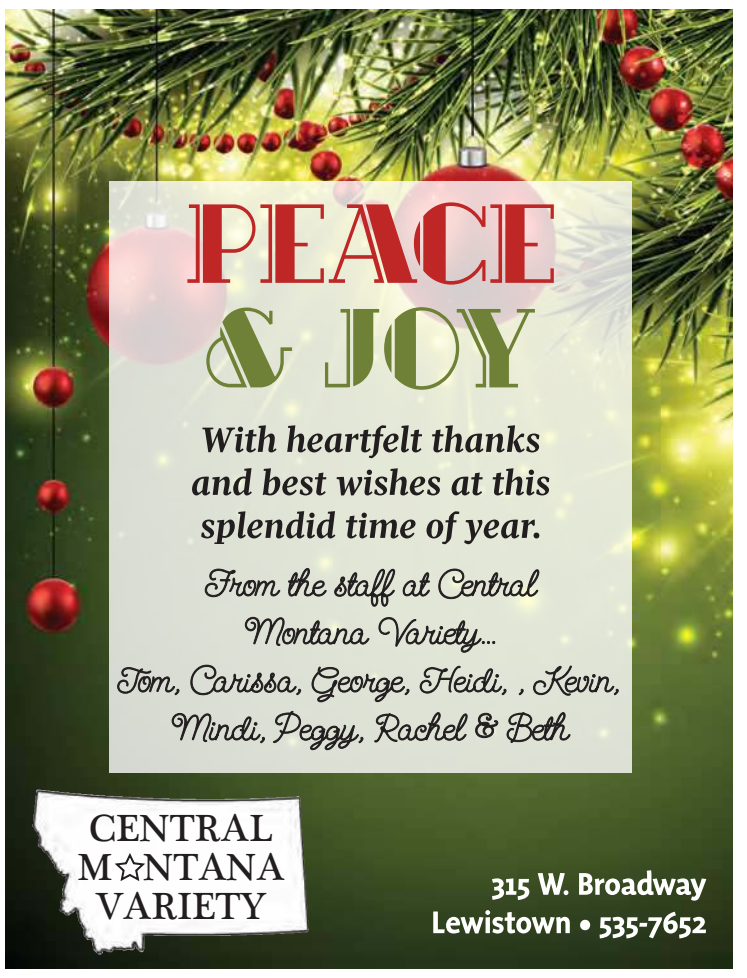
"The buffalo had disappeared like magic. Traders removed their goods, closed their books, and left the country. Hunters deserted the chase and after recovery from the shock incident to the magic disappearance of the buffalo, they wandered into other pursuits."

Size

One account gives the size of a five or six-year-old buffalo bull from 5.5 to 6 feet high from 9 to 12.5 feet long, measured from nose to tip of tail. Average weight is listed between 1,800 and 2,000 pounds, although there is a record of a Kansas bull which weighed 3,000 pounds. The cow is much smaller, weighing around 800 pounds, with a height of about 5 feet and a length of about 7 feet from nose to tip of tail. Joe Mazoni, manager of the National Bison Range at Moiese, Montana, said that their adult bulls average 1,700 to 1,800 pounds in October and 1,800 to 2,000 pounds is a good figure for spring and early summer weights. Cows from four to six years old have weighed 930-970 pounds. Cows, seven and over, average 1,000 pounds or more.

Continued on page 34.

A white bison was photographed in 1944 at Moiese, Montana in what is now the National Bison Range.
Photo courtesy of Montana Memory Project



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MAKING SENSE OF INVESTING

The shaggy ones (continued)

Buffalo may live 25 to 30 years. It is stated, "despite their great size and bulkiness, buffalo can wheel and charge quickly. They have amazing mobility, speed and agility; in deep snow they can out-distance a man on snowshoes; in powdery snow they can outrun a dog team."

Rubbing and wallowing

The Plains bison liked open country, moving about in small bands, mingling to form the large herds. In the spring the heavy winter coats were shed, accompanied by a great deal of rubbing by the itching and bedraggled-looking animals. Pioneers and buffalo hunters told of the highly polished rubbing stones found on the prairies, of toppled telegraph poles, and of trees literally stripped of bark by the animals.

The buffalo wallow was also a common sight on western plains. With horn and hoof, the bison dug up the earth. These areas or wallows, the animals use to roll in. The wallows became basin-shaped and maybe a foot or more deep and up to 15 feet across. Accounts state the buffalo wallows in frontier days would hold the rain waters. Water on the prairies was often precious and wallows often served as water holes for both men and horses. There are still Montanans who can remember plowing buffalo wallows under with virgin sod. The wallows were generally distinguishable both by the depressions and by supporting a different type of vegetation than surrounding, undisturbed land.

Mating

Buffalo calves are born in April or May after a gestation period of about 9.5 months. The mating season takes place around July or August, peaking about mid-August at the Moiese Bison Range. Bulls become nervous, irritable, belligerent and bellow frequently. A buffalo herd can be dangerous and unpredictable at any time of the year, but especially so during the breeding season. It has been said that they may even be stampeded by the shadow of a cloud.

Albinos

As with other species of animals, there is an occasional white, or albino, buffalo born. The Indians believed that the white animals belonged to the Sun God and that they carried big medicine. Few were seen, and even in days of lots of buffalo they were a real rarity. One such albino, named "Big Medicine" was born in May of 1933 and lived on the National Bison Range at Moiese, Montana for 26 years. After death he was mounted and is now on display in the historical museum at Helena. Big Medicine sired a true albino son in 1937 that lived until 1949 in the National Zoological Gardens, Washingon, D.C.

Last of Indian drives

A method that Indians used for killing buffalo was the "drive" in which buffalo were stampeded over a cliff or into a corral built in some natural ravine or depression. Apparently, this type of hunt was pretty much abandoned when the Indians learned to use horses. Still, some historians have found the "pishkun" in use up to between 1852 and 1857. They point out that the method was used at this late date among the northern Blackfoot Indians, considered to be among the poorest in horses.

The last buffalo drive in Montana, as carried down by Indian legend, may have been by a Piegan band called "Never Laughs." Lazy Boy, a Piegan Indian born about 1855, described what was probably the last buffalo drive in Montana. He did not personally remember the drive, but the story had been told to him many times as a child.

The "Never Laughs" were camped on the Teton River a few miles north of the site of Choteau. In the area they built, below a shallow cliff, a wooden corral. Lines of rocks, leading into a V over the corral were placed on the prairie above as a hiding place for Indians who would stampede the herd when it was in the proper place. After several unsuccessful attempts, one of the Indians, Many Tailfeathers, became angered, built a fire and burned the corral.

Years after this, in about 1872, the Blackfoot Indians made a drive west of Macleod, Alberta. As can best be determined, 33 bison were taken in this drive, and it may well have been the last one in America.

Saving the species

While the numbers of buffalo were rapidly shrinking, a few individuals were saving some of the stock for private herds. It wasn't until 1894, however, that the U.S. government took positive steps toward saving the last scattered remnants. There were about 250 wild buffalo in Canada and 20 in the United States. The handful in the United States had retreated to the confines of Yellowstone National Park, but even they were in danger of being wiped out by poachers. In May 1894, Congress declared it illegal to hunt buffalo in Yellowstone Park.

The 250 wild buffalo left in Canada had been given protection in 1893. In 1922, an 11-million acre "Wood Buffalo National Park" was created in Canada to accommodate the growing herd. From 14,000 to 16,000 animals now range this vast park.

With funds raised by the National Bison Society, then under leadership of the famed naturalist Dr. William Hornaday, the 19,000 acre National Bison Range at Moiese, Montana was established in 1908. The land was purchased from the Flathead Indians. The beginnings of the herd which roams there dates back much further, however.

In the year of 1873, or possibly 1874, a Pend d'Oreille Indian, Walking Coyote, with his stepson and squaw had been wintering east of the Rockies with the Piegan Indians on the Milk River. During a hunting expedition Walking Coyote captured four buffalo calves, or the calves followed him back to camp according to one account. Cows and the calves were trailed to St. Ignatius Mission in the heart of the Flathead Reservation. Ten years later, Walking Coyote's bison herd had grown to 13 head and he decided to get rid of them. C.A. Allard, then ranching on the Flathead Reservation, talked his fellow rancher and friend, Michael Pablo, into a partnership to buy the buffalo at $250 per head.

In 1893, Allard and Pablo bought 26 buffalo from "Buffalo Jones" of Omaha, Nebraska. The herd, totaling about 300 at the time of Allard's death in 1896, was divided between Pablo and the estate of Allard. The 150 that went to the estate were divided among Mrs. Allard, her daughters and two sons. Mrs. Allard sold her share to Charles Conrad of Kalispell.

Thirty-four of the Conrad herd bison were eventually purchased to begin the bison herd at Moiese. Two other bison were donated from the Conrad herd, two were donated by Charles Goodnight of Goodnight, Texas, and three from the Blue Mountain Forest Association of New Hampshire were donated from the Calvin herd. The first buffalos were released on the range Oct. 17, 1909.

Though the latest surveys show a total of some 20,000 to 22,000 bison in the United States and Canada, it would be quite a chore to determine just how many bison there are in the United States today. From 300-500 are kept at the Moiese Bison Range. There are three other national bison ranges: Wichita Mountains Refuge in southwest Oklahoma; Fort Niobrara Refuge in northern Nebraska; and the Sullys Hill Refuge in northwestern North Dakota. Several national parks have buffalo, including Yellowstone Park, Grand Teton Park, Wyoming, Wind Cave national Park, Wyoming, and Colorado National Monument, Colorado. There is a large herd in Custer State Park of South Dakota, and numerous animals owned by private individuals.

A young bison walks with the herd in Yellowstone National park, circa 1920.

Photo courtesy of Montana Memory Project

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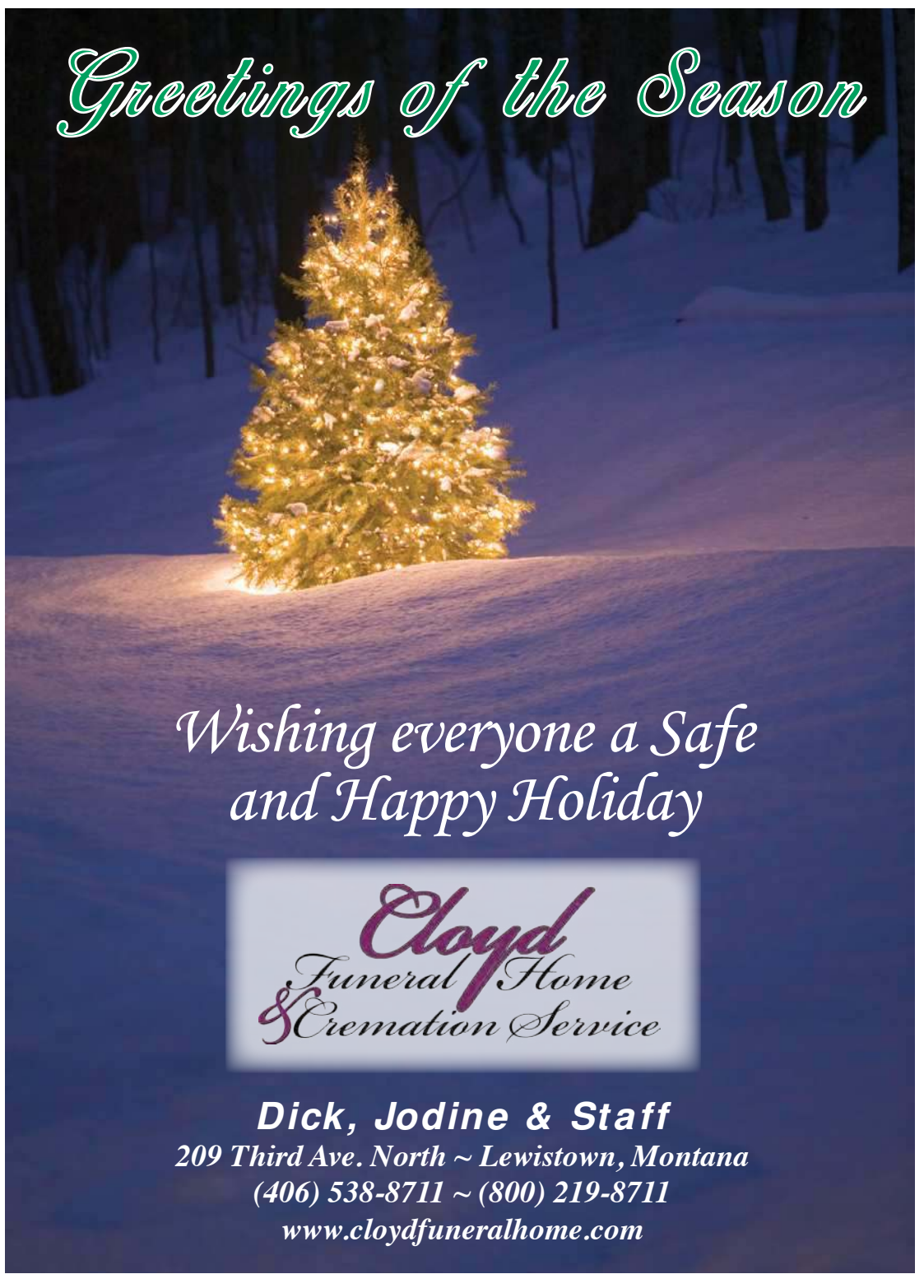
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Can na' be a Spendthrift Christmas Card

By MELVIN BAWDEN

In 1963, after four years in the Air Force, I took my discharge in Glasgow, Montana, said goodbye to all my friends and promised faithfully to keep in touch and headed to Lewistown to take a job with my uncle Norm.

Shortly after starting my job, his daughter introduced me to the girl of my dreams, Nancy McBurney. We were married in 1964 and moved to my hometown of Salt Lake City where I thought I'd be able to make a better living to support a family.

With lots of other things to think about, keeping in contact with my old drinking buddies at Glasgow was no longer a priority. Meanwhile one of my buddies, Bob Hawk, got his discharge and moved his wife Kathy and his kids to his hometown of St. Louis.

In SLC in the fall of 1965, Nancy and I were shopping for Christmas cards on a budget when I found the perfect card. It was a Scotsman and he was saying "can na' be a spendthrift...so Merry Christmas, Happy New Year," and listed all of the holidays.

I don't remember how I came up with Bob and Kathy's address, but I dated the card and sent it to them, not knowing for sure if it would ever get there. We got a return card from them, and then never heard from them again until the next Christmas when we got the card we had sent them back and they had signed and dated it with a small note that said they were on a budget, too.

That's how the tradition got started. After that the card started its journey back and forth across the country but it didn't make the journey every year.

When we moved back to Montana the card got packed in the wrong box and for three years we thought they had the card or it had gotten lost in the Christmas rush. One day going through some old some old stuff, the card showed up and we restarted it journey.

There was the time Bob got badly burned in a propane tank explosion and Bob and Kathy lost track of the card, but after four years it was found and it restarted the trek back and forth. Each time whoever had the card would sign and date it and off it would go.

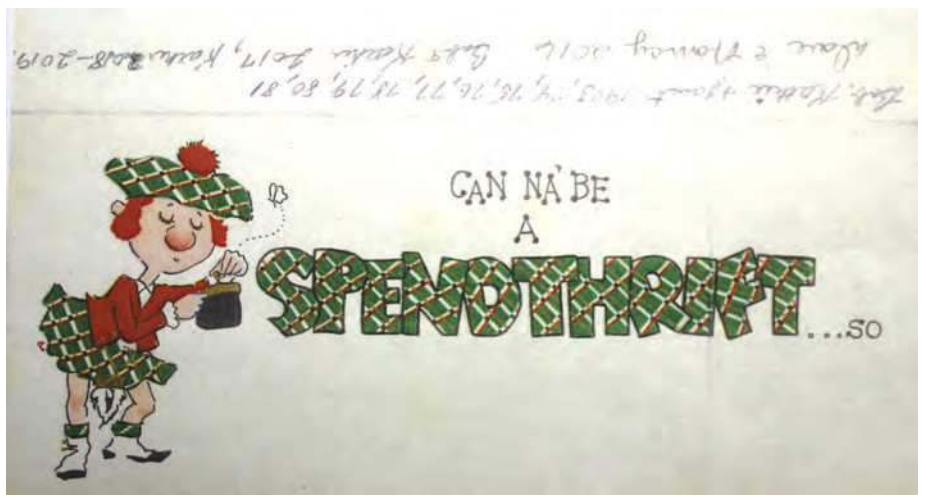
Two years ago we lost Bob to cancer and that Christmas we got a regular Christmas card from Kathy with a note that said she had looked though every box in her house, and either we had the card or it was lost in the mail, or Bob had taken it with him when he went.

We looked through our boxes, but I already knew we had sent it last and figured it finally had gotten claimed by the Post Office and that was the end of it.

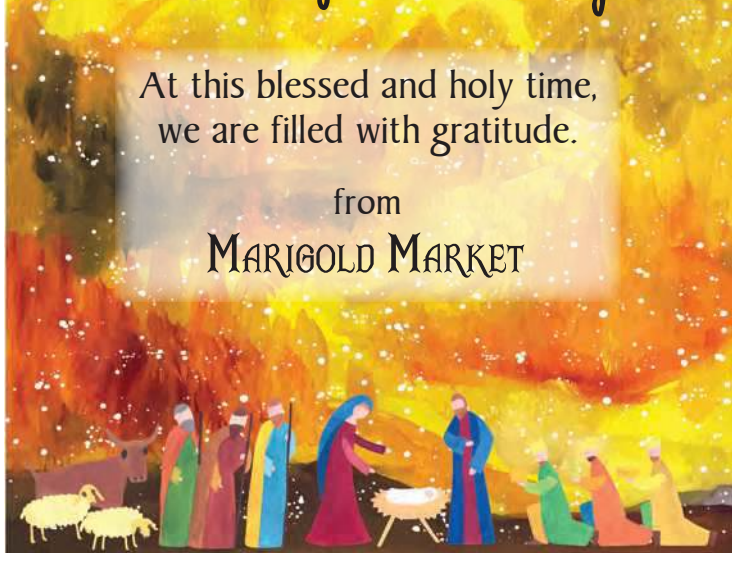
Last year just before Christmas, we got a big envelope with the card in it and a note from Kathy saying she had found it in a box she found in her closet. So the card continued its journey.

Over the years the card has made the trip back and forth from St. Louis to Montana a total of 25 times, or 37,000 miles.

With Nancy, Kathy and I all getting up in years, its hard to say how long it will go on. But once again this year we'll send it on its way and hope it reaches a good friend.



When two old Air Force buddies and their families feel the budget crunch, one way to deal with it is to share the same card...year, after year, after year.



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Calling all Dudes

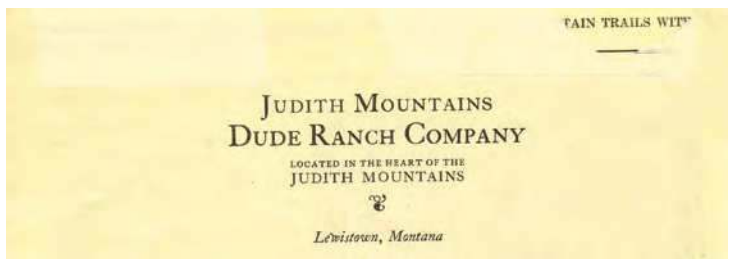
Judith Mountain Dude Ranch 'vacation home in the West' beckons

By DEB HILL
News-Argus Managing Editor

Archives are amazing things, like a trip to the candy store for an editor seeking inspiration. While it's good to have a goal in mind upon entering either one, it's also worthwhile to "window shop" and see what catches the eye.

You might, for example, stumble upon an early version of a Central Montana tourism brochure, touting the benefits of staying a month or so at the local Dude Ranch.

In this case, the ranch in question was the Judith Dude Ranch, billed as a vacation home for "educational instructors, men and women," and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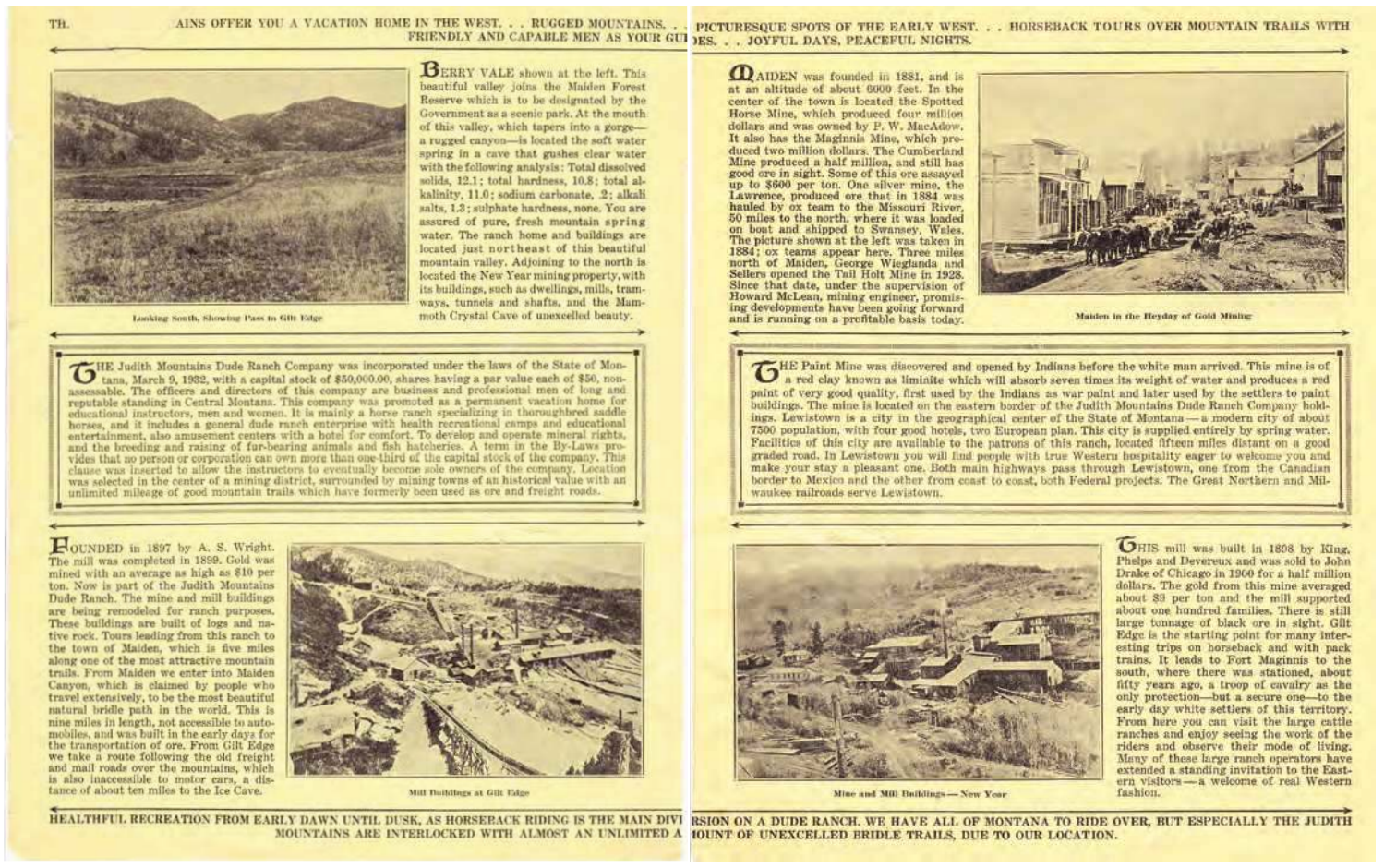
JUDITH MOUNTAINS

Lewistown, Montana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BERRY VALE shown at the left. This beautiful valley joins the Maiden Forest Reserve which is to be designated by the Government as a scenic park. At the mouth of this valley, which tapers into a gorge—a rugged canyon—is located the soft water spring in a cave that gushes clear water with the following analysis: Total dissolved solids, 12.1; total hardness, 10.8; total alkalinity, 11.0; sodium carbonate, .2; alkali salts, 1.3; sulphate hardness, none. You are assured of pure, fresh mountain spring water. The ranch home and buildings are located just northeast of this beautiful mountain valley. Adjoining to the north is located the New Year mining property, with its buildings, such as dwellings, mills, tramways, tunnels and shafts, and the Mammoth Crystal Cave of unexcelled beauty.

Looking South, Showing Pass to Gilt Edge

THE Judith Mountains Dude Ranch Company was incorporated under the laws of the State of Montana, March 9, 1932, with a capital stock of $50,000.00, shares having a par value each of $50, non-assessable. The officers and directors of this company are business and professional men of long and reputable standing in Central Montana. This company was promoted as a permanent vacation home for educational instructors, men and women. It is mainly a horse ranch specializing in thoroughbred saddle horses, and it includes a general dude ranch enterprise with health recreational camps and educational entertainment, also amusement centers with a hotel for comfort. To develop and operate mineral rights, and the breeding and raising of fur-bearing animals and fish hatcheries. A term in the By-Laws provides that no person or corporation can own more than one-third of the capital stock of the company. This clause was inserted to allow the instructors to eventually become sole owners of the company. Location was selected in the center of a mining district, surrounded by mining towns of an historical value with an unlimited mileage of good mountain trails which have formerly been used as ore and freight roads.

FOUNDED in 1897 by A. S. Wright. The mill was completed in 1899. Gold was mined with an average as high as $10 per ton. Now is part of the Judith Mountains Dude Ranch. The mine and mill buildings are being remodeled for ranch purposes. These buildings are built of logs and native rock. Tours leading from this ranch to the town of Maiden, which is five miles along one of the most attractive mountain trails. From Maiden we enter into Maiden Canyon, which is claimed by people who travel extensively, to be the most beautiful natural bridle path in the world. This is nine miles in length, not accessible to automobiles, and was built in the early days for the transportation of ore. From Gilt Edge we take a route following the old freight and mail roads over the mountains, which is also inaccessible to motor cars, a distance of about ten miles to the Ice Cave.

Mill Buildings at Gilt Edge

HEALTHFUL RECREATION FROM EARLY DAWN UNTIL DUSK, AS HORSEBACK RIDING IS THE MAIN DIVI MOUNTAINS ARE INTERLOCKED WITH ALMOST AN UNLIMITED A

PICTURESQUE SPOTS OF THE EARLY WEST. . . HORSEBACK TOURS OVER MOUNTAIN TRAILS WITH DES. . . JOYFUL DAYS, PEACEFUL NIGHTS.

MAIDEN was founded in 1881, and is at an altitude of about 6000 feet. In the center of the town is located the Spotted Horse Mine, which produced four million dollars and was owned by P. W. MacAdow. It also has the Maginnis Mine, which produced two million dollars. The Cumberland Mine produced a half million, and still has good ore in sight. Some of this ore assayed up to $600 per ton. One silver mine, the Lawrence, produced ore that in 1884 was hauled by ox team to the Missouri River, 50 miles to the north, where it was loaded on boat and shipped to Swansey, Wales. The picture shown at the left was taken in 1884; ox teams appear here. Three miles north of Maiden, George Wieglanda and Sellers opened the Tail Holt Mine in 1928. Since that date, under the supervision of Howard McLean, mining engineer, promising developments have been going forward and is running on a profitable basis today.

Maiden in the Heyday of Gold Mining

THE Paint Mine was discovered and opened by Indians before the white man arrived. This mine is of a red clay known as limonite which will absorb seven times its weight of water and produces a red paint of very good quality, first used by the Indians as war paint and later used by the settlers to paint buildings. The mine is located on the eastern border of the Judith Mountains Dude Ranch Company holdings. Lewistown is a city in the geographical center of the State of Montana—a modern city of about 7500 population, with four good hotels, two European plan. This city is supplied entirely by spring water. Facilities of this city are available to the patrons of this ranch, located fifteen miles distant on a good graded road. In Lewistown you will find people with true Western hospitality eager to welcome you and make your stay a pleasant one. Both main highways pass through Lewistown, one from the Canadian border to Mexico and the other from coast to coast, both Federal projects. The Great Northern and Milwaukee railroads serve Lewistown.

THIS mill was built in 1898 by King, Phelps and Devereux and was sold to John Drake of Chicago in 1900 for a half million dollars. The gold from this mine averaged about $8 per ton and the mill supported about one hundred families. There is still large tonnage of black ore in sight. Gilt Edge is the starting point for many interesting trips on horseback and with pack trains. It leads to Fort Maginnis to the south, where there was stationed, about fifty years ago, a troop of cavalry as the only protection—but a secure one—to the early day white settlers of this territory. From here you can visit the large cattle ranches and enjoy seeing the work of the riders and observe their mode of living. Many of these large ranch operators have extended a standing invitation to the Eastern visitors—a welcome of real Western fashion.

Mine and Mill Buildings—New Year

RSION ON A DUDE RANCH. WE HAVE ALL OF MONTANA TO RIDE OVER, BUT ESPECIALLY THE JUDITH MOUNT OF UNEXCELLED BRIDLE TRAILS, DUE TO OUR LOCATION.

located at the foot of the Judith Mountains.

The ranch, according to the brochure, was incorporated in 1932, and at the time the brochure was printed, included 13,000 acres owned by Mrs. Ellen Romundstad, "daughter of Wm. Fergus, pioneer." Romundstad's ranch was termed a "tributary" to the dude ranch.

"Mrs. Romundstad is a very charming and capable hostess. Here located you will find a western life in the original form with the addition of modern buildings and equipment."

In addition, Mr. George Berry's ranch, Berry Vale, located near the New Year Mine, was part of the dude ranch.

Berry reportedly said of his land, "I have established a strawberry garden here which produces delicious berries. These plants usually bear up to the fifteenth of October. The garden has proved equally as productive, due to the fertile land, and I claim that as good vegetables can be grown here as any place in the world."

With an abundance of stock feed, ample moisture, a good water supply and unlimited timber, it would seem hard to part with this productive farm, but Berry is quoted as saying that due to his age, he was turning the land over "for the benefit of this dude ranch so the younger generation can enjoy my ranch."

The dude ranch operation was focused on attracting teachers and other educators, as "many engaged in educational work plan to spend a month of each year in rest and recreation. Montana is the ideal vacation land. The summer recreational camp described in this folder offers exceptional opportunities for rest, recreation, outdoor life, and a study of nature's contributions to plant life, animal life, and geological structures. One will not be disappointed after a vacation in the famous Judith Basin," wrote Superintendent C.G. Manning.

The brochure explains the ranch is mainly a horse ranch specializing in thoroughbred saddle horses, but also includes a "general dude ranch enterprise with health recreation camps, educational entertainment, and amusement centers with a hotel for comfort."

Whether the ranch and its incorporators ever managed to meet their goal of turning ownership over to stock-holding educators or not is a question without an answer at this time, but clearly it would be hard to pass up the "joyful days and peaceful nights" in the scenic wonderland of the Judith Mountains.

A SCENIC WONDERLAND IS OFFERED IN THE JUDITHS

George Berry

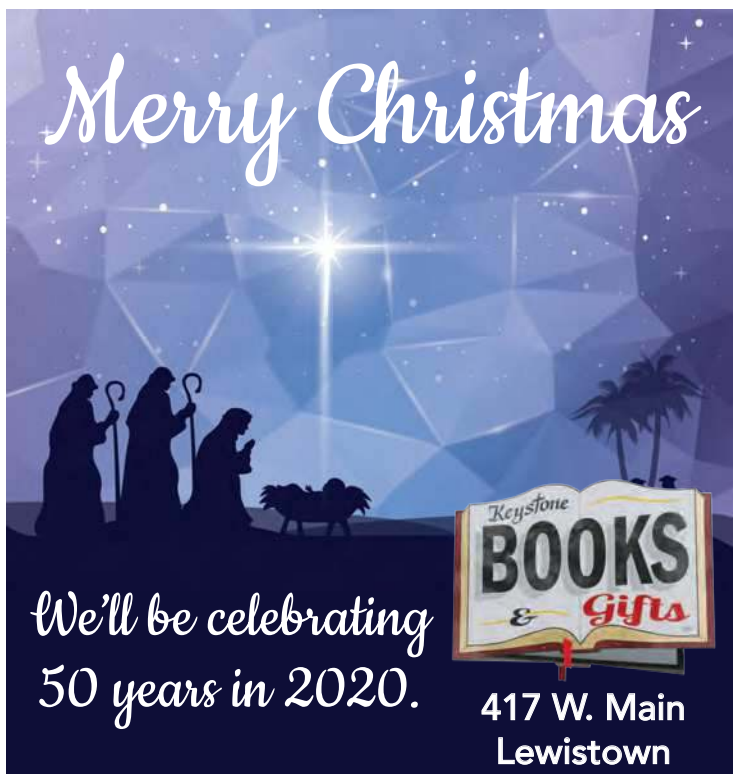
MR. BERRY was born in New York City, April 4th, 1856. In January, 1872, he enlisted in the Regular Army as drummer. Transferred to Fort Snelling, St. Paul, and was stationed there for one year. In 1873, with eleven other drummers and fifers, came to Montana Territory to join the Seventh U. S. Infantry. In 1874, Companies E and F established Carroll's Road. This road is traveled when leaving Lewistown to go to Berry Vale. Camp Lewis was established where the city of Lewistown now stands, by Company F of this infantry—this camp being named for Major Lewis of the Seventh Infantry. However, a trading post had been established there by two men, Reed and Bowles. Of this expedition Mr. Berry states, "To go back a little, will say that we arrived in Fort Benton, Territory of Montana, on the 20th of May in 1873 on the river steamer known as the Far West." Mr. Berry has this to say about the ranch, Berry Vale, which is located in the Judith Mountains near the New Year Mine, which is now the property of the Judith Mountains Dude Ranch Company: "I have established a strawberry garden here which produces delicious berries. These plants usually bear up to the fifteenth of October. My garden has proved equally as productive, due to the fertile land, and I claim that as good vegetables can be grown here as any place in the world. Pasture for my stock has always supplied abundance of feed, due to the location, the soil and the ample moisture, regardless of dry seasons that have visited the State. And, I believe the water supply is as good as any in the world. The mountains are covered with an unlimited supply of timber for building and fuel purposes. It also has croppings of coal and fair showings of minerals. This ranch has had but two owners, the United States Government and myself, and now on account of my age, have turned it over for the benefit of this dude ranch so the younger generation can enjoy my ranch."

MRS. ELLEN ROMUNDSTAD, daughter of Wm. Fergus, pioneer who located on this ranch in 1882, with her husband O. J. Romundstad, is now owner of this highly developed cattle and sheep ranch. This 13,000-acre ranch is tributary to the Judith Mountains Dude Ranch and the guests have the benefit of full privileges of this ranch. Mrs. Romundstad is a very charming and capable hostess. Here located you will find a western life in the original form with the addition of modern buildings and equipment.

MANY people engaged in educational work plan to spend a month of each year in rest and recreation. Montana is the ideal vacation land. The summer recreational camp described in this folder offers exceptional opportunities for rest, recreation, outdoor life, and a study of nature's contributions to plant life, animal life, and geological structures. One will not be disappointed after a vacation in the famous Judith Basin.

C. G. MANNING,
Superintendent of Schools.

THE OLD WEST . . THE NEW WEST . . BECKONS YOU. COME!



Central Montana Christmases reflected in 50 years of advertising

Throughout the decades dances were a fun form of entertainment during the holiday season.

Photos by Miriam Campan

By MIRIAM CAMPAN
Reporter

Newspaper advertising throughout five decades has provided a unique view of societal trends in Central Montana during the holiday season. From gifts that are sure to excite, to fashion and beauty trends, to technology, advertisements have reflected the national influences on a rural community.

In December of 1924, when the News-Argus was called the "Lewistown Democrat-News," relaxation during the holiday season was enhanced with a Camel. Not the camel that accompanied the three wise men on their biblical quest, but fine tobacco wrapped in thin paper to be lit on one end and enjoyed on the other.

"When winter's snow is falling outside and the noise of wind roars through the trees – when the house is dark but for the blazing logs in the fireplace – have a Camel!" or "When it's Christmas Eve – and the glistening tree is ready and trimmed with gifts and toys – when the peace and good cheer of Christmas are almost here . . . have a Camel!"

Entertainment, at one of the two movie theatres, promised romance, adventure and comical mayhem with Ramon Novarro, Hoot Gibson and Tom Mix. These actors starred in "The Midshipman" (a sea adventure you've been aching for), to a western that used a real roundup to make "Let 'er Buck!, and don't forget to go see "Boobs (a.k.a. fools, suckers, dupes, chumps) in the Woods."

In the 1920s dances were advertised as a wholesome way for couples, friends and acquaintances to meet, participate in a physical activity and even win a chicken or cigarettes.

"Come early and get your chicken. To each of the first 10 couples on the dance floor we will give one prime young chicken alive and full of crows. Tickets $1." Admission was 10 cents to dance at the Armory Hall and came with a chance to win luxurious silk items, candy or cigarettes.

For women to look their best at the dances or when gliding through their home dusting, they were encouraged to create a stylish "bob" hairstyle by using "Danderine" that acted on the hair, "like fresh showers of rain and sunshine act on vegetation," giving new meaning to the term carrot top. Lingerie and fur coats, along with perfumes and perfumizers were listed as "sure to please." And the Modern Lady needed to stop knitting and bring her laundry to be washed and returned damp, ready for starching or ironing.

Men could expect a robe, a Remington Portable Typewriter (the gift that inspired gratitude), writing paper (denoting good judgment), or a fine standing lamp.

Moving to the next decade Joan Crawford and Clark Gable were "Possessed," and other theatric comedies shown in town included such fine features as "GIRLS about town," the comedic side of big city gold diggers. For home entertainment every house needed a Philco Radio to gather around, women in their silk lingerie and men in their robes, while the boys of the household played with train sets and girls cherished a doll with a baby buggy.

The smoking of cigarettes continued to be encouraged by smoking Chesterfield Cigarettes, "The world's finest Turkish tobacco made fresh with scientifically developed methods." Or you could roll your own and know what was in the paper through the purchase of "Target Cigarette Tobacco."

In December of 1944 the "Lewistown Democrat News" advertisement equated the phrase "Have a 'Coke'" as the same as wishing someone a Merry Christmas. "Have a Coke," also were the passwords to companionship for young and old alike.

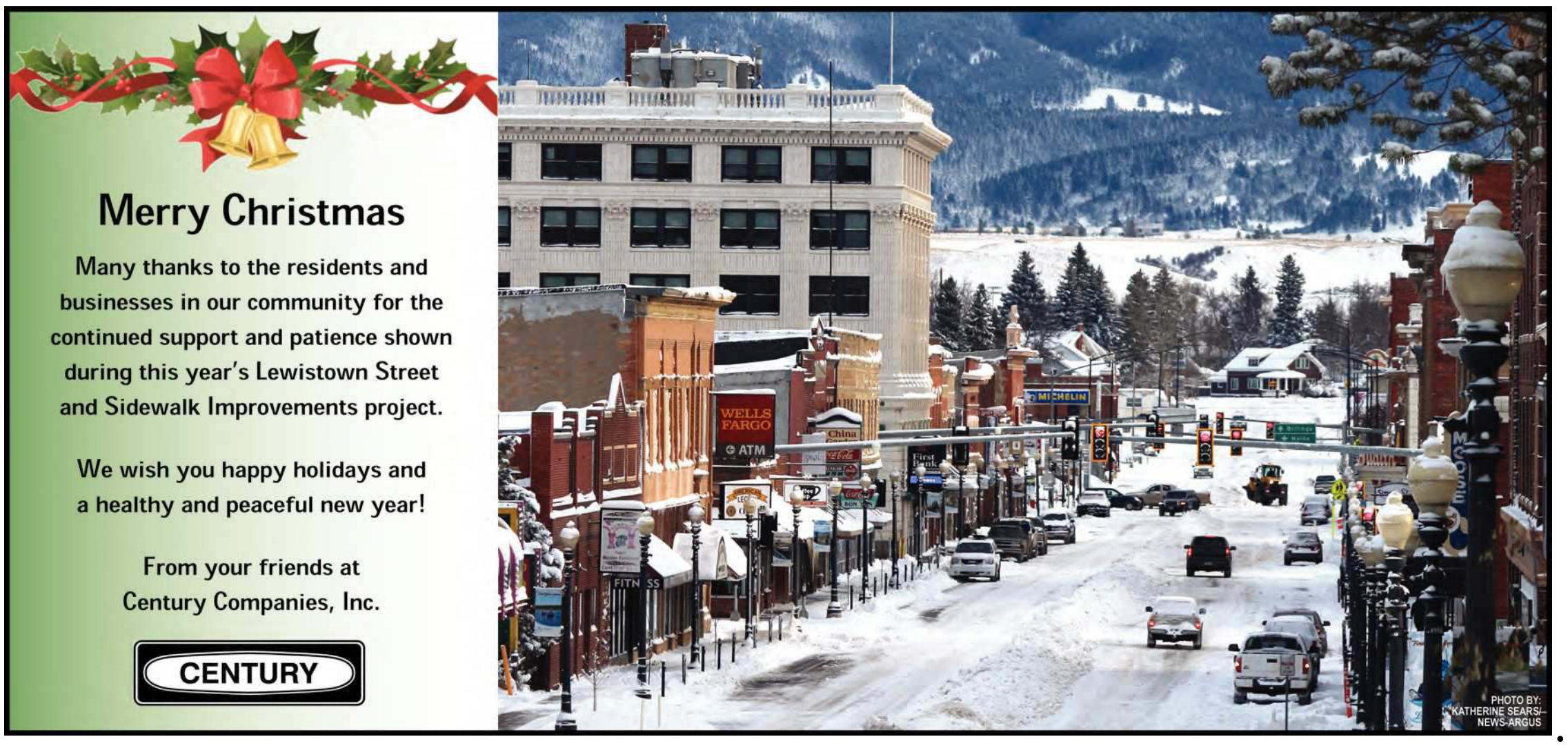
With World War II commandeering the headlines, children's gifts included army nurse and doctor kits, while presents for mom or dad included "gracefully styled" cocktail tables (a forerunner to the coffee table). Women attempted to emulate the starlets of the day, Claudette Colbert and Katherine Hepburn, by using Dorothy Grey Cellolgen Cream that worked overnight to promote a youthful appearance through supplying "a glandular young skin ingredient lacking in women over 30."

Continued on page 38.

Washing machines were a welcome Christmas gift for the modern woman in 1964.

Let us host your holiday event
* Full Liquor Bar
* Special Holiday Menu Items
* Cozy Mountain Setting
* Eight Sleeping Rooms Available
* Conference Room or Dining Room Available
Call us today to book your holiday event or retreat.
406-538-7063
judithmountainlodge.com
6300 Limekiln Rd, Lewistown, MT 59457
(406) 538-7063
judithmountainlodge@gmail.com

The South Central MT RSVP of Lewistown
would like to thank all of its volunteers, stations and supporters for a great year! Wishing all of you the Merriest of Christmases and a safe and prosperous New Year!



Advertising *(continued)*

Carefully etched illustrations evoked the Christmas message in early advertising.

Photo by Miriam Campan

The pressures of the holiday season and shopping called for "unhurried moments," with an "unhurried whiskey" in a bottle labeled "Kinsey Blended Whiskey."

December 1957 movies reflected the culture of the times with movie stars like Debbie Reynolds, Natalie Wood, Cary Grant and Jayne Mansfield with lead lines like, "No stranger crossed this land and lived," or "No woman dared these savage wilds." "Silk Stockings" was the title of a movie starring Fred Astaire and Peter Lorree, an unlikely pairing. Stockings were still a "go to" as a gift idea, and electric trains or cute stuffed animals were sure to please the children.

Advertisements from local merchants took a notable shift when, as Christmas approached, their missives encouraged parents to attend church as a family to provide a strong foundation of faith. Also, rather than advertise products, merchants took a turn from merchandising to wishing all "Peace and Joy," for the season.

Still the "Lewistown Daily News" in December of 1964 advertisements suggested that "Dad would love a Propane Torch Kit," while mom would delight in finding a full slip with spandex lace neatly wrapped under the tree. Transistor radios and a Kenmore Visi-Matic Wringer Washer, along with Scotch Whiskey, were also sure to please.

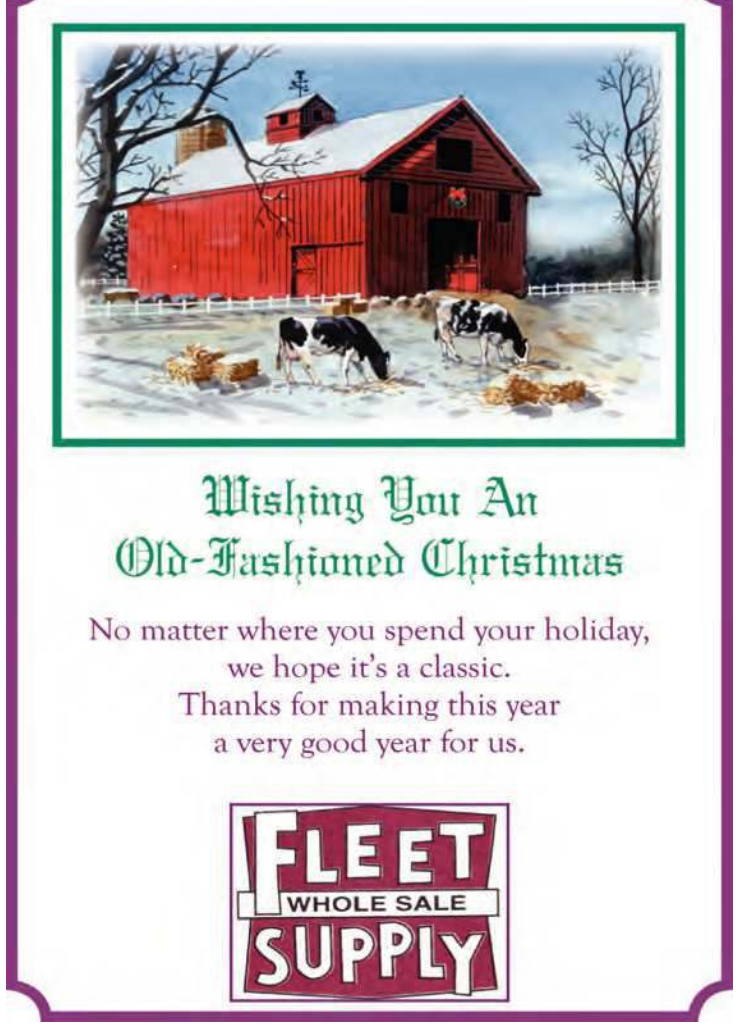
The paper was now filled with advice for women on cooking and crafts, along with Yuletide card-giving etiquette column. Movies provided entertainment with "All new thrills never seen," with a triple feature of "Samson vs. Goliath," "Samson and the Slave Queen" (in Colorscope) and "Goliath and the Sins of Babylon" (in color and in techniscope).

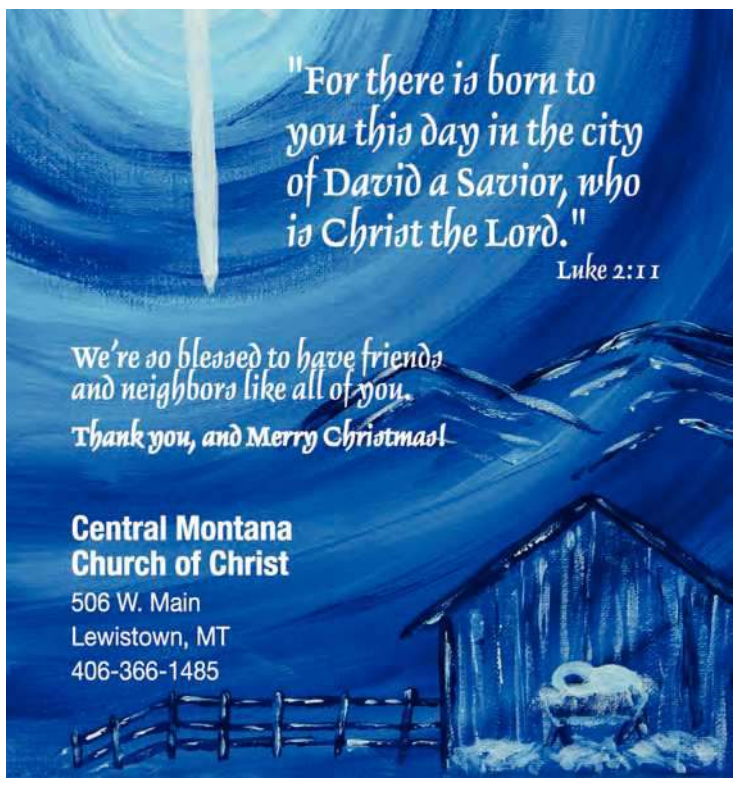
Advertisements also began to publically announce the passage of time for people with a photograph of a youthful individual who is no longer young, alongside the words, "Lordy, Lordy, Look Whose 40," while other individuals recalled "Christmas Before Plastic," as Homesteaders' children recalled Christmas.

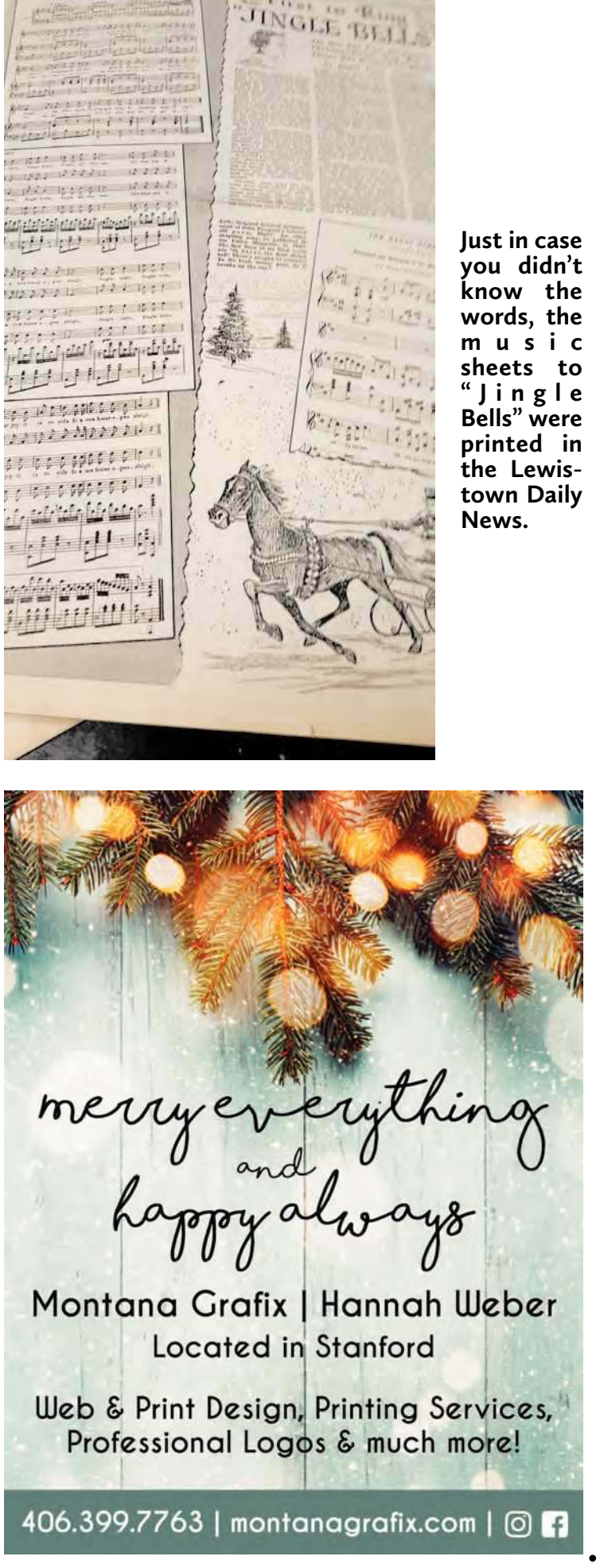
Christmas in the late 1970s pitted Mickey Mouse music boxes against Big Bird hand puppets. Children were delighted to find "Walkie-Talkies" under the tree and the Society Pages catalogued major life events such as anniversaries and weddings.

Fifty years later, and Christmas 2020 still offers advice in advertisements on gifts for loved ones - maybe not lingerie or whiskey or cigarettes, but electronic gifts are popular. Thankfully, the sentiments from merchants wishing everyone the best of the holidays continues as a newspaper holiday tradition.

Just in case you didn't know the words, the music sheets to "Jingle Bells" were printed in the Lewistown Daily News.







Hilger Loan and Realty president promotes Judith Basin area

Dated April 21, 1909, this letter was sent by David Hilger, president of the Hilger Loan and Realty Company, to C.L. Myersick, who was the Fergus County clerk and recorder at the time. The letter, found in the County archives by Shirley Barrick, reads as follows:

Dear Sir:

I am transmitting herewith communication from Mr. Albert Knoepke of Philbrook, Montana, who it appears is making complaint against the action of Mr. McBurney in fencing up a county road. As we understand the situation Mr. McBurney has one forty of his land cut off by the county road as laid out, and he is determined to make a jog around this forty acre tract, and if carried into effect will isolate the school house, which is located on the county road.

Will you kindly call the attention of the County Commissioners to the matter contained in the communication.

Very respectfully,

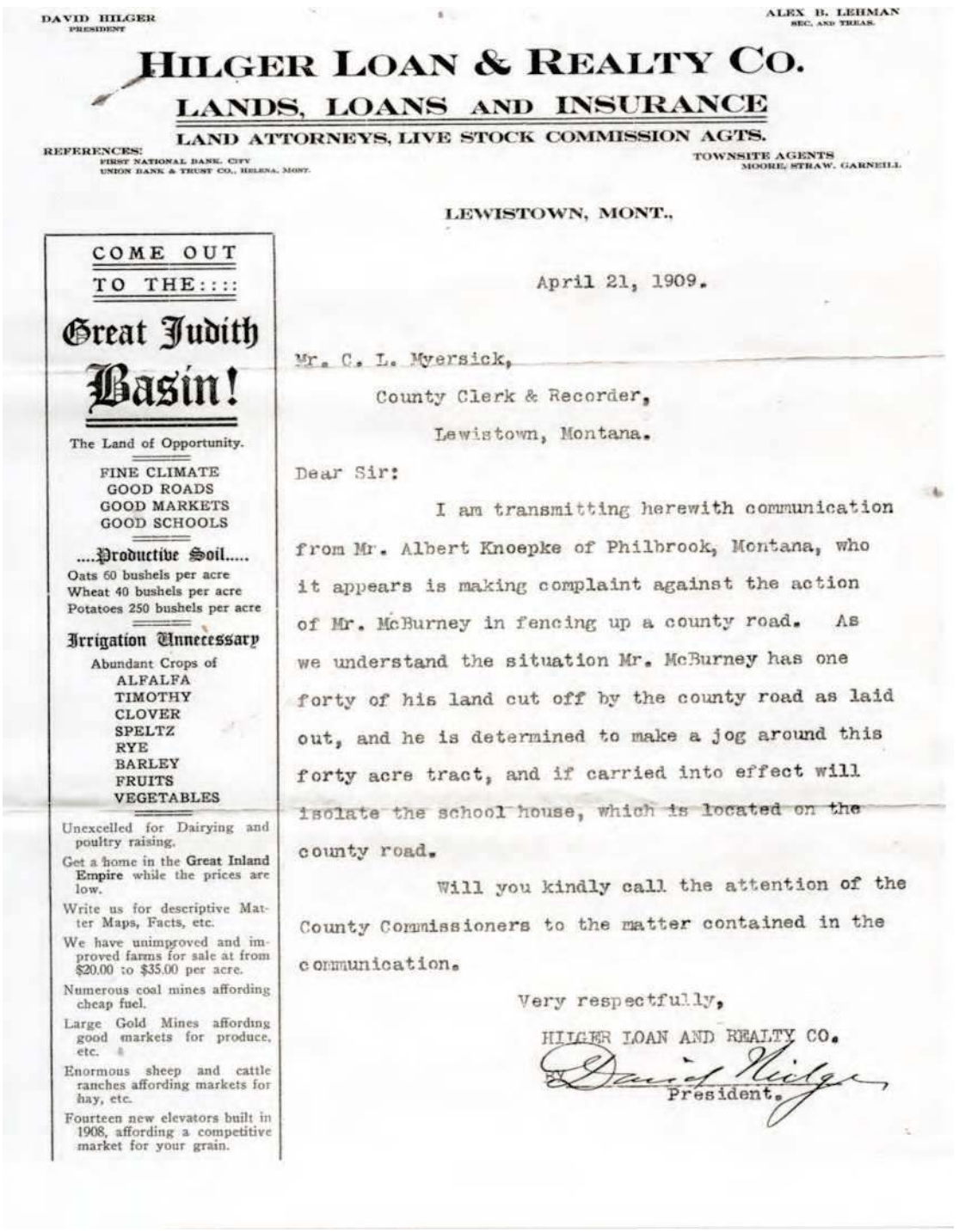
Hilger Loan and Realty Co.

David Hilger, President

Perhaps just as interesting as the content of the letter are the claims made on Mr. Hilger's letterhead regarding the Great Judith Basin, land of opportunity:

- Fine climate
- Good roads
- Good markets
- Good schools
- Productive soil (as shown by harvests of 60 bushels per acre for oats, 40 bushels per acre for wheat and 250 bushels per acre for potatoes)
- Irrigation is unnecessary to raise abundant crops of alfalfa, timothy, clover speltz, rye, barley, fruits and vegetables
- The area is unexcelled for dairying and poultry raising

"Get a home in the Great Inland Empire while prices are low. Write us for Maps, Facts, etc. We have unimproved and improved farms for sale at from $20 to $35 per acre. Numbers coalmines afford cheap fuels. Large gold mines afford good markets for produce, etc. Enormous sheep and cattle ranches afford markets for hay, etc. Fourteen new elevators built in 1908 afford a competitive market for your grain."



DAVID HILGER, PRESIDENT — ALEX B. LEHMAN, SEC. AND TREAS.

HILGER LOAN & REALTY CO.

LANDS, LOANS AND INSURANCE

LAND ATTORNEYS, LIVE STOCK COMMISSION AGTS.

REFERENCES: FIRST NATIONAL BANK, CITY; UNION BANK & TRUST CO., HELENA, MONT.

TOWNSITE AGENTS MOORE, STRAW, GARNEILL

LEWISTOWN, MONT.,

April 21, 1909.

Mr. C. L. Myersick,
County Clerk & Recorder,
Lewistown, Montana.

Dear Sir:

I am transmitting herewith communication from Mr. Albert Knoepke of Philbrook, Montana, who it appears is making complaint against the action of Mr. McBurney in fencing up a county road. As we understand the situation Mr. McBurney has one forty of his land cut off by the county road as laid out, and he is determined to make a jog around this forty acre tract, and if carried into effect will isolate the school house, which is located on the county road.

Will you kindly call the attention of the County Commissioners to the matter contained in the communication.

Very respectfully,
HILGER LOAN AND REALTY CO.
By David Hilger
President.

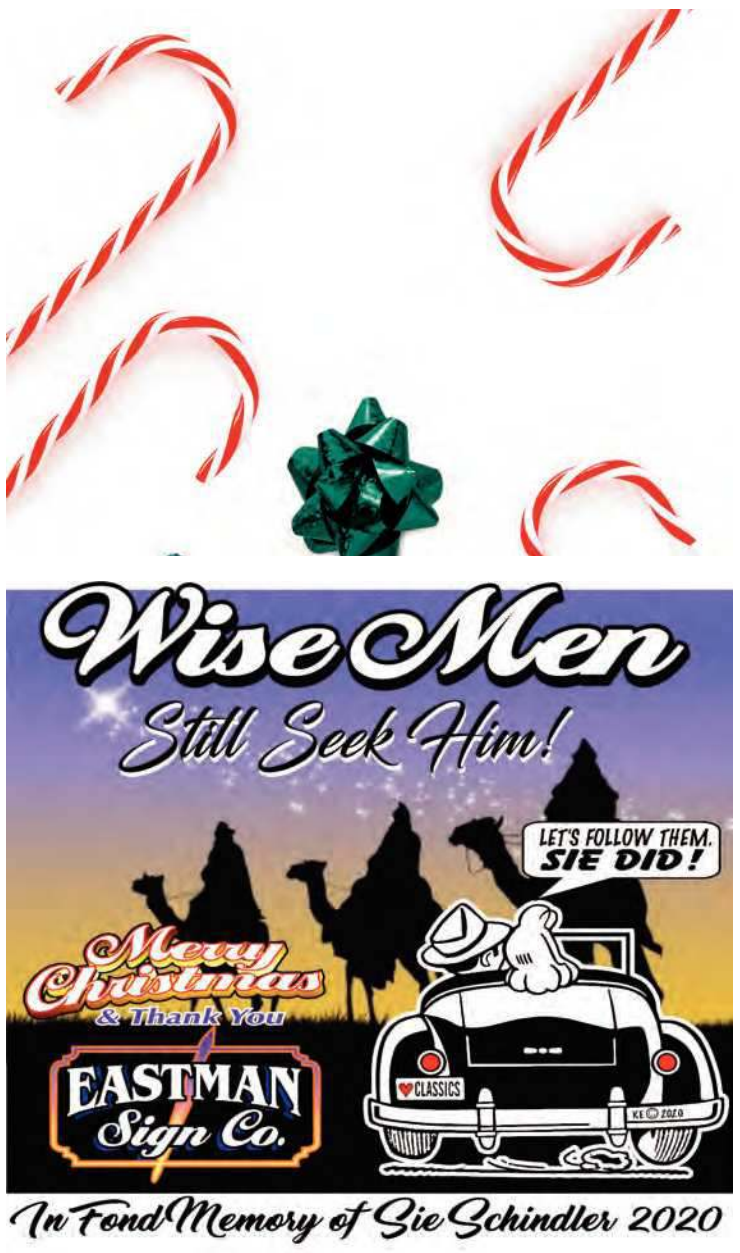
COME OUT TO THE::::
Great Judith Basin!
The Land of Opportunity.
FINE CLIMATE
GOOD ROADS
GOOD MARKETS
GOOD SCHOOLS
....Productive Soil.....
Oats 60 bushels per acre
Wheat 40 bushels per acre
Potatoes 250 bushels per acre
Irrigation Unnecessary
Abundant Crops of
ALFALFA
TIMOTHY
CLOVER
SPELTZ
RYE
BARLEY
FRUITS
VEGETABLES
Unexcelled for Dairying and poultry raising.
Get a home in the Great Inland Empire while the prices are low.
Write us for descriptive Matter Maps, Facts, etc.
We have unimproved and improved farms for sale at from $20.00 to $35.00 per acre.
Numerous coal mines affording cheap fuel.
Large Gold Mines affording good markets for produce, etc.
Enormous sheep and cattle ranches affording markets for hay, etc.
Fourteen new elevators built in 1908, affording a competitive market for your grain.

Merry Christmas
Season's Greetings
Feliz Navidad
Thank you for the past 14 years.
We look forward to many more.
from everyone at
EL RANCHO ALEGRE
416 W. Main • Lewistown • 535-5404

SHINY,
Happy Holidays
Hope your Christmas is merry and bright in every imaginable way!
Hubble Law Firm
James Hubble, Oliver J. Urick,
Joni Oja, Hannah Weber
(406) 566-2500
98 Central Ave.
Stanford, MT
(406) 538-3181
224 W Main, Ste 305
Lewistown, MT

We wish Central Montana a Merry Christmas!
We thank you for your business in 2020 and look forward to helping you with your excavation and earthwork needs in 2021.
D & D Excavation
"Exprerience you can trust."
Water ditch & Reservoir Development
Road Construction & Repair • Building Site Preparation
Marv DeBuff - 350-2074 • Allan DeBuff - 366-0280
Jeff Bristol - 350-1670

Happy Holidays!
from
Moore Farmer's Oil Company
Many thanks to you, friends and neighbors, for your valued business!
Moore Farmers Oil
Moore, MT • Main Office: 374-2555 or 800-926-7689 • Fertilizer Plant: 374-2333



Like the 1909 letter on the previous page, this 1915 publication promotes farming and agriculture in the "Great Judith Basin."

Photo courtesy of Shirley Barrick

Facing the worst winter in two centuries

By JOHN R. FOSTER
Christmas Edition
1996 Lewistown
News-Argus Illustrated
by Fay Watson

Editor's note: This story first ran in the "Lewistown News-Argus" in Dec. 1996. It is reprinted here in tribute to John Foster, who passed away in 2018. For years and years, Foster provided stories on local history to the News-Argus for publication. These stories are now collected in a book.

It was unquestionably the worst winter in recorded Montana history. It changed forever the way people lived in Montana and Central Montana, for it was the beginning of the end of the cowboy way of life and the unfenced range. It was the savage winter of 1886-87, which is probably best remembered via Charles M. Russell's immortal watercolor sketch entitled "Last of the 5,000" or "Waiting for a Chinook."

Another view of this most savage and severe winter comes directly from the tattered old pages of the "Fergus County Argus," the forerunner of the Lewistown News-Argus, and is republished here for your edification and delight.

When the storm hit in November of 1886, the "Fergus County Argus," published in Lewistown, was just over three months old. While John Vrooman and Charles Fell, editors and owners, had started the weekly "Mineral Argus" in the booming mining camp of Maiden on Aug. 9, 1883, the creation of the new Fergus County early in 1886, with the county seat in Lewistown, caused Fell and Vrooman to print the last issue of the "Mineral Argus" in Maiden on July 29, 1886, and the first edition of the new "Fergus County Argus" in Lewistown on Thursday, Aug. 5, 1886.

John Foster

In that historic premier Lewistown edition, the front page reprinted for all citizens the full text of the recently passed law creating the new Fergus County and described fully the process involving the "election of officers thereof."

The surrounding cattle and sheep ranges were extremely dry in the fall of 1886, and amid much excitement created by a heated campaign from candidates seeking county offices, grass and timber fires in August and early September were legion.

On Aug. 5, 1886, the Argus noted: "Lightning has struck in several places in this vicinity of late. Strange as it may seem, no candidate for office has been hit, up to date." While lightning did not strike any candidate in the ensuing fall campaign, the Republican candidate for county superintendent of schools was murdered. And his replacement candidate, a woman, lost out to a Democrat in the final vote count. Fergus County was to become "official" on Dec. 1, 1886, and its new officers would be elected by the voters in November. Thus, Fergus County officially came into being during the worst winter of recorded history 110 years ago.

By 1886, the ranges were heavily overstocked with both cattle and sheep. And while more cattle than sheep prevailed on the Judith Basin "free government grass," or open range, no range wars between the cattlemen and sheepmen were ever recorded. As will be noted from the text of the Argus, the editors definitely favored the wool growers. When the savage winter of 1886-87 hit in Central Montana, the "open range livestock industry," as it was later called, was only six years old. Prior to 1880, the entire Judith Basin in Central Montana was considered unsettled wilderness. While the Carroll Trail went through in 1874-75, it was later abandoned leaving no permanent settlement.

While a colony of Metis arrived and started the present town of Lewistown in 1879, it was in 1880 that cattlemen and sheepmen began to stock the ranges with cattle and sheep. James Fergus settled north of the Judiths in 1880, while Granville Stuart of the DHS settled east of the Judith's. In 1880 gold was discovered in the Judith Mountains, giving rise to the mining camp of Maiden.

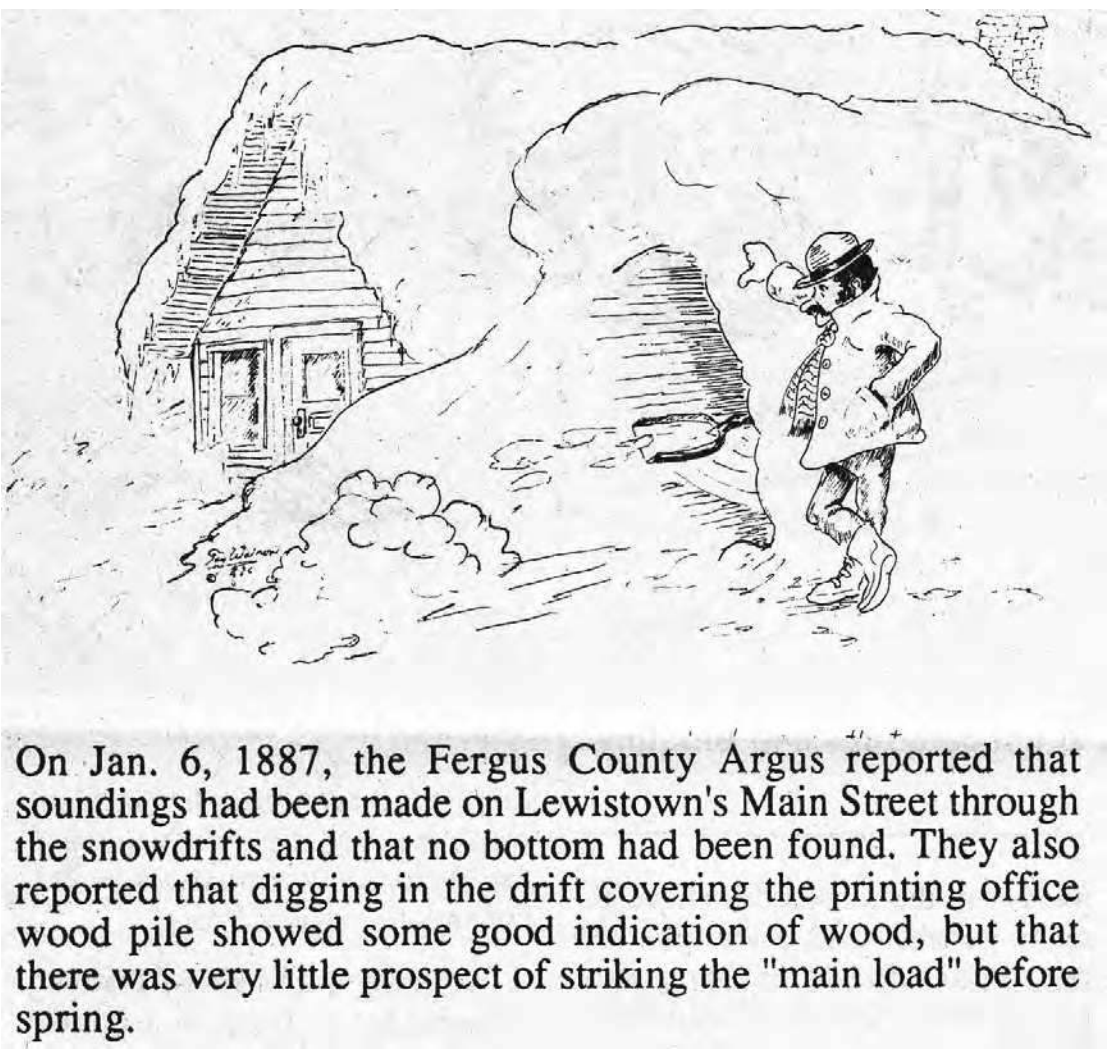
Fort Maginnis was established by the Army in 1880 on the east side of the Judith's to protect these new settlers.

In the Utica-Philbrook (now Hobson) area, numerous other cattle and sheep outfits established in 1880-81. It was to this area that Charles M. Russell, the cowboy artist, arrived in 1880 at age 16.

Economic profits from livestock raising were reportedly grim at first, primarily due to horse thieves and cattle rustlers. The "Mineral Argus" in Maiden in 1884 graphically describes "vigilance committee" action that left a few rustlers hanging from trees. From there, livestock raising on the unfenced range was so profitable that far too many got involved, and by 1886 the ranges were well overgrazed. The drought in the summer of 1886 was a "prelude to disaster." And disaster it was.

While James Fergus, after whom Fergus County was named, predicted the disaster in 1881, and offered a remedy in 1885, his predictions were considered the "muddled meanderings of a senile old man." And his status as an unheeded prophet was not recognized until after the tragic winter of 1886-87, when countless livestock operators found themselves financially ruined. The storm began in mid-November 1886. And it did not let up until the first of March 1887. In the 3 1/2 months of continual savage winter storm, little else was of major concern.

The "Fergus County Argus" reported the elements of the winter as they did all other subjects, in short, unheadlined paragraphs intermixed with other news items and one line advertisements, usually under "local news."



On Jan. 6, 1887, the Fergus County Argus reported that soundings had been made on Lewistown's Main Street through the snowdrifts and that no bottom had been found. They also reported that digging in the drift covering the printing office wood pile showed some good indication of wood, but that there was very little prospect of striking the "main load" before spring.

Photos courtesy of John R. Foster

For the purposes of this article, the paragraphs dealing only with the savage winter of 1886-87 are quoted apart from all other news items, with a few one line advertisements thrown in for color. The "Fergus County Argus" was published every Thursday in Lewistown and each entry is listed under the date of publication.

It will be noted that the editors did much complaining about the scarcity of mail arrival that winter. It must be remembered that in the 1880s, editors got their state and national news from other newspapers. And when none arrived in the mail, they had nothing other than local news to report. And in the savage winter of 1886-87, every local reader already knew what the local news was -- more winter, with everybody "waiting for a Chinook."

Nov. 26, 1886

"The storm that prevailed in Montana first of the week was general throughout the Northwestern States and Territories. In Minnesota, Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois it was the severest storm that has occurred in November for 25 years. In southern Minnesota and northern Iowa three feet of snow on a level is reported, accompanied by cold, northern winds. Several railroad trains were blockaded and no little suffering endured."

Dec. 2, 1886

"Fergus County, if you please! The storm took a great many of our wool growers by surprise. A correspondent of the "Billings Gazette," writing from Sahara under date of Nov. 23, says, T--- has just brought us very sad news of the effects of the storm on Sunday last. Mr. Moule lost 1,500 sheep. They may be all dead for all he knows. They were looking for them all day yesterday and found only 100 dead ones. They are looking for the rest now. A number of our wool growers met with losses during the recent storm. So far as we have heard Chandler and Chamberlain lost about 90 head. George Ayres of McDonald creek lost quite heavily. His band and herder were out in the storm all of one night. I. J. Moule lost his band and they were not found for several days. We have not been able to ascertain the extent of his misfortune. Musselshell sheep men suffered severely."

Dec. 9, 1886

"H. P. Brooks, the pioneer cattleman of the Judith Valley who possesses the title of 'Governor of the Bad Lands,' enjoyed his Thanksgiving turkey at the Grand Central. He says there is no serious alarm in his country about the coming winter; the grass around the watering places is fed down very close, but that further out upon the benches the feed is passably good. Cattle, he says will fare better than other stock since the snow will furnish them sufficient water so that they will not be compelled to leave the grass to get water." --*Livestock Journal*

Dec. 16, 1886

"It is stated that Mr. Moule's loss in sheep during the recent storm will reach seven or eight hundred. Over 500 pelts have already been secured. The most of them were killed by wolves and coyotes, it is thought and these animals were seen among detached bands killing them as rapidly as possible - bringing one sheep to the ground then pursuing another - as if determined to secure a winter's supply of mutton. The roundup boys have brought in for winter feeding, the first installment of poor cattle."

"Robert Coburn of the Springs was in town Saturday night on the way home from his Flatwillow ranch, where he had been to look after his cattle interests. He has had most of his cattle driven north, being in the pool with the Pioneer Cattle Co. He reports stock as looking well. Mr. Coburn thinks we have a nice town and it would not surprise us to see him take up his residence here eventually."

Dec. 30, 1886

From the "Fort Maginnis News": "Mercury 25 degrees below zero on Sunday, the 26th."

"Troop "D" will give a grand ball New Year's Eve."

"The chief amusement at present is piling wood into the stoves."

"A soldier of Troop C had the misfortune to have his feet and hands frozen while returning from Maiden a few days ago. It will be necessary to amputate the fingers of one hand.

Another very serious and sad case of frost bite was received at the post hospital Sunday, the 26th.

Mr. Taylor, an old soldier (who since his discharge has been working at his trade - carpenter - in and about the post) had both hands and both feet frozen to such a degree that it is feared all these members will require amputation. Mr. Taylor, while en route from Maiden to the post in a cutter, became dazed with cold, lost his way and was out all night, reaching at daylight the ranch of Mr. Green, who did all in his power for Mr. Taylor and then brought him to the post hospital."

Jan. 6, 1887

"Soundings were made in several snow drifts on Main Street, yesterday. Up to a late hour, however, no bottom had been found. What was at one time supposed to be ground, proved afterward to be the encrustation of a former storm.

Frank Smith started for James Fergus' last Saturday morning, intending to be back in a couple of days, but has not yet returned.

Full many a heifer now bellowing loud will be found are long in a snow-white shroud. The word empty should be substituted for 'full.' It would not sound as practical but it would be nearer the truth.

It is feared the stock losses throughout the basin will be quite heavy owing to the great depth of snow in the valleys and on the bench lands. The Bay State Cattle Company, it is reported, have already lost quite a number of head.

The day shift on the printing office woodpile reports progress. The drift (snow drift) from the lower level has some good indications of wood, but there is very little prospect of striking the main "load" before spring. Should developments warrant however, "cross-cutting" will begin about March 1."

"A few evenings since a social company, including a number of old timers with a sprinkling of tenderfeet, were passing the evening in one of our popular resorts, where stimulants are dispensed at 25 cents each and were discussing with much earnestness the non-arrival of the mails, the recent deep snows, the prospects of a Chinook, etc., and each was relating his experience with the freedom usual on such occasions; some asserting that the present was the deepest snow they had ever experienced in the Basin. Others claimed that they had seen the snow so deep here, that the present one in comparison, could not be considered more than a heavy frost."

From the "Fort Maginnis News"

"Now is the time for a sleigh ride with your best girl.

A great snow storm, 12 1/2 inches on the level, until arrival of the zephyr.

The post quartermaster has been requested to furnish 50 toboggans for coasting on the Collar hill."

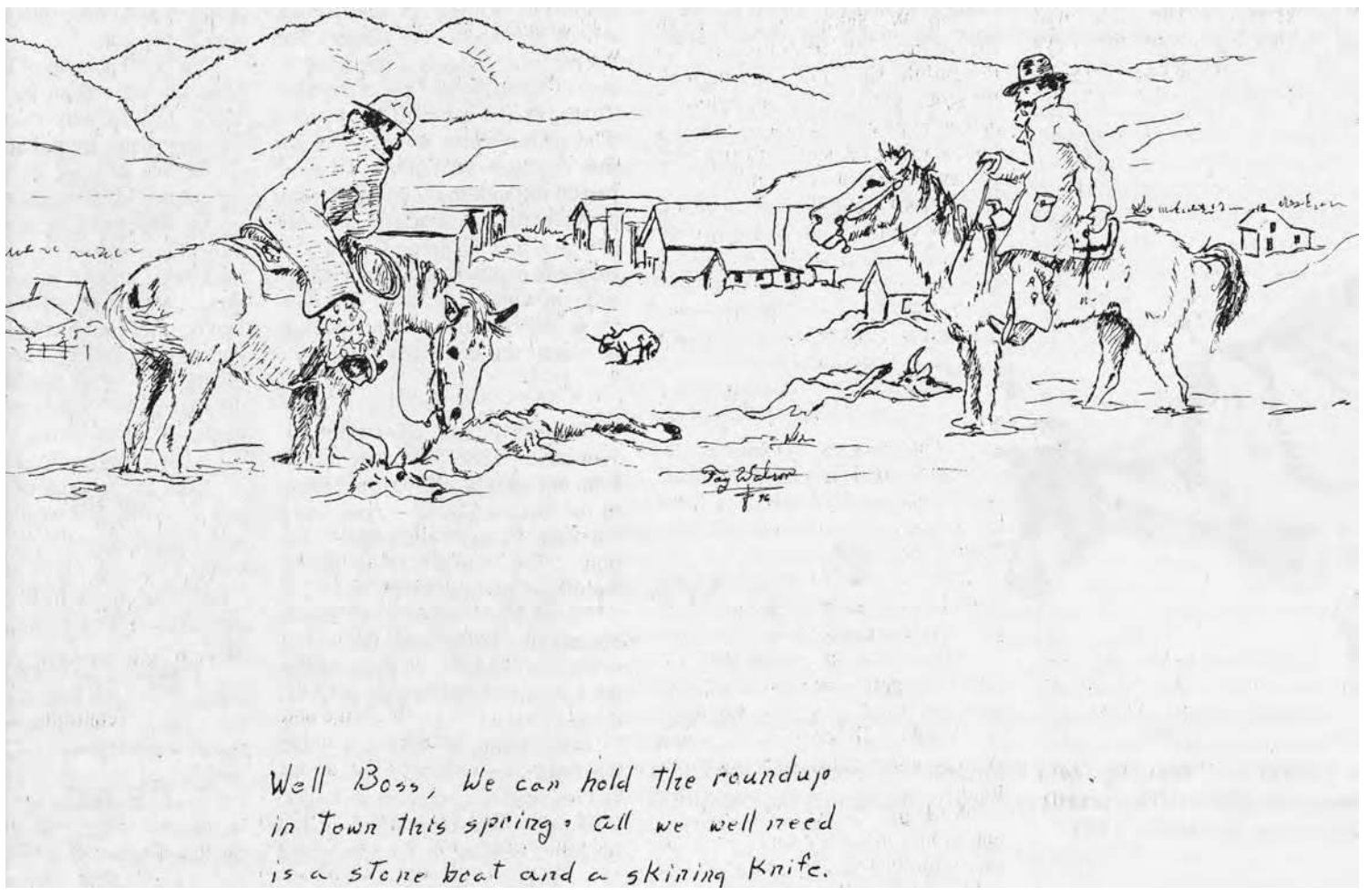
Jan. 13, 1887

"Several head of range cattle have died within the town limits, during the week."

"Marshall Jackson has driven his cattle to the head of the creek, where they have an abundance of hay.

Continued on page 42.

Worst winter *(continued)*



"We have not seen a daily paper for 10 days. Our scissors have gone into a state of 'innocuous desuetude,' in consequence, in order to fill up next week we offer the beautiful and aesthetic chromo entitled 'Balaam and the Ass,' to the party who will send us the most original and interesting story. No restrictions on lying."

"The storm has greatly interfered with the mails. There has been no letter or paper mail received from the railroad for over a week. While the service between Maiden and the Gap is not what it should be for the winter season, there seems to be no railroad mail arriving at the Gap. We apprehend that trains on the Yellowstone division if not on the whole N.P. line have been blockaded with snow."

Jan. 20, 1887

"The immense amount of snow which has fallen during the past two weeks, accompanied by high wind and has filled the coulees to such an extent that travel has been almost impossible and the mail has been very irregular in consequence, only two or three mails having reached us during this month."

"The continued severe weather has driven large numbers of cattle into the mountains for shelter and as the snow is very deep the poor brutes are in a starving condition a number of the weaker ones have already perished and if the hills are not speedily freed from snow it is evident that the loss of cattle will be very great."

"County Attorney Smith returned from Ft. Maginnis last Friday, after an absence of eight days. He was detained at the post by the storm."

"The stockmen are rustling these days, getting their weak cattle to feed. One stalwart fellow was seen going down the street the other day with a yearling under each arm. They were so poor that he had to tie knots in their tails to keep them from crawling out of the corral."

"Gov. Brooks was in town first of the week looking around after his Texas yearlings a great many of which were ranging in this valley. He has had a force of men engaged in gathering in weak ones since the storm. He has been feeding some 800 head during the week."

"Charley Fox, who went out with an extra coach Thursday morning, was badly frozen while making the trip. He took out three passengers - J. W. Montgomery and three soldiers - but the team was played out about 8 miles this side of Twenty-Eight Mile Springs."

"The soldiers undertook to lead the horses but the animals refused to go and were tied to telegraph poles, and the men walked into the station. Sam Getts, the superintendent, was there and hitching up his team went out and brought Fox and Montgomery (who stayed with the driver) to the station. The only word received here is that Fox is badly frozen. We trust his case is not serious." - River Press.

"We have since learned that Mr. Montgomery is lying in a critical condition at the Sisters' hospital in Helena."

Jan. 27, 1887

"More wind,
More snow.
More delayed mails.
More cussing on general principles.
Power and Bro. have a new lot of stoves.
The Chinook and bridegroom have failed to arrive.
Our daily mail continues to arrive on an average of once a week."

Maiden Locals

"The streets are full of it - snow. Considering the weather and roads business is quite good. The Maginnis Mining Co. have several loads of salt en route from Junction. When last heard from the outfit was snowbound near Grass Range."

"Hon. Granville Stuart has been under the weather for the past 10 days. We learn he is now around and contemplates a visit to Helena shortly."

"The mountain roads are so badly drifted it is almost impossible for teams to get to the Kentucky Favorite from where they are hauling ore to Mr. Chas. Gardner's mill."

"Every available man is being pressed into the wood chopping business. George Eastman has an order from the Maginnis Mining Co. for all he can furnish and consequently is looking for choppers."

"Mr. W. H. Burgess for the past week has been in Lewistown and vicinity looking after his brother-in-law's cattle which range between the Moccasin and Judith mountains and on Spring Creek. He reports them as doing nicely for 'pilgrims.'"

"F. Martin and Emile Parisot have constructed a toboggan and put in their leisure time shooting down the mountainside."

Feb. 3, 1887

"Wanted - a Chinook.
Hotel business is good in Lewistown.
Power and Bro. have a new line of stoves.
Forty-two below zero yesterday morning
New supply of boots and shoes at Power and Bro.'s.
Liquid court plaster at the Boston Pharmacy.
Go to Power and Bro. for quilts and blankets.
Cattleman and thermometers are low-spirited.
Fine lot of clothing just received at Power & Bro.'s.
Several parties are gathering ice for next summer's use."

"This weather has a demoralizing effect. Thermometers are getting so low some people won't look at them."

"Tuesday was the worst day of this very severe winter, so far. The thermometer indicated from 34 to 40 below zero, all day."

"The man who predicted a mild winter is entitled to no more respect than the individual who sang so sweetly of atmospheric crystals."

"A sleigh load of young people from the East Fork who came down to the dance were prevented by the snow and cold from returning until yesterday."

"The continuous cold weather is causing considerable alarm among our stockgrowers. The acclimated range cattle are growing thinner every day, and are seeking shelter from the storm in the cuts and coulees."

" It was thought that the losses in this section would be confined to 'pilgrim' cattle, but unless a Chinook soon comes to the relief, the 'old timers' will also die in large numbers."

"We learn that some of the sheep men are short of hay and are looking anxiously for a change in the weather. February comes in with anything but a gentle disposition, but we trust its inclination to be lamb-like will early develop itself."

"Geo. W. Sample was in town first of last week from his ranch on the Judith. He reports the outlook for stockmen as extremely gloomy and anticipates very heavy losses of both cattle and sheep throughout this entire section of country."

"The party who was going to deliver us some wood "when we get sleighing" is probably going to wait now until 'we get wagoning.' Some men are good harvest hands in the winter and first-class wood choppers in the summer."

"In a postscript to a private letter written by Hon. James Fergus he says: The snow is so deep on our range that stock is getting thin and some cattle are dying, mostly Texans brought in last summer by the Judith Cattle company."

"If the weather does not take a favorable turn soon the loss will be heavy before grass grows."

"Now and then we get a mail, which is really quite encouraging, when we think of the many places in Alaska, Siberia or Central Africa, where they don't get any mails."

"We learn that scab has made its appearance in several sheep bands in this county and coupled with the cold weather will result in a considerable loss."

"Wanted - The Author of 'Beautiful Snow'

"'O, Beautiful Snow,' we are aching to know,
The duffer who first sang of 'Beautiful Snow.'
If he is longing for fame, just give us his name,
Or send him in person, if to you all the same.
O, how we would fondle, and love him you know.
Caress him and pet him, 'O, Beautiful Snow.'
We would raise him a purse, and hire him a nurse,
One who would take him for better or worse.
The cow-men: O, how they would warm him,
The sheep-men: with pelts would adorn him,
And the boys on the range, or down at the grange
Might make him immortal, just for a change.
— Snowslide"

Cottonwood, Jan. 24, 1887

"Maiden Locals
"Thirty-two degrees below zero last Friday night."

"Card parties seem to be the favorite pastime in our social circles."

"No need of wearing a cabbage leaf in your hat. This kind of weather will prevent sunstroke."

"Owing to the vast amount of snow which has fallen during the last two weeks, the teams engaged in hauling ore to the Gardner mill have been compelled to lay off, and in consequence, the mill has temporarily closed down."

Feb. 10, 1887

"Mails are getting regular."

"Wood is selling at $5, delivered. There is promise of better weather."

"Very little hay for sale in this section."

"Remember the regular dance tomorrow night."

"One beauty of our climate this winter is its unchangeableness. Leard Bros. have lost over 100 head of sheep - mostly old ones."

" Joseph Mason, who has been under the weather for several weeks, is again able to be around."

"T. F. Morgan of Stanford writes that cattle and sheep in that vicinity are suffering considerably."

"It is reported that J. L. Weideman lost 135 head of sheep in one night during the cold spell a week ago."

"Ed Busch of the East Fork, it is reported, has lost 300 sheep from cold weather and scab, thus far this winter."

"If there is anything this town needs more than another fall of snow, it is another saloon; and we understand that one will be started in the spring."

"Sam Phillips and Brown and McKay have their sheep in good condition, and are well provided with hay, consequently they have had no losses to speak of."

"Mr. Chris King of Rock Creek, was in town first of the week and called at the Argus office. He and his two sons have been rustling with stock for several weeks past and have not, as yet, suffered any great loss.

Mr. King is feeding some 350 head on hay, and some of the weaker and younger animals are given oats. Mr. King harvested about 700 bushels of oats, and although the price was good, saved them for an emergency like the present. He has cattle on the range and while he expects some loss does not appear much worried about them.

He says there is a great difference in cattle in this section. While some of them are very thin others are strong and active and show no signs of yielding up their valuable lives at present."

"Camille Hogue has put up about 200 tons of ice. Some other parties have put up smaller quantities. Ice cream and sherry cobblers ought to be abundant next summer."

"Some inquisitive people are trying to find out where the first man was born. We don't care Adam about that, but we would like to hear from some of our delinquent subscribers."

"We again insert the notice of work horses lost last fall between Rocky Point and Fort Maginnis. Parties having any knowledge of their whereabouts should inform Mr. Morgan of Stanford."

"A new weather prophet has arisen in our midst. He says he has been predicting a winter such as this for the last six or eight years, and at last it has come. This result he attributes to his faith."

Continued on page 43.

Worst winter *(continued)*

"Ranchmen on the Teton are hauling willow poles to Benton and disposing of them at from $7 to $12 a load, while inferior cottonwood is offered at $14 a cord. Good pine and fir cordwood brings $5 laid down in this market."

Feb. 17, 1887

"The hills are getting bare."

"The weather has changed for a minute."

"A party consisting of Tom Riser, Edd Noble and William Clegg started up the creek Tuesday on a fishing expedition. Having built a boat their scheme is to go well up the creek, launch their craft and float down with the current, taking the fish with hook and spear as they descend, stacking at riffles for trout.

Snow is too deep along the creek to admit of fishing in any other manner at present. The party returned Wednesday night from their first voyage down the creek, have secured nearly a hundred of the finny tribe."

A false impression

"Fergus County is liable to be the greatest sufferer in livestock losses this winter, judging from the tone of a letter from Granville Stuart dated at his ranch near Fort Maginnis.

"Mr. Stuart is one of the largest stock owners of Montana and is constantly with his cattle, exercising personal supervision over the several thousands that belong to him. He states that the snow is all off the hills, but that there is no feed and that an early spring is the only salvation for the stock men of Fergus County.

"In this connection, we will state for the benefit of correspondents for eastern newspapers that Fergus County is several miles north of Custer County and the condition of things which there obtains does not necessarily apply to Custer County, also that the statements made are not ours. - Yellowstone Journal.

"The Journal seems desirous of giving the impression that the country embraced within the boundaries of Fergus County is not as favorably located for stock raising as Custer County, whereas the fact is, as a rule, our natural advantages are excellent in no portion of the territory.

"We admit that the last month has been unusually severe, and losses in stock correspondingly great, and the same is true of the Yellowstone valley. The fact that we are "several miles north" does not prove that the temperature is lower or the snowfall greater than in Custer County."

"Mr. E. A. Huson returned on Tuesday's coach from a two month's visit in the states. He says that Montana has had by no means all the cold weather. He was in St. Paul during the carnival, and gives glowing accounts of the affair."

"On his way back he met a number of large stock men from the eastern part of the territory who estimated that the loss this winter will be fully 75 percent."

"The sheep of Mr. John D. Waite drifted with the storm of last week, causing him to lose about 400."

" James Shelton of Utica, who went to Billings some three weeks since to meet his family, has been detained there ever since by the inclement weather and bad traveling."

"The mails are all delayed, there having been only three from the north and two from the south during the past week."

"Some of the ranchmen are obliged to resort to novel means for feeding their stock where they are in stables buried in snow - such as removing portions of the roof to let down food and water to them."

"The poor cattle taken up by the stockmen to be fed are reported as doing well. The sheep men are generally meeting with small losses in this vicinity, but there are rumors of heavy losses further north."

"The storm of the past week has been the severest ever known. The thermometer vibrated between 20 and 40 below zero, snowing much of the time and high winds prevailing. The snow is badly crusted and drifted, and although the loss of stock on the range has been comparatively small, unless there is soon a radical change in the weather the loss will be very great."

Feb. 24, 1887

Getting warmer - but no sun strokes.

"Mr. D. L. Shafer, of Cottonwood, called on us last week. Mr. Shafer is not losing flesh grieving over the cattle outlook, bad as it is. He is feeding over a hundred head."

"It is rumored that Mr. George Samples of the lower Judith, has lost all but 700 out of his band of 3,200 sheep. The cold weather found Mr. Samples with a small supply of hay."

"John Duffield of Utica and John Raw of Philbrook, were in town last Thursday and Friday. They experienced great difficulty in getting through on account of the deep snow. They report the stock losses very large in that section."

"Bands of cattle rustling along the summit of the high bluffs across the river remind one of the habits of the buffalo in early days. -Yellowstone Journal. They remind some of the buffalo of the present day, in that they are rapidly disappearing."

"We are informed that Mr. Len Lewis' band of sheep, which was driven on to Ross Fork last fall, is faring badly. The band was lost in a blizzard recently and 700 perished. A total loss of 1,700 out of 2,000 is reported, up to date."

"G. R. Norris of Judith Landing arrived in town first of the week. Mr. Norris says it requires four days to make the trip from the landing to Maiden, owing to the deep snow usually a fair day's drive."

"A frozen rabbit on the rail upset a handcar in Illinois, breaking a man's leg. A hare breadth escape. But that is nothing. We had a beef steak the other morning that we are satisfied would derail a mogul engine if it had struck it squarely going down grade."

"Commissioner Chandler arrived in town Sunday evening, having walked all the way from his sheep ranch, some 30 miles distant, making the journey in two days. Mr. Chandler thought before he arrived at his destination that he had dearly earned his mileage, but deemed it the best mode of getting through the snow:

From Mr. Chandler we obtained some information regarding sheep losses in his section. He places the losses to his firm (Chandler and Chamberlain) at 10 percent up to the present time. Dog Creek wool growers have been more unfortunate owing to shortage of hay. In some bands the loss will reach fully 50 percent.

Mr. Chandler says the windstorm that came up so suddenly a week ago Sunday, caught a great many sheep out on the hills feeding and many were out all of the following night. Mr. Parrott, of, the firm of Blanchard and Parrott, nearly lost his life by freezing while following his band during the night. He brought up at Messrs. Chandler and Chamberlain's cabin in an exhausted condition, and would have fallen prostrate on the floor but for timely assistance. His feet and one ear were badly frozen.

Two bands belonging to Oscar Stephens were out all night, from which he lost quite heavily. Cook of Dog Creek, lost several hundred by piling during the same storm. Had the weather been severe on Monday the losses would have reached into the thousands, but a decided improvement in the weather enabled the herders to get the bands back into corrals without further losses of a serious nature.

On Wednesday evening last, while a terrible blizzard was raging one of the herders who was with the sheep of John F. Patterson came to the house and informed Mr. Patterson that the sheep had stampeded and that they and the herder were lost. This was one of the worst nights of the season.

Mr. Patterson said they would make an effort to save the herder if every sheep was lost. The two then started out on horseback and soon caught up with the sheep, but were unable to stop them. The herder was also with them, and the three men stayed with the sheep until they arrived at Winchell's ranch, some 15 miles distant, where they were halted and turned back.

They were out three days and nights of the coldest weather ever known in this section of Montana. Their continued absence alarmed the neighbors and a search party was organized, but Mr. Patterson, the herder and sheep turned up before the party started, having lost but 10 head in the storm and during the long drive, which is something most remarkable. We are not often called upon to record such wonderful pluck and endurance as was shown by Mr. Patterson and his men."

Dying cattle

(Reprint from the "Minneapolis Tribune")

"It is reported from Montana and western Dakota that the shelterless cattle on the plains are dying by the hundred. They are freezing to death and starving to death. It has too long been the boast of the upper grazing country that tame cattle could rustle all winter like native bison, and come out fat in the spring.

"The claim may properly be made with respect to certain favored localities; but no ranchmen in the Northwest ought to take the risk of keeping cattle through the winter without any provision of hay or shelter for them in case of severe storms.

"If ranchmen prefer to take the risk as a financial proposition, there is a moral side of the subject which has been too much neglected and which calls for a vigorous exercise of public opinion.

"It is simply brutal to drive cattle from southern breeding grounds or ship calves from the farming states and expose them to starvation or death from excessive cold on the northern plains. The farmer who would permit domestic animals to die from exposure in Illinois or Iowa or Minnesota would be made to feel the force of his neighbors' indignation.

"Circumstances alter the moral bearings somewhat, perhaps, but there are no circumstances which justify the sacrifice of animal life, which a severe Montana winter entails.

"The development of the Northwestern cattle industry has our fullest approval. But it should rest upon a permanent, legitimate basis. It has been of too speculative a nature in the past.

"The cattlemen must provide means to prevent the loss and the disgrace of this decimation of animal life through exposure."

March 3, 1887

Bad traveling.

"The long delayed Chinook reached us last Saturday, and settled down to business at once, as if working by contract. The "night shift" was fully as strong as that of the day and the accumulated white stuff which has been immortalized in poetry and song, began to rapidly disappear from hilltops and bench lands, valleys and coulees.

"The Chinook, though delinquent, is hailed with pleasure by our cattle and sheep men. Though there are losses yet to follow, the continuation of cold weather and snow through the month of March would be a misfortune too serious to contemplate."

"We think really the sheep interest will suffer a greater loss than cattle." Gazette.

"Your thinking apparatus is not in good repair. The losses in this county will not average over 20 percent at most. In some instances the loss will be very heavy owing to poor management and neglect to provide a good supply of hay in the fall."

"Woolgrowers have banked too much on winter range feeding until they were caught napping - at least some were. This winter has been an eye-opener to growers and one that they will profit by in the future."

"As a well-known sheep man remarked in reply to the question whether he had thought of any safer plans for the future: "The only thing to be done is to gauge our sheep bands by our hay stacks, and prepare for six weeks of feeding."

Cattle are eating sagebrush and appear to relish it very much. This is a sign that they are becoming thoroughly native - the only thing they now need to cultivate is the cayuse taste for cottonwood bark, and then ye winds can blow." - Stockgrowers Journal

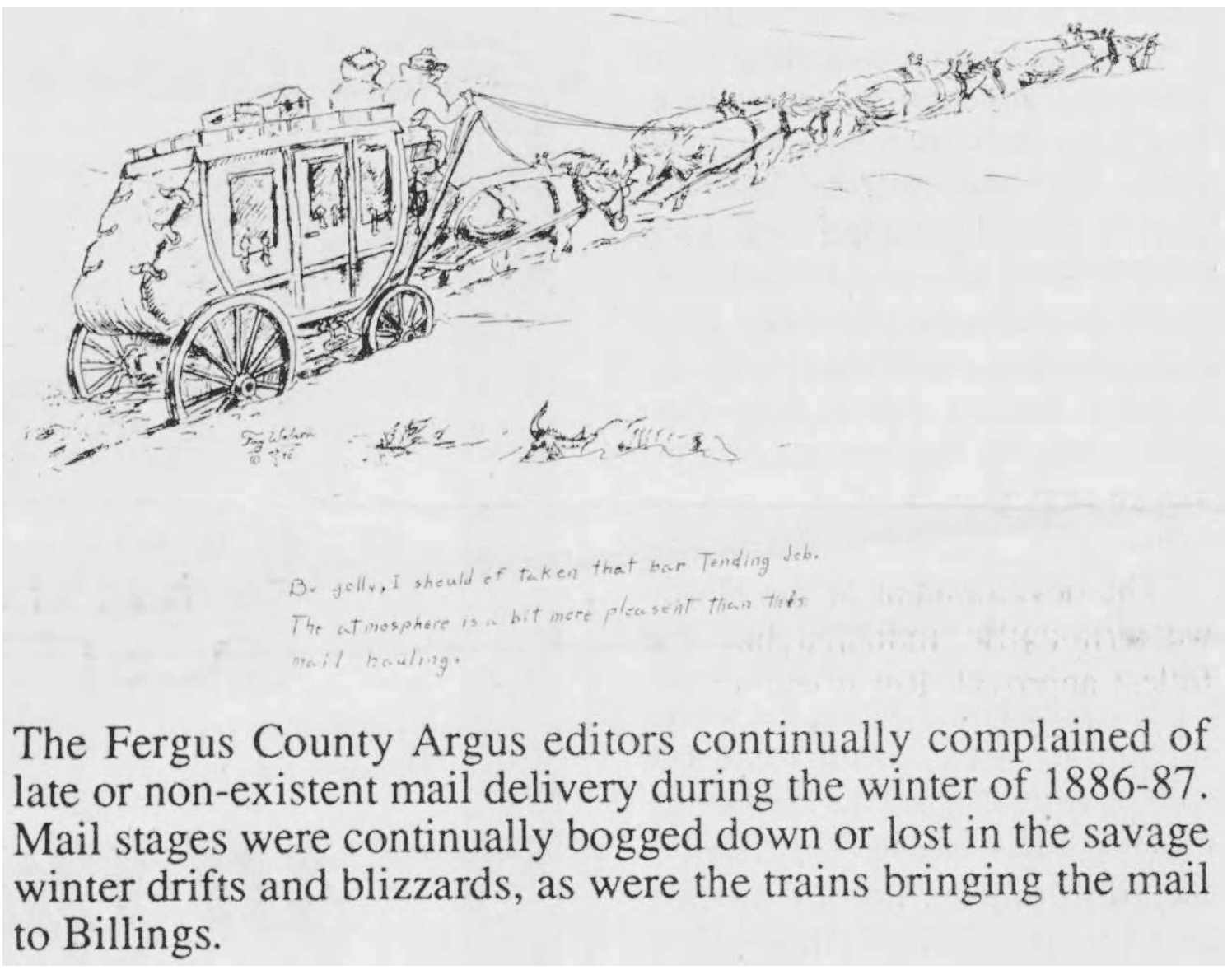
"Think of the idiot who wrote the above, cutting three square meals a day and then congratulating cattle on their feast of sagebrush. He says 'It is a sign they are becoming thoroughly native.' It is a sign they are becoming thoroughly hungry and about half of them thoroughly dead. 'The only thing they now need is the cayuse taste for cottonwood bark,' then the winds can blow their hair off. And if it was not for corrosion they might eat a barbed wire fence occasionally to sharpen up their appetites. Cottonwood fir and bull pine will soon be in demand for fodder, according to the Journal philosopher and humanitarian."

"A prominent stockman who has 5,000 head of cattle on Judith river, north of Billings, writes from Utica, Mont., under date of Feb. 12: 'I don't think the loss of native cattle up to our present time on the range will exceed 5 percent.' Gazette. Wish we could get such favorable reports."

"Gov. Brooks was in from his ranch first of the week. The rumor to the effect that the 'Governor' couldn't smile, is all bosh. Although the majority of those Texas yearlings have gone to the eternal cow pastures, he is not inclined to grieve much. 'Good lesson, good lesson,' says the Gov. 'Those yearlings die chuck full of hay and in warm sheds.'"

"The severe weather of the past few weeks has served to congeal all items and the only persons to be seen were a few fanatics seized with the popular mania of searching for the author of 'Beautiful Snow.'"

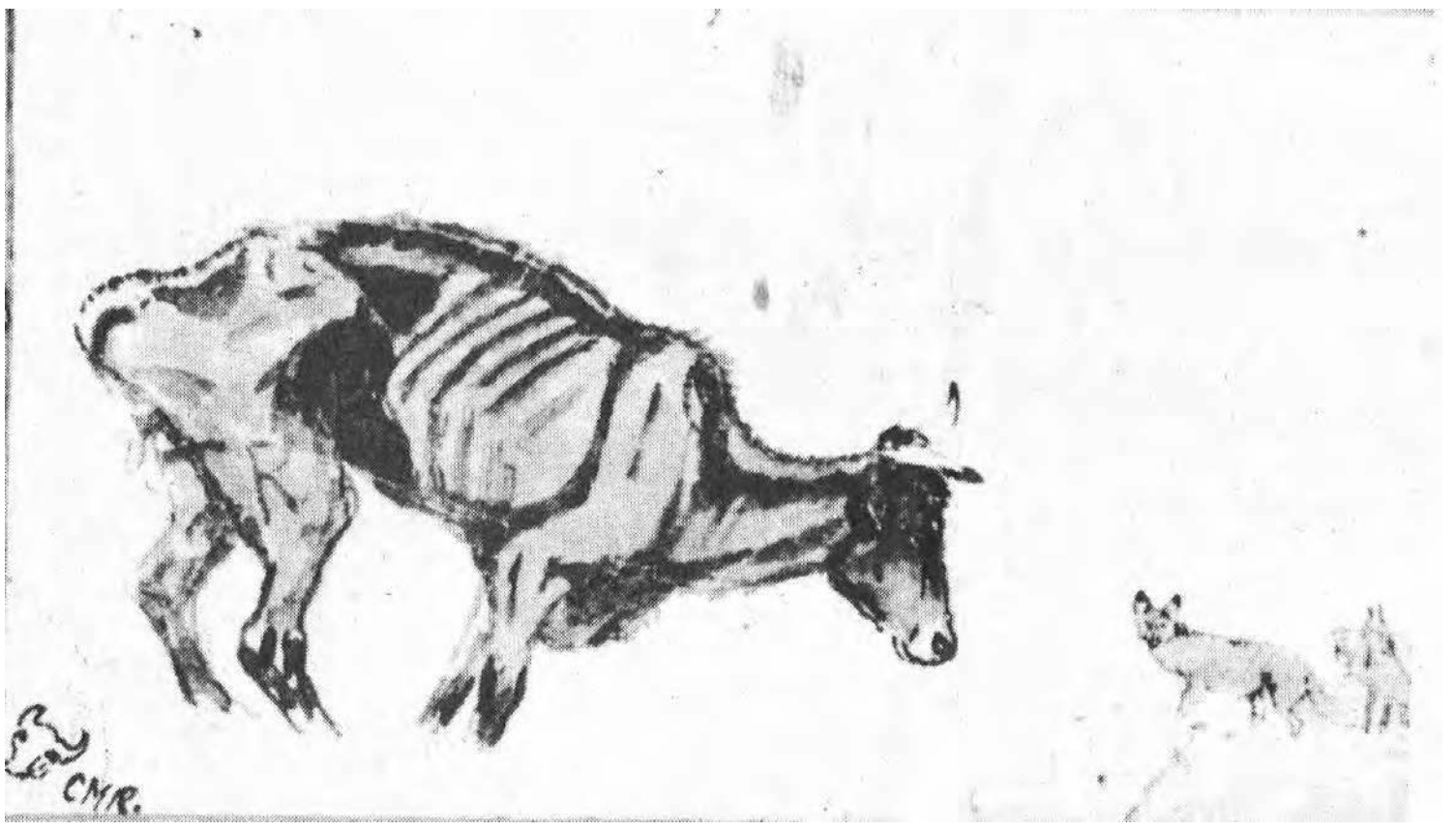
"Stockmen are now able to get about and look after their stock, which is mostly being driven to the foot hills. The loss of stock must necessarily be heavy, especially among pilgrim cattle."



The Fergus County Argus editors continually complained of late or non-existent mail delivery during the winter of 1886-87. Mail stages were continually bogged down or lost in the savage winter drifts and blizzards, as were the trains bringing the mail to Billings.

Continued on page 44.

Worst winter *(continued)*



Charles M. Russell's "Last of the 5,000," or "Waiting for a Chinook," is probably the most popular depiction of the savage winter of 1886-87. The print graphically illustrates the condition of the herds when the Chinook finally came in March, 1887.

March 10, 1887

"Dance tomorrow night. Send in your spring poetry! The crows are flying north. The snow is going off rapidly."

"Beef skinners will soon be in demand."

"Some of the boys think of getting a job bearing pelts."

"A prominent stockman said the other day on being told that there were to be nine steamers on the river next season: 'T'aint enough. It will require more than that number to haul the hides away.'"

"Col. Kent brings the news that the cattle broke into the Grand Union hotel at Benton recently and ate all the straw mattresses. - Husbandman. They were bent on having something to eat. It is said one determined cow looked over the register for the author of 'Beautiful Snow,' but retired full of grief and cottonwood bark."

"Capt. James Williams, of Ruby Valley, we regret to learn, committed suicide last week. He took laudanum.

"No reason is assigned for the rash act, except the gloomy outlook for our stock interest, he in co-partnership with Col. Callaway, being largely interested in that business."

"The reports from Wolf Creek are to the effect that losses among sheep have been unprecedented. One gentleman writes that if the original number with which they started are left they are thankful."

"Andrew G. Hay, who we believe has the sheep of the Great Falls Sheep company, has been the heaviest loser thus far. This shows a loss of 3,200 head."

"Other sheep men have met with serious losses. Campbell and Records have recovered a portion of their band which strayed away in the storm of Feb. 1st."

"During the blizzard of the 13th ultimately one band of Bower Bros. escaped from the herder and drifted for 12 miles; the other bands wandered from six to 10 miles."

"All owners of sheep and cattle are looking blue. The losses of, sheep ranging on the Shonkin and Belt creek, have been less than in any other section, so far as we can learn."

March 17, 1887

"Last week of school."

"Are you wearing the green?"

"St. Patrick's ball tonight."

"Newell Hortop has the measles. Wool growers are feeling better. St. Patrick's Day in the morning."

"Subscribe for your county paper. Send in your orders for job work."

"The horse market is getting lively."

"The dog-canning season has arrived."

"Our hotels are doing a good business."

"Green grass has made its appearance."

"Cattle men say it might have been worse."

"Business is increasing rapidly since the snow went off."

"The men have begun removing the hides from the dead cattle on the range."

"All kinds of stock, it is reported, are doing well, and it is thought there will be no further loss."

"The snow has nearly all disappeared but has gone so gradually that there is no danger of flood as was at one time apprehended."

"This is the spring of our discontent. Pelts, pelts, pelts."

"Preparation for lambing have already commenced. Sheep men will hope to make up their winter losses."

April 14, 1887

"Mud, mud, beautiful mud!"

"After spending the winter in Columbus, Ohio, and the spring in an extended pleasure and business trip through Texas, New Mexico and on to the 'Golden State,' Dr. J. H. Williard returned to his home on Upper Big Spring creek last Saturday, accompanied by his wife whom he joined in California, where she spent the winter. The doctor says, judging from what he saw of the effects of the drought in Texas, that is more to be dreaded than such a winter as Montana has just experienced. At the time he passed through the state cattle were dying by the thousands for the want of water, and the ground, for a considerable depth, was virtually baked and rent with great cracks. The winter in such portions of the states as he visited was unusually severe."

****

Perhaps the best closing for this "winter of 1886-87" story is not from the tattered 110-year-old pages of the "Fergus County Argus" itself, but from C. E. "Teddy Blue" Abbott's "We Pointed Them North, Recollections of a Cowpuncher."

Teddy Blue worked for Granville Stuart at the DHS during the savage winter of 1886-87, and ranched in the Central Montana area until his death in 1939.

Concerning the loss that befell the DHS alone, Abbott says: "We had branded by actual count 10,000 DHS calves on the Flatwillow and Maginnis roundup in the spring and fall of 1886; this meant, as we estimated, 40,000 cattle.

On the spring roundup of 1887 not 100 yearlings showed up, and on a rough count there were only 7,000 cattle all told, mostly steers and dry cows and these were raised on the Montana range.

"Double-wintered Texas steers in the Big Dry country got through in the best shape of any cattle in the state, but the loss on the trail cattle that had just come into the country was 90 percent."

"Fully 60 percent of the cattle in Montana were dead by March 15, 1887. That is why everything on the range dates from that winter.

"In July of 1887 we were working on the Maginnis range, gathering up what cattle there were left to move them across the river. It was hard work, and we weren't getting a thing. We'd ride all morning and maybe only find a couple of weak-kneed, ganted steers, and they was giving us a lot of trouble, because the weaker and poorer cattle are, the harder they are to drive.

"That country along Box Elder is as flat as the palm of your hand and no shade. The weather was hot, and the dead cattle stunk in the coulees - you'd come across little bunches of 10 or 15 or 20 of them piled up – pfew. I can smell them yet.

"There was an old fellow working with us who had some cattle on the range. I don't remember his name. But I'll never forget the way he stopped, with the sweat pouring off his face, looked up at the sun, sober as a judge, and said: 'Where the hell was you last January?'"

Rare cable-stayed vehicle bridge located in Montana

By W.D. NOTTINGHAM, MSCE, MSC

The first cable-stayed vehicle bridge has long thought to have been built in Strömsund, Sweden in 1955 and the first in the United States built in 1972 in Sitka, Alaska. Now another such bridge has surfaced in Montana, built in 1950.

Cable-stayed bridges are those whose superstructure is mainly supported by straight cables in tension in various configurations verses sagging cables used for suspension bridges. Cables can be made of several components, including bundled wire, bridge strand, wire rope or pre-stressing strand, usually protected from corrosion by various coatings or encasements, including galvanizing.

These bridges were difficult to analyze and design. For example, at Sitka I initially used partial differential equations in 1969 to show that superposition methods were inaccurate, and this proved to be very time consuming.

This bridge over the Marias River in Liberty County joins a short list of cable-stayed bridges, and may be the earliest one known to have been built in the United States. Photo courtesy of Dennis Nottingham

Computers were in their infancy, but finally one program was found for the final design, one of the first such uses. Modern computers have now allowed engineers to design a wide variety of beautiful long-span cable-stayed bridges worldwide.

The Montana Bridge, built for the Pugsley Road Crossing of the Marias River is very different in that it is statically determinate. The arrangement of support cables gives an ingenious solution for this early bridge. Galvanized IWRC cables provide main support in conjunction with side trusses formed of cables which support a timber bridge deck. This solution resulted in a cost-effective clear span crossing of the Marias River, whose spring ice floes had destroyed early bridges. The following table shows comparative information for three early cable-stayed bridges.

Of note, after nearly 70 years at Liberty County in a dry environment and nearly 50 years at Sitka in a costal environment, galvanized cables are in good condition.

Cable-stayed bridges were not well known in the 1950s; thus, this bridge was lost in a long list of suspension bridges as a suspension bridge.

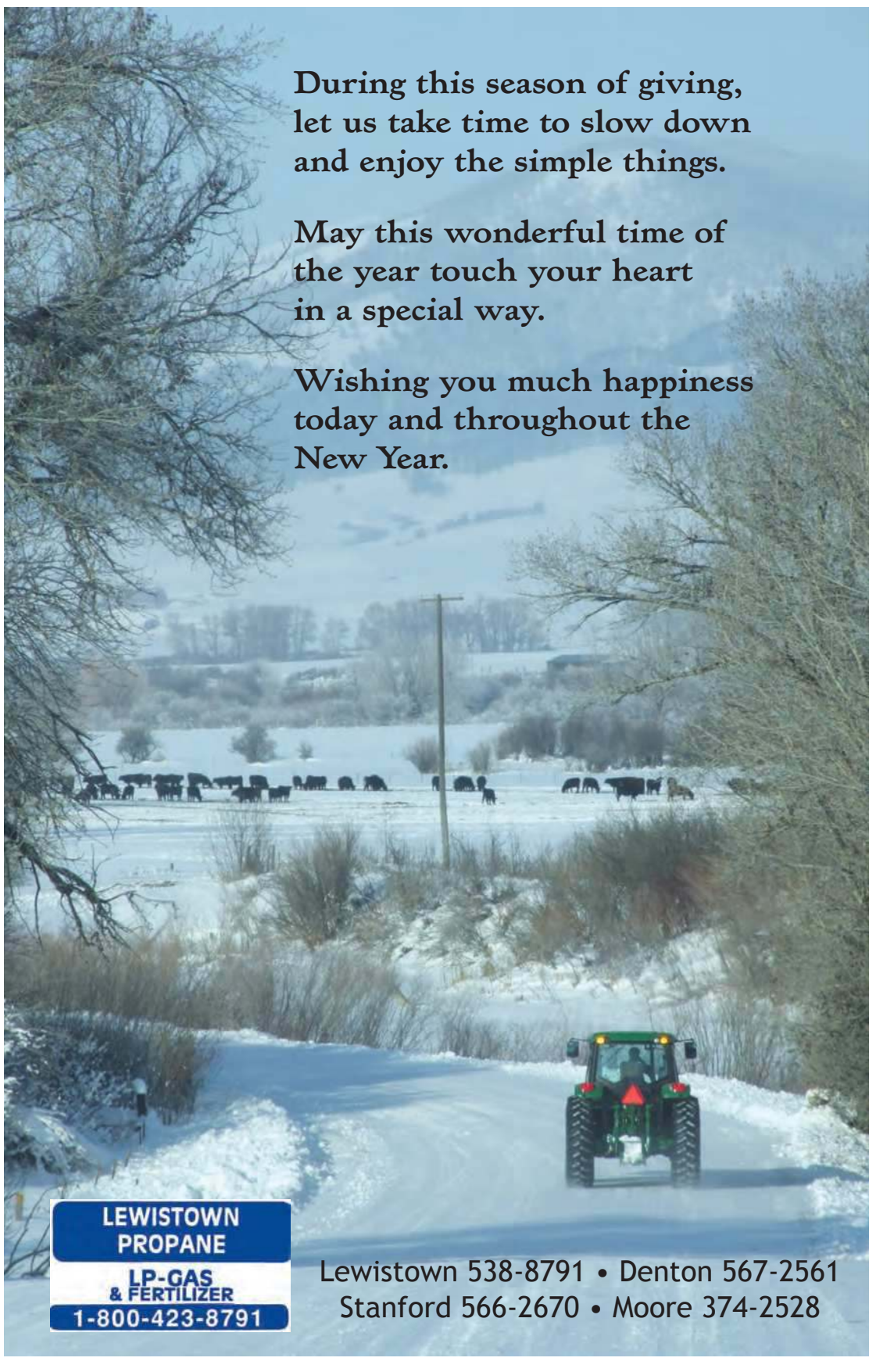
Due to budget limitations, Liberty County allowed R.T Hurdle and Sons to design and build this unusual bridge, whose cost was within their budget. Thomas W. Hurdle had graduated from Montana State College (MSC) in 1941 in Civil Engineering and he and his father, R.T. Hurdle, designed the bridge. Willard C. Hurdle (MSC Civil Engineering 1941), a brother, was in charge of construction.

This unique bridge is truly of significance locally, nationally, and on the international scene as being the first such road bridge ever built. It should be listed on the National Register of Historic Places and other historic registers. Of interest is that Montana engineers, a product of Montana State College, had the education to produce this bridge.

Author's note: Lori Nottingham provided research for this article.

Bridge Name	Location	Year Built	Type	Longest Span	Total Length
O'Connell Bridge	Sitka, Alaska	1972	Vehicular	450 feet	1,250 feet
Strömsund Bridge	Strömsund, Sweden	1955	Vehicular	597 feet	1,089 feet
Marias River Bridge	Liberty Co., MT	1950	Vehicular	290 feet	328 feet

Just as with the Christmas season today, advertisers in 1920 enticed customers with holiday specials, or took the time to thank their customers. The Power Mercantile Company wished "all the good things" to their customers.



Of local pride and prejudice

History brings both the admirable and the despicable to light

By J. THOMAS WOJTOWICK

It was my great fortune to have been born in Lewistown. I come from people who migrated here in order to prosper by their work, to raise their families, to contribute to town and country and to be thankful to God for their lives. Blessed with grandparents and great-grandparents, I was introduced to a cacophony of strong willed and humorous aunts and uncles and cousins.

Early on, I was curious about our matriarchs and patriarchs and at 10 years of age I interviewed them about their lives. The hues of their experiences, the sadness and tragedy of their losses, the expectations of themselves and for their families, and the colors of their convictions fed my budding love of history. I plotted the first genealogy of my family; it has grown to include over 16,000 people.

The relatives of my relatives came to this country with stories of hope and hardship, which in turn were reflected in the lives of my parents and my siblings and myself. I learned early to situate everyone in time and place; where they were nurtured and hungry, where they were frightened and happy, and where they were loved and where they loved.

Context has been a guiding force in all my undertakings and history has been the teacher that is never satisfied. No matter where I have lived and at what work I found employment, the history of each town and place of work drew me again and again to study it.

I know I love Montana. I was out of state for 40 years and returned for vacations 39 times. And I read most of the News-Argus issues for those years. I know the smell of the rocks and the dirt here. I know the sound of the water and the power of our storms. I know the history of my family near Kolin and near Teigen and in Lewistown.

My return home with my partner 17 years ago offered me unlimited resources to the history of this area and my family's place in it. I invested myself in the Genealogy Society and the Library, I have spent my time supporting the Community Concerts, and the Lewistown Art Center and the Judith Mountain Players. I have delved into the history of each.

I have learned more about this county from my time on the Community Council and I learned a lot about our older people when I coordinated with a grand staff of people at the Council on Aging. I now spend time with their grand- and great-grandchildren in our school music programs. We have shared religion and hardship at St. Leo's and faith and fellowship at St. James. Most of all, I share friendship with other lovers of this place and the perspectives of their lives and commitments.

I have spent these years developing a chronology of the historical events that have woven the fabric of our place, because much of what I learned early in life was confusing, and as I found out, wrong. The beginnings of Lewistown did not start with Rattlesnake Jake, and Lewistown was not the largest town in the area. The railroad has not always been here, and miners and sheepherders never lived here.

I've collected the histories of our state and counties and unearthed many myths and deceptions along the way. As a youngster, I went fishing with my grandpa Wojtowick, but I did not remember where. Fifty years later I was at the County Poor Farm property, and I remembered the old folks on the porch who visited with my gramps because that is where we had fished.

There are many profound stories to be told to us about the history of our place.

Mrs. Betsy Berger, born Oct. 2, 1859, was one of the first Metis families to come to Fergus County in 1879. She lived all the rest of her life here. Born in North Dakota, she met John Berger in the Milk River area and they married in 1876. They had nine children. She died July 12, 1952.

Photo courtesy of Lewistown Public Library

Reviewing documents, books, private and public articles, ledgers, and the myriad records of people here I have more than a few observations. I've met scholars and dullards among the records here. I am familiar with liars, cheats and thieves and am appreciative of the teachers and leaders who inspire living. I know of kindly people caring for neighbors, and businesspeople with helping hands. I've come across the mean-spirited and more than a few reprobates. The con artists stand next to the faithful day laborers, contributing to the quality of life here.

I know of pimps and prostitutes and serial abusers of children, to say nothing of the young men who took advantage of young women. I am aware of chronic poverty and disease. I know of the prejudice against gays and lesbians here. I have learned about the hopes and passions of tradespeople and the spirit of good will evidenced in the continued long list of volunteers. I can tell you of the slackers and the excusers. I appreciate the complaints of farmers. I know the tragedies of addicts and alcoholics among us.

I can reveal to you the long list of historians that have fed my wonder and can introduce you to the heroes in my life; Thomas Meagher, David Hilger, James Fergus, Granville Stuart, Mike Mansfield, Jeanette Rankin and Rudolph VonTobel. In other words, I share with you the same relatives and people who populate your own lives.

A review of local documents often describe persons or situations known to few of us. Even the search for family records uncover relationships or status unknown to most.

Consider the County Poor Farm where my grandfather fished. It was established in 1892 to help the poor stay alive. Fergus County was one of a few counties of the state to operate such a place. Those most impoverished could have a roof over their heads and a chance to help with gardening, milking cows, or cleaning the corridors of the facility. The history of such institutions begins in England, which had long made available such places for the ill or impoverished. It was after the Industrial revolution that so many were in need because former cottage workers – such as basketmakers, furniture makers, dress makers -- lost their livelihoods to mass production. The indigent or feeble and the orphaned were also taken in. In some places, they were known as "pest houses" or "alms houses." As it turns out, most were designed to punish people for their poverty. Most had a potter's field or cemetery, given the poor health and instability of the residents.

It is curious to review the federal census returns for the Poor Farm. In 1900, those residing at the county farm were listed as "residents." In subsequent decennial years they were listed as "inmates." I do know of two men who shared a room at the poor farm for a number of years during the winters. One was a sheepherder and the other a miner at Maiden. I know of another man remembered because of a small wooden box found in the crawlspace.

On closer examination it becomes clear that those in need were not well regarded. The prejudice against the unimportance of these people is obvious in the death records of the farm. A person is listed only by his or her simple name with a date of death. There was little or no attempt to record their vitals: place and date of birth, name of parents, occupation, next of kin, etc. (Granted, some of the feeble-minded may not have known their-own histories.)

The places of burial for them are only scantly known. It is not clear where the early residents were buried. But about 28 were interred on the hill above the farm in the 1920s, and afterward more than 100 were buried at the Lewistown City Cemetery in unmarked graves set aside when the county commissioners purchased the large plot next to the cemetery workshop. In later years, some were buried just west of the creek that runs through the city cemetery.

Cook County, Illinois is home to the city of Chicago, and it was also home to one of the largest county farms in the nation. There are more than 30,000 unmarked graves at that place. Another large farm was at Milwaukee, and the Potter's field there has this announcement: "The proper dignity of a marked and undisturbed grave was denied to these former county residents because of their poverty."

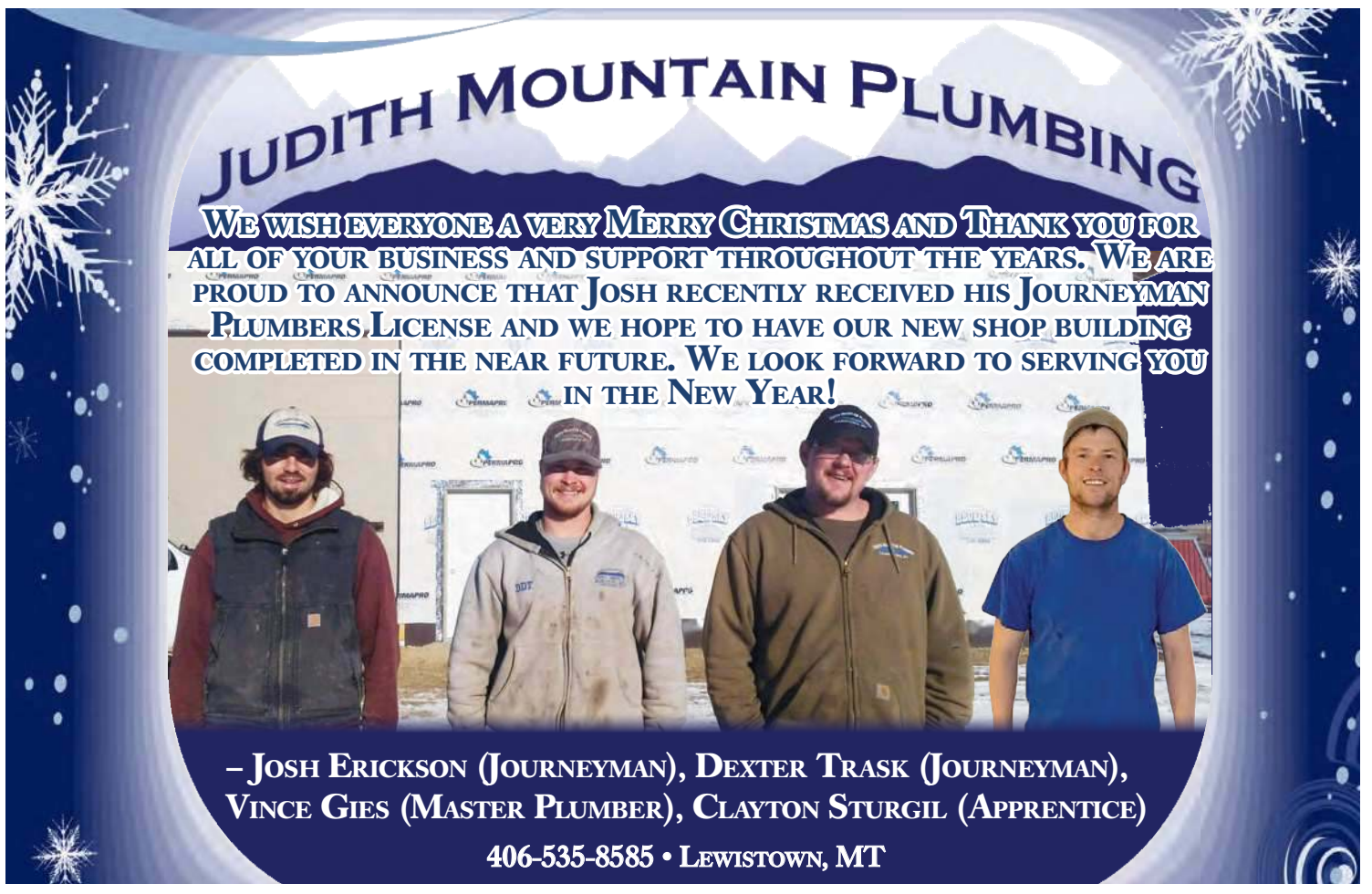
The Social Security Act of 1935 brought to an end the social assistance of the poor farm for the elderly and the disabled, the widowed and the orphaned. The last vestige of the local farm ended with the closure of Spring Creek Rest Home at that location in about 1963. And today our homeless shelters attempt to help our other needy people. Clearly there was and still is a widespread prejudice against the poor.

Long after the County Farm was established on lower Spring Creek, the Fergus County Hospital opened on the same grounds and provided care for the people of the county, especially those whose financial means was limited. It was commonplace to give birth and have minor surgeries performed there. For many years, a local doctor was hired to direct the hospital and to cover communicable diseases and quarantine in the county. There was usually one nurse, at least during the day, and then as needed. For a period of time families could take advantage of the "three-for-one" deal for childhood tonsillectomies at the hospital. About one-quarter of the deaths at the Hospital were residents of the Poor Farm next door.

A good source of information about county residents was recorded in the County Hospital's Register of Patients. In addition to the vitals of names, addresses, ages, and places of birth, patients were also asked to provide their nationality and their religion.

Continued on page 47.

Ellie Kuhlmann (from left), Ali Hajenga, Sheryl Goodwin, Scott Damby, Quinn Potts, Wylla Potts, Whitney Potts, Whittaker Potts and Logan Potts.



Of local pride
(continued)

The County Poor Farm was home to the homeless, indigent or medically needy people of Central Montana until the concept of poor farms was replaced by social programs.

Photo courtesy of Lewistown Public Library

These lists help us appreciate the variety of people here and the breadth of their convictions.

The list of nationalities included Scandinavian, English, half-breed, American (many listed as such -- maybe one-quarter of the records), Mexican, Indian, Spanish, Norwegian, Breed, Canadian, Scotch, Irish, German, French, American, Welsh, "Jugoslavia," Austrian, Dutch, Swiss, Yankee, Prussian, Negro, Swede, Breed French, Canadian Breed, Russian, Cechy, French and Indian, Dane, Half breed Indian, Slav, Italian, Hungarian, Polish, Bohemian, Swedish, Slovak, Lithuanian, Greek, Scotch Irish, Holland, Maxey, Japanese, and French Chippewa. This is a good record representing much of the United Nations.

And the list of religions included Protestant, Methodist, Episcopal, Church of God, Catholic, Lutheran, Jewish, Seventh Day Adventist, Baptist, Presbyterian, Non-sectarian, Christian, Spiritualist, Christian Science, Mormon, None, Church of Latter Day Saints, Salvation Army, a Catholic School Boy, Church of Christ and the Hutterian Society.

It is curious that so many patients claimed themselves as "American," which surely witnesses to their conviction of pride in this country over those of their own ancestors. The patient records also provide significant genealogical information not found in other records, namely, the names and birthplaces of the parents of each patient. In addition, it is odd to find the nationalities list including common and prejudicial terms, i.e., Breed and Half-breed. These are designations of blood or genetics, and not nationalities. These are derogatory terms.

A good section of our local population made use of the county hospital and these records help fill in the family relationships of the first people to establish Lewistown. As I said above, I was led to believe our fair town was founded by the people at the 4th of July parade in 1884 when Rattlesnake Jake and Charlie Owens were killed after terrorizing the town that day.

Nine years before that Peter Koch of Bozeman was sent here by Nelson Story and Charles Hoffman to establish the Fort Sherman Stockade as a trading post for the new Crow Reservation relocating from the Big Timber-Livingston area. One year later, in 1875, Koch left his fort near the eastern edge of the Fergus High School football field after the cancellation of the new reservation. The few local ranchers strongly opposed the new reservation.

Later, the Reed and Bowles Trading post was built on lower Spring Creek with logs from Fort Sherman. This trading post was on the future site of the Fergus County Farm. The Carroll Trail ran between Helena and Carroll on the Missouri River. And for a couple of summers, the army-manned Camp Lewis was set up on the current 300 block of Main Street to protect the new Trail. Chief Joseph and the Nez Perce marched through this area after the Battle of the Big Hole and spent the night of Sept. 21, 1877 near Reed and Bowles post on their expected escape to Canada.

Four years later, in 1879, the Metis people arrived here in three migrations during that year. Francis Janeaux and his wife travelled with the summer group and they established a home and trading post on land near the current Post Office in Lewistown. These Metis people and Francis and Virginia Janeaux are the founders of the village. Lewistown takes its name from that of Camp Lewis. The Metis were bi-lingual speakers of French and Cree, coming from Canada and the areas in northeastern North Dakota. They were strongly Catholic and gathered each day for prayers, even in the absence of a priest.

Breed Creek was named for them and their first cemetery was above that creek near the old Corbley ranch. About 75 people were buried there. But those graves were moved to the northwest section of Calvary Cemetery in 1892.

The citizenry of developing Lewistown was less inclusive of the Metis people as time passed. The founder became the nearforgotten. This area had also been a centuries old hunting area for the indigenous natives of this region. We know well how our native people have been treated in Montana. It is unfortunate that after the Civil War, governmental action against the Indian people increased and the settlement of reservations by treaty began. Systemic programs of rations and later Indian schools attempted to limit the behavior and ancient culture of our native people.

At every opportunity I tell the story of our Metis founders, and I go out of my way to acknowledge the Metis decedents in our school. Let us also acknowledge the prejudice known here against the Metis.

The effects of the Civil War were well known in this area, and the battle over the slavery of Negros had voice here. Curiously, the 1864 constitution of the Territory of Montana granted by President Abraham Lincoln was the first constitution in the United States to outlaw slavery. And to this territory came a number of individuals and families that migrated here from the southern states of our country. With the gold rushes of the mid-1860s, many southerners hoped to enjoy some property and opportunity.

Only a few Black people have lived here over the years. The rights supporting Blacks to vote were renewed twice in the last century. The prejudice against Blacks is quiet, but present, even here. Let it be noted that the Ku Klux Klan was formed here in the early 1920s, and the Tulsa race massacre of 1921 at that time stayed fresh in the minds of most Americans.

We have been known to carry prejudices against the Hutterites over the years, and that has quieted in recent times. The same may be said of the Amish among us more recently. We all know it takes time to appreciate the impact of new people with us.

We focus in more recent times on other minorities, such as Chicanos, Pakistanis, Chinese, Japanese and Koreans and seem to be appreciative and accommodating. The focus is often on our differences, rather than our sameness. I hope we can come to appreciate the dependence we in this country have on each other. We are a unique multicultured nation that has only done spottily at neighboring.

After his service in the Navy, my father was aware of prejudice and he spoke firmly of that injustice. I remember him discussing missionary work that wanted to change the culture and lives of "those poor souls." His stance was to feed the people in need and sit in to eat with them, before attempting anything else. And he had real difficulty with prejudiced people. I have lived and worked with and among our multi-cultured people, and know the wonderful sameness of likes and dislikes. That has been a blessing. I had his permission to appreciate rather than condemn. I know many blessings over the years because of it.

The point of this article is to anticipate the possibility of addressing prejudices in our society that blunt our appreciation of each other. During this pandemic I have had the luxury to study prejudice and how it separates us. We have all experienced prejudice or had someone disregard our rights as citizens of these United States.

Recent studies reveal that each of us develops a kind of caste system in our personal judgement systems to deal with others, and of course, everyone else deals with me in the same way. We naturally put together a kind of hierarchy based on our likes and dislikes of who is acceptable and who is not. But where did that hierarchy come from? Where did we get the idea that we could dismiss some types of people and include some others in our lives?

There is and there has always been prejudice here in Central Montana, just as clearly as it is in the rest of our country. Can we make changes in our society by facing and exploring what always hinders our society? The pull at this time in our country is to do justice well.

Will we finally appreciate:

- There is no genetic difference between we humans and there are no subspecies among us,
- That color is, in fact, just skin deep and that our genetics are 99.9% alike,
- That societies have enslaved others due to wars and not because of natural inferiorities,
- That about 1450 AD, African people were lumped together as a distinct inferior group suited for slavery,
- That "race" is a modern idea that began with the word "race" found first in a 1508 poem about kings,
- That the principle is "All men are created equal," but that our U.S. economy was, at one time, largely based on slavery,
- That racism will change when we identify ourselves being related to everyone else,
- That if we go back a thousand generations, we will find that we are all related?

ST. JAMES' EPISCOPAL CHURCH
Church Address:
502 W. Montana St.
Lewistown, MT 59457
The Rev. Jean Collins, Rector
Church Phone: 406-538-5151
Worship:
September – May 10 a.m.
June – August 9 a.m.

Merry Christmas and a blessed new year!

CHRISTMAS EVE
at
CENTRAL BAPTIST CHURCH
195 Mile Drive, Lewistown
December 24th, 6:00pm
A family service celebrating the birth of our Savior

'Tis The Season
to say Thanks!
~ And wish you a very Merry Christmas!
We have Smoked Turkeys, Hams, & Prime Rib for your holiday meal!
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Lewistown – a brief history

By SHIRLEY BARRICK

Lewistown, Montana is located in the exact geographical center of the "Big Sky Country."

Lewistown got its start in November-December 1873, with the building of Peter Koch's Fort Sherman, a trading post serving the Crow Indians and wolfers in the Judith Basin, and sometimes known as Storey's Fort.

Moved downstream 2 ½ miles the following year, the buildings became a part of Alonzo S. Reed's "Reed's Fort" on the Carroll Trail. Moving back in 1881, "Major" Reed built the first post office known as "Reed's Fort."

This later took on the name of Lewistown from the 7th U.S. Infantry's Camp Lewistown, located near the original trading post during the summers of 1874 and 1875 to guard the Carroll Trail stretching from Carroll, Montana on the Missouri River above the Musselshell to Reed's Fort through Judith Gap to Fort Logan and Helena.

Camp Lewis got its name from Major Wm. H. Lewis. Following 1881, the community on Big Spring Creek was known as Lewistown. It was incorporated as a city in 1899.

The Central Montana Railroad (also known as the Jawbone) was extended from Lombard near Three Forks, Montana in 1903 to Lewistown and began bringing in homesteaders to the Judith Basin. Becoming the Milwaukee Road, lines were expanded to the northwest, north, northeast and east, and the Great Northern (now Burlington Northern) came to Lewistown also, to help ship out wool, petroleum, gypsum, cement, wheat and grain, as well as the traditional cattle, gold and furs. Two federal highways, U.S. 87 and 191, and one state highway, Montana 200, have been built and Lewistown became the hub of Montana.

Lewistown is located in the exact center of the state in the midst of a vast reservoir of natural resources and natural beauty. The county seat of Fergus County and the distributing point for the counties of Fergus, Wheatland, Petroleum, Judith Basin, Garfield, Musselshell, Meagher and Golden Valley, Lewistown serves an area of 10,000 square miles and a retail area of approximately 20,000 people.

Fergus County was created by an act of the 14th Legislative Assembly, Montana Territory, in the spring of 1885, in a bill sponsored by the Honorable James Fergus, a delegate to the Assembly from Meagher County, then including Central Montana.

The new county was to become operative through the selection of officers in November 1886, when the following were chosen: Sheriff John Beck, who appointed Maurice Sullivan as undersheriff; Treasurer Frank E. Wright; Clerk and Recorder Wm. J. Kelly; Clerk of District Court Charles S. Fell; probate Judge Daniel A. Meagher; Coroner A. W. Sifton; Superintendent of School David Galbreath; County Commissioners William Berkin, E. P. Chandler and J. P. Barnes.

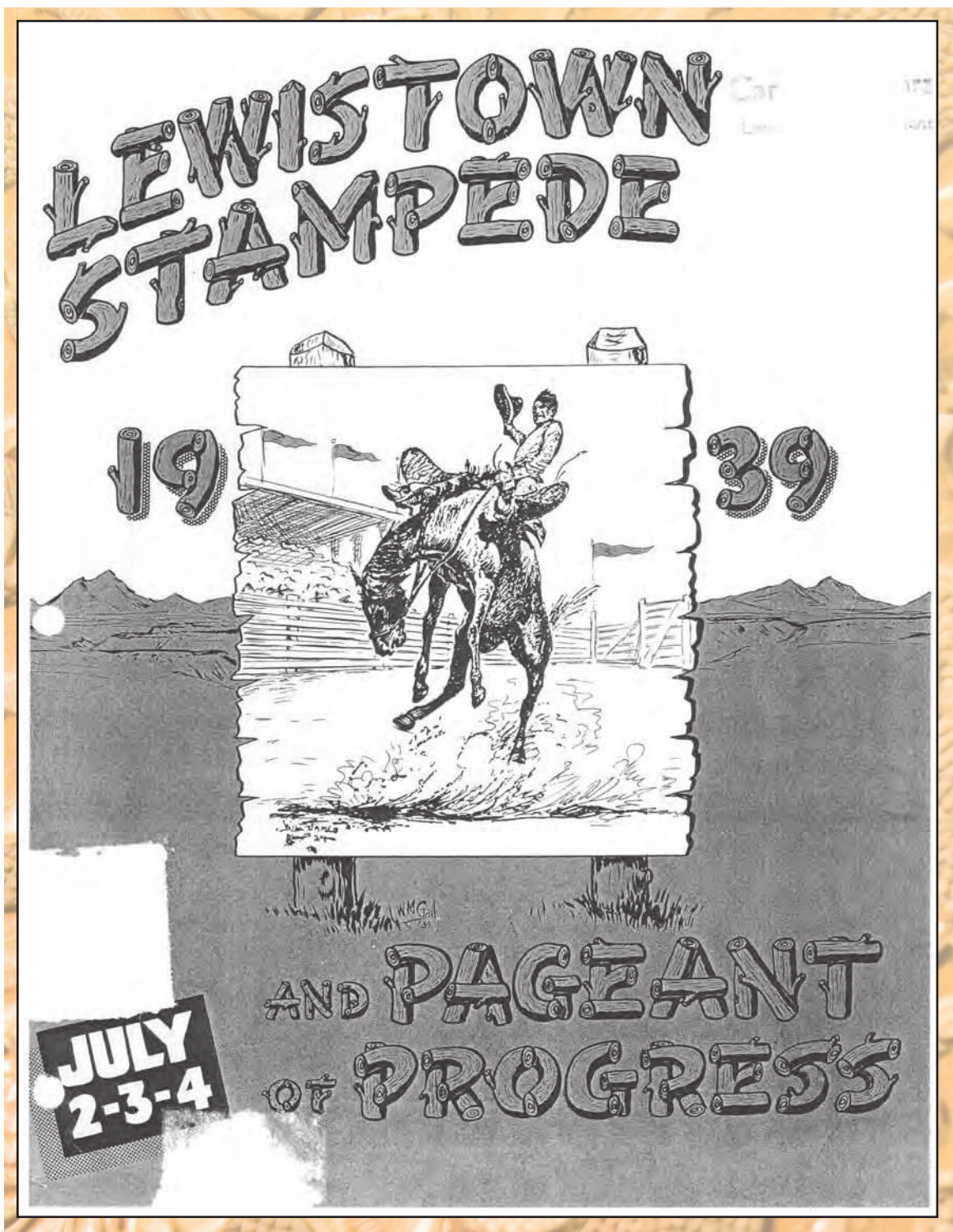
The new county covered an area of approximately 130 miles from east to west and 90 miles from north to south. It contained 209 townships, over 7,524 miles and 4,814,000 acres. The original Fergus County was subsequently divided with parts that were added to the counties of Musselshell, Petroleum, Judith Basin, Wheatland, Golden Valley.

The size of Fergus County at its inception was greater than many of the New England states. Fergus County now covers 4,310 square miles and 2,765,635 acres.

In September, 1931, a group of men and women gather in front of Reedsfort Post Office, the first post office in Lewistown. A commemorative plaque with a dedication was attached to the large boulder next to the building.

Photos courtesy of Lewistown Public Library

Reed and Bowles Trading Post is shown in the trees in the center front of this undated photo.



Lewistown celebrates 1939

In July of 1939, Lewistown commemorated the Golden Jubilee of Montana statehood by hosting the Lewistown Stampede rodeo and Pageant of Progress. The event included a spectacular downtown parade both days, complete with "Indians, buffalo, cowboys, five bands, vigilantes and floats." The program for the event, meant as a keepsake, promoted nearby towns and attractions, ads for local goods and services and bits and pieces of Lewistown history. Much of it is reprinted here.

Document courtesy of Montana Memory Project

LEWISTOWN PUBLIC LIBRARY
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BANNACK – FIRST CAPITAL

JOSEPH K. TOOLE FIRST GOVERNOR

ROY E. AYERS
GOVERNOR

State of Montana
Office of The Governor
Helena
July 1, 1939

To My Fellow Citizens
Of Central Montana:

This is an epochal year for our beloved State, marking as it does Montana's Golden Jubilee of Statehood. Though one of the youngest of states, Montana's progress in all the things which count has been notable during these fifty years, and she ranks today with the foremost.

On this, the eve of your three-day celebration, commemorating the 50th Birthday of the "Treasure State", I extend to you my heartiest felicitations as Governor, and as a fellow Central Montanan, my personal best wishes for the success in every way of this memorable event.

And to your guests, particularly visitors from outside Montana, I extend in behalf of all the people of our State a hearty welcome and the hope that their visit here will be so enjoyable that they will want to come again and become citizens of this vast and progressive commonwealth.

Sincerely yours,
Governor

MONTANA STATE CAPITOL AT HELENA

GOVERNOR AYERS

LEWISTOWN 1939 STAMPEDE
AND
PAGEANT OF PROGRESS

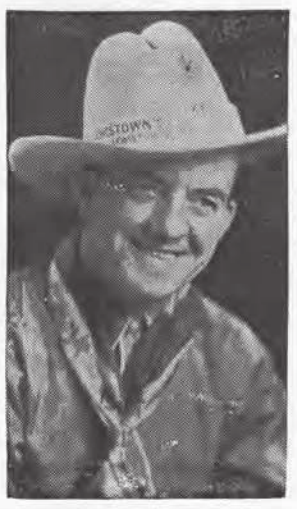
COMMEMORATING THE GOLDEN JUBILEE OF MONTANA STATEHOOD

3—DAYS . . JULY 2-3-4 . . NIGHTS—3

Presented by the
FERGUS COUNTY AMUSEMENT ASSOCIATION
A Non-Profit Community Organization . . . Member Rodeo Association of America

ROBT. W. "BOB" MACKIE
Chairman Stampede Committee

R. B. "BOB" FRASER
Rodeo Manager and Arena Director



EARL F. McGINNIS, Director
CONWAY BRYTE, Director
JOE STEINER, Director

BOB BENTLEY Cavalcade Chairman

R. J. "BOB" BROOKS
HUGH EGAN EMRY MARSHALL
A. W. JOHNSON DORMAN JACKSON

$1500 IN PRIZES

HISTORICAL PICTORIAL SOUVENIR PROGRAM

W. W. GAIL, Program Manager

PROGRAM OF EVENTS

SUNDAY, JULY 2
NOON: Grand Rodeo Parade on Downtown Streets
2 P. M.: Pageant of Progress at Stampede Grounds
8:30 P. M.: Complete Rodeo under Floodlights

MONDAY, JULY 3
NOON: Grand Rodeo Parade on Downtown Streets
2 P. M.: Pageant of Progress at Stampede Grounds
8:30 P. M.: Complete Rodeo under Floodlights

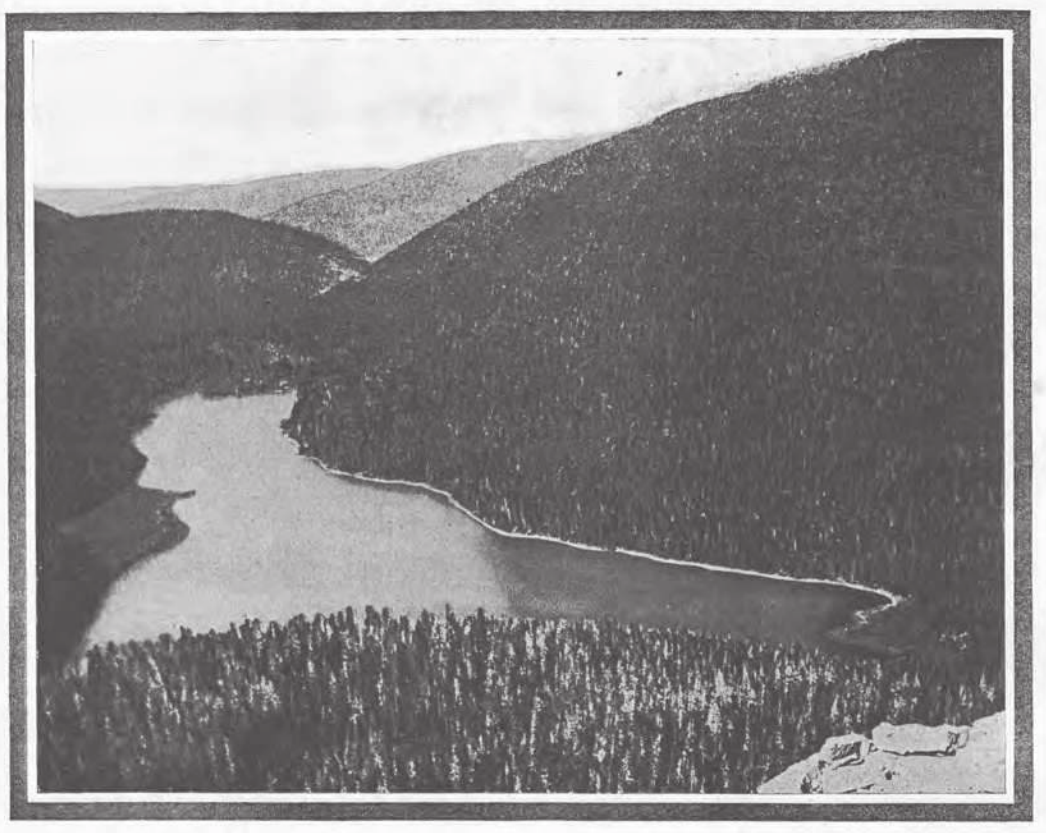
TUESDAY—FOURTH OF JULY

10:00 A. M.: The Cavalcade . . . Spectacular Downtown Parade!
Indians . . . Buffalo . . . Cowboys . . . Five Bands . . . Vigilantes . . . Floats . . . The West That Was!

2:00 P. M.: PAGEANT OF PROGRESS
8:30 P. M.: RODEO GRAND FINALE

STAMPEDE GROUNDS ONE MILE NORTH OF CITY Turn North from Main St. (U.S. 87) at First Avenue

CRYSTAL LAKE, A GEM IN THE SNOWIES



MOORE, MONTANA

In the heart of the famous Judith Basin Wheat Country . . . Home of the First wheat elevator built in the Basin and the first built on the Milwaukee Railroad in the State of Montana . . . Gateway to the beautiful Snowy Mountains and Crystal Lake country, one of the finest recreational areas in the West, reached by a new Forest Service Highway

This Page by Courtesy of

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THE OFFICE
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STEVENS GARAGE
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MONTANA ELEVATOR CO.
D. F. ZINNECKER, Mgr.
GREELY ELEVATOR CO.
O. E. BRIESE, Mgr.

THE JACKSON "STRING" AT 1938 STAMPEDE

The Jackson horses are owned and trained by the Jackson Sisters — Julia Loraine and Roberta—daughters of Dorman Jackson, well-known Lewistown rancher. Picture shows Main street in Lewistown

STAMPEDE PRIZES

PROFESSIONAL BRONC RIDING
Purse $300 Entrance Fee $10
Day Money—$100 plus 33 1/3% of Entrance Fees
Divided—50% — 30% — 20%

BULLDOGGING
Purse $300 Entrance Fee $15
Day Money—$50 — $30 — $20
FINALS—Entrance Fee Divided—50%—30%—20%

CALF ROPING
Purse $300 Entrance Fee $15
Day Money—$50 — $30 — $20
FINALS—Entrance Fee Divided—50%—30%—20%

BRONC RIDING — AMATEUR
Purse $150 Entrance Fee $3.00
Day Money—$50 plus 33 1/3% of Entrance Fees
Divided—50% — 30% — 20%
Contest open to residents of Montana who have not participated in any major contest. This contest is for Ranch hands. There must be sufficient entries to make a contest.

MAD SCRAMBLE—$3.00 PER MOUNT

BAREBACK BRONC RIDING, $3 per Mount

BRAHMA BULL RIDING—$3 PER MOUNT

LADY BRONC RIDING
Purse $195.00 No Entrance Fee
Day Money—$30 - $18 - $12 - $5
Less than four entries, mount money will be paid at the rate of $15 per mount

Lewistown's First Postoffice

CALSO Gas - RPM Oils
Unsurpassed
Seiberling Tires and the NEW PUNCTURE-SEAL TUBES
WEILOFF OIL COMPANY
Lewistown - Winnett - Roy - Hilger - Grass Range

Forty Years in Business

G. W. Cook, President of The Cook-Reynolds Co., Oldest Real Estate and Insurance Operator in the Northwest. Picture taken in 1911.

JUDITH BASIN LANDS
for Sale and Lease
ALL KINDS OF INSURANCE
COOK-REYNOLDS CO.
Lewistown, Montana
G. W. Cook, President C. L. Cook, Secretary

W. E. ROBINSON
215 Bank-Electric Bldg.
Phone 187
SHEEP AND WOOL
Representing
HALLOWELL, JONES & DONALD
Boston

YOUR FUEL DOLLAR Goes Farther in a JOHN DEERE Two-Cylinder TRACTOR
"Four Aces"
JOHN DEERE
CATERPILLAR
DE LAVAL
D-A LUBRICANTS
Repair Service a Specialty
Amundson Implement Co.
Lewistown, Montana

RODEO EVENTS
(Special Features Every Night)

Grand Entry—Elks Band and all Performers
Mad Scramble
Trick Roping and Clown
First Section Bronc Riding
Calf Roping
Second Section Bronc Riding
Bulldogging
Third Section Bronc Riding
Lady Bronc Riding
Trick Riding
Bull Fighting and Brahma Bull Riding

SPECIAL ACTS SUNDAY AND MONDAY
Buffalo Riding by Indians
Bareback Bronc Riding
Indian War Dances

SPECIALTY PERFORMERS
Ken Williams, Wife and Daughter
and
Pete Brady
Trick Riders and Ropers
Pinky Gist, Premier Rodeo Clown

Physician—J. P. Soltero, M. D.
Pickup Men—Doug O'Donnell, Paul Mannis

Marshal of the Day, 4th of July Cavalcade
Wm. C. "Bill" Burnett

RODEO LIVESTOCK

Not only are the cowboys who take part in the Lewistown Stampede "top hands" in the Rodeo world, but the animals which will give them competition in the bronc riding, bulldogging, calf roping and other events are the toughest and wildest "critters" to be found in the northwest. Bob Fraser, Rodeo manager, has scoured the country to insure that the" waddies" will have nothing but tough babies on four legs to contend with, and this means a continuous round of thrills for the spectators.

The buffalo obtained as a special attraction have been out on the open range and are as wild as their progenitors who half a century ago roamed the plains by the million, and the spectacle of Indians riding them is one duplicated at probably no other Rodeo in America.

N-JOY YOURSELF
at
JOYLAND
Lewistown's Famous
NIGHT CLUB
Our Motto:
"YOUR PLEASURE IS OUR SUCCESS"

Lewistown's Modern Post Office

GAMBLE ROBINSON CO.
Distributors of Standby Products

Courtesy of
KIER & BRYTE
General Insurance

LEWISTOWN BRICK & TILE CO.
"The Best Brick in the Northwest"

Professional Saddle Bronc Riding Rules

Bronc riding as it is seen at the Lewistown Stampede finds the best riders in the country matching skill, wits and stamina with the toughest bucking horses that ever tossed—or tried to toss—a cowboy, and the rules are designed to give both man and beast an even break. The rules in brief are:

The riders draw for horses and no rider is permitted to ride the same horse twice. The ride must be made with plain halter or hackamore and with only one rein. Riders must leave starting place with both feet in the stirrups and both spurs against horse's shoulders, must scratch ahead for first five jumps and then high behind cinch. Ride is completed when whistle is blown at end of ten seconds.

Any of the following offenses disqualifies rider: Being bucked off. Coasting with feet against horse's shoulders. Changing hands on rein. Wrapping reins around hand. Losing stirrup. Pulling leather (i. e., taking hold of saddle). Failing to start with both spurs against horse's shoulders. Not being ready to ride when called. Using any substance or preparation on any part of clothing or equipment.

In deciding the winner the judges take into consideration both the riding skill of the cowboy and the bucking prowess of the bronc.

EMPIRE CIGAR STORE
One of the Oldest Recreational Places in Central Montana
FOUNTAIN SERVICE . . . POOL . . . CARDS . . . SOFT DRINKS
Cigars . . . Cigarettes . . . Tobaccos . . . Candies
SPORTING GOODS of All Kinds
FISHING AND HUNTING Licenses and Supplies
408 W. Main F. S. MARR, Proprietor Lewistown

CAMP WIGWAM IN THE ROCKIES

Left to right: R. J. "Bob" Brooks, Frank Conrad, Judge E. J. Baker. Picture taken by E. W. Ray

CITY BILLIARDS
"Where Good Sports Get Together"
Hunting and Fishing Supplies and Licenses
Guns and Ammunition
BILLIARDS - POOL - CIGARS - TOBACCOS
CIGARETTES - FOUNTAIN SERVICE - CANDIES
Oldest and Largest Sport Center in Lewistown
R. J. "BOB" BROOKS
Proprietor

AMERICA'S PREMIER STOCK COUNTRY

The Grand Finale of the Roundup—Branding Corrals in the Utica-Hobson Country

HOBSON, MONTANA

Center of the Judith Basin, world-famed for its livestock and winter wheat . . . Home of the new Ackley Lake 5,000-acre Irrigation Project . . . A Real Land of Opportunity . . . Write Hobson Commercial Club for full information.

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HOBSON COMMERCIAL CLUB
COWAN BROS.
FERGUS COUNTY CREAMERY
CHAS. H. DANIETH GARAGE
PHILLIPS' CASH STORE
NEWTON HOTEL
BILL'S PLACE, Bill Holzer
THE WAITE RANCH, Utica

BUCKING BRONCO ROUNDUP COAL

Bucking Bronco Roundup Coal

PURINA FEEDS . . . OCCIDENT FLOUR
PLYMOUTH BINDING TWINE

Farmers Elevator Co.

Phone 349 G. L. FRIEDLEIN, Mgr. Lewistown

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CLEANING . . . PRESSING . . . REPAIRING

Cleaned—HATS—Blocked

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DRINK

ROCKY MOUNTAIN B-E-E-R

Brewed on Top of the World
A MILE HIGH IN QUALITY

ANACONDA BREWING CO.
E. J. "BUTCH" JOHNSON CO.
Distributor

LEWISTOWN
The Host City

Location: Exact geographical center of Montana's 146,131 square miles.

On the Great Northern and Milwaukee railroads, highways U. S. 87 and Montana 19 and 25, and Inland Airlines with daily service.

Altitude: 3960 feet. Population: 5500, predominantly American. Assessed valuation: nearly two million dollars. Postoffice receipts: $50,000. Telephones: 1500.

Has two banks, with deposits of nearly two million dollars, and annual clearings of approximately three million.

Has 11 hotels with 500 rooms.

Retail trade territory: Central Montana with 30,000 population.

Has municipal waterworks with unexcelled natural spring water; 26 miles of paved streets; 27 miles of sewers; three parks, with swimming pool, picnic grounds, play grounds and tennis courts; tourist trailer camp.

Has modern school system, with five buildings, including county high school, two grade schools and two parochial schools, serving approximately 1700 pupils; a public library (Carnegie) with nearly 10,000 volumes.

Has 11 church buildings, several of them especially attractive, active denominations comprising Baptist, St. Leo's Catholic, Christian Science, Church of God, English Lutheran, Methodist Episcopal, Presbyterian, Seventh Day Adventist, St. James Episcopal, St. Paul's Lutheran and Zion Lutheran.

Has a standardized Grade A hospital with 115 beds.

Has Civic Center with banquet hall seating 1500, auditorium and dance floor accommodating 1000 people; also many other modern public and private buildings , including Courthouse, Federal Building, Eagles and Elks buildings and Masonic Temple.

Has two theatres; baseball and softball diamonds and football field, with floodlights; Country Club with fine nine-hole golf course; night clubs, etc.

Civic organizations include Chamber of Commerce, Kiwanis, Rotary, Woman's Club, Junior Women's Club, Business and Professional Women's Club, Association of American University Women, Elks, Eagles, Masonic and Moose lodges; musical organizations include the Elks Band, famous throughout the northwest, and the Eagles Drum Corps and recently organized band.

Lewistown, in short, is a thoroughly modern, typically American community, with high living standards, progressive institutions, a forward looking community spirit; beautiful homes, lawns, trees and flowers; in a scenic setting unsurpassed and enjoying a delightful all-year-round climate, with severe cold rare in winter and summer days and nights refreshingly cool.

It is a city of unusual life and vitality; a popular place for conventions. The Stampede and Pageant is its biggest annual event, but, literally, there is always something doing in this big little city where the Old West and the New commingle and the spirit of Montana's pioneers still lives.

STEER RIDING RULES

The beast is ridden with a surcingle only, and the rider, in order to make a qualified ride, must "stay with" the critter ten seconds, which is a lot longer than it sounds.

"UP, UNTO THE SUN"

A PAGEANT OF PROGRESS

Produced by: Lewistown Community Stampede Association
Script by: Federal Writers Project, Montana W. P. A.
Direction: Division of Education and Recreation, Montana W. P. A., Arnold Olson, Director; Roy Woods, Assistant Director. Kenneth Mulholland, Pageant Master.

For More Than a Quarter of a Century
MONTANA'S Progress Has Been OUR Progress

THE MONTANA POWER CO.

WE WERE SIX YEARS OLD
When the State of Montana Was Born

1883

1883

And we are proud to have had the opportunity to play our part for 56 years in the life and progress of Lewistown and Central Montana

AS WE HOPE STILL TO DO FOR UNCOUNTED YEARS TO COME!

1939

1939

POWER MERCANTILE COMPANY

LEWISTOWN, MONTANA

"UP, UNTO THE SUN" . . . FOREWORD

Our "Treasure State"—"Land of the Shining Mountains"—is a treasure chest of dramatic incidents. Through the efforts of Byron Crane, State Director of the Federal Writers' Project in Montana, a group of writers have gathered into a dramatic form such of these as are of significant historical interest and importance—a sequence of events to which Lewistown contributes two local episodes.

"Up, Unto the Sun"—sponsored and presented by the citizens of Lewistown—commemorates the seventy-fifth anniversary of Montana's birth as a territory and her fiftieth anniversary as a State, and depicts in authentic and entertaining manner the progress of her courageous people in the face of obstacles and discouragements—"Up, Unto the Sun."

"UP, UNTO THE SUN"
(The Story)

PROLOGUE

Opening parade of Episode Groups: An Indian encampment . . . appearance of the Messenger of the Great Spirit . . . rising elation of Indians and exodus over the mountain.

The white man, ending his centuries-old trek westward from Asia to western Europe . . . to America . . . found on the western edge of the western continent a primitive people caught in the ever-recurring struggle against cold and hunger, but a people with their own definite culture, traditions and philosophy.

No rain, no food . . . famine . . . war.

(MESSENGER OF GREAT SPIRIT)

"Men of the Blackfeet, the Great Spirit heeds
Your sorrowing, and he knows all your needs.
Now greening grass in wake of western rains
Brings back the shaggy bison to the plains.
But ere you set your arrow to the bow
There is a steep hard way that you must go!
You laughed in scorn at all the old men said
Of law and legend, and you turned instead
To this dark land where valor is no more
Than some foul garment at a tepee door.
Lift up your eyes! Your spirits must rise free
From passion's greed, and craft, and cruelty.
Men of the Blackfeet, hear you everyone.
The way is up . . . and up . . . and up . . .
Unto the Sun!"

* * * * *

EPISODE 1

Lewis and Clark: Lewis and Clark approach and ascend mountain . . . they rest on the mountain side . . . Sacajawea urges them on . . . they reach the summit and raise the flag of the United States.

In 1803, during the presidency of Thomas Jefferson, the region between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains was purchased from France. Annexation of this vast territory had long been a dream of Jefferson. Even before the formal transfer was made, the president organized a party to explore and map the region. He sent his secretary, Meriweather Lewis, and William Clark into the wilderness with orders to chart a trail to the Pacific. Guided by an Indian girl, Sacajawea, the expedition entered and crossed Montana in 1805.

On July 4, they finished the difficult portage around the great falls of the Missouri.

* * * * *

EPISODE 2

Father DeSmet . . . St. Mary's Mission established . . . Christmas Processional.

Then came the first trappers and fur traders . . . and then the missionaries. The Flathead Indians, hearing of Christianity from Iroquois employees of a fur company, sent a delegation of four Flathead and Nez Perce to St. Louis in 1831, asking that Black Robes be sent to teach them. In 1835, 1837 and 1839 other envoys were sent. The 1837 party never reached St. Louis; the five members were killed enroute by hostile Sioux. In 1840, Father Pierre Jeanne De Smet, a Belgian Jesuit, traveled to the Gallatin Valley with a delegation of Indians who met him at Green River, Wyoming. He celebrated Mass at several points along the way, baptized the Indians and then returned to St. Louis. The following year, accompanied by Father Gregory Mengarini, Father Nicholas Point and three lay brothers, he returned and founded St. Mary's Mission in the Bitter Root Valley. The formal inauguration was on the first Sunday in October, 1841.

* * * * *

Two months later in the small mission church of cottonwood logs, the first Christmas Mass was celebrated.

* * * * *

EPISODE 3

Johnny Grant's cabin: The state's first social event . . . a frontiersman's dance.

Another twenty years . . . military trading posts were established; some were abandoned . . . a railroad survey stretched across Montana . . . the Mullan wagon road was built . . . the first steamboat reached Fort Benton . . . gold was discovered.

In 1853 Johnny Grant brought in the first considerable herd of cattle, most of it picked up along the Oregon Trail. Johnny settled near the mouth of the Little Blackfoot River in the Clark Fork Valley, often called the Deer Lodge Valley. His home became the center of hospitality. To his parties came people from Hell Gate, from Bitter Root and Grass Valleys, from Bannack and Virginia City, from Cottonwood and Gold Creek.

* * * * *

(Captain Grant calls the Square Dance)

"Join hands and circle to the left, circle right back; swing your pard and lady on left; right to pard and grand right and left. Meet your pard and promenade away.

"First gent swing the lady so fair, now the one right over there, now the one with the curly hair, now the belle of the ballroom. Swing! Promenade all.

"Second gent swing the lady so sweet, now the one with the great big feet, now the one that looks so neat, now the belle of the ballroom.

"Third gent swing the lady in blue, now the one that swears she'll be true, now the lady whose name is Lou, now the belle of the ballroom.

"Fourth gent swing the girl from Hellgate, now the one that always is late, now the one you choose for your mate, now the belle of the ballroom.

"First lady swing the gent with the two sore toes, now the one with the great big nose, now the one that wears store clothes, now the dude of the ballroom. Swing! Promenade all.

"Second lady swing the gent so green, now the one that are the beans, now the one that wears the jeans, now the dude of the ballroom. Swing! Promenade all.

"Third lady swing the gent so raw, now the one from Arkansas, now the one that says, "Haw Haw!" Now the dude of the ballroom.

"Fourth lady swing the gent so blue, now the one that ate the glue, now the one that's stuck on you, now the dude of the ballroom. Promenade."

(Captain Grant Calls Another Dance)

"Git yo' little sage hens ready, trot 'em out upon the floor; line up there, you cusses; steady, lively now, one couple more. Shorty, shed that old sombrero; Bronco ain't you ready yet? Stop that cussin'; Casimero 'fore the ladies. Now all set!

The First Funeral at Maiden, Pioneer Mining Camp, Now Active Again

REALTY ABSTRACT COMPANY

(Incorporated)

Licensed — Bonded

Abstracts---Title Service

Member Montana Title Association

LEWISTOWN, MONTANA

Member American Title Association

A Beauty Spot on the Judith River

History of the "Rodeo"

The word "rodeo" dates back to the days of the Spanish conquistadores whose invasion of Mexico and overthrow of the Incas was followed by the development of vast cattle ranches whose replica is still to be found throughout Mexico and the western part of the United States, despite the encroachments of new settlement propelled by the land urge and the pressure of population.

Rodeo means "the driving of cattle together to be branded; a roundup," and these roundups came to be the occasion for contests between the cowboys, indulged in either purely for fun or to settle individual and inter-ranch rivalries. From this beginning has evolved the rodeo of today, a great and growing institution, typically American and typically western.

The original Spanish word was pronounced roday-o with accent on the second syllable, but the preferred pronunciation in the West today is ro-dee-o, with accent on the first syllable.

The modern rodeo had its birth in Cheyenne, Wyo., in 1897, and was advertised as "Frontier Days," an exhibition of cowboy and range sports. It came to stay. The name has never been changed and this year Cheyenne stages its 43rd annual show.

Meantime the popularity of this type of entertainment has so increased that hundreds of rodeos —some called Roundups, Stampedes or the like— are held in this country and Canada annually, of which several rival the Cheyenne spectacle, huge sums are offered in purses and the attendance totals millions.

Lewistown held its first modern type rodeo in 1937, repeated on a larger scale last year. As the event attracted the best bronc riders, bulldoggers and ropers in the game, whose skill was tested to the limit by the animals against which they were pitted, it took rank instantly with other premier rodeos of the West.

Located in the heart of a vast area of "range country," as well as on main tourist highways, Lewistown is a natural "rodeo town," and it is the hope and expectation of the management to make the Lewistown Stampede — baby of them all though it may be—a spectacle which will put Lewistown and Central Montana in big letters on the rodeo map for keeps.

ARRO OIL & REFINING CO. PLANT AT LEWISTOWN

ASK FOR ARRO AT A HOME PRODUCT

LIBERTY SERVICE STATION, L. E. JOHNSTON, DISTRIBUTOR
FERGUS MOTOR CO. . MESSIER BROS. . SHULL TIRE SHOP

A JUDITH BASIN WHEAT FIELD

Desirable Improved Judith Basin Farms For Sale on Reasonable Terms

VERMONT LOAN & TRUST CO.
Montana Building—Lewistown

McCormick-Deering

Farm Machinery

International Trucks

Everything for The Farmer

BOURKE MOTOR & IMPLEMENT CO.

SAFEWAY

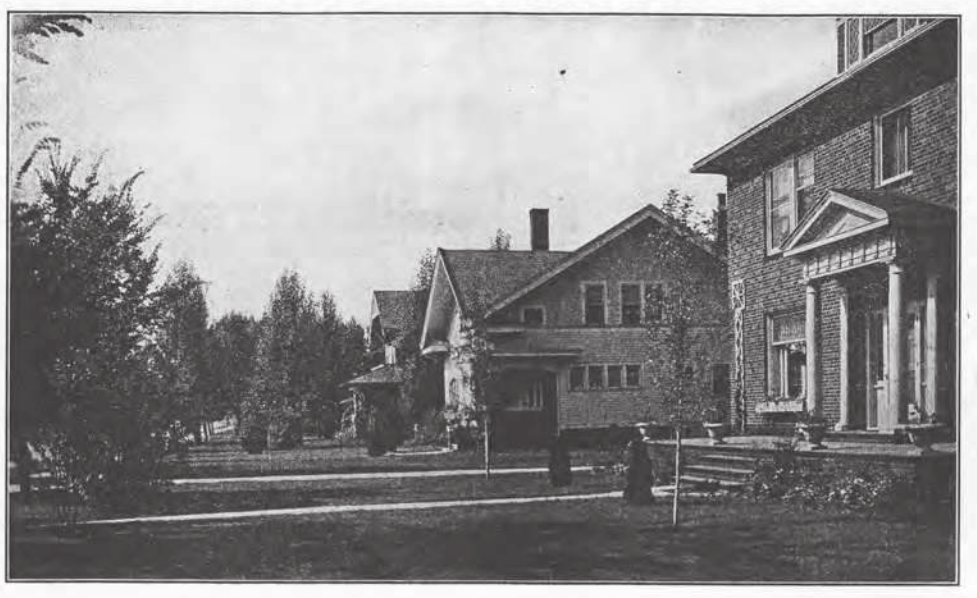
"Not Some, but ALL Low Prices" Make Your Grocery Bill Less!

The Finest and Most Modern Store in Central Montana

Featuring

Groceries . . . Fruits and Produce . . . Fresh and Cured Meats

LEWISTOWN A CITY OF BEAUTIFUL HOMES



THIS IS OUR 37TH ANNIVERSARY

MONTANA LUMBER AND HARDWARE COMPANY

LUMBER—BUILDING MATERIALS—HARDWARE—PAINT—COAL

Lumber Department—401 First Avenue South

Hardware Department—Montana Building

Lumber MONTANA Hardware

"S'lute your ladies all together, ladies opposite the same; hit the lumber with your leathers, balance all an' swing your dame. Bunch the heifers to the middle, circle stags and do-se-do; pay attention to the fiddle, swing her round and off you go!

"First four forward, back to your places; second follow, shuffle back; now you've got it down to cases, swing 'em till your trotters crack. Gents all right, a-heel and a-toeing. Swing 'em, kiss 'em if you kin; on to next and keep a-goin' till you hit your pards again!

"Gents to center, ladies 'round 'em; form a circle, balance all. Whirl your gals to where you found 'em, promenade around the hall. Balance to your pards and trot 'em round the circle double quick, grab and kiss 'em while you've got 'em, hold 'em to it if they kick!

"Ladies, left hand to your sonnies, alamain, grand right and left; balance all and swing your honeys, pick 'em up and feel their heft. Promenade like skeery cattle, balance all and swing your sweets; shake yer spurs and make 'em rattle. Kino! Promenade to seats!"

* * * * *

EPISODE 4

Early Expansion: Fur trading . . . overland transportation . . . steamboat navigation . . . cavalry service . . . discovery of gold . . . fugitives from justice . . . the Vigilantes . . . miners . . . dance hall entertainment . . . the tenderfoot . . . Montana Bar . . . Reed's Fort.

From east and west and south they came, men seeking wealth, adventure, opportunity, escape; men who needed food and clothes and tools and tobacco. Fort Benton, established as Fort Lewis in 1846, rebuilt and renamed in 1850, became increasingly important as head of navigation on the Missouri. Long a busy fur trading center, the town's zenith was reached with the coming of steamboat navigation and the completion of the Mullan road from the fort to Walla Walla.

Gold! At Gold Creek, at Grasshopper Creek in Alder Gulch. Towns sprang up. In two years Virginia City had 10,000 inhabitants. Drawn to the new El Dorado in addition to honest prospectors were fugitives, among them Henry Plummer who became sheriff at Bannack. With him as chief, a gang of highwaymen began operations along the wild 90-mile stretch between Alder Gulch and Bannack. Corresponding in cipher, they marked men and coaches for plunder, used stage stops as hang-outs. Killed 102 persons.

Nicholas Thiebalt was sent by Clark to pick up some burros pastured on Dempsey's land. Ives, the forerunner of the modern gangster, followed Thiebalt to a lonely spot, robbed and killed him.

Following the murder of Thiebalt, a group of determined men decided to act. They arrested one George Ives, and brought him before a miners' court.

Highwaymen and desperadoes, attempting to save Ives, tried to pack the miners' jury. They demanded 36 members.

(The Crowd Protests)

"I know that man . . . they're killers, thieves . . . get rid of them."

(The Judge pronounces the sentence)

"For the murder of Thiebalt I sentence you, George Ives, to hang by the neck until you are dead."

Lewistown's First Mayor and City Council—1899

(Left to right) John P. Barnes, Mayor; Walter Miner, Wm. H. Culver, J. M. Parent, J. P. Corcoran, Matthew E. Regan, Wm. Forsyth

Courtesy of
WM. G. DISSLY, Mayor

LEWISTOWN PHARMACY
Drugs - Sundries - Prescriptions

REX HOTEL
Strictly Modern—Reasonable Prices

Life Races Along . . .

But Photographs
Make Time Stand Still

CULVER STUDIO
Lute and Sibyl Musson

Help Your Neighbor and Yourself---

Buy Montana Seed
It's Better and Cheaper

THE SEARLE SEED COMPANY
Montana's Quality Seed House
Lewistown, Montana

Reed: "Now, Bill, me bein' the law at this post, I'll take care of Mexican Joe's share. Just fork over half of them furs."

Trapper Bill: "No, Reed, by rights, when a man ies, his partner gets his property. I've been his partner. A half was more'n he had comin'. A third was all he was entitled to. And it belongs tuh me."

Reed: "Half, I tell yuh. Didn't you two come here an' start trouble? I had tuh put a stop to it. Me bein' the lawmaker and enforcer and all, in these parts. As such, I'm handlin' Mexican Joe's estate. By rights I should take yore share too for yore part in the fuss. Turn over half of the pelts or turn loose your wolf. Mexican Joe would have downed ye if I hadn't interfered. Maybe yuh want planted too."

* * * * *

Reed: "Now bring me Joe's horses."

Trapper Bill: Yuh can't do this to me. Rob my dead partner that way."

Reed: "Dead partner—yeah! Yuh was the first man to draw a knife. Tried to kill him. Bring me them horses or pull your knife on me."

Bowles: "Man, ain't she a looker? Waugh! Daughter of Long Horse, too."

* * * * *

Bowles: "What do yuh think uh that, Beaver Tail? What did I ever do to her? What makes her treat me like that? Damn me for a Siwash if I like that."

Beaver Tail: "Ugh! She likum Bowles. Want to be Bowles' squaw. Bowles run an' maybe ketchum. If ketchum, she be Bowles' squaw."

Bowles: "Are yuh shore?"

Liver-eating Johnson: "Shore. It's a Crow custom. I've heard Jim Beckwourth tell of it."

Bowles: "Never knew courtin' could be done so fast. These Crows are mighty smart."

Bowles: "Hey, yuh Pierre! Get ready a feast. Long Horse an' the rest uh the relatives are goin' tuh have a feed they'll remember. The Judith Basin won't rget it. This post is goin' tuh celibrate. Waugh!"

* * * * *

EPISODE 5

Chief Joseph: Broken treaties . . . hostile Indians . . . Battle of the Bear Paw . . . Chief Joseph's surrender.

The Indians, restive at being confined on reservations, and angered by the Government's failure during the Civil War to forward goods and money promised in treaties, became openly hostile. They harassed routes of travel, killing emigrants, and stealing horses and cattle. Troops were sent against the Sioux and Cheyennes. The Sioux defeated General Crook on the Rosebud and General Custer and all his men in the Battle of the Little Horn.

The last major Indian battles in the United States were fought by the Nez Perce under Chief Joseph on their flight across Montana from Idaho.

Joseph, after one of the most masterly retreats in history, was headed off in the Bear Paw Mountains close to the Canadian Line.

* * * * *

(Joseph's Wife)

"Here's your gun, fight!"

(Chief Joseph)

"I know what is in General Howard's heart. What told me before—I have it in my heart. I am tired fighting. It is the young men now, who say "yes" or "no." It is cold, and we have no blankets. The little children are cold—and sick. My people—some of them—have run away to the hills, and have no blankets, no food. No one knows where they are. I

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THE GREASE SPOT
Central Montana's Finest Super-Service Station
and Storage Garage

(Shouts from Ives' friends)

"Cut the rope . . . turn him loose . . . shoot the damned stranglers! Shoot the rope off! Hell, let's shoot the hangman!"

* * * * *

Gold, and more gold . . . Butte hill . . . Last Chance Gulch . . . Confederate Gulch with its fabulous bar, discovered by a tenderfoot—a bar that produced as high as $1,000 a pan . . . Montana Bar!

* * * * *

(Pilgrim Haley)

"I came right back. I said I'd come right back. I'm rich. Look, I'm rich—I'm richer than anybody I know—richer than Gould . . ."

Crowd: "Gold!"

Miner: "With my pick!"

Montana Bar!

* * * * *

Reed's Fort, near the present site of Lewistown, was established in 1875 where the old Carroll Trail crossed Spring Creek. Freighters pulled by ox teams and later by mule teams carried goods from the steamboat landing at Carroll over the Carroll Trail, through Reed's Fort, to western mining camps. Trappers brought their pelts to the "Post" and traded them with Major Alonzo S. Reed, the proprietor.

One fall day in 1874, two trappers rode in with furs to sell.

* * * * *

(Dialogue)

Reed: "Howdy, gents, climb down an' rest yore hams. How's pelts?"

Trapper Bill: "Fair. We was up in the Little Belts but the Blackfeet run us out. Nigh lifted our ha'r. We downed two an' got away. Been trappin' in the Snowies since but run outa supplies."

Reed: "Here's a bolt of lightnin'."

Mexican Joe: "Por Dios! Thees bad medicine. Bite like these rattlesnake."

Reed: "So yah downed a couple of Blackfeet?"

Trapper Bill: "Yeh, but nary a skulp. No time for liftin' ha'r an' keep 'em from liftin' our'n. But what a place to trap. That upper Judith is beaver kentry like yuh dream about. If it wasn't fer the Blackfeet, that would be real trappin'. Waugh!"

Trapper Bill: "Joe yuh worthless Mexican, I don't reckon I'll split even with yuh. A third is enough."

Mexican Joe: "Por Dios, thees coyote theenk hees wolf, huh? Heem sneek lak coyote an' try bark like wolf."

Trapper Bill: "Why, dang yore worthless hide. Yuh comes whinin' tuh me tuh team up at trappin' an' I takes yuh in. I takes yuh with me and now yuh talk big. Yuh skunk, a third is more'n yuh deserve."

Mexican Joe: "Por Dios, thees coyote call me skonk. Me who furnish heem with horses when he gambles hees away. Waugh! Horses stolen from Sioux by me, Joe Sanchez, while thees coyote ees dronk here at Reed's Fort and weeth no more horses an' no more grubstake. Por Dios thees is no man but mangy coyote, wheech yap in daylight for he is escafre. Hees calls me skonk—but skonk ees part white. Thees ladrone ees not efen part white. Ees yellow like dog."

* * * * *

Mexican Joe: "Por Dios, thees Senor Reed—theef on trail what cheat poor Indians theenk he es steal from me."

Reed: "Pierre, get somebody to help yuh carry this man out and plant him. Just one more addition to my private graveyard."

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"Howdy, Stranger, Drop in and Make Yourself at Home"

want to have time to look for my children, and to see how many of them I can find. Maybe I shall find them among the dead. Hear me, my chiefs, my heart is sick and sad. From where the sun now stands, I will fight no more forever."

* * * * *

EPISODE 6

Mineral wealth: Gold miners . . . silver miners . . . the famous Anaconda vein in Butte hill . . . copper miners . . . The Treasure State.

The fear of Indians, strong at times, was never strong enough to slow the search for Montana treasure. However, panning the surface for gold no longer sufficed. Butte camp, booming in 1864, was almost deserted in 1870 when dry years on the creeks reduced clean-ups. Shafts were sunk. Silver was discovered. The Travonia mine was taken over by W. A. Clark. Other rich veins were opened by Clark and his rival, Marcus Daly. Butte became "the silver city" for twenty years. Shafts went deeper and deeper and tunnels wider.

In 1881 the "richest hill on earth" revealed an unguessed and fabulous treasure.

* * * * *

EPISODE 7

Statehood: Territorial history ends . . . inauguration of Governor Toole.

With the development of Montana came the need for a business-like arrangement of government. Montana territory, created by the organic act of May 26, 1864, with Sidney Edgerton as Governor, had become too unwieldy. A movement toward statehood in 1865 resulted in the calling of a constitutional convention by acting Governor Thomas Francis Meagher. A constitution was drawn up, sent to St. Louis for printing and lost somewhere on the way. On January 14, 1884, a convention at Helena drafted a constitution which the people ratified. Five years later, after Congress passed an enabling act, delegates met once more and a third constitution was drawn up. It was ratified at a special election and Montana was ready for admittance to the Union.

* * * * *

(Benjamin Webster, reading telegram)

"Executive Mansion, Washington, D. C., November 8, 1889. To the Hon. Joseph K. Toole, Governor of the State of Montana. The President signed and issued the proclamation declaring Montana a State of the Union at 10:40 o'clock this morning. James G. Blaine, Secretary of State."

(X. K. Stout Administers Oath)

Stout: "Are you ready, Mr. Toole?

"Repeat after me: 'I do solemnly swear that I will support, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States and the Constitution of the State of Montana'."

Toole: "I do solemnly swear that I will support, protect and defend the Constitution of the United States, and the Constitution of the State of Montana."

Stout: "and that I will discharge the duties of my office with fidelity."

(Toole repeats)

Stout: "and that I have not paid, or contributed, or promised to pay or contribute, either directly or indirectly, any money or other valuable thing to procure my nomination or election except for necessary and proper expenses, expressly authorized by law."

(Toole repeats)

Stout: "That I have not knowingly violated any election law of this State, or procured it to be done by voters in my behalf."

(Toole repeats)

"That I have not knowingly violated any election law of this State, or procured it be done by others in my behalf."

Stout: "That I will not knowingly receive, directly or indirectly, any money or other valuable thing for the performance or non-performance of any act or duty pertaining to my office other than the compensation allowed by law."

(Toole repeats)

Stout: "So help me God."

Toole: "So help me God."

A. Lambert: "Governor, let me be the first to congratulate you."

Governor Toole: "But for the difference of a very few votes, I would be congratulating you."

Lambert: "I am sure the State of Montana is in most capable hands."

Governor Toole: "Thank you."

Max Behrns: "Governor Toole, congratulations and best wishes."

Governor Toole: "Thank you, Mr. Behrns."

Professor Beggs: "I have the honor to present to you on behalf of your many friends this painting."

Sam Word: "Quiet everybody! On behalf of those present, I wish to congratulate Montana's first Governor and present our hopes for a successful and illustrious tenure of office. I could say more, but I know that everyone will agree with me that it is Governor Toole who should speak and not I."

Governor Toole: "Gentlemen: In assuming the duties of the Governor of the State of Montana, I am profoundly impressed with the responsibilities of the office. The circumstances attending such an event are always interesting but upon this occasion they are unusually important. We are called upon to set in operation for the first time the machinery of the new State. We will be confronted at the onset with problems, the solution of which will call for the exercise of sound judgment, and in the enforcement of which there should be an inflexible purpose to do right.

"The honor and integrity of the State shall be paramount to all other considerations. As a citizen, often honored by her people, as the chief executive charged with the duty of seeing laws faithfully executed, I shall always have that warm and devoted heart for her best interests which the continued confidence has inspired.

"With a firm reliance upon the people with whom the power of government is lodged, and invoking their aid and cooperation in all lawful endeavors, I now enter upon the discharge of the duties of my office.

"I sincerely thank you for your kindly interest in these ceremonies. My first official act will be to accept the portrait which you have kindly presented through Mr. Word. It surprises and pleases me."

Cornelius Hedges: "God bless you."

* * * * *

AMERICA

(Audience all please join in song)

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
From ev'ry mountain-side,
Let freedom ring.

My native country, thee,
Land of the noble free,
Thy name I love;
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills,
My heart with rapture thrills,
Like that above.

Let music swell the breeze,
And ring from all the trees,
Sweet freedom's song;
Let mortal tongues awake,

WHEAT — WHEAT — WHEAT
As Far as the Eye Can Reach

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AS YOU read this issue of Mr. Gail's masterful booklet THE LEWISTOWN DEMOCRAT-NEWS will just have completed its thirty-fourth year in the community. Over a third of a century of joyful association with the best people on earth, and we wish to take this opportunity of thanking our legion of subscribers and business friends throughout Central Montana for their wholehearted co-operation in assisting us in building this to one of the largest business enterprises in Montana.

SOME INTERESTING FACTS AND FIGURES REGARDING OUR EMPLOYES AND THE AMOUNT OF MONEY CIRCULATED IN THIS TERRITORY BY THE DEMOCRAT-NEWS COMPANY

Total full-time employes	39
Total paper carriers	16
Total employes	55
Total salaries and wages paid out for 1938	$73,875.84
Total taxes paid out for 1938	4,835.79
Total rent and miscellaneous local expense during 1938	5,300.00

THE DEMOCRAT-NEWS COMPANY, Inc.
Printers and Publishers
THE LEWISTOWN DEMOCRAT-NEWS (morning) THE LEWISTOWN TELEGRAM (evening) THE JUDITH BASIN FARMER (weekly)

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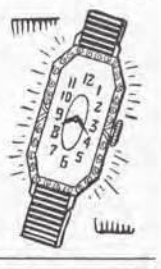

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This Page by Courtesy of

Fergus County Medical Society

The Fergus County Medical Society was organized in 1901 and has been active ever since. Every surgeon and physician in Fergus, Wheatland, Judith Basin and Petroleum Counties, numbering nearly a score, is a member of the Society. All Lewistown doctors are members of the staff of St. Joseph's Hospital and the facilities of the hospital are available to all other members

Lewistown's Fine New Civic Center

Let all that breathe partake,
Let rocks their silence break,
The sound prolong.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty,
To Thee we sing;
Long may our land be bright,
With freedom's holy light,
Protect us by Thy might,
Great God, our King.

* * * * *

EPISODE 8

Settlers: Passing of the buffalo . . . Charles Russell . . . feuds between sheepmen and cattlemen . . . sod-busters.

From so far back that none would dare to say the time, until long after the coming of the white man, the buffalo provided the Indians with food, clothing and shelter. With the fur traders' increasing demand for robes and hides, the buffalo were slaughtered in unbelievable numbers by both Indian and white. Often only the skins were taken and the meat was left to spoil upon the plains. So quickly did the buffalo disappear, the Indians believed the white men drove them underground through a great hole and then covered over the hole.

(Sleeping Thunder)

"This field was darkened by the buffalo,
The herds were many on the favored plains;
Here bunch-grass grew more green, and bison moved
Like shadows move of clouds on level land
And rimrock and low hills—we hunted them
With lance flint-tipped and arrows from the bow.
Our hunters ran beside them in the sun,
Or rode cayuses captured in the South,
And trapped the herds in piskuns* for the kill;
Drove them over cliffs into deep snow
Ere chinook winds' soft hands compelled the old
Harsh winter back into his northern lodge
To lie upon his white robe and to sleep.
When the buffalo stone was found the hunters knew
That famine moved no longer in the land.
With secret care our squaws prepared the hides,
And scraped the skins and made them pliable
As grass that bends when western winds go by—
Made soft the robes to spread by tepee fires.
The white man came and traded for our furs
The cursed fire-water that our young men craved
And powder and bright beads. The buffalo
Are gone. My people say the white men drove
Them underground through some deep hole now sealed.
My brothers die of hunger and disease.
No longer do they roam these fields the white
Man claims, or ride lean-muscled in the sun.
I, son of a great chieftain, watch them die,
Or worse than death, I see them fenced like sheep
Within a pasture—O, Great Spirit, now
I lift my voice in sorrow to lament!"

*An Indian buffalo trap.

Cattle rustlers were busy; settlers were stringing wire fences across the prairie; sheep were cropping the grass too closely, spoiling it for cattle. Always there was winter loss because of deep snow. Blizzards, hunger and timber wolves took their bitter toll—especially in the winter of 1886-87. Charles Russell, the artist, first told the story on a bit of paper the size of a postcard, and the picture first told the world about Charles Russell.

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CENTRAL MONTANA AN EMPIRE OF AGRICULTURAL AND MINERAL RESOURCES

Veritably, this inland domain is an empire of vast natural resources, developed and undeveloped. Its topsoils are rich in the essentials of abundant and superior quality agricultural products. Below the surface are vast mineral resources, both metallic and non-metallic.

Sheep, cattle and high protein wheat have been the pillars of Central Montana's agricultural development. Her native high-feed-value grasses have always produced lambs, beef and wool that have won an enviable reputation for their quality as well as for their unusual quantity per animal unit. Her livestock breeders have kept well apace with if not ahead of, the world's progress in producing better quality livestock.

The large flour-wheat markets of the world recognize Central Montana's hard wheat as unsurpassed for milling purposes. Millers seek it at premium prices for blending with lower quality wheats to bring them up to a high standard for flour manufacture.

Many carloads of superior alfalfa, crested wheat grass and sweet clover seed are grown in this area year after year and shipped to all parts of the nation and several foreign countries to partially fill the demand which grows greater each season.

Besides having the Cat Creek oil field which has been a consistent producer of high gravity crude, there are numerous undeveloped oil structures with an inestimable potential production. Central Montana's oil possibilities have been barely touched and lie waiting for the intrepid explorers of her untapped depths.

Montana's blue sapphires, America's most important precious stones, come from the foothills of the Belt Mountains in Central Montana. These stones surpass in value the sapphires mined in any other country.

Extensive deposits of gold ore are found in the Judith, Moccasin and Belt Mountains. Some of them are being worked on a fairly large scale and responsible financial interests are planning large operations for the near future.

Coal is found in abundance in widely distributed districts and its mining is an important winter activity. Limestone of unexcelled purity and in almost unbelievable quantities, has scarcely been exploited in a commercial way. Brick and tile clay of the most desirable texture is available and easily accessible but its use as yet is insignificant in comparison with the enormous supply.

Central Montana has as much high grade marble as any similar area in the world. Kaolin for the finest of porcelain, granite, and bentonite, in practically inexhaustible quantities, offer themselves for future development and the continued prosperity of this region where mineral resources have as yet been barely touched.

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. . . FOR THIS EMBLEM
STOP!
. . . AND FILL UP WITH
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Cowpuncher Stetson (singing mournfully): "As I walked out in the streets of Laredo, as I walked out in Laredo one day, I spied a poor cowboy wrapped up in white linen, wrapped up in white linen as cold as the clay."

"Russell: "Singing to the dogies, Stetson?"

Stetson: "Yeah, most of 'em are still on bed ground, Charley."

Russell: "Trailing to the Flatwillow range is mighty slow."

Stetson: "Yeah, they mire in the mud holes."

Russell: "We was pulling 'em out all day yesterday. When we got 'em gathered up for the night we was short again."

Stetson: "The big blow left 'em mighty poor, Charley, what it left at all."

Russell: "An' now between grass and hay a lot of them won't come through."

Stetson: "Them's the ga'ntest, weakest cows I ever saw. Well, I'm going to beddin' ground myself, Charley."

Phillips: "Good morning, Charley."

Russell: "Good morning, Mr. Phillips. Looks as though you been riding hell-for-leather."

Phillips: "I've come from the O. H. Ranch, Charley."

Russell: "Is there something wrong at the home corral?"

"Phillips: "I had a letter from Helena, Charley, from Louis Kaufman. He's worried about his stock. Wants to know how they're coming through the winter. He's heard, I guess, about the big snows on the Judith Range."

Russell: "His herd's all gone, Mr. Phillips. Mostly dead. Drifted off the range in the blizzards, away from the windbreaks. Rest are too weak to pull through till spring. Eighty per cent loss, I'd say."

Phillips: "I'll have to write a letter and tell Louie how tough it is."

Russell: "I'll make a sketch to go with it. I'll make it now. See that over there. She'll never pull through till spring. A coyote will get the calf. That's a Bar R cow, Mr. Kaufman's brand. It won't take me long. Just wait, Mr. Phillips."

Phillips: "I'll wait, Charley."

Russell: "Put that in your letter."

Phillips (reading): "Waiting for a Chinook and nothing else. Hell, Louie don't need a letter; that will be enough."

Russell: "Yep; the last of five thousand. Tough winter, Mr. Phillips."

* * * * *

Grazing disputes cause bitter feuds between cattle and sheep men . . . animals are slaughtered under cover of night . . . reprisals.

* * * * *

EPISODE 9

Drought and dust: The passing years . . . the dryland farmer fights dust . . . settlers face continued misfortune.

* * * * *

1914 — war in Europe . . . wheat prices soar . . . the "sod-busters" arrive and crowd the range riders out. 1917 — America enters the war; 1918—peace; 1922—blizzards; 1923—drought; 1928—the peak of prosperity; 1929—drought and blizzards; 1931—drought and dust; 1932—the first big dust storm.

Judith Basin Porkers

Courtesy of
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C VAN FIRST
Lewistown Exchange for Household Goods
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20 Years in Business
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TO LEWISTOWN
"The Place to Go" . . .
Central Montana's Theatre Beautiful
FOX JUDITH
For the Shows You Want to See

EPILOGUE

The Messenger of the Great Spirit again reminds Montanans that the way is up—and up—and up—unto the sun!

(Messenger of Great Spirit)

"Men of Montana, hear you, and hear you, everyone
The Great Spirit sends you message—go you where few have gone
Above the shadowed valley and the dark of fir and pine,
Along the naked ridges where sharp-toothed blizzards whine,
Or the blazing sun of noonday is blindness in your eyes,
And clouds are brushed white buffalo robes within the wigwam skies.
No scout on silent moccasin will break a twig or turn
Tell signal smoke to east—to west—no signal fires burn.
No drum of buckskin hide stretched tight on hollowed tree will make
Great music for your going forth, nor ancient echoes wake,
But the footbeats of your people who climb upward to the crest
And the throbbing—muted throbbing—of the red drum in your breast!
The Great Spirit bids you listen—in your heart you have his word,
Long and long ago he spoke it, long and long ago you heard—
Who walks with truth and valor, then the arrows for his bow
Will be tipped with eagle feathers—the Great Spirit bids you go!
Women of Montana, hear you—you have fasted and you prayed
In wigwams red as noon-sun, where good medicine is made,
In the moon of berry-ripening when the sacred robes are spread,
And the smoke from sweet grass burning lifts and parts above your head;
Open the Natoas bundle, take the red moose-claw and show
Where your wigwam will be builded, where the center post will go.
Lift your face unto the mountains, with your hand above your eyes,
Look into the burning noon-sun—you who have made sacrifice.
The Great Spirit sends you message—there is room to walk abreast
On the farmost rocky ledges where the swift gray eagles nest.
Men and women of Montana—hear you, everyone,
The way is up—and up—and up—
Unto the sun!"

(Finis)

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GENERAL REPAIRS
BODY WORKS—PAINTING
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HURLEY MOTOR COMPANY
HUDSON SPECIALISTS
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— and —
Distributors of
HABANELLA and GRAYSTONE CIGARS
•
E. B. ANDRUS GROCERY COMPANY
LEWISTOWN, MONTANA

Lewistown's Smartest Cocktail Lounge and Bar
THE MIDWAY
WINES - LIQUORS - MIXED DRINKS
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Your Favorite Beer
ANACONDA - BLATZ - BUDWEISER - GRAIN BELT - GREAT FALLS
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504 WEST MAIN — PHONE 150

Bulldogging Rules

Bulldogging—as throwing a steer, not the bull, is called—had its start several years ago when a Texas cowboy, Will Pickett, startled the spectators at a rodeo by leaping from his horse to the horns of a running steer and then throwing the animal without using his hands. Instead he sank his teeth into the lower lip of the steer, threw his weight against him and twisted him to the ground.

The bulldogging of the modern rodeo, while quite as thrilling, is entirely different, and is governed by the following rules:

The steer is given a 30-foot start and timing starts when it crosses the deadline. Each bulldogger is entitled to a hazer who assists him in keeping the steer running straight ahead. Hazer must retire from field as soon as bulldogger catches steer. After catching steer bulldogger must bring it to a stop and twist it down.

If steer is accidentally knocked or thrown down before being brought to a stop, or is thrown by wrestler putting animal's horns into the ground, it must be let up on all four feet and then thrown. Steer will be considered down only when it is lying flat on its side, all four feet and head straight. Wrestler, after throwing steer, must signal his finish to the judge with one hand while holding steer down with other. Whistle blows at end of two minutes. If steer is not thrown wrestler will retire from arena, and no time will be given.

ADMISSION PRICES
General Admission

Afternoons (Pageant of Progress)	50c
Evenings (Rodeo Program)	50c
Children under 12 years	25c

Bleachers and Grandstand Seats Additional for Evening Performances
Reserved Seats on Sale at Seiden's Drug Store

YOU SAVE WHEN YOU SPEND AT
SAWYER STORES INC.
THE HOUSEHOLD WORD FOR GROCERIES WHEREEVER THERE IS A SAWYER STORE
And the Same Low Prices to Tourists as the Home Folks Pay
313 E. Main LEWISTOWN On U. S. 87

Stendal Transportation Co.
SEE US FOR TRANSPORTATION OF ALL KINDS ANYWHERE BY TRUCK OR RAIL
Moving and Livestock Hauling a Specialty
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LEWISTOWN, MONTANA

Special Attraction
All Three Days and Nights
MEL VAUGHT'S
STATE FAIR SHOWS
One of the biggest Carnivals showing in the northwest this year—with new and unusual features, including
THE
Human Cannon Ball
A real live man shot from a huge cannon nightly at the
Stampede Grounds

SPECIAL FEATURE

The buffalo which constitute one of the unique and colorful features of the Lewistown 1939 Stampede are from the famous Court DuRand Dude Ranch at Martinsdale, Montana.

Mr. DuRand has won national fame through his success in training wild buffalo and elk for use on the ranch and has the only diving buffalo in the world. These animals are in great demand for exhibition purposes and Mr. DuRand has recently signed up for an engagement in Madison Square Garden, New York.

We feel especially fortunate in being able to present a feature so unusual and outstanding.

Welcome, Folks!
TO LEWISTOWN
for a Grand Time!
•
And remember—the latchstring is always on the outside at
MONTGOMERY WARD

DR. L. P. SHARP, Veterinarian
Established More Than 20 Years
Veterinarian in Charge of all Arena Livestock
LEWISTOWN Phone 204 MONTANA

Spring Creek—One of Montana's Most Beautiful Streams

Wondrous is Central Montana in its hundreds of entrancing and restful scenic spots. From the top of the Snowy Mountains where lies Crystal Lake, to the inspiring and breath-taking badlands of the Missouri and Musselshell Rivers, this region is a continuous succession of still and animated natural beauties.

Within her confines five mountain ranges—the Snowies, Judiths, North Moccasins, South Moccasins, and Belts—lift their verdant heights to glorify the horizons and give life to the many spring and snow-fed streams which teem with the trout that have made her famed among fishermen.

Her mountains, her plains, and her badlands abound with game. Majestic elk, the shifty coyote, handsome black-tail deer and the spirited white-tails, smooth running antelope and cumbrous bear, blue grouse, partridge, prairie chickens, pheasants, sage hens and innumerable varieties of small birds and animals enliven and color her still beauties.

The photographer's natural gallery—a paradise for sportsmen—and the angler's true heaven.

E. J. JOHNSON CO.
Montana Brokers CONTINENTAL DISTILLING CORP., Makers of:
DIPLOMAT, PREFERRED STOCK, OLD HICKORY, PLANTERS CLUB and COBBS CREEK Whiskies
DIXIE BELLE and CAVALIER Gins—SEVILLA Rum—RITTENHOUSE RYE—McCALLUM'S Scotch
Distributors:
Anaconda, Great Falls, Grain Belt, Blatz and Budweiser Beers
Drewery's Ale
WHOLESALE ONLY Warehouse 602 First Ave. N., Phone 700 LEWISTOWN, MONT.

NATURE'S PICTURE FRAME—BAD LANDS NEAR COFFEE CREEK

Stetson Hats
•
Pendleton Shirts
•
Justin Boots
•
Crown Overalls
•
Levi's

THE HUB
J. Alweis & Sons
LEWISTOWN, MONTANA
"JUST PAY THE FREIGHT" Joe
•
HART SCHAFFNER & MARX CLOTHES
•
For 28 Years
Lewistown's Largest Men's Store

Arrow Shirts
•
Grayco Ties
•
Friendly Shoes
•
Cooper's Underwear
•
Douglas Shoes

Welcome to the Montana Tavern the Cowboys and Cowgirls Town Corral

Real Horsewomen—A Bevy of Montana Cowgirls

A Star in Action—Rufus Ingersoll

BAR and COCKTAIL LOUNGE

BEST OF LEGALIZED DRINKS

LUNCHES

PRIVATE BOOTHS for FAMILIES and PARTIES

Dancing Afternoons and Evenings

Best Music and Best Dance Floor in Central Montana

202 WEST MAIN
LEWISTOWN
On U. S. 87

Welcome, Stranger!

Another Noted Cowboy—Paddy Ryan

CHARLEY WOODWORTH, Prop.

Central Montana Livestock Commission Co.

Buyers and Sellers of All Kinds of Livestock

M. W. "MATT" WILDSCHUTZ

One of the Pioneer Livestock Men of Montana

Yards at Fairgrounds — LEWISTOWN MONTANA — Telephone 515

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General Chairman ..... Maybell Long
Casting Committee Chairman ..... Elsie Kramer

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Costumes ..... Emma Lincoln, Henrietta Salyerds
Properties ..... Emry Marshall
Stage Managing—Gladys Mayo, Roy Wood, Richard Nelson
Make-up ..... Robert Gee
Pictorials ..... George White
Music and Arranging ..... Jack Plummer, Eddie Wahl
Publicity ..... Chad Wallin

ASSISTANT DIRECTORS

Prologue ..... Robert Fraser
Episode I ..... Jesse Wicks
Episode II ..... Charles Lucas
Episode III ..... Anna Shiell, Grace Heattie
Episode IV—Frank Lanzendorfer, Aaron Shull, Geo. Young, Howard Price, Merle Groene, Alex Frood
Episode V ..... Dorman Jackson
Episode VI ..... Emil Kindschy
Episode VII ..... Francis Hagstrom, Hazel Boettger
Episode VIII—Archie Kimpel, Esther Burke, Donald Hughey, Bill Swan
Episode IX ..... Gertrude Saxtorph

WE THANK YOU

Grateful acknowledgment is hereby made by the Stampede Committee to all who have contributed to the success of the 1939 Stampede and Pageant—by financial support, personal co-operation or participation or in other ways; to the newspapers, Chamber of Commerce and all the firms, institutions and individuals whose generous support has made possible the publication of this attractive program as a lasting memento of the occasion and a permanent piece of worthwhile publicity for Lewistown, Central Montana and next year's bigger and better Stampede and Pageant. Thank you, one and all.

Calf Roping Rules

Calf roping requires a well trained horse, as well as a most skillful roper. The roper with the lowest average is declared the winner. The rules in this event are:

Timing starts when calf, which is given a 30-foot start, crosses deadline. Two loops are permitted and if roper misses with both he must retire and no time will be allowed. Roping calf without releasing loop from hand not permitted. Any catch if loop has passed over calf's head is a fair one, but catch made if loop has not passed over calf's head carries a 10-second penalty. Catch must hold until roper gets his hands on the calf. If calf runs on the rope and "busts," (throws) itself, no penalty is imposed, but if roper deliberately "busts" calf he shall be penalized at least 20 seconds. Roper must dismount, go down rope, throw calf with hands and cross and tie any three feet. If calf is down when roper reaches it, calf must be let up on its feet and then thrown by hand. If tie comes loose or calf gets to feet before judge has ruled that tie is fair one, roper will be given two minutes as his time.

MEET YOUR FRIENDS AT THE

GREEN LANTERN

BAR . . . COCKTAIL LOUNGE . . . CAFE

GOOD DANCE FLOOR AND MUSIC

R. J. "BOB" McFARLAND, Prop.

301 West Main — Lewistown

ALFALFA NEEDS ANACONDA TREBLE SUPERPHOSPHATE

FOR SALE BY LEADING DEALERS

ANACONDA SALES CO.
ANACONDA, MONT.

A glimpse of Lewistown 100 years ago offered by 1920 paper

The Fergus County Argus Wishes All Its Readers and Patrons A Very Merry Christmas

We adopt [illegible]'s creed: "Let us have [illegible] and in that [illegible] let us to the end [illegible] as we understand it."

Helena Pub. Library

Fergus County Argus.

Also Rufus Choate's inspiring, patriotic platform: "We join ourselves to no party that does not carry the flag and keep step to the music of the Union."

VOL. XXXVII.—No. 19. LEWISTOWN, FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1920. PRICE FIVE CENTS

K GORDON IS STANTLY KILLED I AUTO ACCIDENT

s Cauley's Little Son ously Injured in ame Smashup.

Gordon, popular chef at resturant, was killed in accident which occurred last evening at about 5 o'clock, rass Range road and other s of the car were badly in- The auto, owned and driven ant Smith, the Wyoming was being driven at a high speed when it approached turn east of Acreville on Range road. Mr. Smith, familar with the road was that there was a sharp is point and consequently lacken speed. The car take the corner at the rate they were travelling and out 150 feet, turned com- r and skidded around un- facing the direction in had come.

y one occupant of the car and only one other seri- ed is remarkable, as the was up before the acci- mpletely demolished, the shattered and the runn- ll broken up. The other f the car, besides Mr. Pleasant Smith, were Cletus Cauley of Grass heir little four-year old a mile east from the accident Smith picked Mrs. Cauley and son, ad broken down, offer- them on to Lewistown. Cauley and son were the car, the son being nconcious. Mr. Cauley hardly a scratch and was badly shaken up The little Cauley boy concious for several

HILGER GIVES A MEATY TALK ON SUBJECT OF TAXES

Tells Rotarians Economy Must Start at Home and Should Start Now.

David Hilger, former member of the special state tax commission and rated as the best posted man in Montana on the subject of taxes, gave a most comprehensive and studious address on that subject at the luncheon of the Rotary club, Wednesday.

On invitation of President Hedrick, J. A. Gilluly, presided at the meeting and the address of Mr. Hilger and that of Judge DeKalb, together with the special vocal numbers made the meeting one of the best of the year.

It had been the intention of President Hedrick and the entertainment committee to have present all the members-elect of the legislature but Senator B. C. White and Chas. L. Covell, representative, the latter being a Rotarina, were the only ones who were able to appear.

Besides Senator White there were other distinguished guests including Judge Cooper, of the Supreme court, S. C. Ford, attorney general of the state, Otto Gerth, assistant attorney-general, Bruce Johnson, attorney of Great Falls, brother of Wilford's, and Tom Hamilton, guest of J. W. Seiden, whom all the old-timers of Lewistown well know.

Following the luncheon Mrs. E. K. Matson and Mr. Ewer sang "Silent Night; Holy Night," the grand old Christmas hymn which never grows old and responded graciously to two hearty encores with other selections which breathed the Christmas spirit.

Judge DeKalb made a brief but most excellent address on Rotary principles as applied to everyday business conduct and his words were deeply impressive. The only regret-

LEWISTOWN AS IT LOOKED IN 1885.

TAXPAYERS ARE GOING TO PROVI BEST OF SCHO

No Opposition Deve Against Proposed Issue—Vote Mon

The bond election for th of voting $250,000.00 school buildings will be Monday December 27th.

Last week the papers some idea of the improve made with this money. zens were asked to visit talk the matter over wi of the board or superin in this way see somet real needs of the scho you done so? After y education, made up of and women of high st district, have made a vey of the needs and a for just enough mone most pressing demands be fair to them nor children to vote aga unless you have invest ditions and needs.

The superintendent pleted his investigat ation in the school will show better th of the children re from one to six yea This adds greatly t pense of operating is a large factor in duce your retardati the number of tea and equipment ne tardation is due past administratio necessary to crow many children u ion of one teache that it has not b vide ungraded r children, give sp ren who return sence for work e that proper heal

RIDDICK IS NAMED BY HOUSE CAUCUS TO PLAN FARM AID

Montana Congressman Is of Committee on Price Relief.

HOBSON PREPARING TO CARRY CONTEST TO THE HIGH COURT

Advises Commissioners Not to Waste Money On Court House.

SALARIES ARE CUT BY MUSSELSHELL'S DROP IN STANDING

Division of County Results in Parent County Falling to Sixth Place.

BIG CLEANUP AT COURT HOUSE WILL START JANUARY 1

Commissioners, Judge Ayers and Miss Swift Will Alone Remain.

The front page of the "Fergus County Argus" from Dec. 24, 1920 – 100 years ago – wished all readers and patrons a "Very Merry Christmas." Headline stories of the day included the death of a popular chef in an auto accident near Grass Range, a talk on taxes by David Hilger at the Rotary Club meeting, Musselshell County officials taking a pay cut due to the county being reduced in size, and a $250,000 school bond election that apparently had no opposition.

By DEB HILL
News-Argus Managing Editor

There was a lot going on 100 years ago, in December, 1920, around the U.S.

That month "revenuers" (agents of the Bureau of Internal Revenue) engaged in the first armed battle with "moonshiners" in Kentucky.

The American Professional Football Association (now the NFL) played for the first time in New York.

Woodrow Wilson sent his last State of the Union address to Congress in typed form, as he was too ill to speak in person. Wilson was also awarded the Nobel Peace Prize for his work setting up the League of Nations.

The 300th anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock was celebrated.

And in Lewistown, the local newspaper, the Fergus County Argus, published a Dec. 24th edition, excerpts of which are presented here.

TO THE EUROPEAN RELIEF COUNCIL—

My Christmas Gift To Humanity

I, the undersigned, desire to make the "Supreme Gift" this Christmas, by saving for humanity one or more of the lives of Europe's straving millions of children.

I have, therefore, enclosed with this coupon the sum of $.....

Signed.....

Address.....

Mail This Coupon Today

—To—

C. G. MANNING, County Chairman, European Relief Council, Lewistown, Montana.

(Each ten dollars of your contribution will save the life of one of the helpless and starving little children of Europe; one hundred dollars will save the lives of ten.

This Space Contributed By

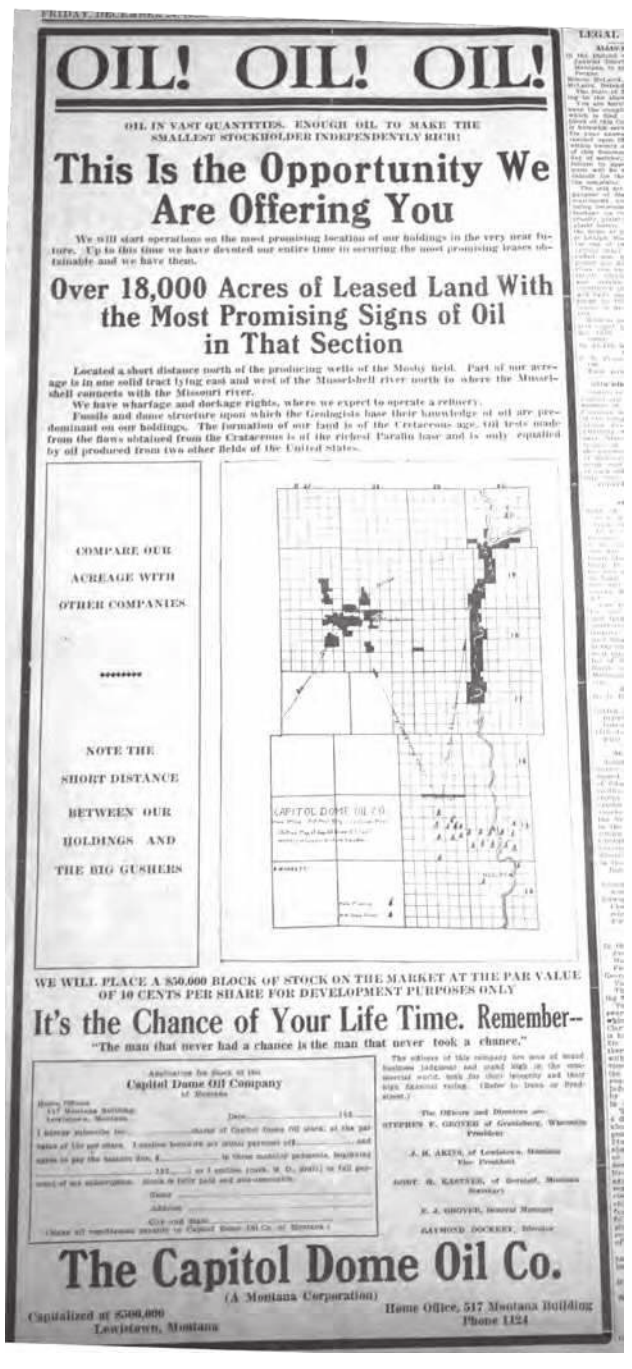
First National Bank

Lewistown State Bank

Empire Bank & Trust Company

Bank of Fergus County

In keeping with the spirit of the season, the Dec. 24, 1920 edition of the Fergus County Argus included a "Gift to Humanity" coupon encouraging residents to make the "supreme gift" by donating $10 to save the life of a post-WWI starving child in Europe. C.G. Manning, county chairman of the European Relief Council, would collect the funds, and several local banks paid to have the coupon printed in the paper: First National, Lewistown State, Empire Bank and Trust and the Bank of Fergus County.



OIL! OIL! OIL!

OIL IN VAST QUANTITIES. ENOUGH OIL TO MAKE THE SMALLEST STOCKHOLDER INDEPENDENTLY RICH!

This Is the Opportunity We Are Offering You

We will start operations on the most promising location of our holdings in the very near future. Up to this time we have devoted our entire time to securing the most promising leases obtainable and we have them.

Over 18,000 Acres of Leased Land With the Most Promising Signs of Oil in That Section

Located a short distance north of the producing wells of the Mosby field. Part of our acreage is in one solid tract lying east and west of the Musselshell river north to where the Musselshell connects with the Missouri river.

We have wharfage and dockage rights, where we expect to operate a refinery.

Fossils and dome structure upon which the Geologists base their knowledge of oil are predominant on our holdings. The formation of our land is of the Cretaceous age, oil tests made from the flows obtained from the Cretaceous is of the richest Paraffin base and is only equalled by oil produced from two other fields of the United States.

COMPARE OUR ACREAGE WITH OTHER COMPANIES

NOTE THE SHORT DISTANCE BETWEEN OUR HOLDINGS AND THE BIG GUSHERS

CAPITOL DOME OIL CO.

WE WILL PLACE A $50,000 BLOCK OF STOCK ON THE MARKET AT THE PAR VALUE OF 10 CENTS PER SHARE FOR DEVELOPMENT PURPOSES ONLY

It's the Chance of Your Life Time. Remember—

"The man that never had a chance is the man that never took a chance."

Application for Stock of the Capitol Dome Oil Company of Montana

Home Office 517 Montana Building Lewistown, Montana

Date ..... 1[illegible]

I hereby subscribe for ..... shares of Capitol Dome Oil stock, at the par value of 10c per share. I enclose herewith my [illegible] payment of $..... and agree to pay the balance due, $..... in three monthly payments, beginning ..... 192..., or I authorize your W. D. draft to fill purchase of my subscription. Stock is fully paid and non-assessable.

Name .....

Address .....

City and State .....

(Make all remittances payable to Capitol Dome Oil Co. of Montana.)

The officers of this company are men of sound business judgment and stand high in the commercial world, both for their integrity and their high financial rating. (Refer to banks or Bradstreet.)

The Officers and Directors are:

STEPHEN F. GROVER of Grantsburg, Wisconsin President

J. H. AKINS, of Lewistown, Montana Vice President

ADOLF H. EASTMAN, of Gerstorf, Montana Secretary

F. J. GROVER, General Manager

RAYMOND DOCKERY, Director

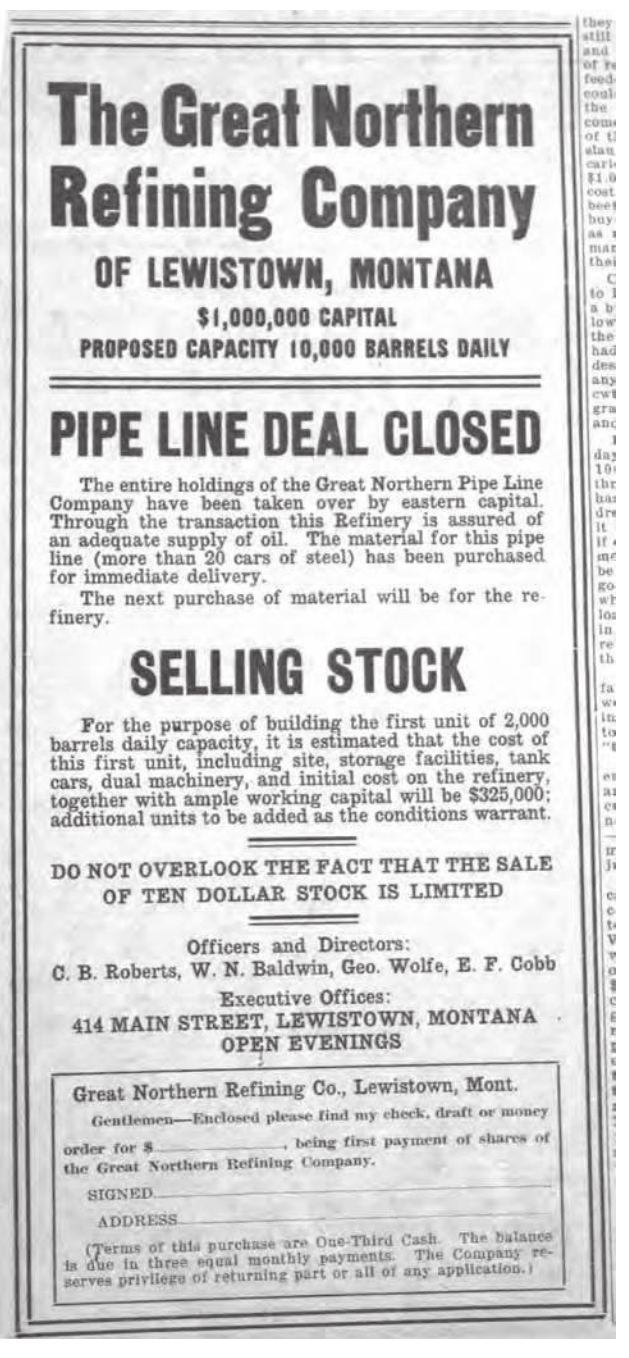
The Capitol Dome Oil Co.

(A Montana Corporation)

Capitalized at $500,000 Lewistown, Montana

Home Office, 517 Montana Building Phone 1124

What else was happening in December of 1920? Oil! According to several ads in the Fergus County Argus, locals were urged to invest in oil fields near the Musellshell River ("note the short distance between our holdings and the big gushers," the Capitol Dome Oil Company ad said) or pipelines ("proposed capacity of 10,000 barrels daily," the Great Northern Refining Company ad claimed. Both companies offered stock in what was sure to be the next big U.S. oil development venture.



The Great Northern Refining Company

OF LEWISTOWN, MONTANA

$1,000,000 CAPITAL

PROPOSED CAPACITY 10,000 BARRELS DAILY

PIPE LINE DEAL CLOSED

The entire holdings of the Great Northern Pipe Line Company have been taken over by eastern capital. Through the transaction this Refinery is assured of an adequate supply of oil. The material for this pipe line (more than 20 cars of steel) has been purchased for immediate delivery.

The next purchase of material will be for the refinery.

SELLING STOCK

For the purpose of building the first unit of 2,000 barrels daily capacity, it is estimated that the cost of this first unit, including site, storage facilities, tank cars, dual machinery, and initial cost on the refinery, together with ample working capital will be $325,000; additional units to be added as the conditions warrant.

DO NOT OVERLOOK THE FACT THAT THE SALE OF TEN DOLLAR STOCK IS LIMITED

Officers and Directors:
C. B. Roberts, W. N. Baldwin, Geo. Wolfe, E. F. Cobb

Executive Offices:
414 MAIN STREET, LEWISTOWN, MONTANA
OPEN EVENINGS

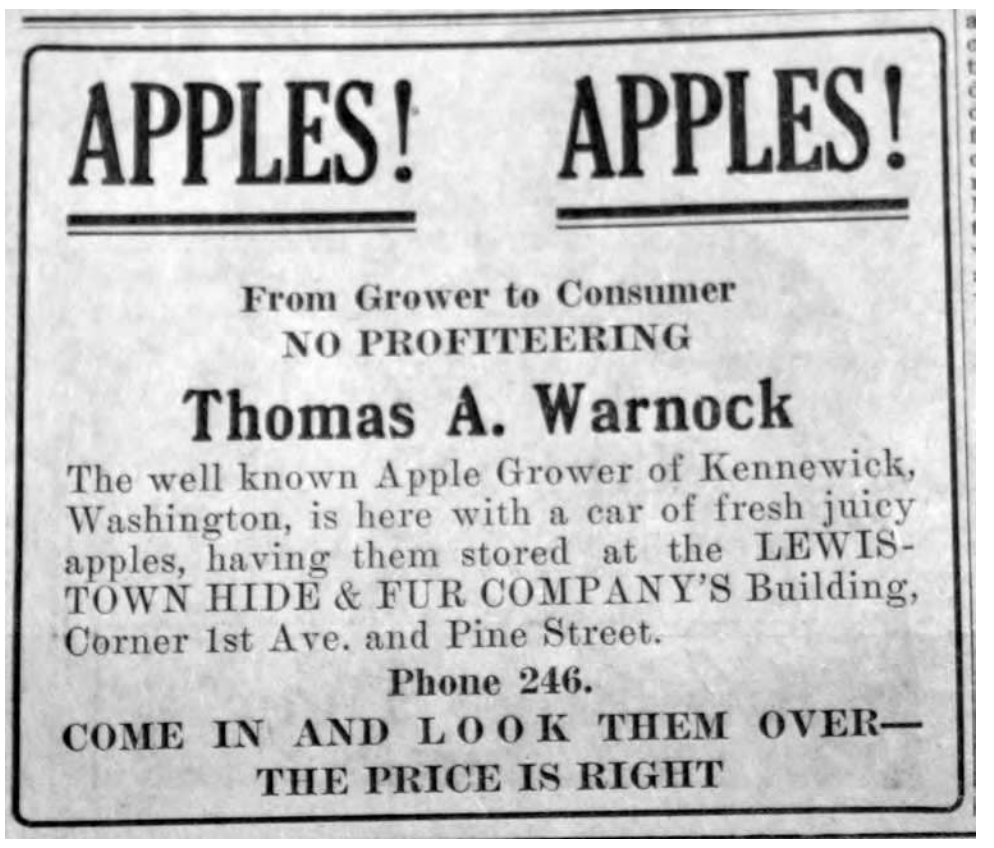
Great Northern Refining Co., Lewistown, Mont.

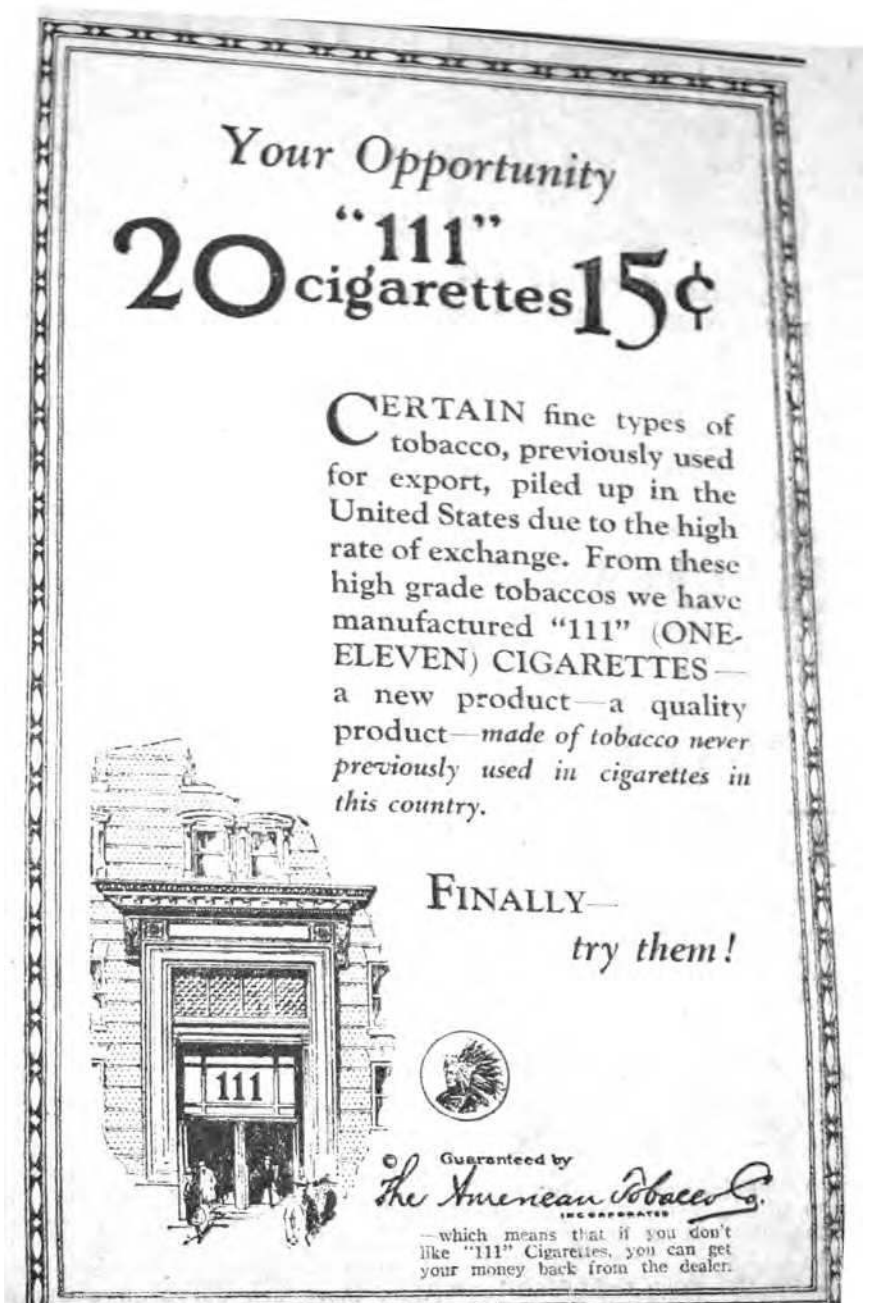
Gentlemen—Enclosed please find my check, draft or money order for $....., being first payment of shares of the Great Northern Refining Company.

SIGNED.....

ADDRESS.....

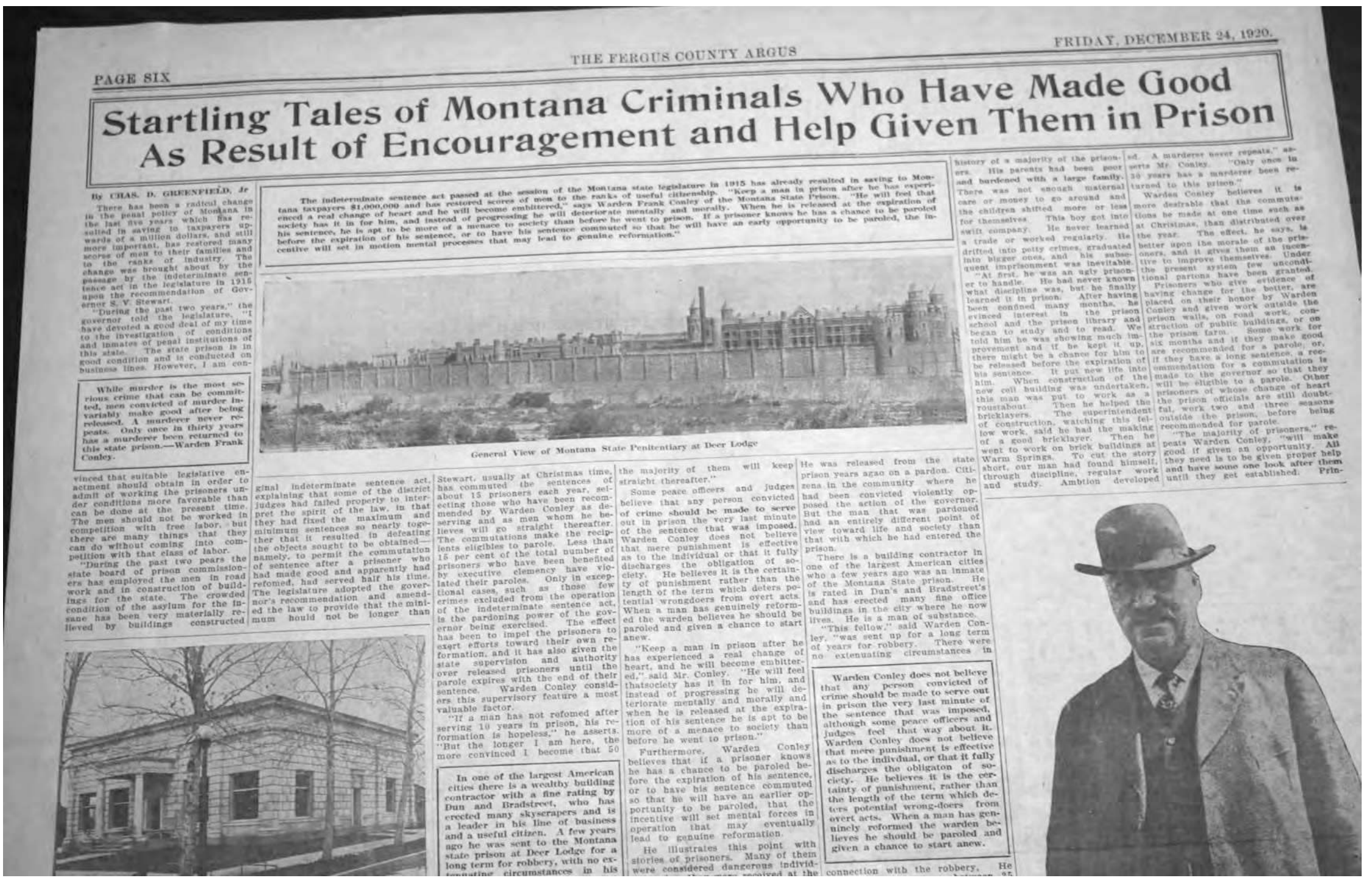
(Terms of this purchase are One-Third Cash. The balance is due in three equal monthly payments. The Company reserves privilege of returning part or all of any application.)





Just as with the Christmas season today, advertisers in 1920 enticed customers with holiday specials, or took the time to thank their customers. The Power Mercantile Company wished "all the good things" to their customers, while the Judith Hardware Company offered 25 percent off until Jan. 1 on percolators, cooking utensils and cut glass. Fresh apples, brought from Washington state, were available at the Lewistown Hide and Fur Company's building, and smokers could get 20 cigarettes for 15 cents. Meanwhile, a good Hot Blast Heater will heat every room in the house and save you a big bag of money, too.

Under the headline "Startling Tales of Montana Criminals Who Have Made Good As Result of Encouragement and Help Given Them in Prison" was this editor's note: The indeterminate sentence act passed at the session of the Montana state legislature in 1915 has already results in saving (sic) to Montana taxpayers $1,000,000 and has restored scores of men to the ranks of useful citizenship. 'Keep a man in prison after he has experienced a real change of heart and he will become embittered,' says Warden Frank Conley of the Montana State Prison. 'He will feel that society has it in for him, and instead of progressing he will deteriorate mentally and morally. When he is released at the expiration of his sentence, he is apt to be more of a menace to society than before he went to prison. If a prisoner knows he has a chance to be paroled before the expiration of his sentence, or to have his sentence commuted so that he will have an early opportunity to be paroled, the incentive will set in motion mental processes that may lead to genuine reformation.'"



PAGE SIX THE FERGUS COUNTY ARGUS FRIDAY, DECEMBER 24, 1920.

Startling Tales of Montana Criminals Who Have Made Good As Result of Encouragement and Help Given Them in Prison

By CHAS. D. GREENFIELD, Jr

The indeterminate sentence act passed at the session of the Montana state legislature in 1915 has already resulted in saving to Montana taxpayers $1,000,000 and has restored scores of men to the ranks of useful citizenship. "Keep a man in prison after he has experienced a real change of heart and he will become embittered," says Warden Frank Conley of the Montana State Prison. "He will feel that society has it in for him, and instead of progressing he will deteriorate mentally and morally. When he is released at the expiration of his sentence, he is apt to be more of a menace to society than before he went to prison. If a prisoner knows he has a chance to be paroled before the expiration of his sentence, or to have his sentence commuted so that he will have an early opportunity to be paroled, the incentive will set in motion mental processes that may lead to genuine reformation."

General View of Montana State Penitentiary at Deer Lodge

There has been a radical change in the penal policy of Montana in the last five years which has resulted in saving to taxpayers upwards of a million dollars, and still more important, has restored many scores of men to their families and to the ranks of industry. The change was brought about by the passage by the indeterminate sentence act in the legislature in 1915 upon the recommendation of Governor S. V. Stewart.

"During the past two years," the governor told the legislature, "I have devoted a good deal of my time to the investigation of conditions and inmates of penal institutions of this state. The state prison is in good condition and is conducted on business lines. However, I am convinced that suitable legislative enactment should obtain in order to admit of working the prisoners under conditions more favorable than can be done at the present time. The men should not be worked in competition with free labor, but there are many things that they can do without coming into competition with that class of labor.

While murder is the most serious crime that can be committed, men convicted of murder invariably make good after being released. A murderer never repeats. Only once in thirty years has a murderer been returned to this state prison.—Warden Frank Conley.

"During the past two years the state board of prison commissioners has employed the men in road work and in construction of buildings for the state. The crowded condition of the asylum for the insane has been very materially relieved by buildings constructed by the inmates. The commissioners also have under way the construction of a new cell house at the state prison, which will relieve the present congestion there.

"The parole system has been in operation for two years and has proved a success. Under the parole system 50 prisoners have been released from the state prison and placed in the custody of the state board of prison commissioners. Of this number only two have violated their parole and been returned to the prison. Both of these violations were technical, neither involving the commission of a crime. Of the 50 paroled prisoners 30 have been released from their parole and discharged from the custody of the board. Of the remaining 20 on parole, 18 are employed and two are in the custody of the sheriffs of their home counties awaiting trial on charges of violating the parole law.

"I recommend that the original indeterminate sentence act, explaining that some of the district judges had failed properly to interpret the spirit of the law, in that they had fixed the maximum and minimum sentences so nearly together that it resulted in defeating the objects sought to be obtained—namely, to permit the commutation of sentence after a prisoner who had made good and apparently had reformed, had served half his time. The legislature adopted the governor's recommendation and amended the law to provide that the minimum should not be longer than

Stewart, usually at Christmas time, has commuted the sentences of about 15 prisoners each year, selecting those who have been recommended by Warden Conley as deserving and as men whom he believes will go straight thereafter. The commutations make the recipients eligibles to parole. Less than 15 per cent of the total number of prisoners who have been benefited by executive clemency have violated their paroles. Only in exceptional cases, such as those few crimes excluded from the operation of the indeterminate sentence act, is the pardoning power of the governor being exercised. The effect has been to impel the prisoners to exert efforts toward their own reformation, and it has also given the state supervision and authority over released prisoners until the parole expires with the end of their sentence. Warden Conley considers this supervisory feature a most valuable factor.

"If a man has not refomed after serving 10 years in prison, his reformation is hopeless," he asserts. "But the longer I am here, the more convinced I become that 50 the majority of them will keep straight thereafter."

In one of the largest American cities there is a wealthy building contractor with a fine rating by Dun and Bradstreet, who has erected many skyscrapers and is a leader in his line of business and a useful citizen. A few years ago he was sent to the Montana state prison at Deer Lodge for a long term for robbery, with no extenuating circumstances in his

Some peace officers and judges believe that any person convicted of crime should be made to serve out in prison the very last minute of the sentence that was imposed. Warden Conley does not believe that mere punishment is effective as to the individual or that it fully discharges the obligation of society. He believes it is the certainty of punishment rather than the length of the term which deters potential wrongdoers from overt acts. When a man has genuinely reformed the warden believes he should be paroled and given a chance to start anew.

"Keep a man in prison after he has experienced a real change of heart, and he will become embittered," said Mr. Conley. "He will feel thatsociety has it in for him, and instead of progressing he will deteriorate mentally and morally and when he is released at the expiration of his sentence he is apt to be more of a menace to society than before he went to prison."

Furthermore, Warden Conley believes that if a prisoner knows he has a chance to be paroled before the expiration of his sentence, or to have his sentence commuted so that he will have an earlier opportunity to be paroled, that the incentive will set mental forces in operation that may eventually lead to genuine reformation.

He illustrates this point with stories of prisoners. Many of them were considered dangerous individ- He was released from the state prison years agao on a pardon. Citizens in the community where he had been convicted violently opposed the action of the governor. But the man that was pardoned had an entirely different point of view toward life and society than that with which he had entered the prison.

There is a building contractor in one of the largest American cities who a few years ago was an inmate of the Montana State prison. He is rated in Dun's and Bradstreet's and has erected many fine office buildings in the city where he now lives. He is a man of substance.

"This fellow," said Warden Conley, "was sent up for a long term of years for robbery. There were no extenuating circumstances in connection with the robbery. He

Warden Conley does not believe that any person convicted of crime should be made to serve out in prison the very last minute of the sentence that was imposed, although some peace officers and judges feel that way about it. Warden Conley does not believe that mere punishment is effective as to the indivdual, or that it fully discharges the obligaton of society. He believes it is the certainty of punishment, rather than the length of the term which deters potential wrong-doers from overt acts. When a man has genuinely reformed the warden believes he should be paroled and given a chance to start anew.

history of a majority of the prisoners. His parents had been poor and burdened with a large family. There was not enough maternal care or money to go around and the children shifted more or less for themselves. This boy got into swift company. He never learned a trade or worked regularly. He drifted into petty crimes, graduated into bigger ones, and his subsequent imprisonment was inevitable.

"At first, he was an ugly prisoner to handle. He had never known what discipline was, but he finally learned it in prison. After having been confined many months, he evinced interest in the prison school and the prison library and began to study and to read. We told him he was showing much improvement and if he kept it up, there might be a chance for him to be released before the expiration of his sentence. It put new life into him. When construction of the new cell building was undertaken, this man was put to work as a roustabout. Then he helped the bricklayers. The superintendent of construction, watching this fellow work, said he had the making of a good bricklayer. Then he went to work on brick buildings at Warm Springs. To cut the story short, our man had found himself, through discipline, regular work and study. Ambtion developed

sed. A murderer never repeats," asserts Mr. Conley. "Only once in 30 years has a murderer been returned to this prison."

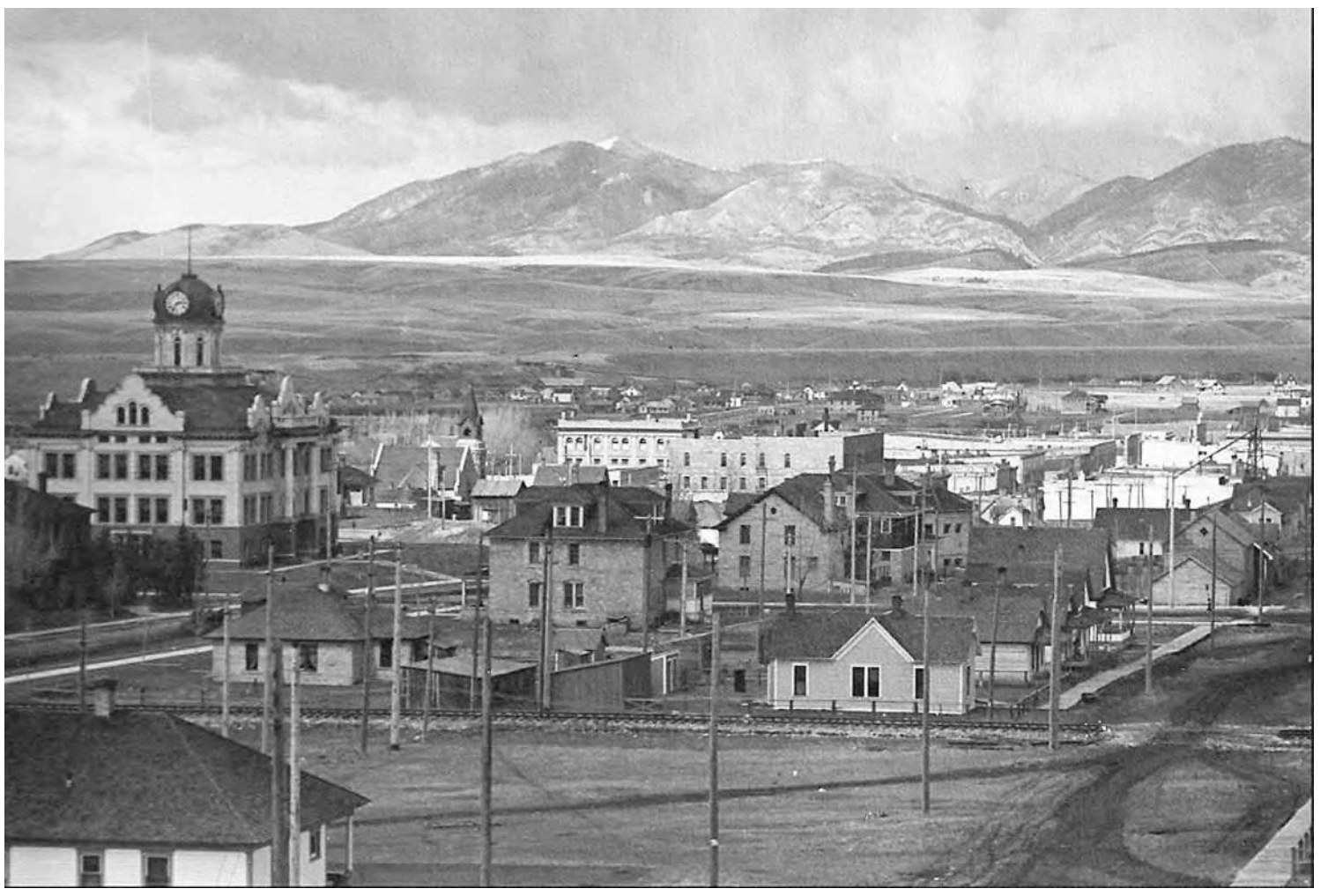
Warden Conley believes it is more desirable that the commutations be made at one time such as at Christmas, than distributed over the year. The effect, he says, is better upon the morale of the prisoners, and it gives them an incentive to improve themselves. Under the present system few unconditional partons have been granted.

Prisoners who give evidence of having change for the better, are placed on their honor by Warden Conley and given work outside the prison walls, on road work, construction of public buildings, or on the prison farm. Some work for six months and if they make good are recommended for a parole, or, if they have a long sentence, a recommendation for a commutation is made to the governor so that they will be eligible to a parole. Other prisoners of whose change of heart the prison officials are still doubtful, work two and three seasons outside the prison, before being recommended for parole.

"The majority of prisoners," repeats Warden Conley, "will make good if given an opportunity. All they need is to be given proper help and have some one look after them until they get established. Prin-

Catastrophes, pandemics, quarantines and public safety

By J. THOMAS WOJTOWICK



A hundred years ago Lewistown residents, and those of other Central Montana towns, lived through the Spanish flu pandemic, with much the same restrictions as are in effect today.

Photo courtesy of Montana Memory Project

We human beings are never ready for catastrophes. Our plans are inadequate, and our patience is poor. This is as true for us in Central Montana as it is in the rest of the world. The epidemic of 100 years ago did little to prepare us for the SARS-CoV-2 pandemic we are experiencing today.

The 1918 Influenza pandemic scared people, who responded with little denial, a very few cavalier attitudes and a great fear in the face of the unknown, which led to the majority following simple guidelines for protection: masks and physical distancing. The state population then was 543,000, about half of what it is in 2020. What a difference a century makes.

In the last two Christmas Editions I wrote about the Spanish Influenza pandemic in Lewistown and Central Montana during 1918-1920. Now during the COVID-19 pandemic, this third related article delves into what we have done in human history, and why we are just simply always unprepared to deal with catastrophes. This is also a review of citizenship and public responsibility. It is curious to think of someone reading the Christmas Edition of the News-Argus in 2120 who will have the benefit of 200 years of our local history, with their responses to their own challenges and difficulties. I guarantee that the 2120 report card for us will not be graded above a C minus.

In addition to not being ready, we humans have never adapted to natural catastrophes and pandemics. We seem to have "some good sense" and even a type of "genetic sense" in dealing with people in need, or in raising families, and "common sense" when helping others in crisis. And we can put up with the weather, four seasons with cold and hot twice a year.

But since the creation of the universe, we are ill prepared for the rare monumental problems. Few of us have first-hand experience of cataclysmic events. I watched Mount St. Helens explode in early May 1980, but I was 95 miles away in Seattle with no ash fallout. Even here in Central Montana, there was some ash fall to deal with. But anyone born after 1975 is unaware of what happened in 1980. The rest of us have but a little memory of that event and its effects.

We were not present

We humans missed the creation of the world in the "Big Bang" more than 13.77 billion years ago, give or take 30 million years. We missed the formation of our own great planet about 4.5 billion years ago and since that time, asteroids and comets collided about 350 times with our Mother Earth, causing the extinction of the dinosaurs early on, and extreme changes in climate from warm to cold periods affecting the entire planet. The Barringer meteorite hit our current-day Arizona about 50,000 years ago.

It took a while for our human ancestors to appear on the surface of this great planet and develop to the delightfully complex species we have become. But since then, 10,000 people died in Chiling-yang, China, due to an asteroid explosion in 1490. A large asteroid exploded near Tunguska, Siberia above ground in 1908, blew down thousands of acres of trees and killed untold reindeer. Then the Asteroid Hermes threatened earth in 1937, but sailed by, missing us by 600,000 miles.

We have little memory of the dangers affecting our world because they do not happen frequently in a common pattern like the changing seasons, nor are they so familiar that each generation has a consistent response. True disasters skip many generations. When they do challenge human living, they are soon forgotten, as is our human ability to be ready. We are simply incapable of any patterned response.

We were not prepared

Our recollections of difficult events become dulled as the years pass. We tend to minimize disasters as "small and pesky inconveniences" just months afterward. Most of the wars we have experienced overseas action or at home, are distant to us.

The long-ago Civil War is no longer appreciated for the brutality played out. Those who have seen military service in war were usually stationed beyond our own shores, so we are not associated with their memory or experience. Personal memory fades and social memory diminishes even more rapidly. We may know a bit of history, but for most of it, it is not a personal experience. By perspective, 120 million people in our country today were not alive at the assassination of President John F. Kennedy. That means that one-third of our population does not personally remember that tragic event.

If we regard the history of our Earth, it took us a while to arrive on the surface of this great planet and since then our major calamities have been volcanoes, earthquakes and wars in various places on our globe. The other major disasters that affected the health and safety of humans were more localized.

The most familiar and most brutal pandemics in our human history were caused by cholera, bubonic plague, smallpox and influenza. Some were isolated outbreaks in a particular region, but many crossed borders to infect larger areas.

Outbreaks of diseases have ravaged humanity, sometimes changing the course of history and, at times, signaling the end of entire civilizations. Smallpox killed up to 500 million people in the last 12,000 years and our Native Americans barely survived. These outbreaks devastate humanity.

This is a list of the major invaders of disease recorded in our human history:

- 3000 BC - Epidemic of unknown origin; hundreds of people infected were burned to death in a large enclosure at a site that still remains uninhabited.
- Plague of Athens (430 BC); Typhoid or Ebola
- Antonine Plague/Galen Plague (165-180 AD) Asia Minor, Greece, Egypt and Italy; small pox
- Plague of Cyprian (250-271); The first use of lime in burials of humans.
- Plague of Justinian (541-542); Bubonic plague killed about half the population of Europe.
- Black Death (1346-1363); Bubonic plague ravaged Europe, Africa and Asia, with up to 200 million deaths.
- Cocoliztli epidemc (1545-1548); Viral hemorrhagic fever in Mexico and Central America killed 15 million.
- American plagues (16th century): Small pox infecting up to 90% of indigenous Americans by European explorers contributed to collapse of Inca and Aztec civilizations.
- Great Plague of London (1665-1666); Bubonic plague killed 15% of the population and ended with Great Fire of London.
- Great Plague of Marseille (1720-1723); Bubonic plague
- Russian Plague (1770-1722); Those quarantined in Moscow rioted and Archbishop Ambrose, who encouraged people not to gather for worship, was murdered.
- Philadelphia yellow fever epidemic (1793); Then the capitol of the states, 5,000 died and abolitionists asked that people of African origin be recruited to help.
- Third Cholera Pandemic (1852-1860); Seven pandemics in India, Ganges River delta, Asia, Europe, Africa and North America; one million deaths
- Flu pandemic (1889-1890); Urban areas of Central Asia, Canada and Greenland; one million deaths
- Sixth Cholera Pandemic (1910-1911); Began in India and spread to Middle East, North Africa, Eastern Europe and Russia. In U.S. the infected were isolated; more than half a million people died in India.
- American polio epidemic (1916); Affected President F.D. Roosevelt and thousands died prior to Salk vaccine in 1954.
- Spanish Flu (1918-1920); Influenza outbreak across the globe affected one-third of world population striking mostly healthy young adults; 25 million deaths in first 25 weeks, estimated 50 million died.
- Asian Flu (1956-1958); Influenza type in China, Singapore, Hong Kong, and U.S.; 2 million deaths.
- Flu Pandemic (1968); "Hong Kong Flu" spread to Singapore and Vietnam then to Philippines, India, Australia, Europe and USA; 0.5% mortality rate with 100 million deaths.
- Human Immunodeficiency HIV/Acquired Immunodeficiency Syndrome AIDS Pandemic (peak 2005-2012): A chimpanzee virus found in Republic of Congo in 1920s; 36 million died and new treatments make it more manageable with 1.6 million deaths between 2005 and 2012.
- H1N1 Swine Flu Pandemic (2009-2010); Originated in Mexico and spread world-wide; infected 1.4 billion, more than 500,000 died.
- West Africa Ebola Epidemic (2014-2016); Mostly affected Guinea, Liberia and Sierra Leone with minor cases in Nigeria, Mali, Senegal and USA; 28,600 cases with 11,235 deaths.
- Zika Virus epidemic (2015 – current); Spread in South and Central Americas, difficult for infants.
- COVID-19/Novel Coronavirus; The current pandemic spread from China in 2019.

In addition to influenza, genocide associated with conflicts and wars is the most deadly experience in human history.

Earthquakes are another natural catastrophe far more familiar to most of us. But we are no better prepared for them. Quakes may literally shake us, and I doubt any of us are comfortable with the undulating wave motions that I felt during earthquakes in Bozeman 1959 (magnitude 7.2) and subsequently in Seattle (1965, 6.7; 1989, 5.1; 1995, 5.0; 1996, 5.4; 1997, 3.5; 1997, 4.9; 1999, 6.4; and 2001, 6.8) magnitudes respectively. I have never retained any guidance, other than find a safe place like a sturdy doorway, and I have never set out a plan or executed it after the event in preparation for the next. I have used strong earthquake-proof putty to secure fragile items, just in case.

We resent directives to help, a challenge to Citizenship

Local directives for care and safety have always been part of the public response to catastrophes. They were issued by elders and mayors or leaders in towns, camps, and villages. The directives varied with need and severity, and truthfully, most dealt with the disposal of the dead.

Where did the idea that we humans have a responsibility to others come from? How did we develop our sense of citizenship? What role does civility play? And does it matter?

Now, months into the current experience, we know more about viruses, viral spreads and trends, and we generally know more than our relatives did a century ago.

The question remains, what is citizenship and what is the relationship of an individual to others within a state or nation?

Most would think that a review of the history of citizenship would take us back to the philosophical roots of human reflection about life with the Greeks and the Romans. But there was a period of nearly 10,000 years when early gatherings of humans took place in small areas, usually governed by some type of leader. Nomadic travelers followed animal migrations, and early farming groups led to kinships of related families, which led to fiefdoms, colonies or small kingdoms in the early forms of human's grouping for the protection of their lives that later allowed for participation and decision-making.

Surprisingly, the Israelites had one of the earliest senses of citizenships in this world, even as they knew themselves distinct from other people, namely, the Egyptians and the Babylonians. They had a language and a history connected to their religious beliefs. Their covenant between themselves and God was unique in that multiple ethnicities were included in those bonds. Our current sense of citizenship does not always include that view.

Plato and Aristotle examined the nature of human groups, which included landowners, classes of people that included slaves, commerce and the political form of the city-state or the nation. Essentially, citizenship was the bond of people and the city-state known as "polis."

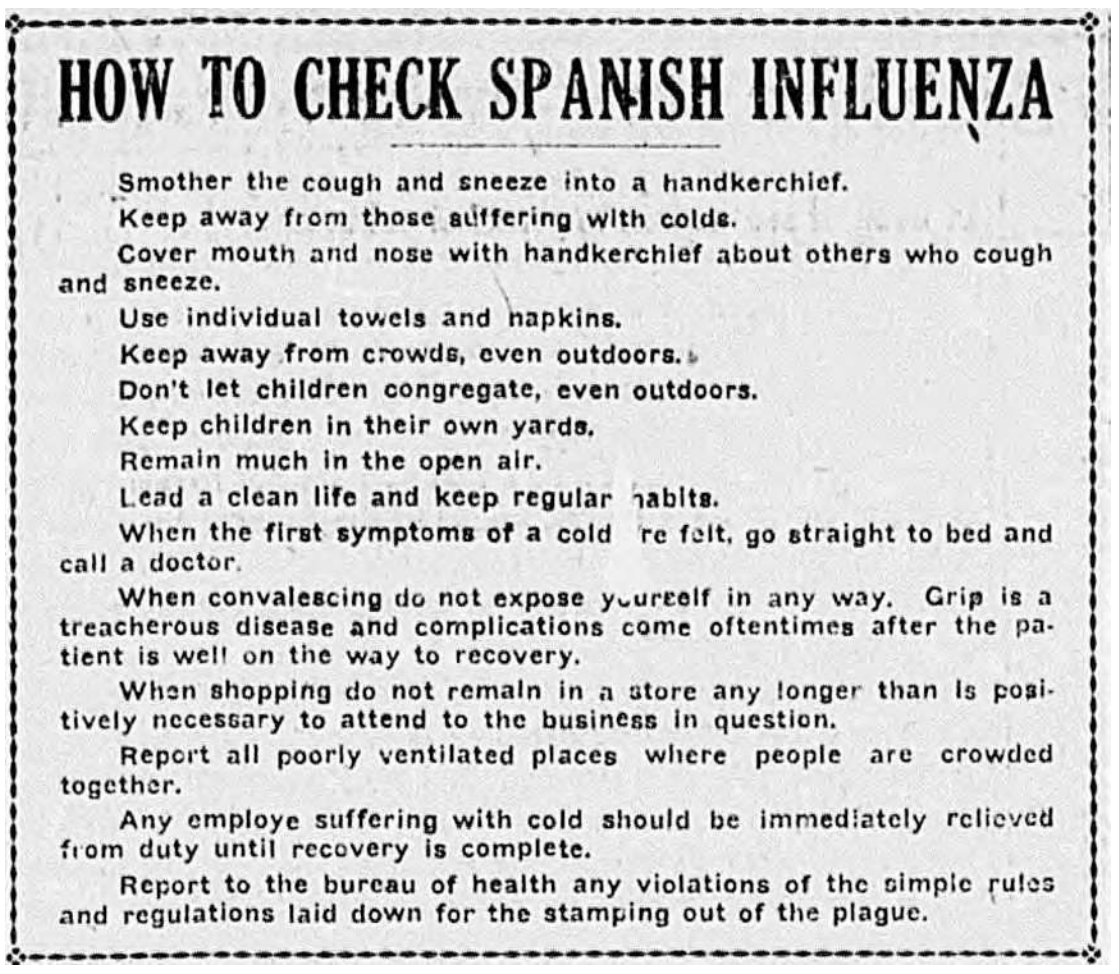
Polis was the unique relationship of citizens joined to the rule of law for the common good. This is true today in many places. And the Greeks developed a military system of phalanx for protection in war based on polis. All people were subject to the same rules and all were bound to the political leadership that oversaw all. We see here the beginnings of representational political assembly for the good of society.

All contributors to the city-state were seen as essential, including farmers, herders, sailors so that the non-noble were included with the noble. The ideal was that all people would be equals. Classical historian J.G.A. Pocock summarized the Greek model of citizenship and stated the citizen as a person was "…free to act by law, free to ask and expect the law's protection, a citizen of such and such a legal community, of such and such a legal standing in that community." (The Citizenship Debates, 1998, p 37.)

The Roman Empire supported a wider sense of citizenship throughout the Mediterranean, but dictators ruled by the time of the Republic until its end with the new capitol Constantinople in 476 AD.

Continued on page 61.

Pandemics *(continued)*



HOW TO CHECK SPANISH INFLUENZA

Smother the cough and sneeze into a handkerchief.

Keep away from those suffering with colds.

Cover mouth and nose with handkerchief about others who cough and sneeze.

Use individual towels and napkins.

Keep away from crowds, even outdoors.

Don't let children congregate, even outdoors.

Keep children in their own yards.

Remain much in the open air.

Lead a clean life and keep regular habits.

When the first symptoms of a cold are felt, go straight to bed and call a doctor.

When convalescing do not expose yourself in any way. Grip is a treacherous disease and complications come oftentimes after the patient is well on the way to recovery.

When shopping do not remain in a store any longer than is positively necessary to attend to the business in question.

Report all poorly ventilated places where people are crowded together.

Any employe suffering with cold should be immediately relieved from duty until recovery is complete.

Report to the bureau of health any violations of the simple rules and regulations laid down for the stamping out of the plague.

Europe itself developed feudal systems among the kingdoms, in which loyalty moved from the "polis" to religious and secular individual persons. Bonds were strong between nobles and kings, but the rights of common people were few.

The Magna Carta attempted to alleviate such disparity. Medieval times were marked by fanatics and religious activity or zealotry. This led to discord and violence -- witness the Crusades and their mission to save and destroy in the 11th through 13th centuries.

The Renaissance period produced European associations with traders throughout the known world and attention to a better education that focused on "civic education" for all classes of people. The Guild system influenced progressive citizenship. The loyalty of "subjects" to the monarchs of Europe gave way to a citizenry expected to help with military duties and the "state." Great Britain in the early modern period saw a monarchy facing the development of Parliament and a representing electorate, as royal absolutism crumbled.

Two-hundred and forty-four years ago, we began our own experiment in citizenship, after ending our relationship with Great Britain, and after the battles for independence and the quickening to establish a new order. It is clear that the principles of "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" found in the Declaration of Independence were an important guarantee to all citizens. The Constitution of our United States of America grants a wide range of rights and privileges, but it does not grant us the right to endanger others because it states that "We the people….form a more perfect Union, establish Justice, ensure domestic Tranquility, provide for the common defense, promote the general Welfare…"

In other words, a stop sign and other traffic signals are designed for the common good; and that commitment each of us makes to all others in our land. This is our individual investment in the rule of law. Without it, chaos reigns.

What is the relationship between our individual rights and our responsibilities as citizens within our country?

The laws provided by the Federal Government govern the common bonds of expectations and responsibilities. Each state contributes their particular and unique constitutions that further elaborate on the federal articulation within the context of the state's right to gather, govern and provide for its people.

The constitution that established the Territory of Montana in 1864 is notable as the first constitution in the Union that specifically outlawed slavery. President Abraham Lincoln insisted on that article, given the reason for the Civil War being fought at that same time. That constitution gives but general direction to the health of our citizens. When Montana became a state in 1889, the delegates of each county and district wrote the state constitution, but were somewhat indecisive to health concerns. Generally, health provisions of the time were articulated like those of the 1887 "Ordinances of the City of Helena; Ordinance 17 To Establish a Board of Health (p 74):

"…shall have general supervision of the sanitary condition of the city, power to declare what are nuisances liable to impart the general health of the people, to place in quarantine persons, houses, with or by contagious or infectious diseases."

So, 133 years ago some basic platform was made for public health issues and these were reiterated in most cities and towns in the state.

After the Incorporation of Lewistown in 1889, the health directives were modified in 1917 to reflect the local social practices and reflected the local abilities of the town and the county, given the active presence of the Fergus County Hospital which had been established after the formation of the County Farm in 1892, in addition to the medical doctors and nurses at work locally at that time. The Compiled Ordinances of the City of Lewistown were issued in 1917. Ordinance No. 197 begins in this way; "An ordinance creating a Board of Health and Appointing a Health Officer and a Sanitary Policeman, defining their duties and establishing rules and regulations for the protection of the public health of Lewistown." Weighing heavily at the time was the recurrence of serious diseases:

"Whereas, the condition of public health in the city of Lewistown is such that there is a great deal of typhoid fever and other communicable diseases prevailing, which is due to an unsanitary condition of the buildings, houses, residences, lots, streets and alleys… it becomes immediately necessary for the preservation of the health of the public…"

The sections that followed covered the Board itself, the inspections of all buildings, and the health officer who was to record all deaths and contagious diseases. Other sections gave direction to the burials of the dead, and some spell out the specific concerns about "…cholera, typhoid fever, scarlet fever, diphtheria and small-pox…" and directions for quarantine.

Those times gave rise to better regulated water supply and sewer linkages. Another section dealt with communicable diseases with an addition list covering "… scarlatina, bubonic plague, yellow fever… 'spotted or tick fever'… cerebro-spinal meningitis and measles."

People in violation of hiding seriously ill persons and hindering the health officer or avoiding quarantine were to be found guilty of a misdemeanor and punishable for same. The records of the County Hospital and the County's Contagious Diseases Record of individuals are helpful sources.

We were not prepared 100 years ago

Three years after those city ordinances were printed, the Spanish Influenza pandemic began in Central Montana. In the course of the next 22 months, nearly 500 million people on planet Earth died due to "the flu." Ten percemt of that number, or 50 million people, died in the U.S. alone. This plague was little understood, was greatly feared, and in time was unfortunately associated with poor and unhealthy living conditions. Many insisted that the death certificates of their relatives not list Influenza as a contributor of the demise.

More than 35,000 Montana people died in this pandemic. The Fergus County records available find more than 450 who survived influenza and more than 150 who did not. Note that it was about 20 years after that outbreak that the infection was properly named; a virus. In 1918 it was treated as a bacterium.

Two years before the influenza outbreak, the disease itself had a common and popular definition and description found in a government publication; influenza: "This disease begins like a cold. There are pains in the head, eyes, and limbs; a watery discharge from the nose, chilly sensations, sore throat, cough, and extreme muscular prostration. The sputum is of a dirty yellowish color. There may be abdominal symptoms such as nausea, diarrhea, vomiting, and cramps. There is fever, which varies according to the intensity of the disease. There are many varieties of the disease, and any organ of the body may be attacked. Pneumonia is a frequent complication.

"Prevention: Care should be taken that no one suffering from the disease coughs in your face. Keep away as much as possible from such persons. A cold in the head or on the chest may be due to the influenza bacillus, so do not sleep with persons suffering from these conditions. Wear a mask made of several layers of gauze when nursing a person suffering from this disease.

"Treatment: Aspirin, five grains every three hours, often relieves the pains. A mild purgative, such as a Seidlitz powder, should be given. The tendency to diarrhea should be remembered, so strong purgatives such as salts should not be administered. When there is pain in the abdomen, a camphor and opium pill is of value. A light diet such as milk and soups should be taken. Steaming the nose and throat by inhaling steam from a teapot filled with hot water into which a small lump of camphor has been dropped will relieve to some extent the congestion of those structures." [US Treasury Department; Public Health Service, Prevention of Disease and Care of the Sick, 1917, p. 112.]

The first reported case and death of Influenza was that of Thomas G. Greene of Moccasin. His death certificate states his birthdate as June 20,1892 in Missouri and his death on Oct. 3, 1918. Creel Funeral Home provided the funeral arrangements. His cause of death was listed as tuberculosis and influenza. He was buried in the Moccasin Cemetery.

It is long understood that the "virus" migrated because of railroad travel. The second death was that of Thomas Boniface, who had just returned from boot camp at the military reservation of Ft. Lewis in Washington state.

The state Health Board was in charge of helping each county deal with the contagion. The local "Democrat News" covered the frightening news of one of the first state reports:

"The average person stands an even chance of escaping the disease. A person can materially improve his or her chance of escape by an abundance of sunshine and by keeping away from people with colds, keeping out of crowds, avoiding ill-ventilated places, keeping warm, avoiding fatigue. Influenza will sweep the country as it has in every pandemic since before Christ. We as a whole cannot escape; but we can make individual escapes, and we can also 'spread' it over a period of time, instead of 'lumping' it. It is a crowd disease, as beautifully illustrated by the way it hits the army barracks." [DN,Oct. 14, 1918, p 6].

The next day the newspaper reported the concerns of local health authorities, but said that quarantine was not needed at that time. They suggested the citizens should not worry about the "flu" and they noted that a transient could be cared for at the county hospital at a charge of $20 per week for good care. That offer was not available to those living in their own homes. The next day, the editor of the "Democrat News" published this rare editorial on Influenza:

"Influenza now spreading over this country is highly 'catching' and may invade this community and attack you and your family unless you are careful. Influenza is a crowd disease. Therefore, keep out of crowds as much as possible. Don't Worry! With the best intent in the world and with the desire to emphasizing precautions upon popular attention, there has been, we think, an error in appreciation of effects. What is demanded of the people of Lewistown, with regard to the influenza is precaution and not panic. There may be an unpleasant time in Lewistown, but we are not heading into a cataclysm, and the last thing we can use profitably is a feeling of panic. If you should get influenza go to bed. Don't get up too soon. Your heart feels as tired as your legs and needs rest." [DN, Oct. 16, 1918 p 4]

Continued on page 62.

Soldiers rest in an influenza ward at Fort Riley, Kansas in this undated photo from the Spanish Flu Pandemic.

Photo courtesy of Wikimedia

Pandemics *(continued)*

In the next three months, there was the return to standard time and the national pastimes were beginning to suffer as a result of the epidemic. There were "sportless Saturdays," national presidential campaigns were waged and Warren Harding was elected. The ratification of the constitutional amendment on prohibition would reach the 36 states needed for passage. [FCD Nov. 29, 1918, p 4].

The Lewistown City Council met Oct. 21 to close saloons and to limit the congregating of men in response to the large outbreak of Influenza and "…there will be no police duty in this connection except to see that the proprietors are doing their duty."

It was also decided that local barbers should wear facemasks, people shopping in town should do so with alacrity, being quick to do their business and avoiding any crowd, and children should avoid Halloween pranks. "Children will be taken up if caught." [FCDN, Oct. 24, p 2].

The city published this list of rules:

"Don't leave home unless you have business that must be attended to.

Don't send more than one member of a family shopping.

Don't let children leave their own yards except to run necessary errands.

Don't allow out of town people in your home under any circumstances.

Don't call the board of health and suggest remedies for influenza.

Don't call the board of health and expect them to settle family or neighborhood rows.

Don't burn rubbish and leaves or anything else in the way of trash.

Don't forget that Influenza is a treacherous and highly fatal disease.

Don't forget to call the chamber of commerce on matters of importance in regard to the disease."

[FCD, Oct. 24, 1918, p 2].

During these times, schools were often temporarily closed and then reopened. The City commission had to deal with emergencies and the recommendations of the local health officers, Dr. A.W. Deal or Dr. C.C. Wallin. The greatest irregularity was neighbors visiting neighbors. And it should be noted that some of the saloonkeepers ignored the orders about crowds and loitering.

We are still not prepared

But we did not know in 1918 how the influenza outbreak operated, nor what it was. There was limited knowledge about the migration of the illness having something to do with people traveling, mostly by railroad, and that close contact threatened the spread of the flu. And most people by 1919 knew that survival for many was but a couple of days. By then, they also knew that some survived, but the distinctions between those two groups were blurred.

One hundred years later we are suffering with the COVID-19 pandemic. The current projection says that every individual infected will likely infect two other people. The current directives to lessen the spread of the virus are to wear protective masks and, if called for by local health officers, to quarantine or isolate and maintain physical (social) distancing.

The Montana State Bar Association researched and produced a June, 2020 position paper entitled "Quarantine Authority in Montana" written by Lars Phillips and associate Lucas Hamilton. This addressed the issues of the pandemic spread and the authority to deal with infectious diseases and advocacy. They drew upon unsanitary conditions often found in places of quarantine in the past, and they supported advocacy for marginalized peoples. They note the issue of quarantine is "contentious."

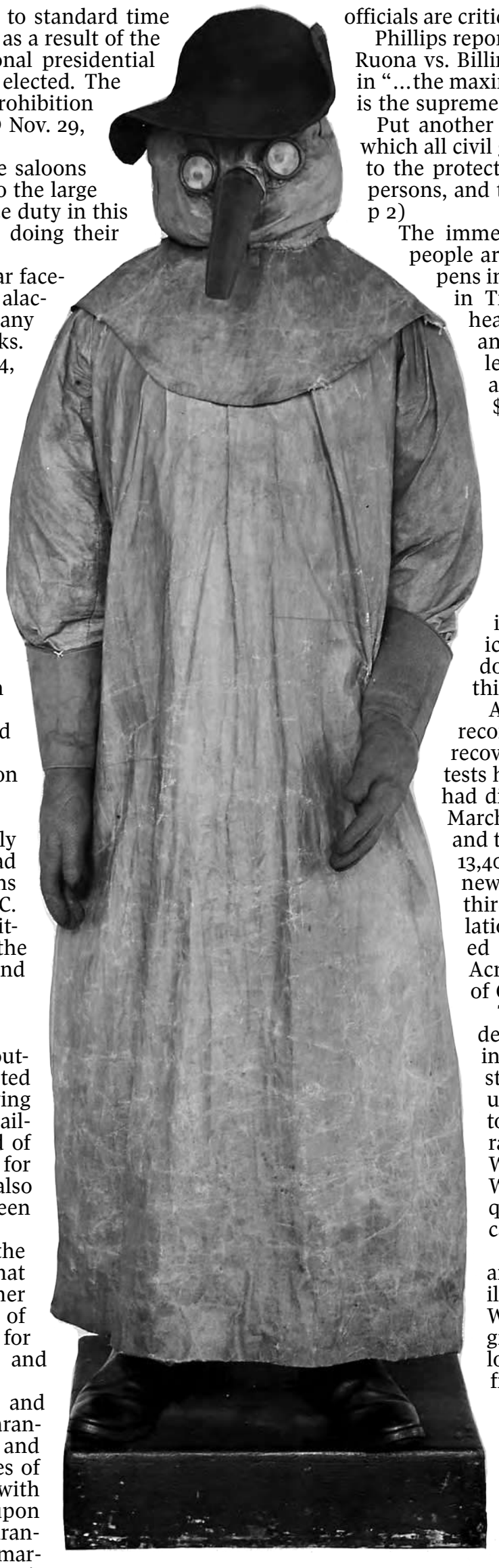
The State Bar reviewed older cases of quarantine, and often found themselves on the familiar territory of the law affecting the rule of law for the common good, especially as it impacts the scope of police powers in the state. These lawyers found that "…state and local health officials are critical decision makers with relatively unlimited authority."

Phillips reported on our state Supreme Court's insistence in the 1958 Ruona vs. Billings case (136 Mont.) that "police powers" are founded in "…the maxim salus populi est supma lex – the welfare of the people is the supreme law."

Put another way, police power is the foundational principle upon which all civil government is built. To that end, "police power extends to the protection of the life, limbs, health, comfort and quiet of all persons, and the protection of all property within the state." (QAiM, p 2)

The immediate protectors of the rights and responsibilities of people are the local police. And it appears that contention happens in this precise juncture. Montana Code Annotated (2019) in Title 50 for Health and Safety covers local boards of health (Chapter Parts 1 and 2) and the duties during quarantine or isolation. The latter addresses the use of fines levied against those who do not comply with quarantines at a cost per day of "…not less that $10 or more than $100."

But the pushback by anti-maskers and distancers means nearly a quarter of our population that do not comply with CDC guidelines. This is daunting.



The plague doctor's mask was just part of the special costume in seventeenth century Germany that include a protective suit, glass eyes in the mask and the beak which was packed with aromatic herbs, juniper berries, mint leaves, cloves, myrrh and straw. Photo courtesy of Wellcome Collection

In conclusion

At the end of this review, I am still perplexed at our inability to be prepared for tragedy, but I am made more anxious by our lack of concern for our fellow citizens. The science is clear about the safety of masking and physical distancing. Had we taken this pandemic seriously in March of this year, two weeks of safety lock down would have nearly negated the staggering effect of this disease nine months later.

At the end of November, the state of Montana had recorded more than 61,000 cases of COVID-19 with 44,100 recovered and more than 17,000 active. By that date, 645,313 tests had been administered for COVID-19. Nearly 700 people had died since the first Coronavirus case was announced on March 11. There had been 233 active cases in Fergus County and three deaths. In the U.S., 266,000 people had died out of 13,400,000 active cases by the end of November, and 151,247 new cases were added each day during what was called the third wave of the virus in our country. Our total U.S. population is about 331 million. By comparison, Sweden reported about 6,618 deaths with a population of 10,343,303. Across our world of 7.8 billion people, 1.46 million had died of COVID-19 and 40 million had recovered.

There are no people immune to the virus of this pandemic, but it appears there are some less likely to be infected. Vaccines for COVID-19 are imminent, but the strength of such and duration of protection are yet unknown. Many will resist vaccinations, which will help to spread the infection to others. After this virus ends its rampage, we will return to some of our usual freedoms. Will we have appreciated our citizenship with others? Will we be better together? Will denial finally be conquered and will but a few of us still be vigilantes without care for our common rules?

I suggest a way of remembering both our freedoms and our responsibilities. We are born into a specific family and, to varying degrees, we are loyal and appreciative. We are also born into a specific nation, in fact one of the great nations in history, and to varying degrees we are loyalty and appreciative for our country. So, which came first?

Family and country are here before my birth, and they are primary and more important than my limited and inexact thoughts and concerns about my rights. Could we place family and country before ourselves as a practice of citizenship? Could those be the hallmarks of our commitment to protect each other as the directives of our day remind us? Could this time help us better appreciate citizenship?

Before anything else, I should be loyal to family and country. Does my selfishness contribute to the betterment of either body? The lawyers of the State Bar remind us of the maxim; the welfare of the people is the supreme law. Each of us has a part in that welfare.

"In enjoying these rights, all persons recognize corresponding responsibilities."

Remembering driving lessons on the farm

Here we are unloading grain from the combine into the truck during the harvet of 1960. I wasn't quite old enough to unload on the go yet.
Photo courtesy of the Heintz family

By DOREEN HEINTZ

For the four of us Heintz children learning to drive was a rite of passage - one we thoroughly enjoyed. We weren't like many farm kids who learned to ride horses. In fact we did not even have any horses until we were 10 or 11 years old

Our first driving lessons came with a pickup full of hay. Dad would put the pickup in compound low (no automatic transmissions back then). We were usually too small to reach the gas pedal so we sat on our knees and guided the pickup in the general direction Dad told us to go - steering the pickup through the field as Dad unloaded the hay for the cows.

Doreen Heintz

Our next job was to help move trucks when Dad was seeding. Again, Dad would get us in the truck and put it in the lowest gear possible. Sometimes he would set the throttle on the truck so we could go a little faster. I remember the first time driving all the way across a field, heading to the farm buildings. To stop the truck, all I had to do was shut off the key.

We quickly graduated to driving on the county roads. One of our neighbors always said, "If you saw a vehicle coming down the road with no driver, you know it was one of the Heintz kids behind the wheel."

One of my most scary moments I had when first driving was when I decided to shift gears in our pickup. Of course, I had to try this on my own when no one was with me. The gear shift in the pickup was up by the steering wheel so it only had first, second and third gear, along with reverse.

Heading up the road to the farm buildings, I finally got the nerve to push in the clutch and shift to second gear. When I get close to where I needed to turn at a 90-degree angle, I didn't think about slowing down. I quickly found out that going 30 miles/hour was too fast to go around a corner. I don't know how I missed not going in the ditch on each side of the road. My heart was still pounding when I got in the yard and turned off the key. I didn't tell anyone about that adventure for a long time. I also decided maybe I really wasn't quite ready to shift gears yet.

Tractor driving was another skill we had to learn. Dad always liked the rows straight, even when summer fallowing (that is how we killed the weeds before there was chemical fallowing). If one of us did a bad job, it sometimes meant going out and redoing the field. Dad was the only one that seeded because he expected the rows to be even straighter.

For a couple of years, we used a Caterpillar to summer fallow. I never could get the hang of keeping the rows straight with that little Cat. It did not have a steering wheel, but two levers to pull back and forth to turn with. The more often I pulled on the levers the more crooked the summer fallow rows became. Dad kept telling me I was oversteering. I was certainly happy when I didn't have to drive that Cat anymore.

Another mishap I remember making when driving the tractor with the tool bar behind was when I accidently ripped out part of a fence. I had just completed one field of summer fallow and was heading toward the next. Because a lot of our land was strip farmed, we usually left the end of a barley or wheat field to summer fallow, so we could drive the tractor and tool bar to the next field without unhooking. Dad told me to be careful and keep out of the wheat at the end of the field. I was keeping a good eye out for not tearing up any wheat -- except I forgot to check the other side of the tool bar that was tearing out the fence. Now I had fence to fix also, but Dad did help me with that project because after all, I did stay out of the wheat.

Two driving experiences that were always useful on our farm was unloading "on the go" in the wheat field and loading bales using a bale loader hooked onto the side of the truck.

Unloading on the go during harvest took some time to learn, but it did speed up the process of harvesting. When the tank on the combine got full, one had to maneuver the truck close to the combine, so the wheat went out a spout into the truck. It also meant keeping one eye on the combine driver and the other eye on where one was going so one didn't run into the header of the combine as well as going the same speed as the combine. It also meant not spilling any grain over the cab of the truck or out the back of the box of the truck.

I had one scary time unloading on the go when I was driving truck for my uncle in the harvest field. My cousin Carl was in the truck with me. He was probably 6 or 7 years old at the time. We went to unload on the go. While we were unloading my uncle began frantically waving his hands at us. When I turned around, I could see smoke, so I knew there was a fire. We quickly turned the truck and combine toward the summer fallowed field nearby. When I looked out the driver's window, I could see flames near the gas tank of the truck.

"When we get to the summer fallow, jump out of the truck and run away from it," I screamed at Carl.

We both made a mad dash to get away from the truck. My uncle sent me to the house to get a pickup that had a tank of water on it. Both the wheat field and the truck were on fire when I left, but by the time I got back, the excitement was all over.

We were lucky that day.

When the fire started, a couple of custom combiners in a pickup saw it as they were stopped on the highway for road construction. They took off through the ditch and got to the fire quickly. The fire ended up burning just a little bit of wheat and hardly hurt the truck at all.

Prior to the start of harvest, my uncle had a hoist installed on the truck named Jumbo. When they got done installing the hoist, they did not get the muffler back on tight. When the muffler fell off, it started a fire in the stubble.

Driving truck for picking up bales was probably the job I hated the worst. The bale loader hooked up to the side of the truck. The loader had a conveyor that was run by a motor. I had to hit the bales just right to get them to go up the loader. My dad took the bales off the loader and stacked them on to the truck.

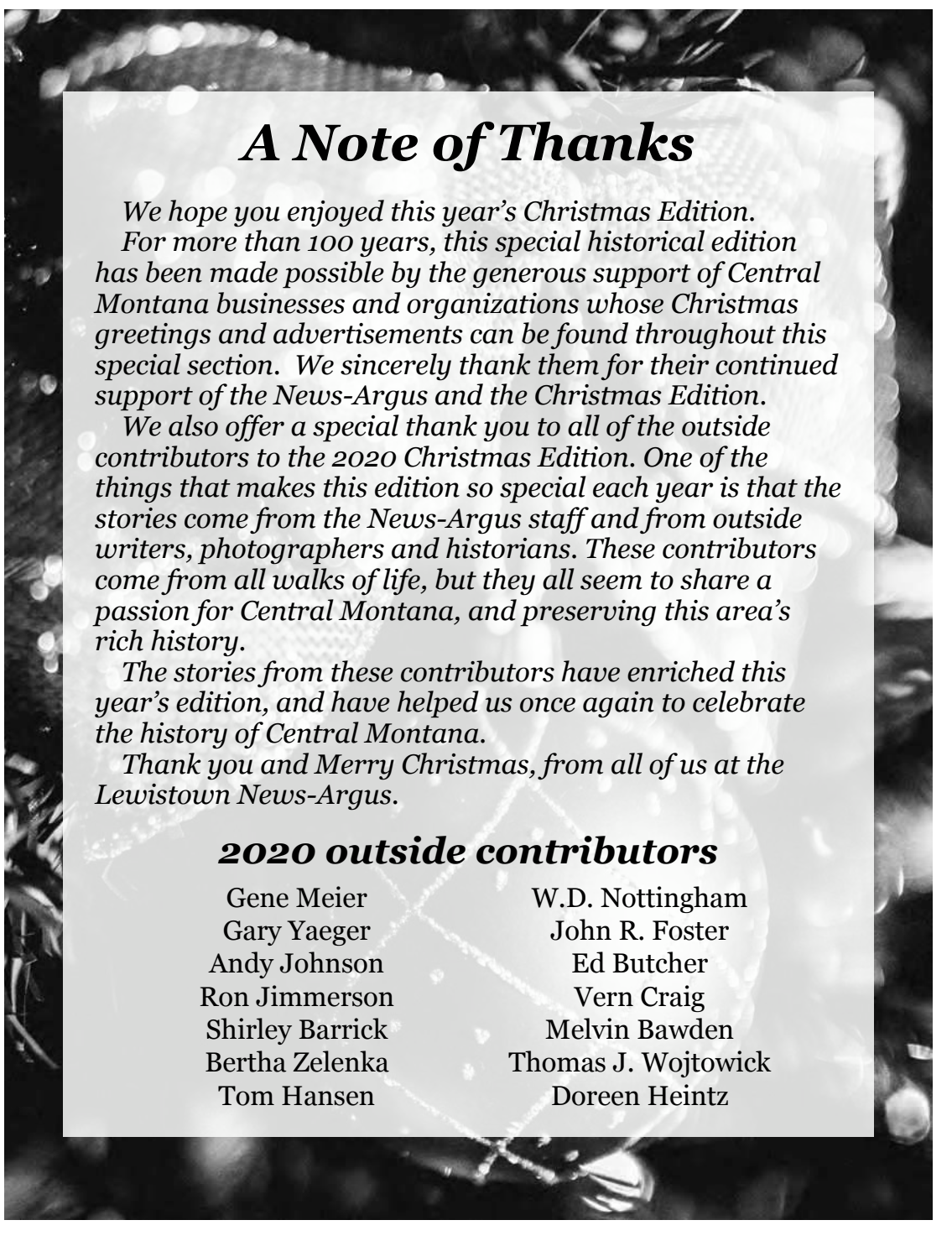
The hardest part was hitting the small square bales just right. If I didn't, then I had to jump out of the truck and put a bale on the loader. Of course, my dad lost patience rather quickly if I missed a couple of bales in a row. After all, it took time to get out of the truck cab because the bale loader was beside the cab door. It meant twisting one's way out of the door, stepping onto the side of the bale loader and then having to reposition the bale.

I took driver's education when I was a freshman in high school. A lot of times driver training instructors hated teaching driver's education to farm kids. They claimed they had to unteach a lot of bad habits that the farm kids learned. I enjoyed taking driver's training, as it was an opportunity to drive on highways for the first time. Unfortunately, I did not get much practice driving in towns.

My first opportunity to drive in Lewistown was the first time I took the driving part of my driver's test. I was so nervous I actually flunked the driving part. The driver examiner said I drove too cautiously.

The second time I took my driving test I passed with flying colors – of course, I took the test this time in Stanford.

Still today I see myself as a good driver. My son has a different opinion on that statement.



Merry Christmas

from the staff at Lewistown News-Argus and News-Argus Printing and Judith Basin Press