



Pop's Story.....

82 years in Montana



1842

Uncle Bill
WILLIAM DONEY

1921

1919

Everett "Pop" Doney

“THIS WAS MY FATHER'S BROTHER”

Deer Lodge March 12, 1921 – The following is an account of the experiences of William J. Doney, one of the early pioneers of Powell County, who died recently. He had been popularly described as the mayor and monarch of Pike's Peak and Yamhill.

Mr. Doney was born in Egypt in Randolph County, Illinois on October 22, 1842, of French parentage. In the year 1848, he moved with his parents to Mineral Point, then a thriving town in the southwestern part of the state of Wisconsin, at which place his parents made their home until 1879, when they followed their son to Montana. Mr. Doney left his old home and began life for himself in the year 1863, in the fall of that year going to the pineries in the northern part of Wisconsin at Black River Falls. He returned to his home again in the spring of 1864. In the following spring he became imbibed with the western spirit and started for Denver, Colorado being employed as an ox-team driver for one Leander Black. He arrived at Denver in the summer of 1865 and returned that fall to Mineral Point, Wisconsin, his return back being as an ox-team driver of one of the caravans that were then moving across the plains. He spent the next winter again in the pineries of northern Wisconsin at Black River Falls and returned again in the spring of 1867 to his old home at Mineral Point.

TO MONTANA

In the spring of 1867 he again started for the West. This time for the new gold fields that had been discovered in the Rocky Mountains in the western part of Montana, and, for the third time, walked over the great stretch of plains between the Mississippi River and the Rocky Mountains as a bullwhacker.

This last trip was full of many thrilling brushes with the Indians who were at that time in a very hostile demeanor toward the whites. The caravan with which Mr. Doney was traveling was being detained at Castle Pool, a little town somewhere near the boundary line between Nebraska and Wyoming for a period of 10 days before their passage could be continued, in which time the government troops drove back the hostile tribes and made safe the passage for the caravan through to the mountains.

It required a stout heart and determination for one to complete this trip. Most of the drivers who left St. Joe quit and gave up their jobs half way to the destination. This necessitated the rest of the drivers of whom “Bill” was one, to do double work for the rest of the trip.

ARRIVED AT BANNACK

Mr. Doney arrived at Bannack, Montana on October 3, 1867, Bannack at that time being a thriving mining camp of about 400 or 500 people. After a short stay of about two weeks at this place he went to Virginia City, Montana, at that time perhaps the leading town of the territory. From Virginia City he went to Bozeman for a short stay. Bozeman, unlike Bannack and Virginia City, was a trading center with some ranching done in the vicinity and was beginning to be the prosperous agricultural center which it now is. From Bozeman Mr. Doney went on horseback to

Missoula, then known as Hell Gate, where he spent the winter of 1867-68. Missoula at that time was a mere hamlet, there being only two stores and a hotel and the Missoula mills. One of the stores was owned by E.L. Bonner and the other by the firm of Dick & Heddy. All of these were upon the street that is now Higgins Avenue in the present city of Missoula.

LOST IN MOUNTAINS

Mr. Doney spent a short time of the summer of 1868 at Henderson Gulch above the present post office of New Chicago, and from there he went to Maginnis Gulch opposite Bear Gulch on the Blackfoot side. From there he went on horseback to Sheridan, Wyoming, where he spent a short period. From Sheridan he started on a trip with two other companions to Salt Lake City, Utah. The whole party were lost in the mountains in Northern Utah near the vicinity of what is now known as the Snake River Bridge in the Soda Springs Mountains. For three days they wandered about the mountains without food, but finally after pursuing a southerly course over the country they came out at Soda Springs. This was in the fall of 1868.

TRAIL BLAZING

After a short stay at Cache Valley, Utah, and at Salt Lake City, the party went to work on the Union Pacific and Central Pacific railroads that were then nearing completion. Mr. Doney worked to within a week of the spike driving that connected these two roads near Promontory, Utah. This was in May of 1869. At this time there were 25,000 or 30,000 men employed by those two roads in construction work. The rough and uncouth graders made Promontory at that time perhaps the most truly typical wild west spot west of the Mississippi River. Holdups, thieving and even murder were everyday occurrences. The old saying was that they had a man for breakfast every day."

Upon leaving Promontory with his two companions, Mr. Doney had an extra team of horses that were tied to their wagon stolen from them. They, however gave chase to the thieves and recovered the horses. They were entirely satisfied to get their horses back and did not seek to urge any prosecution of the thieves. From this work Mr. Doney retired to Bannack in the fall of 1869.

BACK TO MONTANA

During the fall of 1869 and the winter of 1870 Mr. Doney spent his time in Bannack, Virginia City, in Montana and Henry Lake, Idaho. He first went to Butte in the spring of 1870. At this time, Butte consisted of a mere trading post, there being but one store at that place. Silver Bow, however, was quite a placer mining camp.

In the summer of 1870 Mr. Doney went to Deer Lodge and in the spring and early summer was engaged in catching fish from lakes at the head of Warm Springs Creek for the Deer Lodge market. Sam Scott, the well-known former proprietor of the Scott House, was the principal purchaser of the fish. In those days the Scott House was one of the leading hostelries in the territory. In June of this year he worked at digging out rocks for the building of the penitentiary

at Deer Lodge. It is now the state penitentiary for Montana, but was originally built as a federal prison. Mr. Doney worked for Sam Black and one Morgan, who had the contract for the building of the walls. Sam Black now resides on Race Track Creek near the county line between Powell and Deer Lodge counties.

While engaged in the fish business, Mr. Doney used to picket his horses on the ground where the McBurney house now stands. He remembered very clearly the breaking of the ground and the beginning of the structure that is now the McBurney house, perhaps one of the most widely known hotels in the state of Montana.

SETTLES AT YAMHILL

The winter of 1871 was spent in Hell Gate canyon where Clinton Station now is. On March 27, 1871, Mr. Doney moved to Yamhill and with few interruptions, one in the year 1885 which was spent in the upper end of Flathead Lake, and again in 1891, which was spent at Ovando, Powell County, he had made his home at Yamhill, Montana up to the time of his death. During that time he had been engaged in placer mining and in the teaming and freighting business. From the year 1887 to 1891 he had the contract for hauling Uncle Sam's mail from Gold Creek to Pioneer.

At the time of his coming to Yamhill, Pioneer was a very prosperous camp, having 1,200 or 1,500 inhabitants. Yamhill and Pike's Peak were rival camps and both lively. There was another camp named Batterton, about a half mile from Yamhill. Batterton town was named after James Batterton, a brother of John Y. Batterton, formerly county commissioner for Deer Lodge County.

ORIGIN OF NAME

The post office was originally located at Pike's Peak. In 1871 an agitation arose to change the post office from Pike's Peak and also to change the name of the post office to Yamhill. At that time there was a prominent miner at Yamhill who had come from Yamhill, Oregon and who had a large family of daughters who were very popular among the miners of the camp. The camp of Yamhill had been originally named after this man and his girls. They naturally took a very active interest in the name of the camp and in the election, and very largely through their efforts the name of Yamhill was permanently retained and the post office removed from Pike's Peak and thereafter known as Yamhill post office.

THE N.P. SPIKE

Mr. Doney was present at the spike driving of the Northern Pacific Railroad which occurred on September 8, 1883. This was at the mouth of Independence Gulch and not at the mouth of Gold Creek as is generally supposed.

He remembers well the hanging of a man at Elk Creek in the summer of 1869 for the killing of one Gordon, one of the most prominent men of the camp. At that time Mr. Doney was working at Maginnis Gulch for James McMasters, who was afterwards sheriff of Deer Lodge County.

Mr. Doney was married at Deer Lodge in the year 1880 to Miss Susie Hutchins of Mineral Point, Wisconsin and was the father of two daughters, both of whom reside in the middle states. He was a brother of Edward Doney who was for a number of years a resident of Big Blackfoot Valley, and also was the brother of Mrs. John D. Weidenfeller.

He had long been known as one of the jovial, good-hearted placer miners of Gold Creek and one of the old landmarks of the county. He was one of the few survivors of the early stampede days of the territory.

BLACKFOOT COUNTRY PLACE NAMES

As you go through the Blackfoot Country did you ever wonder how places got their names?

Ovando was named after the first postmaster, Ovando Hoyt and his brother was the first doctor there.

Montour Creek was named after George Montour. He was killed by the Indians for warning the whites they were coming, and his grave is near the North Fork Bridge with a big marker on it, explaining.

Sperry Grade was named after the Sperry family that settled there in 1899.

Upsata Lake was named after that family that farmed there. He was a carpenter and he built a flume into the lake.

Scotty Brown Bridge got its name from him – he came from Scotland. His home was on the South side of the river so he built a bridge and made a lot of fishermen happy, for many of us have fished there for years.

William Boyd settled on Boyd Mountain in 1885 and raised a lot of sheep and cattle, and a family.

Mr. and Mrs. Morrell built a home near Woodworth and raised a lot of potatoes and sold them. They spent a lot of time fishing and hunting in the mountain and creek so Morrell Creek and Morrell Mountain were named after them.

Jas Seeley built the first home at Seeley Lake and lived there. They named it after him – I think it was the old Maloney cabin.

The Doney Meadows at the foot of Ovando Mountain was named after my father Edward Doney. We lived there.

Jakways and Faust was the General Store in Ovando and most of the homesteaders became in debt to them. They became rich by gaining possession of much land.

Woodworth got its name because they opened the post office at the family place. It was formerly called "Park."

Kleinschmidt Flat was named after the first land owners there – the three Kleinschmidt brothers – Reinhold, Albert and Carl.

McCabe Mountain and McCabe Creek were named after a rancher there.

Danaher Ranch was in the Bob Marshall Wilderness and everything was packed in on horses. My brother Frank Doney had something to do with it.

MacNamara Landing got its name because when they would have log drives down the river, (there was a bar and a place to eat there), the men would land there and have a good time. It is where the river meets the road this side of Potomac.

"THIS IS WHERE I WAS BORN"

I see Old Ovando Mountain
Covered with drifting snow
I see the wild horses headin'
For the Open Range below.
I see Monture Mountain
Covered with winter's white
I see a place on the hillside,
Where Two Buck deer had a fight.
I see the great Drummond Mountains
Sage Brush and juniper trees,
Covered with winter snow
It reaches my horse's Knees.
I see the Grand Old Rimrocks,
Covered with a blanket of white
Waiting for spring's warm sunshine
To remove the winter's might.
I see the gray hills in the distance
Swept by an Icy breeze
I hear the howl of a Coyote
He's hunting among the trees.
I see Open range in the distance
Free from winter snow
The only place in God's Country

Where the Wild life can go.
And when everything is done
This is the place I want to go.

EVERETT "POP" DONEY

POP'S STORY — 82 YEARS IN MONTANA

My father was born in Egypt, Illinois in Randolph County in 1847 and my mother was born Martha Zander in Mineral Point, Wisconsin February 2, 1859. Mother and Dad were married there in 1877. Father's name was Edward D. Doney.

They came West with the Joe Teno Family and I think some of Mother's family in the times when a covered wagon was the only way to travel with oxen and horses and dodging the Indians. They came to Deer Lodge in 1880 and from there to Pioneer, at that time a thriving gold mining town. They lived there about eight years.

Three children were born there. My oldest sister, Mary, I believe, was born in Wisconsin. She told me a few stories about her life in Pioneer when she went to school. The miners were always giving her gold pieces for doing errands for them. She said she was the best speller in her class because she learned to spell from the newspapers that their cabin was papered with, but Mother got tired of her always bothering and reading the wall paper so the next time they papered, she put the letters upside down and Mary had to give up.

There were a few Chinese living in Pioneer and all their cabins had sod roofs on them. It made a good place for a garden, and to make it grow faster, the Chinese emptied their bed pots on the roof. They didn't need any outside toilets that way and had lots of vegetables. I think about that every time I go to a Chinese restaurant.

Mary told me about a few of the hardships they had in those days - how they made her underwear out of flour sacks and how they had to go barefooted and how hard it was to keep food from spoiling. Lots of people got sick from ptomaine poisoning and many people died. They didn't know what caused it because there were no doctors.

We moved to Ovando in 1889 and my father homesteaded at the head of Warren Creek. We soon had a few horses and cows, pigs and chickens. We had a pretty good hay meadow, but it was not easy to make things grow, because summers were too short. We had to live on wild things - berries, game and fish. It was pretty good, but Father had to be gone most of the time working to buy the missing things we had to have.

There were five children born there and I was next to the last in the lot. The last one was born in Missoula. Mother had a doctor for him, but she didn't have any for the rest of us.

I was born on October 5, 1896. Many things happened to the family before I was born and it is pretty hard for me to tell about them.

Fishing was pretty good in those days. I remember my two older sisters would go on horseback to the North Fork of the Blackfoot. It wasn't far from our place and they would ride up the stream on their horse and fish. It sure wouldn't work now.

My brother, Leo was just 21 and he was helping my father on a cribbing job in Missoula. He was carrying a log on his shoulder across some ice when he fell and the log hit his head. It gave him a bad concussion and he passed away.

Another brother of mine drowned in a small creek when he was pretty young.

My father's sister was married to John Weidenfeller and lived nearby. They had a pretty big family. One of the girls married Anton Jacobsen and another married a Geary; they each had a family of their own.

The Early Days on the Homestead at Ovando

We lived in a two story log house with two rooms upstairs and three down, with a small leanto for a milk house or whatever we needed it for, as far back as I remember it. Little Charley drowned before I was born and Leo was killed when I was six years old, but I remember the funeral. Vernon came in later years, so there was six at home. Mary had married and lived in Ovando. Where they all slept, the girls probably had one room upstairs and the boys had the other, Mother and Father when he was home slept down stairs, and of course when I was small I did too, Father worked away from home a lot.

The boys took turns on who would light the fires in the mornings, there was sometimes arguments, but when Father was home they didn't last long, of course he did it most of the time then, there was always wood to be cut and brought in.

As I remember Mother, she was not very tall but pretty plump, she made her own dresses out of percale or gingham, she always wore a gingham apron, her eyes were black as coal and pretty, she wore her hair with a twisted knot on the top of her head and of course in those days no makeup. Mother would wait until it was warm in the house, the first thing she did was to put a big hot cake grill on the Old Home Comfort wood range, and get out the sourdough and probably a pan for eggs. Cooking hotcakes for 6 or 8 people is a pretty big job and they usually had big appetites.

Father was a big tall strong man not fleshy but used to a lot of hardships. As I see him, he usually wore a checkered shirt and waist overalls with big suspenders and heavy shoes or boots, he had dark hair and blue eyes with a pretty big nose and chin whiskers, he looked a little like "Uncle Sam" with the American flag. After breakfast Dad would say in a very positive voice, now let's get at these chores, Bill you slop the hogs, and clean out the pig pen and the barn, Frank you harness up old Bill and King, I have to go to town for supplies and you take care of all the

other things, like hay and wood, send old Carlo after the cows so the girls can milk them. Carlo was our dog and he really knew his business. Dad said now Jessie you are pretty small, but you can gather the eggs and feed the chickens, and help Mother with the dishes. The other girls will have to help with making butter and baking bread. Mother said, I want you to bring me some heavy black and white thread and some yarn so I can darn the socks, and I have butter and eggs and a can of milk to send in. We better check and see if we have kerosene for the lamps and other things before you go, better bring me some mosquito netting to keep the flies out of the cream cans. Rose was the oldest girl at home now and she was pretty good at helping Mother, she was a lot taller than the other girls and a little awkward, she could understand everything and do good work, but she was tongue tied somehow and couldn't talk or pronounce words, she jabbered and Bill was that way too but in later years they overcame that. She tried going to school, such as it was, and a man teacher they had then didn't give her a chance, he said she couldn't learn, it was his fault that she never could read or write. Sometimes I wonder what it did to her, she was smart and learned other things easy, but the thing that made one think she was a little mean was this: I used to play with Carlo the dog and he and I were great pals. He was a big long haired shepherd and real smart. There was a nice meadow near our place and around it some brush and a swamp full of frogs. Carlo and I would play there sometimes and catch frogs. He would get them by one leg and bring them to me; one time I brought a lot of them in a bucket and had them in the blacksmith shop. Rose found my frogs and I found her putting them in the vice and squeezing the insides out of them. How could I forget it. "Oh, she said I like to hear them squeak." Well she did a little of it after Mom got through with her.

Bill came in from doing his chores, he was a tall kid like a bean pole. He had on an old straw hat, just a shirt and what was left of a pair of pants and no shoes. His dark yellow hair was sticking up all over. It seldom ever got combed; he had grey eyes and a slim face. Mother said "Willie did you do a good job?" Willie said yep. Gertie said you didn't clean the pig pen and Frank said how about the barn Bill? Mother said Willie you better go back and do it. Bill said "not by a dad dam site" "I dit te bd tings alte time" He couldn't talk plain. Mother said Willie, wait until your father comes home, well he waited alright, and the first time he said, not by a dad dam site, Father booted him out the door and he changed his mind, now I have introduced you to Bill, he was tongue tied and it took a long time before he got over it. Jessie got along pretty good feeding the chickens and gathering the eggs, but the old rooster gave her a bad time, he seemed to think she was another hen I guess. Sometimes she came back crying; it made her feel a lot better when one day he made a nice dinner for all of us. Jessie was always smaller than the other girls; they all wore dresses in those days, but in the summer they nearly all went barefoot most of the time. She had brown hair and dark eyes and was pretty. I think she was Dad's pet.

Gerty was a little heavier or more plump than the other girls. She was good natured and pretty good looking. She liked to read a lot, sometimes mother made her put her book away and do her work. Frank was always playing tricks on the others. I remember one time mother told hm to bank the potatoes in the garden, it meant to hoe the soil up around the plants so the

potatoes wouldn't get sunburnt, well Frank looked it over and decided it was a pretty big job, so he went to the blacksmith shop and built a small plow out of boards and iron. He talked Bill into playing horse, and he made a game out of it, he fixed a harness, and hooked Bill to the plow and was banking the potatoes. He was doing pretty good until mother saw what was happening and she told him it wasn't fair to Bill just because he was big he didn't need to work him like a horse.

I remember when the kids were smaller they would put slices of potatoes on the edge of the range to cook. Just to be doing something. All the kids had their own slices so Frank made sure they never took his, he spit on all his slices. One day Mother was getting ready to make butter, she had a wooden churn and always scalded it out with boiling water. She was using a small pail to take water from a hot pan on the stove. I ran under the bucket and dumped it on my head. She screamed and I ran to Frank. He put both hands on my head and brushed down. I don't know why but it stopped me from losing my hair. And now I have lots of hair and the others are a little bald.

I was playing near the creek in the meadow one day and saw some fish raising and feeding on grasshoppers when they fell in. I asked Frank to fix me a pole, he cut a nice straight willow and fixed a line and hook on it. So I caught some grasshoppers it sure was fun. All I had to do was put one on the hook and drop it in and there I caught my first fish.

One day a man drove up to the house with a wagon and backed in like he was going to unload something. Dad said "What do you want?" This fellow was a sharp looking character and he said I am going to sell you a stove, and he started to roll it off the end of the wagon. Dad said you are going to break it in pieces but he did it just the same and it didn't break. All the stoves before were made of Cast iron and we always had to be careful not to break different parts. He said, I'll give you this range if you can break one of these lids with a sledge hammer. Well dad tried it and couldn't do it, so he bought the range and it was a real good one and as I remember it was made in 1904 and Mother still used it in 1950.

Frank was always trying to train the horses we had a colt we called him Bogus. He was named right, Bogus means something not what it is supposed to be, and that is the way he was. Frank was always playing jokes on us, and I think the horse learned it from him. I asked Frank if I could ride him, Frank said sure if you think you can. Well Bogus was a pet and very easy to handle. We put a bridle on him and I was real careful and got on him bareback. He didn't seem to care. Pretty soon he started trotting around and I was getting a kick out of it. Then he went a little faster. Suddenly he stopped and I landed on the ground. He looked at me like he was laughing. I rode him a lot after that and I never could tell when he would do something. I usually landed on the ground if I didn't have a saddle on him. There was a gate on the road leading out of our meadow and it had a peg with a small rope tied to it holding the gate shut so the cattle or something couldn't push it open, well this didn't bother Bogus. He would pull that peg out just to show us he could do it. He let the other animals out sometimes, but didn't go himself. One time he chased all the calves into the barn and wouldn't let them out. He found a tricle of oats

leaking out of a small granery we had. It was coming out through a crack and he would kick it and get more to come, finally the crack got bigger and he got more oats, he did pretty good until we found out about it.

One day Jessie and Gertie decided they would go hunting for some grouse, Gertie took an old shotgun and Jessie had the single shot 22 rifle, well they did a little hunting and sat down on a log to rest, something started an argument about the guns for some reason Gertie pointed the shotgun at Jessie for a minute and then set it down standing up along side the log well it went off but only made a big hole in the air. It scared them girls pretty bad. They came home and sat around with white faces until Mother made them tell what happened and how they could have blown Jessie's head off. She told them they better leave the hunting to the boys.

One day a Mr. Statler came to our place and wanted a place to stay and hunt bear, he was a heavy set man. I think he was of German descent and talked broken English. He had a lot of hunting dogs of all sizes and kinds. Mother told him he could stay in the bunk house but he would have to be careful his dogs didn't get into trouble on the ranch. He had one little black and white Fox Terrier and I asked him how could he hunt bear and he said, Dat little fellow makes the bear so mad when he jumps around so fast he is the best one I got. Well our old dog Carlo didn't like so many dogs around and he did something about it. We had a big porch on the front of the house and Carlo always slept under it. There was several board steps with just enough room between each step for Carlo to watch the dogs going up and down on the Porch. Pretty soon he started biting legs as they went by, it wasn't long until Mr. Statler told Dad he had to leave the ranch because most of his dogs were only walking on three legs. Well Dad got a kick out of it, he didn't want him there either.

Somebody gave Jessie a white pony and she named him Snowball. He was a pretty nice little saddle horse but he was no match for Bogus when it came to racing. Jessie and Gertie used to ride them a lot, but they always put saddles on them and didn't take chances like I did and give Bogus a chance to have some fun. One day they got into an argument about racing and Jessie said she could win riding backwards, they were setting on their horses and just for fun Jessie turned and sat backwards, well I guess Bogus thought it was a chance to have some fun and he started to run, of course Snowball did too, it was fun for Bogus but not for Jessie she was a pretty sick girl before they got them horses stopped.

Sometimes Carlo and I used to go play in a brushy area in the lower end of our meadow, not too far from the Joe Murphy place, while playing there we found dead turkeys laying around. We thought we should tell Mr. Murphy so we did. I had never seen turkeys and didn't know they had any. Well Mr. Murphy wasn't very nice. He said me and my dog did it and went and told Dad so. Well that was the wrong thing to do. Dad told Mr. Murphy he didn't have any more brains than the turkeys did or he would never had turned them out in this wild country. Any number of animals could of done it. Mr. Murphy got a little tough about it and I thought he was going to look like one of those turkeys if he didn't shut up. Dad would of broken him into with

one fist. He was easy to get along with but had a bad temper if riled. He hardly ever had to fight any one because he looked too big and tough.

Jessie and Gertie went for a ride on their ponies and stopped at Antone Jacobson's place, he was an Uncle of ours. He said he was going to get a talking machine or phonograph as they called it later and asked if we wanted to come over and listen to it. Well that was something in those days and we all climbed into the big wagon and went. I'll never forget how we all sit so quiet and listened to that thing with little cylinder records and a big horn, it played old songs and other music. It was a little scratchy but we enjoyed every bit of it. It was the first we had ever seen.

One day a party of 6 people came by on horseback from some other town they said they were going back in the hills and would be back later and wanted to know if they could get something to eat when they came back. Of course they would pay for it. Dad told them he thought it would be OK with Mom, but after they were gone Mom said, what will I feed them, all the meat I have is bear meat. Dad said, hell put a big roast in the oven and season it good and they won't know the difference. Well she did and when they came in that evening she gave them roast bear meat, potatoes and gravy, home made bread and real good butter and coffee. Well they said it was the best roast they ever had, and they really filled up. After they left Dad said if they knew they had eaten bear meat they would be sick. Mom said they paid her double for it.

Dad told Mom, we better watch them kids more. Jessie almost got hurt on that damn horse and Gertie almost shot her. Frank got shot hunting deer one time. We are lucky so far, but let's be more careful. "Where is Bill?" nothing has happened to him yet. Mom said he took the shotgun and went duck hunting. Dad said he will probably shoot himself instead of the duck. About that time Bill showed up and he was pretty proud of himself he had a nice wild goose, the first we had in a long time. Mom said well we will have some roast goose and it will be good. Frank said Bill how did you get him, Bill said I sneaked up on him and he didn't see me. Frank was looking the goose over and he was laughing. We asked what is so funny and he said that poor goose only had one eye and Bill sneaked up on him. Well Bill said if you don't like it you don't eat any roast goose, "smarty".

In those days Bill and I had been going to school, they had built a school house about 2 ½ miles from our place and called it the Dry Gulch school, the other kids had gone to the Ovando School about 5 miles, now they weren't going anymore so we went the best way we could. Bill had an old bike and I rode Bogus. I have often thought in later years that Bogus learned more than I did. That school was one big room with a stove in the middle and rough board seats with a board for a desk to write on. All the kids could listen to the other grades recite and it wasn't easy for anyone to keep his or her mind on their own work. At first everything was strange to me. I had never seen the teacher or the kids and I wondered about things. They got water from a spring in the brush nearby, and it had a lot of water snakes in it. I didn't like snakes but some of the boys would play with them and sometimes scare the teacher with them. I wondered why they had two outside toilets, we only had one at home. We had a nice big two holer and it did

just as well and sometimes wasn't so lonesome. I couldn't read but I soon found out I didn't belong in one of them. There wasn't any playground equipment and things like the kids have now, but it was fun to chase the ground squirrels, there was lots of them. Some of the larger boys thought it would be fun to catch them and put their brand on them like their fathers did cattle, so they got some haywire and formed it into a brand probably the first letter in their name or something like that, well they would chase a squirrel down his hole and with a stout cord make a loop and circle the hole with it. Sometimes he came up just a little to look around and with a quick jerk they had him. Of course it didn't always work. They used a pair of gloves or a rag to hold his head and after a few exciting minutes they made a little fire and put their brand on him and then turned him loose. This happened several times and I can remember some of the kids looking out of the school house windows and saying, There goes my squirrel with my brand on him.

We had two first cousins going to the school a boy and a girl, Peter and Anna Jacobsen. Peter was about my age and Anna was the youngest. I played with Pete a lot and we had a lot of arguments about our horses, he had an old white pony that he and his sister both rode to school. He always said that his horse could beat mine. One day the older boys heard us and to settle it they put a wood chip on my shoulder and dared Pete to knock it off. We didn't want to fight but they made us. It wasn't much of a contest so they made us race the horses to settle it. Bogus settled that, he knew all about racing and he won of course. Bogus won in other races he was pretty fast, we were always good friends after that.

At home we were all talking about the fourth of July celebration at Ovando it usually was a big event of the year. They usually built a large enclosure of Fir trees and boughs so we could eat our food in the shade, and we had lots of good eats, of course there were races and games, fire crackers, horse bucking contest, lots of drinking, dancing and fights.

My father was a very big strong man. He stood 6 ft. 4 inches and weighed 230 lbs., and was all bone and muscle. For some reason he walked nearly every place he went. My sister, Jessie told me he would walk across the mountains from Ovando to Pioneer. He had to cross two rivers to do that. I don't believe there were any bridges to cross on. He, with some other men, built the first real telephone line to Ovando from Drummond and helped survey most of the country later. One thing I liked was the way he played the violin once in a while and sang a little.

There's one story that I'll always remember – just like other things that stick in a kid's memory when he grows up. Father never drank very much, but this one time he took the team and wagon and went to town. It was getting late when he came back and we could hear him singing a mile away. When he came close we could see that one wheel on the wagon had only a few spokes on it, but it was still going around and holding the wagon up. He came up to the house singing and picking up parts of the wheel as they fell off and throwing them in the box on the

wagon. He had been doing that all the way from town. The next day he put the wheel back together again and soaked it in the creek and it was OK.

I have often wondered if the people using oxen to travel with did it to save energy like we try to save gas. Horses eat more than cattle and would not get any more mileage.

This probably doesn't belong in this story but I put it in just for a thought.

When the Fourth of July was celebrated in Ovando, it was something else. The first one I went to was when I was about 8 years old. I had saved pennies and small change for a long time and we went to town. Everything was wild. I bought firecrackers and candy and watched everybody get drunk, fight, dance, have races, and ride the wildest horses in the country. When a cowboy got on a horse, he was on his own. Nobody helped him get off like they do now. Sometimes the horse took out of town. I don't believe the cowboys today would even try it.

I wandered around having a pretty good time until I had to find a toilet. I waited a little too long and made a run for the back of one store. Well, I made it but it was locked. It was too late anyhow, so I pulled my pants off and unloaded the best I could. I had a pretty good time the rest of the day, but for some reason I couldn't get away from myself. I guess it was a pretty good way to celebrate the Fourth of July.

My sister, Jessie, at one time, taught school at the Dry Gulch School where I went. It was near the ranch.

Frank was a real western cowboy; he drove stage and freight wagons and later was a packer for the Forest Service.

Mary became quite an artist and sold many good pictures.

Bill, Vernon and I all became electricians. I was the last because I had a lot of other experiences.

Gertie was the only girl who raised a family. Jessie is still alive and is 90 years old - the only girl left.

EVERETT: STORY OF MY LIFE

I am going to try to write the story of my life just to pass the time and bring back old memories. I may not do a good job of it, but I don't think there will be a great loss in trying.

To begin with, I was born in 1896 at Ovando, Montana. My parents were Edward Doney and Martha Doney. I don't know why, but they named me Everett. Our home was in the wilderness and mother had ten children. She was only able to have a doctor for two of them.

Many of the things that happened in my childhood are easier to remember than later years. We did not have the things we have now. No telephone, electricity, no cars, no T.V. or radio. And

we never had very much food from a store. Probably flour, sugar and salt. We lived on our own – what we could grow and wild game.

The only fruit we had was wild berries. I remember when we went to pick huckleberries. Mother told me to make a lot of noise to keep the bears away and it usually worked.

In the days when I was very young, Ovando was sort of a wild western town. Things just happened and seemed to be soon forgotten. One of my brothers was drowned at the age of five and another one was killed by a timber falling on him on a construction job. I was almost killed when a big derrick pole fell where I was driving a team of horses. I was about eleven years old and it just missed me by inches.

My brother Frank told me he was in the saloon in Ovando and shooting started outside. A man came in with his lower jaw gone. Of course, he didn't last long.

I think this will give you some of the ideas of what the early days in Ovando were like. There are many more stories I think I could tell, but I am going to explain it this way.

My father and two brothers are buried in the Ovando cemetery and a few years ago, my sister Jessie and I went there and helped install a gravestone for them. While there, I spent an hour or so looking over the old graves there, and believe me, nearly all of them brought back to me the story of their death. I think I could write a very interesting history of their lives by just sitting there and remembering the things that happened years ago.

A few years after we moved to Missoula, a man whose name was Erbey went to a farmer on Monture Creek and asked for work. He felt sorry for him and let him work there. Later on the rancher disappeared and Erbey was doing pretty well selling off the ranch, hay and storage. The other people in Ovando began to investigate. They found Mr. Erbey had killed the farmer and fed his body to the hogs. Of course, he went to jail. The farmer's name was Cunningham.

But I told this story because I played with the Erbey person when we were boys about 11 years old and he tried to choke me then, with a rope. He also tried to scare me with a knife at my throat. Every time we drove past that ranch in later years, I thought of that.

I remember my two older brothers used to go hunting about two miles from our ranch. There was a big meadow where we cut hay and later it was made into a reservoir. It was there they would get up in a tree and wait for the deer to come out. It usually worked because the deer did not smell them up the tree. One time my brother Frank dropped his gun – an old 44-40 rifle – a pretty big gun. It discharged going down and he was shot through his body near the watch pocket of his overalls. It took out part of one rib.

He got down out of the tree and another brother helped him get on a horse. He made it the two miles to the ranch and there was not a chance to get a doctor. He nearly passed away but in three days a doctor came. Frank finally made it and lived to be 90 years old. My mother told that I said to wrap him up good and he would get better – and he did.

Frank drove stage and freight wagons and was a real cowboy later.

My father was not at home very much. He worked different places. At one time, he burned and prepared charcoal for the blacksmiths in mining camps. He also helped survey the country. We were all glad when he came home. He played a violin and sang some; we never had any other music.

I had a horse of my own and rode it to school – about 2 ½ miles. We went in the summer always and not in the winter because there was too much snow. I remember one time I stopped at my uncle's ranch on my way home from school. He gave me two lambs for myself as pets. Well, he put them in a sack and I started home with them across the saddle in front of me. I went a little way and felt sorry for them, so I made a hole for them for air. It was a mistake. One of them jumped out and the horses stepped on it. That finished it, but I got home with the other one. It grew to be a pretty good size. Buck sheep, of course, I made a pet of it, but I didn't dare turn my back to it. I loved that sheep but not so much after he busted me a few times.

One morning, I looked out the upstairs window and there was my sheep hanging by his heels. My dad needed some meat for the hay crew.

I guess I started out in life doing the wrong things. Once, when I was pretty small, I had a little homemade wagon that my brother made for me. I went out in the woods and in my travels, I found a mother skunk. It didn't try to get away from me. I guess I thought it was a cat, so I hit it on the head with a stick and put it in my wagon. Then I found a lot of young ones and put them with their mother. That was OK by them, of course. By that time I couldn't smell them. When I got home with my wagonload of skunks it was something else. Mother asked how I could stand that smell. I said I kind of liked it. Nobody liked me for a while.

Those were happy days for me. I can remember how I used to catch fish in the small stream near the home with a willow pole. Sometimes a bent pin served as a hook. I think I was about eight or nine years old then.

I forgot to tell about the things that we did at the school. I was not at Ovando. They called it the Dry Gulch School – near the Jacobsen ranch. It was just a one-room schoolhouse with two outside toilets. We got our water from a spring nearby and it always had water snakes in it. Of course, some of the kids used them to scare the teacher.

Several of us rode horses to school and we had races sometimes. There were a lot of ground squirrels and we used to catch them with a loop around their holes. When they came out, we made our brands out of haywire and branded them like our father did cattle. There wasn't any playground so we had to do something.

There were a lot of tall cottonwood trees near the school. We played "Follow the Leader" and got up in these trees and swung from one to another like Tarzan. I often wondered how we ever did it, and didn't break our necks.

On the way home from school one time, my brother Bill and Joe Murphy roped a couple of calves. I don't know who they belonged to. Well, they castrated them and roasted their Rocky Mountain oysters over a fire, like their fathers did. I guess they wanted to show how big they were.

Once we caught a couple of badgers, and while they were knocked out, tied them to a pole and brought them home. It didn't meet with my father's approval, as we could have been hurt by them.

I never played golf in my life, but every spring on the ranch pasture, there were cow patty piles sticking up high where they were made on the snow. Father made me sort of a golf club and I had to play golf with the patties to spread them around – that was my first job.

I have to go back a little and tell you of some of the trips we used to take from Ovando to Missoula in a covered wagon. It took two days to travel 60 miles and we always camped at Potomac overnight. It was there that I saw my first steam locomotive. It was a logging train working near where we camped.

They called the way we traveled “roads” but they were almost trails and if we met anybody on a high grade, it was almost impossible to pass each other. We always watched ahead and called to them so one of us could turn out where the road was wider.

Now the same 60 miles that took us two days to travel takes about one hour.

I saw my first automobile in 1906 and it was really something when a team of horses met an auto. It nearly always caused a lot of trouble.

Well, in Missoula it was very much different. We were very new to city ways and the other kids made fun of us. About the first year I had quite a few fights, but finally things got better. I was ten or eleven years old and had no father to go to for help. My older brother Bill went to work serving his time to be an electrician. Frank, the one who got shot, was driving stage and was not home.

Three of my sisters were married, but one of them, Jessie, was with us and she worked in a hotel. I had a younger brother, but he was just old enough to start school.

I guess I am getting ahead of my story. I think I should mention when we came to Montana. It was in the 1880s and we first lived in a gold mining town called Pioneer. Three of the family were born there. My brother Frank was a babe in arms when they drove the golden spike at Gold Creek joining the two ends (East and West) of the railroad.

Later on we moved to Ovando and the rest of the kids, including myself were born there – five of them, the youngest in Missoula.

My father's brother made three trips from Wisconsin driving oxen in the times when the Indians were bad. He said he was scalped once, but not by the Indians. The oxen were running to get away from them and he fell under the wagon and a wheel took his scalp off.

Well, I have the story of his life and it is quite a story.

Getting back to the first days in Missoula, I started by going to the Lowell School. At that time, it was a two-room schoolhouse with two teachers. The next year they decided to build a larger building and moved it to where it is right now in the 1400 block of Phillips Street. Well, while they were building the new one, they transferred us to the Whittaker School across the railroad tracks, and believe me, we walked. No buses like they have now. But the kids over there didn't like us and every day we had a fight coming home. I guess that is where I got some of my training. It became useful in later years.

In 1908 we had a lot of high water and I can remember seeing houses washing down the river. Once I saw a large chicken house with chickens on top of it. I think at that time the Higgins Avenue Bridge washed out and they built a swinging bridge for foot passengers. It sure was fun going across it.

In 1910 we had some of the worst fires. It was burning nearly all the way from Wallace, Idaho to west of Missoula.

I was playing baseball in those days. We had Twilight Leagues and we couldn't hardly play – it was that smokey.

I remember the first job I ever had. I had a bicycle I had bought by selling beer bottles and with the help of Jessie and Bill. Well, at that time the Garden City Floral was a small fruit store run by Jim and Sam Caras, a couple of Greeks. I worked for them delivering fruit all over town with my bicycle. My pay was \$3.50 per week.

They were pretty good to me and let me have all the fruit that looked a little bad. I brought a lot of it home to mother. She was running a boarding house at that time and it was a great help.

Later the Garden City Florist grew to be a big business, but at that time I was the only transportation they had.

Something happened to me as a teenager that I'll never forget. A story was told of a ghost cabin a few miles from Missoula - a wild country at that time called Fish Creek. A violent death had happened there and it seemed that a ghost of a woman had been seen at night walking near the cabin and carrying a baby. Well, the story interested us so several of us decided to go there and see what it was all about. We caught a ride on a freight train and got to Fish Creek at night. The first night we built a fire and slept on a hill near the railroad. All night we listened to wild animals and a bobcat was crying like a baby. We knew what it was but it made us think of the baby this ghost was carrying. It was a little scary for us kids at night. But the next day we found the cabin and went all through it. We found it was fixed to scare people. There were things to

make noises here and there just so it would fool somebody after night. While we were looking around we kicked a lot of paper and rags over a big hole in the ceiling upstairs, not realizing what we had done.

That night we decided to sleep in the cabin, so we stretched out on the lower floor. A rat or something must have caused that stuff to come falling down through that hole. We couldn't see what it was, but we thought for sure it was a ghost. We all got the scare of our lives and left in a hurry.

I guess I shouldn't be telling all this stuff, but it just bring back memories and, after all, I am just writing this to pass the time.

I think of all the hard times we had living without much income. I used to gather coal along the railroad for fuel and pick up wood to keep the house warm.

After a while, mother married again and it was a mistake. She married Godfrey Hollenback and he promised to provide for her and my brother and me and to send us through school.

He owned a saloon and a small hotel and livery stable for the stage horses on the Blackfoot River where the Clearwater River runs into the Blackfoot.

It is not there any more and not many people remember it being there.

Mother took over the hotel and I helped her all I could, besides cleaning out the stables and hauling water in barrels for the hotel. Believe me, it was primitive and old-fashioned.

I did a lot of fishing there and it was real good then. We used the fish at the hotel and I gave a lot to the people who came there.

My stepfather drank a lot and sometimes was unreasonable. I never did like him and he found fault with me. One morning at the breakfast table we disagreed about something and he hit me in the face with his first. It made my nose bleed. I was pretty big for my age -- 16 I think — and was pretty used to fighting. I got him down on the floor and beat the hell out of him and my nose was dripping blood in his face all the time. When he got up he looked like he had been in a butcher shop.

Well, he went to his bedroom and got his rifle. He told me if I didn't leave there, he would kill me.

The next time the stage went to Missoula, I did too, but Mother would not let me go outside before I left. She didn't trust him.

That is where bad times started for me. I wanted to go to school, but it just didn't work. My sister Jessie got married and lived in the old home - her husband was a carpenter. They let me stay with them for a while. He and another man built a large roller skating rink building and I worked there at night putting on skates for people. It was OK for a while. I learned how to skate

real well, but it didn't work too well for me trying to keep awake in school. I tried for a year and things made me think I wasn't wanted with them. I went from one relative to another. One sister of mine was married to a real character. I think he was a little crazy. I was with them a little while and one day he got angry with me. I guess he was going to kill me. He picked up a long tooth carving fork and came after me with it. I thought this was my finish. Somehow, I grabbed his arm and took it away from him. He wasn't a very big man and I was able to do it. I left there.

I had one brother-in-law that was real good to me. I lived with them one winter. We went on a fishing trip one time and camped out with just a packsack overnight on the Blackfoot River. The next day while fishing, he had a heart attack and fell right into the river. I heard him scream and somehow got him out and saved his life. He never forgot me for it, but later he and my sister separated. I left them and went to my brother Frank. He was going to make a shoemaker out of me. They had a shop. I tried it for a while but it didn't appeal to me.

They moved to Deer Lodge and opened a shop. I went with them and got a job as a machinist's helper in the railroad shops. I played baseball with the ball team there and I remember one time the prison had a convict ball team that was supposed to play and was short two men. I suppose they couldn't be trusted that way and another fellow and I filled in and played with the convicts.

We made a trip to Butte one weekend and found it to be pretty wild. I saw things there like bad show places and full city blocks of women selling themselves, people drinking and fighting. We never went back.

One day while working on a big locomotive in the shop, I fell off the top of it and I'll never know why it didn't kill me. I hit the floor in a clear place and just rolled.

Two boys that worked there with me and played ball with me wanted to go to work in the harvest fields. They wanted to go to Washington but I suggested that we go to Ovando and work in the hay fields because I was acquainted there and could get jobs for us. We did that and worked on the old Hammond ranch. From there we went to Missoula and caught a freight train for Spokane. It was pretty warm in box cars and it is a long way to Spokane when you don't have any water.

We were put off the train after a while and started walking. I don't remember all the details, but we didn't have any money and were hungry. We tried one thing that helped a lot -- we would bum a dime and buy a loaf of bread and steal some potatoes out of a garden and eat raw spuds and bread. It really tasted good. After eating that way for a while, I began to smell like a yeastcake.

Well, we decided to try to catch a ride on a passenger train. We tried it. I was told it was possible to curl up and hang onto the steps between the cars. I tried it but got enough of it fast -- the first stop that the train made, I got off. I had to do it before it went clear into the station

or I probably would have been arrested. I wasn't used to getting off the trains and it sure spread me all over the platform, but I didn't get caught. I never tried that again and I guess I was lucky I didn't get killed.

After walking and starving and beggin, we finally made it to Spokane. I bummed a few nickels and got coffee and doughnuts for a nickel. I think that was about 1912. It probably would be 50 cents now.

That night we had to find a place to sleep. After looking around, we found a buggy behind a hardware store. We decided that we could take the big canvas that it was covered with off and sleep under the canvas. Well, we just got started to make our bed when a watchman came out of the back door and pointed a gun at us. He made us go into the store and he called the police. But before they came, he tried to open the front door with the pistol in his hand and the gun went off and shot a hole in the door. He was a lot more excited than we were. We were just tired and hungry. The police came and put us in jail. After we told them what we were doing there, and that all we wanted was a place to sleep, they said we had it and should have come to them first. They also told us that somebody had robbed that store recently and that was why the watchman was so nervous.

They let us go the next morning and we started for Hartline, Washington, where one of the boys was from. It was a long hike and we postponed a lot of meals. We finally made it. They gave us a job and after the first good meal since leaving Montana, we started to work. At that time, they didn't have all the machinery they do now. The wheat was cut and bundled, hauled to a stack and then threshed. We were given the job of pitching bundles into the wagons with a fork. It was pretty hard work and we put in 12 hours every day. We didn't have any gloves and our hands got blisters on them and finally were poisoned from the wheat or something. They were in such shape that we were put on other jobs. I drove a derrick team pulling a fork that put the wheat through the thresher from the stack. They really fed us well -- a good breakfast and a lunch between the three big meals. We sure needed it working from sun-up 'til dark. We slept in the straw stack and I never had a change of clothes since I left Montana.

After a few weeks, I had to give up and went to town in Heartline to cash my check. I believe we made \$3 a day, but it was lots of money. Then, when they cashed my check, I counted it and didn't tell them but there were two ten dollar bills stuck together. I took the train back to Spokane and bought a change of clothing, went to a barber shop and took a bath and a hair cut. I sure wasn't the same person when I walked out of that barber shop.

I rode the passenger train back to Missoula - and not on the steps either.

In Missoula where I knew people, things were different. I went to see my brothers and sisters, but I didn't want to stay with them. I had had enough of that. A friend of mine had a house all to himself -- he was an orphan. I guess his folks were gone, and he asked me to come and "bach" with him, so I did. It wasn't long until we had two other boys with us in the same fix.

This "baching" was OK. We made a gym out of the front room. We had boxing matches and I learned a lot there that became useful later.

But the groceries were a problem with no income – only just from odd jobs once in a while. One of the boys had been working for a fellow who had lots of pigs in the orchard homes area. He didn't like the man for some reason, and he talked us into stealing a pig. I didn't like it but was outvoted. We borrowed a horse and light wagon from a brother of one of the boys. We didn't tell him what we were going to do with it.

At night we went to the hog pen and hit one of the hogs in the head with a hammer. All he did was make one grunt. We had quite a time getting him into the wagon, but we did. We knew we had to stick the pig so he would bleed, and we did. We started for home with that pig bleeding and making a good trail to follow. At least that is what the sheriff said next morning in the paper.

It scared the hell out of us. We didn't know the trail wasn't good enough all the way so we never got caught. We butchered that pig on the kitchen table. We had to skin it. We couldn't scald it like we should have, and dumped all the remains into the outside toilet. We worked nearly all night cutting that pig up into roasts and steaks. The next morning, after we heard about the sheriff, we decided to move it. We took it over to my sister's home on the north side. She said they would take care of it. They sure as hell did. When the scare was over, I went over to get the meat and it was nearly all gone. I guess they were hungry too. I never stole another pig – it doesn't pay.

Later I went to work for the railroad. We were a paint crew, living in outfit cars and going from one station to another and painting stations and bridges. It was pretty interesting. I worked there one whole season or more and for some reason, the boss liked me. He made me a boss of the crew. I didn't know much but I did it anyhow.

I had been telling him about us being pioneers and about my uncle who had made so many trips across the plains. Well, he was interested. I told him he lived near where we were at that time near Gold Creek. The next morning he asked me to take a walk with him down the railroad track. The crew was busy on a bridge and I thought he was going to show me some other work to be done. But after going a little way, he said "Let's take a walk over the hill and see your uncle." Well, I had never been there, and wasn't sure where it was. But we had no trouble finding it. He had an old prospector's cabin and a few horses as old as he was and a long gray beard, white hair — a real picture. When I told him I was his nephew, he cried and said I was the only one who ever came to see him. He used to come to Missoula but not very often. He wanted to give us something to remember him by, so he showed us his mine. It was just a hole in the hill and a wheelbarrow to take the pay dirt out and dump it in a pile. He took a few pans and washed out some gold and put it in small bottles for each of us.

We asked him why he didn't pan it all out, and he said if I did, somebody would probably steal it and if I leave it, it's there to use as I want it. This is my bank."

He died a few years after that and I always wanted to go back and see what happened to his claim, but I never did, somehow. That has been over 50 years ago.





The First World War was going on and they were drafting all my friends, so I left the job and, with two other boys, went to Spokane to enlist in the Navy. At that time, there wasn't much call for Navy men. They didn't have any recruiting office nearer than Spokane. We went through examinations there and they didn't want us, I guess. There were about 60 in one room and the officer told me to get my clothes on – that I was the only one that made it. My two buddies were sent home to wait for the draft. Well, they sent me to Portland, Oregon and from there to Bremerton, Washington. I was 21 years old and weighed 165 lbs. and must have been in pretty good shape because the training they gave us there was pretty rough.

I was there about four weeks and while there, took part in boxing and other activities. One time there was a smoker held for entertainment and I was in it. I don't think I was really that good, but I knocked my opponent out.

They transferred a bunch of us to San Diego to barracks in Balboa Park, at that time – now it is a zoo. We were there for a while waiting to go aboard ship. That story about me boxing in Bremerton followed me and I had trouble staying out of matches.

When we finally went aboard ship, the first duty we had was to coal ship in the most primitive way. A large barge was brought next to ours and we formed lines passing baskets of coal from one to another and another line was passing the baskets back empty. They were just tossing the empty ones. You would catch one and throw it and turn and catch another one. I think I turned too slow once and got a basket right in the face. I was injured then and had to get fixed up.

The ship was the USS Vicksburg and a real old one. It had been in the Spanish American War in the Battle of Manilla Bay. Believe it or not, it was a gunboat with sails and I had to learn to fuel them and use them to sail with. Today when I tell the sailors of today about this and other things we did on that ship, they can't believe it.

The ship had eight four-inch guns and a smaller one off the quarter deck. The decks were wood, and we had to keep them clean. If anybody was caught spitting on the deck, he would have a spittoon tied from his neck and be given a mop to use probably for a day or so.

To get the deck in shape we did a thing called "Holystoning." We used a brick with a hole in the center and a mop stick to push it back and forth with sand and water to get the boards clean.

Everybody was given a bucket and he got that full of fresh water every day to wash himself and then rinse off with salt water. He would dump what was left into a barrel to save to wash his own clothes with and rinse them in salt water. We had to learn how to roll our clothes and fold them to get the wrinkles out and keep them that way for inspection. There was no laundry.

We slept in hammocks on the upper decks most of the time.

The first time we started out to sea, it was my first time on the water. It never occurred to me that I might get sea sick. But when all the other sailors, or most of them, started throwing up, it was something to see. Some of them lay around like they were dying. Of course we didn't all get sick and I never did. There were many times I had to do things because the other fellows were not able to. We had our watches to stand, and this ship had a crow's nest watch up high on the mast pole. It was rough up there, swinging back and forth. There was a bucket up there to throw up in, but one day it was running over and dripping on the deck. The officer in charge sent me up there to lower that bucket of puke. Well, I damned near got sick that time.

We were sent to Old Mexico to watch some interned German ships there, but we didn't do a lot. Once in a while, we would maneuver around and do things for training. One time, one of the officers got the idea we needed to do a little practicing with a rifle. I think at that time a lot of them had never fired a rifle. Training time had been too short for anything but infantry drill, boat drill and other things. So he lined us up on the ship, gave us ammo and told us to fire the rifles separately at something on the water. He was instructing each one as they fired. When he

came to me, he asked if I knew how. I said I did. "Well," he said, "let's see you shoot it." I said "What do you want me to hit?" He said "See that roll of paper out there. Hit it." Well, it was going up and down with the waves and it wasn't easy, but I lined the sights with it and when it came up, I hit it and blew it to pieces. He looked surprised and I said "What will I hit now." He said "Hit the pieces." He asked where I was from and I said "Montana." He said "Oh, I see."

Once we anchored near an uninhabited island. We were short of meat on board ship, so they sent a couple of boats out to fish. While there, they let us go onto this island. I don't know where it is and have often wondered. We found some graves with old crosses on them and bones here and there. The beaches were alive with all kinds of life – shellfish of all kinds and small octopus and crabs. We brought back a lot of clams on board ship by making sacks out of our undershirts. We had quite a feast cooking these clams in a bucket with the steam hose.

Some Mexicans came by near that island and sold us oysters in the shells that were supposed to be pearl oysters. We paid ten cents for each one and I was lucky – got several white ones, but one had a pretty black one in it. Later I put it in the bottle of gold my uncle gave me. Later I think they were stolen.

One time they had swimming call and some of us were in the water already when sharks appeared. That stopped the swimming, but one fellow in the bunch wanted to catch a shark so he got a big bacon rind somewhere and with a big grapple hook in it on a rope, he dropped it over the side and a shark grabbed it. Boy, did they get in trouble. The shark bounced around and they had trouble keeping out of its way. It was rough getting it overboard again and they got in trouble with the officers for doing it.

I guess in every gathering of people there is always somebody that you don't like and there were some boys from Texas that I didn't like. They would steal if given a chance and tried to act smart. One fellow especially, I knocked on his fanny several times. But one time, we were painting the steel scuffers on the edge of the wood decking and (he started it) we walked in the paint barefooted and on the clean deck. Of course we were in trouble. I was made to fight in the next smoker. Well, this time I was oversure of myself and the other guy was bigger than I. This time I didn't duck at the right time and I got my nose broken. I went around for several days with it plugged up and fixed so it grew back.

Well, we made many trips here and there and I cannot tell all that happened. In fact, it is hard to remember everything.

One time, we went in drydock in San Quentin. Well, anyhow, there was a prison there. We saw armed guards using prisoners for work. While there, they let us go on furloughs to get us out of the way, I guess. Several of us who didn't have any home to go to went to Los Angeles. I think there were four of us who rented an apartment together and the only thing we could buy then was beer and wine. That was enough and we got loaded. I wasn't used to it and went for a walk, not knowing where I was and a little sick. When I finally came out of it, I was in Chinatown or something and for some reason, was cold. Finally, I went into a restaurant and got some oyster

stew. It made me feel better, so I started wandering around. Then I went and had some more oyster stew.

I kept walking and got into better surroundings. Pretty soon, I came to a big dance hall. They called it Solomon's Hall. There were a lot of soldiers and sailors there and real good music. I always liked to dance, so I went in there. There were so many other servicemen, it didn't look like there would be a chance to find a girl. A girl near me seemed to be alone and I asked her if she wanted to dance. I guess she had just come in. She said yes. It surprised the hell out of me. She sure was good looking. We started to dance. I was supposed to have tickets and didn't know it, but she said she had some. She was a real good dancer and we got along fine. After a few dances, she said let's get some refreshments and we sat at a table and ordered soft drinks. We were talking and getting acquainted pretty well when she hit a tall drink she had and spilled it all over her dress. It was a mess. She said "I am going to have to go and change. Will you come with me." Well, I did, but we never went back to the dance hall. I think we were together for about two days. I think that was the first girl that I ever was nuts about, and she acted the same about me. When I finally went back to the apartment where the boys were, they had just decided to get the police to look for me. I didn't tell them everything, but said I was having a good time.

I exchanged letters with that girl all the rest of the time I was in the Navy and when I was discharged I went back and saw her again. She said good-bye and cried at the railroad station. We planned to get tied up some day, but I wrote to her afterward and have never heard from her.

I was discharged from active duty from the USS Vicksburg on February 6, 1919 – and from the Naval Reserve Force on September 30, 1931. I came back to Missoula in February and later went to work for the railroad carshops.

Mother had separated from Mr. Hollenbach and, with the help of Jessie and Mary I think, started to buy a home at 1526 Phillips Street. I went to live there.

It was the moonshine days and there were no saloons, but home brew factories in lots of homes had hoe-down dances and moonshine in private bottles. I started playing baseball in the twilight leagues and was having a pretty good time. I got pretty serious with a girl and she wanted me to go to Portland, Oregon because she was. It was a mistake, but I quit my job and went. I had a check coming for back pay and the bookkeeping person said he would send it to my brother Bill's address there. He and his family were living there at that time. I went to Portland and got a job in the Multnomah Iron Works. Everything went along fine for a while. My girl friend came out there. We had fun and I had great expectations until I found out she was married and trying to separate. I left it that way. Later a couple of friends of mine came out there and we got together; we all ended up broke and were really desperate. After talking it over, we decided to hold somebody up in the park to get enough to eat, at least. Well, we were

about to do it when Bill brought me a check from my old job for my back pay. I gave them something to go on, and came back to Missoula. I guess something was looking after me.

After a lot of talking and promises, I got my job back on the railroad. This time they put me to work helping to build steel cars and I worked with two men I really liked. Everything was fine until 1921 when all the railroad shops went on strike and I was out of a job. They brought strikebreakers in and things got rough. I spent many nights and days fighting strikebreakers. They carried guns. I was shot at several times. One time we cornered a bunch going home from work and I took a swing at one with a sledge hammer handle. It was right near my mother's yard which had a big garden. He jumped the fence right into her yard. I had to let him out, but one of them pulled a gun on us and they all left. This strike was not successful; we lost out and I never went back.

I am ahead of my story. A long time elapsed after I came back from Oregon until the strike and during that time I got married to keep from drinking moonshine. Some were going blind doing so. I married Mabel Lockwood. She was a real nice girl – the oldest of a farmer's family. She was working in the Missoula Drug. We lived with my mother for a while until the strike; after that I went to work in a sawmill. My brother Frank and his wife came from California to visit us and he talked me into going back with them. My wife was pregnant at that time, so she went to stay with her folks at Hardin, Montana until I sent for her.

Well, I had a 1915 Model T Ford and it was built into a sort of a sports bug, as they called them then. I drove that thing all the way to Richmond, California and overhauled it many times on the road. It was the first car I ever owned and I think I paid \$15 for it.

The roads were mostly gravel, the big hills were not cut down like they are now and a Model T was a poor way to travel. We picked fruit and worked all the way to California. The first job I got there was in a lumberyard. It didn't live up to my expectations after leaving a sawmill at home. Later, I carried hod for plasters and bricklayers. I worked as a longshoreman loading and unloading ships. It was good money, but we worked like horses doing it.

My wife and her family came down there and things were pretty nice for a while. We had a baby boy. Her folks were real good people and I always liked them and got along well with them. They were just as poor as I was. My father-in-law didn't like the country very well. Being a rancher, the kind of work he had to do there didn't satisfy him.

I went to work for the Philippians Coconut Oil Refinery and was there about 30 days but during that time, I put in several shifts of 24 hours without sleep. Every time a boat came in, we stayed there until it was unloaded. We were paid time and a half after 8 hours, but it was dangerous work. I nearly got killed a couple of times on the last shift so I quit. They said they intended to make a foreman out of me and wanted me to stay, but Montana was calling me and I had a good paycheck. I went home and bought a second-hand baby grand Chevy. It was a pretty big car and we all came back to Montana. It sure seemed good to be back where everybody wasn't running over each other.

It was pretty hard to find work here then, so I started a wood and coal business in a small way. I bought four-foot dry slab wood and cut it up into stove lengths and sold small loads delivered to anywhere they wanted them. I got a larger truck and hauled lignite coal from a mine that was in operation off Butler Creek. This business was OK for winter months, but in the summer it didn't pay.

A friend I used to work on the railroad with by the name of Hugh Lilly got me a job at the Hart Refineries in Missoula, and I worked there for eight years.

During that time I drove oil truck and I believe that I spread the first road oil that was put on the streets in Missoula, Stevensville and Arlee. I was sort of a handyman there and did all kinds of repair work along with driving truck. There were many fires at that place in the eight years I was there and different men got burned pretty badly. I guess I was lucky not to get it.

But one day my friend Hugh Lilly came to me when I was pumping off a tank truck and asked me to come and help him with something down in the water well when I finished with what I was doing.

I did, but when I got there and looked down in the open well, about forty feet deep, I saw him stooped over looking down. When I got closer, I saw he was passed out and was getting dark around the ears. I went back up and called for help and went after a rope to get him out with. When I came back, his brother and another man had been down there and said the gas was so strong they couldn't stand it; I hadn't noticed it. I told his brother I'd go down with him and he could lift Hugh so I could slip a prepared loop under his armpits. That way we could haul him out. We did that, but we were pretty well gassed when we got out.

I tried to give him first aid. He had a chew of tobacco in his mouth. We called the fire department and they came, but there was something wrong with their equipment -- I think their oxygen tank was empty. We failed to save him. This was one time it hit me pretty hard; we had been friends for years.

The refinery sponsored a baseball team and I managed it. We traveled some place every weekend and played mostly where they had service stations. We usually got a little expense money from each time we played and the refinery gave us our travel money for our car and gas. Well, I did something better. I put an eight gallon keg of beer in my trunk on my car and always opened it in the seventh inning. Of course, both teams helped drink it. It made for a good time and good feeling, and there were a lot of good trips.

About 1934, I started working at electrical work with my brothers. I didn't get along with my younger brother, but Bill and I opened a shop and called it the Garden City Electric. I joined the electrical union in 1936 and we were in the shop together. I soon found I was better off away from my relatives, so I went to work for other shops and did OK for many years.

When I left that shop, after an argument and bad disagreement, I went home with only my tool box – very disgusted with everything.

My wife was working and I told her I was going hunting. I spent a few days in the Seeley Lake Country. I have been wanting to tell the story about an unusual hunting trip I had about 50 years ago – the time was in the '30s. I was visiting at Seeley Lake and Bill Moloney who lived there suggested we go elk hunting. He wanted to try something different. We were to pack into the Morrell Creek country to a place they called Tipi Fork. The Indians used to camp there and they always left their tipi poles there. He had a big muslin one and it made a light pack. We took one large sleeping bag and as light a load as possible.

It was in November and not very warm – we made camp there, used the same poles the Indians did, and built a small fire inside the tipi. Now there is a way to adjust the poles so a flap will move to the right position and the smoke goes out, but we couldn't get it to work right. Now I know why Indians are not white — we were soon like smoked meat.

Well the next morning we went hunting elk. We didn't want to kill any deer. I started out following a fresh elk track and Bill went in another direction. The track I was following circled around on a cliff above our camp. I soon spotted a big pair of horns moving up and down like an elk feeding. I waited until a pair of shoulders showed. They I took aim and squeezed the trigger. The animal made one jump and went down. I made my way over to it and found the biggest blacktail buck deer I had ever seen, and I was disgusted. Well, after cleaning it to make it easy, I just pushed it over the cliff. It was above the camp and the deer ended up not far from our tipi.

Well, pretty soon I heard a shot and thought Bill must have his elk, so I made it back to camp. He was there all right, and he looked pretty disgusted. I told him about hearing his shot.

"Well," he said "I think I am pretty lucky. After not having much luck I started to make my way back to camp and was taking a short-cut down the cliff when I slipped on some loose rock and slid over one ledge and landed on my fanny on another ledge. I lost my gun in the fall and it came down muzzle first and hit near my rear. It fired a shot into the rocks and small rocks into my rear. I didn't know if I was shot or not -- I waited a long time before inspecting myself, afraid of what I might find. Well, I have a sore fanny, but just damned lucky."

I told him about my killing a deer by thinking it was an elk and he said I might get one too. So he went into the thick-timbered area near the camp. We knew there were deer there but it was not easy to get a shot at them. He moved around slowly until a big buck jumped up near him and he shot it, like they say, from the hip without raising his gun to his shoulder – some of them learned to do that at close range and he sure did it.

Well, we packed up and went after some horses to take the deer out. We decided living in a tipi was not for us. I also went fishing on that trip – caught a nice bunch of trout and came home feeling better.

I was out of work for a while. Finally I asked for a job with the W.P.A. and they found I had a little electrical experience. They put me in charge of some construction at Fort Missoula. I didn't know much, but got by with it.

I later started to work with other shops and stayed with it 29 years.

In 1940, I separated from my first wife. It was something that should never have happened. She was a good wife until while working at the drug business, something caused her to use some drug. Everything her folks and I did, we could not find out what it was. She got so she wouldn't come home at night and her folks told me I didn't have to live like that. Our boy was working in Seattle in the shipyards, and I closed up the house and got a room near the shop where I worked to save gas. At that time, it was rationed. The Second World War was on and I was just old enough to stay out of it, but in real good health – I was still playing softball.

Well, this is where my life took another change and very much so. It wasn't very long until everybody found out I was single and this town was full of war widows at that time. I swore I was never going to get married again. But after a lot of contacts with dangerous widows, I finally got one that wouldn't give up. She was divorced and her “ex” was in Alaska. She was a real good dancer and we both enjoyed dancing. One day she called me and asked me to come to her house for dinner. She and her sister were living together then and they both had kids. I said OK, but she said I would have to bring the meat – at that time it took ration stamps to buy it. So I bought the meat. She had a boy about ten, a girl about twelve and another boy five. Well, I got to talking to the boy about fishing and he asked me to take him. I liked kids so we went fishing the next day. I got out in the stream up to my hips fishing and looked around and here she was – just like me and catching just as many as I was. Well, I guess that did it and we have done a lot of fishing since. The oldest boy liked to fish and hunt and I taught the youngest to box. He became a mascot on the ball team. The girl became a good babysitter and the old lady and I did a lot of dancing. We had a lot of fights, but had more fun for about 20 years than most people. We finally had a girl of our own. I'll have to tell more about her later.

I cannot forget the times when I almost got killed. One time I did all the electrical work in a very nice home that was almost finished. It was a nice brick house owned by Bill Ogg. His father and mother were in the kitchen with me. The carpenter and I were finishing up there. The furnace man was trying to start the furnace – it was a gas furnace. I had wired it and had just checked it. He said he couldn't get it started so I went out to my truck and returned through the front door with what I was after. I was in the kitchen on my knees fixing something when the furnace exploded. The door I had just walked through went across the street, the brick went everywhere and the built-ins in the kitchen fell off the wall. Mr. and Mrs. Ogg were down on the floor and so were the carpenter and I. I helped them out of the house - what was left of it. Nobody got killed, but several were injured. The furnace man almost died. Later I discovered I had two broken toes.

Another time I got shot in the head with a ramset – a tool used like a gun to anchor things on concrete. Well, this anchor went through my padded hat and through the first layer of skull. I have it as a souvenir. I spent two days in the hospital and was revived. But all the fellows said I had a hole in my head. This was supposed to be a joke but it almost wasn't.

I think I have an interesting story to tell about a friend I used to work with – and party and fish and hunt with. We were electricians and worked together a lot. He was real good at it but drank a lot at that time and could not handle it. One time we were working on an old home and it just had a crawl space under it. At one time his nose was broken and he couldn't smell. Well, he crawled under the house and worked at feeding the wires up to me. He said it was wet and muddy down there.

When he came out I couldn't stand the smell. The sewer pipes were broken and the toilet had run under the house. He thought it was mud, but I sent him home to clean up.

Of course I made mistakes too, but some he made were the funniest. He always went so fast. Once in a real nice home, he was adding some new electric outlets, running the wires up from the basement. Well, he took his measurements upstairs and did the same in the basement. It was supposed to come out inside the dining room wall, but when he bored the hole, he hit something. When he got through and shoved his brace through to clear the hole, there was a noise upstairs and, believe it or not, his bit had hit one leg of the nice dining room table loaded with dishes and upset it. How can you forget things like that.

We worked together on maintenance jobs on grain elevators that took us out in the country a lot. We always carried a 410 shotgun and shot Chinese pheasants from the truck.

In those days they didn't pay much attention to spotlighting deer at night, so we tried it – did pretty well until one time we shot at a pair of eyes and were glad we missed, because a big old cow got up. That did it; we never tried it again.

Once, while ice fishing at Seeley Lake, we stayed in a cabin there and at night left our lines in the holes; next morning we usually had fish on them. Once all I had to put in a hole that didn't have a line in it, was a piece of leader with a #10 hook on it and a little dried salmon egg on the hook. Well, the next morning, (of course we had fish on the other lines), but when I cut the ice out around this little piece of leader and started to pull it out slowly, I saw it had a fish on it. I was really careful not to break it, but it looked like it had something wrapped around it. Well, it sure did and finally I eased it out. A five pound bull trout had partly swallowed a one pound trout and wouldn't let go. I got them both on a #10 hook.

I had a friend named Clifford Jacobson, but they called him "Soup" for some reason.

Every time we went to a party or something and had a few drinks, he would act like a clown and he was pretty good at it. He usually threw his hat in the door and said, "Is everybody happy" and then he would stagger in and fall flat on his face. I often wondered why he didn't hurt himself.

Once I went fishing with him and he and another fellow were drinking. We went to Fish Creek and in order to get to where we wanted to fish, we crossed the river on a railroad trestle – it was about 200 ft. high and with just the rails and ties, it was pretty easy to fall off. Soup began doing his clowning and the other fellow was trying to do it too.

Well, I think I saved his life that day. It wasn't easy, but I stopped them.

We went on a fishing trip up the Blackfoot River at Scotty Brown Bridge. We had our wives and I remember Hank Cadieux was along. We stayed overnight and the next day Soup found an old cow's skeleton and spent most of the day mounting it on the hood of his car. He fixed it so that by pulling on a wire, the jaws would open wide and the horn would blow and sound like a cow.

I wrote a piece of poetry about all this and had to tell this story to explain the things in the poem. I gave it to him on the day he retired and he has it framed.

A few years after this happened, he quit drinking and became very successful in the electrical business.

WHEN SOUP WAS SOMETHING ELSE

I knew him when he was Friskey
When he drank a lot of Beer and Whiskey
We worked together and played some
But bad things to us seemed to always come.
We hunted and fished and always on the run
Sometimes with a fish pole and sometimes with a gun
We shot Grouse and Deer
sometimes in the head sometimes in the Butt
But always stayed out of the Rutt.
Sometimes we would go to a party
And Soup wanted to act Smarty
He would throw in his hat just to make it Snappy
And always said, "Is Everybody Happy?"
And then he would fall on his face nearly breaking his Crown
And get up and Stagger around
He sure loved to act like a clown.
He did the same thing on the Fish Creek Bridge
200 ft. from the ground.
And if it wasn't for me he wouldn't be around.
We went fishing up the Blackfoot in September
And this trip I'll always remember
He tied a cow's skeleton to the hood of his car
Just to have fun when he stopped at a bar
The head was wired to open wide
When he blowed his horn and went inside.
Can you imagine the trip we had "OH BROTHER"
From one end of the Blackfoot to the other.

There are many things we used to do some good some bad
But a better friend I never had.

Everett "Pop" Doney

I have one more story to tell and this is not about the fish we caught or the wild game we shot, but about how the fish caught the man.

It happened up Rock Creek in the spring - I think in salmon fly time. A friend of mine was having a good time catching nice big trout. It was Smokey Allen, nearly everyone knows him. He had two hooks on his line about 20 inches apart. A big rainbow about 4 lbs. took the bottom hook. After playing it until he thought it was done, Smokey stooped over holding the line tight on the pole and reached for the fish. It gave one more big flap and the upper hook caught in Smokey's nose. Well, you know that hurt. He dropped the pole and had to follow the fish out in the stream to grab the line until the fish broke loose. Twenty inches is pretty close, so he got pretty wet. It finally broke the hook and, after trying to get the hook out of his nose without any luck, he ran into another fisherman who came along and Smokey told him how it happened. Smokey said the fellow cut the barbs off the hook and took it out, but he was laughing so hard he almost couldn't do it.

I have been told that I left out too many things in the story of my life and probably I did. I was thinking this morning of a hunting trip I will never forget.

It was about the first of November and five of us and a packer – Claude Reinoehl, Walt Station, Ben Raymer, George Buckovich, Ernie Kalberer and I – met at Reinoehl's Ranch and started out early the next morning up through the North Fork of the Blackfoot and past Cooper's Lake. That packstring was made up of all paint horses - black and white and brown and white. There was a little snow along the hills, the river was clear and blue and white in some places from foam. The trail was up on the mountain through green trees. I don't think I ever have seen anything more beautiful in my life.

We traveled about 20 miles into the wilderness country of Bob Marshall. Once, when we were crossing a river in shallow water, my horse kicked a nice trout and stunned it. I jumped off the horse in the water and caught the fish. The other fellows didn't know the horse had kicked it. They looked at me and Walt Station said, "That damned Indian never stops fishing." Well, we made camp near Limestone Pass a few miles from the Old Danaher Ranch.

I think it was about the third day, when one morning we all took off from camp in the same direction. Well, it wasn't long until Ernie Kalberer and I spotted a large herd of elk. They were in a big meadow with mountains or hills all around them and brush and small trees on the edges. We planned to work in on them from two angles. Ernie was going around them and I was going through the brush and trees to give him a chance to get there before I did any shooting. But Walt Station and George Buckovich saw all those elk from the top of a hill and sat there

watching them. Walt had a German sniper rifle and the more he looked through the scope, the closer they seemed. Finally he shot at them.

Well, all hell broke loose for me. That big herd of elk all came right through the trees and brush where I was and all I could do was get behind a tree to keep from being run over. I could hear Ernie cuss above all the noise. I was not sure whether I was going to be run over by them or shot; they didn't know I was there, but you can bet they found out later.

Well, Ernie got over his anger the next day after he went back near the same area and killed six elk. The hunting was over and about time too, for it seemed like a big storm was coming. All the wild game was moving down to the lower levels and I'll never forget how on the way out through the North Fork Canyon, we traveled the trail on one side of the canyon and we could see elk going out on the other side. I think this trip was one that would have made a good movie. There are still things I guess I should have told, but I just wanted to get this much down. This happened about 1946.

One winter another man and I were sent out to work on rural electric jobs. We spent a week or so at each ranch and wired all the buildings. It was quite an experience – having different ranch cooking every few days and seeing different people – sometimes some pretty nice girls entertained us.

Several things happened that I'll never forget. We were just getting started on this one place and while looking it over, we noticed an outside outhouse. The door was open. Walking by it, my partner said, "These people must be tough. Look at that." In the outhouse was a large box where the toilet paper usually would be and it was full of pine cones like they used to use corn cobs in the South.

After we got over our shock and examined it further, we found they were using it to store their kindling, and under these pine cones were kindling.

We drove into the Manley Ranch near Helmville and they told us to put our truck in a big garage. I opened the door and some pigs came out. My partner drove the truck in and parked it. The next morning we found that we had run over and broken several sticks of dynamite that the pigs had been rooting in. Believe me, we were careful after that.

I did a lot of hunting big game and I am going to try to tell some of the things that happened. I hope they will be of interest.

We used to rent horses and make up our own packstring. We'd go into the wilderness wherever we thought it was the best.

I usually was elected camp cook. I prepared the next day's meals the night before and made the breakfast and left camp by myself while they were eating. Well, this one time it was raining a little and by the time I got up the mountain a little way, it was ice and then snow. I saw some game up above me and worked up above them. Before I knew it, I was looking right at them

and my gun was so full of ice I had a lot of trouble getting it to work. The scope was full of snow, but somehow I killed two elk and wounded another, but couldn't find it. After cleaning the elk, I made it back to camp, all wet. The next day we got the horses ready to go after the elk and I thought I would try to ride a pack horse. Well, we put my chest over the pack saddle to see what he would do. He didn't like it and my gun strap got hooked on the pack saddle. I was thrown under the horses. My leg got walked on and nearly broken. Well, it hurt so bad that I just started walking. I walked ten miles before they picked me up after getting the elk. It took me weeks to recover and the next time I was planning to go, my wife didn't like it. But we had everything all ready and they came to pick me up. Well, that wild Norwegian wife of mine really got wild. She threw my gun across the room and broke the stock off.

Well, I was a little wild too. I picked up the gun and left. On the way I got some glue and stuck the gun back together. I had a good trip and shot three elk with that gun. One day while the other fellows were hunting, I decided to go fishing. I had noticed a beaver pond on the way in – full of nice trout. I took a horse and an old telescope pole and a little meat for bait. Well, those beavers were really sociable. They would sit on the bank and watch me and the fish didn't know what it was all about. When they discovered the meat was good to eat, it was no time at all before I had about all I could pack. They were at least two pounds apiece. That night we had a good fish fry and I packed them in snow and gave the fellows each some to take home. I stayed two weeks instead of one. Well, after a week or so, we made up, but this hunting was always a sore spot in her mind, because when we got married, it was the 14th of October and the big game season opened on the 15th. Well, I had forgotten all about it. The guys came after me and you know what, "She never forgot it."

I went on a deer hunting trip with John Eilers, a real good friend of mine. We hunted several years together. This time, we left our car and had a small outfit to pull our outfits on. It was winter and just enough snow. We packed back a few miles from our car to an old cabin. We fixed up an old stove that was in it and stayed the night. The next morning we separated and it wasn't long until I shot a nice big buck deer and cleaned it and brought it back to the cabin. It was a long time before John came back and when he did, he was in really bad shape. He had fallen into a hole of some kind and pulled his arm out of the socket. That is really painful, so we had to leave. I put everything on the conveyance we had and started back. Everything was OK until we came to a creek and the toboggan we had headed into it. I gave a big heave to get it out and my back went out of joint. I could hardly stand up. We finally got the thing out and back to the car. The car was cold to start. Well, I built a fire under the motor and after a long time, it started. We had trouble loading the deer and loading ourselves and after we got to town, neither one of us could get out of the car. I drove over to the hospital where John worked as an engineer and I blew long enough on the horn until they took him out. I should have stayed there too but I went home and over to a neighbor of mine and he helped me out and into bed and unloaded my deer and called a doctor. I finally recovered (but that back was my pit for years). They put John's shoulder back in the socket and he was soon OK. We made lots of trips after that.

One time I was caught short out in the hills and there was snow on the ground. I usually carried toilet paper with me. No grass or anything usable, so I used my hunting license, it being near the end of the season. I didn't think I would need it. Well, about two weeks afterwards, I got a letter through the mail with my license in it and a note telling me when they found it and that it had a little blood on it, but thought I might need it.

I think one of the worst feelings I ever had in my life was one time another fellow and I took our horses and left the camp, crossed over into another area and after getting our elk and cleaning it, we were in the darkest night you ever saw. It was raining a little. We started for camp leading the horses and when we came to a small stream, I couldn't see what I was doing. I waded across and tried to get my horse to go, but he didn't like it and finally jumped. I couldn't see him coming and he almost jumped on me. So I decided to ride. I guess he knew where he was going or I wouldn't be here today.

When we got up on the mountain with a very small trail and hundreds of feet below, I couldn't see my hand before my eyes. All I could do was sit and wait for something to happen. How in the hell that horse could see the trail is more than I know.

One time I killed a five-point bull elk with a 22 target rifle at 200 yards. There is a long story attached to that and I still can prove it.

Another one you may not believe is about a time I was shooting at some deer. I knew one was hit. I saw this one standing behind a tree and thinking it was the one, I took my hunting knife and thought I would stick it in the heart to bleed it. I sneaked up behind the tree and did it and afterward, Roy Anderson, who was with me and can tell you the same, said there were no bullet holes in that deer.

(Somebody is going to say I am a story teller.)

Once on a trip up Morell Creek near Seeley Lake, a Grizzly bear went into our tent when we were gone and, as always, they may go in the door, but they make another one to go out. Well, later that day, I wounded a big bull elk and while following it, I noticed it was bleeding badly. This bear crossed the bloody trail. His tracks were so big in the snow, it looked like he was wearing snowshoes. This was pretty scary. I figured he would go after my elk. I waited a long time, and finally went on and found the elk and finished it off. But I was still afraid of that bear. I started cleaning the elk. A few times, big chunks of snow would fall from a tree, making me grab for my gun. But I guess the bear wasn't hungry. I came back the next day with horses and the elk hadn't been touched.

Well, that is enough about hunting – probably too much. In 1940 I joined the Moose Lodge. A friend of mine I used to play ball with wanted me to play softball and manage and coach the team. Well, I did and the team was sponsored by the Lodge, so I joined. That started me on quite a career in the Moose. I liked it and enjoyed every bit of it. The first thing they did was make me sports chairman in the Missoula Lodge and next I was made the State Sports

Chairman. It wasn't long until I was District Vice Chairman for our district. And from there, over a period of 35 years, I had nearly every office in the Lodge and several State offices. At one time, I was able to organize a lodge. It didn't seem to me to be work; I enjoyed it. I helped move that Lodge three times and did the electrical work and a lot of the other work.

I was presented with all the higher degrees of the Order and the Supreme Degree of Pilgrim. I went to National conventions many times and one time was on the Rules and Order Committee in Chicago. There are only two Pilgrims in our Lodge.

I took part in all fun activities -- played in the drum corps, promoted entertainment like boxing and bowling.

My wife was really active in the women's lodge. She went through all the chairs and got the higher degrees of their Order.

We went to all the conventions of our Lodge for about 20 years and took part in drill teams and drum corps activities. We also went to national conventions in Chicago. I think for 20 years we had more fun than most people.

Sometimes, I think we were supposed to get together on account of what happened to us when we started out in this world. We both had a stepfather and things were pretty rough for both of us. She was the stepdaughter and they worked the hell out of her. I guess her mother couldn't help it. Her stepdad was an ornery Swede and drank a lot. They had three other children and they all were given a pretty good education, but my wife got married the first time to get out of it all. Well, in later years, her mother divorced her stepfather, who later got killed for taking another man's wife.

As I said before, we had a lot of fights. Well, I'll have to tell of one that was unusual.

We had spent the afternoon at the Lodge and it was getting to be time to leave. We had been drinking and playing slot machines. I hadn't paid much attention to what she drank. I asked her if we should go home, and she didn't say anything. She just acted dumb and went with me. We got in the car and on the way home, out of a clear sky she said, "You think you are a big shot." She hit me with both fists right between the eyes. I was driving and not having time to think, I backhanded her and knocked her out.

When we got home, I carried her in the house. Her mother was there and I just couldn't explain what happened. It was late so I put her to bed and went to bed myself. The next morning she woke up and said "What is the matter with my eye? And my jaw hurts." About that time she got a look at me, and she said "Oh Poppy, what happened to you?" I had two black eyes and she had one - and she didn't know anything about how it happened. Well, it never happened to me again. I learned to duck after that.

We bought a home – not a big one, but it was made big. Considering the activity there and the kids and people coming and going, I think the living room was made into a gym most of the time and the back yard was almost a public playground.

Clara and I just had the one girl, Joy, of our own. I had a boy from my first wife. He didn't live with us, but came once in a while. My wife had her three. So we had your kids, my kids and our kids, but they all seemed to get along.

Well, I think the memory of a mean stepfather caused me to try to get along with the kids and I am not sorry for it, because now they all seem to remember it and treat me like I was their real father.

I worked until I was 68 years old; then I retired. I'm in pretty good shape for that age and never have been in a hospital.

After a few years of fishing, I guess my wife and I traveled 8000 miles visiting Lodges and other things. I did a lot of salmon fishing and almost got drowned three times. Once we got lost in the fog and sure were lucky to find our way home. I was with a commercial fisherman and it was so foggy we couldn't see very far. A big ship, a freighter, came right out of the fog. It was painted white. We just barely got out of the way.

When I think of all the close calls I had, it surely couldn't have been just luck. Something was watching over me.

Finally, something hit me that slowed me up. I was afflicted with a disease called "mieasemia gravis." It was the same thing that Onassis (the millionaire that Mrs. Kennedy married) died with. The doctors in Missoula didn't know what it was. I first went to a knife-happy doctor who took out my gall bladder and appendix and was going to operate for double hernia. But another doctor stopped him. I shouldn't have had any of them removed. They ran him out of town. I got pneumonia in the hospital and almost didn't make it. I later went to Seattle and they treated me with medication and operated on a small tumor in my colon. Then I found that the cartilage was broken in my knees from being too bowlegged. They fixed one of them. It's OK but the other one still bothers me.

Then they found I had glaucoma and later cataracts. I was blind for three months, but now I have pretty good vision with one eye and get along pretty well. I bowl in three leagues and take part in everything I can. I am 81 years old and I guess it is about time to end this story of mine. It may not be very interesting, but I passed a lot of time writing it and I hope it may be interesting to the kids. They will probably be able to write the story for the rest of my life.

When I started to write this story, I mentioned that I might not do a good job of it. I am writing this extra page just to correct some of my mistakes. I left out when we came to Missoula. It was in 1907. All our property timber claims that we had were mortgaged to the stores as my father thought it was the best thing to do, but it wasn't for him. He went back to Ovando later to settle some business and passed away there with pneumonia.

The things I would like to say are about the kids – Fernie, Kenny, Clyde and Joy. They are OK by me. E.J. was by my first wife. He had a life something like I did and is 54 years old now and doing fine. We have a lot of things in common.

Joy married and traveled to almost every state and Canada and Germany. She and her husband finally separated and she and her two kids live near me.

Fernie is one real good kid and I think should be thanked for giving Mom and me a chance to have a lot of good times. Kenny is a real good, honest person and has shown a lot of guts to survive and do the things he did.

Skip, or Clyde, is something else. He and I had a lot of things together in baseball and boxing. He, as a mascot, stole more balls from the other team than we needed, and together we had lots of fun in his boxing tournament.



MY MOTHERS LIFE

I am going to try and tell a little of the history and the things I remember about my mother's life and all the records as we know them.

My grandfather and grandmother's side of the family, Peter Zander and Anna Gertude Lenzen were married in Germany. they lived on a farm in Germany until at least six children were born, then moved to the U.S.A. arriving at New York Oct 29, 1836. After landing in New York they later went to Milwaukee, from there to Mineral Point. they rented at first then bought 100 acres in the town of Moscow Wisconsin. This they sold and bought 200 acres 4 miles Northwest of Mineral Point Wisconsin for \$3,160.00.

This is the record of the children as I know them: Gertude Born 1836 in Urisen, Germany. She married Jacob Thent; to them three children, Peter, Joe and John. William Born 1839 died 1901, nor record. Kathryn born 1842 married a Ludwig of Platsville, Wisconsin; to them 1 girl. Rose born 1848 married Antone Weidenfellow to them three children, Peter, John and Kate. Joseph born 1850 married Elizabeth Pemby Jan 7, 1875 to them 10 children, Bertha, Mabel, Phoebe, Peter Hubert, Charley, Gertude, Mary and Susie. Hubert born 1852, wife unknown had a daughter that married Curtis Cook. Mary born 1856 married Mike Medigner to them three children Kate, John and Mike Jr.. Martha Jane, my Mother, born 1858 married Edward Domnick Doney 1877 to them ten children Mary, Leo, Charley, William, Frank, Jessie, Everett, Rose, Vernon. She passed away in December 1952. Peter born 1860 married Anna Esch to them 10 children Bertha, Will, Kate, Mae, Lanore, Josephine Rob and Fred.

I can only tell about my own life with my Mother, as I was next to the youngest in a family of ten. As I first remember her she had dark hair always put up with a nob on top of her head and her eyes were black. They could look clear thru you. She stood only 5 ft. 5 inches tall and weighed about 140 lbs. Now can you picture a woman like that raising ten children and only hving a doctor for two of them, travelling over mountains and praries with horses and oxen, eating what might be very hard to get, doing without and probably giving her own food to keep the children alive?

In those days no refrigeration, phone, radio, TV, not even a paper to read. Probably make your clothes out of flour sacks. I remember my oldest sister said she learned to spell by reading the papers on the cabin wall. It was papered with old newspapers; this was about 1888.

My first memory of my mother was in Ovando where I was born in 1896, she would try real hard to raise a garden, but it wasn't easy as the seasons were too short. Sometimes we raised potatoes and early vegetables. We gathered wild things that we enjoyed in the summer months. We had no fruit except what grew wild. I went with Mother on horseback to pick huckleberries many times, and she always told me to make lots of noise to keep the bears away. They liked berries as well as we did but we didn't want them in our patch.

Jessie told me that when they were in Pioneer Father's folks were there too and they spoke French. She was German and couldn't understand it, she talked Father into moving to Ovando so he could get away from the French language.

Christmas was very different for us, of course. A tree was easy to find but we had very little to put on it. Our decorations were popcorn strings and paper curls all strung together. In later years we put a few candles with candle holders on it. Presents were few. Sometimes Mother would knit gloves or socks or make some candy. Travel was not easy

Then so we had very little company. Mother usually fixed a pretty good dinner for Christmas, but we never had turkey. We had what we had, sometimes we killed the old Roaster or something like that. The best thing we had was when Mother baked bread, she sometimes made big doughnuts and dried them in grease. We put real butter and sugar on them. They just exist in my memory now as I haven't had any since. She cooked different than anybody. Sometimes she made big hard noodles about 1/2 inches wide, pretty thick, and cut them about 2 or 3 inches long. She cooked them in meat broth with meat. She must have seasoned them too, we could never get enough. That also lives only in my memory.

She was doctor, nurse and drugist, she used her own ideas from past experience and used what we had, at least none of us died from her treatments. Mother always said that I never lied to her, but I think that there was one time it wasn't so. When I was pretty small, I had a little homemade wagon and I was playing with it when a mother skunk kept bothering me. I hit it on the head and put it into my wagon with their mother. Well, when I brought that wagon load of skunks into the kitchen things weren't so good. She said "how can you stand that smell?" and I told her I liked it. I don't think she thought I was telling the truth. In her way she never lost an argument, no matter how well you explained your side of the question it always ended like this, "Well maybe you are right, but I don't think so."

After we moved to Missoula and Father passed away in 1908 things got pretty rough Jessie bought an old building and we used the lumber to build a place to live in the 10 hundred block of Phillips St, near the N.P. Railroad. It wasn't long until Vernon and I were the only ones at home, the other ones were married, so Mother took in boarders and with a little help from Jessie and Bill and us kids ruseing coal and wood from the railroad we made it for awhile. Something I'll always remember, there were several families of foreigners living in box cars near the railroad tracks, they were section hands. Well, they built large bake ovens at least 10 or 12 feet wide, big enough to crawl into, they were lined with brick and covered with a lot of soil. They built fires inside of them until they were good and hot then after cleaning them out they put big loaves of bread in there to bake. The loaves were like a big dishpan. They had a great long paddle to take them out with. Hey could roast a pig, or whatever, in them. I sure got a kick out of watching them.

As time passed Mother made a mistake, she got married again. I guess she did it for Vernon and me. She married Godfey Hallenback. He promised to give us an education but he forgot about it

later. He had a bar and a hotel, livery stable and dance hall on the Blackfoot River where the Clearwater River runs into it. It is not there anymore and people hardly remember it being there. He drank alot and I didn't like him. We had a fight one day and I came out OK so I had to leave or get killed, so I left. He later sold out and moved to Ovando and from there to Drumond from there to Missoula and my Mother left him.

Jessie helped her buy a place at 1526 Phillips St. and she lived there for at least 35 years. It was the home where we all came to visit and some of us lived there at different times. She planted huge gardens there and gave most of it away, she made crochet lace to pass time. She made a lot of beautiful things and gave them all away. Her neighbor friends would gather at her house nearly everyday and pass the time. I believe that everybody loved her and that she never did any harm to anybody and if an angel was ever sent to heaven it should be her.

She passed away in 1952 and was put to rest by my sister Mary.

MY FATHER'S LIFE

Some of the things I am writing about happened 100 years ago, but may be of interest to the kids. I think before I forget it I should tell some of the history of my father as I remember the stories told to me and the memories I have myself.

My father was born in Mineral Point, Wisconsin in 1847. he was very faithful to the Catholic religion, but I was told that on one special day he would miss church to go and see my Mother. She was of a large family and had to take her turn at babysitting and that is how they met and later married in 1877. Mother's maiden name was Martha Jane Zander.

I am not able to tell a lot about his life in Wisconsin. There is one story I wish I knew more about. I learned that he worked on log drives on the Mississippi River. They used barges to guide the logs, and he learned to play the violin while floating on these trips. I wonder if that experience caused him to work on the drives we use to have on the Blackfoot River in the early days when they dammed the lakes and floated the logs down to Bonner. That is how McNamaras Landing or its name.

Well, this is a little ahead of the story. In 1880 they moved to Montana in the days of the covered wagons. They were in Deerlodge for a while and later settled in Pioneer, Montana. It was a thriving gold mining town at that time. It is a ghost town now.

They probably lived there 8 years. I think three children were born there. My brother Frank was a babe in arms when they drove the golden spike joining the railroad together from east and west at Gold Creek. In 1890 they moved to Ovando, Montana and gave up mining and we settled on a Homestead. I don't think he was a very good farmer or miner, but Benjamin Franklin and he should have been partners. He could invent more things that really worked. He could fix anything. Finally he did patent a few things. He ws offered \$20.00 for one patent and a

lawyer told him not to take it. If he had he could have made his fortune. I have the prints yet. He made another thing for the thrasing machines to weigh the grain sacks and stop at a certain weight. He never tried to sell it or many other good ones.

My father was a big strong man, he stood 6 feet 4 inches tall and weighed 230 lbs., all bone and muscle. In his early years he had dark hair, but I knew him in his late years because I was the 9th child in the family. As I remember him he had iron gray hair and wore chin whiskers. He looked like Uncle Sam with the United States flag.

On our homestead he built a large two story log house and every log was squared on four sides. He used a big broad ax and smoothed them out like they were sawed. It was something to see him swing that ax. Little things keep coming back to me that he did. One time in mid-winter he and my older brother went on snow shoes and roped a yearling elk. They tied it down on a sleigh and brought it home. We had it in a corral for some time and tried to tame it but it didn't work. He trapped many large bear. He tied a log to his trap and the bear would drag it until father killed it; so as I remember I was raised on bear meat. At one time he worked with a survey crew in charge of a man named Thorne. They camped near our place not far from a mine there owned by Jim Felton. I was just a small boy and had to look things over. The camp cook was real good to me, he gave me the first piece of lemon pie I ever had and I never forgot it. That was 70 years ago and every time I eat lemon pie I think of it.

My Father was home more in the winter and he played the violin sometimes and sang. In those days we didn't have screen doors and windows. Father usually was up early in the morning. When it was cold, the flies would gather on the ceiling and he would sweep them down and put them in the fire. One morning he found a big bumble bee. It lit on his newspaper and he rolled the paper around it and was getting a kick out of hearing it buzz. I came down just in time to see this. Pretty soon the bee got warm and somehow stung him through the paper. It was funny to see him jump up and put paper and all in the fire. He said it wasn't fair he was only being nice to it. Father had three brothers, William, Lewis and Napolien and two sisters, Isabell and Louise. Isabell married John Weidenfellow. I am not sure about Louise. Uncle Wiliam was the oldest and he was a wonderful pioneer. Lewis died early in Montana, but Napolien just went somewhere and we never heard from him. There weren't any Doney's but us in Montana, but alot of Indians came up with that name in eastern Montana and we wonder.

Father loved his family but living and raising a family was not easy in those days. He could not stay home with them, he had to go and work other places. He never rode a horse; he always walked, he must of had a map in his head, he never followed trails, but went across country and mountains straight to his destination. With great big strides he covered a lot of ground in a little while.

My sister Jessie told me one morning she was sitting on his lap, "I think she was his pet" and he said I have got to go to Pioneer, so he went from Ovando straight across the mountains and crossed two rivers; there wasn't any bridges but that is the way he traveled. He usually went to

different places to do special things that he knew how to do. I guess he used his experience to help others. I know he used to go to Garnett and Coloma, a couple of mining towns near Greenough about 40 miles from Ovando, he went there to burn charcoal for the Blacksmiths, they didn't have coal and didn't know how to burn charcoal.

Once he told that they made and drank a lot of bad whiskey there, and while he was there one night, a woman went crazy and started pulling her hair and screaming. She took off down a big mountain side and that was the last they ever saw of her, but the story was told that her ghost appeared sometimes.

A man by the name of Danaher started to ranch in the Bob Marshall wilderness in those days it was really wild, but I guess he wanted to be a pioneer there, well he had my father help him, and in the winter he wintered his cattle at our Ranch, that is the only Ranch that was ever there. Later in 1906, my brother Frank worked for the forest service and built trails into this wilderness. The old Ranch is a landmark for many hunters and is still in the wilds. How my memory goes back to how we lived in those days, we didn't have much of a store to go to, we usually got sugar by 100 lbs. and Flour the same way, salt we needed lots of it to keep meat, and lye to make soap, very little clothing. We had no Refrigeration or electric lights, probably oil or candles. No telephone or TV or car. Mother made under dresses out of flour sacks. In winter we wrapped gunny sacks around our shoes to keep our feet warm, we lived on what we could find wild. We didn't know about the things we have now so we lived without them, but how did we do it? Well some of us didn't live, they call them the good old days "what do you think?" Everything was not good, things began to happen, my brother Frank was shot while hunting deer, they used to sit up in a tree and wait for them when they came out in a meadow near the ranch, well he dropped his gun and it discharged going down the bullets a 40 caliber one went through his body taking out part of one rib, but somehow he lived, and was very active until he passed away at 90 years. My little brother Charlie was drowned in a small creek near the Ranch he was only 18 months old. My older brother Leo was killed on a construction job, he was 21 years old and was a very smart boy, he was doing very good at everything, when it happened.

I nearly got mine when I was driving a derrick team, putting up hay for a neighbor. I think I was about 10 years old, the team got away from me and pulled a big derrick pole down and it just missed me by inches.

Frank later told me he was in an Ovando Bar one day when a shooting match started outside, he said a man came walking in with his lower jaw shot off. His name was Ernie Fin. I am telling a few things to give you an idea of a few of the exciting days of Ovando. I have a story of a man that cut another man's head off and fed the body to the hogs and sold the things from the ranch until he got caught, well that same man played with me when we were boys. He tried things on me, had a knife at my throat once and choked me with a rope, I changed playmates.

The first girl baby born in Ovando was Bessie Young, this was on a cold night in 1882 she grew into a beautiful girl, and later fell in love with the Postmaster a man named Dowdell, it was OK

until she became pregnant and her father, a tough old rancher said he was going to cut his privates off; well I guess he almost did. They got married after that and he sued Mr. Young for damages but Mr. Young was too smart for him. Another rancher named Blair put a mortgage on his property and didn't get anything. They only had one child. I guess Mr. Young did a little bit of what he said he was going to do.

My oldest sister Mary got married to Oak Lish and Rose married a Kelley, Gerty married Homer Staves, she was the only girl that had any children, she had 3 girls and 3 boys. Now with three girls gone and 2 boys dead, after fighting long winters and not gaining anything after many years Father was discouraged. We gave up nearly everything we had and with a covered wagon we made our way to Missoula; The roads were almost trails, if we met someone we always had to find a wide place to pass each other, we were two days on the road. I remember one place that may give you an idea what things were like. When we came to Marshall grade as they used to call it between here and Bonner we had to go up over part of the Mountain. There wasn't any road along the river and that was the way the roads or trails as I call them were built in those days. I remember before we started up over that hill the horses got scared of something and caused the wagon tongue to break. So we sat and nearly froze, the wind was blowing and it was miserable. Father finally took us to a house near by, a family by the name of Hart. He got some haywire and repaired the tongue with it. While we were waiting, Mrs. Hart gave us apple pie and coffee. I never forgot that apple pie.

This was in 1907 we rented a house at 1202 Toole Ave. and I'll never forget the reception we had, we were hillbillies moving into the city and we were quite an attraction. Across the street from us several big boys enjoyed themselves throwing apples at us from a big tree in their yard. They didn't know that apples was something we never had in Ovando. We had a hard time getting used to everything, but my father never did. In 1908 when the winter was pretty bad he took the horses and a sleigh he made and started back to Ovando, he said he had some things to settle there. He spent some time in Ovando then went to see his daughter Gerty and her husband Homer Staves. He had a bad cold and it turned into pneumonia and he passed away. He was like many strong men – he didn't believe it could kill him. It was the third time he had it.

He was buried in the Ovando Cemetery in 1908 beside his two sons Leo and Charlie. His father and mother John and Susie Doney were buried in Deer Lodge, Montana.