

"But finally, I agreed to witch some wells for some of the people. When I told them where I got the draw, they would ask me if I would dig the well for them. I made arrangements to dig for so much per foot. I felt I was trapped, but I had good fortune in getting water. I made pretty good money, and out of fifteen wells, I got an adequate supply of water in thirteen wells. Even though I got water in the other two, it was not enough to supply a family.

"In the spring of 1915, I plowed up fifteen acres of prairie sod, and every third furrow I dropped seed corn. After I had finished plowing, I disked the ground. On July 4th we could just see the corn in the rows across the field. We had a lot of corn, and although we had it fenced, the range cattle and antelope would still get in and eat it. The antelope used to get into our garden and eat our carrots right out of the ground. They would eat down as far as they could, and then paw the earth away from the carrot and eat down some more.

"I had a good 30-30 rifle, but was never able to get any of them. We had a game warden by the name of Green, and he would sit on one of the highest knobs in the vicinity with a pair of real high-powered field glasses. If he saw someone shoot anything like an antelope, he would go and search the person's premises. If he found antelope meat, it meant arrest and a \$500.00 fine.

"So some people bought high-powered glasses. When they saw him sitting on a high spot, they would conceal themselves and take a shot at him, not to hit him, but to let him know they knew he was there and make him move. The antelope used to bunch up for winter and move about forty miles south, but when about one hundred fifty antelope came down at night and cleaned out our garden, it wasn't funny.

"As near as I can remember, World War I started July 28th, 1914, and Herbert Hoover was the food administrator. My wife bought a sack of white flour and found out she had to buy a pound of substitute for every pound of white flour. All the substitute they had was rice flour and barley flour. Rice flour was 25 cents per pound and the barley flour was much cheaper, but it was no good for making bread. It did make good hotcakes. Anyway, it cost her ten dollars to get the fifty pound sack of flour. I don't think it did much good to have to buy so much substitute, as most of it was thrown away because no one could eat it. My wife used to mix the rice flour with the white flour to make bread, and it wasn't any too good.

"The weather gradually kept getting colder and finally we had a snowstorm. So my wife and I made out a list for our grubstake and figured enough to run us at least six months. It would cost us a little over \$150. Our list would include a case of coffee, a couple cases of milk, about sixty pounds of lard and flour, which was accompanied by substitutes. Near spring, everyone would run out of supplies. I had plenty and would share with them, thinking spring would soon open up, as we were snowed in. No one could get out. Finally we got to the low point.

"I had a small amount in a checking account in a bank in Melstone, Montana. So when the stage, which carried mail from Melstone to Mecaha, could find room, he would bring our order. The merchant would fill in the blank check. Sometimes it would be ten days or two weeks before the mailman could find room, and weather conditions were good enough to bring the order. He would leave it at Mosby and we could go to Mosby, get it, and bring it home by horseback.

"One thing that helped was that some of the cattlemen would kill a beef and come by horseback. Whether we had the money or not, they would leave a front quarter or hind quarter of beef. Front quarter was four cents and the hind quarter was eight cents a pound. If the person did not have the money, they would leave the bill; one could pay the bill when they acquired the funds. Everyone was honest. We used to hang our meat on the north side of the house or cabin. It would freeze solid, and we would have to saw off what we wanted. We had 35-40 degree below-zero weather. Snow was too deep to pull a sled or wagon. This meat was put out in December so everyone would have meat for Christmas.

"No one will ever know what it is to be snowed in for five or six months — forty miles from the railroad or doctors. We didn't notice or think so much about it until later, when we were away from the homestead. As soon as the snow melted and the mud dried off, I made a trip to Melstone, Montana. I had to borrow money to buy feed, seed, and buy groceries for a grubstake to run until fall. The banks did not demand any security, only to pay when we made final proof on the homestead. I went to Sand Springs to buy seed oats to seed our fifteen acres and for horse feed. It cost me five cents per pound. I seeded our fifteen acres.

"I had no more than finished seeding when the directors came to see me to inquire if I would build a new schoolhouse with a board floor, five windows, one door, and two outhouses. I told them I would. But it was to be let out for bids and was to be let to the lowest bidder, with all lumber, shingles, etc. to be freighted from the railroad, Sumatra, Montana. This schoolhouse was to be 28 by 28 feet inside. I put in my bid for \$790.00; the lumber bill was about \$200.00, so should leave me about \$590.00 for the logs and labor. Labor was cheap at this time — about fifty cents per hour.

"There were lower bids than mine, but they awarded me the contract, as they felt the lowest bidder was not capable of doing the work. This school was called the Calf Creek School. By the time I had finished the schoolhouse, it was almost time to cut grain and harvest the wheat and oats. I went into Melstone and bought a new John Deere binder. It cost \$325.00. I cut enough grain for others to pay for it. I planned to finish cutting Mr. Beckenhower's wheat, then go home to do my own.

"It was late when I finished Beckenhower's wheat, so I pulled for home, took the binder off the moving trucks, let the fences down, and made one cut down the side of the field. I then quit, fed my horses, and turned my horses

loose. Next morning I got up at daylight but could not find my horses. They went a long way from home to feed. I found them east of my mother-in-law's place. As I was bringing them back by her house, I saw a big black cloud materializing. She said, 'You better wait a while and see. It might rain.'

"While I was drinking a cup of coffee, it started to hail. The hail was about the size of golf balls, and the ground was so hard they would hit the ground on the west side of the cabin and bounce clear over the cabin. When some of them hit the logs they would sound like a cannon going off. This only lasted a short time, then came small hail the size of peas. The wind would whip first one way and then the other, really cutting things off. Mother had a lot of fryers (chickens) and it sure knocked them out, as they did not have time to get under cover. It killed eight of them. We gathered the remaining ones all up and carried them to the chicken house.

"My brother-in-law did not haul enough dirt on their cabin roof, and the result was the rain and mud began to come through. It rained mud all over everything in the cabin. They had the piano there, and we had put a quilt over it to partly protect it. Everything else was covered with mud. I told Mother and my wife's two sisters to come home with me. We had to follow the high ground, as the coulees were running a lot of icy cold water.

"On getting home, I found my oat crop entirely hailed out. It cut the straw down to about half the size it was and there was about one-half inch of oats on the ground. I had a small patch of corn, and it beat the corn clear down to the ear. The watermelons we had were all beaten in on the half that was up. Sure a sad blow. I didn't have to cut any more grain this year, so I got ready to go to the Judith Basin for the rest of the harvest and then threshing.

"We stayed on the homestead for five years. I worked where I could find work. Besides the harvesting at Judith Basin, I got a job from Herb Mosby at Mosby Post Office, taking down some log buildings and rebuilding them for a store, post office, and a house to live in. I think a man and his family by the name of Gates was the postmaster and store manager. We had a good supply of groceries but not meat, so Mr. Mosby let us have a quarter of beef, which we kept in Mr. Mosby's ice house. There was no refrigeration at this time, nor was there electricity; we used oil lamps.

"June was born in June of 1916. I had to deliver her because there wasn't time to get to the midwife. We had a bottle of carbolic acid crystals, so I sterilized my hands and did as the doctor did when Nadine was born. When the midwife came, she said all was well.

"I remember the winters that were so hard and the snow so deep we couldn't get out to get feed for the horses. The horses got so weak they would walk off a cut bank and get stuck in the snow. The snow would drift over them, where they would smother and not be found until spring.

"In 1920 I went to work at Cat Creek and when my wife

finished teaching in 1921, we moved to Cat Creek, where we lived in an oil field shack. I was later transferred to Winnett to work on the loading racks, loading tank cars." (See also GRIEBEL — Winnett)

HADDOCK, Thomas Thomas and Agnes Haddock had four children listed in the District #107, Weede School census. They were Leah (1901), Thomas (1903), Leonard (1905) and Ruth (1907). They were listed only in the 1913 census, which was the first census taken in the area.

HALVERSON, Halver (Sec 23-14-29) Halver Halverson bought a section of land from the railroad and subdivided it into plots containing two to fifteen acres per plot. He then sold these plots to a great number of individuals. There is no evidence that anyone ever developed or lived on their plot, and all the land reverted to the county for taxes. The year was 1920. There was no road, no water, and evidently, no people. An oil promotion or land scam, maybe?

HANDEL, George (Sec 21-14-30) George Handel bought this land from the railroad and later sold it to C. D. Prather.

George was an early-day freighter and merchant from Musselshell, Montana. He had a store in Flatwillow, Montana. This piece of land was well-known as a good river crossing and was on the trail used by the Army between Fort Keogh and Ft. Maginnis. One would assume that he hoped to start another trade and freighting center.

HANSEN (Sec 12,14-12-30) Arthur, Edith, Lily and Rasmus Hansen were homesteaders in Sec 12,14-12-30. They all lost their land to taxes.

The 1916 school census for District #164 is the last listing of Rasmus and Elsa Hansen's son, Clarence (1899), and a daughter, Florence (1894). Florence married Arthur Wilkinson. (See also WILKINSON)

HANSON, Herschel (Sec 25-21-29) Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Hanson homesteaded on a Missouri River bottom about ten miles above the mouth of Crooked Creek. Mrs. Hanson died in childbearing, and her body and that of the baby were shipped to Hawkinsville, Georgia, for burial. Mr. Hanson sold the place to Anton Heine.

HEALY, Ed (Sec 17-16-30) Ed and Bob Healy came to the Musselshell River in 1900 to homestead. Ed filed on the west side of the river, and Bob filed on the east. Bob only stayed a few years before he turned his holdings over to Ed and left.

Ed and his wife, Margaret, had three children. One of the sons drowned in the river near their home in 1920. The other son, Dale (1922), is mentioned as having joined the CCC's in 1939. Their daughter, Mary, was born in 1923, but we have no further information on her. Ed and his wife were divorced and she went to live with her father, a man known as "Booze."

Ed ran cattle and a few horses. He had a small threshing machine, and used to thresh alfalfa seed for the ranchers, clear down to the mouth of the Musselshell, 26 miles from

his home place.

After leaving the river, Ed made five-year leases on his ranch to various people — some of them being Gordon Burr, Albert Duffner, Guy Davis and Lyle Kimble. During these times, Ed lived in Winnett and also spent some time on the West coast. In 1946 he sold his holdings to John Hedman. After selling the place, he said he was going to buy a small place near Billings.

HENNEMAN, Ray (Sec 19,30-21-29) Ray Henneman, son of Mr. and Mrs. William Henneman, spent a number of years on the Missouri River between Ceekay and Wilder. When the Corps of Engineers bought out the homestead, Ray went to Malta where he was married. He and his wife both died at Malta. (Marie Zahn)

HENNEMAN, William H. (Sec 19,30-21-29) Mr. and Mrs. William H. Henneman owned land near the Missouri River and also on Big Crooked Creek near Byford. They had three children — Carl, Ray and Ellen. When the Fort Peck Dam was built, the homesteads along the Missouri River were bought up by the Corps of Engineers and the people were forced to leave. Hennemans left in about 1936.

HENSLEY, John (Sec 22-12-30) John Hensley homesteaded in the Willow Creek area and later bought the Robert Wombles homestead. He sold out to W. A. Donaldson.

John and Daisy Hensley are listed as parents in the 1916 school census for District #164. Children listed were: Jay (1907), Helen (1909), Harold (1912), Lelah (1915), and Martha (1917). They were still listed in the 1921 census for this district.

HICKMAN, "Dad" "Dad" Hickman came in the early 1900s with the Long S herd from the south with a man named Herron, a trail boss with 3000 head of cattle and the owner of the Long S Ranch. "Dad" settled near the mouth of Crooked Creek on the Musselshell. Later Joe Barisich, known as Joe "Bush," bought the squatter's rights from Herron. He homesteaded it when the land was surveyed in 1912.

Hickman was pictured on a post card as the oldest cowboy on the range. He filed a pre-emption claim on the Musselshell about a mile above the Long S; then in 1906 sold it to Will Dundom. This is the same bottom that Walter Looke once had and lived on. Walt Fletcher and Charlie Bateman also came with the Long S. (Winnett Times)

HILL, John Sr. John Hill, son of John and Lucinda Hill, was born in Buffalo, Kansas, in 1878. He married Effie Rowton in 1897. They came to Montana on the train in the summer of 1902, bringing with them two small children, Johnny and Anna. John and Effie arrived in Custer, where they bought a team and wagon and continued on to the Musselshell River country. John worked for two months on the Jenison Ranch before loading up his family and touring around the Judith Mountain country. Then they came back and filed a claim on the old



John and Effie Hill (Wedding Picture)

Mosby place.

John built their log cabin with an axe. Shortly after completion, he sold the place to Bill Mosby and moved to the old Easton Rowton place, where he and his family lived for the greater part of two years. Two more sons, George and Lou, were born during this period.

Never to be in one place too long, the family then moved to Dripping Springs, northwest of Sand Springs. While there, John did assessment work and also put in an irrigation system, somewhat more difficult and complex than present day systems. For the next several years, the John Hill family moved back and forth between the Burgess place and Dripping Springs, pasturing their 1600



John Hill and Ruth Briggs (Wedding Picture)



The John Hill Family: John holding Evelyne, Ruth, Johnny, Anna, George, Lou, Fred (between George and Lou); Floyd (in front of Anna)

head of sheep. Fred was born at Dripping Springs on August 18, 1911. In the spring of 1912, Effie passed away and is buried there on the place.

In the spring of 1914, John married Ruth Briggs. Floyd (3 - 11 - 1915) and Evelyne (7 - 24 - 1919) were born in Mrs. Smith's Maternity Hospital in Miles City, Montana.

(Winnett Times 7 - 19 - 73) "Montana's first gasoline refinery was built at Mosby and produced gasoline from Cat Creek oil field crude, Montana's first commercial oil field. The Charles well was drilled in on February 20, 1920.

"Soon thereafter John Hill and Lemuel Rowton built the refinery back of the old store at Mosby. A section of big casing was used as the still, with pipes running out of it. Gasoline was simply run off into barrels. The fuel was used in many of the cars and trucks in operation in those days.

"In 1921 John sold his interest in the refinery to Lemuel Rowton, who expanded the business into also producing kerosene. He operated the business for a number of years.

"One morning in the late fall, Rowton began firing up the refining process, and after things got going good, he detected a leak in a pipe. He fled the scene; seconds later the refinery exploded. The Hill boys found bits of tin from the refinery building on top of a bluff estimated to be 200 feet high."

1930 saw the Hills moving again, this time to the Lepper Ranch (now Fraser Land and Livestock) on Flatwillow Creek. Due to the many moves over the years, education was a continual challenge for the family. The kids attended the first school at Mosby, and later John hired teachers for a home school for several years. They then moved to Lewistown so the children could be enrolled in grade school there.

The three younger children — Fred, Floyd, and Evelyne

— graduated from Winnett High School. In 1936 Ruth and Evelyne moved to Seattle, where Evelyne continued her education. John stayed at the ranch until 1943, when he moved to Winnett, bought a house, and lived there until his death in 1956. He is buried in the Winnett Cemetery.

John had seven children - John R. (1898), Anna (1900), George (1904), Lou (1906), Fred (1911), Floyd (1915) and Evelyne (1919). (See also HILL, John R. and HILL, Lou)

Anna died after a lengthy illness and was buried in Deer Lodge, Montana. She never married. George married Lela Green, a school teacher, on April 12, 1924. They have one daughter, Betty Hill (Stell). After various investments, they went into the grocery store business, the last one being at Big Fork, Montana. They are now retired at Ronan, Montana.

Fred graduated from Winnett High School in 1931. He married Grace Trimble of the Valentine area. They have two children, Karen and Jim. Fred made a career of the oil field business. They retired and built a home in Big Fork, Montana, where they still reside. Evelyne married Bruno Betti, and they live between Ft. Lewis and Olympia, Washington. (See also HILL, Floyd - Winnett) (Lou Hill and Floyd Hill, sons of John)

HILL, John R. (Sec 4-13-30) John R. Hill was born in 1898 in Buffalo, Kansas. He received his early education in Montana, coming to the state at the age of four with his parents, John and Effie. He cowboied in the early 1900s, working for Murphy Deaton, the 79, and Weede Cattle Company.

John R., married Hellan Allan Winters, daughter of Walter B. and Cenia Allan, in 1921 at the Presbyterian Church in Lewistown, Montana. They went back to the river and eventually bought the old White place, acquiring adjoining land over the years.

Lou Hill recalls a time when John had leased the Herb Mosby place. He cut alfalfa hay in meadows. It rained. John turned the hay and it rained again. Once more, John turned the hay. Again, the rains came, bringing a raging flood to the Musselshell. In no time at all, John's hay was gone, washed away by the flood. The water was so high John had to tie his boat to the railing on his house. That very same year, however, he cut a crop of hay on the Watterson place; in fact, the buffalo grass was eight to ten inches high, so they cut it for hay.

John and Hellan lived at Mosby before moving up the river to what is Lou Hill's river ranch. In 1928 they bought the place Clint Woodford now lives on, and ranched there until they sold to Clint in 1966 and moved to Billings, where they lived until their deaths. Hellan died in January of 1977. John continued to work at the Public Auction Yards until shortly before his death in May 1981.

John and Hellan had four children: Alvin (1921) died of leukemia in December 1951 while a captain in the U. S. Air Force; Ted P. (1924) lives near Columbus, Montana; Pohney (1929) (See also RICH, Charles); Jack (1935) (See also HILL, Jack - Winnett)



Margaret "Mugs" and Lou Hill

HILL, Lou E. Lou Hill was born in 1906 on the Easton Rowton homestead. He attended various schools in the river area before going to school at Lewistown. He finished high school at Sumatra, Montana. Margaret Youderian, daughter of Ed and Lenora Youderian, was born at the ranch north of Melstone in 1912. She received her schooling at Cow Basin, Sumatra, and Melstone.

Lou and Margaret "Mugs" were married in the winter of 1929. They bought their place on the Musselshell River from Ruth Nelson of Minneapolis, Minnesota, that same year.

Lou got his first 32 head of sheep by working out for Vern and Stanley Kesterson for 30 days. He traded the lambs in for old ewes, where he could get two for the price of one. He acquired up to 200 head of sheep by the time he bought his own place. Thence, his band grew. During his years on the ranch, he kept a band of about 1200 sheep. The sheep were tended by sheep herders.

One of the herders was Charley Grant, a classic. One time, he tried to light a pipe. The only problem was, he had the match in his mouth and the pipe in his hand, but couldn't get the two together. What a chuckle he had when he discovered he hadn't connected! You see, he had been to Winnett, hoisting a few. Another time, Charley came under Mug's wrath when he staggered into the house, upsetting all her beautiful geraniums into her favorite chair. She didn't know which made her madder, the loss of the plants or the dirt in the chair. Charley really was an exceptional herder, but like the typical sheepherder, had to have his occasional vacations.

Lou remained in the sheep business about sixty years. As he acquired more land, he added cattle to his operation, as well as growing alfalfa hay and enough grain to use for feed for the animals.

Lou and Margaret had three children — Lynn (1929), Louanne (1931) and Phil (1933).

Lynn attended grade school at Weede and Winnett High School, graduating with the class of 1947. He worked for his dad on the home place. In the spring of 1948 he died from the results of an accidental explosion. Louanne also attended schools at Weede and Winnett High School, graduating in 1949. (See also WOODFORD, Clint) Phil received his education at Weede and Winnett High School, graduating in 1952. (See also HILL, Phil)

Mugs passed away in the winter of 1985. Lou is still living on the ranch.

HILL, Phil Phil Hill was born September 4, 1933, to Margaret and Lou Hill of Mosby. He grew up on the Musselshell, went to a country school and then graduated from Winnett High in 1952. In the summer of 1953, Delores Lindquist from Funk, Nebraska, came to Montana to teach Bible school. She came back in the fall to teach country school near Steve's Fork in Garfield County. Phil and Delores were married December 30, 1953, in Nebraska. Delores taught the following year at the Mosby School.

Lynda Lou was born in 1955. She attended country school and graduated as salutatorian in 1973 from Winnett High. She attended Bethel College in St. Paul, Minnesota, and received a B. S. degree in Secondary Education with honors. She married Terry Johnston from Minnesota and taught school four years while he attended seminary at Bethel. Upon graduation, he became the pastor at Cushing Baptist Church, Cushing, Minnesota. Lynda and Terry have two girls, Terilyn and Joyanne.

Sandra Joy was born in 1957, attended country school, graduated from Winnett High School in 1975 as valedictorian. She attended one year at Seattle Pacific College, Washington, and then attended Montana State University



Phil Hill children — Scott, Gary, Sandra, Linda

where she graduated with honors with a B. S. and RN in nursing. She married Kevin Ericson of Funk, Nebraska. They farm her mother's farm, also have a fifty cow Grade A dairy. They have four children — Clinton, Kerrie Joy, Kendall and Kaleb.

Gary Ray was born in 1959 and attended country school. In August of 1967 he, along with his maternal grandparents, were killed in a car accident at Alzada, Montana.

Scott LeVern was born in 1961 and attended seven years of country school. He attended Winnett High School, where he completed his eighth grade year and high school and graduated as valedictorian in 1979. He graduated from Kansas State University in Manhattan, Kansas, with a degree and honors in Animal Science. He married Lynette Sylvester from Kansas, and they farm at Abilene, Kansas, with two girls — Katie and Melissa.

Kevin Gary was born in 1969. He attended school in Billings and graduated from Billings West High School in the spring of 1989.

Delores and Phil Hill still ranch on the Musselshell with cattle and sheep. They are charter members and active in the First Baptist Church. They have also been involved with their children in 4-H for over twenty years. (Delores Hill)

HOTLEDAHL, Andrew (Sec 25-18-29) Andrew Hotledahl (a Norwegian) and Gus Nordquist (a Swede) came to the Lower Musselshell area in the early 1900s. Their places were near the old 79 Trail, where it crossed the Musselshell just across the river from the mouth of Lodgepole Creek. They ran horses and cattle.

In about 1915 they dissolved their partnership, and Hotledahl sold his ranch to Berry Roberts. It was later sold to Martin Wangsness.

Hotledahl left the area after selling his place, but it is unknown where he went. (Marcus Matovich)

IRVINE, Ed (Sec 18-21-27) Ed Irvine married Helen Douglas, daughter of Rachel Douglas, and they lived on their Missouri River homestead until 1935 when they sold out to the Corps of Engineers for Fort Peck Dam.

Ed and Helen, with Helen's mother and sister, moved to a ranch 30 miles northeast of Laramie, Wyoming, with all their livestock and possessions. After Ed died in 1948, Helen turned the place over to one of Ed's nephews. She moved to Laramie to the Iverson Home for Ladies. She lived there for 20 years and died June 29, 1986, at the age of 91. (Marie Zahn)

JOHNSON, Ed R. (Sec 10-14-30) Ed and Ida Johnson were homesteaders. When School District #107, Weede, was formed in 1913, they had one child listed, Calvin (1902). Their address was listed as Mosby, and they were listed for the final time in 1916.

JOHNSON, John E. (Magnuson) John Magnuson, son of John and Christine Magnuson, was born in 1878 in Stockholm, Sweden. He immigrated in 1887, at nine years old, with a brother-in-law. He changed his name

from Magnuson to Johnson, since he couldn't pronounce Magnuson in English. His brother-in-law went back to Sweden, but John stayed on, herding cattle and working on ranches near Tolene, Nebraska.

In 1906, at Gothenburg, Nebraska, John Johnson married Minty "Alice" Waltermire, daughter of Joseph and Nora McClellan, who was born in 1889 at Etna, Nebraska.

John and Alice moved to eastern Montana in 1914, and they lived on the Garfield side of the Musselshell River.

They had five children — Joseph Edward (1908), Rubie Marie (1910), Wayne Howard (1912), Hale Lee, (1914) and Ivar Lee (1918).

John E. Johnson died in 1951, and Alice died in 1966. (JoAnn "Josie" Bohn)

JOHNSON, Joseph E. Joseph E. Johnson, son of John and Alice Johnson, was born in 1908 at Etna, Nebraska, and came to Montana with his parents in 1914.

Joseph married Phyllis Josephine Rukavina at Winnett in 1933. (See also RUKAVINA) This union was celebrated with a wedding dance that lasted for two days. John and Phyllis lived on a ranch on the north side of the Missouri River from 1933 to 1938, when they moved to a ranch near Bridger.

Joe and Phyllis had six children — Thelma Marie (1934), Joseph Edward Jr., (1936), JoAnn Rose (1937) (See also BOHN, Rex — Petrolia), Velma Lee (1941) (See also DAUM — Winnett), John Emery (1941), and James Ervin (1946) (See also JOHNSON, James — Winnett)

Phyllis died in 1951. Joseph died in 1982. (JoAnn "Josie" Bohn)



Wedding picture of Joe and Phyllis Johnson. At top: Father Mueller, Mike Vlastelic and Anna Rukavina; Bottom: Bride and Groom

JOHNSON, Knute Knute Johnson and family lived at Weede from 1923 to 1926, and Knute served as postmaster there. Knute raised turkeys and sold them by the truck load in Winnett and Roundup (Montana). He even sent a load to Chicago. He trapped coyotes, but we don't know whether he did this for the furs or to save the turkeys.

Johnsons raised a large truck garden and sold produce all summer long. In 1925 the following item appeared in the Winnett Times: "Knute Johnson has 2000 strawberry plants, now bearing. This makes a beautiful sight, as the plants cover a large area, and the berries are so large and numerous the patch appears as a large red splotch on the landscape. Mr. Johnson grows the everbearing variety, and each year has a large crop. Most of the berries are marketed in Cat Creek, where drillers and tool dressers devour bushels of the luscious berries daily. Surplus berries are marketed in Winnett, Melstone, and Roundup, and supply has never caught up with demand. Mr. Johnson expects to net \$1000.00 from his crop this year."

Knute and his wife had two sons, Ernest (1917) and Lester (1921).

In January of 1926 Knute passed away in Miles City, Montana. His brother, Ole, from Norma, North Dakota, and his wife, Anna, were at his bedside at the time of his death. (See also JOHNSON — Kelley)

KAMPF, Samuel (Garfield County) Sam Kampf was born June 14, 1919, at Laredo, Montana. Grace Alexander was born August 10, 1918, at Bozeman, Montana. She and Sam were married December 3, 1958. Grace, by a former marriage had two daughters — Patricia (1944) and Deborah (1951). A son, Samuel Alexander (1961) was born to Grace and Sam.

Sam and Grace now live on the former Elisabeth (Elizabeth) Kleiman homestead. Grace's mother, Helena (Lena) Kleiman Alexander, and Anna Kleiman Solf were sisters. A complete genealogy of the Kleiman family was compiled by Grace, and a copy was presented to the public library in Winnett. (See also BOWEN and KLEIMAN; also KASTNER and SOLF — Winnett)

KEITH, Lon Dr. L. S. and Carrie Keith were married in Illinois. Lon practiced medicine in Illinois, California, Oregon, and Canada before coming to Montana in 1916. They settled in the Benzien area, where they bought a relinquishment. Dr. Keith did not take the Montana Medical Examination, as he did not intend to practice, but there were so few doctors in the area that he was always being called upon. He traveled many miles horseback in all kinds of weather to help the sick. Dr. Lon died during the flu epidemic of 1920, and Carrie passed away in 1931 in Great Falls at the home of her son, Charles.

Herbert Field Keith, son of Dr. Lon and Carrie Keith, was born in 1888 in Bloomington, Illinois. He moved to the Lower Musselshell River and leased the W. G. Roberts place. Bert served in the Army during World War I, and after being discharged, married Dagmar Nordahl, daughter of Carl and Marie Nordahl. They had twins, Carl

(Jack) and Wanda (Judy). Judy passed away when she was six years old. Jack received his primary education on the river and high school at Winnett. During World War II he served in the Navy aboard a destroyer in the Pacific Theater. Verda Rowton Keith Loeb wrote the following:

"Thirty-nine years of my life I lived on the Musselshell River. I was born the daughter of Parley and Alma Rowton in 1936 south of Mosby, and was helped into this world by my Grandma Mary Rowton. We lived about two miles south of the highway then. When I was in first and second grade, I stayed with Lou and Mugs Hill and walked to school with their kids, a journey of about a mile and a half. The Weede School was where I went for eight years. Hills lived across the river so we had a trolley to ride, except when the river was frozen over.

"Most weekends when I boarded at Hills, I would ride with the teacher on Fridays to our turnoff, where I would either walk home or someone would pick me up. One time when I went home the folks were gone; as darkness descended, I became frightened, so I got blankets and pillows and put them on the table, by the front window where I could see the road. I laid up there to watch the road, and when my parents got home a little later, I was asleep.

"When I was a third grader, my parents sold the place we lived on and bought a place from Horace McGiboney, which was closer to school. There we lived in a log house with the kitchen and living room together and one bedroom. Later we had a frame house moved in, one that had been owned by Elmer Eager and came from west of Winnett. One winter while I was in high school, this house burned down. Dad and Vernon were warming up oil on the heater to put in a tractor, and it got too hot and blew up. Vernon was in the house at the time, but didn't get hurt. Then they had a house built out of square logs brought in from Wyoming.



Jack and Verda Keith

"The most trouble I remember getting into was from my Dad. One day when I went to school, there was to be an auction sale at the place we had just moved to. The other school kids hadn't brought their lunch and I had. They talked me into hiding mine and telling the teacher I didn't have any lunch, in hopes that we could get out of school to go to the sale. It worked! However, the teacher, Mrs. George Ore, and Mom got to talking and discovered I had lied. The next morning before I left for school, Dad got an apple board. Although I tried crawling under the table, it didn't work, as I still got a feel of the apple board.

"Mom moved to Winnett when I started high school, where I graduated in 1954. Shortly after graduation, I married Jack Keith and moved down the river about 25 miles, where the old Mecaha Post Office used to be. We lived in a three-room log house, which I had never seen before. We had no electricity, phone, or running water, only a wood cookstove and heater.

"Jack's mother, Dagmar Nordahl Keith, passed away May 1, 1954, of heart failure. His father, Bert, whose family came from Illinois, lived with us until 1969, when he moved to the Roundup Nursing Home, after experiencing a slight stroke. He passed away there in August of 1971.

"The place we lived on ran about 50 cows. The first summer we had good-looking crops and garden until the 16th of August, when we were completely hailed out. The day it hailed I was canning corn on a wood cookstove, and it wasn't long before the rain and hail washed the chinking out of the walls, with water running into the house. The water was running deep around the house. We figured if the storm went right up Lodgepole, it would flood, so we got into a vehicle and drove as fast as we could to higher ground, but it didn't flood. The millet did come back up though, and due to a late frost, we were able to put up hay.

"Claude was born July 6, 1955. Clyde was born April 8, 1958. In January of 1960 he got sick one cold, snowy night, and we took him to the Jordan Hospital the next morning. He had viral pneumonia and passed away a few hours later.

"In March of 1960 we sold the place to Marcus Matovich and bought the W. G. Roberts place, which would run 150-200 head of cattle. Because the first couple of years were real dry, we had to sell part of the cattle. Then we were blessed with a bumper alfalfa seed crop and could breathe a little easier. I worked out in the field part of the time in place of a hired man, and my sisters babysat in the summer.

"Judy, our daughter, was born May 27, 1961, in Roundup; and Kevin, our youngest son, was born July 17, 1964.

"Entertainment on the river was lots of card games, especially pinochle, with neighbors Dick Gibsons, Knute Nordahls, Carl Petersens, Harry Nordahls, and others. We had no phones until 1960 and no television. Every New Year's Eve there was a get-together with supper, cards, and dancing to a record player till wee hours of the

morning. Of course, kids were included. As I remember, Tom and Edna Wangseng spent every New Years but one with us.

"Jack and I were both on the school board for years, and also served as managers of the Ross Hall. Dances were held the last Saturday of the month, June through October. Lots of good times were had there. Almost always we had a bunch of weary dancers travel the extra three miles to our house for breakfast, with sourdough hotcakes being the specialty. One morning we had twelve couples. It was not unusual for the breakfast guests to sleep for awhile before beginning the drive home over the treacherous river road.

"In the spring of 1974, Jack found out he had cancer of the blood, lymphomas. He was on medication for a year and a half and seemed to be doing well, but in July of 1975 he became ill. We went to Salt Lake VA Hospital, where Jack was being treated, but he passed away August 27, 1975.

"After Jack died, I moved to Winnett, a move which had already been planned before his death, as Judy was starting high school. I married Don Loeb in January 1976, and moved to Grassrange in June. Don worked at the sawmill. A lot of our weekends were spent taking the camper and the kids and going fishing or hunting. Don was killed in February 1977 in a snowmobile accident. Kevin and I moved back to Winnett in August of 1979." (Verda moved to Three Forks in 1989)

Claude (1955), son of Verda and Jack Keith, received his education at the Ross School and Winnett High School, where he graduated in 1973.

Claude married Kathy Coffey in August of 1977. Clyde, their son, was born on July 26, 1979, his great-grandfather Bert's birthday. Kasey, another son, seemed to be in a hurry and was born October 12, 1981, on the river, delivered by his dad and great-great aunt, Pearl Nordahl. Claude and Kathy were divorced, and Claude married Debbie Graham on December 31, 1984. A baby girl, Crystal, was born February 2, 1988.

Judy (1961), daughter of Jack and Verda Keith, went to grade school at Ross and graduated from Grassrange High School in 1979. She married a classmate, Dan Elliott, in July of 1979, and they moved to the river ranch to work until 1984, when Dan went to work at Cat Creek oil field. They have two daughters, Jessie (1982) and Jenna (1986). They started working for Rex Bohn in April 1988.

Kevin (1964), son of Jack and Verda Keith, went to Ross School and graduated from Winnett High School in 1982. He married his classmate, Cara Kipf, in June of that year. They lived on the ranch for a year, and then moved to Bozeman, where Kevin still works and Cara goes to Montana State University. Amber, their daughter, was born September 6, 1982, and Chase, a son, was born on May 11, 1988. (See homestead picture, page 416.)

KIMBLE, Lyle and Lloyd Lyle and Lloyd Kimble and their families came to the area in 1946, when they leased

the Ed Healy place on the Musselshell River. They had previously been large equipment operators for Morrison-Knudson Co. They stayed on the Healy place until the expiration of their lease in 1951, at which time they purchased the John O'Dea Ranch.

Lloyd went back to work for Morrison-Knudson at Rio de Janeiro, Brazil, and another brother, Harold, came to the ranch. Harold and his family stayed at the Gilfeather Ranch and worked on the Kimble Ranch until 1953, when they moved to Illinois.

On the O'Dea place, they developed an elevated irrigation system that allowed them to irrigate pasture and hay land. They built up a good herd of cows and were among the first in the area to insist on performance tested bulls for their sires.

Donald McNeese, a nephew, stayed with the Kimbles while he attended high school in Winnett. His parents were working construction in South America at the time.

In 1964 Kimbles sold their holdings to Tom Heron.

KLEIMAN, John William William Kleiman was born in Germany. He married Elizabeth Mary Schmidt in Kansas in 1890. In 1901 they made the overland trek from Kansas to Garneill, Montana, described by daughter Katherine.

"I was eight years old and we left Kansas in August of 1901. We were on the road for five weeks, but never traveled on Sunday, that being rest day, washday, and so on. It was September when we reached Montana, near Garneill in Fergus County. My mother's brother, Uncle Frank, had been out here before and knew exactly where our family was headed — eight of us, — Mother, Dad, and six children (six months to ten years), an uncle, aunt, an orphan cousin, and grandparents (Mother's parents); also a man and his son who came along to see the country and work during the fall months.

"The vehicles used were three covered wagons and a spring wagon in which many rode and had two (possibly ten) kegs in back where we hauled water. There were two dogs and horses (no extras) — a light buggy team for the spring wagon and two work horses each for the wagons. The spring wagon was a surrey with the fringe on top. There were four steel braces in the corners. To me it was beautiful. The buggy whip had a tassel, no doubt. The covered wagon had brackets so the bed could be made wider. An ordinary bed spring fitted exactly so there was at least one good bed for the bunch. The men used bedrolls and slept on the ground along side the wagons, so as to watch where the horses drifted. A bell was put on one horse (a leader), and also they were all hobbled.

"We had a camp stove and pieces of flat metal that made into a sort of stove where we could place kettles. We used a lot of cured meat; also the men killed wild chickens, rabbits and sage hens, and once an antelope. It may have been out of season, but it tasted good. We bought supplies along the road. Water was the worst barrier. All water was boiled; in fact, all the children drank weak coffee. As for myself, I sneaked so much sugar I



Moving the Kleiman family to their homestead: (L to R) Ruben Barkdoll, Oscar Withrow, Merril Wolf

can't drink sweetened coffee since. A tarp was spread on the ground picnic style, and I imagine oil cloth in the middle. We used tin plates and cups, and, as we called them later, our black tableware.

"The women and girls all wore dresses and the men ordinary work clothes. In those days it was a disgrace for women to wear trousers; also dresses were long, not far above the floor or ground.

"While going through the Crow Indian Reservation in Montana, our horses were driven away from camp, possibly by Indians, and we spent most of a day overtaking them. We had no saddle horses, so that meant a long walk for several. All came out okay. While in the reservation, we kept our dogs tied at night. The story of Indians liking nice fat dogs to eat was in our minds. Our light team had lots of get up and go, but all grew weary enough to be quite gentle. I think we were partial to Fanny (the black). We had raised her and she was only three when we took her for the trip.

"The names of the entire group were: Mother Elizabeth Kleiman, Dad William Kleiman, Joe, myself (Katherine), Mary, Lena, Frances and Willie; Grandma and Grandpa Mary and Dominick Schmidt, Uncle Frank, Aunt Angela Cousin Frances Balding, friend Charlie Overfelt and his father. We were all quite fair complexioned, from tow-heads to dark brown and black, and grandparents were gray.

"We followed the general course of the railroad at the time, and forded many streams and rivers. We started from near Atwood, Kansas, one day's drive by team from Stratton, Nebraska.

"Luckily we all kept up our courage and strength as far as I can remember. Grandma had the usual headaches grandmas have and often had her food carried into the wagon. The only exciting incident I recall is when Uncle Frank went to cross a bridge over a small stream and the bridge gave away and the wagon landed in the water.

This was the supply wagon, and a lot of food had to be thrown out, even to the huge box of crackers we were in love with. Grandma was ill and to see her crawl out the rear opening in the canvas was funny. I think it cured the headache. We had a lot of fun and the change of habitation meant very little to us children."

In 1915 the Kleimans moved to the Musselshell River near Mosby, where they spent the rest of their lives. William died in 1935 and Elizabeth died in 1956. They had eleven children: Joe never married; Katherine married Dow Bowen; Mary died young; Lena married Volney Mike Alexander, then E. A. Dilly; Frances married Elmer Eaton; Willie died young; Frank never married and died in 1956; Anna married Joe Solf; John never married; Elizabeth died young; and Mary died young.

KYLE, John John and Hattie Kyle's children were among those listed on the first school census of District #107 in 1913. They were Beryle (1896), LeRoy J. (1899), and Norma O. (1907).

LANE, George (Sec 8-13-30) George and Myrtle Lane bought the Sarah Smith homestead. They had a daughter, Dora (1908) listed in the Weede School census. She was listed in the census in 1915, 1916, and 1917. They sold to Anna Burgess.

LAPHAM, Phletus "Fleet" (Sec 17-21-30) "I, Fuller Laugeman, son of Arthur and Gladys Fuller Laugeman, was born in 1923 in Springfield, Illinois. My father died of scarlet fever when I was about two and a half years old.

"In June 1927 my mother, Gladys Fuller Laugeman, married Phletus "Fleet" Lapham in St. Paul, Minnesota. They came out to Lewistown, Montana, then on to the Missouri River via Roy and Valentine. At Valentine we met the Roland Matthews family. Mrs. Matthews was Fleet's sister, and so now I had a new aunt and uncle and four new cousins. Fleet had leased Roland's place which was the first river bottom on the Missouri up from Fort Musselshell on the Petroleum County side of the river. I remember a stop at the Tony Weingart Ranch at Barrel Springs, then across Crooked Creek, and finally to the ranch over the rough prairie and badland trails that passed as roads in those days.

"My stepfather, Fleet, served in World War I in France, where he was a scout and a sniper. He returned to the Missouri River country and ranching. In the fall he trailed steers to Malta to the Great Northern Railroad, to be loaded out to St. Paul. When he got back to Malta, he would pick up the four-horse team and wagon and load a six month's supply of food and ranch supplies, then return to the ranch. It was a good primitive ranch life. Water came free from the Missouri via wooden barrels on a horse drawn stone boat. There might be six to twelve inches of mud in the bottom of the barrels if the river was high and muddy, but no one ever died from drinking it; it really was quite good water. My half brother 'Pete' was born in 1930 and now lives at Charlo in Flathead Basin.

"At that time every river bottom that was liveable, on

both sides of the Missouri and the Musselshell Rivers, had a set of ranch buildings and a family living on it. Although the river bottoms were all settled, the area back from the river was isolated and primitive and about as far as you could get from a railroad in Montana. Above us, at the mouth of Soda Creek, was the ranch of Bill and John Town; across the Missouri River near the mouth of Jim Wells Creek was the UL Ranch. Below us was Fort Musselshell and the ferry to Phillips County. Below the fort was the mouth of the Musselshell and across the river was the Anderson Ranch. At that time, the Missouri and Musselshell had more than their share of colorful characters, both good and hard cases, and some of their past deeds and shenanigans were famous along the river.

"In the early 1920s there was a good horse market. Organized horse thieves stole horses in Wyoming and trailed them north to Canada through the UL Bend country. They often stole horses in the Canadian provinces and sold them in Wyoming. 'Double shooting the turn' you might say. Several times, by moonlight, Fleet saw bands of stolen horses being swum across the Missouri at the old Indian ford below the mouth of the Musselshell.

"The man, JC, at Fort Musselshell, who ran the ferry was a good friend of Fleet's. His front job was running the ferry, but his main endeavor was producing an excellent grade of 'Montana Moonshine,' which found a ready market in the towns of Central Montana and the Hi-line towns from Havre to Glasgow, plus lots of places in between.

"Right below the ferry crossing was a large willow island where JC had a 'still.' One day my mother and I walked down to the fort, which consisted of a couple of log cabins joined together. There was no one around, so as we waited my mother spied a dirty, greasy, dish towel. She gave it a good washing and hung it on the line to dry. A few minutes later JC came scrambling up over the river bank and breathlessly asked, 'What's up? Who's around?' Then we knew that hanging the dish towel was the signal for strangers on the bank.

"At another ranch, they set up a moonshine still under the blacksmith shop with the stovepipe from the still going out the chimney of the forge. They dug a tunnel from the blacksmith shop to the outhouse, where they had partitioned off the front of the hole under the outhouse, then could raise the floor of the outhouse to scramble out. They would start up the forge in the blacksmith shop, go to the outhouse and down through the tunnel, and proceed to cook up the mash. One story tells of a rather portly lady who went to the outhouse. While she was sitting there, the floor started to come up. She screamed and the floor boards sure dropped down again. She didn't stay long in the outhouse.

"One of JC's cohorts and purveyors of 'Montana Moonshine' was a florid-faced gent who went by the name 'Air Tight' Johnson. The sheriffs around knew him well and had picked him up more than once. Being unable to pin anything on him, or get anything out of him, they hung