

□ Paul Zarzyski

Paul Zarzyski, born and raised in the logging/mining town of Hurley, Wisconsin, came to Montana in part because of the closing lines of Richard Hugo's poem "Driving Montana":

"You are lost/ in miles of land without people, without/ one fear of being found, in the dash/ of rabbits, soar of antelope, swirl/merge and clatter of streams."

Zarzyski worked for a time at the Bonner mill, studied under Hugo at the University of Montana and rode bareback broncs at Montana rodeos. In 2001, he is recognized as one of the most innovative cowboy poets in America. "Graveyard Shift at Bonner Mill" appeared first in The Chariton Review.

Graveyard Shift at Bonner Mill

Pitch glistens on the pine like sweat
and the white-faced logs roll
slow, cattle that sense the butcher,
the odor of fresh-cut bone.

A quarter moon sinks a keen edge
into a clearcut mountain,
and the only stars are sawdust
your crosscut sprays against the dark.

The one hope, the neon at Harold's
Milltown Bar, Hugo's poems preserved
there forever under glass
like the bighorn and the billy.

These hours fester in your head,
too much caffeine, tobacco juice,
the peaveys that stab your flesh
in bad dreams you have all day.

This work is meant for bitter nights
when the Blackfoot floats your shadow
far down stream
and a nighthawk is the only witness.

□ Annick Smith

Annick Smith homesteaded with her husband, Dave, and four sons on a ranch on Bear Creek in the Blackfoot Valley in the mid-1960s. She was born in Paris in 1936 and raised in Chicago. A writer, editor and independent filmmaker, Smith produced "Heartland" in 1979. It won first prize at the Berlin and U.S. film festivals and the Western Heritage Award of the National Cowboy Hall of Fame. Smith was co-editor of "The Last Place, A Montana Anthology," published by the Montana Historical Society in 1988. Her youngest sons, twins Andrew and Alex, went to Potomac School and in the spring of 2001 were in the editing stages of their own feature film, "The Slaughter Rule," which has the backdrop of six-man football in central Montana. This selection is excerpted from her 1995 book, "Homestead," published by Milkweed Editions of Minneapolis, Minnesota.

From "Homestead"

The River That Runs Through It

On summer evenings I look north from the deck outside my log kitchen and watch night crawl up the Bear Creek drainage from the blue-black valley of the Big Blackfoot. I cannot see the river or the creek from where I sit, but the humped mountains all around are scarred by clear-cuts and slashed with logging roads. Owls cry. Ghosts of old forests rise in dusky light. I imagine the deep woods as they were before Anaconda, before Champion and Plum Creek. A long-billed snipe dives from the clouds, wind sounding through his feathers in a trilling, whistling mating call.

Some nights the northern sky pulses green – green waves and luminous stripes passing over the eaves of my shake roof. After fireworks one Fourth of July in our Wild-West days of the 1970s, a bunch of good old boys and gals were passing the Jack Daniel's around a fire burned down to coals. A visiting writer stood by the tailgate of his pickup, stoned on acid. He looked up to the sky, then at us. "You seeing the same thing I am?"

I cannot fathom what my friend saw in his altered state, but the rest of us were craning our heads toward the light show on the Milky Way. We studied the northern lights with the fascination of Neanderthals gawking outside their caves. Remembering that night I think of light flowing like a river; I think of blood and sap – the common, recurrent, and fluid patterns of life.

Homestead

I am not a fisherperson. I have tried many times to catch fish on a line – sometimes to please others, sometimes to satisfy myself – but I do not like to snap the necks of shiny wiggling cutthroat trout or rainbows or Dolly Vardens. “You eat them, you can kill them,” Dave would scold me.

Where I live you learn that respectful tracking and killing of wild game is more honest than buying domestic meat – better for the world, perhaps better for the soul. Killing, however, is never a matter of logic. My squeamishness regarding fish goes back to my Chicago childhood. My fat little Grandma Deutch would take me to the Jewish fishmonger’s shop on Broadway for smoked Lake Michigan whitefish in wax paper; smelly, greasy, but delicious when sauteed in butter. And after thunderstorms at our summer house in the Michigan dunes, scores of alewives would float onto the beach and die, their stink so rotten we held our noses. Still, I attach myself to men who love to fish. And it has been my good fortune to live along trout streams.

When my young family came to Montana in the fall of 1964, we spent our first day fishing Rock Creek, a blue-ribbon stream in the Clark Fork’s drainage. Dick Hugo took us. He had convinced Dave to leave Seattle and join the English Department at the University of Montana. We could have looked for houses to rent, checked out the university where Dave would teach on Monday. “Let’s go fishing,” said Dave.

Dave and Dick and our eldest son, Eric, fished the narrow canyon while I untangled six-year-old Steve’s line. Yellow aspen and cottonwoods speckled the creek bottoms, and the valley was streaked red with vine maple. Ponderosa pines, western larch, and Douglas fir fringed the burnt-grass hillsides. God or nature, certainly not accident, had endowed the land with the same colors and markings as the trout.

We spent every off-day fishing Rock Creek, and within a year we had rented a streamside bungalow at the Valley of the Moon Ranch. I was still in my twenties, only a few years removed from the innocence of childhood. That was before our twins were born, before my black hair turned gray, before David realized he had a fatal heart disease.

But those were the Rock Creek years, and they are not part of this story. This story begins six years later and is about my family and neighbors, a way of life, a book, and a river named the Big Blackfoot to distinguish it from the Little Blackfoot.

In western Montana, all highways run along pine-forested river routes carved through mountains by ice and running water. The Big Blackfoot empties into the Clark Fork of the Columbia River a few miles east of Missoula. Our place sits on a meadow a mile and a half above the Blackfoot, but the river’s presence ripples in my imagination as if it murmured outside my door. The Big Blackfoot has become my metaphor for change and connection. It seems I have been standing in the same place for a quarter century, watching the chaos of my life flow by.

Homestead

There is an idyllic morning I carry around with me like a lucky rubbing stone. It is 1971, our first summer at the ranch, and Dave and I and our four boys have gone fishing on the Big Blackfoot. We drive our sand-colored Land Rover to the edge of a high bank upstream from the mouth of Belmont Creek. Dave and the older boys scramble down to the rocky shore. It is cool in the morning shade of great-branched Ponderosas. The salmon-fly hatch is about over, but a few of the heavy, orange-bodied insects hang onto willow branches in the dewy air. When their wings dry, they will beat suicidally over riffles where lunker rainbows are waiting for breakfast.

"Use live ones for bait," shouts Dave, knee-deep in green water. Dave moves toward the head of a fishing hole. The boys and I hop through willows, serviceberry and chokecherry brush. We snatch the sluggish salmon flies. Within the hour Dave hooks and nets two twenty-inch rainbows. Eric and Steve with their squiggling live flies catch smaller trout. Even I get a good bite. The fishing is hot, and then it's over.

I bring out tuna-fish sandwiches, peaches, and chocolate-chip cookies. A thermos of coffee. A jar of lemonade. After lunch, with the sun high and the water cool, I am happy to lie on damp sand, the older guys gone downriver in search of elusive big ones, the four-year-old twins making dams out of colored river stones – aquamarine, rose, jade green.

Norman Maclean would soon memorialize such Precambrian "rocks from the basement of time" in the title story of *A River Runs Through It*. He would describe the Big Blackfoot's deep patterns: the unity of a three-part fishing hole, the river's billion-year geologic history. Maclean would connect the river and the act of fishing to a Presbyterian brand of theology and to an aesthetic of craft and art. He would articulate universal feelings of helplessness in the face of destiny and death.

But on that faraway summer morning I had no idea that my humanities professor from the University of Chicago lived just up the road at Seeley Lake. I did not know his wife had recently died or that he had retired from teaching. I would never have guessed that twenty miles upriver, at the age of seventy-three, Norman Maclean was beginning to write a great book about family and fishing and love. Or that the book's culminating scene would take place exactly where I sat, daydreaming in the midday Blackfoot breeze.

My husband Dave grew up along the Mississippi in Hastings, Minnesota, and loved to skate. He read the boys *Hans Brinker and the Silver Skates* so they would get the idea of his life on the river. "We'd skate the backwaters," he said. "Make fires, tease the girls." His words created a Brueghel world, a nostalgic etching by Currier & Ives.

In winter, at our favorite swimming hole a quarter mile above the mouth of Bear

Homestead

Creek, the Blackfoot freezes two feet thick and two-thirds of the way to its northern shore. Twenty yards downstream the riffles run year around. The beach we call ours is a gravel pocket bounded by high cliffs embroidered orange and chartreuse with lichen. I have skied down to the river in January, played tag on the ice with little boys and puppies, followed tracks of deer, rabbits, and mice.

We never skated on Blackfoot pools because there was too much snow those winters of the early seventies, snow four feet deep in our field. And Dave was too ill to skate. Disease had caused his arteries to become clogged with the yellow cholesterol we could see in patches under his deep-circled blue eyes. Dave did not have the energy to clear an ice rink on the river, and I didn't care enough to do it myself.

"I want Annick and the kids to have something after I'm gone," Dave told our dear friend, Anne Stadler, knowing he could die any day. The hundred-year-old hewn-log house we found abandoned along the Blackfoot, then tore apart and rebuilt on our 163 acres would be his hedge against mortality. But Dave had other reasons for wanting to own land. He had grown up poor and illegitimate, bearing the name of his mother's family, and he wanted the respectability of property with his name on the deed.

I have come to realize he also wanted to cheat fear and fate by living out fantasies of his rural childhood. "What do you want to be when you grow up?" our oldest boy, Eric, would ask his father. The question was a joke because Dave changed professions the way other restless men change wives. First he had been a lawyer, then an English professor, finally an aspiring filmmaker. Dave's answer became a family catchword: "I want to be a cowboy."

The Blackfoot Valley offered a haven where the Cowboy could fish, hunt birds, ride his horses, and own land wild enough to harbor elk, deer, mountain lions, and black bear. My dreams of escape joined easily with his, and I became the Ranch Wife. Land lasts longer than blood or love. It is not like a river.

After Dave's death in 1974, I spent two years in Spokane producing a series of documentaries about Native Americans. We drove to Seattle those years for Christmas holidays with the Stadlers. By 1976 we were healed enough to celebrate Christmas at home. I was back in the Blackfoot Valley and editing a new film about Dick Hugo, a film that incorporated parts of the original Dave and I had made ten years earlier. I had become the self-starter Dave always wanted me to be, a liberated widow forty years old, but I was still tied to my grief. I slept with Dave's pajamas, the scent of him, under my pillow.

Eric and Steve had come home from college. The twins, Alex and Andrew, who

Homestead

were in fourth grade at the Potomac School, tore into the presents under the tree. We feasted on ham scored with mustard and brown sugar, then gathered around the red brick fireplace that I had designed and Steve had helped build. It was our first addition to the house since Dave died, and we knew he would be proud of us for creating a beautiful handmade thing.

We sat around the crackling fire, played word games, listened to the scratched recording of Dylan Thomas reading "A Child's Christmas in Wales" that Dave had given me for my eighteenth birthday. We did our best to drive off melancholy. There was a book I had intended to give to Eric or Steve as a present, but once I started reading it, I could not let it go. The slim volume had a powder blue dust jacket. It was the first edition of *A River Runs Through It*.

"Your father would have loved this book," I told the boys.

I read the ending aloud. *Eventually, all things merge into one, and a river runs through it*

Seven years later, in September of 1983, Norman Maclean inscribed my dog-eared copy: "To Annick Smith – Who lives where it is more beautiful but so tough the Finns and the Serbs lined their fields with rock-piles and then gave up." We had become partners – Norman, Bill Kittredge, and me – in the development of a dramatic film based on that book.

The day Maclean signed my book I had gone to pick him up at his cabin on Seeley Lake. The lake is fed by the Clearwater River, which is a tributary to the Big Blackfoot and part of the same fierce snow country. Five-hundred-year-old larch climb from the shore, and each fall the larch shed golden needles on the shingle roof of the log cabin that Norman helped his father build in 1922. When I arrived I was shocked to see the eighty-five-year-old author descending a ladder from the roof, broom in hand.

"You should take care!" I admonished.

"I *am* taking care," Norman snapped back at me.

We walked to his dock and gazed across the lake to a peak in the Swan Range Wilderness, where a forest fire burned unchecked. Norman worked for the Forest Service in the Bitterroot Mountains as a young man and had come to detest its cut-down-the-trees-and-make-money politics. His last book, *Young Men and Fire*, was about the Mann Gulch fire of 1948, where thirteen young smoke-jumpers died senselessly. He was concerned to the end about taking care of what you love.

Eventually Bill wrote a script for *A River Runs Through It* under Norman's exacting tutelage, and I began a long and painful process of raising production money. But Norman became ill and Robert Redford became interested in directing and producing the film, and Norman sold him the rights because he believed that in Redford's hands the film would be made soon and made right. The result was a new

Homestead

script by a professional screenwriter and an Academy Award-winning movie that Norman did not live to see.

The final irony of *A River Runs Through It* is that the film was not shot on the Big Blackfoot. If any story is wedded to place, that one is, but logged-off hillsides make disturbing pictures. The river had become too degraded for Redford's idyllic vision.

.....

To avoid complicity in destroying what we love, we must learn all over again to adhere to the rules of right conduct. Take the day actor William Hurt came to Montana to fish the Big Blackfoot with Norman Maclean. This was in 1983, when Hurt wanted to make a film based on *A River Runs Through It*. He is a fine fly fisherman and had been preparing for the ultimate test of his fitness – playing Norman's fisherman brother, Paul, in the movie.

Bill Kittredge and I and Hurt's publicist and partner, Lois Smith, drove Hurt up the Blackfoot to Sperry Grade and, after a good bit of verbal fencing, finally got him into a rubber raft and floating downriver with Norman and his old fishing crony George Cronenbergs. Stopping on the highway so Lois could take some publicity photos, we saw the three men in a raft veer abruptly toward shore. Hurt came racing up the steep bank.

"Forgot to buy a license," he huffed.

"No fishing without a license," Norman had ruled. No matter who you are.

The run of river Hurt traversed with two old men is protected by The Nature Conservancy. Other stretches are being conserved through easements or purchase by state, federal, and private environmental groups. Much of the Blackfoot has been designated a Wild and Scenic Rivers area, but rules and regulations, even if followed, are not enough.

Pilgrims are needed to save the sacred. Once, as part of our plan to make a film based on *A River Runs Through It*, Bill and I took producer Michael Hausman and director Richard Pearce on a location-scouting expedition with Norman. We came to where the Clearwater River flows into the Big Blackfoot and were snapping photos of a great rock, the clear water swirling around it. We were picturing Paul shadow-casting.

A young couple came striding up the bank, wicker creels over their shoulders, rods in hand. In the woman's fishing vest was a familiar paperback. "What's that book?" Mike asked.

The young couple were high school teachers from Colorado. They were retracing the fishing spots in Norman's story.

"Would you like to meet the author?" asked Mike.

Homestead

Some pilgrims are not so literate. One July evening I decided to try my hand with the new fly rod my fisherman son, Eric, gave me for my birthday. Bill and I headed for the fishing spot where Norman had described his last expedition with Paul. Bill had fished that water with his own brother, and it was the salmon-fly hole where my young family had picnicked nearly twenty years before.

We walked through the woods toward a sandbar. Long-stemmed daisies and yellow buttercups glowed in the leafy light. At the head of the hole a young man stood with his left arm around a woman. His right arm moved rhythmically forward and back as he cast a line into the river. Both figures were buck naked.

I wanted to stand in the shadows and watch, wanted to see if a red coffee can full of worms lay at the man's feet like the one Jessie's naked, drunk, and sunburnt brother Neal used in *A River Runs Through It*. Bill pulled me away.

The sweet acrid odor of decaying cottonwood leaves reminded me of days when I walked the Blackfoot with David Smith and Dick Hugo and Norman Maclean – all of them gone. Bill stooped to pick up a soggy wallet with a driver's license and a man's picture dated three years before. We had visions of death on the river, and love, at the same moment.

Connecting with a river means learning to float. You think you know where you're going, and then you encounter an unexpected turn, a current or flood; you are swept under; you emerge transformed by the act of surviving danger. The river hides rocks and deep snags and drowned creatures, and it is this secrecy that draws me – the tension between what's on the surface and what lies beneath. I believe we are more like rivers than we are like meadows.

Floating on my back down the Blackfoot on a dog day in August, I like to point my toes downstream and look up to cliffs and clouds. A red-tail hawk sails above me, I float past silver-plumed willows. Blue dragonflies hover above a riffle. A kingfisher with his crested, outsized head dives for a minnow. Immersed in liquid light I find relief from self and time.

Each of us has memories we sing over and over again like a song in our inner ear. If your place of memory and connection is the Big Blackfoot River you are blessed, as I am. You will want to do what you can to save the river so your grandchildren can float its green waters and fish its native cutthroats and bull trout. You will teach them to dive into deep pools, touch stones that go back to the beginnings of time. The river is not dead yet. Boys and girls should make love on its banks.

Making Certain It Goes On

At last the Big Blackfoot river
has risen high enough to again cover the stones
dry too many months. Trout return
from summer harbor deep in the waters
of the power company dam. High on the bank
where he knows the river won't reach
the drunk fisherman tries to focus on
a possible strike, and tries to ignore
the hymn coming from the white frame church.
The stone he leans against, bleached out dull gray,
underwater looked beautiful and blue.
The young minister had hoped for a better parish,
say one with bells that sound gold
and a congregation that doesn't stop coming
when the mill shuts down.

We love to imagine
a giant bull trout or a lunker rainbow
will grab the drunk fisherman's bait
and shock the drunk fisherman out
of his recurrent afternoon dream and into
the world of real sky and real water.
We love to imagine the drought has ended,
the high water will stay, the excess
irrigate crops, the mill reopen, the workers
go back to work, lovers reassume plans
to be married. One lover, also the son
of the drunk fisherman, by now asleep
on the bank for no trout worth imagining
has come, will not invite his father
to the happy occasion though his father
will show up sober and properly dressed,
and the son will no longer be sure of the source
of the shame he has always rehearsed.

Next summer the river will recede,
the stones bleach out to

their dullest possible shade. The fisherman
will slide bleary down the bank
and trade in any chance he has of getting
a strike for some old durable dream,
a dream that will keep out the hymn
coming again from the church. The workers
will be back full shift. The power company
will lower the water in the dam
to make repairs, make repairs and raise rates.
The drunk fisherman will wait for the day
his son returns, divorced and bitter
and swearing revenge on what the old man
has come to believe is only water
rising and falling on climatic schedule.

That summer came and is gone. And everything
we predicted happened, including the death
of the fisherman. We didn't mention that before,
but we knew and we don't lie to look good.
We didn't foresee the son would never return.

This brings us to us, and our set lines
set deep on the bottom. We're going all out
for the big ones. A new technology
keeps the water level steady year round.
The company dam is self cleaning.
In this dreamy summer air you and I
dreamily plan a statue commemorating
the unknown fisherman. The stone will bear
no inscription and that deliberate anonymity
will start enough rumors to keep
the mill operating, big trout nosing the surface,
the church reforming white frame
into handsome blue stone, and this community
going strong another hundred years.

– *Richard Hugo*

From "Making Certain It Goes On"
1983, W.W. Norton & Co.

INDEX

- ACM (see Anaconda Copper Mining Company)
- AFL-CIO 45
- A Grass Roots Tribute 7
- Anaconda Copper Mining Co. (ACM)
 31-32, 38-39, 40, 46, 47, 52, 54,
 60, 74, 81, 114
 bachelor's hall 50-51
 community garden 46 51-53
 traveling library 46, 48-49, 56
- Arsenic 26
- Bandmann, Daniel E. 11, 12, 15-19
- Bandmann, Mary Kelly 15, 16
- Bandmann, Millie Palmer 16, 19
- Bandmann bridge 16
- Bandmann road 10, 12
- Bateau 22
- Bear Creek 114, 116-117
- Bedbugs 41
- Bell, Alexander Graham 15
- Belmont Creek 116
- Big Blackfoot (see Blackfoot River)
- Bijou Theater, Missoula 64
- Bird Tail Rock 7
- Bitterroot Mountains 46, 49, 118
- Bitterroot Valley 4, 6
- Blackfeet Indians 1, 2, 5
- Blackfoot River (see Cokalalahishkit) 1,
 4, 6, 7-8, 12-13, 15, 22, 23, 46, 47,
 60, 74-80, 82, 98, 99, 113-120, 122-
 123
 Logging 50, 54-59, 61
- Blackfoot Canyon 23
- Blackfoot Valley 81, 114, 117
- Blackfoot Forest Protective Association
 (BFPA) 81, 83
- Bonner, E.L. 10, 11
- Bonner Hall 81
- Bonner mill 22, 43-44, 88, 113
- Bonner Railroad station 91
- Bonner School 26, 27, 33
- Booth, Edwin 17
- Booth, John Wilkes 17-18
- Bourquin, George (federal judge) 44
- Brooks, George F. 17
- Brown, Eunice Morris 32
- Brown, Walter and Mackey 87, 89
- bull chain 108
- Burns Detective Agency 44
- Butte 26, 45
- Camas Prairie (Potomac) 54
- Camel's Hump 40
- Cantonment Wright 8
- Carborundum stones 64
- Carrier, Warren 86, 89, 91
- Carroll, David 17
- Caterpillar tractors 58
- Catholics 27, 33-34
- Cedar St. (Broadway) 35
- Central School (Missoula) 24
- Chase, Doug 91
- chute monkeys 58
- Civil War 7
- Clarke, A.L. (Bandmann researcher) 16
- Clark Fork River 2, 4, 5, 7-8, 15, 16, 26,
 91, 99, 101, 115
- Clark mill 13 (see Western Lumber Co.)
- Clark, William A. (mill owner) 15
- Champion International 31, 114
- Clark, William (explorer) 4,6
- Clay Street (Missoula) 24
- Clearwater River, Idaho
 (also Koos-koos-kee) 4
- Clearwater River, Montana 21, 22, 81,
 118, 119
- Clearwater bridge 74
- Coeur d'Alene 7, 35, 36, 38-39
- Cokalalahishkit (Blackfoot River) 5
- Conner, Ralph 57
- Coonrod, (Dean) Robert 86
- Corps of Discovery 6
- Coues, Elliott 4
- Cox 1
- Craig, Oscar 19
- Cronenbergs, George 119
- Daggett, Mrs. S.J. 51-53
- Daly, Marcus 21
- deer 108-112
- Deer Lodge Valley 8
- Depression 38
- DeSmet, Father 1
- Disbrows store 30
- Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde 15
- Drouillard, George 4
- Drummond 92
- Dufresne, Mildred 7
- Dwyer, Jim 56
- East Missoula 16, 35, 95
- E Bar L (see Potter Ranch)
- Edwards, Lois 34
- Elk River (Creek) 59
- Elliott, Sam 60
- Evangeline* 32
- Fiedler, Leslie 87
- Field, Joseph and Rueben 4
- Finnish (Finns) 27-31, 33, 40-41, 64,
 70, 73
- Flats, The (See West Riverside)
- Flathead Indians (Shalees) 1, 2
- Flood of 1908 23, 25
- Fort Benton 7, 9
- Fourth of July Pass (Idaho) 7
- Forest Service 73, 74, 108, 118
- Frazier, Robert 4
- French-Canadians (French) 27-29, 31,
 64, 70
- French Percheron horses 16
- Front Street 69
- Garnet 89
- Garrison 7
- Gass, Patrick 4, 6
- Gilbert, Vedder 87, 89
- Goodrich, Silas 4
- Grant Creek 4
- Great Falls (Falls of the Missouri) 6
- Great Spirit 1
- green chain 39
- Grierson, Jim 60-73
- gyppo 61, 62
- Hamlet 15-17
- Hamma, Mrs. 30
- Hammond, A.B. 59
- Hammond, Dr. George 8
- Hanson, Kenneth 95
- Harper, Francis P. 4
- Harper, Tom 81-82, 84
- Hart, Charles 50, 52
- Hausman, Michael (producer) 119
- Haywood, William 43
- Heartland* 114
- Helena 29
- Hell Gate ("Gate of Hell") 2, 3, 4, 7-8,
 15, 47, 98
- Hellgate High School 27
- Hellgate River (See Clark Fork River)
- Hell Gate ronde 2
- Hemgren, Oscar 30
- Hengam, Bill 8
- Hermann, John 88, 89
- Herndon, Gene 93
- Herndon, Harold 88-97
- Herndon, Jenny (Jennie) frontpiece
 poem, 90, 96
- Higgins, Capt. 2
- Higgins Avenue 87, 91
- Highway 200 4
- Holstein cattle 11, 16
- Holt, Idaho 31
- Hotel Margaret 13, 16, 48, 49
- Howard, Richard 94
- Hugo, Richard 86-98, 113, 115, 117,
 120
- Hurt, William 119
- Inman, Frank 81-85
- Islands, The (Missoula) 24
- Isquet-co-qual-la (Blackfoot River) 6
- I.W.W. (Industrial Workers of the
 World) 43-45, 48
- Jammer 58
- Jarvis, Gene 90
- Karkanen, Hjalmar 44
- Katz, Sol 86
- Kicking Horse Reservoir 95
- Kingman, Joe (camp cook) 56
- Kittredge, Bill 118-120
- Koos-koos-kee (see Clearwater River,
 Idaho)
- Kyle boarding house 30
- Labor trouble 48
- LaForge, Clifford 50
- Larault, John 17
- LaVoie, Rita 24-42
- Levasseurs 30

- Levasseur Street (Missoula) 24
 Lewis and Clark 1, 4, 6, 74
 Lewis, Meriwether 4, 5, 6
 Liberty Bonds 42
 Lincoln, Abraham 18
 Log birling 31-33
 Logging boots 62-63
 Lolo 4, 5
 Lolo Pass 5
 Lutherans 27
 MacKenzie, Don 55, 57-59
 Maclean, Norman 60-80, 81, 116, 118-120
 Madison Street 35
 Maha village (Mandans) 6
 Mansfield Library 24
 Marshall Grade 5, 10, 11, 16, 17, 35
 Marxism 43
 Masonic Lodge (see Bonner Hall)
 Masonic temple (Missoula) 13
 "Matinee Idols, The" 17
 Matsui, Jim 92
 McCormick's hill 25
 McCormick, Major 2
 McCormick ranch 12, 25
 McEwan 57
 McIntosh Red apples 12, 16
 McLeod, C.H. 19
 McNamara's Landing 23, 83
 McNeal, Hugh 4
 Maine woods 50
 Mair, J.F. 50
 Meinke, Norman 89
 Melcher, Mary 24-42
 Miller, Fred 90
 Milltown 24-26, 30-35, 38-39, 41, 99
 Hugo's Milltown 86-98, 105
 Milltown Dam 15, 99, 101, 105
 Milltown Union Bar 86-98, 113
 Milwaukee Railroad 54, 58, 82, 84
 Missoula 2, 4, 8, 10, 12, 13, 15-17, 32, 35, 44, 45, 53, 54, 56, 61, 87-89, 91, 96, 99
 Missoula County 16
 Missoula High School (MHS) 27, 33
 Missoula Light & Power Co. (Milltown dam) 12
 Missoula Mercantile 17
 Missoula River (Clark Fork) 11-12, 15, 47
 Missoula Valley Cemetery 19
 Missouri River 4-7
 Montana board of horticulture 16
 Montana National Guard 44
 Mount Jumbo 1, 2, 10, 13
 Mount Sentinel 84
 Mullan, John 7-9, 21
 Mullan Pass 7
 Mullan Road 7
 Nature Conservancy 119
 New Brunswick 50
 Nez Perce 4
 Niblo's (of New York) 17-18
 Nine Mile 46, 49, 53, 54, 56
 Northern Pacific Railroad 3, 10, 54
 Vista Dome North Coast Limited 93
 Nova Scotia 45, 50
 Odd Fellows Lodge (see Bonner Hall)
 O'Keefe, Cornelis (Baron) 21
 O'Keefe, Dave 8
 Pacific Logging Congress
 Pahkees 5
 Palloatpallah Indian 4
 Palouse country 4
 Panic of 1893 16
 Paradise 3
 Pattee Canyon 91
 Paulsen, Dale 92
 Pearce, Richard (director) 119
 Pearson, E.J. 3
 Peavies 21
 Percheron Horse Assoc. of America 16
 Petaja, George 34
 Petroff boarding house
 Philipsburg 95
 Piltzville 25
 Pine Grove 35
 Pine Street (Missoula) 35
 "Place of Ambush" ("Place of Fright") 2
 Plains 3
 Plum Creek 114
 Post Creek 2
 Potomac log camps 23, 54
 Potomac School 114, 118
 Potter ranch 81, 82
 Presbyterian 62, 67, 74
 Prickly Pear Valley 7
 Prohibition 64, 69
 Rader, Dr. Benjamin 45
 Rattlesnake Creek 5
 Rattlesnake Valley 2, 35
 Redford, Robert 74, 118-119
 River City Grill 81
 River pigs 22, 44
 Riverside Park 12
 Rock Creek (Clark Fork) 115
 Ronan, Major (Peter) 1
 Ross, Kenneth 21-23, 43-45, 46-53, 81
 Rossiter, Myrtle 32
 Ruana 99
 Ruana knives 99
 Sacred Heart Academy 27, 33
 St. Pierre, Caroline 24
 St. Regis 7, 25
 Salmon Lake 22
 Scotland (Scotch) 62, 70
 Seaman (Meriwether Lewis's dog) 4
 Seeley Lake 21-23, 116, 118
 Sentinel High School 27
 Shack, The 90
 Shaeffer, Frank 84
 Shaft, Charles 8
 Shakespeare 15-17
 Shalees (Flathead Indians) 5
 Silcox, F.A. (Regional forester) 44
 skimmers 58
Slaughter Rule, The 114
 Smith, Alex and Andrew 114, 116-117
 Smith, Annick 93, 114-120
 Smith, Dave 89, 93, 114-118, 120
 Smith, Eric 115-118, 120
 Smith, Steve 116-118
 speeder 82-83
 Sperry Grade 119
 Stadler, Anne 117
 Stafford, Bill 91, 92
 Stalin, Joseph 43
 Stevensville 10
 Stone, (Dean) Arthur L. 1, 10, 16
 Streetcars (interurban cars) 34, 48
 Sun River 7
 Sunset logging district 54
 swamper 57
 Swan Range Wilderness 118
 Swedish (Swedes) 28, 30-31, 65, 70, 72
 Tail sawyer 39
 Tarbet, Les 81-82
Thanatopsis (Bryant) 19
 Thibodeau 24, 33
 Thibodeau, Fredrick R. 24, 50
 Thompson Falls 3
 Thompson, John B. 4
Timberman magazine 45
 Toole, John H. 81
 Toole, John R. 21
 Towne, Chuck and Goldie 87
 Trail to the Buffalo 4
 Traveler's Rest (Lolo) 4, 5
 Turah 28
 University of Montana 1, 45, 86, 113
 College of Arts and Sciences 86
 English Department 87, 89, 90, 115
 University Mountain 84
 Valley of the Moon Ranch 115
 Violette, Mrs. Frank 30
 Wagoner, David 94
 Walla Walla 7, 9
 Webster, Fredrick Mayor 19
 Weidenfeller, Jack 1
 Weimer, Guy 90
 Welch, Jim and Lois 93
 Werner, William 4
 Western Lumber Co. 12, 81
 West Riverside 4, 35
 Wheeler, Burton K. 44
 Willett boarding house 30
 Wobbles (see I.W.W.)
 Worden, Ruth 49
 World War I 41, 44, 63
 World War II 35, 86
 Wright, Brig. Gen. George 8 (photo)
 Yellowstone River 4, 5
 Zarzyski, Paul 113