

The Wagon Tongue

Volume 21 issue 1

Madison Valley History Association

January 2023

website: www.madisonvalleyhistoryassociation.org

Visit MVHA on Facebook: "Madison Valley History Association"

Our mission is to develop a museum to house and preserve collections of artifacts, tapes, photographs and stories of historical importance to the Madison Valley and interpret them through display and education.

From the Wagon Seat Welcome back, avid Wagon Tongue readers. Did you hear the juicy gossip about me, Brandi Palmerton, being the first female MVHA president? Unique and honored experience if I say so myself.

Sadly not much to report during the off season. The museum is currently closed. However, your continued support and assistance come spring and summer time will be greatly appreciated.

The museum open door policy is having success and cataloging is being completed. However, the board is asking for proper documentation with all donations. The board apologizes for the cancellation of the annual Christmas potluck. It was determined that the expense of procuring a facility to host our party would be prohibitive. Wishing everyone health and happiness during the coming year. Hope to see everyone in 2023.

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The *Wagon Tongue* had planned to continue Early Agriculture in this January issue but but when this Jack Creek Ski Story was presented just in time for ski season, plans were changed. We will get back to farming in the spring!

Jack Creek Ski Hill by Tom Erdie

I was born and raised many many years ago in Ennis, leaving in the fall of 1960 to begin undergraduate schooling at Western Montana College in Dillon. As I advance in years (that syndrome of too many birthdays) I have a deeper appreciation of having had the good fortune of growing up in the Madison Valley. While there are any number of pleasant memories of those years in Ennis and in the valley, one such memory relates to the used-to-be ski hill "up Jack Creek" in the 1950s. The ski hill undoubtedly operated before my being introduced to skiing there in what I think was the winter of 1949. That introduction came in the form of a major ski event sponsored and conducted by some big North American Junior Ski Association group (e.g. amplified Scandinavian music, including the wonderful yodeling, flags flying, hamburgers, hot dogs, a crowd of people and all the hoopla one might associate with today's major ski events at least to a youngster of six or seven years of age). The events included the slalom, the downhill and even a huge (to this kid) ski jump and the associated competitions. That day was the start of interest in skiing for me. Playing basketball in high school stifled further skiing, when as a sophomore my basketball skills became productive in the eyes of the coach (about 1958).

So here I will attempt to draw a picture for the reader as to events of a twelve year old and a day skiing at Jack Creek.

The bus

For most kids, the transportation was an old bus, painted grey with a box on top for hauling skis and poles. A ladder on the side was used for accessing the box on top. Being the kid "up in the box" to load the gear was something of a sought after job. The bus would be parked on the north side of mid-main street and leave on a scheduled time, perhaps about 8:00 a.m. getting to the hill, unloaded and ready to ski by 9:00. That included a stop in Jeffers to pick up several skiers, including Kevin Williams Brenneke, her brother Bun and Terry Merica (there may have been others I have forgotten). If so, please excuse me. The trip more often than not included putting on chains. The "putting on" of chains was accomplished while warm and dry with more enthusiasm than was taking them off later in the day, for the return to town when being wet and cold were apparent. Even so, being young did not prevent an actual contribution to applying the chains. This was my introduction to applying chains to a vehicle and that became a valuable skill later in life.

The bus driver most often at the wheel for my trips to the hill as I recall, was Ralph Northway. Ralph had a brother Bill but while Bill did ski, I don't recall Bill on the bus. Both brothers were quite accomplished skiers. Another often found driver was Claude Angle. Any bus driver had to have an extra dose of patience and driving the ski bus was no exception, appreciated more in my advanced years than at the time. A special note involving Ralph and recognized at that time was Ralph having rather unique bindings from any other bindings I ever witnessed. I came to know them as "long tongs" and that was exactly what they were. . . leather tongs that must have been 30-40 inches long wrapped around each foot. (Cont on pg 2)

Membership: New members since July/October 2022.edition of WT MVHA welcomes you to membership.

Joe Wright membership purchased by his parents.

Membership update Just check your address label on the envelope and you can easily tell if your membership is paid or which month you are due. Your membership is good for a full year from the month you purchase it and you are not penalized for submitting early. If your 2022 membership is due during October, November, December or January or if you are past due, you will find a membership renewal form included with this issue. Memberships are \$10.00 for students, \$15.00 for Individual, \$20.00 for Families, \$50.00 for Businesses, \$100.00 for Patrons and \$500 or more for Benefactor. If you are inviting someone to join or if you want to purchase your membership before it is due, just write name, mailing address and type of membership on a slip of paper and mail with membership fee to MVHA at P. O. Box 474, Ennis, MT 59729.

Thank you to all renewing members who have generously submitted your renewal memberships. The MVHA Board of Directors appreciates all memberships that are purchased and your support as this allows them to have funds and membership to continue the work of developing a museum in the Madison Valley and arranging programs for the community.

Receiving your Wagon Tongue Several years ago the MVHA started using non-profit organization postage stamps. The MVHA saves a considerable amount of money since we mail out most of the quarterly newsletters. **MVHA did not know that mail with non-profit stamps are not forwarded and if you have a forwarding address during the winter months or any other time, your Wagon Tongue is dumped in the trash. It is not returned to sender and MVHA does not know who you are.** Please let the MVHA know by phone to Shirley Love 406-682-5780 or by email to whitneypranch@wispwest.net or to MVHA PO Box 474, Ennis, Mt 59729 if you have a forwarding address and the address labels will be updated. Also let MVHA know the approximate date you leave in the fall and the approximate date you will arrive in the spring so the correct address label will be used. **Thank you to those who have already provided this information.**

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Member News

Jan Beekman had an article in the Nov. 10, 2022 *Madisonian* announcing a Woman's Club writing contest. Jan also submitted for printing a piece of her own poetry entitled *Unlock your Creativity*. MVHA members can use this as a calling for members to write their family histories or a history of the location of the Madison Valley in **2**

which they grew up. No contest, just share your history with the readers of the Wagon Tongue.

John and Bridget Dale's niece, Kara Dale of Sheridan has been nominated to the US Air Force by John Tester. A nomination from a member of Congress is a student's first step in applying to the various military academies in the United States. Congratulations, Kara.

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Jack Creek Ski Hill (Cont from pg 1) Ralph would sit out in front of the cabin putting on his skis, wrapping those tongs around and around, I'm sure in some specific manner. There was no safety release in case of a fall and skiing at maximum speed, whether downhill or slalom was Ralph's way. Once a person had their skis on, they only had to ski off the knoll in front of the cabin to the lift below, about 30 yards down a slight hill. Slight until one had to climb up to the warming shack from down by the tow. The climb could be avoided by taking a detour on the South edge of the hill leading to the front door of the warming shack.

The Hill. The hill had a very small footprint. I believe the land was a lease from the Forest Service while perhaps being privately owned today. An inquiry to the Forest Service is pending, but as of this writing no response has been received. The hill was narrow, perhaps only a couple hundred yards of skiable surface in width. The length of the hill I estimate to only be between 300 and 400 yards. One got on the lift at the bottom of the hill and got off at designated spots. One designated spot was called "the family trail." It was called the family trail because the families with minimal skills got off at the family trail. The hill had a markedly steep incline from the family trail exit to the top. The cable was "five feet" or so feet off the ground due to this sudden increase incline. This presented a problem to the younger, lighter in weight skier to get the cable down to the needed height off the ground so the cable could be grabbed. A bigger skier was needed to grab on to the cable and pull it down so the smaller skier could "quickly" grab it and continue on up the hill. If the space got to long before smaller skiers could grab on e.g. wet slippery gloves, the smaller skier could find themselves suspended a couple of feet in the air for an additional thrill at no additional cost. This was all readily accepted by all parties.

The lift. The lift consisted of a cable approximately one and half inches in diameter along with the motor to turn the wheel containing the cable. The skier simply had to grab the cable with the hands and hang on to be propelled up the hill. That is over-simplifying the lift and getting up the hill. Most skiers, at least in the beginning and first use of the lift, did so with leather gloves and grabbed the cable by "slowly" clamping down with glove hands to avoid the inevitable jerk if done

(cont page 3)

(cont from pg 2) too quickly. That worked fine until leather got wet and slippery and the skier became unable to clamp hard enough to keep the cable from slipping through the gloves. Then the "tow hook" became the saving grace to the slippery gloves. The tow hook certainly worked. But it was most unsafe, which after description the reader will shake their head in disbelief. Picture a flat piece of steel, about a ¼ inch thick, about 1 ½ inches wide and eight inches long. At one end are two pins about an inch apart welded/soldered in to place. The lift cable would be placed between the two pins and then the steel "handle" would be squeezed into the cable and held as to hold the skier's hands to give relief from having to squeeze as with gloves only. The gloves could be wet but the tow hook overcame the slipperiness. The tow hook could only be used by a person old enough and strong enough to do all the mechanics necessary and not at all safe, so the hook would be used by only a certain population of skiers (older with strength). The tow hook was on a belt around the waist from with a "string" to allow the hook to hang while the skier placed the hook and then backed off to allow the full weight on the cable and "simply" let the lift pull you up the hill. Now the rest of the story - the cable ran up the hill for maybe 500 yards (not accurate but sufficient for the description). The cable was kept off the ground by poles (shortened telephone poles) placed on the vertical every 50 feet (again an estimate) with automobile wheels attached on the pole between the skier and the pole with the cable riding in the groove of the spinning wheel. The skier had to get around these vertical poles at each interval. This was accomplished by the skier extending their arms so the body was arms-length from the next pole and then with important timing, pull themselves with moment upward toward the pole, releasing the grip on the cable, going around the pole and grabbing the pole from the uphill side to continue the ride. This sequence was repeated at each pole in order to get up the hill. While one could get off anywhere they wanted, there was a desire to get off at designated places. There might for example be ten or more of these poles (idlers) between jump off places. The clean track under the cable might be likened to a groomed cross country track, easy to follow and remain upright. And. . .this procedure was learned and practiced successfully by everyone that skied there. Amazing! This was viewed by the typical skier as practical and not that difficult, however . . . there were problems. The single biggest problem in my mind, was that the cable was constantly twisting. The twisting effect had the adverse effect of grabbing the skier's apparel for example, whether the gloves or the garment was held under the arm. The cable would then grab the article of clothing (glove or jacket) with the skier unaware of what was

happening until wanting to extend ,the arms to get around the idler, usually to avoid the next phase which was crashing into the pole/idler. The skier might feel the glove twisting but not a jacket. One did not want their hand in the glove that was going to go through that wheel. One classmate and frequent skier, had long hair worn below the waist. Yes, her hair behind her got twisted up in that cable and the hair was pulled from her head. One comment from a skier that day at a recent class reunion in recalling that event stated, ". . . and you could hear her scream all the way to Ennis." That hair was in the cable for a long time until it wore off. And guess what, there was never to my knowledge anyone getting sued.

The lift description, to be overly simplified, was the cable attached to a motor at the bottom of the hill just below the "warming shack or cabin." The gas driven motor sat on the ground with the cable attached to a large "bull wheel." The bull wheel was connected to the motor in such a manner as to be parallel to the ground and directly above the motor and turned in a clockwise direction. The cable sat within the outside perimeter of the wheel, the motor turned the wheel and the cable was thus moved up the hill around the idlers as previously described. The motor had to be movable forward and back to keep the cable taut. General maintenance, i.e. check the oil and alignment with the idlers would be done. The motor is believed to have been gas versus diesel.

As in running any motor there were inevitable shutdowns but usually back online in acceptable and tolerated time frames. There were three men that I recall that took the job of keeping this tow working. The three I recall were Claude Angle of Angle Hardware in Ennis, Ted Piper from Montana Power and a Mr. Stevens who was manager of the talc mine. I am sure there were others but these are my recollections. I don't recall Stevens ever skiing and Piper seldom. Mr. Angle made his share of runs.

The Warming Shack The Warming Shack was just that, a board shack and the only building in the operation. The building sat just above the motor for the lift where skiers prepared for skiing by stowing their gear helter skelter inside, including extra gloves and sack lunches. The building was approximately thirty feet long and twenty-five feet deep. There was a wood burning stove in the middle of the room. There were two spaces in the rear of the building divided from each other. These areas were seldom used but served as a food serving area for an event, such as certified races, with the second area being for general storage of race gates and such. The stove was surrounded by folks wanting to warm up, everyone wanting to get close to the warmth after making a few runs. There were always folks around the stove, including skiers and non-skiers up for the day (cont pg 4)

(Cont from pg 3) to socialize. Here was a spot for visiting once a week with folks watch and you never saw otherwise during the week. Perhaps even meeting people you may otherwise never have known. The building was not insulated and the 1 by 6 boards for siding with the open ceiling did little to retain the heat. The most memorable issue with this warming shack was the smell of gloves and mittens being warmed up and dried next to the “grilled cheese” sandwiches or such being warmed up. It was not an offensive smell but quite unique. There was the constant effort to fit more gloves and sandwiches onto a very small area of stove top. An ample supply firewood was always available. Firewood availability was never an issue and not to a twelve year old, particularly when it just seemed to “be there” when needed (one of those thankless jobs that someone took care of).

Odds and Ends

The hill need packing with each new snowfall, as any ski hill does. There was no packing machinery but packing remained a necessity if skiing was to be an enjoyable experience. The packing was done by “everyone” wishing to ski. Every skier would participate in the packing exercise. There was always some who would whine and try to avoid participation but it was always known whether one was out there or not. The drill was to have all skiers line up, one behind one and other so that one’s ski tips were at the back end of the skier in front. The line would hopefully be quite long across the hill. The job was to then side-step up the hill to cover and “pack” the skiable area. If there were not enough skiers to cover the skiable area, another pass would be made to fully cover the area. There would be lift discounts made for the participants, but it was known that “you will help pack.” A size-able area north of the lift and from the bottom of the hill and upwards for probably 100 yards. In today’s terms, the packed area was about the size of a football field.

Ski equipment for the younger group was quite basic. My skis had no edges on the bottom side. It was not practical to apply metal edges, so some of us had “adhesive tape” applied where the metal edges would have been found. It worked as a replacement and stayed on long enough to be practical and replacement was quick.

Mention was made earlier of the socializing that took place. A social circle did exist with the folks on the hill on any given weekend. The camaraderie showed up on occasions when someone needed help. One example was when a friend of mine broke a ski received for Christmas on the first day of use. Someone, without any fanfare, replaced his skis at no cost with a pair of used skis but immediately for use to keep. If someone lost a garment on the tow, there was someone there with a replacement for at least the day. Ralph Northway and Steve Clark, both quite a bit older than me, volunteered to change out my

bindings. Steve took me to his grandfather’s major woodworking shop to conduct the change over. Ralph came to my house basement with minimal tools to change bindings. Otherwise there was no off-the-hill socializing.

This type of sharing and socializing might be apparent only while on the Jack Creek ski hill, with no such effort being made during the week. The road from the main Jack Creek road was single track. I don’t recall any turn outs. If someone got stuck or was in need of help, assistance was given without thought of the situation being an inconvenience to others.

I do not know when the operation of the hill stopped. I stopped skiing in 1958 due to conflict with basketball. There was no hard rule about not skiing if playing basketball, but if injury had been sustained, one’s basketball pursuits were over. I have heard that the lift at some point was converted to a poma lift (the twisting cable must have been remedied). In any case, I feel so very fortunate to have had the wonderful experience of skiing at Jack Creek.

Thank you Tom, for sharing your history and memories of Jack Creek Ski Hill. This is how history is recorded for future generations.

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Memories of our departed Madison Valley folks. The MVHA aspires to have a genealogical record after the passing of all folks who were born and raised in the Madison Valley and anyone who moved here for work, owned a business or spent considerable time here as each of these folks are part of the historical record of the Madison Valley. Please share your records, stories and other interesting information of those who have passed to make these records complete as possible. They will not be forgotten.

Lorraine Janet (Esau) Heese passed away September 16, 2022, at the Madison Valley Hospital in Ennis. She was born Feb.1, 1937 to Helen and David Esau on her rural parental farm near the community of Dorintosh, Saskatchewan, Canada. Grade school education took place in a traditional one room country school. She left home at the early age of sixteen to enroll at the Swift Current Bible Institute where she spent three years in biblical studies. High school was completed at Caronport and Rosthern Junior College. Three years later she graduated from the University of Saskatchewan School of Nursing with an RN degree. While there she met and married Paul Heese and they married on June 8, 1963. They moved to Winnipeg, Man. where Paul studied dentistry. While there, she was employed in neurosurgical nursing and later became recovery room head nurse. In 1965, they moved to Fessenden, ND. where they raised their family. Lorraine was instrumental in obtaining property in the Madison Valley. They were (cont pg 5)

(cont from pg 4) part time residents beginning in 1995 and becoming permanent residents in 2006.

Clifford Frank Bigelow passed away October 2, 2022, in Mesa, AZ. Clifford was born on April 15, 1937, in Virginia City, MT to Edwin and Jean Bigelow. Cliff graduated from Ennis High School in 1955. Cliff moved from Montana to Arizona in 1989. Cliff was a meat cutter and Safeway manager most of his life. He managed a restaurant with his wife, Jonnie, for several years in Whitehall, MT. They also managed restaurants in Helena, MT and Phoenix, AZ. Cliff and Jonnie retired in Apache Junction, AZ.

Anna (Marti) McClellan passed away on October 15, 2022. Anna was born April 20, 1929, to Frank and Carmen Marti and raised in Tracy, CA. She attended Jefferson School and Tracy High School and married Haynes McClellan on Nov. 16, 1947.

The Marti/McClellan family farmed the Tracy area for many years. Anna worked as an Interior Designer and owned and operated the Daisy Dress Shop until 1977. In 1978 Haynes and Anna moved to Ennis, MT where she owned and operated the Family Store. Upon her retirement, Anna became an extremely talented potter and continued crafting and designing pottery. Anna was a very faithful member of the Ennis Arts Assoc. where she continued to do pottery and share her skills.

Longtime MVHA member **Dixie Lee Robison Marosok** passed away on October 25, 2022. She was born on a snowy day after a five mile horse back ride from a cow camp to the Idaho Falls hospital on Oct. 17, 1935 to Floral (Judy) and Wayne Robison.

She grew up on the family's Green Acre ranch near McAllister, MT at the foot of Mount Baldy. Dixie helped her father tend to the ranch by riding, branding and driving the buck rake. Dixie graduated from Ennis High School in Ennis, Mt. and went to college earning a teaching certificate. She got her first teaching job in Sheridan, Wyo. There she met James Marosok and they married in 1958. Dixie spent 53 years as a special education teacher and diagnostician. She continued her education with a Master's Degree in Education from Eastern Montana College in Billings, MT. MVHA members in Dixie's family include Jerry Wing who is her sister, Lee Robison is her nephew, and David Grauman is her brother-in-law.

Wes Orr passed away October 29, 2022. He was born October 14, 1940 to Ross and Luella Orr. He grew up in Spearfish, SD. From 7th grade until graduation from high school, Wes worked for his Dad who was a plumber, worked for a hardware store and delivered newspapers. On weekends he worked for a dairy delivering milk, ice cream, butter, etc, to local grocery stores and restaurants. One summer he worked highway construction through the Badlands of South Dakota. Wes worked for two local fish hatcheries and a local SD Fish and Game biologist. He graduated from Colorado State University in 1962, Wes worked for the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service at Federal Fish Hatcheries in 4 states ending up in Montana. He married Diane in 1964 and moved to Ennis in 1973. The Ennis fish Hatchery produced 13 million eyed rainbow fish eggs and was producing 40 million eggs when Wes retired in 2000. The fish hatchery was pretty much his 5

life and he was inducted into the Northwest Fish culture Hall of fame and the National Fish Hatchery Hall of Fame.

Joseph Henry Gillispie passed away on November 2, 2022, at his home in McAllister. Joe was born in Falls City, Nebraska on Nov. 19, 1927 to Dr. James Charles and Rose Mary (Redfern) Gillispie. Joe attended elementary school in Falls City. When he was attending High School, he got special permission from his parents at age 17 to enlist in the Navy. On Nov. 16, 1945 he graduated from Hospital Corps School. Even though he was stationed at Pearl Harbor, he was allowed to graduate from Falls City High School in May of 1946. Joe always said that his mother bribed the principal with hams so he could graduate and get a high school diploma while serving in the Navy. After his Navy years, Joe attended Kansas State University and Peru State College in Peru, Neb. graduating in 1951. Seeking adventure, Joe signed up to work for Atlas Construction-Morrison-Knudson in Casablanca, French Morocco. Upon returning to the US, Joe married Marcene McCunn on June 6, 1953, in Clarinda, IA. Joe was a pharmaceutical representative for Carroll, Dunham Smith and then worked nearly 40 years for Schering-Plough which is now Merck. After Marcene passed, Barbara Christensen and Joe were married in June of 1983. After 10 years in Nebraska, Barbara and Joe moved west to Big Sky, MT. Joe began a woodworking hobby. In 2015, the Gillispies moved to McAllister, MT.

Kathleen Adele Geisler Worley passed away November 7, 2022. Kathy was born Jan. 14, 1944 to Lloyd and Gladys Gentry Geisler. She was born and raised in Burbank, CA. and graduated from Burbank High School in 1961. She met Dwight Worley and were married in 1963 in Las Vegas, NV. The Worley family moved around throughout the years for Dwight's work. They settled in Ennis, MT in 1980. They purchased Bettie's Cafe on Main Street and operated the restaurant for 10 years. Kathy had a longtime love of antiques and enjoyed refinishing furniture and treasure hunting. She had a long and successful career in the field and sold antiques in various booths and stores in Ennis and Bozeman.

John (Jack) F. Kent passed away Nov. 12, 2022. Jack was born in Varney, MT on May 10, 1935 to Roger and Ruth Kent. He was raised on the family ranch in Varney. Jack attended elementary school in Ennis and graduated from Ennis High School in 1953. After high school, Jack joined the Army and served in Germany. After ending Army life, John helped build the Ennis Lake Dam and the original Ennis hospital. On Nov. 22, 1962 Jack married Marjorie (Marge) Thomas Martello. Jack and Marge purchased the family ranch from his parents. Ranching was his calling but he also served in other community organizations. Planning board and elder for the Presbyterian Church, a Mason, an elk, a Shriner, Search and rescue, Rodeo Club and VFW. After many wonderful years on the ranch, Jack and Marge moved closer to Ennis.

Ronald Lee Clark passed away on Dec. 2, 2022. He was born Oct. 12, 1938 in Bozeman, Mt to Bobbie Victor Clark and Jesse Love Clark of Ennis, Mt. He attended Ennis schools until age 12 years at which time (cont pg 6)

For Your Reading Pleasure

The Last Green Valley by Mark Sullivan who is a Bozeman author. WW II story of hardships and failure and being resilient and relentless. Martel family leaves the Ukraine to find a better life.

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Looking Ahead

Watch for posters, news releases, etc., for MVHA starting up of meetings, field trips, and museum.

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Memories (*Cont from pg 5*) the family moved to Southern CA. They settled in Lakewood, CA where he attended MacArthur Elementary School, Bancroft Jr. High and graduated from Lakewood High School. Ron enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps Reserves and entered Camp Pendleton for Basic Training. After he finished his Marine Corps commitment, Ronald began working at Knotts Berry Farm in Buena Park, CA where he drove stage coach carrying passengers on scenic rides. It was there that he met and married Johnnie Holland. After several years, his love of horses took him to Wildomar, CA where he re-habilitated Race Horses. After his time with the race horses he began working for Kaiser Steel as a Supervisor of Welding. When his girls were grown, he was able to return to Montana and “semi-retire working in Dillon, MT where he had his home. He worked for L.S. Redi-Mix until fully retired and he was then able to spend his time with his horses, fishing and hunting. Ron is a brother to MVHA member, Sandy Jennings and a cousin MVHA member, Larry Love.

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Skiing in the Madison Valley by Minnie Paugh pg 140
Your editor had a space to fill so looked further into skiing in the Madison Valley. Recreational skiing started in 1935 when a group of young people agreed to meet regularly in Cedar Creek Canyon. They did not have a formal organization when they built a rope tow in Cedar Creek Canyon about a mile above the Thornton and Miller homes at an open spot then known as Thornton Park. Their skiing was on the lower face of Fan Mountain. Long runs could have been developed there on the higher slopes but use proved they would be open to both wind and sun and the snow would have often been too crusted for good skiing. The people most often on these slopes were Claude , Bud and Winifred Angle, Max Matzick and his daughters Ruth and Maxine, Chet and Chub Schendel, Ed Maynard, Harold Miller, Lewis Chamberlin and Fay Oswald. This group also skied in Hoag’s field and near Hebgan Lake.

Fay Oswald, whose example did much to build a strong ski club, had skied with the earliest skiers in the Madison Valley. He learned with West Fork Kelly in the upper Madison. The settlers there used skis for winter transportation and to run their trap lines when that was their major source of money to improve on the living they could take from their ranches. Pictures of I. A. Hutchins on snow shoes exist and one view shows he and his brother-in-law on skis with a live mountain sheep in ropes between them. The animal was captured for the Montana exhibit at the Chicago World Fair. Their snow shoes were actually large home made skis.

MVHA Board of Directors

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The Wagon Tongue will be published quarterly. Next issue will be April 2023. Articles of historic interest and memories of the departed are welcomed. Your editor needs your history stories!
Editor: Shirley Love whitneytranch@wispwest.net
Contributing editors: *Madisonian* Obituaries, *Jack Creek Ski Hill* by Tom Erdie
The Madison Valley A High Mountain Community by Minnie Paugh *Skiing in the Madison Valley Pg140*
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Get out your Montana map. Each of the following is a clue to a town in Montana. Hint: to limit your looking for towns around the state, start at Ennis and look outward in widening circles with each issue getting further from Ennis. Answers from July/Oct 2022

- 1. Early U.S. foreigner...Emigrant
- 2. Grounds keeper...Gardiner
- 3. Get on your knees and...Pray
- 4. Large forest Big Timber
- 5. Famous British Prime Minster...Churchill
- 6. Line of Toiletries.....Avon

New clues in the April issue

Life begins at 80. There is good news for you. The first 80 years are the hardest. The second 80 is a succession of birthday parties.

Everyone wants to carry your luggage and help you up the steps. If you forget your name or anybody’s name, forget an appointment, promise to be two or three places at a time, or spell words wrong, you need only to explain that you are 80.

At 80 you can relax with no misgivings. You have a perfect alibi for everything. Nobody expects much of you. If you act silly, it is your second childhood. Everybody is looking for symptoms of a softening brain.

It’s a great deal better than being 65 or 70. At that age, they expect you to retire to a house in Florida and become a discontented, grumbling has-been.

But if you survive until you are 80, everyone is surprised that you are alive, that you can walk, and that you can reveal lucid intervals.

At 70 people are mad at you for everything, at 80 they forgive you for anything. If you ask anyone, life begins at 80.
From *Napa Valley Division NewsLetter*.

History Tidbit The local Madison Valley newspaper, The *Madisonian* published their first edition Nov. 1873 and they are celebrating 150 years of publication. Congratulations to The *Madisonian*