

T: Jerry Coty had a lynx trying to get into his chickens. We had fox dens around here. I'd fill that hole up and stomp it shut and come by the next day and the hole's dug out again. Right out in the middle of the field. I filled it up three or four times. They finally moved farther down the field and I left them alone.

A: Remember when we first moved out here, I used to lock the door when the moose came around?

T: The house was dug into the hillside right next to a big birch tree. The moose was standing on the house to reach the birch tree. She runs in a locks the door.

B: There's some wonderful animal stories, like the one about the bear on the Presses house.

A: Betty Press was related to me.

T: That Betty was an artist that wouldn't quit. She could sit here and draw a face and put in every mark.... I imagine she was just a natural artist.

A: I'm a painter, too, but I gave the best ones away. Here's one Betty Press did of my mother. Betty was my second cousin or something like that.

B: Did you learn to paint by yourself? Take some classes?

A: I had a couple months. I did a lot of painting, but I gave them away. I sold a lot, too, to tourists. Gold pans and stuff.

I agree to share this material with fellow interviewees and others interested in local history.

Ann D. Moran 6/6/01