

The Memoirs of

Bernard Elden Knapp

Bear Stories

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“Bear stories (tk)” is also included in the Trapper Keeper journal file.

Bear Stories pt 2 were written at a much later date and may contain some of the same stories.

THE TITLES AND ORGANIZATION OF THESE FILES ARE PRESERVED IN THE ORDER THEY WERE FOUND

Bear Stones -

The bear head was brought back to camp, from the newly discovered Ripley Butte cave. Luke Limb and Berdet & I got it into camp about dark.

Gene had built some small bunkhouse of his eight foot lumber for his men. A young man who hauled for Gene with his own 6x6 called "Ollie" lived in one that was ~~top~~ papered next to the slab picket fence of Ben's house. Permauld lived in it now.

Ollie was inside. We took the head of the bear with a ~~stick~~ stick thru the jaw and near to the door of his shack. Inside he was polishing a boot or some other thing. We made a little scratching noise to attract his attention. He seemed more curious than startled. He claimed he wasn't apprehensive at all. Then Luke Limb got involved. Luke may have been inside with Ollie..

Then Luke immediately became excited with the possibilities. So with piers and baling wire the lips were pulled back and wires pushed (stuck) into the gums revealing the teeth & fangs. Facing it it looked snarling. Next we took it to another of Gene's cabins. Alvin Muncy an old man that had worked for Charlie & now Gene stayed alone here.

The previous year Jay Whaley's two Utah off-bearers had stayed there, we went along side the cabin. tip toeing to it.

Then one scratched on the side of the cabin (with a stick) no one made a noise. Finally a tarp - get out of here was

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heard from inside. Finally someone laughed. He came out. He was a rather serious minded person and like Ollie no one would have gone there not knowing whether he had a gun or not. We knew he didn't have one.

Then later he told us he had been really nervous. He was talking boldly but he was also trying to figure out what he would do.

Then we decided to go to Gene's cabin. There were quite a few people in Gene's cabin. It was on the north end of camp. Luke knew Gene's 30:06 was hanging over the kitchen door so he went inside. Then Berdett & I hoisted the bears head on a stick to the kitchen window. They had a lantern inside the cabin lighted. A little noise we got everyones attention.

Gene jumped from his chair and Luke stopped him from grabbing his rifle. Then they all had a bit of a laugh. Except Glenna. Just before this one of the kids had gone to the out house. Glenna wasn't certain they'd come back and when she saw the blood in connection with the bears head her first thought was of the kid that had gone outside.

Well if it had ended there it would have been not too bad. But it didn't end there. The night was still young.

So we put the head in the trunk of a car. Maybe Lukes - maybe Berdett's -

We headed for the upper camp at Split Creek.

Bears.

It may seem a little far fetched that a bear would be in camp but before we go on to set the stage well go back a year perhaps.

Burdett - I & probably Jim were all seated around May's table Barney was there. I was the first one to leave the table - unusual - I'd probably been visiting. I walked past the wash stand and opened the screen door and stepped out on the porch. Jim was close behind. I glanced across the small clearing behind the chicken coop and failed to see a brown bear with its head down sniffing about the ground.

Without saying anything to Jim I pushed my way back thru the door and speaking in an unalarming way said to Barney - something like, Well Barney you've always wanted to shoot a bear haven't you?

In an instant Barney had his 300 Savage with a scope and was on the porch with a rest against the 8 inch round brownish weathered porch post with his eye to the scope. I stood off a short distance quietly watching in the direction of the bear. His rifle barked - the bear went straight in the air and seemed to land in motion going at full speed away from camp. It disappeared almost instantly. Some of the others must have watched from the kitchen window.

All followed Barney eagerly to the clearing and across it. The rifle shot brought the entire camp out. Soon others from Gene's camp joined us to see ~~the~~ what the noise was all about.

Near where the bear was standing there was an old windfall maybe 12-14". It had laid

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Also a long time and was ^{gray} with age and weathered. Behind it and not far away was the brown furry bear motionless. It had made a few jumps and collapsed. I don't know how it was struck by the single bullet. It was not large. Maybe a young bear - first spring to be abandoned by its mother. This would put it about 2 years old.

Gene had a man working for him by the name of Charlie Whiting from Springville, Ut. His wife an old white haired grandmother came as one of the onlookers - Oh! the poor little bear - she seemed to feel so bad to think it had been slaughtered.

Well others in the group expressed the concern of a bear being right in camp where small children played daily.

Later someone (of us) went to the Munson cabin where John Olds was busily filming his scene. He looked up over his glasses and ~~was~~ revealed by his talk that he had been completely unaware of any excitement in camp. We did get a little scare out of him however, when a few minutes later we informed him from a garbage pit nearby, ^{within} 50-70 feet of his cabin door there were fresh bear tracks - showing that the bear had been there (out in the open) before I'd spotted him in the clearing.

Sometimes it seems incredible as alert as such animals usually are that after seeing the bear - Barney even got a shot. It must have become used to foraging dumps and cabins

Bears Bears

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~~site~~ sites or it would easily have been warned by the vehicle and the sudden movement when Barney rushed for the gun. We could see it. It could have seen us.

So we go back to a year or 2 years later. People of the camp know bears can come into the camp. Even Mrs. Whiting had learned at Split Creek about the poor innocent little bears of her on afternoon of berry picking had been suddenly interrupted when a huffing bear suddenly appeared interested in the same berry patch sent her rushing for her cabin one lazy day.

We arrived at the dug way overlooking the Split Creek camp. It was a starry summer evening, not cold - no pesky mosquitoes. As we neared the top of the dug way the driver turned off the lights, cut the engine and we rolled part way down the dug way to a point where we could see out over the camp. It was an impressive setting. We all got out of the car. It was clear and a rippling of the brook could be heard below. The pointed tips of the balsam trees silhouetted against the sky. Below lights appeared in an old school bus. A new off-beaver had been hired. This young man and his wife came in a bus which served as their home on wheels.

Inside a light shined that several people were inside playing cards. We waited a long time for the game to break up. It was maybe past 11:00pm when finally the visitors left the bus and made their way home to

Beams

their cabins along narrow paths. By now the moon had risen above the towering pine ~~to~~ on the high ridge to the east where the south fork of the split creek tumbles between a rock side on the north and a ~~steep~~ steep embankment on the south.

During this long wait I heard a sound ^{for the} ~~first~~ first time in Island Park. It was unfamiliar, it was a most lonely sound as it drifted from some where below (to the west seemingly) a sound hard to interpret except of loneliness. A cry - a wail. a drawn out sound ~~but~~ not a howl - not a scream -

Knowing the animals normally found in I.P. it was difficult to determine. Moose, elk, deer were eliminated. It was not the howl of a coyote. It was not the human like scream described of the cougar. A few times over the years a cougar had been reported in I.P., Once at moon meadows by the Jensen's, Once Jake claimed tracks in the road showed where one had followed his truck on the logging road.

One was reported a few days later near Moose Creek. Someone shot one once in the Moose Creek area. The only animal left would have had to be a bear - eliminating the Lynx. The wailing eerie sound came intermittently and drifted as if ~~it~~ it had crossed from one side of the creek perhaps far below to the east ridges.

Those there all inquired of me as to what it was but it was as unfamiliar and as much a

Bears

mystery to me as any of the others.

I wondered if ^{some} ~~a~~ mother had been separated or maybe a mother from its young. Today it is as much a mystery as ever. I could never immitate the sound but I can still associate the loneliness and the feeling of lonely loneliness associated with the experience after all these years.

Waiting a short while we walked into the camp. Jim was our target. Had gone to his shack. This was a small one room shack back a little ways from the road and the bus. An outhouse was central to the other shacks and the bus.

Jim's door was slightly ajar. We made our way carefully along side the cabin. Shafts of moon light now brightly lighted the open areas between the scattered taller pines. The small jack pines shielded little light from the scene.

Someone reached a stick to the boards of the shack near the door. Inside Jim nervously sat sat stroked the fur of a half grown kitten held against his chest with the other hand.

A ~~shaft~~ ^{shaft} of ~~moon~~ ^{moon} light thru the window lighted the floor to the opening of the door. ^{Stealthily} Quietly Jim moved toward the door. Suddenly in a quick movement he made it to the door and slammed it shut locking the latch. Still all was quiet, a few hushed snickers were heard on the outside.

From within a quivering voice trying to sound more bold to give confidence to itself more than any one else. He didn't really know any one was outside - not for sure anyway.

Blews

He did claim he'd seen a flash of white which may have been a tee shirt pane below a window sill. The voice trying to sound husky and threatening came again. All right you guys -!

Finally it was followed by bursts of laughter and pure delight from outside. Then the door opened from inside and the assurance that a plank had been pulled joined one other person into the scheme of getting in on the fun end of the trickery.

With Jim leading the way we were off to the bus. Not much response came there. For one thing - the many windows in the bus made it difficult to stay hidden or out of sight from the occupants - Scratchin on the side of the bus didn't have the effect of scratching on the wood siding of a lumber shack.

One boy had been hired to work in the woods. He may have helped Charlie with things. Charlie lived in another shack across the road and very near the creek. Next to the creek and near the bridge this young man ~~was~~ sleeping in a tent. He too had been in the bus earlier. He'd had the extra time we'd spent going for Jim however and had dropped off to sleep but not a deep sleep. Luke took the head by one ear & I by the other ear and we nosed the thing up to the tent flap. The guy was sleeping inside in a sleeping bag with his head near the tent flap. By scraping we were able to awaken him enough that he called out who is it? What do you want? There was only silence to his questions. Lying on

Bears

his back he extended his arm past his head and with a flashlight in one hand and pulling the flap open with the other he found the beam of the light almost touching the menacing dead face of the bear with lips drawn back and teeth showing. He couldn't have seen the horns holding the ears in the split instant his eye caught the view of the horrible sight. He let out a leaping terrifying scream. Laughter erupted from all around. The Whitings who had been unaware of the intruder of the night were suddenly aware. Mr. Whiting was out of his cabin onto the road. Luke was delirious with laughter. Charlie warned. You lucky he didn't shoot you. He has a .22. Oh! He was too scared to shoot anything. Luke retorted.

With the camp aroused and no one else to play the plank upon there was some talk recalling the events in the camp at the mill - the tale of acquiring the bears head and then the return to get the car and the constant talk of the events the 7 or 8 miles home.

I've often repented of that last plank. In rather sober thought when placing myself in the shoes of the young man. If he did have a gun he'd about have been justified to shoot even after he'd heard the laughter. One could hardly have blamed him. I've wondered how the remainder of the night went for him. The scream the brake the stillness of the night must have taken a great deal of time to die down to a quiet breath and a less troubled heart.

I suppose he never got a song - maybe from Jim. I don't know that ~~he~~^{he} stayed around more than

Bears

a few days following that night. He didn't stay long. How much that event had played on his leaving I can only guess - ~~but I'm sure it was not pleasant~~ ~~and~~ ~~welcome~~ I've thought about it many times since. I've felt badly enough that I've not told it as a story I'm proud to tell. I'd never do it again. It was too rough.

Warren got the idea of catching a bear from stories told by Dad. One of his uncles or maybe 2 of them took pickle barrels. Wooden kegs and drove spikes into them from the open end ~~slanted~~ slanted toward the bottom. Fish heads etc were placed inside and the barrel was left in the woods in an area where bears were ~~so~~ used to coming. A bear reaching its head into the keg past his ears would have a difficult time getting his head out. Unable to see the bear would back around and around in circles tumbling and struggling. In a day or so the person would return to the site and easily locate the bear thrashing around with the barrel on its head.

Then it could easily be taken with ropes - tied a shot.

Dad's uncle Ake Anderson once brought a bear back from a wood hauling tuff on the top of his load of wood. He captured it in this way. We worked on barrels for several years. Warren used a metal barrel and bent spikes around the rim. He used rubber to place tension on the spikes to keep them pointed inward.

Beams

One time Warren did find a trap disturbed and some fur on a couple of spikes. But he had chained the barrel solid to a tree or log. The bear had been able to pull itself free. Later I tried the same method but my trap was never disturbed - maybe once.

Charlie Simmons told me you build a log enclosure. just wide enough for a bear. just tall enough - but not too tall and leave one end open - at the open end you place a couple of good sized logs. The bear will walk in but won't back out over the logs. If it can't turn around it will be trapped.

I was once traveling with Dad somewhere in I P and we passed a small well built log structure that Dad pointed out to me as being a bear trap. It most likely had had a trap door on the open end. It may have been near the Buffalo River on the road to Walhins cabin.

Warren finally bought a regular steel bear trap. It was large. It required a clamp to depress or compress the springs and set the jaws. It had double springs.

after the first set along the I P road just between the bend at Cub Creek and the little flat near Simmons ranch gate the trap set sprung. He placed fish heads in a can tied to an overhead branch of a large branching tree. The trap was camouflaged below in the pine needles.

When he returned the can of bait was gone. The trap was sprung. In the jaws of

Bears

The trap were some long black hair, two large hind foot prints was left in the needles and earth below the bait. Warren surmised the bear reached the bait, pulled the can loose and sat down to eat his prize. Sitting in the trap he set it off and in one frightening gigantic leap freed himself from the trap as he lit out.

Some guys came to see Warren from Pineview. It's below Eccles siding several miles. There were a Preston there once. An old man and a son. They got out poles, wood and some props.

They had trapped a bear. There seemed to be lots of bears in that area and around Black Mt.

Uncle Jesse Hammond had been in on some bear hunts with dogs and duds in that area.

So they caught this son in their trap by a hind leg. When they visited the trap a cub was in a nearby tree. They left the bear and went after the cub with leather gloves. They told how the old bear lunged with all her might until the chain snapped straight out from the tree. She was in such a rage. But they thought if they shot her the cub would run off. I don't know if they successfully took the cub alive. They did finally shoot the bear. They brought it to Warren. He skinned it and fed it to his dogs. He was at the ranger station then.

He was amazed at how far back it seemed to him they had been when in skinning the bear he discovered she'd pulled her hind leg

Bears

socket joint apart in ~~the~~^{her} attempt to get at them. This was probably the first bear I ever saw hanging dressed. You know that a dressed bear looks like a human. Some say for that reason they could eat bear meat. I didn't think of such a resemblance ^{normal} since they are so much greater muscled than ~~normal~~ men, the limbs are very short - they could not be considered long legged.

Warren finally in the fall began setting his traps near the the garbage dump just south and east of Phillips bridge on the old highway. Before he set the traps however he spent several hours waiting there with his spot light. He was quite excited about seeing the bears with his spot light. He said how their eyes looked like balls of fire in the light.

He shot at one with a 30-30 and it rolled over and then ran away. It grabbed at its side. He hit it just behind the front leg at an angle. He had read where a bullet could wind up in the hair and not penetrate.

Later he caught 2 bears at the dump. One had a hole about 2 inches in diameter near his front leg where the hair was missing and you could see it had been licked clean until all you could see was the white inside as if it had been skinned there.

I went with Warren early one morning to check his trap and there sure enough was one in it. We drove in near the tree. The bear was enraged. He paused briefly to look at us and then went on. He picked up a dead quaking aspen log or tree in his mouth and

Bears

waved it as a dog would a stick in its mouth. Warren got out and took a rest over the hood of his old Shubaker President. I was glad I was inside the car. With one shot he went down. We waited for a while of course before we approached. He was dead alright. There was a little shift of snow from the night. Warren used his clamp to get the trap open and off its hind leg.

The trap tree was a large branching one. The bear had repeatedly climbed the tree ~~and~~ ^{and} after a while and clawed at the bark. The trap held it and it had scraped the bark until some places were scraped almost to the point of being peeled.

On other occasions I went with Warren looking for bears - different years. One cold fall we sat in his car at the Howard Springs campground until some past midnight. The tourist season was long since gone. It was empty. There had been a lot of bear sign seen earlier according to the sunset service men that cared for the campgrounds that Warren talked with.

After waiting for a long time in the dark and the moon came out I saw some movement in the splathee of moon light. It sure binged you up out of your seat. But it turned out to be a porcupine. So we finally left without seeing any bears.

We went to the Sunset Lodge dump which was back off the road a ways on these private land. a sage covered hillside with some trees on the upper limits ^{with} and a track and garbage area back out of sight from the highway.

Beans

We went in before dark and wired a piece of very ripe mutton up on a tree. It was 5 or 6 feet off the ground, as high as Waveren could reach. Then the trap was placed below.

It would certainly be considered ethical to put a sign or two up near a bear trap to warn humans in the area of the danger.

The owner had a step son, Roger Contor, who went thru high school with me and part of 10th grade. He said he sometimes did a lot of hiking on the place so he didn't want the trap left set on his place. Therefore we had to remove the trap the same night. Sharon was there - probably Steve also. We went away for a while. Then we waited nearby in the car until quite some time after dark. 1 1/2 to 2 hrs. Finally Waveren decided there would be no bears visit so taking a flashlight we went to get the trap. What a surprise to find the ~~bait~~ bait entirely gone and the trap unset.

It was almost spooky. We got the trap and left of course. Waveren never set up there again.

The old garbage dump at near Philips was covered over and abandoned. A new dump was dug near the Shotgun Valley road just 1/4 mile from the junction of the main highway and near enough to be visible from the gravelled road. You turned off the highway and then turned off again and drove down a small incline and back up a slight slope. A high bank of dirt piled up hid it from the main highway.

There was a slight curve so that the head lights might appear striking parallel with the main road and then the highway until a final

Beams

turn took you straight ahead parallel with the pit, the pit was 6 to 8 feet deep. It was flush to the road on the road side and a high bank of dirt at least 4-5 feet high on the back side.

One time we went there in day light and a car and a bull moose were in the sagebrush between the dump and the ~~pit~~ main road.

Another night Warren, Steve, & I sat for a long time from twilight until after dark for an hour or two. It's amazing how ones eyes play tricks at night.

We sat there - you strain your eyes trying to get a glimpse of anything moving, your view is very limited in the timber, the pine silhouette the sky of course and anything below that sky line is so vague. As your eyes adjust you start thinking you see things - shapes etc. It's deathly still except for a tiny noise maybe a mouse. You become aware of your own breathing, a sigh by comparison to the silence seems magnified.

I wondered if a dark figure directly in front of the car had been there when we first arrived. I couldn't remember a tree just ahead of the hood of the car 10 feet or so. I wondered about it. It was stark and motionless. It didn't sky line because of the taller trees beyond against the sky line. It was just dark and nearer than anything else.

Eventually without seeing any movement or noticeable change I ~~at~~ realized that what I'd wondered about as being a tree in front of the hood was no longer there.

Silently it disappeared. I looked - I strained

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looking - It was gone. What a sight it might have been had we turned the head lights on at the earlier time. Knowing that ones eyes can play tricks - one is conservative concerning turning lights on for a false alarm and chancing frightening something else away that might be coming in or on the verge of coming in.

Women had seen as many as 3-4 beams in one evening at the old dump by being quiet. All our talk was very quiet whispers and only essential. It was a disappointment when the lights were turned on and there was nothing to behold in front of the car hood.

One night I went to the pit with Dad Al + Women, + Steve. We went in carefully. ~~turned~~ ^{turned} the lights out after leaving the main road and drove slowly to the side of the pit. We turned off the lights and sat silently. We were there more than half an hour. The dirt bank - known T.P. sandy dirt piled behind the pit appeared lighter in color than the woods beyond it. It was like a light colored wood or fence. Someone saw a distinct darker ~~color~~ form moving against the light colored back drop of dirt. I had the spot light trained on that area. The window on the driver's side were turned down. It had been decided it would be Al's turn. I had his 303 British Enfield with a peep sight. I flipped the switch. Or maybe I had truck seats and sat in the rear so Al could see near the window. Anyway - the light came on. There was Mr. Bruin. A brown bear. Average size - no bigger.

Bears,

al squeezed of a word. The next few moments are almost indescribable. The action and the sound effects were something.

The bear fell to its side grabbing, biting at itself. It was in constant motion. It was onto its feet and going at full speed along the dirt bank. It didn't leave the small circle of light until it had changed direction and was going full speed in the other direction. It changed directions several times. And all this ~~very~~ ~~very~~ ~~fury~~ ~~fury~~ ~~fury~~ the noise was virtually a roar. A lion would ^{hardly} have been ^{sounded} more awesome I would have thought. When it finally fell again to its side with dirt flying in every direction Warren placed a shot. Dad may have shot once extending his barrel past al. Warren shot from the back seat. Then all was quiet. It had lasted quite a few seconds.

After Warren dressed this bear out his heart had been shot the first shot by al.

I've heard of how deer will run pell mell down hill if shot in the heart. The action of this bear taught all of us a heart shot isn't a shot that kills instantly. I should such an animal to go at full speed in one direction for how many seconds this bear put on the performance it would cover a lot of yards.

Or imagine if it took out its wrath on an enemy those final seconds how devastating the attack could be. That's incredible and awesome - a sobering thought.

One time I went to the bear pit after dark with Dad. We turned off the lights

Bears

and we were driving slowly along. I decided we were close enough to maybe see something so I could turn the lights on now. What a surprise. A ^{brown} bear ^{not very large} was walking along in the middle of the road just ahead of the car. So close we didn't see it at first. We were looking ahead of it 30-40 yards nearer the extent of the beam of the head lights. Talk about buck fever. Dad didn't think he ever got buck fever - but I found 30-30 shells pumped out on the floor of the car - at least 1 or 2 slats on after it was all over. Dad opened the door of the car to get a shot and took a rest over ~~the~~ ^{the} door. I turned off the engine, then I can't remember if he got a shot or not. The bear may have disappeared. But if so not for long and he got a shot. After waiting a short time we turned the lights on and a black bear ^{average} size appeared at the end of the road where the area had been bulldozed out for a turn around area left to the timber. Dad got a shot off. This bear took off like lightning. We never saw it again. Seems like Dad did get a shot at another bear. We waited quite a while and nothing showed so we went to the mill. (home).

We told all the excited news to Barney & May. Barney was more eager to go than I would have supposed. We went back. Barney and I, he rigged up a 6 volt car battery with a strap or something to carry it in a sling fashion. He had a hand held spot light that fastened to the battery posts with banana clips. We got there and we got out of the car. He rigged up the light and we went walking all around in the woods behind

the dump. I carried the battery part of the time. I got to feeling pretty spooky. We may have located a small trail of blood and followed it off a ways. We'd shine the light occasionally in the trees ~~above~~ above. It were quite open woods, not much down stuff or bushes and brush but a medium to heavy stand of trees - up to 35-40 feet high 6-8 inch DBH.

I was nervous. I was glad when we got out of there and back to the car. I thought a lot about it later. I've shuddered to think what a sudden noise somewhere might have produced - a sudden panic and the banana clips come loose in the dark. You could've run far there.

I feel what a horrible mess it might have been. It almost amazes me to think Barney would have trusted me to stay cool or calm in such a situation.

The next day we returned - I and Dad at least. There was no visible trail. We found many bear tracks all around but no sign of anything within $\frac{1}{4}$ mile that would indicate a bear had ever been in those woods.

Subsequently I went there with Dad on a dark night and late at night - nearly midnight. We sat parallel to the dump. Behind the wheel and with the spot light trained in the direction of the pit to my left very near to where Al had shot the big bear we sat in silence. It was that same old feeling of anticipation. A rat or mouse or something would occasionally make a small noise in connection with a tin can or rattling a paper wrapper or bag or some

Beers

other item in the junk heap.

Then came the sound of a track and came moving in a continuous steady noise - not real loud but constant - the slow movement of an amble walk thru the pit. Straining to see any movement or dark objects was exhilarating. Up out of the deep pit. Nearly dug moved a dark form against the lighter colored earth bank thrown up behind the pit. It's funny how in the total dark - no moon light - a slow moving shadow can also vanish so quickly.

In a whisper I mentioned - there's one right here. I switched on the spot light. It caught the large black bear in the full circle of light. The bear was moving out. Caught as if in slow motion he continued to climb the loose bank until reaching the top only a few strides. He paused ~~and~~ he was headed directly away from us maybe 35-40 feet at the most. My window was down. Dad pushed the barrel of his Winchester thru the open window. I leaned back in my seat. The bear paused and turned his head toward his left side. We could see his eye sparkle in the light. His head was turned to a full broadside profile. Dad's rifle broke the long silence. The bear dropped like the proverbial beef. We watched. there was no movement. Then the earth on the far side gave way under his weight - he slipped over the bank of dirt and out of our sight behind the bank. All was quiet. We heard no other noise. I

Bears

started the engine, we drove to the far end of lot and I drove into the woods and drove down along side the pit beyond the bank between trees which were somewhat scattered here - with the spot light we saw the still black form still resting at the bottom of the dirt bank.

I drove around some trees and past some with bushy limbs hanging nearly to the ground and turned the car away from the bear planning to drag it out with a chain fastened to the trailer hitch. Dad would have none of it.

So I had to drive up to the bear so the headlights remained on him, then we got a tow chain from the trunk of the car and fastened to Bruin. I backed out until I was around to the top of the turn around area and out of the woods. Only then would Dad allow me to turn the head light away from the bear.

We unhooked the chain which was looped over one of the front bumper chrome uprights and I backed up to the bear.

We tried to load the bear into the truck. We could not. Finally we left it there and drove to the mill. 6-6 1/2 miles. There were no lights. I don't know where everyone was at the time. But maybe some had gone to the valley. Dad got Wayne Jensen up. He worked for Barney - mostly in the woods. We drove back to the pit. It was now past midnight. Again we

Again we backed up to the bear opened the trunk on the club coupe. We couldn't lift the bear into the truck. When ever we'd get a gunk on the hill it would roll in our hands.

Bears

The fat put on in the fall of the year is heavy (thick) Even trying to lift on the legs we could not get a grip. Finally we located a couple of short stumps of wood or poles - maybe $3\frac{1}{2}$ - 4 feet long. We laid these up on the rear bumper and actually rolled the bear up these spide into the trunk. Then we drove home.

Warren skinned the bear the next morning. He told Dad he'd as soon have a bear as an elk. It dressed out around \$25 / lb.

Dad's shot went past the bears side and struck him almost at the butt of the ear. He died without a struggle or a move. It was a well placed shot with no chance to glance off and at such close range hit a vital spot, maybe the brain.

Warren was always going to tan the hides. He did have some old hides around for years but I doubt any of them were ever completely tanned and finished.

We started to hear talk that shooting bears at the pit was objectionable to some people. Bears were under the Fish & Game Dept. There was an open season in most counties. They were considered as predators to sheep men and cattlemen so nothing was ever said about stockmen shooting bears. But mainly the fact that the garbage dumps was across the highway now put it on a federal or state game preserve stopped hunting. A fire arm cannot be used on these preserves for normal hunting.

Special hunts or drawings and shooting of water fowl with shot guns was allowed. Game was otherwise prohibited from being fed on the preserve. I sure no one in our family shot another bear

Beavers.

Once Wamen set a trap at Skinner will, he tended it regularly over a period of several weeks. Never seemed to be any results. He became disinterested. Finally a period like a week went by. We went back. Some very nice mutton had been used as bait.

A bear had been caught but other beavers or one at least had come along and cannibalized the trapped beaver. Hardly anything was left of the remains, it sure seemed rather sad - just left a bad taste in one's mouth.

Cliff Jensen came down from trail Canyon one trip and saw a bear. He stopped and got out and started chasing the old cub. He had the little dog Kecker with him. At one point he was chasing the cub and the little dog was chasing the old bear and I don't know who the old bear was chasing but Cliff may have been in the middle - He didn't have a gun with him.

On another occasion he was up above Gene's camp at Split Creek and walked up on a ridge near the road. There was a real deep canyon on the other side. He walked a week down to hear it crack and heard the ~~darndest~~ darndest growling and commotion below. He never did see any thing below but it sounded like a mighty disgruntled bear.

after 1955

26

Bears
~~from~~

One summer after I returned from the army we often drove up to Split Creek to water the horses. We left them at a manger near Betty's Cabin. One the way up to where the trail canyon splits - one road goes up the rocky dry way - the other past two cabins and on to the section a dry way we saw a bear. It was black. It was a good sized bear. Didn't seem fat and ruddy-polly at all. But big and solid - heavy. His temperament was somewhat of a puzzle. We were in the army truck. we stopped - We'd just crossed the road headed south toward a tall mountain. He stopped. We talked and honked the horn. It didn't faze phase him in the least. When he was ready he ambled along calling a windfall ~~and~~ walking slowly went from the brusher and on his way up the hillside.

It sure made us wish we'd had a ~~gun~~ gun. Coming down the same road one day I came around a bend in the car. A young brown bear - maybe a yearling - cub running the same direction we were going - down crossed the road on a high run. There was a little dirt kicked up in his tracks as he crossed the road at a slight oblique angle and crossed over a small knoll by the old well and disappeared. This was an area where another road took off down toward Clark Canyon. We didn't see any thing else of another cub or an old bear.

This summer it seems we saw more bears than normal by ~~far~~ - far.

Other Bear stories -

Ed Ryberg once set a bear trap and then came along through the woods one day near the set and a bear was in it. He hadn't expected to see one in it so soon apparently. When the bear reared on its hind legs and beat the trap against a tree he ran for his cabin.

He had to be one of the bravest men in the woods. But he wasn't foolish. He went back with his rifle and shot the bear. He had a 25-35.

One time he was in his cabin at evening and heard a noise. It really frightened him. A cow moose came right up onto his porch.

Ed said there were not enough snowshoe hares in I.P. for Canada Lynx to live there. Remond had seen one about $\frac{3}{4}$ mile above the condway.

Some loggers from Driggs landed in stuff off the section for may - in about 1961.

They had a camp trailer at Betty's cabin. It had claw marks all down it and near the window was torn quite a bit. It happened while they were out on a week end - the guys wife was pretty spooky about staying there alone during the day time after that -

Barry's episode with bow & arrow. Barry & David got interested in bow hunting. Barry got a couple of bows. One at least was a pretty hefty bow. Barry was traveling along

Bears

a ridge between Trail canyon and Split Creek and saw a bear. He only had target arrows. He shot at this bear and I believe the arrow stuck into a tree just over the bear's back. The bear instead of spooking and running off turned its head toward him and sort of made a hissing noise -

A bear began bothering around Stoddard's mill near Shotgun Valley. This mill set was near the edge of the timber as you travel west on highway 22. There was a sort of creek ran down near the mill from Mt. Sawtell toward the reservoir. Although a small creek it meandered across a rather wide meadow-like swampy area full of tall aquatic grasses and clumps of willows. It was mostly fenced ^{as} ~~and~~ ^{wide} ~~also~~ another the sage brush land adjacent to it to the west where much of the land was surrounded by jack fence. The bear got to coming into the camp and getting into more than their garbage cans and dump.

They caught the bear in a root cellar and slammed the door on him. Then they brought a car or truck up and put a hose from the exhaust pipe (tail pipe) to the cellar vent. They heard a lot of racket below but it didn't last long and all was quiet. So then they simply opened the cellar door and removed the dead bear.

Bear Stories

Part 2

List of stories pertaining to unusually scary events I've had
Bears:

first year living in Island Park

Bear at the barn Elinor Hess and Glenna South
bear tracks in snow while hauling water from Tom's Creek
Fishing on the Buffalo with Dad..bear follows our tracks
bear in clearing...spotted from kitchen door
bears in Trail Canyon
Cliff Jensen trees cub
Cliff rolls rocks above Oley Moe's
Barry hunts with target arrows
shepherd gets bear...runs into cave...(his wife's fright)
use head of bear to scare the camp Maureen shoots bear

garbage dump:

Warren's traps... waiting in the dark Howard Springs, at
the dude ranch dump...bait taken
bear in trap enraged...bullet wound found
bear appears as tree...no tree there
cub treed...mother bear brought to Warren's tent
WAITING WITH Dad wounded bears...Hunting for tracks with
Barney at night
Dad gets his bear
dad and his 3 boys get a bear

Warren's live traps...history and origin...many settings

canibalism at Skinnerville Springs
Gene's Swede has porch grizzly
bear visits dog house
Charley Simmon's trap
Ol' Dick becomes bear bait
Dad's encounter with a strange animal???wolverine ?

Yellowstone:

West Yellowstone grizzlies ..honeymoon..later go with Barry
bears on honeymoon...Jim and cub
Texans sent by Barry see bears in Yellowstone
Dad, Steve, and I at Tower Falls store...ice cream cone

Canada bears:

Jim at Cache Creek
wolf...bear
other bears
bear hunt at Lambert's place...Lake Francoise

Island Park stories:

Ryberg traps bear...Pond's smoke bear from cave
bear on Buffalo foot bridge
bear visits Darrow's tent
bear gets into Stoddard's cellar
bears rake trailer house at Betty's cabin site
bear wallows on Black Mt above or near camp B-2

Hare raising stories:

1st moose hunt
refer to some bear stories above, break hare's leg at barn
fishing at Tom's Creek until after dark..Burdett, Jim Taylor
moose at night at old mill set...later at Mother's cabin
sixth sense while hunting deer in Trail Canyon
walking home from Warren's after dark...bear stories

Moose, elk, and deer Island Park

Mom's cabin (refer to account with scary stories)
cow moose and calf at Coffee Pot Rapids
cow moose with twin calves on Buffalo while fishing
Ed Ryberg scared by cow on porch
Ed's bravery
moose on Chick Creek road during rutt
moose on Trail Canyon ridge
moose at Chick Creek during elk hunt
moose runs to beat '37 Ford
moose trio in camp
moose in willow bush...shepherder's horse whinnies
wild goose chase for strange sound at Tom' Cr. meadow
My moose hunt...Barry's...Al's... Alan's
camper at Warm River by Eccles
Barry and David and VW bug
moose lope away from train at Ripley Butte Road
bull after 1st snow at stockyards is beligerant
extra large bull on Ripley Butte Road
Glen Alison story
Robertson Wyo story
newspaper picture of pair driven on sulky
woman hospitalized about 1989 near Alpine Wyo on snowshoes
turns on Shirlene's car on winter highway in Island Park
moose calf on Pond's lawn
Fred Wardell treed
tracking moose
Jess Reid treed
moose visit horse manger in Oct. also near barn
often seen after 1st snow
moose seen along highway to Wayan from Star Valley
Canadian moose size, at Burn's Lake..Gordon McPhie, Lambert
electric fences don't mix...scale log piles and jack fences
elk on Moon Meadows during war...antlers at springs
Warren rides down coyote
elk enters camp (in the velvet) during the war
bulls cross the railroad tracks
bull crosses the flat just before sunset
bull crosses road day before season opens on road to Pond's
bulls bugle almost all night at Chick Creek before opening
bull lays on ridge on Chick Creek road, won't get up
bull during moose hunt on Black Mt. (Barry)
bulls at Buffalo (Barry)
hunt of '55 or '56 also deer hunts
deer in Swan Valley
Old Benny
elk on Buffalo ridge with Marj while timber cruising
deer hunt between railroad and Tom Creek flat Camas Meadow
Dad bags Swan Valley deer while tending fire
big one that got away
a long shot...pull 3 down the trail in snow ...tags mixed
catch up in timber on Ripley, blaze trail out
see lots of country
Huckleberry Hill's Monarch.. see Split Creek Falls

BEAR AND OTHER SCARY STORIES WHILE GROWING UP

The first year I went to Island Park to stay over night with my father, Justin W. Knapp he lived in a bunkhouse at South's sawmill. The bunkhouse was just next to South's house. Mrs. South was cooking for the men. She would come out and call the men in the bunkhouse. I was told she loved to catch a man in bed when she made the second round calling for them to come to eat. She delighted in throwing cold water on them from the well. It was just a few feet from the front of the bunkhouse. It was a very cold well. It was fairly deep and always in the shade. The casing was made of native rough lumber. It extended about 3 1/2 feet above ground level. It was open; no lid, just a rope & bucket.

I remember going to breakfast in her kitchen and sitting around a table. I thought I'd never seen anyone eat or chew their food as fast as did her husband, Sam South. I was afraid of her; I guess I thought she was going to throw cold water on me. That year I was in the first grade at Washington school in Rexburg, next to the Madison High school. The 4th of July I threw a fire cracker and it didn't go off. Finally I went over and picked it up. It went off. I had a sore thumb for a long time. I was pretty scared of fire crackers for a while after that.

The next spring when school was out we moved to Island Park. Our family was the first one there. I remember going with my dad to the woods. He drove one of South's cars. I don't know what it was. It may have been a 4 dr sedan or an Olds coupe. Anyway he went up the winter road near the third crossroads to cut some trees. They were probably dry. He had to walk a ways from the car to some of the trees. It was flat and he was never out of sight. I got out of the car and started to walk toward him. After I got there he told me not to leave the car by myself; there might be a wild animal in the woods...a moose or some other animal. I know I was pretty nervous after that. Around the mill there was the railroad and the stockyards. There was a spur at the siding and a beaverslide for loading poles into gondola cars. It was a natural place for kids to want to go and play. But I was warned not to go off there by myself. I should in defense of my parents say that they had been in Island Park two full years before I was born and had known of children being lost. In the woods this was a serious thing. I'm sure there had been some cases that were very grave. And so they were being very cautious with me being there for the first time and unfamiliar with the woods and area.

I must have gone up the railroad tracks the year before and across to a nice cabin where the forest ranger lived. I remember it had a porch. He had some kids there and Dan South and the other kids of Ren's knew them and played with them. This cabin was gone the year we moved up from Rexburg. The forest service had a rule of not leaving cabins unoccupied and so it was burned to the ground during the winter. The well which was in front of it was still there. It had a galvanized culvert for a casing and stuck up about 3 feet above the ground. Strange they wouldn't have pulled it and considered it a hazard sitting there with no lid. I remember going there and seeing a dead rock chuck floating in it.

One day Elinor was playing with Glenna South. They had walked up by the barn which was about half way between the camp and the old mill site. There was an old hole near the barn that had been used to throw away junk and garbage. It wasn't very deep but the sides were a little higher because of the dirt that had been pitched up on the sides. There was a brown bear there. They just casually noticed it. Later one decided it was a bear and they came running to camp. Later she said I thought it was just a big dog. Ruth was at her cabin when they came running. All the rest of us kids were playing there. Ren had a small log cabin off to the side of his house for a playhouse. We all ran in the house and looked out the kitchen window toward the barn. I doubt that anyone saw anything. Someone might have imagined they saw it but it's doubtful they did. But most were little kids and the girls among them, Donna and Glenna probably kept the others inside the house. Ruth left the cabin. She was nervous but she was the brave mother. Ren had the car. So she walked out away from the cabin to the south along the edge of the flat and then up the road until she came to where the logging road went into the mill from the flat. She told the men at the mill. In a few minutes Barney came racing into camp in his coupe to get a rifle from his house. Then away he drove toward the mill. My dad had left the mill and walked out past the little burn (several acres adjacent to the sawdust pile where several years before a fire had burned thru; probably started from a spark from the steam engine) with a 22 rifle looking for the bear. The burn was grown up jackpines. The tallest were 6-8 feet high. He walked thru it towards the barn looking for the bear. After about an hour the men from the mill went back to work. They never saw any sign of the bear. But it was a story the girls remembered for a long time. And still remember as I do.

That fall when school started Arch and Claudia moved down. They may have gone to Goshen or Presto. Within a few years they did live in lower Presto. They were there until Berdett was in about the 6th grade I believe, and then they moved to Shelley. Arch was a ditch rider for the canal company. In Shelley he was a policeman. He became the chief of police. After quite a few years he became sheriff of Bingham County. Ruth moved to I.F. and took her kids. Sometimes she would be up at the mill. And her kids stayed with Hanna, Ren's mother in I.F. There houses were just across the yard from each other on Ada. Behind and between the two there was a lumber shed. They had a lumber yard there with rough lumber on hand to sell.

So I stayed with my folks and didn't go to school. I played with Burton South for a while. He was 5. So he didn't have to go down when the others went to school. Ren hired a cutter, Pat Knapp, to cut fir; his wife and two older boys, near Al's age helped him cut. His wife carried wedges and trimmed limbs. They had a girl about 4-5 and I remember she tagged me all over.

One night that fall my mother had set some yeast to make bread. She cooked in a slab cabin at the mill site. Our family ate there. She came up after dark to set or kneed the bread. As she passed the barn she could hear an animal walking along side the road in the timber. When she stopped; it stopped. When she'd

walk, it would walk again. A ways past the barn she called to our dad, Jesse! He went to the door. We were in bed. We usually went to bed with the chickens. We didn't have a radio, electric lights and so just went to bed early. He went to meet her. He didn't hear anything. As he came toward her she didn't hear it any more either.

When she had the bread taken care of and was ready to go back to the camp, dad was going to walk part way with her, at least to the barn. I remember Al and I got excited, Don't leave us. We were in the bedroom of the partitioned cabin. Dad did walk with her as far as the barn. He stayed there and waited until she was in the main camp. Then they called to each other and he came back. One night we heard something rattling things around in the kitchen. We laid awake unable to sleep. Finally my dad got up, opened the door and called, Come Tom!. Come Tom! Soon Tom came. A big yellow striped tom cat. It belonged to Al Smith and his wife, Ruby. Dad let the cat in and came back to bed. In a few minutes we heard some pots and pans rattle and dad got up and let Tom out of the house with its catch, a mouse. Dad was never very fond of cats, but I'm sure he liked mice even worse.

Later in the fall we moved down to the camp and into a small cabin where mother had stayed all summer with the girls, Anna and Thelma. They'd had friends up from Rexburg to stay throughout the summer. So now we all lived in a one room cabin. Anna, Al, I and the folks. It had two small windows, one on the west and one on the south. The door was so short that the night a birthday party was held for my Dad, Elmer Snowball, who had eloped and married Thelma around Labor Day came over from the bunkhouse where they were living and he bumped his head when he walked thru the doorway. He laughed and said that felt so good I think I'll try it again. He turned around and did it again. He was real short and had gone with the nickname Snub, since he was a kid. The slab cabin we had stayed in at the mill during the summer was put on skids and drug down from the millset near to the little cabin we slept in. We still used its kitchen but it was too cold for anyone to sleep in during cold weather.

One night my father left the house around 9:00 pm and went for a short walk. He often did this. Maybe to an out house or to get a fresh cool drink from the well before retiring. Anyway, as he walked between our cabin and South's he saw the light to the east from flames at the millset. Soon everyone was up rushing around. I got to stay up all night that night. We all went to the mill and some passed water buckets in a brigade from the well. I suppose some lumber opposite the track from the mill was saved. I don't think much of the carriage was burned or the skidway. A fir log nearly squared up was left still sitting on the carriage. A new mill was purchased and that carriage stayed there for years.

The day before a brand new belt to turn the saw had been delivered from the valley. It was a wide belt to fit the flywheel of the engine. I remember the characteristic odor of the belt. It may have had sulfur in it. It had a yellowish color that turned powdery when it cooled off.

During the summer I had gotten a small hand saw and hammer and a few tools. Barney told me he'd pay me if I'd make him a

tool box. I did. I had just finished it and it was in the engine shed and was burned up in the fire also. It was very late in the fall when they got the new mill set up and going near the camp. Ren continued to log and banked logs all around the edge of the flat near the mill site.

One night the men went to Pond's to get the mail and I was at the bunkhouse where Thelma lived. Anna was there and a boy that worked for Souths. They were all just sitting around talking when we heard my mother's voice calling. Come quick! Ann and her boy friend went rushing out. They ran across a little foot bridge over the ditch between the two cabins. The rest of us followed. When we got there we found out why she had called. She had heard footsteps on the road between the grade crossing just south of her cabin and the railroad tracks. She went out of the cabin and called out thinking the men had had car trouble and were walking home on the road. But she didn't get an answer. So she got her flashlight and shined it down the road. She couldn't make anything out for a little while but then a form appeared in the light. It was a bull moose. She was standing on the little road about 20 feet in front of her door. As the moose walked toward her she slowly retreated until she stood on the porch of the little cabin. The moose advanced toward her until its entire form was in the circle of light from her little flashlight. That's when she called out to us so we could come see it. She didn't warn anyone to come quietly and when Ann rushed over the bridge the moose took off. After I got there all I could see were two shiny beads reflecting light from her little flashlight. It was standing near the crossing which was about 60 yds. away. The next day the tracks on the road confirmed it all. Mother used to say after this experience that the steady rhythmic sound of the hooves reminded her of the night earlier in the fall when an animal walked along near her in the dark past the barn.

They had a shower house at the millset. I don't remember if it burned or not. The millshed was completely burned. Also a new steam engine had been purchased and put in place. The old engine, a Case, was driven out and was sitting off a little ways to one side of the millshed. It remained there for many years. Barney had to rebuild the Rumley twin cylinder engine that went thru the fire. He had to repour all the babbit bearings which had melted and ran out in the fire onto the ground. The water glass was melted into a long shape resembling a clear candle; no longer hollow. Earlier Arch Hess drove the engines when they were changed. Holes were dug in the ground for the wheels so the engines wouldn't move too much when they were operating. They would rock back and forth even with the wheels buried about a foot. That was something to see them roll down the road on their own power. Eventually when the Rumley was finally moved after being replaced by a diesel it was towed, probably by a Cat to a small clearing north of Barney's cabin. It was an imposing thing sitting there for many years. In winter its silhouette changed with drooping snow and made for picture taking delight.

After the mill was running and snow came the water in the wells dropped so that water had to be hauled from Tom's Creek to the mill for the engine. Elmer Snowball drove a team and hauled

water. I rode with him sometimes. One day he pointed out some bear tracks in the snow near the creek. The creek was just one mile north of the siding. I don't know of anyone going to track the bear. Probably they were all too busy to bother with it.

One day some men were cutting down trees for wood. One was chopping up along the railroad right-of-way near where the old ranger station had been. We were watching and Anna said, look you can see the ax hit the tree and then later you can hear the sound of the ax. The last log was sawed late in Dec. so they decided to remain there until after Christmas. I got to go goose hunting. Dad took a team and I guess a sleigh. We went up a timber road toward Tom's Creek and came out on the Moon Meadow. The snow was nearly up to the horses knees. As we crossed the meadow I remember there was water under the snow. It was standing in the tracks of the horses after each step, yet the bob sleigh didn't break through the snow. The snow was above water on the meadow. Dad tied the team near the creek. I don't remember which horses Dad had borrowed that day. I believe Gene Jones was along with someone else. They took their shotguns and went off a different direction than Dad and Al. There was quite a bit of standing timber between the creek and the meadow, yet the creek was only a few hundred yards from where the team was tied. Al and Dad went off with their shotguns through the timber expecting to drop in onto the creek at a different place. One thing that made it difficult hunting was that the creek wasn't sunken in a channel and you could see the water from about a hundred yards on either side of the banks. So a goose sitting on the water would have its head higher than the streambank. Slipping up on geese undetected was almost impossible even with the cover of timber along the banks. While they were gone some honkers flew right over the sleigh where mother and I were sitting. I just knew if only I'd had a gun I could have got them. Al and Dad did get a goose, maybe two. Al had to run one of them down in the snow along the bank. The guys at the mill had told dad, you'll never get a goose in the daytime. It fell and started running off into the woods. He chased after it. It turned toward him when he got close to it so he took its head off. (I think) Leaving Island Park that year will be in a separate story.

Sometime at the mill near the time of this goose hunting trip some of the men were shooting shotguns. They used to do that in the road in front of Barney's house. They'd throw up cans and target practice. Well Gene Jones had an 8 gauge. That is a pretty big shotgun! And he may have dipped the barrel into the snow a little bit and when he took one shot it knocked him down. Everyone knew that it had a lot of kick even regularly. If you knew Gene you would know he got up laughing about his bad luck.

One summer while Dad was working at the temple he went up to Island Park fishing on the Buffalo River. I, Warren and Carol went along. There was an the old dugway, a steep rocky pitch, that went down from the main road at the top of a high ridge where Dad used to like to hit the river. The rocks were boulders mostly buried. The eroding soil from runoffs coursed around their edges causing them to be even more exposed and larger. Not all cars could go over this road. At the bottom there was plenty of

room to turn a car around. Along the road from the Tom's Creek bridge to the dugway deep ruts in some places could cause a car to high center, especially a low car. We always watched carefully for stumps that might stick up, being hidden by the tall timber grass or little huckleberry bushes along the road and in the center of the road. This stretch of road was also very sidling in places, especially coming up the hill from Tom's Creek. The road was just simply two tracks through the timber. It was the same road my father had used with his teams and wagons when Warren was a boy. Roads made with wagons before cars or trucks were ever used in the woods.

Warren and Carol fished downstream. Dad and I fished up stream. About a quarter of a mile up there was a bend. Just before the bend was a little island with a few trees on it. In the spring of the year we always saw a lot of bear sign along the road to the river. Old stumps and logs were freshly torn open by bears attempting to find grub worms. We fished up perhaps a mile and back down. Dad finished cleaning his fish near the edge of the stream by a windfall. Warren wasn't back yet so Dad said, I guess I'll fish up to the bend once more.

In a few minutes he came back and said, I think there is a bear up there. He had heard a lot of noise just behind him along the bank in the timber. At first he thought some elk had been spooked and ran. But when the noise didn't go away he figured it was maybe a bear tearing up stumps or logs. He was right. It wasn't long before we looked up and saw a rather small black bear walking with its head down as if following his tracks along the tall grass on the island. I asked, Do you think he'll come after us? About then it jumped into the river. There was a hole in front of the island. It came out on the other side of the channel where the water is shallow and continued onto the bank of a steep hillside where it disappeared in the trees going away from us.

In a little while Warren and Carol returned. We made it up over the rocks out of there and back to Tom's Creek. Going down to Tom's Creek the road is very steep and sidling. A deep wash eroded down the middle of the road forced a driver to hug the upper side of the road next to the trees and their roots in order to keep the wheels on the lower side from getting into the bottom of the wash. You actually had to drive faster going up than down in order to keep from stalling the engine. The '36 Chev had a 3 speed.

The Tom's Creek bridge was rickety. Often my Dad would get out and walk over it before driving over it. He sometimes had to move some of the 12' planks that stretched across the poles laying crossways on the bridge stringers. Many were so old that they were broken and rotted and you could see through the holes down into the water about a foot below your feet. Each year it seemed to get worse. Eventually someone did some work on it; putting some new poles which lasted another 10-15 years.

It was a clear stream with a white sandy bottom. A lot of water cress grew in the stream above the bridge to the large spring where the water gushed and gurgled from the foot of the mountain. It's amazing so much water comes from a single spring.

One year, in early spring, when Gene had his mill up Split Creek, after eating supper I stepped out onto the porch and in the little clearing to the north I saw a brown bear. It was about 70 yds. I stepped back into the kitchen and said to Barney. Get your gun if you want to shoot a bear. Every one was surprised, but kept quiet. Barney knew I wasn't kidding so he jumped up. In an instant he grabbed his 300 Savage off the nails above the doorway. He had a shell in it before you could say Skat! He took a rest on the post of the porch. He zeroed in with his scope. One shot rang out. No one could see anything of the bear. We walked out cautiously making sure no one got ahead of Barney carrying his rifle. After we got near where it had been we still couldn't see it. He was sure he hadn't missed. We thought we might have to start tracking. About then someone saw it lying just over an old rotten log. He waited a little while making sure it was dead then went up to it. It was not the right season of the year for a hide to be prime. It wasn't very big since a single rotted windfall hid it from view.

Some parents were concerned that a bear had come into camp. We all decided it must have been a park bear. Later we found its tracks near the cabin where I had my basketball hoop set up over my corral. There was a small garbage pit there that the Swede 'Ol John Olds used. Here John found its tracks. An old part Collie dog had been laying on his porch the entire time undisturbed. A Mrs. Whiting from Springville, Ut. came over from Gene's camp and said, Oh the poor thing it's just a baby. Well, a few years later after she found she was sharing a huckleberry patch with a bear up Split Creek and she came out huffing and puffing and minus her bucket of berries, she changed her story about poor little bears.

During all the years I spent growing up in Island Park country I never saw a bear in the woods. I never saw a bear while I was hunting. One time Al and Barney were out hunting and they saw something black standing so motionless they finally decided it was a blackened stump. Moments later it was gone. It had a been a bear. We always figured if we saw a bear it was one from the park (Yellowstone) since the native bears seemed so fearful of people they did not stick around to let you see them.

After I returned from the Army in 1955 I was riding down Trail Canyon in a truck with a load of logs for the mill one afternoon when suddenly out of the brush at the side of the road went a cub bear tearing down the road. The dust flew behind it. It traveled faster than we were going. After staying on the road a brief distance maybe 75 yards it left the road on the opposite side from which it had come near a bend in the road and raced on out of sight into the woods. It was exciting to us. It was so unusual to see a bear. We usually told people that fearfully inquired about bears that chances are if they saw one in the woods it would be running to get out of sight. This certainly was the case this day. This remains to this day very vivid in my memory. Although it was not a graded well worn road with each jump puffs of dust rose from the road as this little bear went rocketing down the road and out of sight.

The place was where an old well had been located in the canyon years before. At the head of a ridge where two draws came

together the grass was taller than most places in the canyon and greener. Tall Timothy grass there was evidence the ground was more moist than most places in the canyon. Just below a few willows and aspens along the low side of the road made a special place for sighting Willow Grouse. Not far below there was a special tree. A balsam fir, which caught my father's eye. One fall we drove up there in the '41 DeSoto and dug it up and placed it in a box and hauled it to Idaho Falls where we transplanted it into his backyard. The next year many beautiful fireweed plants sprung up and bloomed in the grassy soil surrounding its roots.

One day I went up the canyon with Barry and David in the army truck (six X six). We passed this same place and within a mile of this place where another draw takes off to the south east and where the road above forks, one going to Twin Cabins and Section Six, the other up the little rocky dugway to Huckleberry Hill and over to Betty's cabin, we saw a large black bear. He ambled across the road very unconcerned about us. He acted aloof and wary but not frightened. I was next to the door. One of the boys was driving. I put my arm out the window and pounded on the side of the door. We honked the horn and shouted. We even got brave enough to open the door but he just stood and watched until he was perhaps bored with us and slowly went off down the draw which was filled with windfalls. We felt for certain this bear was from the park. Had we a gun we would probably gotten a bear rug that day. That was an unusual summer seeing those bears out in the woods.

Perhaps a few years before or possibly later one of the fellows that used to cut and haul cellar timber and slabs from the mill, Cliff Jensen from Shelley was coming down Trail Canyon and about in this same area saw a sow and her cub. He had no gun. He did have a little part terrier dog of some kind that he got from Steve Knapp a few years before. He got out of his truck and was going to tree the cub and did. But the mama bear kept coming around and interfering with his activities with the cub. At this point the dog he called Keeker, would come to his aid by rushing the she bear. This would distract her and she would go off after the dog momentarily while he would rush the cub and keep it in the tree. This went on for some time until he decided it was futile and got in his truck, called off the dog and left. He was always good for a good story.

One time Cliff was up on Gene's road above Split Creek and he left his jeep and walked less than 30 yds. to the top of a narrow ridge. On the other side it was real steep down toward the south. The draw would probably have gone into the Split Creek canyon. He decided it would be a good place to roll some rocks. So he did. After a big rock went crashing down he said there was a great deal of commotion and roaring and growling came up from below. I think he rolled some more after that. I can't believe he would have stopped the show.

Barney had some cutters up on his state section one year we called the GI's. They were two single guys in their 30's. We were cutting and hauling up a dugway Barney had Gene cut with his bulldozer into a deep draw that ran into Split Creek across from Betty's cabin. WE used to see a tree in the bottom near the head

of the draw that had the bark peeled by bears. It was about 6" in diameter at breast height. One day these cutters were sitting eating their lunch when they heard a commotion. They looked up to see a black bear streaking past. Not far behind came another bear which later was thought to be a grizzly. Not particularly big and it didn't seem that neither of the bears paid any attention to the guys sitting quietly eating their lunch.

Gene built small bunk houses out of the eight foot lumber that came off his ties. So the roofs were two layers of rough lumber with tar paper between. The boards made the width of the building with a little eave on each side. This made them narrow enough to be loaded and hauled on his logging trucks. He used flat beds for ties on some trucks and on others two rails length wise for unsawed logs. He hauled this cabin up over the top of his last dugway for a Swede that cut there. The walls were double boards on studs with sawdust between for insulation. There may have been sawdust between the ceiling and the roof on some of them. The roof was slightly bowed with the center being 4-6 " higher than the sides. This Swede woke up one morning and started outside. When he opened the door a young Silvertip was standing to greet him on the small porch. He politely closed the door and remained inside for some time. Later he ventured out and never saw anything more of Mr. Bruin.

One day (when I was in high school) I went to the woods with the team and wagon driving Old Bally and Nig. Warren and Barney had gone up earlier that morning and were cutting some dry stuff probably for a cellar. When I arrived they were eating their lunch. They didn't let on anything was different but I finally got up to the box behind the cab of the truck and there wrapped up some bear hides. When they pulled into this place they made a turnaround and I stopped the team just behind the trailer bunk. I touched the bear hides and walked back and held my hand out to Bally to smell. He took a big breath and came alive. His nostrils extended and he began to snort. Warren said you're lucky he didn't come up with both front feet.

They told this story. They got there, got out of the truck and started to look for some dead trees to start falling when they spotted two cubs. About that time the cubs took to the trees. Warren said one of the cubs went up a lodgepole with few limbs bounding as fast as a man could run along the ground. After they saw the bears Warren got out his six-shooter, a Smith-Wesson 32 Special and began blazing away. They looked around and saw the head of a bear peering over a windfall. But as soon as they paid any attention to it; it ran off aways but kept coming back. They ended up shooting the cubs out of the trees and also the old bear. Her teeth were badly worn and she was in poor condition. For years after that Warren told how the meat from the cubs was as nice and tender as chicken. He became a confirmed lover of bear meat and rendered the fat and bragged about how good it was for cooking, water-proofing shoes, etc. He once told Dad that he would trade an elk for a bear anytime. I never did see him turn down an elk, however.

After returning from my mission in Taiwan in November of '60 Barry left soon on his mission to La/Texas. I was told of a trip

he made the summer before up over the ridge between Trail Canyon and Split Creek. Some of the timber there is mixed growth with various density of jackpines. Barry had a bow and some target arrows they had played around with for several years. On this day he saw a bear in a stand of pine which was fairly open. He pulled the string and let fly with an arrow at the bear broadside to him. The arrow stuck into the tree just over the bear's back. The bear looked at him and bared its teeth and growled. It moseyed off and I suppose he retrieved his arrow. It was always thought to be pretty gutsie. Grandpa Knapp loved telling of it.

A Sheepman came into Island Park from Lyman, a small place west of Rexburg and a little south named Ariel Peterson. He had a herder named Bert Miller from South Carolina. They had been in Idaho for quite a few years. Bert was around 45 yrs. old when we first met him. Each year he would come across from Dubois or the desert west of Rexburg with the herds in the spring after lambing on the desert then he would move over the range between the railroad and the highway to Yellowstone until time to ship lambs in the fall. Then they would trail back out below the Island Park Reservoir to the desert and toward Hamer and Spencer.

His wife, Susie was a character. She was with him most of the time. She rode along his side, but in later years not as much. They had at least one son, Keebler, that came to see them occasionally. Their accents were intriguing to us. I remember the first time we visited him and Barry was little; he referred to him as cotton-top since he was blonde when a kid. He usually had a camp across the flat from the mill and several places set up for camps nearby. He was required by the forest service to move camp after a certain number of days. One camp he used was next to the railroad stockyards. They used it when shipping lambs by rail. It was a real change for him to camp there. He could put the sheep in the corral at night and sleep well knowing that no coyotes or bears would bother. He hauled water from Tom's Creek sometimes with a wagon with a large cast iron tank on it. When near the creek he trailed the sheep to water.

Over the years he had his share of bear problems. He usually figured on dry years the bears were more of a problem since feed was more scarce. One year he lost some sheep over near Cub Creek which was on the way to Ponds. There was a little flat with sagebrush nearly a mile from the highway. Just before that flat there was a big lava outcropping. In the spring there was enough water that a culvert had been installed under the road. It was not a stream but a dried up water hole. So Warren made what he called a Vee trap out of logs. He fastened the ends by alternately crossing them on the back of the tree. The front Vee shape acted like a channel. The logs were stacked high enough to encourage the bear to walk in between the logs up into the Vee rather than climb over the sides. Part of an old carcass of one of the kills served as the bait. The older and stronger the scent the better it supposedly attracted the bears.

The herder sent word one day that a bear was in the trap. Warren took Maureen with him. We walked up close and observed that the bear was securely held by a fore leg. He had a 30/30 Winchester and he told Maureen to shoot it in the eye so it would

not spoil the hide. She made a good shot. Only one was needed.

One year Warren was living in his walled up tent at the site of the old ranger station at the Island Park Siding when some fellows came up from Pineview asking if he wanted a bear. They said they had shot a sow. Later they brought the bear and dropped it off. Their story was that they ran into a bear and her cub and decided to catch the cub alive. The sow was in a trap by a hind leg. They didn't want to shoot her for fear the cub might run off so she climbed after the cub. A man with leather gloves went into a tree with a lot of heavy branches and finally did get the cub. We don't know how much he may have been scratched, bitten or clawed. They never said.

When Warren dressed the bear to his amazement she had thrown her self against the trap with such force and furry that she had pulled the ball from the socket of her hip. Only the hide held her from charging after the captors of her cub. After the cub was caught they shot her never knowing how near she might have come from tearing herself loose. This bear hanging dressed from a gamble in a tree did have the resemblance of a human form except the muscularity was so much more than a man. The man who brought the bear was the son of a fellow that used to haul wood and get cellar timber out and haul it down to the valley. Some of these old guys we called woodticks. His last name was Preston.

One time Susie was out with Bert in the thick timber and brushy area around Ripley Butte trying to herd up some sheep that had been badly scattered. Although Bert had been in and thru that area more than anyone we knew he readily admitted it was one of the worst places to get lost he'd ever been. One time a writer for a national sportsman magazine (maybe Outdoor Life) wrote an article and explained that area was one of the worst on the continent to get lost. Most places have draws, roads or streams where a lost hunter can follow to get out. Here it is just one outcropping of lava after another with small stands or pockets of lodgepole and brush and quakers. Other than the butte being higher than the surrounding area it all slopes here and there with no pattern other than just like the last place you saw. It is rolling. Since some clear cutting has been done in recent years this is very evident.

Anyway, they were out horseback and the dogs picked up the trail of a bear. Bert left Susie holding the horses and hurried off following the sound of the dogs with his rifle. He often carried a 45 on his hip. While he and the dogs were chasing the bear two cubs became separated from her. They became so frightened of the dogs that they ran around and came back to where Susie was holding the horses. Just small, the cubs ran up to her. Later Bert, theorized they ran to her for protection from the dogs. Well Bert practically broke his neck getting to Susie when he heard her screams. She was frantically trying to keep a distance between her and the cubs. She did suffer a nervous breakdown and left Island Park for a while. In the winters they spent some time in Rexburg. He spent time talking in the pool halls. He was not a drinking man. They professed to be southern Baptists. They were good ol' folks and she enjoyed occasionally going into Marjorie's house and seeing something besides a sheep

camp. At least once a week someone brought supplies into their camp from the valley. There were several Peterson boys old enough to help their dad run his operation.

Bert shot a bear one time while out with the sheep and wounded it. It may have been this bear, but I doubt it since I don't think any cubs were involved. But the bear ran and he was able to follow it with the dogs. It came to a fairly large rock outcropping and disappeared. Bert hunted around quite a while and then to his surprise discovered the bear had fallen down thru some rocks into a hole. He came and told us at the mill. Some of us went down and saw it. The bear was 6-8 feet below the surface in what looked like just a hole into the lava rocks. I don't know if the bear was taken out or not. It seems like we went back the next year and found no sign of bones or other remains.

Then the kids and maybe Barney entered and discovered a cave there. Eventually several explorations were made. One by Explorer scouts in the winter. On one trip they were in the cave and discovered bright shiny eyes piercing the dark from their flashlight beams. They were relieved when it turned out to be only a porcupine. On another occasion at the back of the cave they discovered by digging thru smooth sand near the top there was a second cavern which they dug into. I don't know to what extent they were able to penetrate that room. Some have wanted to go back. Today since all the clear cutting and road changes I doubt I could find it, unless by making a grid and coming the area it could be recognized. It should be within a mile or 1 & 1/2 miles of the old railroad bed west of the track at the south end of the Island Park flat. When the railroad was built they dug fill for the bed from the sandy soil along the right-of-way making two permanent ponds. They would be full in the early spring from sub. By end of summer they would be dried up. But there were willows on the edges and all the little aquatic animals and many plants that normally grow in areas of sub. in the wetter areas in Island Park. So it could be found with a good search, but it might take some time and hiking.

There is another part of a bear story involving a bear that Bert shot in that area. The head was cut off and brought to the mill. Here several of us wired the lips open showing the teeth and fangs. Then with one person on each side carrying it by an ear its head could be held about ground level into a doorway, a tent flap, or up to a window of a cabin. It was fun for a while and most of those that were scared with it joined in to do the same to others once they discovered what was going on.

After dark some decided to take it to Split Creek to the camp there and try it on the crews that stayed there in tents and shacks. At Gene's cabin before leaving the camp however, someone held it at his kitchen window. Glenna had just had a kid go to the outhouse. Her first thought was her kid was outside when she saw this head in the kitchen window. Wisely someone had walked into their cabin beforehand and stood near the door where Gene's .06 hung over the door. Gene did move quickly toward it when the first sign of fright appeared in the cabin.

Thinking back about this over the years it was a pretty cruel thing to do. A little kid might have that impression on

their mind for a long time. And when you have to go out to an outhouse, especially at night it could be scary for years.

Gene had a young man working for him that came over from Evanston, Wyo. Luke Limb. (Limm) He was a sort of daring character. He loved to play chicken on the road to Pond's with any other driver that would play. He could make Berdett take to the shoulder and I think anyone else with a lick of sense. He just had to go to Split Creek. We arrived late, around 10:00 pm. We stopped at the top of the dugway and turned off the headlights. WE could hear talking below. WE left the car and walked down to where we could see and hear what was going on. One fellow had just moved up in an old school bus. The single fellows there were in his bus playing cards.

While waiting at the top of the dugway we were out on the car on the road. It's a long ways down to the creek. It is broad across the canyon to the other side. Also the south fork of the creek joins the canyon about half a mile below where we were. It is about as wild of country as Island Park has to offer. While we were waiting there we heard this mournful sound. It was the most wailing sound I've ever heard in the woods. It seemed so far away and so lonesome. It continued to call and call. It was not a howl and it was hard to imagine what animal in Island Park would make such a cry. I was glad I was not alone.

Finally we coasted down near the camp with the lights off. We watched as the card game ended and people left for their own tents and cabins. Berdett's friend Jim walked to his shack. After a few minutes we followed him. He had his cabin door slightly open. There was enough moonlight we could see inside. He was holding a kitten in his arms. Some tried to get over to the door while others watched thru a window. All was quiet. Suddenly the door slammed shut as he kicked it. Then he started talking, alright you guys. His voice was shaky and unsure. He caught a glance of someone with a white tee shirt move. But still no sounds had been made. Then Berdett started to laugh. And Jim came out and admitted he'd been pretty spooked.

So then he had to be in on getting someone else. We went to the bus where the lights were now out. We scratched on the side of the bus with a stick. The guy didn't get very excited and seemed to be suspicious and nothing really happened so we went on to a tent. A young man had come up just a day or two before and was sleeping in a small tent in a sleeping bag. While one held the tent flap open Luke eased the head thru the flap by one ear and I had the other ear. Someone scratched on the side of the tent and a voice started asking, Who's there? What are you doing? No one made a sound other than more stick scratching. Finally he pulled a flashlight and turned it on in the direction of the tent flap. He was lying on his back. There within touching distance of the flashlight was that ugly head with teeth bared. What a thing to wake up to? He let out a war whoop! It was followed by laughter by those standing back waiting. The poor guy didn't come out of the tent. Charley Whiting came out of his shack and said. You guys should be careful, he might have a gun. Luke said if he'd had a gun he was too scared to use it. All the way home we laughed about the way

different people had responded. Later we found out that the first place we tried the guy was maybe as scared as anyone but he didn't let on. He was very silent but he was calculating what he would do if the bear bothered a window or a door. His name was Muncey, (I think Gene was his first name) from I.F. and he drove one of Gene's 6 x 6's.

I have long since repented in my heart of that last tent. It was cruel. I wouldn't have blamed him if after he was over being initially scared in his normal mind he might have been justified to come back with a gun and start shooting. I wouldn't do it again. It was just too harsh. I don't think the kid stayed out the week. That's shameful. It's over; I won't ever do it again.

Charley Simmons was a sheepman that lived in Island Park for as long as I can remember. He had a nice summer home type log cabin on the Buffalo River near the railroad bridge about 2 miles up river from Pond's Lodge. The Buffalo River bridge over the railroad was about 2 miles north of the Tom's Creek bridge which was a mile north of the mill. He used to come for help at the mill. He would get Barney to let him take a team and wagon to move or haul something and then I'd go along to drive or I would go with a skid horse to snake some poles out of a patch for him.

Charley told me how to build a bear trap. You build a small log building. It has to be narrow and low to the ground so that a bear once inside cannot raise up or turn around. Then the entrance has to have one large log at the entrance which the bear must step over to enter. But after the hind legs are in the idea that makes it work is the supposed fact that the bear will not lift its hind legs high enough to back over the log. So as long as there isn't enough room to turn around the bear will not come out. It sounds strange. It would be fun to see or know if it is so. Charley used to have some problems with predators. Once on a meadow east of the railroad tracks where he kept his bucks in the summer he lost some sheep from being bitten on the necks and he never did discover what kind of animal was responsible.

One summer Warren lived in a trailer just north of Tom's Creek near the edge of the big meadow between the creek and the Buffalo River where Charlie's buildings were located. Carol and the 3 children were there. That summer Warren rode all the way to Island Park horseback from Goshen. It took him 5 days. He had a bay colt, maybe 2 or 3 years old among his string of maybe 5 horses. He rode his stallion, Tarzan, his mother, Birdie (a little mare he traded a 12 gauge Westernfield shotgun for when he left the ranch at Armstead, Mont.) when he left there and came back to Goshen. He had several other horses. One may have been called Stoney. Anyway I remember the day he showed up at the mill and I got to go down to Eccles Siding and there he picked up 3 horses he had left there. They were tired and sore-footed. I got to ride back to the mill from Eccles on Birdie. I remember she was not a fast walker so she would poke along and them jog to catch up every once in a while. I don't know which horse Carol rode on that trip, maybe Stoney, but she told me not to make Bird jog to catch up because she was tired. That didn't seem very consistent to me since it was the horse that walked slow, I wasn't trying to make her hurry except I didn't want to fall

behind. Some of Warren's kids, his oldest girl, Maureen was there on one of the horses or riding with either Carol or Warren.

At the sawmill he rested. At least for a day. He put shoes on the bay colt which belonged to Unsworths, Carol's folks. The colt was so sore and tired it never stood up the entire time he was shoeing it...all four feet. He trailer them on up to Simmons ranch. That summer he took Dudes out riding. He didn't use any pack horses. He took some grown young women, two sisters I think from California. One at least, to the upper forks of Split Creek with a picnic lunch. I remember he had a photo of their lunch site. There was a blanket spread out in the grass along the creek bed at a level place and two moose were in the background of the picture. The girl was a Glazman. Her parents spent a lot of time at Pond's Lodge where they had a nice summer home down on the bend of the Buffalo River just below the highway bridge. Her parents fished a lot. I remember one of Warren's stories was that one time Mrs. Glazman was fishing and a moose came along. She said later, I didn't know I could climb a tree but I did.

Warren used to live at Tautphaus Park in his trailer. The night Steve was born I stayed there with his girls. I think Al stayed there also. They had a place with cupboard doors beneath the bunkbed in the trailer. They called it the cubby hole. WE slept in it. Warren's trailer was parked near one of two large stables at the park. Inside the barns were box stalls. Race horses were kept there in the winter off-season for the California tracks. Some of the well to do people in I.F. in those days lived near the park in mansions. They had race horses and kept horses there. They would be exercised on the 1/2 mile track. There was a grandstand with a covered section and the annual War Bonnet Rodeo was held there each August.

Warren ran a riding stable. They referred to it as a riding academy. Warren kept several horses in it. Birdie was one of them and Carol considered Birdie as her horse and I guess the money they took in from Birdie Carol kept as her own. I think one time she stated she had taken in \$4.00 a day from her horse.

Warren was in some sort of a partnership there. He also may have worked cleaning stables and caring for some of the horses of the rich people there. He used to play polo. I remember he had a polo mallet around for quite a few years after he left there. He had this gelding, dark brown or black that he called Stoney, that he leased out. People paid by the hour to ride. And sometimes they had trouble with some running their horses after they got out away from the barns. This always made them unhappy. Al liked this horse, Stoney and I remember he talked about him a lot.

Before going to the park, Warren lived several years in Jameston south of I.F. One spring Al went to stay with Warren and Carol when they lived in Jameston. He came home telling about all of these horses Warren had. Warren raised Tarzan up to about a 2-3 yr. old. He was perhaps Birdie's first colt. His father was a richly colored palomino called Silver. Warren used to carry a picture of him in a belt buckle with a ring the size of a silver dollar. Warren worked for some people there with farms. And he knew and respected a guy named Arave. He was a scout master for a while. He worked for a Cox also. This man later moved to our

ward in I.F. And Arave was in the temple presidency quite a few years later. He used to tell our mother what a good guy Warren was and mom was pleased knowing Warren had a great deal of respect for Arave. He was a person she admired also.

Warren used to spins some yarns about his days in Jameston driving the school bus, which was a sheep camp over a bob sleigh pulled by a team of horses. It had a stove in it. He always talked about a horse named Snip which he broke and drove when he worked there. He taught it some tricks including, teetering on a board. He told how good it was to pull also.

Now what has this to do with bears. On the Simmons place he could hobble and turn out his string of ponies. They could be caught with grain. Tarzan the stud, probably brought them in, in the mornings a lot when he came for grain. I'm sure he was sort of a pet. You wouldn't have had to gone looking for him. He would come to you. Warren had ridden Tarzan thru the park or zoo past the cages. They had bears in a rock cage. They could go in and out of a den there. A tree cemented in the center next to a pool allowed the bears to climb around. It was forked and they could climb around in the heavy forks. Warren rode past often and Tarzan paid no attention to the bears. After being in Island Park turned out for a summer, Warren one day in the winter rode Tarzan past the bears cage as he'd done when he lived there and the horse nearly went crazy at the sight of the bears. Warren figured he must have had some contacts in Island Park that summer to show him respect for bears. For a couple of years during the war, '43-45 perhaps Warren took Tarzan and Bird to Simmons ranch and turned them out. He was divorced at this time. He didn't have money to buy hay and he would sell or get rid of them. The fences must have been pretty good to hold them, although Charley's fences never seemed or looked good to me. I would not have thought they would have contained a stallion. Occasionally Warren would ride the train up and get off and check on them and take his fishing pole along. He would flag down the train and come back with a mess of fish. He was the only one in our family that ever had a fishing creel.

During the war with gas rationed and young men off to war the Moon Meadow ranch was abandoned. The grass grew tall and headed out. No wild hay was cut (Timothy and Redtop) It wasn't grazed. The elk took over and became quite numerous not being disturbed by livestock or people. Fishermen weren't as plentiful either as before gasoline and tires were rationed.

This year we met for the first time some people that came up from Rigby. Dave Jones came up and brought cattle. They leased grazing from the government and maybe some sheepmen. Another man from Rigby area was Vern Crystal. I remember Dad and I were up for a short time one summer. Dad probably did some sawing for Sam South. Dave Stoddard, a brother-in-law to Al Smith had the skidway loaded with nice dry logs that he wanted sawed. He built a lot of spud cellars in the valley. He lived in Rexburg and he and his boys build a lot of spud cellars each year. They had logged several weeks. I remember my dad exclaiming about how high the logs were decked above the mill shed. Dave had to help getting them off the pile and down onto the carriage one at a

time so they didn't all come at once and bury the carriage or track. We lived there for a while in one of the cabins, maybe the bunk house or the slab cabin that had been moved from the millsite that burned down. But anyway this Vern Crystal came and asked about Warren's horses. He came up with his wife in a little Chev or Ford 1 ton and hauled a saddle horse. He would ride out and check on his cattle. He said they were friendly and always came up to the fence whenever he approached and seemed gentle. He wondered if he could just bring a saddle and throw it on one of them and ride out to check his cattle. It would save his having to haul his saddle horse up from Rigby. I don't know what dad told him. I'm sure he didn't say go ahead. If he referred him to Warren I don't remember. But I'm sure Warren never let anyone touch his horses.

One fall Warren rode Tarzan to I.F. He went up on the train and took his saddle. He rode back in about 9 hours. I wish I knew just how long it really took. He said Tarzan just kept going faster and he'd pull him in. Pretty soon he'd be asleep again and Tarzan would be on a fast gait. It was about 90 miles we used to think in those days. The present road cuts off some miles. When he rode up he followed the railroad and came up along the Warm River. Going down on King he rode along the shoulder of the road and that meant there was a lot of traffic. Anyway he was dog tired when he got to I.F. He claimed Tarzan could have gone back the next day. But he would not have wanted to ride him.

The year Al and Lois got married they moved into the log house he built across the street from the folks on 347 Cleveland and stayed there until the early spring when Barney took them up to Island Park. They were there right after the snow melted and lived in Marj & Barney's house for about 2 weeks. He began to build a cabin out of left over 5" logs. The 5 in. logs were never as popular for building houses as the 6" logs. So 5' logs were often left in small scattered piles. So this was a way Barney figured he could use them up and they were available when the 6" logs had pretty well been cleaned up and since the mill wouldn't be running for a while no more 6" logs would be available.

He built the cabin just north of the big pine tree in the middle of camp. It sat next to the small stand of pole size trees between the camp and the small clearing about 100 ft. north where there used to be old trailers and foundations of stables and other buildings going back to the twenties and Targhee Tie days. It was a 2 room cabin with only an opening not a door between the rooms. The door as at one side of the gabled end facing south. It had a double sliding window in front and one along the west side. On the north of the front room was a small window. The double windows slid to open and had screens. A small window was placed on the west side of the back room. Linoleum was placed on the front room. Some kitchen cabinets were placed along the west wall beneath the window. A Majestic wood range was put in against the partition facing the front window. A small outhouse was put to the rear about 20-30' from the back corner in the front edge of the trees. Two large trees along the west side had a log wired between them where they rested on heavy limbs 12' off the ground. Originally it was used as a swing; later to hold

a gambel to hang game while being dressed and skinned.

I arrived after school was out and in time to help in putting sheathing on the roof and tar paper. rough lumber running linear to the pitch of the roof over the tar paper took the place of shingles in ordinary houses. Of course it was called Al's cabin until some years later when Warren moved in and it was called Warren's cabin. Later I moved in and Dad also and it became known as grandpa's cabin. This must have been the spring of '46 or possibly '47. Later in the 60's Marj sold the new cabin that Barney had built in front of their old one and it was moved over to the Buffalo summer home area. A few years later Marj sold this cabin to be moved. The Forest Service was pressuring her to clean up the camp area. I had gotten married and although she had given it to me and I had jacked it up and had it on skids it seemed evident I wouldn't move it. If she wasn't pretty cooperative with the Forest Service they sort of held her sawdust pile over her. They could have come in and required she clean it all up or move all that sawdust. I found an Indian head penny while digging along side in the pine needles getting room to put a house jack beneath the logs on the north side.

Warren lived in a tent frame at the old Ranger Station site west of the tracks and 1/4 mile north of the siding that summer. He came over to Al's often. He often rode to Pond's with Al and Lois. One Sunday they went to Mack's Inn where there was a grocery store. The prices there were considerably less than at Pond's. They had gone up to Island Park Lodge above Mack's and were returning along the narrow winding road when they spotted a bear near the highway. They stopped and tried to back the semi along the road. They must have been too excited to do a good job and this led to more confusion. Finally they got backed up along side the bear and Warren started shooting. He carried a Smith and Wesson 32 special on his hip. After shooting several shots and nothing happened he handed the pistol to Al. His success was not better. The bear didn't run off but finally wandered away leaving them all amazed. Lois joked about their ability to protect her from a bear. Different people called Warren when they had a bear and he was always happy to get one.

One fall he started going to the I..P. garbage dump between Pond's and Elk Creek after the ranger, Ned Millard told him he saw many bear tracks there. that got Warren started hunting bears. He used to go and set in his car after dark and wait patiently for the bears to come in to feed. He had an old '36 Studebaker President that he had bought from Paul Walker, Ann's husband. It had a spot light and he'd turn it on after he'd sat quietly for a while. He often saw bears. One night he shot at a bear and it rolled over and over biting at its own side. Then it ran off. This time he had shot it with a 30/30. Warren ordered a bear trap. It was large, but I don't know the size. He had a pair of clamps with it to open and set the jaws.

I went with him one time to the bear pit. There was a bear in it. He shot it and when we removed it from the trap there was a very bright shiny spot about the size of a dollar just behind the front leg on the right side. After seeing this Warren

remembered he's read where a spinning bullet could wind in the hair of game animals shot at an angle and roll up a ball of hair and pass on without penetrating the skin. So he assumed this was why the bear had not gone down when he shot and why the bright shiny spot on the bears side. He kept setting his trap. One October he got a large bear. When we drove in thru the trees we spotted it in the trap. It had been enraged. It stood and looked around. Then it picked up a quaking aspen about 5-6" in dia. and 20 feet long in its mouth and swung it up and around and back and forth like a dog would shake its head with a stick in its mouth. You never had to wonder if you should respect the strength of a bear after seeing that performance.

Warren set many traps over the years. One time he set his trap along the road to Pond's just near the little flat.... a sagebrush flat about 3/4 mile from the highway. It was under a large lodgepole with spreading branches. From one of the branches about 6-8 feet out from the trunk he hung a little syrup bucket with fish heads, lowered to about 8 feet from the ground. When he went back to check the trap the bucket was gone and the trap had been sprung. In the ground by the trap there were two deep hind tracks in the pine needles, grass, and dirt. In the jaws of the trap were some long black hairs. It had evidently got the bait standing on its hind legs and then settled on its haunches onto the trap, rising as it sprung and leaping to freedom.

When my father was young he had an Uncle Axel Anderson. He hauled wood from the woods to the valley and maybe logged as well part of his life. Anyway, I was told that he often went to the woods and came home with a live bear on his load of wood. He used to take old pickle barrels. They were wooden barrels with staves and metal straps around them. He took out the contents and one end and drove spikes into the barrels at an angle toward the bottom and then baited it with fish heads or other smelly bait. he placed it in a likely spot in the woods. When he went back in a day or two if there was a bear with its head in the barrel it would be backing all around making noise and thrashing about trying to get its head out of the barrel and he'd catch it. I don't know how he got it onto his load of wood.

Warren tried several different barrel traps over the years. one got stolen. Then one of them he fastened solid to a tree using a chain. A bear got in it alright, but it also pulled its head out and left a lot of hair and fur behind. So he learned you couldn't fasten it solid. He used a metal can that had been a container for carbide used for a home welding generator. It had a small round lid that sprung off similar to the lid on old Cocoa cans. With the lid removed this left a rim. Warren bent 16" spikes around and pointed into the barrel from the rim. Then he put a spring inside to hold the spikes out so they wouldn't remain parallel to the sides of the barrel. He never caught a bear in any of these traps. One summer I hauled this trap to a small dried up pond down in the Ripley Butte area on an old road that Bert Miller, Peterson's herder told us about. There was a small water hole there most of the summer but even though I put fresh bait in the trap throughout the summer it never seemed to

be disturbed when we would drive down to check it. Berdett and Dad often rode with me. Berdett lost his enthusiasm for the trip after a few times without any results.

One fall Warren drove up to Sunset Lodge along the main highway to West Yellowstone. The owner had a private garbage dump up a slope from his place. He had cabins and a cafe. We drove up a road (just 2 tracks thru the sagebrush) to the edge of some quaking aspen and a few pines about 1/2 mile from his buildings. Warren set his trap and tied a leg of rotten mutton to a tree by a trail going up the hill toward the timber. Then we left and went down about 100 yds. to sit in the car, listen and wait. Finally a while after dark and we hadn't heard anything he decided we may as well go home. The owner had requested that he not leave a trap set over night in case someone might be hiking in the area. His stepson was Roger Connor who had gone thru high school with me in I.F. WE took a light and went up to retrieve the trap and discovered the mutton was gone. It was pretty spooky getting the trap and back to the car. I was certainly looking over my shoulder. Steve was with us I think and Sharon was there.

On another night we went up to Howard Spring. It's just below the continental divide less than a mile. It is a nice place. The spring has a temperature of about 40 degrees. It is always a nice place to stop for a good refreshing drink. AT that time you could drive into the picnic grounds. We drove in and sat and watched in the moonlight. It is funny how you eyes play tricks on you in the dark. Or maybe it's your mind. But I remember sitting looking and looking. Finally I saw some definite movement. It turned out to be two porcupines moving around in the moonlight. In the strips of light between the trees they looked like they were running all around. I thought maybe they were bear cubs. That's all we saw. It got cold sitting quietly and waiting for action. Warren fell asleep. Finally about 1:30 or 2:00 am we went home. Some of the guys that worked for the Forest Service cleaning campgrounds had told Warren they had seen a lot of bear sign at this campground.

One night a few years later we went to the new Island Park dump west on the highway just off the Shotgun Valley Road. We parked and waited and waited. It got darker and darker. I was looking forward out the front windshield and I saw a dark object that rose higher than the hood of the car. I kept looking and I didn't detect any movement. I thought it may have been a tree. A little bit later I looked hard there again and realized it was gone. That was a thrill. But it would have been even greater if Warren had turned his lights on while it was standing there. I think I asked Warren, Was there a tree just in front of the car?

Before he shot his first bear at the old dump he spent a few nights alone looking and turning his spot lights on. He was alone and the next day he was telling how a bear's eyes shoot out at you in a spotlight and look like little red balls of fire.

After so much hype about bears at the dump, finally my father decided he would like to go get a bear. He had always wanted to shoot a bear. His father had killed a bear in an exciting situation when he was a young man and my dad always wanted to shoot one. I was going to be a senior in college that

fall and I was driving a 1941 DeSoto club coupe. So we went to the dump and it was dark. We drove in and as I turned to go parallel with the pit I turned on my lights. Two bears were walking along the road in front of the car. We got buck fever I suppose. We didn't get a shot right away. In fact later we found an empty 30/30 shell laying on the road that had been ejected without firing a shot.

We didn't wait long until other bears appeared by being patient. Dad got off a couple of shots but no kill and we found some blood at the far end of the dump. The road ended there. After we got back to the mill and told Barney what had happened he had to go hunting. It was late, after 10:00 pm so dad didn't want to go. Barney took me and he rigged up a 6 volt car battery with a light connected by alligator clips. We got to the dump and out thru the woods in the direction of the trail of blood. It wasn't a lot of blood and we didn't go far until the trail dried up. I was carrying the light and he had his 300 Savage with a scope on it. He had used a light to hunt rabbits in Mud Lake and goose hunting in years past on Tom's Creek. But I was really nervous. I've often thought how dumb. One woof from a bear and for sure the alligator clips would probably been jerked loose by me. I was on edge. Anyway after 30 minutes roaming around in the dark and shining the light everywhere including up in the tree tops we got back to the car and headed home. I was relieved I don't know if he was relieved or not. But he sure was taking a chance with me holding the flimsy light.

On another night I went back with my dad. It was a black night. No stars out. We pulled up along side the dump. It was 30-40 yds. long. The dirt was piled up on the far side making a bank. We stopped the DeSoto. I was driving and the pit was on my side. WE stopped and waited in the dark, listening. There are a lot of sounds at night. Little sounds like mice might make rummaging around among the cans. Finally in the dark looking thru my window which was rolled down I saw a large dark object against the light colored bank of dirt above the pit. I said, I think there is a bear there. I turned on the spotlight and the bear had just emerged from the pit and stopped on top of the bank of dirt facing away from us. He just stood there with the light on him. Dad steadied the 30/30 across the rolled-down window on the driver's side where I sat. He was getting ready to take a bead when the bear turned its head enough we could see his one eye sparkle and the side of his head. Dad fired. The bear just dropped in his tracks. But he also went over the mountain and slumped out of sight over the bank. We drove to the far end of the pit and I was able to get the spot light down along the side of the bank through the trees and get the bear in focus laying there with no movement. I started to position the car so that I could drive thru the woods between the trees and get near it. Dad would have nothing to do with that route. I had to drive to it keeping the headlights on it. Then I used my tire chains and hooked to the bear and backed out to the road. Then we opened the trunk and tried to load it. We couldn't lift it. WE couldn't begin to lift it. Any place you took hold of it the hide just rolled in your hands and you couldn't get a grip on it. So we

had to leave it there and drive to the mill.

Dad awakened Moyne Jensen, one of Barney's men and we got him to go with us to the pit. The three of us had to get a couple of strong limbs about 4-5 feet long and use them like skid logs laying over the bumper into the trunk. Then we literally rolled the bear into the trunk and drove home. I don't know when Warren got the bear from us, but he dressed it out of course and seemed real happy to have all that fat to render. He said it would be his winter's supply. He claimed it was the best lard for cooking and making pie crusts, etc.

One time I ate some bear liver that Warren cooked. I had to admit it was good. I never did like liver much, but I did like this. But I don't want to eat it now. I've heard that bears may carry Tularemia so I wouldn't want to take that chance. It may be carried in the liver when it isn't in the other muscle of the animal, or so I've heard. Many years later I was treated to bear meat in British Columbia and it was well cooked and delicious.

Later in the fall, Al was in Island Park and so he had heard about all this bear hunting and we all went to the dump. Dad and his 3 boys. I was in the DeSoto again. It had the spotlight on the door. We sat a while after driving in and it was dark. I saw something moving along the mound of dirt on the pit so I turned on the light. I had a nice bear in the round beam of light. Only about 20-25 feet away. It had been agreed that it would be Al's shot since the rest of us had all had turns. He had a British 3.03 with peep sights. He pulled a bead and fired. The greatest show began. That bear roared like a lion. He immediately whirled and grabbed at his side. He spun around and around. He fell on the dirt and then took off as fast as lightning down the bank. He swapped ends about 30 feet and went the other way. Dirt was just flying. He kept roaring. Warren shot and maybe dad. I don't know if Al got another shot off or not. But when it ended and Mr. Bruin lay still on the bank we all knew that if he had used all that energy going in one direction he could have covered a lot of ground. Also had he pursued an attacker it could have been a battle for quite a few seconds. That was the last bear hunt in the DeSoto and the last for all of us unless Warren went later.

After Warren remarried in the 60's he lived over by the head of the Warm River where he worked for J.C. Stimson on their place. He had goats and horses there. He had a large Great Dane dog. It was just outside his cabin. He lived in one of the cabins that Gene Jones made for his cutters. He actually had two of them end to end and you could walk from one into the other. He had a 55 gallon drum for a dog house. It had one end cut out. the dog was chained to a tree next to the barrel. He kept a dish just within reach of the chain for dog food. Also a watering dish was near. It was dark and he heard the dog barking. He was making quite a fuss. As Warren characteristically did, he yelled at the dog to Shut Up. The dog persisted. A teen-age girl from Parker where Warren lived in the winter was visiting and baby sitting in the day time. She was there. Warren went to the door when the dog persisted in barking. He looked out and the dog was barking at something up in the tree. So he got a flashlight and went out and shined it up in the tree and there was a bear. So one of the

girls held the light and he got his 30.40 Craig and brought it down with one shot. The dog must have been as surprised as the people to have a bear come crashing down beside him.

One time over near Shotgun Valley, just across the backwaters of the Island Park Reservoir The Stoddards operated a sawmill. One time a bear came into their camp and went into their cellar. It was built up with a sod roof. Someone saw the bear go inside and hurried and shut the door. Then they got a truck there and put a hose on the exhaust and ran it into the vent on top of the cellar. They heard a lot of commotion for a little while and then everything got quiet. Later they opened the door and removed a good sized black bear.

One winter the Pond brothers, sons of Charles Pond went up the Buffalo River and entered a cave in some large rocks by the bank up a little draw from the river and made a smug. The smoke aroused the bear and when it started to come out they of course shot it. It made a nice specimen. It was mounted and in their lodge for a long time. It was shiny and black.. not a large one; maybe about a 2 yr. old.

Dad and I drove up to Ed Ryberg's place on summer evening. He lived on the head of the Buffalo River. He had a small two room cabin made of logs salvaged from several other cabins that had caved in roofs. We came in a little before twilight. He made some excuse to not invite us in and we stood out on the little rise of ground in front of his cabin and listened to the gurgling of the spring just below. A large spring comes out of the hill there. The other fork comes down a draw from a major spring about 3/4 mile upstream where it also is joined by Chick Creek.

Ed was the kind of a guy that you could consider about as unafraid as any man in the woods. He had been known to carry a car battery from Pond's to his cabin after dark. It's a 6 mile walk and it's 4 miles from Pond's to the sawmill. He walked up all those draws in the dark. There are many canyons. Some are deeper than others. Some have heavy jackpine growth right up to the road. There are rocks and stumps jutting up along the tracks of the road. Well he told us once he was about as scared as he'd ever been when he was awakened by a cow moose standing on his porch in front of his window.

He once set a bear trap down the draw from his cabin. He was walking up through the woods one day and came upon the set. There was a bear in it. He hadn't expected to see a bear in it and when he saw it; it saw him. It stood up on its hind legs and began beating the trap which was on a front leg against a tree. He ran! He put some distance between himself and the bear and later came back with his rifle and shot it. He used a 25/35 or a 35 Remington. He once told Barney that when he killed game for meat he went away from home and brought the meat back in his backpack. He was quite a guy and I'll tell more of him in another place sometime. He had a colorful history.

One time after I was married, one of Louise's cousins, Martha Leone Lambert married a fellow from St. Anthony, Brent Neiborg. He graduated from the Y and went into Fish and Game in Idaho. We visited them at Stanley Basin one year when we were on our way to Canada. They had kids about the ages of Lisa, Willis

and Justin. They had a German shepherd dog, Rowdy. He knocked the kids around a bit. Justin got a little fear of dogs from that. WE learned Lisa had no fear of water while visiting Red Fish Lake with them. Anyway while they were still students, he worked in Yellowstone in the summers on trail crews. They lived in a trailer. There was a little clearing by it. There was a small lodgepole near the center. It must have been 20-25 feet tall. It was limber. A bear kept bothering around their camp. They were all college boys. One day they set some bait to tempt this bear up to this tree. But beforehand they rigged a rope or cable high up in the tree and pulled it down so it was bent over considerable at the top. They secured it there with some way to release it quickly. Then they waited until this bear came to the tree. Then they suddenly rushed the bear making noise and indeed the bear went up the tree as they had hoped. Then they tripped the rope or cable and the top of the tree swung back up and even over the other way with a great deal of force. This threw the bear out of the top of the tree and it sailed out and onto the ground with a thud. It was up and on its way out of camp at once and it never bothered their camp again that summer. Now some folks find that hard to believe. I'm not one to be taken in by tall tales. But to me this was not preposterous. College kids given some incentive to have fun and such an opportunity, no its not unbelievable to me. They just needed the circumstances to pull it off and they did.

Barry and David went to Glacier Nat. Park one year with the scouts from their ward when they lived on Ada Ave. This was after Barney had died. While there they slept in sleeping bags. They put bait out a ways from where they were laying and watched for bears to come in. They did come. And the scouts were prepared with a supply of rocks and with their flippers they delighted in running the bears off, time and time again. Yeh, kids can conjure up a lot of ways to have fun and they have the energy and the ambition to pull it off many times.

One fall Warren put a trap by one of the old cabins at the top of the hill in Skinnerville. He fixed up some old boards from a door or a roof to form a Vee. After going back and checking the trap about every other day for a week he got tired of making the trip and didn't bother to go check for about a week and I went with him one evening or maybe a Sunday to check it. There was a bear, or the remains of a bear in the trap. Whether one or more other bears was involved or not no one could tell, but the poor middle sized brown bear had been cannibalized. It gave me a sort of sad feeling to think about the poor beggar in that trap and then to be attacked and killed by his own cousins.

The last that Marjorie had Ol' Dick, Dad was with us and we were logging up the Chick Creek Road above the dugway on the ridge not far from the dugway that dropped off the ridge down into Split Creek to where Gene had his camp. (At the Ole Moe..it once had a cabin there established by an old Swede....probably in the Targhee Tie era.) There North Fork comes down out of a canyon that is filled with obsidian boulders with steep cliff-like sides that peters out in less than a half mile into a climbable ledge. Along the north side near the mouth there is a large rockslide of

boulders rising to the level of the ridge above with aspens and lots of brush and shrubs.

Old Dick was dead one morning when we arrived there. He may have gotten pneumonia and died from it. We logged there with a bay mare called Jane. She got sick also and the vet told Marj to give her shots of penicillin. She didn't like the shots and tried to get her rear end around and kick at me after about the second time I gave her a shot. You'd slap her gently a few times with your hand and then slap the needle in usually a shoulder or other heavy muscle; then put the syringe on and squeeze the thing and that part didn't hurt, but it was her anticipation of the sting of the needle that excited her.

Warren or Cliff Jensen may have showed up and drug Ol' Dick from the manger up the road and onto the ridge. A little later we could see that bears had visited the carcass but we never saw a bear there. I don't think a trap was ever set. I think Cliff had hoped to find a bear there some morning when he drove up in his truck. In this area there were occasional signs of grizzlies. A couple had been sighted over the years. (mentioned earlier)

When Dad hauled ties with a wagon near the top of Black Mt. above what they called Camp B-2 there was a place known as the bear wallow. One time Kooch, a superintendent was up in the woods with a dog he had and it went off barking into this wallow. It must have been a small depression that held water surrounded by jackpines making it impossible to see into from even a near distance. Anyway the owner of the dog was concerned for the dog but it did come back out. He frantically called to it.

On the Buffalo River the early cutters drove stakes into the sandy bottom and put poles along to guide floating timber. Mostly they floated props. These poles were placed on bends in the river and kept the props in the main channel and out of the many shallow edges typical of the upper river. About half way from the bend where dad went down to the river to fish and the big bend down by the Wallen's cabin there was a cabin just on the edge of the river. It was built on a low bank that was grassy and wet. Near this site there had once lived a tie hack whose name was Barrow. He was a well built man. He cut timber across the river from where he had a tent in the vicinity of this cabin. I can remember the stakes were still in place across the river there. It had a wide shallow area on the opposite side across the main channel. He drove the stakes in and then lashed crosspieces between each pair of stakes placed about a foot apart. These crosspieces supported two poles maybe 15-20' long. The poles were overlapped to make a small foot bridge which allowed him to cross the river to cut.

Props were usually 8' long and ties were 8'. So most cutters carried a measuring pole. A small dead jackpine was selected that could be used as a pry pole when needed when making a cut with a crosscut saw. Usually it would not exceed 2" in diameter. It needed to be strong yet not heavy or bulky. It might occasionally be used to knock off small dead limbs along the trunk of a tree. Also a push stick to push a tree that might lean back when being felled.

The story was that one day Barrow started across the river

on his bridge and met a black bear half way. The bridge was too narrow to turn around for the bear and so he pushed it off into the river with his measuring pole. When I first heard this story I was pretty small. I thought of a measuring pole as a measuring tape. The tapes were made of wood and short segments hinged to that it folded and unfolded. I wondered how such a flimsy tape would be strong enough to push a bear off the bridge. The river was not deep. It had some holes along which made for good fishing. But a man could wade the length of the river with hip boots and very few holes would have been too deep. The ones that were could have easily been skirted by moving around just a few feet on one side or the other.

The other story of this tie hack is that he came home for his dinner one day and as he opened the flap of his tent and started in he startled a bear that was in the tent into his grub and it exited right out the back end of the tent.

At the main tie camp at the Island Park siding there were quite a few cabins. A ranger station, a school house, Al Smith's cabin, South's, Munson, Kooch, Pond's ran the commissary, and there were several private owned barns and there was at least one large company barn. One day someone looked out from the commissary and saw a bear reared up curiously watching the pigs over the top boards of the pig pen.

West Yellowstone had a large garbage pit on the outskirts of town to the west near where the highway crosses the Madison River I became aware of this the year we went on our honeymoon. We stopped in West to visit Steve and Shirlene Knapp. At the time their 3 oldest boys were just little guys. He worked there year around for the REA. Going to the dump had become a popular evening pastime for many residents there and tourists that found out about it.

We went out there several times. Warren was living at the Stimson place on the head of the Warm River that summer and he went with us one evening to West. He took a portable spotlight with him. A large grizzly was in the pit stirring things around and feeding while we were there. There were at least a half dozen cars there besides the one we were in. I remember as we approached the pit walking across the level area where cars and trucks turned around that there were quite a few people between me and the bear. I was not one to get too close. I could hardly believe how big its head appeared. My impression was that its head was the size of a bushel basket. That remains indelibly on my memory today. Warren a little later the same evening, I think walked over to the far edge of the dump and to one side where he could shine his light down over the bank. The garbage was pushed over an embankment on a steep hillside. The regular lodgepoles growing at the bottom of the hill were not as tall as the level where we were standing. There was a trail at the bottom and just some jackpines and mature pines scattered below. So with his light we were able to get a good look down below us.

The sight was exciting as a couple of fairly well grown cubs growled, wrestled and rolled about in the grass in full view. We didn't get so involved that we lost track of the adult bear wading about in the garbage off to one side of us, however.

During our honeymoon thru the park after Louise's family came up we saw quite a few black bears. Her youngest brother, Jim was in high school, maybe a sophomore.?? He made his mother nervous when we stopped at one bear jam. There was a cub off away from its mother. He ran over to where it was and it scampered up a tree. He was at the trunk of the tree giving it a bad time by just being so near to it. It didn't squawk but it was very much aware of his presence and after quite a bit of coaxing, he moved away from it. The old bear was at the roadside getting handouts.

Several years after we were married I went to Island Park to help Barry. I arranged to store up my vacation time and take it so I had several weeks in one block. I was going to trade labor for some building materials. Barry had picked up a couple of partners from guys he'd met at the Y and was operating a sawmill on Marj's 40 acres on the edge of the flat behind where Gene's mill had been. It was about a 1/4 mile south of the siding on the east of the Eccles Road.

Barry and I went to the dump at West at least a couple of times while I was up there. They batched and stayed in the cabin where Gene and Glenna had lived when they were there. All the other cabins had been burned by the forest service or moved away. Only the sawdust piles remained having been reduced by aging to the point they were very low and dark orange in color.

One time at the pit there was a Volkswagen campmobile. It had a canopy set on one side. There was a photographer there shooting. His flashbulbs were going off almost constantly. It seemed the bears were a little nervous and I don't remember having a very good look at any bears that night. There were some there. But with all the cars and people and this VW sitting almost on the edge of the dump it was a bit crowded and we were not very satisfied with our trip. Seemed like sort of a waste.

On another night we sat and waited for a long time. We only saw one bear. But it was an eerie experience. Just a strange eerie feeling I had watching this bear. A bear came in. But it came in from a different direction. It sneaked in from one end of the pit. It walked about in the shadows and stayed near the edge and hardly got out into the open. You had the idea it was ready to take off running at any sound. Yet it was a bear that had a weird disposition. It seemed surly or mean. It was like it was unhappy and defensive as it prowled the lot. It never did settle down to feed. It was in poor shape; not fat like bears usually would be in the late summer. We sure wondered a lot about it. It was long and lean. It seemed to have a sort of hump. It was not a shiny color. A dull brown scruffy coat with highlights on its back and shoulder a little darker than the other hair made it a spectacle. One thought we concluded from all of this was: could it be a misfit among bears? Why? Is it possible it was a half breed bear? Part grizzly-part black bear? Is that why it seemed so weird? It sneaked in because it was smaller than the grizzlies we'd normally see there and not acceptable to them. Its ears larger than grizzlies didn't seem to go along with its hump. Its hump wasn't large like a grizzly. But being in poor shape it did show the profile of a hump that wasn't normal with black bears. It just acted like it had a sour disposition and made you

wonder if it was a rogue, not acceptable to either of the two species normally in that area. Socially it was perhaps shunned by black bears since they may have felt afraid of it if it really was a part-griz. Any it was a strange experience...unforgettable!

A few years after being at the pit in West we heard that the government closed it down. One reason leading up to the closure was of course the increasing conflicts between grizzlies and people. In Glacier Park some backpackers had been mauled. Some severely; others killed. The citizens of West were upset when a Californian came into the pit one night and shot a beautiful one and left it lay. When asked about it later he simply stated he had always wanted to shoot a bear. He left it laying without apparently any intentions of using the hide or head.

About this time government studies on grizzlies there and in Jackson Hole area were starting where bears were being shot and immobilized with tranquilizing drugs. More and more bear/human confrontations were taking place. Warren concluded that as a result of handling bears while drugged the bears became more familiar with humans. They had human scent on themselves after recovery. The cubs also had that smell on them when reunited with their mothers. He felt this may have destroyed some of the natural fear that wild animals seem to have for humans. I don't think he has been proven wrong and I don't think I've heard a better explanation. I haven't heard any from the scientists to speak of. And some of those that did these studies have recently claimed it was a mistake to stop feeding the bears. Now in a drought year they do not have sufficient food to get them thru without extending their foraging range and that puts them in contact with people outside the parks more than when their range was sufficient to largely remain in the parks and within bounds.

There is one issue of National Geographic Magazine that has a sizeable feature on the bears at West Yellowstone dump and even shows the VW van set up where the cameras were used. So we were there but didn't know it at the time.

One spring Barry crossed Tom's Creek flat when there was still considerable snow. They saw some grizzly tracks and followed them. They saw one place where the snow which had settled was still 3-4 feet deep that had been dug up. It was dug down to the level of the dirt and grass. There laying out on the snow was the dried up remains of a small field mouse. He thought it was incredible that the bear could smell that dried up thing below in all that snow and would dig it out.

He and Elinor lived in a trailer and later in a modified A frame cabin at Last Chance several winters. One spring a bear was disturbing their garbage cans behind their cabins. Some became alarmed. Barry had a 30 carbine rifle patterned after the Army model. He waited on night for several hours in a small clearing behind his house. Finally a bear appeared. He turned on his lights. It was a grizzly. Barry did an uncharacteristic thing for Barry. He didn't shoot. Inasmuch as there were a lot of summer homes in the nearby surrounding area he felt like he shouldn't take a chance on a shot, just in case it didn't do the job. It would have been a bad situation to have a wounded bear

run off into that type of neighborhood. Had it been away from the summer home area I don't doubt he would have taken the shot and with his sharp shooting ability I think there would have been a dead BEAR.

He looked around at bear sign near his own cabin during a period of a week or more and observed that some empty cans, like Campbell's Soup and Evaporated Milk had been bitten through by the bear's teeth. He was pretty impressed at seeing that.

Within a short time a lady living in one of the cabins heard a disturbance and looked out an upstairs window or deck and saw a bear digging around just below in their garbage can. She returned with a shot gun and Mr. Bruin got the full brunt of a close range shotgun shell. It did him in. The head was not fit to be made into a rug after her one shot. The game authorities came and hauled it away. It seems they had been asked to look into the bear problem and hadn't gotten with it. So the bear stayed around too long. The regulations against shooting grizzlies as endangered species than was not as great as later when they were actually put on the endangered species register. They were concerned at losing the bear, but there was a pretty good argument in a summer home area with lots of children and the fact that a lady did the shooting from her own home left little chance for any prosecution for the kill.

On a trip thru Yellowstone with my folks during our honeymoon in our VW squareback we saw a light colored young bear maybe 2 or 3 year old. It wasn't big. That is there were lots of black bears larger than we saw. But mother indicated she thought it was a Silver Tip. And I think it was even though it seemed to be in and among the cars some it didn't seem to stay there like a black bear normally would have.

One summer I went to Yellowstone several times with Warren. Dad and I went more than once. It was sort of something to do for a Sunday drive when we were at the mill with nothing really to do so we drove up there. Berdett was gone off to school and not much was happening generally. Steve went with us. We were in one of my cars. I don't know if it was the '39 Ford or '49 Merc. But anyway we drove up to Tower Falls. There was a curio store there and my dad always fond of ice cream asked me to go in and bring us each a cone. I went in planning to order 3 cones. While standing in line to place my order, I looked out to see a medium sized black bear crossing the parking lot toward the door where I had entered. Knowing I would have to pass the bear going to the car I just ordered an extra cone. Sure enough when I left the building the bear spotted me carrying the cones and made a bee line toward me. I gently tossed a cone off about 10 feet to one side and walked on to our car in the parking lot. Some tourists sure stared at me. I don't know if they thought I was too timid to try to keep my ice cream or what? But I wasn't going to argue and I didn't want to make a second trip for ice cream. Maybe they thought I was giving someone else's cone away. But it worked and I came back with a cone for each of us.

The first summer Barry was on his mission in Texas he met a family that joined the church. They came to Yellowstone Park that summer and stayed in a cabin and visited Marj. They drove to

the park and back each day. They spent several days before returning to Texas. They had one girl between 11-13. They told of seeing a mother bear on one trip with 2 cubs out in the road. Many cars were stopped and people were out taking pictures and giving out handouts. A fast impatient driver came along and hardly slowed down and went barreling past all the stopped cars. He honked and went whizzing past the cubs. This startled the mother bear and she ran to the cubs. When she began running they were scared. They expected she might charge into the people all around the parked cars. She ran to the cubs. To quote the lady with her Texas accent she said. She ran up to that little ole cub and cuffed it. Then she took the cubs away from the highway.

One summer after I came back from Taiwan Marj had her hauling contracted. She was getting the last timber off the school section that Barney had secured in the 50's. The people from Driggs cutting and hauling put a small travel trailer at the sight along Split Creek that used to be known as Betty's Cabin. It's at a point where a draw comes into the creek from the south and east from Trail Canyon. Barney had Gene cut a dugway out of it up onto a ridge from there the road dropped down gradually and connected with the Trail Canyon Road at a place we used to call the rocky Dugway. Just below it joined the main draw that went up to Huckleberry Hill and the Old Section 6 Dugway that dad helped build and hauled off from in Targhee Tie days. On top was one of the best timber stands I ever walked through. Al and I discovered it once while elk hunting. We went up the huckleberry hill and past the cookhouse, an old cabin, that was a cookshack originally and it still had a fairly decent roof. We figured Ed Ryberg used it for a line cabin in the winters when he worked a trap line.

Anyway, by this time in the 60's Gene had moved his mill back to Wyo. and there were no other logging operations in that entire area. So the bears seemed to be moving in. These cutters from Driggs complained because they came back from a weekend in Driggs and their trailer had scratches all over it where the bears they figured had tried to get inside. The guy's wife didn't want to stay there while her hubby was out cutting or hauling. They left about the time school started that fall and the state forester came and we checked the stumps and he released the sale area and Marj terminated her contract on the state section.

One spring after I had finished school in Utah I went to Island Park to help Marj run her mill. Dad had gone up early to keep an eye on things at the mill. After the snow melted off the roads someone had to go in to the mill to see that nothing walked off. There always seems to be some people that will go into places like that and haul off anything that is loose. They would haul off old iron and machinery and sell to scrap metal yards. Usually there were some house logs and small stacks of lumber that were left from the previous year laying around the yard. So we always had to get someone in early in the spring and someone stayed in the fall until the snow closed the roads behind us to prevent this type of pilferage from happening.

Well Dad had his car in there. Probably the '41 DeSoto, maybe the '48 DeSoto sedan. Anyway he had gone in early and there

were still snowbanks on the north sides of buildings. One year Gene Jones covered a snowbank on the east slope of the sawdust pile with sawdust, using his cat. They dug into it and kept butter and other things back in it. It lasted them well into the summer. This particular year, Dad had some hamburger and put it into a snowbank by Al Smith's cabin which was just about 50-60 feet from his cabin. He came out one morning after washing up at the wash basin and threw out the water to the east of the house looked over and saw something strange looking at the side of Al Smith's cabin. He went back inside, put on his glasses and returned to the porch and looked again. It was an animal that he could not identify. It was strange to him. It wasn't a woodchuck. They were pretty common in early spring. They seemed to migrate that time of year. And often dug under cabins in the spring. I suppose the old ones kick the young out in the spring and they have to fend for themselves beginning with finding a hole or burrow. They are called rockchucks as often or more often perhaps than ground hogs and other names. They are very common in lava outcroppings from Island Park all across Shotgun Valley out to Spencer. They are even under the walkways at Old Faithful.

Dad went over and discovered that the hamburger he had placed in the snowbank had been disturbed. This disturbed him. He looked around the building and tried to see underneath the cabin. Along both sides it was open between the stringer logs that held up the floor. He didn't see anything. He watched and subsequently he did get a shot one time with our Winchester .22. He knew the animal dove under the building. He thought he hit it. He was a good shot. But he never saw it again. He didn't notice a stench from a dead carcass later and so he suspected it must have left the area. From his description of it I always wondered if it might have possibly been a wolverine. Wolverines had not been known for years. No one talked of seeing them. Trappers, tie hacks, nobody talked of them. I don't think my dad ever figured he'd seen one in his lifetime. East of Goshen, where I was born there was an area called Wolverine. There was a road to Wolverine and a canyon by that name. It must have originated in the days of early trappers or homesteaders maybe. But I'm sure the animal had long since vanished from south eastern Idaho. But it may have been that one could have drifted in from the Park and passed thru the camp. It was bigger than a rock chuck. It may have had some stripping but it was not a skunk and it had quite a bowed back and seemed chunky or heavy built. That puzzled dad since he'd been in Idaho and Island Park for over 60 years and never seen an animal like it before. It wouldn't make sense that an otter would be that far from water. I've not heard of otter in Island Park either. I'm not aware they're even listed in Yellowstone history.

About 1969 or '70 Keith and Erma's bishop, Olsen came to them and asked if they would be interested on going on a trip to Canada. He had a brother that was buying a homestead up in the Peace River country of British Columbia. It was just off the Alcan Highway about 50 miles beyond Ft. St. John. The highway begins at Dawson. It is paved about 60 miles north of there.

Olsen had taken a load of cattle up in trucks and a trailer behind. They were left in Alberta at a feed yard. Then another

load was hauled up. After the last load left Utah the haul north began. On one trip just a ways from B.C. the truck overturned. The cattle were dumped out on the road. Most were gathered up. Some were hauled to a stockyards and a homesteader rounded up a few others. So Olsen had the truck driven all the way back to SLC to be repaired. It had some problems with the engine and transmission being out of alignment and it shifted hard sometimes afterwards. The body repair was finished and about Aug. it was ready to go. Keith and Erma didn't feel they could take time off to go. So they called to ask Louise and I. Louise wasn't interested. But we called and asked if Jim wanted to go. He had been off his mission just a few months. So I took some vacation time from school and went. Olsen's nephew, Dave drove the truck to SLC and we picked Jim up in Lava at the Benson place.

We drove pretty well non-stop trading drivers along the way as we needed. We stayed part of one day in a hotel in Raymond, Al. It was a long trip. It seemed as we drove that vast country it was endless skyline. The feeling I had was knowing that the world was round we were climbing over it toward the pole. We got our first load part way when a bearing on the trailer went out and we had to find a place to unload the trailer of cattle into a stockyard for a few days. Then we took the truck on in loaded with cattle. Fortunately, the roads were dry the day we arrived.

At the ranch we met Dee Jones and his family who operated it for Olsen. He had a young family. They had spent at least 2 winters in that area. One of those in a remote area 40 miles off the Alcan near Pink Mt. Dee went back with Dave for the other cattle. I only went on one another haul back to Alberta.

So Jim and I were sort of on vacation at the ranch. We played with the kids. They had some cute kids. Having been back in a remote area they were starved for attention. After the first load of cattle were put into the pasture Jim and the oldest Jones boy at home at the time, Mike went on horseback out to check the cattle. Across the road from the pasture there was an oat field. It was oats mixed with Timothy and Alfalfa. They saw a bear going thru the oats. They went out again with rifles and shot a bear and tracked it away. I'm not sure if they got it?? I think they did. They had to follow it. It left some sign of blood after crossing the oat patch into the poplars and brush at the edge of the field against a gentle timbered ridge. When Dave and I got back they were excited about it, especially Mike.

On one Sunday we went to church and came home with Juanita, Sister Jones, after attending the Ft. St. John branch. Dee had gone to another branch in the district that day because he was on the district council. We were just sort of lounging around. There wasn't much to do. The family had bookshelves covering an entire wall of their living room filled with many interesting books. I enjoyed looking thru some of them. I walked outside and down a very small slope from the house to the road leading into the ranch and then continued on the road to the bunkhouse, barns and corrals which were straight ahead. On the left was an alfalfa field with bales of hay laying on it. It had a fair stand of hay. Most of the hay there was recently seeded and new crops using oats as a nurse crop were being planted each year. They had

one large machine that was used to clear the land of stumps and roots. It was a massive rototiller, actually and pulled by a cat.

There were several sheds on the left next to the fenced field and a wide area for storing equipment between that fence and the fenced pasture opposite the road where they kept some saddle horses. At the end of this fenced area it was open on the left and the land dropped off rather abruptly to a small creek below. Directly ahead on the farmstead road were the corrals and barn. It was a barn with a loft. It wasn't real big. And some old pole corrals extended to the right and below. One of the pens extended all the way to the creek below. The creek was narrow, one could easily jump it most places. I just wandered around and looked the place over. Across the creek which cut deep through the soil the bank rose again to the level of the land where I was standing. It was a large cleared area in new oats. To the right and beyond the pasture another field extended nearly half a mile which had been cleared but not yet planted. In between there were clusters of poplar and a few pines scattered among some of them. I looked around the barn and corrals and climbed up and sat on the top pole and just surveyed the entire area. There were no mountains visible from where I sat. The nearest were hills and they were covered with timber and some of the slopes were all or mostly poplar. (Aspen here)

While sitting on the top pole looking around I noticed a large black dog move up to the edge of the oat field directly across the creek from me. There was an old road that had been used to get to the field from the barnyard. It appeared it hadn't been used recently. It just stood there. I had heard the Jones' say that their nearest neighbors were about 4 miles off to the right. I supposed it was a dog from the neighbor's place. It stood tall, silent, and still. THEN IT DAWNED ON ME! It was not a dog. It had to be a wolf that I was looking at. I slowly, carefully, and quietly crawled down from the corral and started jogging toward the house. It was 75 yards at least. As I neared the end of the hay field fence I glanced back and the wolf was still there; standing tall and motionless. Just at that time the old dog at the ranch came off the porch and began to bark at me.

I was looking over my shoulder when the dog barked. I was amazed at what I saw. The wolf jumped as if he'd been shot at. The sound of the bark from the dog made it jump. It didn't stop but kept running and was out of sight behind trees along the ravine within seconds. I had hoped to get to the house and have Jim and the others come out and see the wolf. I couldn't get over the feeling I got from seeing the wolf. I had buck fever more than anytime I can remember in my life.

Jim and I walked down to the creek. In the mud along the sides we saw the large wolf tracks on the banks on both sides. They were huge tracks. The Jones had a goat or two that they milked. We drank goat milk while we were there. It was kept cold in a frig. Sister Jones didn't think since it was Sunday anyone should take a rifle out. So Mike was disappointed that he couldn't go out hunting. After Dee came home and heard the story he said we should have taken his 30.06 out. He said if a wolf came in that close to the house with all their little kids, and

the goats it was getting way too close. The kids ran out around the place all the time. So he got out his rifle and showed me how to load it. It had a clip. It was a bolt action. It had a scope. He told me I could take it anytime.

The next morning I was awake early. I slept in the house that night. I had slept in a trailer adjacent to the house one night. It was getting light by 3:00-3:30 at that time. It was nearly August. I took the rifle and ventured out. The dog didn't seem to notice me and I walked slowly and silently down the road to the bunkhouse. The bunkhouse was only about 30 yards from the corral. There was a 55 gal. drum that had been left abandoned on the brink of the hill. I stalked up behind it and used it as a shield while I waited silently and watched the area where the wolf had appeared the day before. It was cool that early in the morning. The sun wouldn't actually rise for some time yet but it was very light. As I squatted there I saw a movement below along the creek in the edge of the poplars. All I saw was a black movement in the trees. I did not see enough outline to identify what kind of animal I had seen. I moved toward me and came up the hill in the timber covered slope. After remaining motionless for some time, I felt a little conspicuous out there in the cold morning air. So I carefully backtracked to the bunkhouse. The old door was ajar. I stood with my back to it. I was under the small porch covering the gable end of the log building when I looked off to my left and there was a bear next to a bale of hay.

A strange thing happened. I watched the small jet black bear moving around the bale. It sniffed about and when it had its head away from me I moved two steps to the porch post at the corner of the porch in order to get a rest for the rifle. It instantly reared on its hind legs and whirled about looking directly at me. I couldn't believe it would have heard me. With its head facing away from me I doubt it could have seen me. It couldn't have had that kind of peripheral vision. Yet it spun about in an instant.

I pulled off the safety and put the cross hairs of the scope on it standing there on its hind legs. I squeezed the trigger. A sharp report followed. The bear didn't move as I continued watching it thru the scope. I pulled the bolt back and fired again without any hesitation. I have probably never gotten off two shots faster in my life without an automatic weapon than I did then with one exception. The bear dropped from sight in the scope as quickly as I fired. I stood still for several minutes and then I began walking along the side of the bunkhouse toward the house watching out onto the field. After going about 20 feet I saw a black object laying by a bale of hay. I watched it a while longer and it never moved. So I went to the house. Mike was awake now after hearing the shots. He was next to the window in a bunkbed. He asked what had happened. I said. Come out and I'll show you a bear. Oh, You didn't shoot a bear, the shots were too close together. Well they did get up and Mike, Dave and Jim all came down with me into the field to see the bear. It wasn't big. Maybe a yearling or a 2 yr. old.

We drug it away from the middle of the field, over near the bunkhouse, thru the fence and skinned it there. We hung it up in a shed nearby on a gamble. We had some fresh bear stakes the

next day. We had had one delicious meal. After we ate, we were asked to guess what we had eaten. We hadn't known. It was the last of their bear meat from the freezer from the previous year. Now it was replenished with a young bear. It was very tasty.

Before it was skinned out Dave and Mike had the rifle and a 30/30 and were going down around the creek and through the trees looking for bear. They thought this bear may have been young enough to have a mother nearby. They never did see another one or any definite sign of a larger bear. It was quite a thrill. Again Dee said he was glad I shot it. He didn't want bears roaming around that close to the house where the kids were playing.

One of the days that Dee was away Jim and I took rifles and went for a walk to the north of the house. We got up on a ridge overlooking the ranch. There were lots of timbered slopes and to the west which was behind their house there was a lot of lodgepole. We met a crew of young men that were going thru that area trying to tally the amount of timber on the Crown land. That was government land that was not under homestead. Their access to the land was over the ranch road leading in from the highway. On some of the ridges we found sparse stands of timber and new growth of poplar and jackpines. There were at least a couple of old roads that we could follow. Some stumps indicated that it had been previously logged. There were clearings here and there where we could see out across the vistas for miles. On one opening we saw two large dark spots. We decided they were moose. When we finally worked our way over onto that slope we didn't see anything of them. We ate lots of wild raspberries along an old road going up the ridge. There were lots of wild rose bushes with rose buds everywhere that was open and not timbered. Walking back through the timbered slopes where they had fenced off an area for pasture for the cattle we found the new growth of shrubs and brush quite thick at times we could have seen another person or animal 20 feet away or even less.

While returning to the house we heard the howl of a wolf. We had no way of knowing how near it was to us. In the midst of the brush and timber sounds are difficult to tell the exact direction or the distance. Had we heard it when we were on one of the open slopes or ridges it may have been easier to judge how far away and the location of the sound. We heard it however as we were nearing the ranch and not while we were off about a mile on the ridge. It was an interesting experience. We heard it 2-3 times.

The next year when I was there with Bob Young we saw a coyote cross the road near the gate to the cattle pasture. Dee didn't feel they were any threat to the cattle and didn't want to shoot at them. He felt they would help keep the mice down. As we helped haul in the bales on hay one day there were lots of mice underneath many of the bales. Riding with Dee one day after taking the kids out to catch the school bus a Canada lynx crossed the road in near the ranch at a place where there was quite a bit of brush and a little mixed timber. It crossed a windfall and stopped and watched the car. It didn't run off. We drove away and it was still there watching.

Jim and I saw some nice places there. One neighbor, whose place was near the highway had some nice land opened up and into

alfalfa and other hay. Another just off the highway which was for sale had a lot of nice lodgepole, some along the highway. It sure would have made some nice house logs. There were a few little pests that we discovered when we walked across some of the fields there. The Canuks call them "no-seeums". They are sort of like a small gnat. Bothersome but not as bad as mosquitoes. I am sure they have mosquitoes in their season there also. But in mid Aug. we didn't see any to speak of. I don't remember they're being a problem. It was sure muddy when it rained. Sort of a gumbo. Everyone up there I think wore rubber boots. The Jones had a mud room entrance at the rear of the house and took off their shoes when they entered the house. And their boots of course when it was rainy weather. The roads were pretty impassible unless you had 4 wheel drive. With Dee this was not popular because of so many breakdowns. We tried to rent a 4 wheel drive to go to the ranch one time when Louise and I went up with our kids in the camper and I couldn't even get up the first little slope from the highway to Percy's place. The first homestead about 1/4 mile in on the Cache Creek Road. All the rental units were broken down in town. This was at the airport. Finally we located Dee when he came to town to use a telephone. He took us to the ranch in the carryall they drove. It had posi-traction. Dee said he preferred it over 4 wheel drive, because it was relatively trouble free.

The first trip up it was hunting season and lots of hunters were up there going out on guided hunts. It is required for non resident hunters to have guides. They hunted everything from goats to grizzlies. There were lots of elk in some areas to the west of the ranch nearer to the Rockies, Dee said.

One day while we were there Dee drove over to a neighbors place. Jim and I rode with him. We drove back on the road toward the highway about half way which would have been 2 1/2 - 3 miles. Then we turned right and drove another 3-4 miles. Along the way a nice little black bear ran across the road about 30 yds ahead of the car. All the kids were excited seeing it. He passed a couple of homesteads along the way. One had a pond near the corrals. The water had a film of moss over it. There was a dog that ran out and barked. Their buildings were all below the road 50 ft. So we looked down on the place. We didn't see any people.

At the end of the road Dee talked to a fellow about some equipment. The guy had several bee hives surrounded by an electric fence. He said the bears were a problem with his bees. He could never survive them without using electric fence he said. While we were talking he pointed out a bear feeding up on a hill side covered with brush. It was feeding on berries. We watched along the way back and saw several others. At one point on this trip we could see off a considerable distance to the west and were told that those high mts in the distance were the Rockies.

They seemed a long ways away. Like looking at the Tetons from Island Park. Here everything seemed rolling with some higher than others occasionally. The streams were weird. Muddy slow moving cut deep in the surrounding terrain. Gravel pits were not common and a homesteader with a pit on his land had a welcome income. We saw more bears along the way home. At this one place below the road with the pond we saw a brown bear. It

had light colored hair on its back and sides. It moved around like it was sneaking. We wondered if the people living there would discover it was along side some of their buildings. We did not see the dog this time.

On a subsequent day Mike drove over part of the same road while Dee and Dave had gone off for some cattle. One day Dee and Juanita went for a load of cattle and Dave stayed and rested. We drove past this place where we had seen the brown bear and we saw it cross the road in front of us. It went into a small patch of poplar above the road on our left. We stopped. Mike asked me to drive their old '64 Chevy pickup. So I slid over under the wheel and he and Jim were standing up on the back of the truck with rifles. I drove forward to about where we saw the bear disappear into the trees. The bare hillside sloped up behind the patch of trees several hundred feet. WE didn't see the bear come out. So we drove past the patch; still no sight of the bear. So I backed up and we was it just 75' or less off the road among the trees.

I suggested they take a count and both shoot at once. They shot and the bear disappeared. We waited and watched intently. We saw nothing. Finally they walked out into the patch of poplars with bushes and tall grass growing all among them. Then Jim said he had a sickening feeling when he saw a small trail of blood behind where he was standing. They followed the trail. The bear tracks crossed the road about 50-70 feet behind the truck. I had never left the truck and I thought I was wide awake. I would have thought looking out the driver's window I would have picked up movement with my peripheral vision. But I hadn't seen a thing. So we back the truck up and turned it around. The bear had gone across the road and down a very slight slope into more brush and maybe 100 yds into a stand of lodgepole. There was a lot of down timber crisscrossing amidst the standing trees and bushes. The trail of blood went on. I drove behind them in the truck where the trees were sparse enough to drive between and around. Finally it got too dense to continue. They were almost out of sight from me when I heard a shot. One of them saw the bear as it went over a windfall. After the shot it fell just beyond the trunk. They waited a few minutes and after no movement or noise they went on until one of them saw it laying in a heap. They called to me to come and I did. We discovered it was an old bear. A female with worn teeth. Maybe age had something to do with the scruffy looking hide as well. We carted it back to the truck and hauled it home. I think we left the entrails there. Mike wanted his bear's hide made into a rug. But after Mike and Dave hunted several days unsuccessfully Dee told Mike to let Dave have it and he would be able to get another one.

So we returned to the states with 3 hides. Two brown and one black. Jim and Ken had some fun with theirs over the years until it finally disappeared. We still have ours packed away in the garage. We didn't use it much after some of the older kids nearly petrified the smaller ones crawling around the house in it. Justin was really scared by it once. Maybe by Lisa.

Berdett told me a story about bears in Canada. He once went elk hunting with a friend. They got an elk and he laid his rifle down where they had started dressing it out. He decided to run to

the car and get something they needed. He started off on a trail over a little hill. He stopped went back and picked up his rifle. When he got to the crest of the hill a bear met him face to face on the trail. He said he never even got his rifle to his shoulder when he fired from the hip. The bear didn't seem alarmed at all and he thought he wouldn't give it time to decide what it wanted to do. He dropped it with the one shot.

Another time he went hunting out along some river near Ft. St. John when they lived there and he shot a bear. He knew he wounded it so he trailed it. Finally the blood dried up so he lost the trail. But then another bear appeared. He shot but did not get a clean kill. This happened several times. He searched and looked in the trees and everywhere without finding a single bear. There was blood in many places. He described it as how pheasants will crawl off into the brush and you can't get to them after you down them. It was weird. He left because of the darkness coming on. He went back on another day and didn't find anything of the bears.

Mike Jones told us that the big hunting deal there was to go shoot a grizzly with a single shot. Well they told a story of an Indian girl that was walking along a trail and came face to face with a grizzly and shot it with her single shot 22 rifle. It was sometime later that I heard that it was supposed to be authentic. It was large enough to go into some record books.

At Dawson Creek we stopped at a museum. It had a specimen of a wolf. It was dark colored but not black. I was amazed at the size of its legs. Above the joint past the foot the front leg was larger than the wrist of a good sized man. It was tall.

One fall I went with Warren and Maureen up the railroad track across Tom's Creek bridge and to the meadow where Simmons kept his buck sheep. There was a little spring across the meadow to the east against a pine covered ridge. At the spring was an old log building that had been left standing. Just through the gate there was a knoll where the sheep were salted. Of the few trees there all had been rubbed against and gnawed on until there were no limbs lower than the sheep could reach. Because it was high and dry the sheep shaded up there instead of staying out in the wet meadow. Also more breeze and higher and drier kept the mosquitoes down. And the salt licks there attracted the sheep.

As we arrived we saw a coyote. It was probably a young one. At least it wasn't an old wise one. Warren opened the gate and went into the meadow slowly. The coyote didn't seem alarmed and drifted off into the taller meadow grass east of the knoll. By the time Warren got on old Birdie's back and started toward the coyote it was out on the meadow nearly 100 yards. The timber was another 3-400 yards beyond. Warren was bareback. He urged the mare into a lope and then into a run. The coyote seemed to go from side to side and didn't ever get serious enough to strike out in a straight line until Warren got real close. He pulled out his trusty .32 Special Smith & Wesson and started firing right along side Birdie's head. The coyote hit a part of the meadow just before the timber where water was standing in the grass. This slowed it down but it may have surprised Warren also and the coyote got into the timber ahead of them so the race

ended. Warren came back sorry he had missed. If he'd had it to do over again, I think he would have left the knoll on a dead run rather than trying to gradually get close the first half way across the meadow.

In 1993 in the fall, Jim was out on their meadow on his 3 wheeler checking some calves. They'd had a cow calve. He saw a young coyote. he took big circles around it on the 3-wheeler so it couldn't get to the river or the fences. Gradually as the circles became smaller and the coyote more tired he got to the point that he could run up on it with the Honda. He'd circle and run over it again. Finally he thought he had it. He stopped and stomped on it and kicked it and put it up in the basket on the front ahead of the handle bars and started for the gate. All of a sudden it was squirming and biting at him and jumped out of the basket. He chased it again and soon had it ran down. This time he made sure it was done in before he loaded it in the basket.

HARE RAISING STORIES:

First moose hunt. The fall that Al returned from Wyoming where he'd been working, trucking for Ren South he spent the last few months in Island Park before going into the Air Force. He had enlisted in Evanston. It was October and I was out of school for the spud harvest. There had been an early snowfall. We were logging between the ranger station and the little flat next to the road to Simmons Ranch. The forest ranger had sold the old lodgepole in that area to Barney to saw for railroad ties. Some were large enough to make 4 ties. The entire stand were heavily limbed, almost as much as fir. We had two tiers of 2x6's on the truck and trailer. That way we hauled the 8 foot logs end to end and the semi. We were using the '37 Ford with the pole trailer with the 10.00 x 20 tires.

Following high school Al had spent one year at Idaho State College, Southern Branch (Now ISU) in Pocatello. Later he went to Ricks, probably winter and spring quarters. Then he went out to work for Ren after Barney and Charlie shut down their operations at the mill and went off to work on defense programs. But now Barney was back and running the mill. Rationing was in force. Gas tires, sugar, etc. required using rationing stamps and books that were issued by the government.

In Wyo. Al had been deferred by Ren as a critical needed industry. A friend from I. F. (that Dad had met while working on the temple as a laborer) had gone to Wyo. later to work for Ren. He and Al had spent one winter cutting in the Mill Creek area. They were snowed in. They had a cabin and supplies and went out on snow shoes to cut. They probably cut mine props mostly. They had to dig down with shovels to fell the trees. It was a slow process and they barely worked enough during the cold harsh winter to make room and board. After this winter when Al would show up in Evanston with a load of props he felt like a lot of people stared at him when he was in town. Many of course had kids that had been drafted and wondered why he was running around and their kids were off in the war. Both the European and Pacific theaters were going heavy by this time. So one day he and Glenn Harding decided to enlist. I think another factor was that Ren

had two daughters. The oldest, Glenna had been dating Al some and just sort of a friendly association. She was near his age and available when he was around. He could take her to town to a movie. Then Gene Jones went out to work for Gene. He made a real fuss over Glenna and when Ren got a new International truck, Gene got it to drive. Al had been there longer working and had the old truck. Glenna's younger sister, Donna was my age, 6 years younger than Al. So she was in jr. high. Al commented later that she was a great little gal. But young is right. So he felt he had no incentive to stay there. Gene and his first wife separated and he went into the Navy soon after. He and Glenna were married and they spent some time together while he was in San Diego. They had some kind of housing. Then she went home with her parents while he was assigned submarine duty in the Pacific.

Al felt like he was going off to war and justified to live it up a little before he left. So he went hunting. One night on their way out of the woods just out of Trail Canyon a bull moose crossed the road and went up onto a little knoll at the edge of the flat. It was by the old Van Noy place. They had taken a shot at it. It ran off. It got dark and they hadn't caught up to it.

They used to come in with a load and several people road on top of the load of logs and 2 or 3 in the cab of the old Ford. So the next morning he got me up and off we went before daybreak to the knoll. Al and Warren were there and Paul Walker. Warren had his old dog, Prince. He was part hound, fox hound I guess. He was black and white and brown spotted. Warren had him on a leash and out thru the timber we went. It started to get daylight. Warren went off one direction around the knoll and I was with Al going another way. We hadn't been hiking long when we heard shots from around the knoll. Pretty quick here came a moose lumbering thru the woods. Warren got back away from it with Prince straining on the leash. Then as it went past him he saw it had been wounded, so he started shooting with his pea-shooter. (a sort of name we'd given it since he'd acquired it) He carried it with him in the woods and to Pond's when he went usually. It hadn't been very effective when it came to hunting game. (or bears)

So he started blazing away at this moose. Pretty soon a moose went crashing past Al and I. Warren and Al called to each other. What's going on? It's been hit, Warren called to us. So Al took a shot and it went down but was trying to get up. As I came around and over a little rise I saw it laying there with its head turned over its back looking at me with the whites of its eyes showing in the early morning light. I don't know that up to that point in my life I'd ever been that scared. I just wanted to be somewhere else. I would have liked to have been able to disappear. Then someone came along and shot it again and it fell but again kept trying to get up on its front legs. It moved to a point where its head was near a tree. Paul came up and put the barrel of his 12 gauge about a foot from its head and fired. It was still alive after that. So someone said, Bernie shoot that thing. So I took a shot at close range. I wasn't as scared as I had been when it was eye-balling me. That was the final shot that put the poor thing out of its misery. I don't recall they ever found the bull that they had shot at the night before.

When they went back to quarter it and haul it out, which was late in the day some fishermen came along and saw the Ford truck. It was bob-tailed then. They told Barney they were stuck in a mud hole up the Split Creek Road. He said, I have a crew of men working nearby, I'll go get some help and we'll get you out. He did go tell them to lay low and some went with him and they got the fishermen out and on their way before they went back and carried any of the meat out. They used to keep meat in a jackpine thicket. They covered it in the daytime wrapped in old quilts or sheets to keep the blow flies off. At night they hung it to air out in the cool air. Rainy weather was hard on meat. It caused spoilage, souring and molding.

One year I was in Island Park during the spud vacation and Barney had left a double-bitted ax in the woods. He sent me to get it. I had always hung around the horses. I had liked skidding and riding any horse that was available. Barney had the mother of Dick, a black Percheron mare. (not likely a purebred) She belonged to Dave Jones from Rigby and was called Ol' Belle. I put on her bridle (work horse bridle with blinds) and started out riding bareback. I crossed the flat east of the mill to the corduroy where I cut through to the Chick Creek Road.

I went past the little flat on that road and started up a straight stretch just before a little pitch. Here the road takes a turn to the left. I looked ahead and saw a cow, calf and bull moose trotting out and it appeared they crossed the road, from right to left. When I got to the end of the straight stretch of road I discovered they had hit the road there at the bend and so they had actually gone up the road. At this point the road changed to where there were deep ruts from years of use and rain washing the soil away from the rocks. About 1/4 mile beyond this point the road turned right and went up a sidling place where it was steeper and more rocky. The lower track had a sandy bottom deposited from the run-off of the rocky pitch up ahead.

There was a real heavy stand of jackpines on the right hand side part way up where the water pooled and ran off the road into the brush and jackpines. When I got to this place the old mare who had been snorting along about every step since she had first thrown her head in the air at the sight of the moose began snorting more loudly and wouldn't budge. I could not get her to move forward. She'd keep turning back on me. She'd look off in the direction of the jackpine thicket and snort. So I finally gave up and went back to the mill. It was around 9:00 am when I left the mill that morning. I was probably an hour from camp. I was riding bareback with a work bridle with blinds on it.

After I got back to the house Barney had gone. I don't know where he was. Marj was a little disappointed and figured I should go back. I waited a few hours. It was a nice sunny day and I did go back in the early afternoon and when I reached that place where I'd seen the moose the old mare started to snort low but she didn't balk at going on and even past the point where earlier she'd refused to even budge. In the sand I could see where their tracks had gone off the road to the right and out through the jackpines toward a ridge covered with bushy jackpines and some scattered tall pines sticking up among the young growth. Some

places like where their tracks left the road have pines about 15 high but so thick that you have to work your way through them by turning sideways at times. (you literally weave your way thru)

Well I did find the ax. Barney was pretty good about remembering where he put things like that. So I got it and was on my way home quite soon. It ended up a pleasant day; one to remember.

One fall I was in Island Park during the spud vacation and a friend of Barney's and a customer as well, Dave Jones, from Rigby had a grey saddle horse he called King. He'd had some cattle on the Moon Meadow place and came up on weekends to check on things there so he decided to leave the horse in the barn. He had left it in the railroad stockyards. But as the weather got colder he decided to have Barney keep it in the barn. Marj could saddle it and ride it whenever she wanted. So I got to ride him. It was fun for me to ride with a saddle. The only saddle I remember that South's ever had was one that belonged to Ren. The first year when I was up there, Barney saddled Ren's old Dick and rode off to Black Mt. elk hunting. There was snow on the ground.

As I rode out toward the railroad crossing standing looking at me were three moose, cow and calf and a bull. It wasn't unusual to see 3 moose like that during the rut. They just stood there a little while and trotted off. One day when I was riding King around the camp my father told me when I was just sitting and not going anyplace, Don't sit around. Get out and go. When it is cold a horse doesn't want to stand around. If you don't get him out moving around he may throw you. They want to move to keep warm. I once had a picture of this little grey horse. My dad checked his mouth and he was about 6 yrs. old.

One fall when we were getting ready to load the horses to haul to the valley we had the semi backed into the stockyards where someone had made a loading chute for trucks on the north end. WE led the horses up from the barn and we looked out on the flat toward Mt Sawtelle and there was a bull moose. He acted a little strange. Usually they don't pay much attention to people. But he was holding his head high and looking us over pretty good. Dad said maybe he'd been in a fight and lost and was sort of on the prod. (ready to fight again) He finally trotted off.

One spring I came up to the mill on the train. There were a lot of young people on the train headed for Yellowstone to work for the summer. After we passed Eccles Siding where the train whistled and crossed the Warm River it was only minutes until we came to the two deep barrow pits on the edge of the flat. The train whistled here also. I looked out and loping out thru the sagebrush on the west side of the track were three bull moose all in velvet. They just loped along with their racks high in the air looking back over their shoulders. Barney used to say that when he tracked moose he discovered they lope quite a bit.

As I came in from the woods one evening with Warren in the old Ford we saw a cow moose on the flat about where the old Black Mt. road meets the road from the railroad crossing just south of the old mill set. She was acting a little spooky out there on the flat with no trees around her. She started towards the timber by the old mill set. Warren started pouring it on in the old

Ford and we maybe got up to about 40 by the time our paths intersected with the moose. When she was quite close to the road she broke into a dead run. She was determined we wouldn't head her off and we didn't. Usually a wild animal will feel threatened and turn back in a case like that it seems to me. Those were fun times. On late summer we came out of Trail Canyon every night for several nights in a row to find a large bull on the ridge just 20-30 yds from the road. He was large and had a good sized rack. This timbered ridge was just below what we called the Rocky Dugway and a little below where the road forked; the other fork continued straight up the draw that led about a half mile to where it flattened out; going to the right thru a gentle sloping area with lots of huckleberry bushes and new growth timber (lots of corral poles) to the bottom of the section 6 dugway. To the left was the south end of what we called Huckleberry Hill. Going over the top of this hill to the east one could get onto the top where the old cook shack was located. (It may have been called Camp B-2.) There were two cabins there. One had the roof repaired where it had caved in. The other half was still caved in. It was thought Ed Ryberg had fixed it up and used it during the winter trapping season as a line cabin.

Occasionally we'd see a moose near the old well about a half mile below this ridge where a road went off to the south and down another draw that came out above the head of Warm River near the mouth of Clark Canyon. Just to the south of the flat there was the old Clark place. A homestead which had been bought out by two Utah millionaires, Stimson and Malan. There was a burn on the side of Black Mountain. Whenever you went up Trail Canyon you passed by the edge of a small flat making the burn very visible.

Often in the spring of the year (June) we would walk up the railroad tracks to Tom's Creek. Sometimes we wouldn't make it back to the siding before the Yellowstone Flyer would come down. We'd stand aside as it went past and see the red light on the back shining with its figure eight pattern going. The kids would often walk on the rails as far as they could without falling off. I don't know what gauge track it was but it was a main track and kids with small feet could run quite a long ways without falling off. Also we'd walk on the ends of the ties just outside the rails and they were not evenly spaced, making it awkward walking. You could walk down the middle much better as the cinders, sand and gravel were built up nearly flush with the ties. Many ties were old enough that you could see they had been hand hewn and some were much wider than the ones more recently placed there. The sections crews worked each summer and removed ties as they rotted and all the new ties were nearly black from being dipped in creosote and oil vats. Almost all of the older ties all had special spikes (about 2 inches long) nailed into them near one end with the year embossed on the 3/4 in. heads. On some of the older ones that were quite weathered and checked you could pull a loose spike out with your fingers. There were usually some laying around in cupboard drawers or shelves in the warehouse or engine shed where they often ended up.

One spring, Berdett, I and Jim Taylor, a friend of Berdett went up to the creek after supper. We went in Berdett's '38 Ford

Coupe. He drove along the road that paralleled the track. There was a barrow pit also that ran along the track that had water standing in it in the early spring and summer. The right of way was cleared with a telephone line along the side of the barrow pit on the opposite side from the tracks. Then the timber was cleared another 10-15 feet so that the width of the right-of-way was maybe 30-40 feet. Most of the way the timber bordered it in a straight line. Some jackpines as tall as 10 feet had not been cleared but for the most part they were cut down so that only about 3-4 foot ones were growing along the sides.

There were about three places where the road was interrupted by the grade of the track. Two of these had signs placed by the railroad along the side of the track. A sign showing a grade crossing ahead and another was a mileage sign. At these places the road had to detour around the sign posts. Drivers of cars had driven around the edge of the signs until they had worn the grade of the trackage away to the point that the road was very sidling there. The railroad company had extended some ties out to one side to prevent drivers from wearing down the banks of the built up road bed. At a few such places the road crossed the barrow pit and when it was early spring driving thru was like a driving thru a bog. Also it was deep enough that water could get up into the engine. Berdett would usually pour it on at these crossings and his car would splash thru. If it ever stalled it was already out the other side because of the momentum he built up before driving into the water. It wasn't unusual in the spring of the year to have fishermen come to the mill asking to have someone come tow them out of the mud hole.

Jim and I took our fishing tackle along this particular evening. We sat on the bridge and attempted to catch a fish. There are some fish below the bridge but seldom are any caught there. The narrow channel is deep underneath the bridge. It spreads out above and below. The stream bed is over 100 feet wide from bank to bank above the bridge. But the side are very shallow out to the channel which varies from 10-15 feet. There are occasional holes in the main channel. It generally has a light sandy stream bed. Between the main channel and the bank the bottom is very muddy and boggy. Vegetation grows there and blood suckers are numerous. About 200-300 yds. up stream there was a large beaver dam with a pond above it.

As we sat on the bridge fishing we looked upstream and saw a moose in the creek. It had come in from the timber on the south bank. It was feeding on aquatic plants in the shallow water and made its way across the creek and finally disappeared into the timber on the opposite side of the creek. It was dusk by now and when it crossed against the timber we could hardly see it. It had never paid any attention to us. After about 5-10 minutes we looked up the tracks and saw it silhouetted against the sky as it crossed over the tracks to the north headed west. Again it disappeared against the backdrop of pines along the creek bed to the north. About 5 more minutes and it appeared below us only about 60-75 yards in the creek where we could see it against the open lighted water where it was wading. It began crossing the stream toward the south. Jim and I had not even had a bite and

started to reel in our line and put our tackle away when Berdett said. Well I'll see you at the car and he began to jog down along the side of the ties toward the south. (direction on his car and the mill....a distance of one mile) We finished putting up our lines and hooks and started walking toward the car. I had a small flashlight in one hand.

When we had gone about 50 yards suddenly the willows against the right of way only 8-12 feet from where we were walking began to wave and shake. We let out hollers and I remember pointing my fishing pole in the direction of motion and shaking it at the same time as I aimed my little light in the same general direction. Well it turned out that Berdett had waited there in the willows to catch us by surprise which he did. When we got to his car which was by a small meadow about 3-400 yards from the bridge my legs were still shaking. I have probably never been that scared before or since. Then Berdett admitted that crouched down in the willow bush waiting for us he got pretty nervous also. He had picked a spot about the same distance from the bridge as the moose had been from the bridge as it circled us on the last two sightings. After we drove to the mill I was still shaking. My voluntary muscles were still in action. The adrenalin really ran that night.

One summer we drove up to Island Park to fish below the Coffee Pot Rapids on the Snake River just above the reservoir. Mom came with us. Warren and Carol were there. We used to pull into a small clearing at the end of a road which was only 2 tire tracks winding thru the trees and ending at a level spot above the river where the trees were sparse enough to create parking for a dozen cars. By climbing down over steep rocks on a trail made by years of use by fishermen you could reach the river 60 feet below. It was an even harder climb out, over boulders jutting out of the nearly vertical canyon wall. 2-300 yards down stream there was a rock slide from the rim to the river.

From this point on the river there were trails upstream around boulders and over windfalls to the rapids about 300 yds. Where the trail ended at the bank the river was shallow enough to wade in hip boots. When Al and I first went there we would wade across in our jeans and tennis shoes. I usually stayed next to dad and held onto his bib overalls. When mom crossed with us she would stay next to dad and I next to her, each clinging to the other. One time Warren took Carol across piggy-back. The biggest problem in crossing was not so much the depth or swiftness of the current, but the slipperiness of the rocks. The bottom was covered with rounded rocks. You had to put each foot down and move it around until you got it into a spot between rocks and made sure that it wasn't on the top of a slippery rock. As we crossed here we could see the entire bottom of the river move. It was actually the light colored tails and fins of the schools of whitefish that were there below the rapids as they moved around you as you waded across. On the opposite bank a small stream came into the river with tall willows along it. One day a cow and calf moose came out from the willows and crossed the river about 100 yards below us. Warren had his camera and took a picture of them. He had it blown up into an 8x10 and colored. (It was a black and

white negative.. in the good old days...enlargements were often tinted by hand in photo shops. It was tedious, a bit expensive..but quite popular)

Warren may have had two photos enlarged. One belonged to the folks and hung on their living room wall for many years. The first winter at Ricks I took an art class and made a large charcoal drawing from it with the two moose with detail showing the bell of the cow hanging against the reflection of the light in the middle of the stream. It was tiny detail, pleasing to me.

That was exciting. It was one of the first times I'd seen a moose that close. Quite a few years later as Dad and I were fishing on the Buffalo River downstream from where we usually parked the car we looked up to see a cow feeding in the river. She had just entered the river near where we were fishing not far from a small island. There were two calves with her. They followed her out into the shallow sides where there was a lot of water-kress and other aquatic plants. We were a little concerned since the calves showed no caution and we wondered if they would come too close to us and excite her. At first they almost came out between us and the cow. We fished quietly on down the stream and later when we came back they were gone, of course.

One fall Dad was driving the Federal, Warren the Ford coming out from Ripley Butte when two bull moose came out of the woods onto a small clearing. They stopped and watched. Warren told me about it. One bull looked like a good sized bull. One you might regularly see...full grown. The other seemed enormous along side the smaller one. It seemed like a freak of nature. (massive)

In 1956 I worked in Island Park and didn't attend school in the fall term. Barry and I both put in for the moose hunt in Island Park. The drawing for moose had only been going on less than half a dozen years. We both drew that year. It was one of the most exciting years of hunting in my life.

Barry was sixteen this year. We went out road hunting just looking things over to see if we could locate any moose. On one trip we went on the Chick Creek road to the corduroy and up the old road just beyond the little clearing to the end of the straight stretch of road where I'd seen the 3 moose while riding old Bell on the trip after the ax. He we parked and walked south over a low ridge. One fall several years before Barney had stopped there and walked over this ridge. He spotted a coyote and followed it and came to the meadow below the Skinnerville. There was a sizeable lake there partially covered with water lily pads. He had never seen this lake before. Below the lake which spanned the entire width of the little meadow was several acres of mostly dry grass. There were ducks there at times.

On this day Al was with us. We were riding in his '40 Chrysler. We walked out to the edge of the timber and carefully up to the bank. We didn't see a moose but a buck deer was feeding in the tall grass close to the other side of the meadow. A small stream flowed along the edge next to the bank where we were standing. It was about like a ditch. I had my camera and had it up and focused on the buck. I took one snapshot and was just getting ready to take a second picture when two rifles barked as one. Al had signaled to Barry to shoot at the same time. As I

looked thru the viewfinder no deer was in sight. I don't remember if we skirted the meadow on foot or if we drove around to the other side. But we cut its throat and drew the carcass and left it. A small plane flew over the edge of the flat while we were there. But we had pulled the deer off the meadow and into the trees before it flew overhead. But things like that always make you wonder. In some years past Barney wouldn't have given a second thought to getting a deer when it was that easy.

Barney was gone now however, and Marj was pretty upset when we got home and she heard about it. Later in the evening we went back with the car on the flat side of the meadow and loaded it in Al's trunk. He took it to the valley. He was working for the post office at this time.

About a week later Barry and I were out scouting for moose sign when we started up an old road onto Black Mt. from just below the Clark Canyon Road above the head of Warm River. We had walked for about 20 minutes and were climbing this fairly steep slope right at the edge of the road the mountain dropped off all the way to the bottom on the hill. We were quite a ways above the stream when we stopped to get our wind. As we started on I saw a cow elk stand up just off to our left which was on the uphill side of the road. She was only about 30 years from us. She hadn't seen us yet. When she did see us she didn't act startled. Then a calf stood up. There was a fair stand of timber there and a lot of huckleberry and other shrubs on the hillside. We stood and looked at them for a little while and then they just moved off. As soon as we started to walk again we looked ahead to see a bull cross the road above us maybe 100 feet. He was mature and had a full rack though not a large rack. He was pretty as most of them are. Barry pulled up the 300 Savage and looked at it thru the scop as it stood there broadside to us. He didn't fire. I suppose he might have had the courage to shoot had it not been for the great amount of displeasure Marj had shown earlier about the buck deer incident. So we watched the bull amble away and over the sidehill at a point where the road turned and the steepness of the incline flattened out a bit. It was not more than 2-3 days until the general elk hunt would open.

On a subsequent day Barry and I were driving out on the flat towards Black Mt. on the old logging road where Ren South hauled fir when we saw a lone cow moose. The moose season was now open and we drove along the road to a point where we could see her up close. 100 yds or less. She took off running. We were in their old '46 Chev 2 dr. sedan. Barry was driving. He drove fast enough to get to a perimeter road and headed down it and headed her off so she couldn't get into the timber. We kept doing that and kept her on the flat for quite a while. She was getting pretty spooked. Finally Barry decided to pass her up. He did want to get a bull so he could have a rack.

After several more days hunting and not seeing anything, Barry began to wonder if he'd made a mistake by passing up this lone cow. Marj had let him miss school that week to hunt. David had stayed in school. With a few days left before the hunt ended Barry was getting a little nervous. We took off one day toward Eccles in the Chev and just before we reached the timber we saw a

cow moose cross the road in front of us maybe a good 1/4 mile ahead of us. Then we saw a bull ambling along in the sagebrush behind her. He was following several hundred yards. When we got closer they both crossed the railroad and the road we were on and the cow took off in high gear. She seemed so spooked we wondered if she was the same one we had seen a few days before and chased around the flat. After crossing the road they kept on a course on across the flat toward the far side. So we turned around and Barry went back to the mill where I jumped out. He headed out on the Black Mt. Road across the middle of the flat. I jumped in my Mercury and picked up Marj, her kids Randy and Susan were there with her around the washing machine. I drove back down the Eccles Road as fast as I could. I said. Come on, we're going to go see Barry get his moose. We got about 1 1/2 miles down the road in time to see the cow moose cross the Black Mt Road in front of Barry. Then the bull not in as big of a hurry as the cow kept ambling along in the sagebrush behind the cow, on a slow trot. Barry got within about 75 yds of where the cow crossed the road and stopped. Opened his door and took a rest over the open door and shot. We saw the bull go down. We drove back around and we got the bull's throat cut and all headed back to the mill. We took the army truck, hooked a drag on the back and headed back out onto the flat. We were able to roll the moose onto the drag. It was a mature bull. It didn't have a large rack but a good one.

We pulled the drag near Dad's cabin. He we were able to get a block and tackle and put a gamble on it's hind legs and hoisted it up between two trees on a house log fastened across between the trees that had been used for a swing for quite a few years. We used it for deer and elk and now a moose. It was the 2nd moose this season.

About the first day the moose hunt was open Al came up and brought Dad. We all headed up to the bottom of Trail Canyon. There used to be an old road out of Trail Canyon that we used when we hauled with the wagon that came out just above the Clark place. Down below the timber there was quite a large opening mostly covered with sage. Then the road crossed another road that circled the flat. Here we turned to the right or north and went to some old cabins and a barn. This was known as the Van Noy place. In Targhee Tie days they had a pond there and some Canada Geese in the pond. Later Barney had Gene take his cat and they graded the road on the upper end near the edge of the flat and into the timber. He straightened the road out and went straight past the cabins and into the timber. This cut out quite a bit off the bends of the old road. Stimpson's had put up jack fence across the old roads crossing their land to keep fishermen and hunters out. At the lower end of trail canyon the water table was near the surface and for years Charlie and Barney had hauled out of there fighting mud holes. More than once Charlie had some of his crew get stuck in mud puddles there and walk into camp. He had one truck with a tag tandem. The drive line only went to the front duals, so when they got into these mud holes and the rear tandems held up the weight the front ones would only spin and left them helpless.

So Barney cut a new road to the north and kept over on

higher ground and bypassed these bad places on the road. A little ways down from where this new road intersected the old there was a road that went off toward Clark Canyon which was one ridge to the south of Trail Canyon. This entire area was boggy in the spring especially. One fall Al and I went thru there while hunting and discovered a sizeable spring. We couldn't believe it. Dad hadn't been aware of a spring being there. It had to be an unusually wet fall. There was a sound bottom to the spring, showing that it had been a water course before. But maybe the earthquake a few years before had something to do with this spring suddenly running a heavy amount. Below the spring, water ran down the track of the old road to the small sagebrush flat where it disappeared.

Years before a ditch had been made to divert water from the lower end of Split Creek across to the two homesteads. Then Souths had made a ditch that came down from Van Noy's to the old mill set. After it burned down they sent the water on down to the new mill set for use in the steam engine. It usually took several days each spring to get water across the gravelly and dry flat to the mill. There were bridges at the mill over the ditch. It ran out near the siding and towards Tom's Creek where it usually stood in the barrow pit. It made a great place for tadpoles and dragon flies. There was even a car bridge covered with slabs so that a truck could back up to the track where the Jensen Dairy could unload their milk cans onto the baggage car of the train. Barry and David crossed a foot bridge to get back and forth to the mill when they were little. After Charlie brought in a diesel engine the ditch was not used for several seasons. When Barney began using the steamer again he just dug a well next to the engine shed and it furnished water without the hassle of keeping water in the ditch. Then one year every one started complaining about having sore mouths and gums. It was finally attributed to the well water. Someone decided that the excess water from the engine running down thru the wood ashes at the rear of the engine shed near the firebox was like making lye. The seepage of this into the well was causing this trouble. After a new well was dug between Barney's house and the siding the problem was solved. The well by the engine also furnished water for the shower house which was just next to the rear of the shed.

Stimsons and Malan kept the ditch running inside the timber taking water to their places. Charley Simmons kept a small stream running to his place on the flat where he kept a little over an acre of pasture grass green. His Mexican wife, Mary had a small pond with goldfish in it.

Now back to the moose hunt. Below the spring mentioned above the grass was green in the timber and the ground was quite boggy and spongy in places. It was sort a lot of subwater near the surface. The nearer to the flat, the drier the ground. So we left the car and started out hunting. I had our 30/30 Winchester carbine. Dad stayed with me. Al went off in another direction. We were all expecting to sort of cruise the area in hopes of coming onto something. Dad and I hadn't walked far when I saw a moose. It was a black one. It appeared to be feeding slowly moving along turning from side to side. I said to Dad. Is it a cow? It would

turn and then I'd see an antler, plain as could be. Then it would turn and I couldn't see an antler. It was in rather heavy timber, no underbrush, however so I could see plainly between the trees. Finally I decided to shoot. Dad was standing just a few feet from me and slightly behind. I shot and the moose started walking toward me at an oblique angle. As it continued to walk I kept shooting every time I could get a spot between trees to fire and it kept coming without apparently being influenced by the sound of the shots in front of it. I shot 4 or 5 shots. I was shooting at the neck. Finally it went down. When we got up to it we discovered the reason for confusion on being a cow or a bull. One antler was missing. It did fall with one antler up fortunately for my camera session.

Al was there in a few minutes. He hadn't been far away and when he heard that many shots fired he just walked to us. We went back to the mill and got the 6 x 6 and drove out to the kill. After cutting a couple of trees with the chain saw we backed into the moose and with the aid of a few poles were able to roll it up the back onto the truck and hauled it to Dad's cabin where we hoisted it up on the swingpole by the cabin and dressed it out. It turned out that it was about a 3 yr old. The folks put it in a freezer at a storage rental and bottled some of it. It was choice meat. It was in good shape, moose don't carry a lot of fat. It was young enough to be tender.

I was surprised how a moose lying down appears so narrow and the color appears like a German police dog. That seems like a funny comparison I know. I had the hide tanned. I kept the head. At USU I worked on the head. I stuck it into the Bear River west of Logan on a long piece of baling wire and after several months the aquatic insects stripped the bones of the skull of meat and sinew and then later bleached out. It was a strange display since the one antler which appeared to have broken off when it was new had grown down near the back of the eye into a stub. It also may have resulted in my getting so close to the moose without it seeing me. From that side and to the rear it would not have seen me. So it may have been part of the reason for his demise.

When we took Barry's moose to the locker in I.F. we stopped at a trailer in Ashton which was the checking station. I went in with Barry to check his moose. The guy asked. Is it a cow or a bull? I said. A cow, or is it a bull? Barry looked at me like what are you saying? Then I asked the guy. Do cows have horns? I guess the guy thought we were real dudes. Barry must have wondered what was going on with me. I guess we convinced him it did have a rack. Then we got pictures of the head on the drag with Susan, Randy and Cocoa, the Cocker Spaniel. We got a picture of both heads along side of each other.

After I was teaching at Provo we held a seminar for the Fish and Game Department one fall just before the deer hunt. While their personnel were all together they held a session the last day covering mouthing deer for aging to familiarize themselves with the technique prior to the hunt. So I took the head from my apartment to school to check on its age. It was ruled a 3 yr. old. Then LaVar Ware the regional supervisor coaxed me into letting them have it. I asked that they put it on display at

their district headquarters in Provo. They agreed to that. But a few years later when I inquired about it they couldn't find it anywhere and said they searched their back room and everywhere and could never come up with it. I was disappointed about this. I wish now that I had possession of it. It was just unusual.