

The Memoirs of

Bernard Elden Knapp

Early Memories Pt 1

(aka Trapper Keeper)

TABLE OF CONTENTS

GOSHEN	4
ISLAND PARK – IDAHO FALLS	20
4 TH GRADE	38
5 TH GRADE	43
6 TH GRADE	56
4 TH -6 TH GRADE	72
FISHING WITH DAD	80
ISLAND PARK 1938-41	83
LOGAN TEMPLE	101
WYOMING	103
ANNA 1 ST STREET	115
3 RD GRADE/RANDOLPH TRIP	124
(Includes later typed version. Varies slightly from handwritten account)	
ISLAND PARK MAPS	145

COMPILER'S NOTE

After much debate, I determined it best to keep these files in their original order. All of these files came out of Bernie's Trapper Keeper (a binder of sorts). The writings are somewhat in chronological order, but not entirely. There are almost no dates included within the texts. It is unknown when these memoirs were written.

The titles in the table of contents may not reflect all of the titles that Bernie wrote as page headers. I have noted the titles that seem most interesting and relevant. At the end of each part, I have included the same maps that Bernie created for the Island Park area.

As there are over 700 handwritten files that came out of this binder, I decided to split the files into five sections—mainly to reduce the digital file size.

— Morgan Knapp (grandson) April, 2020

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

Gather

Remember Cap & Jip once in yard at Braggards.

Remember Xmas tree, waiting at night with Anne & Thelma sleeping on two chairs - a captain's chair and another pulled close to each other. We had a coal oil light.

Remember Wamen (lived across the street) at ~~the~~ Ladds.
Remember Maureen coming and calling me (learning to talk - Uncle Bernis).

Wamen had a dog chained up in his yard called Jack. Had brown spots above eyes. Dog was black. Wamen took me on saddle in front of him on his gray horse, Laddie.

Remember my father asking me to do something, I replied no. He asked al to get him a piece of wood from the wood box, I don't remember he ever needed to use the wood.

I remember living at Farber. It was near Wilford Christensen's farm. We had a cow called "Cherry". Remember drinking warm milk in a tin cup as Dad milked. Remember al putting pigeons in a chicken coop - but snakes or something kept getting them.

Remember eating beet greens - remember Berdet & Elinor coming and making a little fun of me because I ate some kind of mush. Germaid or oat meal I can't remember which. But Elinor said the kind they ate which was the least liked by me would make them grow bigger than I.

Remember Jo Ann Christensen and also a Mexican family Dominguez living maybe in a box car between us & Christensen's.

I had a birthday party on our lawn - I had bread and milk - the little Dominguez boy

didn't like it. I couldn't imagine anyone not liking bread and milk. I remember being in a beet field. I was on one side of beet wagon looking up. Al threw a beet over the top from the opposite side and it came down and hit me in the face. I cried. Dad was a little abrupt with Al about being careful throwing all the way over.

I was not afraid of the dark. I would stay and go to bed and the family would go to Sac. meeting after dark. We had a skanty on the side of house.

Dad had a model T ford. When Grandpa & Grandma Hall came Grandpa Hall rode in front seat.

Remember being cautioned for reaching over and pulling the throttle lever on steering wheel. Sometimes everyone laughed - thought it was fun - but also remembered being warned not to do it also.

Remember lightning there. also bees in our house. Sit on a yellow jacket on the lawn. Running out one time to the road. Dad drove out the drive way and past the front yard and to town without seeing me. After I rode to the store with him. He'd get gas from the old hand pump tanks. I'd get candy - candy bar - guess what all day suckers - cracker-jacks.

Rode to town sometimes with Bill Forbes. He had a Ford V8 coupe. He lived in other half of house.

Dad once got a small hawk from a low tree branch in our yard. Tied it by leg with string on our kitchen table.

Once we were all awakened when a dog suddenly started barking on our porch. It was a visit by Uncle Joseph Dale. I may have been sleeping on the porch - there may have been some talking as well as an in response to the barking.

Mother made butter - had a wooden butter spoon. Kept milk in pans in cupboard. Dad ate clabber. Dad brought molasses home from work at sugar factory. He worked nights.

Remember Olsen's passing our place with empty beet wagons and horses on high top.

Walked to Relief Society with mother. Sometimes got picked up and rode in buggy with Mrs. Killian.

Remember a lot of noise from Forbes side of house.

Father remember story told. Mrs. Forbes said "If Mr. Knapp was standing right there in that door I'd throw this knife right at him. (a butcher knife)

Bill got to drinking. The woman come there but wasn't married to him at first. Remember the girls talking about

cooking ~~just~~ frog legs. Canal ran behind place (east). Girls went there probably swim.

Remember being scared once. Al & I went on wagon with Dad down to Joe Christensen's corner and to chimney and up over canal bridge at Joe Nielsen place - then down along canal to a little shanty house. Mexicans were there. They had a wooden level. Maybe took it across canal. Would have used it up as wood. Dad went to recover it and haul it home. He ordered them out to help load it onto wagon. It seemed like a very tense moment.

Nielson had a boy named Steve. A girl named Mary Jane. She used to go to F.P. fishing. Al got to go. It seemed to me after they came back from a fishing trip that we always opened cans of sardines. Remember Dad getting oysters and either round salted crackers -

Remember home (ward teacher) maybe Joe Christensen - always asked me if I was a Scandinavian, Indian - etc etc finally ask you a white man? Then I'd answer yes.

A Howell family. near Olsens or a relative. Ronald was near Al's age.

I met both Ron & Steve Nielsen at Ricks

Remember Dad sitting up and wheezing at night couldn't sleep. Use wet wool kerchiefs on eyes.

Remember jr Sunday school class sitting behind little girls and watching how skinning their necks were, snickering in church and spilling water in sacrament tray - embarrassed Al - he was passing.

moved to townsite.

house had been occupied by Archa Claudia. Kept a black & white dog there for a while - maybe Archa's dog.

Did see lot on pigs behind our house in field. must have been Hensen's pigs. Had an archerd. Nearby on corner north was Van Ord's store. At other end of street was Christensen's store. Carter. Had a son Bert my age. Had an older girl and a girl younger than I (Rachel) After

A Rasmussen boy played at our place. He broke our little mc Cormack Deering Wagon with a hammer. He was some how related to Elder Richard R. Lyman. Someone in his family had lead singing at church.

Al ^{went} skiing - pulled by horses - wrapped feet with burlap bags. Al made a little wagon fixed a beet rack on it. Pulled it around school house only side walks in town - It had iron wheels.

Elnut got a wood tick in back of her neck. I was sent to get

(Mr. Yarns)
 Mr. Braggard to come help get it out.
 Remember taking money to Van Orden's
 store - getting ~~money~~ candy -

Getting on back on a big trunk
 on car parked in front of house
 Marj. and Arklee hereen got in car.
 drove away. People in town site ran
 out shouting. Half way along street
 & the turning at Carter's store they
 stopped. I got down and ran home.

We lived in house at her sis one -
 It was by a canal. Also had a
 mysterious old potato cellar - I didn't
 dare go around it. Seemed 1/4 the
 new sheep there.

Once I sat in Model T and honked horn
 until I ran battery down.

Used to ride with Dad to place
 near substation to weld fenders on Ford.
 Bill

did the welding on his car.
 her son's (Rafael) had two boys - Jay & Don
 They had a nice toy truck. You could turn
 the front wheels from a steering wheel.
 I enjoyed playing with it.

Seemed like Marj took me swimming
 held me in her arms and dove into
 water with me in her arms.

Lots of trees here. Al made kipper
 crutches and rubber gums. Lots of
 mourning doves there. He was Bp Larsen.

Gospen

A new lady school teacher left ~~the~~ light bulb in her bed to warm it - between the sheets - It started a fire in her bed. She stayed with one of Hanson families in town site near Corley's store.

Heaton's lived near canal bridge. Had a mean boy - MCT. Up the hill was a Christensen family. After walked there with my mother. She did relief society work with this lady. She was maybe pres of relief society, mother secretary.

When we left Gospen the wood gave dad a pen & pencil set - black - large size diameter pen. Mother's gift - silver money set.

Started 1st grade - got sick. After I got better teacher didn't want me to come back to school. I started at 5 years old.

I waited until after I was six to begin in Reftung -

At school each day we sat in rows - more than one grade. A wire above some had little car fastened on. A contest on brushing teeth - coming hair - clean hands etc - so cars were pushed along with a contest to ~~best~~ best row.

Remember raising hand and talking on some kid ahead of me - that pulled out a piece of a candy bar or something and taking a bite of it - I remember somehow being intimidated afterwards.

Mother substituted a few times when some teacher couldn't be at school.

Spent a Christmas tree. Slept on ⁱⁿ ~~on~~ mother's on front room floor - between presents - woke up having terrible scary scary dreams -

Remember getting a rocking chair.
Found the rockers up on top of kitchen
cupboard one day subsequent to
Christmas.

Adrian Walters
gave me a toy airplane

Went out and looked on roof and
couldn't find any reindeer tracks.
Traveled to Rexburg to visit cousins.
Saw Rulon Hillman. Uncle Jack gave
me his windup train & tracks. I used
engine. Eventually, after outside
shell of engine came off - the wheels
and windup motor still worked and
we kept using it for a long time as
a "speeder". Had a kid - called
a Sombie who.

A family in Goshen townsite had
a sort of platform seat swing -
seemed like it had wheels like
a "speeder" on it.

Went to Le Chimlets to see Sharon
right after she was born.

Remember names of McNellys,
Hi Nielson, Kaeme Christensen and being
able to stick pins in her legs and
not hurting, etc. Her wheel chair. Her
brother raised cow by putting stumps
up their come teats.

At skiing over fences up toward
Joe Nielsens. At talking about Warren's
dog Jerry - running along side car
jumping canal in stride and going 35 mph.

At Farber going to see Warren Carl &

Mareen, I had a bubble pipe. Women could make smoke come out of his pipe. Remember once going to Laurel & Hardy movie in Shelley. His wife hit ~~her~~ him over head with a flying pan.

Little big book on Labyrinth. First story - ~~Detay~~ A/S crippled friend Del Jorgensen? Larson boys singing song at church.

Adieu, Adei Adei Kind Friends Adieu yes Adieu - I can no longer stay with you.

Improve the Shinning moments.

My mother will say - Have you ever seen a cow with a green eye ~~blow~~ blow way down yonder in the ~~can~~ cornfield. Down by the sea where the water ~~will~~ melon grow. Down by the sea I must not go for if I do my mother will say -

A girl going to Hally mound for a screen test - a blonde - Jorgensen?

Going to visit Uncle Joseph - He had radio. Always had ebottled red beets and pears at Aunt Rosela's place. Uncle Joe had radio and asked if ~~I~~ I couldn't see the people inside singing. Couldn't figure out why his kids Rex didn't get any toys for Christmas.

Heard talk about War - Shirley Temple

Goster

10

moved to Anderson's near Rexburg bank and court house. Stayed there from like Jan-Feb to spring. Then moved to main street. Adkison Walters married the Anderson girl (Lela) Mrs Anderson had a dairy behind. Also carried mail.

They had a pony. Kids would gallop it up to stack of hay and jump off pony onto hay. Dad must have kept milk. Once in barn I walked behind cows got kicked on my shin. It really surprised me - it hurt hurt We had a large front window.

Older kids, Thelma, Anna asked me not to gawk - out window at passers by -

Played with paper dolls - boy doll was Clark Gable - Don't recall the girl. I played with the Anderson girl. Neither of us attended school that year.

We moved into McKinley's house near the old Madison high school.

My first grade teacher was to be Miss Ph. Post Post. She got sick and was replaced by a Mrs. Rice. ~~Perley~~ Perlet Petersen opened an 1st 1st grade class with prayer. He was Bp. Petersen's son. Bro Petersen was a seminary teacher for many years.

A nearby neighbor was Nelson. They had a girl in 1st grade. Her grandfather was doctor that operated on Maymie's ear when she had mearloid troubles.

Across street was Shirley's market. Seth Robert son visited us occasionally. Al found a bicycle for me. but it had no seat. He found a bicycle seat

and put on it eventually. at first I sat on the extreme back end and pedaled it. School-

1st grade was in the basement of the old building. We went to the high school and saw exhibits of great art. Large prints were displayed around the walls of the auditorium. The blue boy and many others. Also learned something about songs like the Volga Boatmen.

Practiced singing at the tabernacle. learned patriotic songs - America - National Anthem and a Mrs. Watt Walz Walz taught the singing. I liked her much better than Mrs. Rice.

I learned the song Adako also

During summer a fellow caught a pelican and by a ditch behind the house and put a fire cracker in its beak and lit it.

I got picked up a fire cracker and it went off and blew up in my thumb and finger.

Once I ran out onto the sidewalk at night and got hit by someone passing on a bike.

Anna & Thelma used to sit with an old lady on the street, a Mrs. Grim.

Next door was a Libby Poole. I called her aunt Libby. ~~Her~~ she was related distantly to mother. She had a 5 year old grandson come to stay with her from I.F. His name was Hi Summers. His dad was a music teacher in I.F.

One little friend stopped by my house occasionally - his name was Orion.

In the school paper one time a poem was printed - Sailboats - by Bernard Knapp and the 1st grade

Pretty little sail boats
Sailing out to sea
Come pretty sail boats
Sail back to me

Once a parade went by and one bicycle was like a scooter - no pedals, the rear wheel had an off centered axle. The rider by shifting weight up and down could make the wheel turn. It had a seat and was joined front and rear like a scooter.

Aunt Minnie gave us a movie picture projector. We left it with other things including Dad's Model T Ford when we left Rehburg to spend a summer in Island Park. We never saw it again. Dad's car was probably cut up and made into a trailer.

Once I went to J. P. and stayed a week-end in the fall with Dad in the bunkhouse. I may have heard the 1st magpies I'd been aware of on that trip. I remember eating at Mrs. South's - I remember she called the men in the bunkhouse for breakfast - come and get it. They said she liked to catch a man still in bed on the second call

and then throw cold water on them.
I remember Mr. South. When he ate it seemed like his jaws moved so fast.

The Souths often stopped at our place on main street as they passed through Rubing between I.P. & I.F. Sometimes they passed in a model A sedan. Cheryl went with a girl named Wanda that everyone liked it seemed.

They stopped by in the truck too. Once Andy Seelander stopped by. He had just gotten (received) a letter from home (Sweden) in it was a picture of his family - sisters - etc. He opened it to show us. We had one of the old wood heaters in the front room - the kind that is thin walled and round with a lid on top that pivots to the side. He threw away some papers. Later he could not find his photo. In despair he finally realized he probably threw it in the fire stove. He wasn't drunk but had been drinking. He was polite.

He once had a fire cracker go off in his fingers because ~~he~~ he had been lighting some and ~~throw~~ throwing them so hard to the ground. They were not going off. Then Dad said Andy put it down easy. He tried that and it went off in his hand. Later he joked about that.

Remember riding at night in the Model T. Along the road were the flashing lights all along of beacons for airplanes. They were west of the US 91 highway from I F to Shelley. There was an indescribable sound and feeling of the sound of the wheels and transmission & axle as you sat in the back seat and rode along. There is a nostalgic feeling too it one can almost taste but not describe.

We traveled to Montana, near Dillon past Dunstead, past Bannock to the ranch where Warren and Carol lived. We pushed on the car up some hills. We all got out. We blocked the wheels. We'd push a ways, block, rest and go again.

There were rabbits along the way - Some had been ran over by cars. We slept out over night one night, the next day about day break Warren appeared on a saddle horse. We went over some hills or knolls and on to the ranch. There was a meadow there, the house had an upstairs, a creek ran through. Dad caught some fish for at least one meal while we were there. Dad may have gone off and driven a mower a couple of days.

One day Warren drove into town, Dillon, with some of the family. Helma had been there visiting for a while. She put on Warren's chaps and hat etc

went out and saddled a gray horse he was supposed to call a one man horse. I can't remember if she really got in the saddle. If she did that's all she did - she didn't ride out of the corral at least.

Warren had some dogs. One was Jerry, the greyhound. Another may have been called Toots.

One a pup played with me with a gunny sack. When I pulled it around she the dog really enjoyed grabbing onto it and growling and tugging at it. One dog was called Smokey.

There was an upstairs to the ranch house. It seemed brown - maybe just shake gables without any oil or preservative on them.

On our way home they told me to look and see the wild horses, all I could see was ^{a couple of} horses so far away you could see they were galloping toward the horizon, that's about all.

at Bannock we saw an old jail and a livery stable - maybe they tried to show me something like bullet holes in the door etc.

When we'd ride along in the Model T sometimes they'd tell me to look for a horse up on a barn. It was a weather vane horse - I always looked for a real horse. I never did see the weather vane as a result.

IP

1937
1937
After living in Island Park the year I turned 8 yrs old - I went to Idaho Falls.

Our family moved into a basement apartment in Sam South's apartment house on Ada Ave. ^{New year eve 1937}

The folks had come down to J. F. once during the summer and arranged to buy a lot. In fact 2 lots. So the lots were on Cleveland St. which was across the street from South's. We attended the 4th Ward where I was baptized in Feb. First time we'd lived in a ward since moving to IP the previous spring from Rexburg.

During the past summer my father and all of us went about Island Park getting out dry timber (red tops and other dead trees). When dad had enough out he arranged to saw out a set of logs. Now Barney helped and probably Charles and they built a log house on the lots. Started Jan 1938

I would walk from school (on Emerson Ave and one city block between 4th and 5th street had the Emerson school) to Cleveland to eat lunch with my dad. Al helped also but he was in school as well. Sometimes the roads were pretty muddy and filled with cuts.

It worked out well for our family to build. It was a rather mild winter. Not a lot of snow. In fact it may be didn't snow the first month. They got the building up to square in nothing flat and the roof on before it stormed (I think)

Then they got a storm in it.

As they were talking and planning the house on the spot - I recall Dad telling Barney - he would like to have two windows in each

of the rooms. Why you might want to look out and see a dog fight.

The ~~city~~ city came along and ~~put~~ ^{hooked up} a water line. We had an outside hydrant just at the east corner of the house. The house had to be 3-4 feet from the property line. And it was from the east line. The house was facing south ~~we sat~~ ^{It sat} on a prominent place so the drive way was quite steep down to the road. Gradually over the years the ~~the~~ road was gravelled and re-gravelled, until finally it was paved - probably while I was away in the army.

It was the 3rd house on the north side of the street from the corner of Emerson Ave, and Cleveland. The corner house belonged to McKenzie. An elderly widow - later taken over by a son. Another son lived north across the alley. He always kept a dog chained in his back yard. It always barked when ~~was~~ anyone passed by. That was Gladstone street. East of ~~him~~ him on the next place was Baker. A small un-down house and next to it another small house - Baker's daughter lived in it.

Across from it there may have been a couple of basement houses. One belonged to a blacksmith named McCluskey. He had a shop on the corner.

Next to us was a house about the size of ours. It was framed and siding. Del Flitton lived there. His wife Althea was a red head. They had one little girl a year or two younger than I. Caroline may have been her name.

to the east of us there were no houses until the last 2 ~~blocks~~^{lots} on the block, each had a basement home. Who lived in the end home I don't recall but by the time I was a deacon (12 yrs old). Ross Ruck moved into it. He was a builder. My father knew of him. His family origins around Rexburg.

Next to them were Packer. Leland Packer and his wife Eva. Their oldest girl Nedra was my age. A year behind her in school a red headed girl Phyllis. Then Dick another 2 years behind her in school and Joan too young for school.³⁻⁴⁻⁵

The folks had known the Packer in Goshen or Shelly. George, the father had a small farm on 1st Street east of town 3-4 miles. He'd sold Dad two lots.

Across the street from Packer a large white house with 4 gabled ends was quite prominent on our street. Behind that house on the alley was a log building - originally a shed or coop it was converted to a house and rented. Van Orden's a second generation son from the Goshen Van Orden's lived in it. And maybe before that a Benson family. Benson married Packer's daughter.

The Swain family lived in the big white house. Merwin Swain. They adopted a boy - 4-5 yrs old later on when I was in 6th grade or 7th. He was a hyper sensitive kid. Today that's what we'd call him. I used to baby sit there.

East of Swains in the corner was an old frame house - no paint on it. About the size of our log home. An old man named Pleaman lived there. Dad got the first shubert starts

from ~~Street~~ ^{SP.} ~~Pierman~~ ^{He} had a big garden. Swain had lots of raspberries, McKenzies had berries too.

Across the alley from Paeks were two nice homes, white frame. One on the corner was Kings. He ran a road grade for the city. He used to go up and down all our streets, north of first street was not paved for many years. One of these relatives lived in the next house. Young was their name. King's daughter married Young. They had a set of twins - triplets and another set of twins (I think) One died very young.

The only other houses were across from us were three basement homes. One was unfinished. On the corner James Webster. He had several boys and an older daughter. One boy Dorcel was near Al's age. An older son later became a police man on the local force. He was a big man. He married a nice girl. One boy was younger than I a year or two.

My mother didn't let me go over and play with them. They did go to our yard, through the block with across the alley

were a family name named Deveroux (sp.) They had a girl a year or two ahead of me in school. And Billy was 2 or 3 yrs behind me. They were an attractive family to me because they had a canal behind their house. In the canal were Shetland ponies. Some were spotted (pinto) some solid colors.

Looking out our front window then place was always in plain view. They had several large old shade trees, the biggest and oldest in our neighborhood. Across the street from them was another house with large trees. There was a girl a year ahead of me in school and a boy a year or two younger.

names

With the basement houses across the street we had a clear view. Two other houses east of Devex -- I had Brownings they had two boys near all age older than I, the mother was a Webster or sister to Webster, then another Webster family - Leonard. His wife was my primary teacher for many years. Their oldest girl Lila, was in my grade at school. Then a younger sister and brother still younger. Later they moved onto a farm on east first street - Paul and Anna lived on that farm when Sandra was starting school. One boy was Max Webster but I can't remember which family - A Bala family and Hancocks too.

The Dev. family took their Shetlands to West Yellowstone each summer and rented rides to tourists - they also dressed people's kids up in colourful chaps, vests and cowboy hats and took their pictures on the Shetlands.

I remember Ruth South having pictures of Dan and Burton each on a Pinto pony all decked out in cowboy outfits, they were Devex pictures.

On holidays and Sundays they would set up in Reno Park and do the same thing.

Or else just give rides for a dime or more for longer. I was so fascinated with their ponies, I'd ~~go~~ cut thru the block to the alley on my way to school sometimes just for the chance to get a closer look at ~~their~~ ^{them}.

They had a Cocker spaniel dog, I got to be friends with Billy some - eventually I got to ride one of the Shetlands. It was a sort of dun colored one. He rode a spotted one he called Doll. It got sort of old, I rode to Reno Park with him a few times on Saturdays. But it was in jr high by that time.

I remember one his spaniel went into a farmer's yard near the park and chickens started making a uckus, Billy headed for the dog. The farmer ran out shouting.

Billy headed down the road for home on Doll galloping and bellowing, get far home smoothly. The dog was on lead.

I came along behind on a shetland not very anxious to hurry.

In the next block east of us were 2 cinder block houses, and then a cinder block plant. It belonged to Clark. Eventually it became Clark Concrete & Pipe co. They had a girl Evaline a little older than I, and one or two considerably younger children.

At the end of the street was Hart's bakery, Mr. Hart had two kids. Jack - was a good basketball player. He played while at was still in school. The daughter younger than ~~at~~ was Jean. Later they put out a bread in a wrapper Jack & Jean.

Some of their rolls and specialties were also labelled Jack & Jeans. Eventually before the bakery went out of business the name of it may have been changed to Jack & Jeans.

Well Jean married ~~by~~ Loyd Ricks - who became bishop of ward when Barney died he had a lot of influence over David & Barney for a while in their teen age years.

along the alley next to the bakery were a half dozen small log cabins. It was the fore-runner of our motel. Even today there are still many similar units.

Waver & Carol lived in one of these for a time. They were rented to families in the off season. The next house belonged to a Man. He was a plasterer. He had a girl my age ^{Elinor} ~~Maxine~~ and a boy a few years younger - James.

James followed me to Ricki College 4-5 years behind me in school. He grew up to fill a mission. He married a girl from his mission field (Michigan) the younger sister was Maxine.

The father was a non-member. I of the went there gathering fast offerings, the mother was faithful member. They were poor. Eventually they did build on to their house making it more livable.

As I walked to school along Emerson avenue I'd pass between their house and Webster. There were no other houses until Lomas street. Gladstone was the next street south - Deaver - lived on it.

On the corner of Lomas was a basement house. Then the city had a garage-shop

for equipment, across the street was a white house - a young family lived there. Had two boys - Gary - 3-4 years behind me in school. and Steve - 3-4 years behind Gary.

Gary played basket ball at Ricks inter muelle when I was ~~the~~ manager of Assoc. men students Steve was at Byu after I came there following my mission, He was in an Ed. class. Because of his show & tell item in Dr. Ed, I got my first introduction to Dr Ed - its requirements - etc and began to get a minor in that field.

On the corner of 1st street was a service station and a store combination. You could get candy trays, bananas, etc. they also had a motel unit. Off season people lived there. One girl from star valley (Leavitt) lived in one of these units - a cabin.

West one block probably on Lee Ave. was a Japanese school. Japanese children from all over the county come there. You could go by and hear them reciting inside at times. a wrought iron fence in a cement retaining wall surrounded their yard all in lawn.

A Japanese style building, it was quite large. Kittie Rameel was 1st street market. It was operated by Joe Armstrong and Kindred. We bought our groceries there. they sold coupon books. We could go there pick out our items and they would tear out coupons. they also made deliveries at times. We were in the same ward. they lived on 3rd street.

Next to them was the 1st street barber shop

next to the barber shop was 1st street confectionery. You could buy kites - candy and varieties of things there.

One of the houses across the street was Clarence Hunter.

Our bishop was Grant Omond - he probably lived on 4th street, between Halmer & Higher. On that street too lived Wes Green. His wife was a Hendricks related to mother.

Also a Rasmussen family prominent in our ward.

A counselor was Clarence Hunter and Kindred. Kindred's store partner Joe Armstrong married sister. They had a sister that married Marion S. Romney. When he became a general authority that became big stuff. The bishop was special to me. Bro. Kindred was always laughing and jolly in a deep voice. He had to be a favorite.

Bro. Hunter was just a quiet behind the scenes workhorse. No splash - just work, all business.

He had a son Al's age, a girl about Anna's age and a boy David, a few years behind me in school.

Armstrongs had a girl Al's age - maybe a year ahead in school. Beth. She was a real special person. They had a girl in my grade and class in school alone. In the second grade she had to be it!

Once while we still lived in South's basement I called her on the phone. I'd never talked on a phone before. The phone was upstairs in South's living room. May had helped me find the number.

Gave the number to the operator. Someone answered - I asked for Alene. They said they'd call her. While she was coming I panicked - dropped the phone and ran out of the room - 'May!', 'May!', I don't know what happened on the phone, must have just got hung up.

One other time it was storming and May, drove down to the 2nd ward meeting house to pick me up after primary. I wanted to give Alene a ride home. But I guess we couldn't spot her among all the kids running along on the sidewalk. Anyway I can't remember ever giving her a ride.

A brother to the mine of Armstrong + Kindred was Jensen. His mother lived in a large house next to the confectionary. Once a nephew, Jensen, came up and lived with his grandma and attended school - like the last 2 years of high school. He was a very unusually likeable kid. Good - good example to yourself boys. Wasn't getting into trouble or goofing off -

Back to Emerson + 1st corner, a big 2 story frame home with high completely fenced yard was Chesson. This very well to do family ran the music store by the same name.

A girl Joan was a year behind me in school. She was large for her age - not homely but not really attractive either. A gangly brother 2 years behind her in school was not very well known. Among kids I got to know these were hardly some of them, I'd see them at school

of course but their families affluence separated us from non school activities and since they were non-mormons we had no other ties. Often they seemed ^{to} be popular among class mates but this was probably due in part by their affluence. Little girls probably looked at her Joan in nice dresses and clothes - like I looked at Billy D's pointer.

They would be somewhat attracted just to see the nice stuff she wore. Teachers too had a way of treating such kids on a little different level. Probably the very articulation was evident and enjoyable to the teachers. Some of the rest of us didn't even have radios at home. What did we have to talk about to a teacher.

On 2nd street several small houses ^{facing} north ~~west~~ west of Emerson. The corner house always had a nice Buick parked in either their garage or driveway. Next to them one or two houses was Squires, a boy in my grade in primary and a boy a year younger in my grade at school. Kenneth.

We went all thru school together. ~~One~~ One the ~~west~~ east were several cabin type rental units, a Binkman family lived in one of those, a tall slender boy Richard was in my class, a brother 2 or years ahead of us and a younger sister.

The next block was 3rd street. East was a large home belonging to Tuckers. Ray Tucker was a heavy set boy my age.

He wasn't always popular with other ^{boys} ~~to~~
 He tried to be friendly to me. And he was
 helpful. He gave me some hints when I
 first passed the sacrament.

Across the street from him was Larsons.
 They had a boy older than I (2 years) Don.
 A boy in my grade Keith and a sister
 younger - in fact another younger than her.

On the corner ~~near~~ of 4th Kitter-cornered from
 the school grounds was Hildebrandts. He was
 a chiropractor. Had one or two kids, there
 was a retaining wall along the sidewalk
 by their house.

One day I was walking with mother
 south next to this retaining wall. A
 chow dog lived there. It sat there on
 the ~~wall~~ lawn back 8-10 feet from the
 sidewalk as we approached. Another
 dog came trotting along the lawn went up
 to the chow sitting there and cocked its leg
 as if to a fire hydrant and went on its
 way. Neither dog paid any other attention
 to each other. This was once when I
 saw mother lose her composure. She
 really cracked up laughing.

The first time I ever walked toward
 school with mother we were on Emerson
 going south and at the corner of Lomax.
 As soon as she saw the corner street
 sign and ~~read~~ read it aloud she cracked
 up laughing. She had pronounced it
 Lumox (Lummax). A derogatory
 noun "you big lumox" was a

colloquial expression.

Once several years later we were together sitting in our 1936 Chevy sedan parked on main street in Driggs. Dad had gone there to see as regional work director of the I F temple to see a stake pres. about a temple work assignment. He had gone into the court house perhaps to see his mom, while we waited in the car.

It was of the noon and school ^{as} let out. Kids were passing on the street. One girl called to another see you tomorrow Enid. Mother had a fit of laughter, Phil never heard that name before. Later the youngest of George Pack's daughters moved into a house moved onto the lot next to us. She and her husband, Woody Mellie, named their first daughter Enid.

On the corner of 2nd street and Higbee a new church was built, at first we met in the rec. hall. It had a stage. We used folding chairs. Finally it was completed and we moved into the chapel. At the rear of the chapel sliding doors separated the rec. hall. It was plastered on the outside white. Dad spent a lot of time working on it.

It was nice not to have to go to 9th street for church and primary.

On the corner of Third street and Lee Ave there was a small grocery store - Cuddles.

Jay Cuddle was a year younger younger than I and Charles was 1 or 2 years ahead of me in school. Later Jay was teaching school

~~at~~ a history and a counselor at AF, high school when I did my student teaching. Charles was athlete of the year his senior year. He did real well in track.

This sort of gives an idea of our neighborhood. North of us over the hill was the stock yard and livestock auction.

Now back to building our house. One day I left school at lunch town with my lunch in a paper sack. I started across the school lawn toward home. The janitor grabbed onto me and told me I couldn't leave the building. He put me into a lunch room into the school building. There were two buildings at Emerson. A small single story building with 2 1st grades and 2nd grade. I attended 2nd grade but in the other building. By the time I was put into the room where they ate lunch I was sobbing uncontrollably. Finally a teacher got me calmed down to where I could explain what I wanted to do. They explained the janitor thought I was going out onto the lawn to eat lunch. Eating on the lawn was not allowed. So I left and went home. I ate lunch with Dad. We ate a lot of scrambled egg sandwiches.

On the corner of 5th street and Emerson lived Milton Christensen. Dad had known him from Goshen. His wife mother had known as a girl - maybe at Ricks. She may have been a

Peterson. They had at least one daughter older than I. One girl, Colleen, in my class and a boy 2 or 3 years younger. Later he was patronized quite Warren & Steve their blessings. Colleen & Alene were buddies. They were a little snobbish. Colleen talked constantly in Sunday School classes. She was very nice to teachers - some were run out.

In our senior years at school two boys transferred to IF from Iowa to play ball. Leo Parker and a _____ Gardner. The Gardner boy became very interested in Alene and married her probably before she began college.

Her sister Beth, married Walt Jussi. She met him at Ricks. He was an outstanding athlete at Ricks. In his 2nd year there he was in many sports. He was a star basketball player and on the boxing team as a champion in his weight the same year. He went off into the service to the South Pacific. They were married before he went overseas. She led the singing in our ward until after he came home. Then he played basketball in the ward between attacks of malaria. He was kind to help younger kids in the ward at school as well as in the 1st street market.

Later he was a butcher. (Even for Paul Bzuer in Shelley). First Street Grocery went broke. Joe Armstrong went into real estate.

Bro. Kindred died of an unexpected heart attack at an early age. He had a girl a year or two older than I, Kathleen, and then a

son Jay. Jay became a doctor and was the one that delivered Tim in the I F hospital. A boy Hal was several years younger than I.

Owards had a girl Joan about 3 years younger than I. Both after we were in different wards they had 3 more girls - no boys. Sister Oward lived in Ia, each summer. She had a hay fever problem which was relieved by living there. At first it was Big Springs later a cabin on the Buffalo R. just below the bridge at Ponds Lodge. Their girls worked at Ponds sometimes.

In the 500 block of Cleveland lived George White. We got milk from them sometimes. People complained about the freshness of the milk. They were quite old. They had never had any children. Sometimes they would stop on Sunday morning and give us a ride to church in his model T Ford, ~~when~~ before the new church was ready for use. Al rode his bike a lot.

When I was in Tawson they gave some books to my folks to send to me. They are treasures.

Farther up Cleveland lived Thomases, Danielsons, and Millers. Louise Danielson Thomas was in my grade. We competed as baby sitters for Swaine. Also for reading the most library books in 3rd grade. Her older sister was very fair and was always chosen to be Mary in all the school Christmas nativity scenes. Dean Danielson was biggest boy in our school but didn't seem to like sports. He went inactive in church by joining

evaluation. I thought he was a twin of Pearl his sister because they were in same grade. Later I found he was older - had just been held back a grade or two. Guess that's why he wasn't interested with other boys in his class at school - he was older.

I often had Cleveland at my fast offering table so I went to their home a number of years, also went teaching to some of them.

I was really interested in playing marbles, we called them "wigs" we often traded. Bullseye flints were the most coveted stones, if you played on the sidewalk "steelies" were used, they rolled without bouncing so much.

The cheapest marbles were "corks" they come in two sizes, they were rough and uneven. When you put a good marble in the ring it was unfair to have someone else put one against it. There were a myriad of rules governing marbles. One game was lag - another pots. Barney and Charley played pots with kids in their neighborhood.

In second grade we studied Indians. I made a clay pot and painted it an Indian design. We had a different teacher come in and teach singing, a Mrs. Owens, a little short rotund teacher from the other building.

at recess it was jump rope, marbles and soccer. I like soccer but didn't like softball. The janitor was Mr. Crow. Lots of kids liked him and hung around him or his wife on the playground. Our school had none but no swings.

My second grade teacher must have been Mrs. Walz.

When summer came we prepared to go to Island Park.

That spring - Ben South got up one morning and loaded up and pulled out of Idaho Falls and headed for Wyo.

He took his team clip + Dick, and the International truck. We moved to Island Park. But things did not go well for Souths, no one was buying any lumber or logs, after about a month we were back in I. F.

I remember going to 10th Street Grocery with Al. Ben Kindred said "Will you work?" I said, "yes, they got fired" Al was pretty chagrined. Ben Kindred laughed heartily and said he sort of puts it the hard way doesn't he?

Al went back before the summer was over. He couldn't find any work in I. F.

We helped Dad, he cleared the lot of weeds - mostly tumble weeds - Russian thistle. We had a big bon fire. Dad planted a garden. As he spaded up the back plot there were a lot of old tin cans and other things along the west side of the property. He figured an old canal maybe had been filled in there.

He was proud of the tomatoes that came on a little later. He enjoyed putting in raspberries. A lady in Goshen had told him how to plant them. He was anxious to try her method of growing them - and it turned out to be very successful -

at Emerson grade 4, 5, 6 had home rooms the first hour of the day. Mrs. Miss Anna Johnson was the principal. She had her room on the main floor. When you marched into the building you went up one half flight to the main floor. One second and two third graders were on this floor as well as the 4th grade that was her home room, the A room.

I was in Mr. Stewart's home room. He taught math. He was a real nice teacher. Part way thru the school year he left and a Mrs. Bush took his place. She was a large course looking lady - dark rudely complexion complexion complexion. She seldom smiled if ever and was very short tempered. Once I got a 0 on a math test, I ~~thought~~ she had us read our score out to her to see record in her roll book. When she came to my name I said "ought". I thought maybe she'd know what I meant and some of the other kids wouldn't know. When mother used to help me with math she'd say "ought" for zero. What? she bellowed out. Finally I was forced to say zero. And everyone in the room certainly was aware of it by then. And she said, why didn't you say so in the first place?

We passed to another classroom for each of the other 5 days periods a day. In the During this year a girl came into our B room named Jakobina Sorensen. Mr. Stewart was still there. Kids used to make a big fuss over new kids - especially if they were cute. She used the nickname Jacie. She sat right behind me - So we must not have

seated in alphabetical order in his class.

I remember once we were doing division and she kept getting me to turn around to help her. I was rather flattered. She went steady with a boy in our class - Howard Mead, both in high school and ended up marrying him. She may have attended our word for a while but likely lived in the second word most of the time. She was blonde - sort of cute and friendly. A lot of the cutest girls became snobbish it seemed. Nedra Park went into the A room.

Mrs. Johnson taught history. Mrs. Linsen a red head taught reading. Mrs. Davis taught spelling and English. They both seemed like old maids - typically school mams. Mr. Spillet taught geography. He had a boy named Juan. He may have been named that because his dad may have been a missionary to a Spanish speaking country - they were in our word part of the time. Juan was a very likeable boy. He was one grade below me and was in the A room.

The music and penmanship teacher was Miss Ward. She was a blonde. She had taught at Sugar City when May taught there. She came in new at Emerson the year I went into 4th grade I believe.

Once I saw a movie - it was a short subject film. It showed a hilly-billy one room grade school. There was going to be a new teacher. The kids were all there with their apple etc to give the new teacher. This gorgeous stupid blonde walked in and down the side of the side of

with her long blond hair flowing below her shoulders. room! All eyes were admiringly fastened upon her. At the front of the room she walked over to the desk and faced the class. She was like Dad used to say as homely as a wind fence. All the kids threw their apples, fruit etc at her.

Miss Wood could make you think of the movie. She was nice. She was certainly not ugly by any means but she still there was a different appreciation for her looks from back to front.

I started noticing a guy in the A room of the B 4th grade - Vonda Strong. Her mother was dark and dark eyes. She looked like an Indian. Her father was dark also. Her mother's father was Mr. Pope. He operated Pope's drive in. It wasn't a drive in like you drive thru but he had a stand like H & W root beer, and sold hamburgers. It was across the highway from Hart's bakery. When we'd cut thru the rail road yards to walk over to South we'd go past his place. On holidays he'd operate a snack trailer such as 4th and 24th of July celebrations. His hair was especially white.

I once walked home with her from the library on primary even. She lived facing North ~~with~~ at Sov Blvd on the corner of the alley between 3rd and 4th streets. I went in her house to see her new little brother. Her mother was concerned that no one went into see the baby if they had a cold. She asked if I did. I didn't but once inside I made a couple of

muffled coughs. Vonda said well it isn't really a cold is it? it is just sort of a cough.

Once a year or two later I was running across the school grounds - the bell had already rang, most kids were in the building. If you were on time you lined up and marched in. As I got near the building Vonda was a little late also. I ran over and gave her a nickel candy bar.

Later she was in my Sunday School class and "Cat" Thompson was our S. S. teacher. He was coach at the high school so he took us as a class to the school swimming pool. I couldn't swim and I guess Vonda couldn't either. I don't remember seeing any other kids in the pool except her. I still can't but I remember her being there.

At Christmas time all the classes would go to the halls and sing Christmas carols each day for several days during the holiday season.

We had Easter seal drives and if you gave so much you'd get a pencil with an Easter seal logo on it. The rooms would compete to see which room gave ~~to~~ bought the most U.S. Sewing bonds. We'd buy stamps and put into a book until we had a book filled. I guess the teachers kept the books for us until they were filled. Then we'd take them home.

I filled one book. It must have been difficult for the folks to supply me with money to keep up on the stamps. I can't remember the denomination of stamps.

after you put $\$18.00$ or $\$18.50$ into a hoak then you had a $\$25.00$ war bond - good at maturity after 10 years. I remember when it matured and I took it to the Post Office. It spent a lot of years tucked away in a chest drawer. Maybe it was in the chest all made in stap. That motogamy dresser in in mother's front room for a lot of years.

Our house had a front room, we had a kitchenette off to the right. The folks had their old majestic range sitting in it. Also a wash stand where we kept a bucket of water and a dipper. Mother's stove had a reservoir attached. We always had a wood pile out back. Since we didn't ever get a cow, Dad probably didn't have the money all at once to get a cow or maybe the means to get hay to feed one. So his cow barn became our wood shed. before the barn was built however we'd get a load of wood - full length logs unloaded behind the house.

One fall Dad was away probably in T.P. It seemed some of our wood was disappearing. Al was pretty concerned. I remember once Al and I sat out behind our house for quite a long time (it seemed long to me) in the dark waiting to see if anyone came around bothering the wood pile. Al had a claw hammer in his hand. But no one ever came around. We had a chopping block and a saw jack. We regularly did chores at night before dark. Dad had a crosscut saw. He had more than one. One was a regular 2 man

saw with the tall round handles that ~~was~~ ^{screwed} on in place with a pin placed thru a hole in each end of the saw. It was not the narrow 2 man ribbon saw like Barney used in the fir.

Once while Barney was gone he worked for a short time in the big woods somewhere in Northern California.

Dad also had a one man saw and put a handle on the other end so Dad and Al usually sawed the blocks. I'd help carry with my sled. Dad would split it using his 4 lb double-bitted ax. It was a big ax. Most axes were 3 or $3\frac{1}{2}$ commonly. Dad may have had a $4\frac{1}{2}$ lb ax once.

After the long lengths were cut down to short pieces I'd get to sit on them to hold them still or steady while they made the final saw cuts not cutting all the way thru on the last cuts enabling them to cut blocks while ~~at~~ the short log rested between the two end jacks of the saw jack or saw horse. Then those last blocks were broken off with a ~~man~~ ^{man} swinging blow or from the uncut side with ~~ax~~ ^a ~~single~~ ^{single} ax cut.

It was a daily chore to fill the wood box. Some wood had to be split for the kitchen stove. Some was left round for the heater in the front room. Some was split fine for kindling. Some time Al or Dad would get some pitch from Doug fir stumps or butt cuts.

They'd use it for fire starters. But more after Al just used a pocket knife with a long blade and cut successively down one

edge to make shavings, a half ~~dozen~~^{dozen} of these would start a fire with a match quite easily. Al used to get up be the first one up in the morning and start the fire.

Next to the wash stand in the kitchen we put a galvanized bucket on the floor. We used it for waste water. Dish water was thrown out the front door usually away from the door to the east. Also two waste bucket was thrown out or emptied there. The two hole out house was built near the alley on adjacent to the east property line. So we had a path along the east side of the house. Dad used to clear the snow with the broom to keep a trail in winter. Dad built a trough along one side as a urinal. This helped prevent the area around the seats from getting wet. That was one disadvantage of many of the out houses. And we always seemed to have a monkey-ward. (Montgomery) or Sears Roebuck Catalogue there.

Next to the kitchenette there was a small room. It was Anna's bedroom. The north end of the house was divided into two bedrooms. The folks used the one on the east. Al & I had the one on the west. It had the arched hole to the attic and a ladder steps on two of the studs next to the door. We stored sacks of flour up there. But it was very warm or hot in summer and weevil was a problem.

It was always fun to move everything out of the living room and put in new linoleum.

that was one time when you could slide and slither around on the slick shiny shiny floor and not get dirty. The pine wood floor with a subfloor was rough and it wasn't long before the linoleum would show the location of cracks in the boards below wherever any traffic crossed the floor.

The bedroom windows ~~were~~ held in place with a wooden button latch. ~~when~~ they were opened they were kept from falling by turning the button and leaning the top in ~~they were~~ and it was prevented from falling in by a strap nailed to the window and the frame. The top leaned in about 6 to 8 inches.

The windows in the living room and kitchen were double so one could slide past the other. ~~we~~ did not open them much. These windows had the top $\frac{1}{2}$ sectioned into 3 small panes. The rest was a single large pane.

One of the basement houses across from us was never completed to be build in for many years. But a family moved into the one on the east named Apgood. Their oldest boy Leon was my age and in my Sunday school and scout age classes. But he was a year ahead of me in school. The next boy, Wayne, was in my room at school. He played a lot of basketball with me and two years. He played marbles with me also. Another girl younger than he went to our school and one other boy school age named Eldon. There was one other younger boy or maybe two.

Their father was a large good looking man. But he was seldom at home. ~~the~~

The details of this man I don't know but I heard Dad comment that he had been hit over the head by someone with a gun. This caused some mental problems. He was usually in Blackfoot where he was being treated. He would arrive home for visits usually on week ends in a car accompanied by several men. He'd be home ~~on~~ ^{any} or two and they'd come get him and take him back again.

He drowned in the Snake River. I don't know how long after they lived there before he drowned. The circumstances as best I remember were that one one weekend it was decided he shouldn't come home to visit. He was disappointed and ran away from the hospital. ~~He~~ He was pursued by men on horseback. ~~He~~ He was able to keep away from them and made it to the river (Snake River) I'd have to assume. He swam across but they pursued him. Rather than be taken he turned back and in attempting a second crossing drowned.

This made Dad quite upset. He didn't figure the man was a dangerous fugitive. He always seemed calm at home. His family was always ~~so~~ anxiously ~~and~~ awaiting his visits and were out ~~with~~ bidding him good-bye when he left. Dad figured the most he'd have done had they let him go was come to see his family and they might have picked him up there without any problems.

Dad once had a friend he'd grown up with that was placed in Blackfoot. He was a fine big healthy man. Dad sort of figured his wife

had something to do with his being committed - possibly along with some of the family or friends. He felt she wanted him out of the way because she became interested in another man.

Some mutual friend of theirs told Dad he'd seen this man in Blackfoot and had been shown that his back and it was stripped from beatings. Dad always felt bad about that.

Dad told us of a time some fellows were passing the Industrial school near St. Anthony and saw a grown supervisor thrashing a kid inside in a field where they were working. He stopped his outfit got out, scaled the fence and gave the man a thrashing.

Once Dad went to the school (actually it was near Parker) near St. Anthony to see about acquiring a young registered Holstein bull they had. When he arrived he had Wamen with him. Wamen had to be quite young. When he went to the office they asked if he'd brought the boy to them. Dad was pretty emphatic about his reply and disappointed I'm sure they would have even asked.

I would guess the apgarads lived there a year or two but then they moved to the corner of Gladstone and Higbee.

During the 5th grade I was in the last year of primary. The kids I went to school with were a year behind me in primary. I had some good primary teachers, Mrs. Parmenter and Mrs. Sister Burningham. Sister Leola Webster.

One girl moved into our school and was from someplace in Wyoming. Her name was

mauthor. She'd been in a place where their school house was built so part of it was in one state or county and part was in another, maybe it was Star Valley but I'm not sure. Another girl came to our class named Beverly Leavitt. Her family lived in Ray's cabins on 1st street. She came to our ward. Her dark brown hair was unkempt. She wore drab clothes. The kids were cruel - making little sayings about her and calling her dirty. In line they'd push other kids into her and yell "look out - don't touch her or you'll get her fleas." Sometimes she'd strike out in anger.

There used to be two groups on the playground at recess - the boys chose sides - the boys boys side and the girls side. For some strange reason some boys think they are to be chivalrous and be on the girls side to champion protection to the fairer sex. They'd never hit a girl etc. All the time the dumb boys didn't realize that the girls probably to the last one were hoping the other side would win and could have called less for the boys on the girls side. I was one of the dumb ones.

I'd been taught never to hit a lady or a girl. I could tease them all I wanted. There probably wasn't a 6th grade girl in the school that could catch me on foot.

One day Nedra pack ~~ran~~ ^{ran} up to me on the way home from school when some of the boys gang were teasing the girls. I can't figure out why because I was on the girls side - but she kicked me several times on the shins. I think I'd told a boy

of mine that if a girl did that he could break
me so well and clobber her. And she ran
away giggling.

A punishment we used to get was staying after
school and writing so many times - I would talk
on whatever. One day Wayne appeared sat next
to me on a row in Miss Ward's room. We were
were likely whispering while doing our penmanship
and when she walked along the aisle checking
our work he busted out snickering. She
hit us on the back of the head with a
penmanship book. It was about like a
book - soft bound. We had to stay
after school and write.

I was trying out something I'd heard
from Al or Anna. I wrote with two
pencils so I could get the 100 times write
the sentence 100 times done faster. She
happened to see it and just good
naturedly laughed about it and told me
I better use only one pencil.

Harmonica lessons -

Harmonica plays visited school -
see movies in music room -

Billy Barney moves into cabins by bakery.
Elmer visits school - Jay Gillen

While in Mrs. Wood's class we used to have movies occasionally for the school. We'd have the regular science movies about volcanoes etc. One time the world's greatest harmonica player came and put on an assembly. Since they used our music room which it seems like had a small stage ~~as~~ and was also the school's auditorium when other classes would fill in we would be over to sit doubled in our seats. So kids of course liked to have their friends come and and sit by them in the seats.

That was an advantage of being in that room at the home room. We had ink wells in ~~our~~ ^{our} desks.

The harmonica player imitated a train - a locomotive very well. Barney gave the folks a radio we used to listen to Baby Snooks, Blondie and Dagwood Bumstead, Fibber McGee and Molly - Remmie of the Mounted and I Love a Mystery. These were favorite evening programs. Lum and Abner and Amos and Andy. The Commercial Call for Phillips Movie - Major Edward ~~Ben~~ Bowser the original ~~Amateur~~ ^{hour} tear hour.

In our home room we often had a time set aside once a ~~week~~ ^{week} or at least somewhat regularly when we had a Major Edward Bowser hour. Kids would ~~turn~~ ^{to be} turn going up and doing things like dancing, telling stories or riddles - What's black & white and red all over? Why did the tomato turn red?

One girl used to do the dances - some tap dance. I used to sing like "It was mid night on the ocean - Strawberry Roan" Preacher & the Bear etc. The kids liked that and often ~~clapped~~ ^{clapped} and encouraged me to take part.

One time in Mrs. Davis room - where we had spelling and word books we were seated in long rows - For discipline she would have you come up to her desk and hold out your hand - then she'd hit it with a ruler.

She seemed a grouch a lot of times - yet she'd pick certain kids out of the class - that is single them out and carry on a conversation in front of the class. She'd act real interested in their family or ask who she knew someone in their family and ask how their aunt Jane was getting along etc and so go on and on. The feeling I got that the rest of us were ignored and were nobodies while we just sat and listened they talked on and on.

Beverly Leavitt was singled out one day and she really let her have it with a tirade of criticism about her dirty clothes, unbrushed and uncombed hair and on and on. I felt like she was very cruel. The girl couldn't do anything except just sit there and take it. I've thought that had to be cruel many times since. As if it was the poor girl's fault.

The kids made fun ^{fun} of her all the time anyway. Once in Anna Johnson's ^{class} I guess I wrote a note and passed it on. We sat around about six tables in her room. She intercepted the note going from one table to another. It probably read, Beverly is dirty. She asked who wrote it. Course I had to own up to it ^{or} another kid said it was me. She made me stand up at the front of the class and apologize to Beverly. I was pretty red faced.

Some of the boys got a real laugh out of it. Howard Mead especially, he laughed heartily. After class at recess I told the boys I didn't mean a word of it, they all laughed at me. I was really pretty scared at the time. But anyway I didn't send any more notes.

Anna Johnson was a very large lady. She

were older than the other teachers except a Miss (Mrs) Royce ~~Anna~~^{Anna} White being principal of the other building. She drove an old coupe that seemed antiquish - but it wasn't a Model T or A. I don't know what Anna Johnson ~~drove~~ drove. She probably had not married. She really made history come alive and filled up her stories with lots of ~~the~~ patriotism.

Billy Barney moved into the cabins by Herby's house. He was an old ~~also~~ only child. His dad may have worked at the stock yards. He wore cowboy boots. I really took up with him thinking he was a cowboy. He was always telling me about his Shetland pony "Sturdy". His favorite story was of Sturdy running away and he was standing in the saddle with his boots planted on the pommel of the saddle - leaving back and pulling on the reins for all he was worth and "Sturdy" kept running.

The many boys lived in Montana before coming to I.P. We liked to draw horses and cowboys. We'd draw on our paper in class. Anna Johnson used to tell us a lot of stories about history. She'd get after me a lot for drawing while she talked. I guess she felt I couldn't draw and listen at the same time. But it irked me she'd make me stop and let Billy Barney keep right on drawing. When he drew he'd sort of curl his mouth and wiggle the end of his tongue like someone does doing a meticulous task.

We'd walk to school together a lot. He came to my place. He could swear a blue streak. Nedra Paack liked him. Sometimes we'd go up to her place. One day he was out by the garden and his

language shocked her parents who were working in their garden. They became instantly alarmed. He used to try to tease Al I believe but it must have irked Al when he called him Almo. He didn't seem to be able to figure out Almo. Yet he talked plans.

One noon hour he and I got into a real pit fight in the middle of the intersection of Lombard and Emerson. A man came and stopped us. I was sobbing as usual and continued to sob for a long time after I got home. ~~He~~ The man told Billy he was bigger than I and he'd better not catch him picking on me again. I don't know what the fight was about. We were fightin' over.

Al came along on his way home for lunch from the high school and walked home with me.

Al joined the boxing team at the high school. He loved to box. He told me a lot about his school and P.E. He talked about the basket ball players at his school. There was a Hart, a Leo Jorgensen and a brother and some others, maybe Ben Allen. A Rhoades went to the Golden Gloves camp championship. Billy moved before the 6th grade started.

Al couldn't box - he loved it but he'd get to lunging so much he lost his concentration I guess and also he got nose bleeds real too easy. So he quite after a while. Anna talked a lot about sports. Volley ball - maybe badminton. ~~He~~ and basketball - she wanted to letter. She tried hard to earn enough points to letter. Seems like boys were always coming to see Anna. One boy came who was from Montana. I really liked him. Guess I thought he was a

Cambay. He always brought me candy bars. I liked that. Actually he was probably just a hay hand.

One big guy older than Anna quite a bit came to court her a lot. Walk somebody. He had a motorcycle - probably a Harley-Davidson. He'd come in the house and sit and visit quite a lot with Dad. I guess we all liked him. No one seemed to really object to the guy.

When he wasn't around I remember something being said like a girl would have to stand on a chair or basket or step to reach a guy that tall to kiss.

One time maybe on a Saturday a car stopped in front with 3 or 4 guys in it. They came to see Anna. They none of them got out of the car. They just honked. That irritated Dad. He figured a fellow should be gentlemanly enough to come to the door and knock if he came calling for a girl. They just pulled up and honked. Dad went out to the car. There were some words exchanged and I remember Dad reaching through the rolled down window and ruffling the drivers hair.

They drove off but came back at least once. Dad told Al to go up to Swaine and ask Mrs Swaine to come down. ~~A~~ just in case of trouble - there was 4 or 5 of boys in the car. I went with Al - I was pretty nervous I remember that.

They left without getting out of the car. Seema like Anna slipped out of the house went back to the alley and left. I don't know of any further happenings in connection with this incident.

Once in Goshen Anna came home crying because

a boy on Gueswat's school bus had bullied her. Dad said if she came home again - like that he'd give her a licking. I don't know if he gave her any instructions in self defense or using the "duke" and the next time she darked up her fists and licked the kid.

I used to like to go to movies on Saturdays. I spent a lot of time stopping the 5 and 10¢ store. We had Woolworth and Kresges. They had some of things. During the time our 5th Ward chapel was being constructed we were always having fund raising bazaars and banquets.

We used to have a cream pitcher resembling pyrex that was won at a fishing pond booth. You paid a dime and pulled on a string from a bundle of strings. The other ends of the strings were tied to a prize. Some prizes were nice worth while things. Others were cheap like toy crickets, balloons and other cheap items.

At banquets I learned what calypso was. I liked it. We never had any at home that I remember prior to the church banquets.

Once at a father's and son's banquet LeGrande Richards spoke. It was exciting. He was so enthused. Dad had lots of nice remarks about him. Dad called him his fellow townsman. He was from Richmond or Smithfield. Dad was born in Richmond. They were born in the same year I believe also. At the time he was the presiding bishop of the church.

Dad helped me at home to get some practice with the mouth organ. We bought one for me at Chester's music store. It was an M. Honec vintage band harmonica. I got a couple of books for it - with old songs like Stephen Foster songs and other traditional folk songs and historical or national -

A blonde swave looking boy moved in. I was in Mr. Spillet's home room. Dean combed his hair straight back. He always feigned being tough - going around with his fists doubled up - talking tough.

A Terry Sage also moved in on Emerson Ave across from the 1st grade building and across the alley from Calcan Christensen's house. They moved in from Shelley somewhere in that general area. Her mother seemed nice. He was a good friend. Jr. Seedahl lived on 4th street about two houses from the corner of Emerson. I stayed after school and played marbles a great deal with these two. About two next year Sages moved away. Mr. Sage had a little mustache and was always dressed up. He may have been a salesman of some sort.

My other friends were Glen Spracker. He lived on 3rd street. He was a deacon with me. He was ^{really} supposed to be tough. No one challenged him. I usually ~~stayed~~ managed to stay on the good side of him. That way none of the other big boys at our school gave me any trouble. ~~Bruce~~ Bruce Kenney also lived on 4th near Seedahl.

Mr. Spillet arranged to spend some Saturdays at the high school with the 6th grade boys teaching me basketball. I was delighted. I hadn't seen the game played I guess and I didn't know what double dribble was. Whenever they'd throw me the ball, I'd leave it to double dribble. The only thing I could figure was double meant both hands on it while dribbling, and I didn't think I had done that.

Sometimes they had special programs such as the pianist Paderewski coming to town. They'd usually have a half day or a Saturday morning

program at the Paramount Theatre for kids from all the schools in town. It would usually cost a dime.

Once I went and we weren't sure if it should cost a dime or 15¢. I was given 15¢ in case but we were pretty short of change at home. It only cost a dime and I remember spending the other nickel for popcorn or candy and staying with Vonda or some other girl. The folks were disappointed after I returned home and had spent the other nickel.

Of the boys playing basketball were probably Swainston, Howard Mead, Jackie Schaffer and Le Seedahl. Terry Sage, Richard Brinkman, Wayne Appgood Bruce Kenny - maybe Spraker. Maybe even Dean Danielson.

Terry had a sister Gloria, in the 5th grade A room. She was real cute. I liked her a lot. Once I wanted to take her to a movie on Saturday. ~~He~~ ^I talked to her mother to see if it would be alright. It wasn't.

Some boys and girls went to the school programs at the theatre and sat together. So I didn't see much difference. I'd watch for Gloria when we'd pass from classes and pass her class in the hall.

There was a pair of twin boys in the 5th grade. In ~~my~~ ^{my} circle of friends and on the playground and at pumpany it was generally known that Gloria was my girl. There was some talk of these twins catching her after school and doing something to her. When I heard the rumour I went to the front of the school as soon as school was out looking for them. They'd heard I was coming and left. They ran - they were pretty scared.

One day I went to class and before class started Swainston came in and came up to my seat. I was in

a chair at my table in Spillet's room. It was ^{on the second floor} upstairs at the top of the stairs. He walked in and grabbed me by the shirt below the chin and threatened to ~~beat~~ leave his girl alone. I stood up and gave him a good solid right. He let go and that ended any trouble between us. I knew he liked Gloria but I didn't feel she was his girl more than mine.

One time Spillet gave us a quiz. One question was what was the capital of U.S. Another was what was the capital of Idaho. I put Wash. D.C. for both answers. After he saw my paper he took it and walked out into the hall and hinted around to show the other teachers. Lanson & Davis who were standing in the hall waiting for their kids to come in from the school grounds. I felt embarrassed that he would make such a fuss over my mistakes.

Another time we exchanged papers to correct answers to a quiz. I wasn't paying attention and failed to mark some wrong that were missed. It happened to have Richard Binkman's paper. After the papers were returned he noticed the mistakes and took them to Mr. Spillet, who ~~then~~ ^{then} spent 15 minutes in a ~~class~~ ^{class} that seemed like a tirade on cheating-cheaters, and that there wasn't anything so low as a cheat. At some time afterward I went up to him when the room was vacant and told him I wanted him to know I wasn't cheating. I'd liked him as a teacher. I liked his son Juan. He worked on Saturdays at Wards in their shoe department. Mother and I had bought shoes from him sometimes. I did like him since he was the only male teacher at our school. Generally he was good to me. A girl named Beverly Byerly sat at my table and was always laughing and

seemed to enjoy sitting next to me. Sometimes she talked too much. She wasn't real cute. She lived at College and Holmes Ave. She wasn't a member. Her brother lived Robert Johnson. His father ^{Father} had been my priesthood leader. Robert and David Croft went on missions about the same time. His mother was a Rasmussen. They were a grade behind me in school.

At one time Warren lived neighbors to them on Coe Ave. Ted Bromley lived across the street. Carol met him and later Ted divorced his wife and got involved with Carol leading to Warren and Carol's separation. Warren was given custody of the children. On the corner west lived Al Wright. They had two boys Gordon and Jerry. They had a younger sister. They walked to school with Maureen sometimes, or during the time of it.

After the divorce Warren moved into ~~a~~ ^{top a} cabin by Hart's bakery. Warren worked at the bakery sometimes. He later moved into a trailer across from the folks.

During this school year the boys my age were at O.E. Bell. So after school I just attended primary. Did not have anything else necessarily to do so I went to primary an extra year. I also went to M.I.P. that year. I became a tender at scout. Finally I was made a second class.

Once or twice I rode Al's bicycle to school after I'd gone home. He let me ride his bike. In winter I used to ride down the hill in front of our house. I saw I tied a rope to the front on my sleigh (sleigh) guide. There was a hole drilled on each side. I had a rope with each end tied to this to pull it by.

I used it to haul wood to the front door of the house where I could ^{carry} ~~haul~~ it into the woodbox.

I'd stand on the back of my sleigh and hold tight to the rope to help balance. Then I'd go down our hill onto the road standing up on the back of the sleigh. When the road was snow-packed I could go across and start up the driveway opposite our own. When it was ~~slushy~~ slushy or after the gravel began striking through the sleigh would stop abruptly and I'd be thrown off. I didn't usually fall. I'd expect it and land on my feet.

Sometimes I could ride down nearly to the corner at Webster's driveway at least ($\frac{1}{2}$ the distance). If I'd run and drive on the sleigh I'd be able to go to Emerson and even ~~across~~ ^{across part} way across when snow ^{conditions} was just right. I had a lot of fun doing this over the years.

This hill would give you a good start on a bicycle too. Al taught me to ride his like they running along side ~~or~~ holding it up from our place to the corner. I couldn't reach the pedals so I'd sit side saddle on the bar and ~~and~~ the hill would make the bike roll.

Later in I. P. I learned to ride it all alone. I'd position blocks of wood around camp at certain places. At other places I'd use a stump at the edge of the road. I'd get up and put my leg over the bar with the opposite pedal positioned to push down. Then I'd kick off.

I couldn't sit on the seat. When I did get to where I could sit on the seat I'd have to catch the pedal on its way up and pull it on up with my toe - alternating of course with each foot.

6th

sick many years.

Mr. Johnson ^{tenant office - Mr. Becke,} and studying about St. Bernard

Christmas was a big time for me.

During my grade school years I enjoyed stopping for each of my nephews and niece I always got Christmas presents, Mother would go with me, We walked most places. Sometimes Dad would take us. I am sure he dropped us off down town in new town on his way to work sometime.

When I first went to the temple with Dad surrounding the temple was a fence or at least some fencing was up around the construction site. Later on Dad had to watch out to keep kids out of or off the premises, He was responsible for the building. There was a time when a night watchman was hired to be there. Dad may have gone over occasionally to give him a night off.

I remember one night he went in to find some boys that had gone in and they must have heard him and got back to an exit and left. It was interesting to go with him.

Sometimes he would be asked to check on certain things and report back to the architects or ^{Arch.} Le Grand Richards. So I went into the sub basement with him several times. It was interesting to walk around on the soft dirt or light fine sandy area below the regular basement. The sub basement was down to the lava bed rock but over the rock following excavation that was a loose dirt cover.

Also ~~one~~ once or twice I could see up into the tower. It was climbable from inside. I remember Dad talking about when they put the cap stone into place on the tower.

During early construction there were two main

Byrd

sub contractors. The general contractor Sp. Finlayson from Pocatello brought a Jack Romick with him on the project, although Jack was not a church member. I sometimes played around the office area with Jackie's son. He reminded me a lot of Rulon Hillman. I don't know if the boy actually went to regular school or not - he may have. He was a sort of ~~quiet~~ quiet boy but friendly & likeable. Dad liked Jack. Because the workers needed to get clearance from their bishop to work there they were expected to observe the word of wisdom and actually I suppose the moving of a temple recommend. Occasionally Dad had to dismiss a worker when it was discovered he was not conforming. Most were violations of using tobacco I'm sure.

But anyway Jack was an exception as a non-member hired. Approval surely came from Salt Lake. The other contractor involved ~~was~~ ^{was} Woody Arrington. ~~And~~ At the little office where Dad had a desk all the men checked in and out and their hours were recorded. Dad had a 3x5 metal box for each stake in the temple district. Record cards were kept of those who worked as well as each stake had a work director and a felt file card was on hand for different men available along with any special ~~sk~~ construction skills - carpenters, cement finishers, ~~or~~ common ~~to~~ laborers etc.

They would also stop there to determine their schedule and how many days they would work. As the work progressed the contractors would tell Dad when they needed men with certain skills and how many. Then Dad would call the stake president or the work director and arrange to have

situation as being somewhat contemptible. Woody spent quite a bit of time visiting with a Miss Russell who worked as a secretary or book keeper there in the office. She was a nice looking young lady from Ammon. Dad was a little concerned about Woody paying so much attention to her. He sometimes left the job (like at quitting time) with her in his car. Dad didn't feel she should get interested in a man he felt had ruined one woman's life. Dad had pretty strong feelings about such matters. He didn't appear to have much patience or tolerance.

One time Dad was eating lunch at the temple and he gave me some change to walk to a nearby little market to get something for his lunch. I remember at the south end of 2nd ave there was a Texaco station on the corner of Capital Ave. On the other corner was a little grocery store. I went in and the store keeper was talking to a man. So I just spent a little time walking around the store. I had a dime or 15¢ left over after getting whatever item Dad had requested to finish his lunch.

I knew I shouldn't spend any money that I couldn't account for - I was to take any change back to him. But in this store was a nickel or dime slot machine. I was so tempted to put a coin in it, but I didn't dare. A guy in work clothes walked in and put a dime in and pulled the handle. He got a payoff. It wasn't a big jackpot - but it was at least 7 coins returned from one. I know I wished I'd have had the nerve to do that. The man may have stayed and put it all back in, I can't remember. The Texaco station belonged to a White. His son Linden was Barney's age - they were buddies during their teens -

I remember going to the temple once in the winter with Dad. He took a shovel and a crow bar, maybe a saw, and went out onto the river behind the temple. We measured out so many many feet from the bank and shoveled off the snow. Then Dad cut a test hole thru the ice, then he went out another so many feet and made another test hole. He needed this for a report for the engineers, the ice was real thick - over a foot. Also next to the bank it was higher than out on the river. I had my sled so I could sleigh side from the edge down near where Dad was working.

Later the church put in a pumping station on the bank. They took water out there to water the lawns at the temple and LDS hospital - later a nursing home was built near the hospital and between it and the temple. A greenhouse was put up near the hospital also. A central heating plant probably coal fired was also next to the greenhouse. These provided service for all the buildings in the complex. There was a cement tunnel that connected the temple to the heating plant. I've walked thru many times with Dad. We'd come out in the heating plant (and furnace room) there were heating pipes running along the side and near the top of the tunnel to the temple, also water pipes ran the length of the tunnel. Hot water for the temple as well as heat came thru the tunnel. It was always warm in the tunnel. It seemed like a ~~warm~~ ^{long} walk through. The tunnel opened into a room in the temple basement where there were many large valves and other pipes connecting to the large main lines. The temple had its own

laundry

I was made a deacon, Grant O'vard was the bishop. Kindred moved to a south d. f. location. We had several bishops - Wm. Cook, Jensen, Rasmussen, Clarence Hunter also was a bishop, later Milton Rommel and Benson Allen.

One time Bp. O'vard arranged that the Larovic Priesthood boys go to SLC as a reward for winning a standard quorum award. It was based on attendance - probably 75% attendance or near that for all members of the ward. I used to get an individual award for 75% attendance and I was in Island Park all during school vacation.

Ross Rock had a new little Chevy Coep. He couldn't go but arranged to let someone else drive it. Bp. Hunter was ce counselor in bishopric. He drove I believe and probably Rasmussen. (Reed's dad).

Al went - Reed got to go - he wasn't yet a deacon. Rd We all met at the church early on a morning and left. A man named Sanderson drove Ross Rock's car. After he drove a ways he was supposed to stop and do something to the car. He forgot. ^{Ross} ^{Rock} told Dad about it later. He was pretty put out. It may have been that he put a news paper on cardboard in front of radiator so the heat would be warmer for the kids inside. Guess he forgot to stop and take it out. The car made the trip but maybe it got over heated.

In SLC we went to the Bidding bishop's office. We met Bp. Richards. His counselors were Joseph Wathelin & Bro. Ashton maybe Maxin J. ? We were taken on a tour of their office. We could see tithing records and membership records for the entire church.

We were invited to ~~and~~ go to the Desert Gym to swim in the pool there. Al didn't want to go in

because of some problems on ear ache after being in the water. But one of the pierboard leaders insisted every one should go in. Al was a little put out when after would ~~some~~ one of the leaders that persuaded him to go in didn't go in himself.

We went to a movie. We most have stayed in a hotel. The boys were all checking to see which movie to see. Ray Tucker and Richard Squires wanted to see Walt Disney's full length film Dumbo, ~~and~~ ~~also~~ ~~again~~ the leaders decided we should all go to the same theatre. The older boys wanted to see Errol Flynn in "They died with their boots on." a new big movie about Gen. Custer and the battle of the Little Big Horn, where all the white men were killed. Al persuaded me to go along with the older boys because he said ~~Dumbo~~ ^{we} would always be able to see Dumbo. It would soon come to I F and maybe the other one would not for a long time.

Ronald Reagan was a main supporting actor in this movie. I don't remember the leading lady - maybe Olivia de Havilland?

I remember how shocked I was as we walked along the sidewalk in St C that I saw a man walking along smoking a cigarette. I must have ridden home at least in Rasmussen's car. They had a boy ~~about~~ ~~me~~ ~~around~~ near Al's age, there were one or two Browning boys and Clarence Hunter had a son near Al's age -

George Pack had a son George. He was a rather different person. He wasn't quite responsible to do things - such as he couldn't drive a car - yet he'd ride his bike everywhere. He was by

nature very friendly. He'd hang around a lot and this seemed to make people a little nervous if he was hanging around young children or especially girls. I suspect he didn't turn very many girls on. But maybe they didn't want to be rude. For one thing he'd just hang around and not know when to leave or go home. He rode a shiny looking silver weycle. It was probably a Montgomery Ward bike. It looked like aluminum jointed pipe. There used to be some of them around. He was all over town on his bike and around our place a lot.

I went to Packer's place a few times on 1st street when their folks invited ~~me~~ (kids probably) to ride out to their grandmother's. There was a ditch or canal behind their house and Dickie was always trying to catch minnows. You used to see ~~the~~ home made signs along roads and highways - minnow or live minnow for sale. LeLand Packer was an ardent fisherman.

While living in Gaster Dad apparently took George Packer and Morris Benson his son-in-law on a trip to fish in Island Park. I've heard Dad repeat many times as we ~~traveled~~ traveled ~~through~~ ^{along} the Island Park highway and we'd pass a stand of small thifty ~~tree~~ (tall) lodge pole - "Morris do you see all those chicken roasts." roasts. Packer had chickens and sold eggs. Benson's also raised chickens and marketed eggs. Morris was maybe an electrician as well and wired houses.

Once the Packer kids - Dickie especially and the girls two would sometimes would get fly swatters and comb the vacant lots of Russian thistles (tumbleweeds)

and along the ~~road~~^{alley} between our places catching grasshoppers for their fishing trips. We were always competing to catch the red-wingers. Always hollering to the other one not to scare them. Keep back so I can catch it. Dad used worms and grasshoppers occasionally but he was really a fly fisherman when I ~~was~~ went with him.

Sometimes in Island Park I'd catch some of those big locusts in late summer when you could hear them in the pine trees. Generally they were in the bushy pines on the flat, not real big or tall trees. I'd hit at them with a pine branch. Using it as a switch. If you wasn't sure you might wonder if the singing noise they made was a rattlesnake. Yet Dad would never have been fooled by one.

One time Warren got Dad to drive out to Medicine Lodge fishing. I don't know just where it was. Carol and their kids went along. Warren had been out of work and had spent some time out there haying. Grass hay. It must have been toward Leadore or Salmon. But I didn't enjoy fishing there. It was completely different than fishing in Island Park where I'd always worked with Dad and Al. It was a winding creek. There were sage brush and willows all along the banks making it difficult to see the stream or water your hooks. And had to reach the holes without the fish seeing you. Then I was warned about rattlesnakes and maybe ticks. I was nervous about that and it didn't take me long to lose interest in fishing when I didn't catch any or at least get only ~~two~~ bites.

During the winters I used to get sick an awfully lot. When I didn't go to school I could bank on a visit from the tenant officer from the school district. A blue ¹⁹³⁷ Chevy coupe would pull up in front of our house and this little old white-headed Mr. Best would knock on the door and ask is Bernard home.

Mother resented the way he pronounced my name. It seems like I was sick many times over the winter holidays for a number of years. Also I caught everything that came along. measles, chicken pox, whooping cough. I guess I'd been a little isolated from children my age in Gaston and Island Park. Al and Anna were enough older they'd maybe had them before I came along. It sure used to be discouraging. I didn't miss school because I wanted to.

Anna Johnson always called me Bernard. But to me injury was added to insult when we were studying in our history books about Europe and we studied about St. Bernard in Switzerland and she pronounced it St. Bernard, just the way I would have preferred. I wondered if she did it just to avoid using the same name pronunciation as my name to avoid the kids connecting it up with St. Bernard's dog.

Dad worked for a summer or two for Roga Bros. Seed Co. roguering peas. I remember once he came home and told how they had taken a swim in the Idaho Canal during lunch hours. It was a big canal and it ran a lot of water.

Once in our singing lessons in 3rd or 4th grade the teacher asked Campbell to sing some notes from the pages in our book. She sang do ti do ti do. I can still hear her singing that.

Dad may have worked for Tri-state Lumber company

for a time. they had their yard just across the
Broadway bridge.

Dad for Roosevelt monuments. built by WPA

Played catch 'em - kick 'em.

Wheeled soccer.

Benny Byerby had a girl bike with stumps
over the back fender and spokes. It was
a nice bike. She used to like to ride home
with me along High Highlee.

Bp. Ross Johnson

I used to hang around the stockyards at T. P. whenever sheep herds come in and shipped out. I can remember some poles along the road in trail canyon. I thought they were for holding sheep at night, but it seems like ~~they~~ ^{there} were poles up. But poles would not have held sheep unless net wire was placed on them.

The number of herds of sheep diminished. The forest probably tightened up on grazing leases and men like Charlie Simmons with private ranch land may very well have been given first rights to adjacent BML and forest grazing permits. But still there were herds brought in from various areas.

Some outfits ~~were~~ ^{were} fairly good and some just sort of run me off. One outfit let me lead a herd of shipping lambs into the cave by leading a bell sheep they had. I could walk into the cave where a man would have had to stooped on awfully lot. And I enjoyed it.

The railroad ranch was the most interesting to me because they had cattle and saddle horses. But they also had duds and the whole outfit was pretty snobbish.

The earliest shipments they made I remember they had a buck board. The old station wagons with panel sides was called ~~the~~ buckboards. The ~~the~~ duds would arrive with the cattle and they'd build a fire and heat coffee. Then the duds mostly rode back in the buck board with some on horse back but the extra horses were trailed back with the regular riders from the ranch.

Later on a Vern Crystal from Bigby came to J. P. and ran cattle on the moon meadow place at first.

It may be that Charlie Simmons leased part of his place to Vern. The fence's left the moon meadows. Vern may have leased that for a time. He sometimes kept a horse at the stockyards in one of the pens. He'd come up in his little 1 ton truck probably a Chevy or GMC. He'd have a cattle dog on top of the cab. His wife often accompanied him. Sometimes he stayed in the cabin next to the I.P. sign.

One summer when Dad was in I.P. maybe sawing out Dave Studdards logs Dave came to talk with Dad. He said he'd noticed some horses up in Simmons place. They were friendly and always came up to the fence where he'd come. He wondered if Warren would come if he would use one and ride around his fences. It would save him hauling a horse up from the valley each trip. He fished and came up once or twice a week usually. Dad said he'd have to get a hold of Warren. He couldn't tell him okay.

Warren used to go to I.P. with Dad fishing when he'd go. We'd go to the Buffalo River. We'd usually ask at the mill if the road was open. We kids learned not to tell everyone where we went fishing.

Sometimes Warren rode the train to I.P. He'd ride the freight train from Astor up. It maybe had a single passenger car. During the war years there were times when the flyer didn't run the entire season. One passenger car sometimes was included in the train. When no such car was included one could ride north of Astor in the caboose. Warren would get the train to stop and let him off at the Buffalo River. He'd fish and

be back at the railroad when the train came back down
flog it and ride back to I.F.

Once we were fishing at Coffee Pot Rapids, and just
below the rapids a cow moose came out into the river.
A calf followed her. We all watched her for a while.
She didn't seem afraid and didn't hurry away. Warren
had a camera hanging on his neck. He took a picture.
For a long time the folks had an 8x10 tinted picture
framed and in the front room from Warren's picture.
Later when I was in college I did that picture in
chevrol and framed it. About a 16x14. The folks
then hung it in their front room.

Sometimes mother would go fishing with us.
She'd wear May's hip boots sometimes. May
also fished too. When we'd wade across the
snake river below the Coffee Pot rapids we'd
hold to Dad. Mother and I and Dad. Warren carried
Conal across on his back. One time one of the men
carried another man across. We'd have to feel our
way carefully so we didn't slip on a slick rock.
You soon learned not to put your foot up on
a rock. You'd feel your way with your foot
through the more covered rocks to a firm place
on the bottom among the rocks. As we'd cross
in nearly waist deep water to me we could
see the schools of white fish moving just
enough to keep out of our way. We'd just
see the light colored tails moving in the
water. The stream bottom was dark and it
was hard to see the bottom. We wouldn't
have seen the fish if they hadn't been
light colored and especially their tail fins.

They didn't bite as well as trout. They also

had smaller mouths than trout, of the ones that were caught the average would be 3 - 3 1/2 lbs. I don't believe they caught any less than about 1 1/2 lbs. They wouldn't fight like a trout. For one thing they would die easier, most people threw them back into the river. But they were more fun to catch than nothing by a long ways.

Once Charlie South had two on his line at once. Dad used two hooks when he fly fished, as did most of the others, Barney, Al & Warren.

They used Potts flies. Potts flies were a hard tied hair fly. They come from Bozeman, Mt. A Mr Potts had them patented. They were the most popular fly sold by Ponds. We'd take an old pair of Lewis or Hanover and a pair of tennis shoes to wade in. After fishing we'd have to change to dry clothes back at the car. Most places it was pretty private but around the coffee pot ~~at~~ there would be quite a few other cans and fishermen from the resorts. It was a steep trail in and out to the river down over ~~bold~~ boulders.

About half way up the rapids a large fir tree had fallen across the river. I never so crossed over on it alone but I did hold Dad's hand and cross with him a few times. It was nice feeling to reach the other side. There were enough dead limbs on the log so you could hold on to some of them also. It was maybe 3 feet in diameter or near that even on the left end.

Once I was ~~with~~ with Dad. I got interested in eating huckleberries, there were some in a couple of hillsides patches on the east side of the

along the banks we'd see droppings from elk. maybe moose too a time.
Occasionally we'd see where elk had wintered and eaten bark from saplings as high as they could reach.

4-6th

21

river, there was trails along the side hill, they kept leading to the bank where ever there was access to put a hook into the water. Some places because of steepness, trees and brush the trail would be 20-30-50 feet from the river. I lost track of Dad. He was on the opposite side of the river. He may have crossed over above the rapids where it wasn't so deep and much wider. I started calling him. Finally I was shouting frantically. I'd run up and down the trail trying to locate him. Finally I did. He was a little upset because of my yelling he thought maybe I was really in some kind of trouble.

One day we were fishing and another fisherman called across the river to another man he obviously knew. He asked if he had a smoker. He did so this man threw his pole across - maybe his hat and reel and maybe to his wallet. Then he jumped into the rapids and in a short time came up near the bank on the other side. He'd swam the swift current by air diving below and swimming out of sight from us to the other side. He got out and lit up a cigarette almost immediately.

Once Dad was fishing near the bottom end of the rapids where there was a nice hole. He hooked a nice trout. He played it very patiently. One of the Parks George or Louis Brown were there watching him. The fish was near the bank and surfaced. It was a good size $3\frac{1}{2}$ - 4 - $4\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. He still played it carefully. Finally, one of these men who was standing watching from a large rock

#1 - 41 - 6th

22

hanging out over the river fell in. Dad likes to tell about it later how this person got so excited he fell in. Dad did get the fish. I don't know if someone with a net came and netted it for him or not. We fished a lot of years without a net.

For the little fish on the Buffalo you did not need a net, and it often snagged on limbs or bushes or windfalls along the way.

Warren & Carol were with Dad and myself on the Buffalo one trip. We had driven down the dugway. Warren & Carol chose to fish down stream. We went up. We agreed to meet back later at the car. We fished up toward Ryberg's cabin to a point where there were no more holes. We fished back Warren wasn't there yet. Dad may have cleaned his fish and then fished up stream again to where a little island with a few tall pines sat out near the main channel. There was ^a ~~a~~ wide ~~part~~ shallow part of the stream from the channel back to the timbered bank. The island was on a bend.

Dad started fishing back toward me. He called to me. So I walked a little way up the bank to see what he wanted. He said he'd heard a noise behind him in the timber. At first he thought it was some elk. When they are frightened and run in timber they make a lot of noise. But then the noise didn't go away. So he knew it wasn't elk running off.

He told me it must be a bear. I was really alert and watching. We both stood on the bank and saw a black bear wading along

thru the shallow water toward the island. It went along the island and in the grass sniffing dad's tracks. Then it jumped into the main channel and maybe swam a few strokes. It was only 8-10 feet under it was shallow again. Then it loped along the edge of the bank and around the bend and out of sight. That was quite an exciting experience. We were glad it followed his tracks ~~the~~ away from us.

In actuality a young bear like that would likely have left a lot faster than it did if it had seen us.

When Barney, Charlie and Dad went fishing on work days, the days someone would say it's too hot to work let's go fishing - or what shall we do besides go fishing, Charley hadn't been married long and Dorothy wanted to go everywhere Charley went. If the wives went fishing it always took longer to be ready to go. So they would say well when we're ready to leave in ~~ten~~ many minutes, maybe 15-20. Then someone's wife - usually Charley's would insist on going. So they started a joke among the men, Are you a man or a mouse. Meaning can you get ready and go without taking your wife?

Once I rode with Barney, Maj, and Al to Black Mt. Maj, and I stayed in the car. It seemed like such a long wait - like they would never come, Maj, said well if you go to sleep and take a nap it makes the time go faster. We did take a nap. We were asleep when they came back. They didn't see any game - unless possibly a chicken.

Charley's wife Dorothy decided to learn to ride a bicycle. Al's bike was there. She had a hard time. She fell over with it a lot of times. She persisted however, but I think ~~was~~ ~~and~~ wondered if his bike would last thru all the cracks. She took some hard spills - she hurt herself a few times - minor bruises.

She had a sister Pauline that developed a terminal illness. Her hands and head would shake. Her husband came and visited them. He worked for Charlie some a time or two.

Barney & Charlie used to have a cousin Bill Cole from Ogden. Every year he'd come up to fish and vacation. He used to get me to clean his fish. He gave me my 1st wind up fishing reel. And once he gave me a knife for cleaning his fish it seems like.

Some times hobos came along the tracks. Occasionally one would stop by the house for a hand out.

One summer when brother stayed in I F at least until the mosquitoes season was over Anna came up and cooked and did dishes for Dad, Al, & I. It seems like she may have ridden to Yellowstone once on the train. The train crew may have given her a ride in the engine while they loaded livestock cars.

Some people loaded pups on the siding. There was a ramp. There was an overhead loader used to load full length poles.

I once got ~~up~~ into the cab of a locomotive - it was interesting.

Fishing with Dad.

One time Dad came to I P and Bp and took us to the Buffalo River. As we rode along and left the flat at the confluence they were talking - I was in the back seat. ~~the~~ the bp said in speaking of the trout on Buffalo R. that they were just "little buggers". I was shocked. In our family that word wasn't used.

One time Dad arranged a fishing trip and took me along. He went to D. P. with Rev. John Fetzler the church architect from SLC. We stayed for a day or two in a cabin they rented from Ponds. We ate at least one meal with Mary. I was maybe at the mill and just went on to fishing with them when they came.

Then I went to Ponds and slept with Dad. Rev. Fetzler got pretty tired. He was the oldest man in the party I suppose.

Dad caught a lot of fish to make sure they had fish to take home. One of the party was Polie (Polie). He for some reason didn't rub Barney right. As we drove to the Buffalo River he was ^{so} surey he'd stop the car and ask someone to hold a small leaning jack pine away from his car so it wouldn't touch the side as we drove past.

After sleeping in the cabin at Ponds we got up in the morning to find Rev Fetzler had already been out in the Buffalo at Ponds fishing. He was a grand guy. He came to our home in I P occasionally when he was up from SLC.

He asked about Al. When Al came back he wanted to talk to Al. He was interested in knowing what cities Al had flown over etc.

Fishing Trips.

2

Oh! Those fools he said - referring to the Germans for following Hitler.

They were ~~corstome~~ courteous to May. There were many times when May had her large kitchen table surrounded with guests. She fed a lot of people over the years. Barney was always friendly. They never sent people away from the mill without an offer for supper anyhow.

One time I went with Dad and Stom Blaylock, a man in our crowd who was always talking fishing. He took us to the south fork of the Snake just ~~about~~ ^{above} the Swan Valley bridge. I didn't catch anything. Dad no doubt got a few but it sure wasn't like IP fishing. I heard Stom talking about casting into a little "eddy" that day. That was the first time I'd heard that word.

One time I went with Dad fishing on the Warm River. We parked the car at about the last look out point on the Warm River hill. There was a very large fire net to the railing. The railings were made of large logs end-to-end around the parking area. One time while stopped there some one had some ~~fall~~ field glasses and we could see large fish below against an area of the river that was almost white from light colored sand.

Al was recovering from his hernia operation. So he drove the car down below. We fished down the river and met him below. It was so steep down over the hillsides -

Fishing Trips

3

I died. We had to hold on to stumps to climb down without falling. The trees were scattered. There were lots of burn in in that area. A few fire trees scattered and lots of tall brush maybe some choke cherry and huckle berries and other wild berries - turn berries etc.

Finally we got to the rail road. Then we went on down. I didn't make much. It seemed a little deep most places. I don't recall ever catching any fish. Dad surely must have got some. Dad learned that the big fish were seen from the look out point were suckers. Also some of the light colored silver bottom was quick sand. He got into some at one place and he was pretty nervous. He was glad to get out and also more careful where he went after that.

Finally after what seemed a long long time we reached the highway.

Fred Leland ran a cafe there and had some cabins. The Packer, our neighbor - Leland & family used to talk about going to Warm River to fish.

One summer Boney & Charlie and Dad & I and maybe others went to Yellowstone Park to fish. I never caught any. The river seemed large and swift and deep. It seemed like such a river should have a lot of fish, yet not many were caught. It sure seemed disappointing.

IP 1938

38-1

In the spring we moved into the slab cabin that had been moved down from the upper mill rd. ~~Da~~ Charley Simmons stopped by on two other different occasions and gave me a bum lamb.

Dad and Al made a small slab enclosure that could be moved around. They'd move it along the dirt bank. But both lambs had scoured and died or had to be destroyed. I never saw what happened to them actually - they were missing when I got up in the morning. Dad took them away some where - either to an old well or cellar and disposed of them. So I felt bad each time.

One of the reasons I guess my mother was against my having pets was the disappointment when I lost one. Dogs could get run over and Dad really had no use for dogs loose in town and into gardens.

South hauled logs from Black Mt. We would ride out in a semi. Dad usually in the cab with me on his lap. Other crew members on the back behind the cab. They worked a couple of times on Sunday. Dad & Al hated to go on Sundays. One time crossing the flat a pin draped dropped out (bounced out on the trailer reach. Al saw it and pounded on the cab. The gat stopped before it fell or pulled off the reach. So Al said they were lucky it didn't come all the way off and tear it up. That's what they get for working on Sunday.

Dad got a pound ax for me. It was a single bitted ax. It was real thick.

I spent a lot of energy bruising limbs on fir trees with that ax. It was nice to work on the butt end and use the back of the ax on the smaller dead limbs.

One day the boys hollowed timber and rather characteristically, their father Sam, still didn't pay much attention to them. He looked up but then stayed there and fussed around with his ax on what ever else he was doing - maybe it was a tip from a previous felled tree.

Finally the tree started to fall. He ran directly away from it instead of watching it and soon running perpendicular to it, the tip came down and just caught him good. They (we) all rushed down there. He was knocked down. He was a little shaken but alright. They figured if he hadn't been wearing his hat it might have been serious or even fatal. He had on a felt hat.

I probably picked some of the little red huckleberries that year. We had some wild strawberries even around camp. They didn't have sale for lumber or logs so sometimes they'd say - It's too hot to work, let's go fishing. So they'd stop work and go. This was at the sawmill not in the woods.

There were no horses with Ben gone so they bought some horses from Pop Jenkins. He was the most prominent horse trader in I F.

They got an old bay mare and a sand gelding. They were both old. Dad said the mare would never see 20 again. Well she fell down one

day when Sam South was coming in on the Chick Creek Road about a mile out on the flat. He walked in, Everyone went out in a car and they took the harness off and tailed her up. She then seemed okay and ~~she~~ was hooked up again and brought the wagon of dry logs into the mill.

One day when she attempted to roll at two beam she couldn't get up. Some of the crew had to go tail her up. Finally they ~~let~~ lead her to the side of a manure pile to roll. She didn't roll clear over but rolled or laid on one side then the other. There was enough slope she could get back on her feet. Eventually they gave up on her and ~~took her off~~ put her out on the flat to graze. In the fall they hauled her to the valley and sold her along with the sarel horse.

The sarel had some sort of fit. He'd faint or just keel over. Dad said it was because his heart was too close to the collar. Anyway that's why the horse trader put them off onto Barney & Charlie - they weren't sound. They brought in replacements. One was a rangy bay mare. Dad said when he saw it - it was ~~East~~ Cayas Cayuse stock. He wasn't impressed. Charlie liked to hook her on a drag and drive her with lines. He named her Kit.

Charlie married Dorothy Brotherton - they lived in the house that had been Bens. They got a grey horse that was an original -

(Proud-cut)

He was cut proud. I remember when I first saw him. He started snorting the other horses. They'd squeal and stike.

Dad led him to water. He liked to walk right past a man and was independent. Dad wanted a horse to be lead rather than to lead him. So Dad put a chain on his jaw or a half hitch maybe on his nose. When he bulled his way ahead Dad sat down on the lead rope. The gray horse got on his hind legs and came at Dad.

Finally Souths determined that he was too much bother and nuisance for them and got rid of him. Another sarel horse was brought in. A large flaxen maned sarel. He was supposed to have come in from Montana. He did look good. But it turned out he was balky.

The day they backed the truck up to the sawdust pile and unloaded him. He stood for just a moment looked around and then grabbed a big mouthful of the sawdust and began eating it. It sure must have been a surprise and a let down to him to discover ~~it~~ was it in grain and he wasn't in horse heaven.

They took him to Black Mt. He wouldn't spid the fir logs with the other horse. He'd turn back. Throw his head over the other horses neck. He'd kick viciously viciously too if they applied any persuasion. Finally one day he turned inside out; (that is he came back along side the other horse toward

who ever had the lines. He seemed pretty determined where he was going, then some one got him across the top of the lead with a measuring pole or a similar pole and he turned back.

Dad ~~had~~ started taking him to Trail Canyon. Gradually he got him so he could increase a drag to 3 or 4 logs - but then he'd stop. He would only pull so much. One day Dad took me with him and we made two trips to Trail Canyon. We waded on a skidway near Central or twin Cabins just at the forks, below the rocky dugway. Dad skidded most of the loads maybe all of them. He made two trips that day and when we finished he mentioned the horse was tired. He'd done a days work, you sort of felt the other horse had been punished to have to travel the same distance.

I would wonder if the horse used with him was old Nig. But it doesn't quite seem like old Nig was there that soon.

I can remember once I was on old Nig, and we were hauling skidding around two mill site, when in came Ed Ryberg in his old Ford pickup. It scared Nig. I was holding him down pretty good when Ed pulled in. He came in from behind the skid way and over the edge of the sawdust pile at a pretty good clip. And the rattling old Ford really spooked Nig.

Ed got out laughing and joking. He did a lot of talking that day. His eyes had a gleam in them. He got to telling some pretty hard to believe doctrine, about electricity - his mind - and how Hitler was after him. He had this blue electricity to protect him, that was why he was so dangerous to Hitler, and Hitler was so set against him.

He bought a few pieces of lumber and drove away.

Saw South used to scrape sawdust, from the mill. I'd help ride the scrapers. Then sometimes I'd get to drive the team back around with the empty scrapers.

I spent a lot of time playing on the sawdust pile.

Once I had an experience in Trail Canyon when the old sawed horse staggered and fell out from under me. They pulled his harness off that day and didn't use him again until time to go home when he was hitched on the wagon.

Another horse South had was a brown horse called Pat. Dad thought he was maybe a horse Oldens had had in Goshen. He had one habit of "hogging" or holding back against the tongue going down hills. Dad didn't like that when he'd get down on a gentle slope and knew it wouldn't hurt to let the wagon roll Pat still wanted to hold back. It took quite a bit of persuasion to get him to let it go.

Pat was gentle and trustworthy, I got to ride him and lead him. So naturally I enjoyed that.

He died while I was in I.F. It must have been in the fall. When Dad told me I felt so bad. He said if he'd been there he maybe could have saved him. Then I felt worse than ever. He apparently became constipated and no one knew how to treat him. Dad had come to the valley for a few days.

Bammy had an Oldsmobile coupe. We'd go fishing in it. We went to Coffee Pot Rapids on the Snake. One day we went to Buttermilk rapids. This was after the timber was cleared away for the Island Park reservoir but before it was impounded. I remember sitting on Dad's lap. We were driving along and I spotted a small yellowish animal in a clearing - quite a ways from the road. Bammy stopped the car. Everyone looked. I don't know if it was determined for sure what it was - coyote - fox.

I dropped a hook into the water off a small embankment that day into a deep hole. I saw a large trout come up and look at the hook and then disappear. I was so excited. I ran to get al. I tried to get him to try to catch it, it. We never saw it again. Sometimes we went to the Coffee Pot rapids. I didn't have much success fishing there.

One day Warren showed up at the mill. He was horse back. Carol and the girls were there. If Steve was born and probably he was he was very small. They had a little trailer house. They had had one in I.F.

Al may have gone and stayed with Warren for a while in Jameston and worked in hets or something. Then when Steve was born I stayed and Al may have also in their trailer with the girls. At that time Warren was at the horse barns at River Park (Tautphens)

So we heard a lot about polo playing and different horses. Warren wanted to get a brown filly when he was in Montana. It was a nice filly. Her dam may have been a wild mare. She turned out to be a little chunky. She was really fast. Warren would race her a lot. He called her Caroli horse. Or Carol did anyway. She put ~~him~~ ~~the~~ mare out to rent in the riding academy. Warren had several other horses that he rented out. Some days Carol said her horse brought her \$400.

Warren traded a 12 gauge shotgun for her in Montana. Once Dad ordered a shotgun from Winchester I believe. The mail order outfit said they didn't have in stock at the time so they sent a Western field - although higher priced - it was sent for no additional charge if he'd accept it.

Warren arranged to take the shotgun

to Montana. There were a lot of sage hens and maybe grouse there. So when he got ready to come back to Idaho the filly wasn't really for sale so the rancher swapped Warren for the shotgun. Dad always felt a little ~~too~~ bad about that. Once Warren borrowed the 30/30 from Dad and a wagon load of wood tipped over and fell across the ~~side~~ rifle and broke it. It never got fixed or replaced.

So Carol was at the mill site with the trailer. Their car was a De Soto. Warren always had a De Soto it seemed. He had a roadster in Montana & Goshen. It had a rumble seat, the first I remember riding in it was over the W or switchbacks in Wabeine. I rode in the rumble seat with the folks. I remember mother pointing out the road below me on the switchbacks. I saw the first pine squirrel I can remember on that ride.

Warren had left Goshen. He'd started from Carol's folks, Hms Unsmoethe place in Jamerton with 5 horses and his stallion Targan. Targan was Birdie's colt. He was sired by a Palomino horse with some American saddle blood. A nice looking horse called Silver.

It had taken Warren 5 days to make the trip. I got to go back to Eccles where Warren left the horses - all except Targan. We went there in a car. I got to ride back. I was tickled to get to ride in a saddle. One of the 2 year old

was laying down. He was so tired. As we ~~traveled~~ traveled on I rode Birdie. She was a slow walker. So she'd get behind and I'd make her jog to catch up. Carol reprimanded me for doing it. I didn't know how else to catch up.

Warren stopped at the mill. The horses were tired. The two year old bay colt belonged to Fred Chasworth or his dad. Warren put shoes on him. He just laid on the ground the whole time. He could have cared less. He only stayed about a day. He had made arrangements with Charlie Simmons to take his camp over on a meadow beyond Tom's Creek. They came in from the other side crossing Tom's Creek on the bridge into Charlie's Buffalo ranch.

Warren took tourists on rides. Usually he'd leave from Ponds and go up the river. He made some trips up to near the old mill set on Split Creek. He took a snap shot of two bull moose watching them from their picnic site one trip. This thrilled the Californians he hauled around.

The Glassman's who had a summer home on the Buffalo and their friends were some of his best clients. Carol was held to staying home with Steve a lot. But Charlie Simmons took them to West Yellowstone and other places, throughout the summer.

Some of the experiences over the next few years blend together and it's hard for me to separate them, I can't actually be sure what happened over some years or periods.

Southie couldn't promise Dad wages so knowing he had a family to feed they felt it best to let him go.

He had a garden - it started late. We dug a root cellar. Built a vent in the top. Mom hated it, when fruit or bottled vegetables spoiled and came out with mold on it she was often disappointed. It was damp, spidery and difficult to climb in and out thru a trap door with a straight up and down ladder rather than stairs.

Dad must have returned and worked for Southie - either later that year for a while or else the next year.

Al went back and lived with Barney & Mary. He could wait to get (draw) his pay - then Gene Jones came to work. He had been there once when we went goose hunting I'm sure in 1937 year before.

He had a model A Ford. He married young - He was a good worker. He had a cow. He led it up to Moon Meadow once behind his car. The cow went the wrong side of a tree and killed the engine. Al was along. Al liked Gene.

The next year mother stayed in D. F. to care for the garden when it was decided Dad would work in I. P.

Then a time came when Barney & Mary left

went to Ogden. Here Barney worked in defense. Later they went to Nevada somewhere over to Arizona and to Susanville Calif. He worked in box factories and carpentering. Al was with them for a time in Ogden. Then Al & Gene went to Wyo and worked for Ren.

Dad was called to leave I. P. and come to I. F. for an interview for the temple job. He was selected. He went back up to I. P. He came back a day or two later when he was selected.

He became the first man employed for the construction of the temple. It was a great thrill and a blessing to our family. Mom was so thrilled. Her family (the Hale family) had had so many special interests and experiences in the Logan temple. And Dad's father had worked as a stone mason on the Logan temple and while in Logan met and courted Grandma Eliza Lemmon.

He also had been unemployed over a long period of time. I can't remember in my boyhood years how often it was but I know in Rexburg he hunted for work. He so often walked the floor. He couldn't get onto the WPA it seemed for some reason. He didn't especially care to I suppose except as a last resort.

People always laughed and joked about how WPA workers leaned on their shovels etc. We can remember

the outside toilets built and sold by them with the affectionately termed "Roosevelt Monuments"

So many times Dad walked the floor of our house. He did always go and work on the church farm projects and on various chapel sites in the 5th & 9th ward.

Sometime he took me and went to IP to get poles out for Jack Jones from Ammon. We stayed in Jack's cabin. Dad never did get paid all he had coming from Jack,

then Sam South arranged once for Dad to come saw for him. He hired a Bisset ~~Bisset~~ Bithel kid that lived with his folks in South's apartments to help fire the engine. The kid would take off his shirt and go out and lay on the slab pile and try to run saw between striking the fire box.

Once we arrived - Dad expecting to saw and the skid way was bare. Dad was very dissap disappointed when we went off to the woods on a hooker wagon after dead stuff scattered about. Bro. South would walk out thru the woods cutting dead stuff even among the jack pines. Once they were felled they were hard to find and some never were found no doubt. Some times later when hunting or timber cruising someone would find isolated trees cut into logs.

So Dad said he didn't come up there to log. Maybe he was at the temple

then and figured he just went up to help out. Dad did leave the temple to go to Island Park partly for fishing and to ease his hay fever whenever he could.

On another occasion we went up for a week or two and Dave Stoddard brother of Ruby Smith had the skid way filled with logs. So completely filled you couldn't believe they could stay in one pile. The front was stacked almost straight and extended above the height of height of the mill shed.

He and his boys and a brother and his boys all helped. So they sawed out fast. Dave was grateful to get the logs sawn. They built cellars and graineries, they were from Ripkay.

Al Smith was in Island Park on and off over some of these years. His wife went with him to the woods, their son Lyle went with them.

Usually he brought a skid house. Al used to get a little more than amused that that I'd always be around where ever there was a house.

Then Al Smith would tell me if I'd water and feed his horse while he was in the valley he'd pay me. I was always eager to do it. Then Al would have to go along and do most of it. More correctly he'd go do it. I'd go along. I don't know that Al Smith ever had a skid house that I could ride.

IP

38-15

38-40-41

Al Smith stabled his horse in a barn near Jack Jones' cabin. Sometimes there was water in the ditch - Sometimes we had to go to the well to water.

When they decided to go fishing some wanted to get horse flies to use for bait. They'd go bring a horse from the barn to the sand dust pile, the flies would flock. Some colors of horses drawn horse flies more abundantly than others. After a fly draws blood other flies will come to that same spot.

We saw Ed Crouse during some of their times. He went in and logged pups off a lot of the dark place. Many people figured he stole trees off adjoining property - maybe forest ground also.

Cattle disappeared from grazing lands on the flat. Many people figured his men didn't go hungry for beef. He probably was forced out of the country for such things.

I guess the first time I saw Ed Crouse I was on a wagon with Dad & Al. He was in a car. As he passed us on the flat he said to Dad. Hi! Jesse my boy.

He had a motley crew. He used to allow his dogs to run and roam loose around IP. Dad was irritated by this and if he had a 22 or rifle he'd shoot at them.

He didn't think they should be loose bothering

bothering the game.

Dad also went off to work for Ren South in Utah. He went out to Manila where Ren and his brother-in-law Lawrence Bjorn set up a tie mill on the Green River.

Dad had some interesting experiences there. He could see deer from the mill daily. He cut some good sized cedar along the river not far from the mill. He sawed it into about 145's and made a cedar box. He shipped his clothes and other belongings home in this box when he finished working that fall.

He traveled with Bjorn. He slept in a bunk house. We watched for his letters.

He sawed the yellow pine. He told about how heavy that timber was. Heavy slabs and ties.

He told of an off-bearer that was careless. Also when he first arrived Ren had a sawyer and asked Dad after a few days - what he thought of the sawyer. Dad told Ren the guy didn't know enough about timber to saw. He'd have to measure most logs and diggum his cuts. He was too slow.

So Ren gave the guy another job and put Dad to sawing. Dad had a very sloppy off-bearer. He was dangerous. Dad explained to him the danger and gave him a stern warning. He ignored it and the next time he lifted

38-41

a slot over the saw Dad walked across the track and knocked him down with one punch. He told Ren he'd have to get another man.

The next off-bear was a stool. He'd been trained to off-bear and he never mishandled a single slot or board.

Dad cut up to 200 ties in a record day. I don't know if Dad came back from Manila because of the typhoon job or just because the fall season ended.

There may have been a time when Dad left the temple. During the war there was a time when construction may have come to a standstill.

Once Al worked on the temple. He had to have a ~~hernia~~ hernia operation. It may have been connected to his job at the temple, not the ailment but the fact he was working there when the condition flared up - so workmen's compensation helped with the expense of the hosp. etc.

Al and I once went across the IF Broadway bridge and watched a circus set up their tents. They hired some local help. They got a ticket for helping. They pounded in tent pegs with heavy sledge hammers.

I intended to mention in logging for for an under cut was made with the two man saw and then as the main saw cut was being made the notch was cut out by

the axmen cut out the notch. Dad could chop either left or right handed. He used to bat left handed in baseball.

There was ~~was~~ a time when Dad worked as a caretaker and a night watchman. Once a man was hired named Selzner. Maybe he was a night watch man. Also a man named Hansen came down from St. Anthony to help watch over things.

There was a time when no one could go thru town of the temple. ^{BP} Bill LeGrand Richards was in charge of the temple construction. He told Dad specifically he had authority to keep right seers ~~see~~ out, that included state presidents etc.

Finally there was a time when servicemen with orders to be shipped overseas could be taken thru on tours. Dad enjoyed visiting with these tour groups.

When construction was completed Dad stayed at the temple. There was a lot of work in getting the finish work done and he was there to let people in and I spent a lot of time vacuuming carpets and helping him.

There were times when he'd get part of his pay from the bishop's store house where he'd take out groceries - grapefruit to peanut butter. He ate a lot of the latter.

Then he stayed on as custodian after the dedication -

Logan Temple & trip to Randolph

The folks saved and planned for a trip to the Logan temple. They probably arranged for some family names. Mother, Al and I went. Dad drove, Al may have changed off on driving. We got to Logan. We went to the temple - Mother had prepared me for going into the temple so that when I went in I did so reverently. There was a special feeling about the temple.

We were directed to where we went. We were baptized several times each.

I was so amazed I couldn't believe that some boys from Logan that went in when we did - that left from a side door and left the temple instead of staying and doing baptismal work for the dead.

Following the temple experience we went up Logan Canyon to Bear Lake. It was an interesting trip. It must have had a lot of significance to the folks and especially mother since her parents had lived there some and some relatives were there.

One time I was with Dad and we went to see some of his relatives in Richmond. Maybe by a tram or street car. The little tram ran on tracks in the middle of the street. This may have been at a time when we were in Logan. I don't know what occasion took us there or why we went or I don't recollect going or coming to Logan. But we did travel by street car. We probably went to Richmond thru Smithfield and to Logan of course. Dad visited the Ag.

college. I went with him. We must have seen quite a few animals in the canals and pens. Dad was very interested in that part of the school. He may have known someone there. He respected the school - two of my cousins, Le Roy & Glen or Jess Walter had been there on college football scholarships.

We visited some of Dad's relatives, aunts and cousin.

after traveling thru Logan Canyon to Beer Lake and passing some small towns like Laketown we drove on over to Logan to visit Theima. Danny may have been born by this time. I don't remember anything we did while there or anything about the trip home. Sometime in my youth I do remember stopping and tasting the mineral water at Soda Springs. I don't recall any other time of going there so perhaps it was during this trip. Dad liked it. I probably didn't.

It would seem reasonable Dad would enjoy spending some time around Alexander, where he had once worked while the dam there was being built.

We traveled in the 1936 Chevy I know that,

Wyo.

1942

1

Trip with dad to set up mill.

Barney arrives back from Calif. or Ariz. on
Glen Harding, goes along
stop in Randolph Randolph
come back to ~~the~~ 7th grade -

said out stop classes
Dobson or Zoltinger

During the time Dad worked at the temple
he met a young man named Glen Harding. He
came to work on the temple at some phase of
construction. He was about Al's age. He was husky
and well built.

Dad, Glen and I drove to Fort Bridger -
at the fort we spent some time looking
around. I remember some huge wagons
and lots of cases of arrow heads etc and
old side saddles hanging in a building
which was a museum.

We asked directions and went on to Robertson,
then we found Ren South's place. They had
a long drive way back to their house.
There were a lot of meadows and trees
lined a creek along the side of their
property.

I saw the fields of wild hay. Dad called it
red top and there was timothy also.

When we arrived I was anxious to see Dan.
This was about the first of Aug. maybe the
end of July. Dan was off across a field ^{the} road
opposite their house thru a field.

Burton went with me to find Dan.

We went up along the creek aways and we heard and saw Dan and some other boys- neighbors. We stooped or squatted down in the mild hay. There I tried to imitate a wolf howl. The boys got pretty excited and began running along the edge of the field towards home next to the trees lining the creek. When they got near to us we stood up in the hay field and hollered to them.

Dan was glad to see me. We all went home. When we got there after crossing the fence next to the road, Dan very excitedly announced to everyone gathered in South's front room how scared that he was hearing the howling from the hay field.

Dad made me feel a little sheepish about frightening the boys that way.

I don't know how many days we were there. We went to Evanston once with Ren.

A lot of things were gathered up. We got supplies and tents and Dad drove the car. Ren rode with us. It seems like Barney was there and rode with us on one trip to the woods. We may have made several trips. But I only remember one actually.

I remember as we rode we saw haying with bull rakes and over head stacks. We saw a flock of sage hens and Ren and Dad talked about them. Ren said there were plenty around that area. We may have seen some deer along the road.

We probably went past a ranger station.

We came to some woods. As we drove on we passed through some scrubby timber on small hills. A coyote trotted across the road in front of the car. Dad mentioned too bad they didn't have a 22.

The conversation was about coyotes for a while. Dad may have mentioned seeing coyote droppings with porcupine needles in it. They talked about how hungry they must get to go to that extent.

We saw a forest service sign on the road side that read entering the Wasatch National Forest. We passed a clear pond with a very light colored bottom. Ren mentioned once the family had been there in their car. The kids wanted to stop and play. So they stopped - One of the kids wanted to wade in the water. Ren said wait! He got a long slender dead lodge pole pine pole and tested the bottom. It seemed soft so he put it in a ways from the edge and it just kept going in. It went all the way in about an 18' pole. Needless to say they loaded the kids back in the car and left the place.

We drove over a pass. On a tree we stopped and looked at an altimeter it seemed. Maybe it was a sign - anyway the altitude was near 10,000ft. It was 9, + + +.

Some where along a road we cut some trees on a curve and put up a tent and pulled Dad's car off the road. We had passed one stream that wound quite a bit and was lined with

Wye.

41

willows. It was in timbered country. It had some swift currents and nice deep looking holes. A sign by the bridge Blacksmith's Fork. Dad mentioned what a nice looking fishing ~~for~~ stream. Ren didn't seem to know about that.

From where we parked the car and set up a tent we started building a road. Ren blazed a trail. Here we were on property that belonged to the Railroad. There was a lot of sections of railroad owned property, in this area. Ren was going to set up a mill in the woods here and haul ties into Evanston to ship by rail. He was dealing through an outfit in town. They owned a service station and an oil distributing company. One was named Smith it seems.

One high light of the trip was seeing Al. He'd been working for Ren ever since Maj. & Barney left Ogden. He may not have been at Ren's place when we first arrived. He was hauling props. Ren had cutters in the woods in other places in the woods, mostly Swedes.

There were quite a few days when it rained. We couldn't do much. One time I went with Al in a truck. He drove an International. They didn't pull a ~~two~~ trailer. They just used a flat bed. He used a pick axon and probably two chains length wise. One day we went to move one of the old Swedes - Al. He had to move camp. Al moved him with the truck. It got real windy and the trees were swaying a lot. I was really scared.

One one of the steep hills it was real

slick, It was a gumbo type clay. It would really stick to your boots and shoes. It wasn't at all like Island Park.

Dan South came up with his dad a few days but it rained so much he didn't stay long. There was nothing to do and he had to go to school early.

We started building a ~~road~~ road into a mill site. There was an old cabin on a clearing. A small clear creek ran across the meadow. The grass on the meadow was sparse - not like wild hay. There were some holes but they were wide and so clear that the one or two fish laying in the middle would dart out of the holes whenever you got close at all and hide under a bank along the narrow stream banks between the holes. There were only 2 or three holes on the entire meadow.

It took about a week to work up to the meadow. The length of the road was maybe $\frac{1}{2}$ to $\frac{3}{4}$ mile. Ren found someone with a Ranch closer to where we were working than where he lived and arranged to get a horse from them. She was a little bit rangy. She wasn't a bad little mare. Dad seemed quite pleased with her. We used her to skid windfalls out of the way. We had to go over a knoll with an outcropping of rock which required a lot of work. Some of the rock had to be broken and dug out with crow bars. We pulled some saplings and jack pine with the mare. She was pretty gentle and I was able to

Wyo

6

ride for a lot. Sometimes when they were working on rocks I'd ride ahead on the blazed trail. I thought I was big stuff and I'd ride to the meadow and act like I was leading a wagon train in.

Finally we got thru to the meadow. After crossing the rocky knoll the timber wasn't real thick and going was easy. The road came along to the end of the meadow on a flat ridge. Of to the right was a good sized lily pond. There may have been one other pond farther along, but if so it was smaller. After this stretch of road was finished Ren returned the black mare, to her owner.

Ren of course knew I liked horses so he had mentioned bringing his saddle horse up. And finally he did. It was a small rangy black. It was fun having a saddle to ride. I hadn't ridden a lot in a saddle. On skid horses in Island Park I'd been on bare back and over harnesses a lot. It was fun to ride in a saddle. He was a nice horse.

Once the road was opened the trucks brought our tent up along with other supplies. In the camp was a cook named "Shoety"

also another guy that seemed like a sort of cowboy. He slept in the tent and so did Shoety. Dad and I and Ren was not there regularly but he did sleep there some nights. Barney came up when the milk was hauled in.

Ren's horse came up and a driver.

There was a lot of interesting conversations

took place.

Once Glen Harding saw a rock rat in a tree by our tent. He tried to shoot it with a 22. He said we should build a raft and go out on the Lily pond. We never did.

Ren's old bay horse Dick had died. He still had Clip. Clip was old but he was brought up. Ren had a young team of colts. One he called Dick. His teamster wasn't much of a teamster but he was amusing.

He'd get skidding a dog and driving the team. He'd holler at the colts. He had a shaggy sheep dog. The kind with hair over its eyes. When he'd get excited the dog would slip in and try to heel and maybe bark a little. When he'd start hollering more and throwing sticks, rocks etc at the dog this excited the colts even more.

Shorty began cutting. He still cooked. He said he wanted to get a sour dough start. One day we were having pancakes. I said, I don't think I'd like sour dough. He said you eating them today. He had a cock with some in it.

We slept in the tent. It was cold. It was the first half of August. In the morning when we would get ~~out~~^{up} and out, a ~~to~~ water bucket outside the tent would have ice in it. We cut branches from spruce trees and balsam and placed under our bedding to soften our beds.

Once after the ~~the~~ trucks brought in some folding camp cots some of the guys

rushed to sleep on a cot. Before morning they were back sleeping on the ground. The cold air under the cots made it too cold to sleep.

I began skidding with Old Clip. He was a good old horse. Barney and Dad set up the mill. It was a left hand mill. This was quite different and took some getting used to. The mill was powered by a stationary gasoline (tractor) engine that Ren brought in.

The first structure built after they started ~~building~~ sawing was a cook shack. As soon as it was up and a roof on & the stove was moved in from where it had been ~~placed~~ used under the trees near our tent, then Shorty's wife came up and lived in it and did the cooking. Shorty cut full time.

Al moved another Swede this one was dirt. He seemed a lot sharper and more personally than other most other Swedes. He dressed well. He wore high tops and breeches that flared out above the knees maybe. He may have had his own pick up truck. The other Swede Al moved was a gumbler or so it seemed.

One night just before dark a deer came out on the meadow and we could see it from in front of the tent. I rode the saddle horse up across the meadow several hundred yards to the old cabin. It was pretty delapidated. I can't remember if the door was in place or not but it may have been. The windows were out.

It was dirty - maybe some empty tin cans but mostly covered with what the squirrels left from pine cones. Outside this cabin there was a very large spruce. It was interesting to see spruce with the heavy bark, we hadn't seen this kind of bark in Island Park. These heavy trees were real limby - even more than Douglas ~~fir~~ fir on Black Mountain. Glen became an off-bearer.

It was fun to snoop around the old cabin but there wasn't anything around worth picking up. Any thing like that ~~to~~ probably had been picked up long before.

Beyond the cabin were some hills, a little past it an ~~so~~ old road went up a gentle slope and the stream tickled over rocks to the meadow. The wide spots in the creek where the fish laid in the sun in the middle of the day may have been made by a ford when the area was logged at an earlier time. The cabin and old road had not been used for a long time.

(Buck Bentley)

We were told that there was a lake up several miles and it should be good fishing. We never got to go before I left to go home.

When Barney arrived at the set he slept in the tent. Ren stayed one night in the tent with us. I asked him about Barry & David. They were in Idaho Falls I believe. I said I'd sure like to see the little devils again. Dad sort of ~~child~~ chided me for my language. Ren laughed heartily about it. Ren got a kick out of kick. His own

as well as others.

He and Dad talked for a while some. Dad asked him if he remembered Art Dunn. He did. Dad said Art had a nice looking team. Art married mother's sister Theola. He farmed west of Rigby.

Buck Bently spun some yarns. He told about a guy waiting on a hay stack for the deer to come in and jumped down on one with a knife but the deer cut him up with its hooves.

He always talked about his daddy-in-law. Story told about a horse balking at pulling its mate out of a stall after it died, also a horse being led off the road to be put away after an accident broke its leg. It turned its head back toward him and nickered. He told how hard that was to take.

Ren told about one when he was a kid someone was camping and handed him a pistol and asked him to go get some ruffed grouse for supper. He shot quite a few times but couldn't hit anything. Finally in disgust he got some rocks and made some good throws as he was used to doing. Then afterward he rang all their necks and took them back to camp. When the guys at camp saw the chickens with all their heads missing and not shot up with any bullet holes they sure thought Ren was a great shot with a pistol.

He told us about a guy named Smith. Barney may have known of him from Island Park. He stayed with them and boarded some times. He was big and

Ben told Dad I didn't own any board - my skidding and running errands

now taken care of that

Wyo

11

strong. Ren had him drive horses. One day a ~~to~~ truck got stuck and Ren ~~turned around~~ asked him to go harness up a team. In a few minutes Ren turned to him again and asked that he go get the team. He pointed and the team was standing nearby harnessed ready to go. Ren didn't think he'd had time to go do all that. He was really surprised. But he said that's the kind of a hiel man he was. One time some of Ruth & Rens kids were told to get ready for bed. The girls came running to him with their pajamas and wanted him to help them get ready. He was a little surprised and embarrassed, but went ahead and helped. He was a ~~bachelor~~ bachelor.

Ren told about how one time when his father taught school in Randolph some boy was misbehaving and when ~~he~~ he didn't do what he was told and he was on the gym floor Sam South took hold of him and when he let go the kid just went skidding across the gym floor. He was ready to do what he was asked to do when he got up.

After the mill was running I left with Barney in Dad's '36 Chevy. The new road was pretty rough so the car had been left parked back where the new road connected to the mill road.

May was back in Robertson. We left there and stayed a day or over night at least in Randolph. Barney enjoyed visiting the

Kennedy and others had known there when a boy. He left there to go into the 3 C's. Then his family moved to Island Park. Both his mother and father were from there. They had many relatives there, Mrs. Snowball was probably a sister of Mrs. South - Her maiden name was Carlos. Rich County was no doubt named after Charles Rich, who settled Bear Lake. Some of the Souths used the given name of Rich.

While in Randolph I stayed with Helma. Barney stayed with Elgie his sister. Helma saw Elgie down town in Dad's car. She said she wondered what Dad would think if he knew she was running around in his car.

From the grainery behind Helma's house I caught 3 pigeons. 2 were young and one was a mature bird. I took them home to Idaho Falls in the trunk of our car. Elmer thought if I kept them in for a week or two they might stay around. One had some speckled white - the other and the older ones were dark - the adult a beautiful iridescent.

We went home and I got to see David & Barney. How much older is Barney than m' Jean - ? When was m' Jean born? Barney must have been about 2 at this time?

Barney would find a place in mother's house where the paper had a little tear or flaw and he'd keep going back to that spot and pick and pull at it. We didn't have wall paper but a kind of dot blue building paper on the

it lopped it always showed how much it peeled after a little while inside of the logs. when it over lapped

Anna 1st street

The spring Anna was effecting Sunday she lived east on first street. They were below Paul's folks place. It was the next place below the canal on the north side of the road. I stayed there several days at least until Ann went to the hospital.

It seemed like we all rode horse back from the field. If Ann was so near I don't know why she'd have been bare back riding. Paul liked to flank a horse and it would kick up and squeal. That also made Anna squeal.

Along the fence line next to the road there was a row of potawatomi plums. We picked some for jam. Visiting Paul's folks place was fun. They were all a friendly jovial bunch. They's had a lot of problems in their family over the years. They were taking care of some gum kids that had been orphaned or half. George's wife died so Norma, Jack and Ray lived with the grandparents as much as their dad. Leonard was just a bachelor.

They had a Japanese neighbor. He came one day with his pony. Paul rode it. He'd flank her and she'd kick up part of the distance of their lane. It probably made the boy feel a little bad.

They often stopped at our place on Sat nights when they came to town. People usually went to movies on Sat. nights in those days. I don't remember how long I stayed with Ann.

Later I stayed with her at ^{near} Dewey school in Ammon. I was quite a bit older at this time. Once in Ammon I went with Paul & Ann to someones place. They had some boys my age (near at least.) They had a large lawn and a yard light. It was so neat to run and play on all of that grass. Ever since I've thought how neat it would be to have a nice big lawn.

Here they had a little sorrel gelding. It was fun to ride him. He'd canter slow. They had a saddle for him and I had a cowboy hat to wear. I have a picture taken on him also standing next to Dad. Dad certainly made him look like a small horse. Warren used to scoff at the horses around that people said were thoroughbreds. Those. There were a lot of saddle horses people called thoroughbreds. ~~Thorough~~ This little sorrel was one. He was at least 3 years old maybe 4 and wouldn't grow much more. Warren said the thoroughbreds brought ^{into} ~~into~~ the horse farms in IF at Reno Park for the winter were big horses. Well some one or another 1300 lbs. He said they couldn't even open their knees up on the 1/2 mile track in front of the water grounds there - because they would not be able to run on that small of a track at top speed.

They used to have 2 large barns. They were long with stalls on 2 sides of center runway. They could keep some hay in one above stalls. One called the berry barn. The other was rented out to local people. Warren had a partner in his horse riding venture. Warren played polo on his little brown mare Birdie -

Hockmen Siding.

Paul used to tell us stories of when he was young in Ammon. He'd ride a horse to Mt. A. He'd ride east of Ammon store and up over the foot hills road home. Along the way he had to pass the cemetery. When he'd get about to the cemetery he'd pick his horse in the ribs and gallop just the cemetery, before then he'd ride on some at the usual pace. 1st street had to be 2 miles north, and Walker's place was 2 miles east of the Ammon - Lincoln Road.

So one night as he kicked the horse in the ribs the cinch broke or came loose and he was left sitting on an empty saddle in the middle of the gravel road near the cemetery. He gathered himself up and ran with the saddle on his shoulders until he was well past the cemetery. The horse went a ways ahead and stopped to graze on the road side. Paul tried to get up to it. Each time it would run just before he'd get close enough to catch the reins that were dragging. The horse played this game with Paul all the way home. He never was able to catch it. He had a temper. He was really mad at the horse but later he used to laugh and laugh telling this story.

There used to be a family living east of Ammon at the top or near the top of a rather steep hill, and they had a planet which they at times set out on the porch of their house. Men driving loaded wagons would after stop their team just at the top of the hill

in order to give the team a chance to catch their wind. Sometimes on steep pitches like this it was necessary to stop a wagon and block the wheels or set the brakes on the outfit while the horses had a few minutes to catch their wind. Of course it was harder to start the wagon on the hill but the horses had to stop. Pulling horses too long could lead to a condition called broken wind. If a horse was broken-winded he was of little value for pulling because he'd soon run out of breath too soon and would not be able to exert much effort into pulling. Once so winded ^{a horse would} ~~he~~ never have the wind nor stamina to be of much use. Maybe it wouldn't show up in light work or traveling along a road.

Well anyway back to the story, a busy people lots of wagons come up this hill loaded with grain or supplies going back into the dry farms east of town. The drivers would stop to "blow" their teams before they reached the top. One driver was coming up one day and was almost over the steepest pitch just before he'd reach the point where they usually stopped to rest their teams and this driver hollered out "whoa".

Of course when a team is pulling like that they seem to have better hearing than usual. Any talking that even sounds like whoa will be enough to stop. Stop they did and apparently the driver had a very difficult time starting again. In fact the wagon may have rolled back some. In such a case a load could get away from a team if it got any momentum the wrong direction.

Hockmen siding

There was a big old barn behind the house. Doesn't seem like much cows or pigs. The barn seemed to just sit out alone. Once there was cows and combs but except possibly for a pig - I doubt they had any ~~the~~ other stock there. Sandra maybe started school there at the Denney school. It was on a corner near the sand dunes of Ammon. Ann used to talk about and tell me about all the neighbors. She was always so interested in all the neighbors. There was an old farmer that drove by called "Ferd" there was a Hockman, there were Martens, they had sheep I believe, the Wright - Morris' folks. Later I ~~met~~ ^{met} Marie and her folks. We were roommates at Viking Hall my last year of school at Ricks. There was an Otto Winkler who had a dairy nearby. Anna always had some interesting things to tell about the people that lived around her. She was always excited to tell Dad about someone or something or what they did or could do or about a house they had that was unique or beautiful or something.

Late on a run lived in on 1st street and Sandra rode the school bus to school. They lived on the south side of of the street half way between the Ammon - Lincoln Road and the Hill Road that dead ends on 1st street. At this corner the IF stake had a chicken farm. Their white frame home had was surrounded by large shade trees. They had a small barn. more of a shed than a barn. They had some horse stalls and yard had a few cows.

It seems like after Paul had leased it he had a chance to buy the place for \$10,000. He could

have obtained a J. I. loan. But his dad talked him out of it because he felt he would be going into such tremendous debt on the paper, it's amazing. In a few years the land values soared to such a degree a person buying at that time would have hardly lost. But that was not foreseen of course at the time.

After a year or two they moved to Mackay, Lab and he leased a place there for a couple of years - (around 48-49-50)

Paul bought a new Ford Sedan from a dealer in Mackay on Home or Lost River (name). It was on end of the year sale - getting rid of the previous years models to make way for the next years cars coming onto the market. Paul got a ^{cut} good price off the chicken price. He said it was the 1st car he ever owned that you had to turn the heater down instead of up in the winter time.

We ~~once~~ visited them in Mackay a few times. Once ~~we~~ they lived on the former ranch. No livestock. Later they lived near town like in a motel cabin. (maybe near one.)

We walked up over the low hills above the ranch house onto a bench. When you looked up across it looked like water cascaded down the ditch along a ridge. When you walked along the ditch toward the upper end you'd think for sure you were on the top of a hill and you could see the water running up the hill on ~~the~~ one side and meeting down on the other side. It seemed weird (surreal).

Sometimes calling the Leland Park lot as you neared the Vurray place or neared Split Creek Rd,

it appeared you were traveling slightly downhill
get water from Split Creek or on coming toward
you across the flat from east to west. The old
ditch taking water to the saw mill, as well as another
taking water to Charlie Simmone place in the
middle of the flat where he had a few acres of
fenced in pasture and a good fish pond.

Paul got a Bally foal > year old. She looked
largely Chydesdale - Heavy feather on her legs,
long baldy stripped face. Heavy boned. She was
small only because of age. I used to get to
saddle and ride her. She bucked (crow hopped)
a little with me once. I used to ride her
across the farm.

Once I was with the folks. He had been
out of 1st street for some reason coming into town
town. We passed to riders on horseback carrying
yellow slickers, I looked at one went by and
I recognized one. He was Bawn (Bawne)

I had gone thru 10th grade with him. He always
went cowboy boots to school and a cowboy hat. I used
to walk home from school with him. Sometimes he
rode a bike. He lived on 1st street one or two houses
west of Chesnut on the same side of the street. He did
a lot of leather work - bridled saddles etc. fixed up
backpacks etc. He wanted ^{to} know how to tie
one of those knot on a back pack. I told him I had
a brother, Warren, that could tie it. He would have liked
to have learned. I asked Warren about it. Warren
said - he probably couldn't remember until he got
home anyway. But I was never able to get them
together.

When Dad drove to Anna's I washed out and

saddle this morn and headed up the road to meet them. When I got up to them he started to laugh. He laughed like he was seeing a cartoon.

Once we were looking at one of Will James books and it showed a guy from England on this big western ranch. He was standing out in his riding (flocks?) and high tops talking to the old ~~to~~ brown legged cowboys. He'd just been told they ran 2000 cows. Impossible said the dude - where would you get all those milk maids. Bowne really laughed at that.

Once we were in P.E. Cat Thompson one coach had been all time - all American forward in basketball. He had played for the Montana State Bobcats (Bozeman) Bowne knew of him and regarded him ~~at~~ ^{with} a high esteem. Maybe he'd known of him in Montana.

One day, we were all called to the front of the gym by the coach. He said. All right yesterday when you left here my hat was sitting here on this bench. There ~~was~~ ^{was} a stain going down to the playing floor and a bench long ways along side of the hall. We had P.E. last class before noon. So we'd get showered and dressed and stand and wait for the bell then charge out the double doors. He was waiting for us to leave so he could lock up and go to lunch.

He said his hat was smashed on the bench. Now the one that has the reddest face is the one that did it. Well Nam Howard Bowne's face went as red as a beet. He was slightly

Anna 1st street

9

red headed and sandy complexioned, well
he was such a quiet fellow - he'd have
been the last one to have done such a
thing - He probably took one possible stroke
good naturedly. The coach probably knew
boys good enough to know he wasn't the
kind that would have done it.

I rode about half mile along side of them
to Anna & Paul's place. Their horses were
tired. They'd helped haul trail some cattle to
Gray's Lake area. And had ridden back from
there. That may have been a 30 mile ride. or 35. possibly.
They had maybe come by way of Bone -

While in the 3rd grade at Emerson school I was in Mrs. Petersen's room. Our classroom was the south east room on the first floor. The windows faced east onto the playground. At the school there was an A room and a B room for each grade. Whether there was actually a differentiation as to how well students read and progressed in their work or whether the status of the family determined which room the students were in I never knew. I did know that some students that came to school from the country by bus were in both rooms. The students in the b rooms did represent a larger percentage of those from the east end and that did include the majority of poor, really poor, families represented. No doubt among the A rooms there were students that normally may have gone ahead in school work at a faster pace but I doubt the separation held to IQ but social-economic. New students often started in the B and later were changed to the A. A little bit of snobbishness resulted but no fighting between kids from the rooms for the reasons mentioned above that I know of. The A room kids were largely living west of Emerson Ave. also. This area was built up without many vacant lots. Whereas the north east part of Idaho Falls consisted of scattered houses over an area of many blocks mostly vacant and all gravel roads. *(and paved streets and sidewalks)*

This was not always the case however, one family had twins, Richard and Margaret Wasley. They were older than the others in our class. They had been held back one ^{grade} year at least. Their father was a local banker. They were non-mormons. They were always in the B room. Colleen Christensen and Alene Armstrong were in the B room but before they got out of the 6th grade they were transferred into the A room. I don't remember any students being transferred from the A room to the B room.

In this year Mrs. Petersen started a reading contest. 1st, 2nd, and 3rd place prizes were awarded to the students that read the most library books during the school year. The contest terminated before school was out because the awards were given out before I left school. I won 2nd place. Louise Thomas got 1st place. We got a pencil set and crayons in boxes. Hers had many more colors and was a larger box than mine. Kids always come up to you after something like that and say, How do you do it? Louise read several more books than I did. I always felt that she selected a lot of easy to read books however. One time when I gave a book report ~~in~~ after using some very short books with little reading compared with pictures Mrs. Petersen told me not to use any more such books. I knew that Louise had used many books similar to those and I felt

it was somewhat unfair to tell me that, especially when I had read such books as Bambi and some other large books. The librarian had told me when I checked out Bambi that it was too advanced for a third grader and that I should get another book. But I took it home anyway and read it. It did take a while. I did check out one other book that year that was a big book and thick. It had almost no pictures and was hard to read. The plot or story was a difficult one and I renewed it several times. But I lost interest. It seems now that it was a story about dolls. I just got too bored with it and never did finish it and so it didn't count. I don't remember ~~that~~ ^{the} number of books I reported on but it was quite a few. I often walked to the library daily, going after school with other friends from the school. Sometimes mother would meet me at school and we'd go together. At the library she went upstairs and I went downstairs to where the children's books were kept. I often passed Louise on the way and sometimes we'd walk together, that is she would be with some other girls and I would be with some other kids that were also living in our end of town. Louise lived up the street from us in the 600 block.

I read lots of stories about dogs and farm animals. There was a series like Prince of Cloverdale Farm. etc. Al called me a book worm. He may have felt I should not spend so much time reading under a kerosine light. We must have had a drop cord placed in the house very soon after we moved in however. Barney was an electrician and he would have wired the house. ^{I think -} Electricity went past the house in the alley. Al said I always had my nose in a book. Sometimes Al would go over a list of words for a spelling quiz in one of his classes and I remember one time mother read the words to him to spell and I quickly came up with the spelling of a word like (succeeded) before Al could spit it out. That surprised him. He was a little chagrined at the time. But I was elated and enjoyed the looks of pride and what praise I got from the folks. I didn't get to show off too much. Al was really good to me. ^{Once} he had me on the bed and was tickling me. I reponded by uttering some vocabulary that just was not acceptable in our house. Dad got after Al for causing it. I know Al felt bad and that I had over-reacted. He used to take me alot of places on his bike. More than once he pedalled me to Reno Park (Tautphaus) now. We'd see the monkeys and other animals. The bears were the favorite attraction. And they had deer and elk and buffalo. ^{For} Several years we were among the Easter crowds visiting the park.

One boy in my class was very quiet and didn't run and play on the school grounds. When we went to recess we left and entered the building from the front steps facing 5th street. This was the only classroom I was ever in that used that entrance in the 5 years I attended Emerson school. There was a retaining wall against the sidewalk on the south side and steps up to the front of the building. I used to jump the rope on the sidewalk there with the girls. I could run in back door and many of them could not. This shy boy was Harold Ireland. He used to stand along the playground near the sidewalk. I used to visit with him. The teachers tried to get him to go out onto the playground and run and play with the other kids in their games but he never did. I used to talk with him. He rode the bus. He lived out on first street and rode the bus. Across the street and a little farther out maybe a block or two lived the J. Earl West family. J. Earl Jr. was in my ward. He rode the same bus and was a friend to Harold. Harold's father was Duke and he was a rural mail carrier. He had a cabin of somekind on the Snake River near Elk Butte which is south of the Railroad ranch aways. This gave us something in common to talk about. He was always interested in telling about going fishing.

Later when Al was working at the post office he got acquainted with Duke who was sort of a character. When I got drafted into the service Harold and I were together from the reception center all the way through basic training at Ft. Ord. He was even in the same 3rd platoon with me and we shared top and bottom bunks. He had taken enough ROTC training in college that he knew how to take down the M-1 rifle and he helped me with that when we were being tested on it.

J. Earl was held back one year in school and I finished high school ahead of him but he arranged to go to Ricks and complete the courses that he needed for graduation at the same time. So he was at Ricks the first year I was. It was through his getting a filly from George Bitter a rancher in our ward several years after the 3rd grade that led me to taking Dad to his farm where we saw the filly and Dad talked to Bro. West and then to Bro. Bitter and I got my first horse which I will tell about later.

Another boy I liked was Richard Brinkman. We played a lot of marbles together. We were together in primary also. We also went through school as friends, taking seminary together and later attending Ricks. Richard hitchhiked to school most of one year. He was a tall lean character and didn't have any money. He layed around the lounge at the college and slept. He seldom had a lunch. He probably was malnurished. He hung around pool tables. He didn't finish college. He must have got onto drugs although at that time that was rare.

I don't actually remember when David South was born. The earliest recollection I have of David was one time and it seems like the fall of the year in their house in Island Park. I was there with Dad and I was left to tend him. He was in a bassinet in the kitchen. Dad had gone to the barn to chore and left me there with him. He started to cry. He had gotten a piece of paper in his mouth somehow and I couldn't get it out and he wouldn't stop crying. I was about on the verge of crying myself when Dad came back. I will never forget Dad's large hands and fingers. But this time he put a large finger or two into David's mouth and got the piece of paper that had stuck to the roof of his mouth. I hadn't been able to figure out how to get it out. I was sure relieved to see Dad show up ^{from} ~~from~~ the barn.

Just before Thelma was going to have her first baby, Mother arranged to go to Randolph, Utah to be with her. It was arranged that I could get out of school early that year to go with her.

We left by train and went to Pocatello where we were met at the train by Warren Tonks. He took us in his car to their home. They had a small boy named Jess Warren, Named after Jessie Hammond, Zara's father. She was mother's oldest sister Elizabeth's (Aunt Finnie) oldest daughter. We stayed there overnight and then were taken to the railroad to continue our journey. We went ~~to~~ the Bear Lake country. Somewhere along the line, maybe Soda Spings we got ~~on~~ to a rail car that was called the Galloping Goose. At least growing up we saw one occasionally around the railroad yards in I. F. and at Rexburg which was one car with round windows and that is what we called it. We rode the last part of the way on it. We went through Montpelier, and Paris. At Paris we made connections with a mail carrier to ride over to Randolph.

I remember going through the Bear Lake country there were places where there was water up to the right-of-way on both sides ~~it~~ ^{it} seemed for miles like this. Ducks flew up continuously as the train putted along. I never knew there was so much water or so many ducks.

While sitting on a train in the Pocatello rail yard I had for the first time that dizzying feeling of having trains along close on each side and one moved and you couldn't tell if you were moving or the others were moving.

Elmer Snowball, Thelma's husband had made arrangements for us to catch this ride. ^{with the mail man.} He may have had a pickup, I can't remember, except it seems we rode all three in the front seat. He took us to Randolph. I don't recall the Bear Lake on this trip. Maybe the ^vweather was cloudy and we couldn't see out well.

Elmer didn't have a car. I don't th think his folks had one either. We arrived before the baby was born. I don't remember how long after we arrived that Shirley Ann was born. There was some talk about which doctor Thelma wanted. There was an old Doc Ray it seems. Maybe he had delivered Elmer. He had been around for a long time anyway. And there must have been a new comer that some felt inclined to believe was more modern and clean, etc.

Thelma was attended by a nurse, Winnefred Rex. Later after I married I met her. Everyone just called her Winnie. She married Ross ANDrus, a cousin of Louise and lived in Kamas, Utah. She remembered Thelma and probably was with her when Danny was born also. Ross was a fine person, bishop at least once maybe twice. ^{of the same word.} He died suddenly of heart attack at age 60. He was notably generous. He let me use his truck to haul corral poles to our place in Edgemont from the Mill Creek area above Kamas.

There was a small grainary behind their house. The house sat on a corner facing east. It was kiddie-cornered from Elmer's folks place. IF you walked a block east you came to the highway. At that corner on the east was a city park running north fronting the highway. There were some corrals and chutes there for the rodeos and celebrations. In the next block and on the east of the highway was the Rich county court house. Across the street they showed movies each Saturday. I went to at least one motion picture show there. Between the Snowballs and the highway there was a government trapper. He sometimes had a coyote chained to a post back from the road along side his drive-way.

North in the next block was the Wilson's place. They had a daughter, Jennie and Woodrow their son was older. Neither were married. Woody had been hurt maybe in a rodeo accident, but anyway it seems a horse had fallen on him and he probably wore a brace on his back. He was quite stiff in the back and had to ride a gentle horse. He used a brown saddle horse that belonged to Elmer. The horse may have been named Bud. Wilson's owned a store in town like a confectionary, they sold comic books and other items. Maybe it was a drugstore. It seems they had another store next to that one. I bought a book while I was there that I kept for many years. It was the first episode of Red Ryder and Little Beaver. It was in a little-big book series. The author was Fred Harmon, A sort of cowboy artist. He became financially independent and abandoned the Red Ryder enterprise but not before it was nationally syndicated and became a motion picture serial as well, making him famous and wealthy.

in news paper funny strips

Upstairs in a house near the store or above the store perhaps was an apartment where Elmer's first wife, Althea, lived with their son, Sherman. I met and played with him but don't know that I ever saw her, maybe once. The kids in Randolph were still in school so I was pretty much of a loner most of the day. I did play with some kids after school and on Saturdays. I don't recall attending any church meetings but it seemed like to the south of their house there was a field and on the next corner lived a bishop. Probably Rex. Elmer once told of an old bishop in Randolph that never put shoes on his horses. They were often sore-footed and he'd say, If the Lord had wanted shoes on 'em he'd borned 'em with shoes on.

From where they lived you could see the school house on the hill west of town. It was a barren sagebrush place all around it. You could see the kids coming from the school toward town in the afternoon when it let out. Elmer had a brother that lived east of the park. ~~And~~ He had several boys. Some near my age. Barney had a sister Elgie who also lived on the same block and I did play there sometimes. There may have been a younger girl than myself named Betty. *Elsie* she had married again and her husband was named Norris. So this girl was Betty Norris and the older kids, Elaine and Bob were TATE. Bob was near my age. Later he worked in Island Park for Barney first, and then for Charley. Elaine married a boy from I.F., Warren Bybee and he also worked for Charley *South*, I used to go there and ride calves with the Snowball kids. Once I decided I was not going to get thrown off so I put my arms around the calf's neck and locked my hands. Well I got tossed but I held on and next thing I knew the calf was on top and I was still hanging on except I was being stepped on every jump. So I was glad to finally let loose. Of course, I never tried that again.

Because I was always so excited about horses Thelma wanted to please me and wanted to have me ride. But Elmer had some arrangement where the Wilsons used his saddle horse, so they arranged that I could go with Woody on the horse. Woody rode about every day out east of the town to their place where they had some white faced cows. He may have taken some black and white Holstein cattle out in the mornings and brought them back in the evening. I can't remember if he milked or not. So I'd go over to Woody's place and ride behind him on the saddle skirt. After we got to the ranch he'd sometimes have to tend water or fence or do something in the field and I'd get to ride the horse around. I loved that of course. *Woody* He never went faster than a walk because of his back I guess.

One day I remember trying to head a cow but it crossed a slough or canal near the wire gate at the end of the lane and I didn't dare take the horse into the water after it. I don't think that Woody did either. Cattle can handle a lot more mud and bog than a horse it seems.

When we'd go to the Wilsons home which was a really nice home Woody and Jenny always put on a show. They'd scuffle all around the house and make a lot of noise. Thelma told of how they loved to show off like that whenever there was company. One time I went to their place where they had a large barn with a loft behind their house to watch Elmer shear their sheep. They had a few head of black faces. He sheared them by hand. He usually went off during the shearing season and sheared in Utah, Idaho, Wyoming and even Montana. He'd be gone several months early in the year. That may be why he wasn't around all the time we were staying in Randolph.

Elmer had a younger brother, Wally who was in the Navy. He came home on leave occasionally. He was there part of the time while we were. I spent a lot of time around the Snowballs. One time I was sliding down a small loose hay stack in their ^{barn} back yard and slid off and landed on the seat of my pants in a fresh cow-pie. He helped me by having me slide around in some straw in the yard before going home.

One time Woody told me of a Halloween trick played on Mr. Snowball. He also told me not to tell them he told me. Mr. Snowball drove a team of white horses and on one particular year some kids in the community painted the horses green. There was no way that the paint could be removed and he just had to wait until the horses shed their hair or it wore off. Woody supposed he was suspect anyway perhaps but he didn't want me to let them know he told me. I don't know that he told me he was in on it but if I told, that he told me, they might suspect him more than ever I suspose.

Mr. Snowball had pigs. They were the big white ones. ^{I'd always seen red pigs.} Maybe ~~Poland china~~ ^{club} breed. He used to go to the creamery along the highway south of town and get whey in barrels and haul back to feed his pigs. I went along on his wagon on several trips. He plowed a field just behind and along side Elmer's house. He brought the team into the field through their backyard. He hired me to walk along side the horse that was down in the furrow and he gave me a stick and I would hit the old horse across the ribs about every so many steps just to keep him up on the double tree. It got to be a boring job and one day to just change the routine I suppose I jabbed the horse with the end of the stick rather than bringing it down over his ribs. Mr. Snowball immediately warned me not to do that else the horse might kick. I was glad when that job ended. It was drugg-

ery. He used a box breaching harness. It was the first of that type I'd been around. South's harnesses were always the Yankee breaching type. (that's with a crupper)

While in Randolph I saw the strangest colored horses I had ever seen. I never even saw them around the auction yards in I.F. They were spotted like pintos but the colors were white and then the darker color was also a light almost gray. The trapper may have ridden one and if so I saw it about every day when I would ride past his place behind Woody on the saddle skirts or ~~he~~ ^{the trapper} maybe occasionally rode past on the way to the hills.

Mother helped me gather some willows and made a bow and some arrows. I spent time shooting on Thelma's lawn at targets made out of cardboard most likely. One day I moved a slab on the shed behind their house. It was a shed battled with slabs. It may have been a grainary originally. The board made a squeeking noise. Finally I kept playing with it to hear the squeeks coming out of it and a bat fell out and onto the ground. I thought it was the ugliest thing I'd ever seen. I caught it in a ^{tin} can and put a piece of screen over the front of the can. Thelma was afraid of the thing because she had heard that they sometimes got into people's hair and tangled up in it. I don't know how we disposed of it unless it just stayed in the can and maybe died.

Well the purpose of the trip so far I've neglected to tell. The baby came and all must have gone well. It was a little girl and if I haven't given her much attention so far in this write-up as her uncle in the third grade, she got attention from the Snowballs. She was the first girl born to a Snowball family for several generations. Mr. Snowball was elated. Elmer was elated and so were the rest of the family and I'm sure they all rushed in to see if what they had heard was really true. It was a girl! I don't know if we stayed until Shirley Ann was blessed or ~~not~~ not.

~~It~~ ^{it} One time when we were there we went for a car ride to Woodruff. I guess ~~it~~ was a rival town for the schools in sports. I don't know if Elmer borrowed a car and took us or if some relative may have taken a car and gave us a ride. I don't know why we went there unless just a chance to go sight seeing sometime while we were there.

When we left Randolph we went to Cokeville, Wyo. Whether we went there with the mail man or one of Elmer's brothers maybe took us I don't recall. In Cokeville we stayed in a restaurant which was run by Elmer's older brother I believe. He and his wife were kind to us and final when the time came to catch the train we boarded it and returned to I.F. There used to be a place called Cache Junction. It doesn't seem like I hear the name used any more. It perhaps was associated with the railroad more than anything else and when the passenger service discontinued it faded from use.

A Later trip to Randolph with Dad in his car.

There was a time once that the folks went to Logan in our Chevy to attend the temple. It may have been that the folks did some family names they had researched in the temple. Al and I went and did some baptisms for the dead. I remember that mother told me a lot about how nice the temple was. It was quiet and sacred and that one could get a feeling of peace there and I certainly went there expecting to feel something special and wonderful. I didn't have any experience there that was special to carry over in my life. It did seem a very quiet and peaceful place. There was a certain amount of awe because of what she had done to prepare me for going. *there was a peaceful feeling.*

The thing that I remember mostly about the experience was the lack of respect shown by some local Logan boys. They were brought to the temple to also do some baptisms and they sneaked out a door from inside the temple and left so they would not have to participate. I couldn't hardly imagine kids doing such a thing.

We drove up through Logan Canyon. We saw Bear Lake and there was a lot of talk of the color of the water. We passed some of the little towns, like Garden City and Laketown. I was aware that there were some resorts along the way. I remember sort of that there was a lot of barren country and saw the red colored rock and soil along the road where it winds through the hills on the way to Randolph. I remember the ranches along the road as you drop out of the sagebrush hill country and come into Randolph from the north, ~~the~~ ranches gates and the mail boxes out along the highway.

We visited Thelma. I don't recall if Elmer was there. I can't remember anything about seeing the Wilsons or the Snowballs. I'm sure that the folks would have met them. It seems that Danny would have been a little boy by this time and that's about all I remember of this trip.

On the way home we must have stopped at the soda springs and had a drink of the mineral water. I didn't care for it. Dad drank some and seemed to like it. It was a big deal anyway. Then it seems that it was associated with a sort of small knoll and a ~~pa~~ place for tourists to park their cars.

I'm sure that we must have stopped at the dam where Dad had worked. At the time it was built it was called Alexandria. Maybe Grandpa Hale worked there for a little while also once. Dad told of an experience while he was there where in an argument perhaps over a card game a man shot another man and then just walked away from the camp and over a hill and disappeared. No one went after him, ⁹ At least at the time. He didn't stay to collect his wages or anything. Dad worked as a ~~ferman~~ foreman or crew leader anyway of somekind while he was employed there. They probably lived in tents and the folks (family all except me) must have been is Smithfield at the ~~time~~ time.

Shirley Ann is born

In the 3rd grade at Emerson I was in Mrs. Peterson's room. Our classroom was on the 1st floor at the southeast corner. Windows facing east onto the playground. At the school there was an A room and a B room for each grade.

Whether there was a differentiation as to how fast students read and progressed or whether the position and influence of families determined who was in A + B rooms is suspect.

The Wasley family for example lived across the street on 4th street from the school. ~~Across~~ the father was a local banker. The mother was obviously into society in the city and they were non-mormons. They were twins - they were older and may have been held back a year in school at least. They were always in the B room. Some of the students based in from the country were in the A room and some in the B room. Generally the kids from the north east part of IF were in the B room. There must have been some lopsidedness toward the social economic status toward the A room. but some ~~poor~~ kids from prominent families were in the B room. Colleen Christensen and Alene Amstrong. Later before finishing the 6th grade some kids did move into the A room. I don't remember any transfers from the A room down to the B room. Possibly some new students transferring in from other schools - towns etc were started in the B room and moved into the A room.

In this year Mrs. Peterson started a reading

contest, 1st, 2nd & 3rd place prizes awarded to students reading the most library books. I don't remember how many books I read that year but I did get 2nd place. For a prize I got a box with crayons or colored pencils or a variety of pencils maybe it was a pencil case.

First prize went to Louise Thomas. She read about 20-30 books more than I did it seems. I know she read some easy and short books. We often saw each other at the library. Except on primary nights I used to walk to the public library as regular as every day sometimes when I checked out short books. Once Mrs. Peterson told me when I gave a book report that I was getting some books that were too easy - small and lots of pictures. She didn't want me to keep getting them - it would be unfair she said. And warned she wouldn't count them if I kept getting them. Well there weren't many such books. But I know Louise had used many little books and had never really got into anything big.

I had lots of stories about Rover of Cloverfield farm etc. and stories of horses - dogs etc.

I read Bambi. I had to get it because it was so thick. It called me a book worm and thought I'd ruin my eyes always having my nose in a book. Sometimes I went to the library with mother on Saturdays or after school.

When I checked out the book Bambi the librarian told me it would be too difficult for me to read. But I read it and loved it.

Randolph

3

I checked out one story book that was really a big book. It was about a doll family it seems. It was boring. It never interested me. The plot was dull - I renewed it once or twice and finally returned it unfinished - not because I couldn't read it - but because I felt no interest so I'd set it down and find something else to do.

Dad used to have mother read a spelling word list to him occasionally to get ready for a test in English class. Once in a while I would rattle off a word before he could. Like "succeed". That may have bugged him a little. It delighted me. It was really good to me.

He used to take me a lot of places on his bike. Several different years he'd take me to Reno Park on his bike where we'd see the monkeys etc. Lots of people used to go to the park on Sunday afternoons.

I don't actually remember when David South was born. I remember once he was in a crib - bassinet on casters in the kitchen in May's house in F.P. Dad went to the barn to chore. He left me with David. Before Dad got back David started really ~~ball to ball~~ bawling. I was scared. He had a piece of paper in his mouth and it was stuck to ~~his~~ the ~~upper~~ roof of his mouth. I was relieved when Dad walked thru the door. When I stoned Dad I can still remember Dad's big fingers as he put one or two of them into David's mouth to extract that piece of paper that was stuck to it. I have no other recollection of David as an infant.

Just before Helma was going to home her first baby, mother arranged to go to be with her. It was arranged that I could check out of school. The reading awards were given out before school ended.

One boy was in the class who was very quiet. At recess he was often alone on the playground. He didn't like to run and play. He'd usually stand by some of the trees along the side of the playground. I used to talk with him a lot. His father had a cabin on the Snake River in Island Park below the Railroad Ranch near Elk Butte. So he liked to talk about D.P. and fishing. We always seemed friends. He was non-mormon but lived near J. Earl West Jr. a boy in our class who was in my ward and whose family were always friendly.

Later J. Earl went to Ricks when I did. He got a 2 year old filly from a Bro. George Bitter who was in our ward and that led to Dad helping me get my 1st pony, from Bro. Bitter. Then a couple of years later I got another horse from him.

When I was drafted into the army Harold Ireland went with me. We were together all three basic trainings. His Dad Duke Ireland was a mail route mail carrier until he retired. Al knew him when they both worked at the Post Office. They lived about 3 miles out on 1st street from Holmes Ave.

Another boy in the 3rd grade I knew and liked was Richard Rinkman. We played a lot of marbles together. We were together thru primary - secondary and Ricks until I graduated. He may not have seen the final year or two at Ricks.

~~Raymond~~ ^{quorum} al + Hunter
 advisors
 Teachers
 Deacons - Richard Britton
 Kenneth Squire
 sitting in Ricie

skid into pole
 girl / his
 home

Put into friends
 of
 W
 mason

Eventually Richard ended up being treated for mental disorders in Blackfoot and had some problems with drugs. He had an older brother Raymond and a younger sister, Irene. Raymond graduated from Ricie and taught school in Stelley. He married a Reed girl from Ricie. David Crofte also went thru school a year behind me and married a sister, Reed and a Reed boy married David's sister, Venna Croft.

Raymond was well respected in Stelley. ~~St~~ Claudia Brown him in school and church. His son Kurt was the boy that lost use of his lower limbs while climbing a power pole in a potato field and later went on to win the Boston Marathon in his chair - setting a world record for time over all runners.

Jackie Stauffer was a good friend. Also Galen Mitchell. Jackie went to Primary sometimes. Galen was non-mormon. And a Jerry Walton lived up near them about 2 blocks east of Holmes on 1st street and Lomax. They all played soccer. Walton was very diminutive but entertained. There was one really big boy in our school. bigger than Dean Danielson. He had a heavy mop of black hair. Sometimes at recess they'd get a small boy on their shoulders and see which could pull the other down, two pairs going against each other.

There was a tall long legged boy in our class. He moved in during the 3rd grade. His name was Joe Walker. Mrs. Peterson would have us race, at recess. He could out run me. I'd usually see him. He ran throwing his legs up so far behind when he ran and so high that it seemed to me that his shoes were about as

Friend
of
Pud's
12th

high as my head. I could usually get 2nd place. There was a boy moved in named Jerry Parkinson. He was a bully. I don't know if he was ~~so~~ really tough but he had a deep sounding voice. I was on his side. He was a gang leader. He'd walk home on Highlee Ave. Sometimes I'd go that way. One time at the corner of 3rd street a ~~two~~ boy came out and started a fight with me. I could never fight without crying and sobbing. This boy was in the A room. He came up to me ~~in the~~ on the playground where I was talking to Harold Ireland and started pushing me around. Then on the way home he stopped me in the road. A man came out and stopped the fight. I don't know that either of us won. After that he'd come up to me at school and act like he was a real buddy. I've thought many times since it just seemed he had to give it a try to get to be a friend.

So I left school early that spring and we went to Pocatello. We were met by Warren Tonke at the railroad station. He took us to his home. They had a small boy not yet in school named Jess Warren Tonke. Sarah like her mother was always kind and made a friend of my younga cousin. The next day we ~~to~~ left by train. Somewhere we changed to a small passenger train. Maybe at Pocatello but maybe at Soda Springs or Montpelier. But on this small train with round windows it reminded us of what we had called the "galloping goose".

Randolph

We must have become acquainted with a galloping goose in Rexburg. The railroad crossed Main Street not far to the west of where we lived on Main Street there. It was not powered by a regular steam locomotive and it was short with only 1/2 dozen cars at the most. The windows were round, while in the train the yard at Pocatello which at that time was the major rail center in that area I had the strange sensation that can be felt when on a train and either it is stopped and a train next to it is moving or vice-versa and you can't tell which is really moving momentarily and you get a dizzy feeling from it.

Well as we went out around the Bear Lake Country on both sides of the railroad tracks water was everywhere right up to the right of way. Right-of-way fences were in water. Ducks were flying everywhere. It seemed like this same condition existed for many miles. Ducks seemed to be flying endlessly. Many no doubt didn't fly, but many flew as the little train made its way along.

We probably made connections at Paris to ride with a mail carrier. Hobma and Elmer Snowball had made some prior arrangements for us to meet and ride with the mail carrier. He took us into Randolph. I don't remember Bear Lake but unless the weather was bad I surely would have seen it on that trip. Elmer didn't have a car. I don't

think his folks the Snowballs had a car.

We arrived before the baby was born. I don't remember how soon it came after we arrived. It seems I remember some discussion about 2 different doctors. One was a new doctor. The other an old doctor - maybe had delivered Elmer. I think they called him Doc Ray.

There was a small grocery or ham behind this house. They lived ~~kidlike~~ ^{kidlike} cornered from Elmer's folks. If you walked a block ~~west~~ ^{east} as you come to the highway. Then if you walked a block north you passed the city park on east side of the highway. at the next corner north the business area began. There was a theatre. They had a movie once a week on Sat night. across the highway was the Rich County Court house.

There were a few stores. One belonged to Wilsons. It was a sort of confectionary. It was here I bought the first little boy book about Red Ryder & little Beaver. I had this book for years, and years. If it was in good shape today it would be valuable. In this book it told the original episode of Red finding Little Beaver. In other stories later in funny books and even movie serials they became famous and nationally ~~and~~ syndicated in funny papers.

Elmer had a brother that lived east of the town (city) park. across from ~~there~~ their house there was a set of corals where rodeos were held. He had some boys my age and they had some calves. Sometimes we

Randolph

9

would try to ride the calves. Once I figured I'd lock my arms around the calf's neck so it couldn't throw me. I learned the hard way. I didn't let go and when I was no longer on top of the calf it was on top of me - tripping me with all four and for a little while I was holding on tight.

Always excited about horses I was tickled to find out that Elmer owned a saddle horse. Only he had managed to let Wilsons use the horse.

The Wilsons owned a drug store and maybe another store. They lived in the next block north of Helma. They had one of the large fine houses in town. They had a boy Woodrow - everyone called him "Woody". He had been hurt, maybe in rodeo or with a horse falling. He wore a brace on his back. He rode stiff and set straight in the saddle. His sister "Jennie" a bit younger may have clerked in one of the stores. She may have still been in high school.

At their house they'd scuffle about and make quite a racket. Helma winked that they always stomped off like that when company was there.

Woody rode Elmer's brown horse every day almost out to their ranch west east of town. He opened a wire gate and went in. He maybe turned a little water sometimes. He fixed fence maybe. While he was doing those things I'd ride around on his horse. I liked that. I was going to go head a cow one day. It left the road and crossed a slough. I didn't dare take the horse into the slough after it. They were white-faced cattle. Maybe they had calves but I don't

remember that.

Between Snowballs and the highway lived a government trapper. He as I'd ride along behind the saddle behind "Wardie" I'd see a young coyote chained out in his yard. Typically it would run back and forth in a half circle at the end of its chain.

While in Randolph I saw some strange colored horses. They were a pinto or spotted horse but the ~~other~~ dark colors were light also. I'd never seen that before. After going home I never saw many horses of that color ever.

I used to go over to Snowballs. They had pigs and maybe some calves. I was one time sliding down a small loose hay stack in their yard. At the bottom I sat right down in a fresh cow pile. Elmer's youngest brother Wally was in the Navy. But he happened to be home. He was in the yard and helped wipe and scrape my trousers with straw and sliding in the straw stack so it wasn't so bad when I went home.

Mr. Snowball probably milked some cows. I remember once in a while I'd ride with him to the south of town along the highway in his wagon. It would be loaded with milk cans. In the back he had some barrels. He'd get whey from the creamery in these barrels and bring them home to his pigs. His pigs were white. I'd been used to seeing red or black pigs in Idaho.

One day Wilson asked Elmer to come to

their place. Out in back near their barn Elmer steered their sheep. They were probably black faces. I'd never seen a sheep storn before.

Woodie told me once on Halloween some kids took green paint and painted Mr. Sranbulla's white team. He couldn't get the paint off and had to just wait it out until they shed their hair. Woodie told me not to tell about the green paint job. He may have been a party to it.

When school let out up on the hill behind the town on the west you could see the kids coming down off the hill toward town. It was north and west of Wilsons.

Behind Elmer's house and to the south was a field of several acres. South along the road the next house was Bp. Rex's. Elmer's day plowed the field while I was there. He gave me like a nickel a day to walk along side the horse that was in the furrow and give him a crack across the ribs every $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen steps or so. One day I remembered I just used the stick end way and jabbed the horse. He warned me not to do that because the horse might kick.

One day I moved a loose slab on the shed behind the house and heard a squeaking noise. Every time I'd move the board it would squeak. It turned out to be a bat. It was an ugly thing. I may have put it into a can or a bottle. Helma was nervous about it. She thought it might get tangled in someone's hair.

the baby came. thinge turned out okay with

the doctor. There was a nurse. Years later after I was married it turned out the nurse was Winifred Rex. She married Ross Andrus, Fannie's cousin. She remembers when Helma had Shirley Ann. Shirley Ann was the first girl born into the Snowball family for several generations the first granddaughter for Elmer's folks at least. And predicted to be spoiled as a result.

I don't recall if we stayed until Shirley Ann was blessed or not. We left there and went to Cokeville, Wyo. maybe with the mail carrier again?

Then we stopped or waited at least at a cafe owned by another of Elmer's relatives. Possibly another older brother. Then when the train arrived we boarded it for home.

While in Randolph I met and played some with Elmer's son, Sherman. I don't know if I saw ever saw his first wife - she may have lived above the drug store in an apartment or if not near that part of town at least.

Once we went to a movie on a Saturday night. Mother stowed me down to make a bow from a willow and I practiced shooting at targets with willow arrow.

I didn't have any kids to play with that were ~~not~~ school age until school was out. One non school age girl may have been (Beth Harris) Elgie Southgate Harris was Bama's sister. She lived near Elmer's brother east of the Park.

Elmer told of an old Bp. Rex maybe - had some foster nurses - never had a house - said if the lord had wanted shall on them he'd burned

with those on.
2000

Island Park Maps

(as drawn by Bernie)

I P map I
general

Wild Rose
Ranch

Lalce Henry's Lake flat

Henry's Lake
outlet

Meeks (Inn) RR "Y" Big Springs

Gill
moose creek
Lucky Dog creek

Buffalo River

Tom's creek

Island Park
siding

Railroad Ranch

Enckes warm River

Osborn Springs

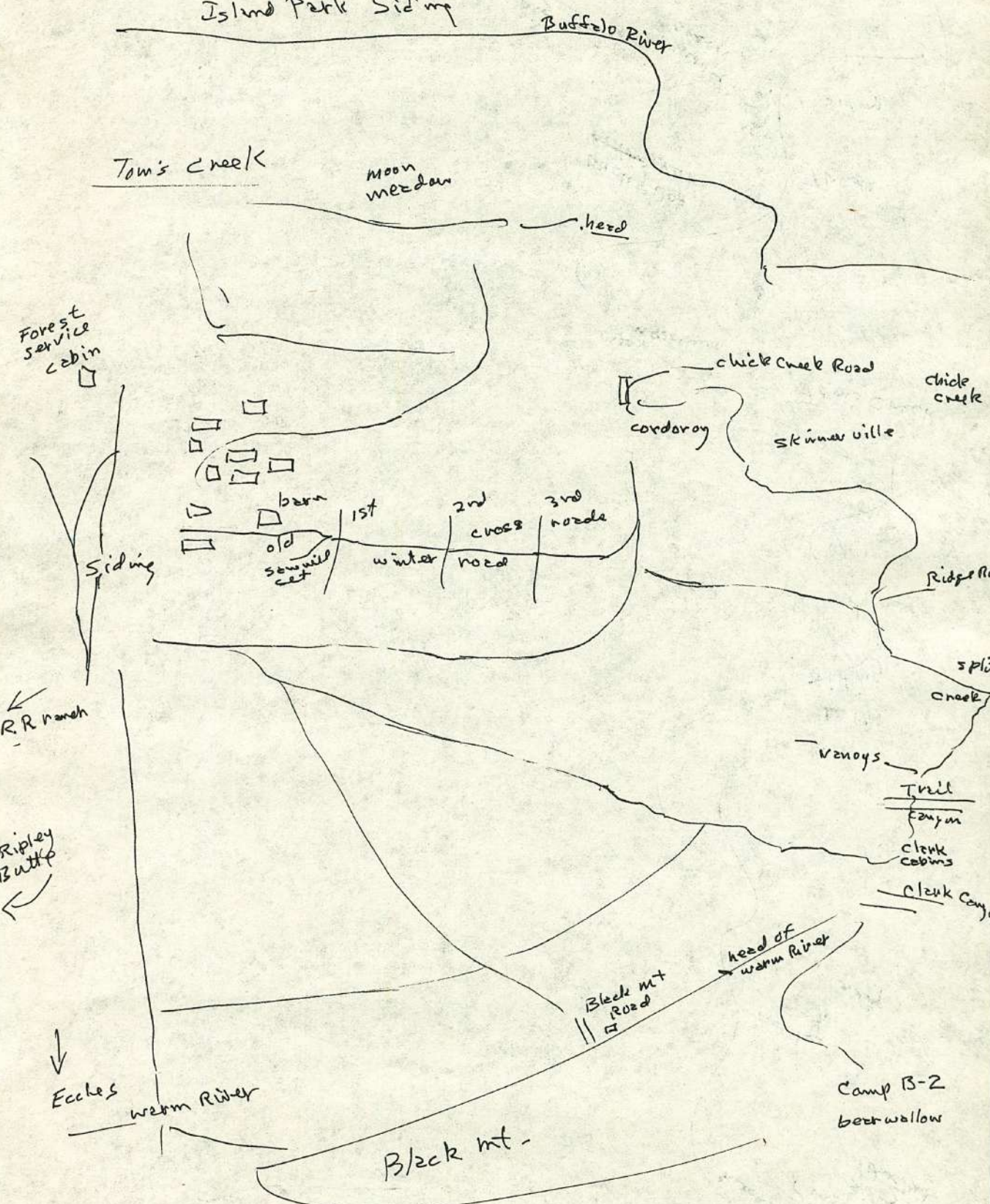
Pineview
RR water tower
u.s. or state
hatchery

Garnett

← warm River

I P map II

Island Park Siding



Tom's creek

Moon meadow

Buffalo River

head

Forest service cabin

chick creek Road

chick creek

cove

Skinnerville

Siding

barn

1st

2nd cross road

3rd road

old sawmill cut

winter road

Ridge Road

split creek

R.R. ranch

trails

Trail

camp

creek cabins

Creek Camp

Ripley Butte

head of warm River

Black mt Road

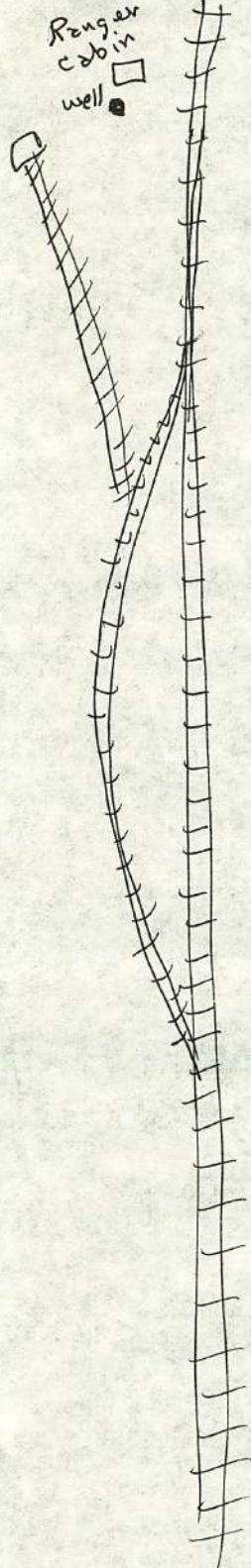
Eckes

warm River

Camp B-2 bear wallow

Black mt.

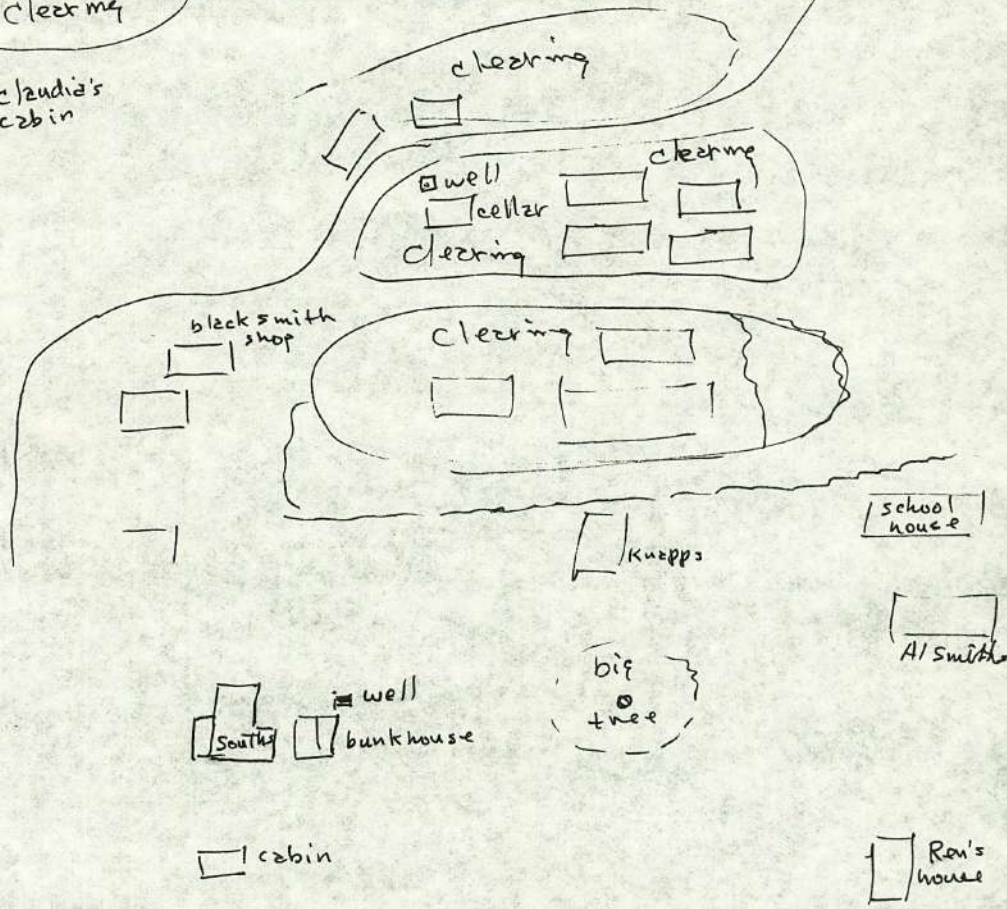
I P Siding map III

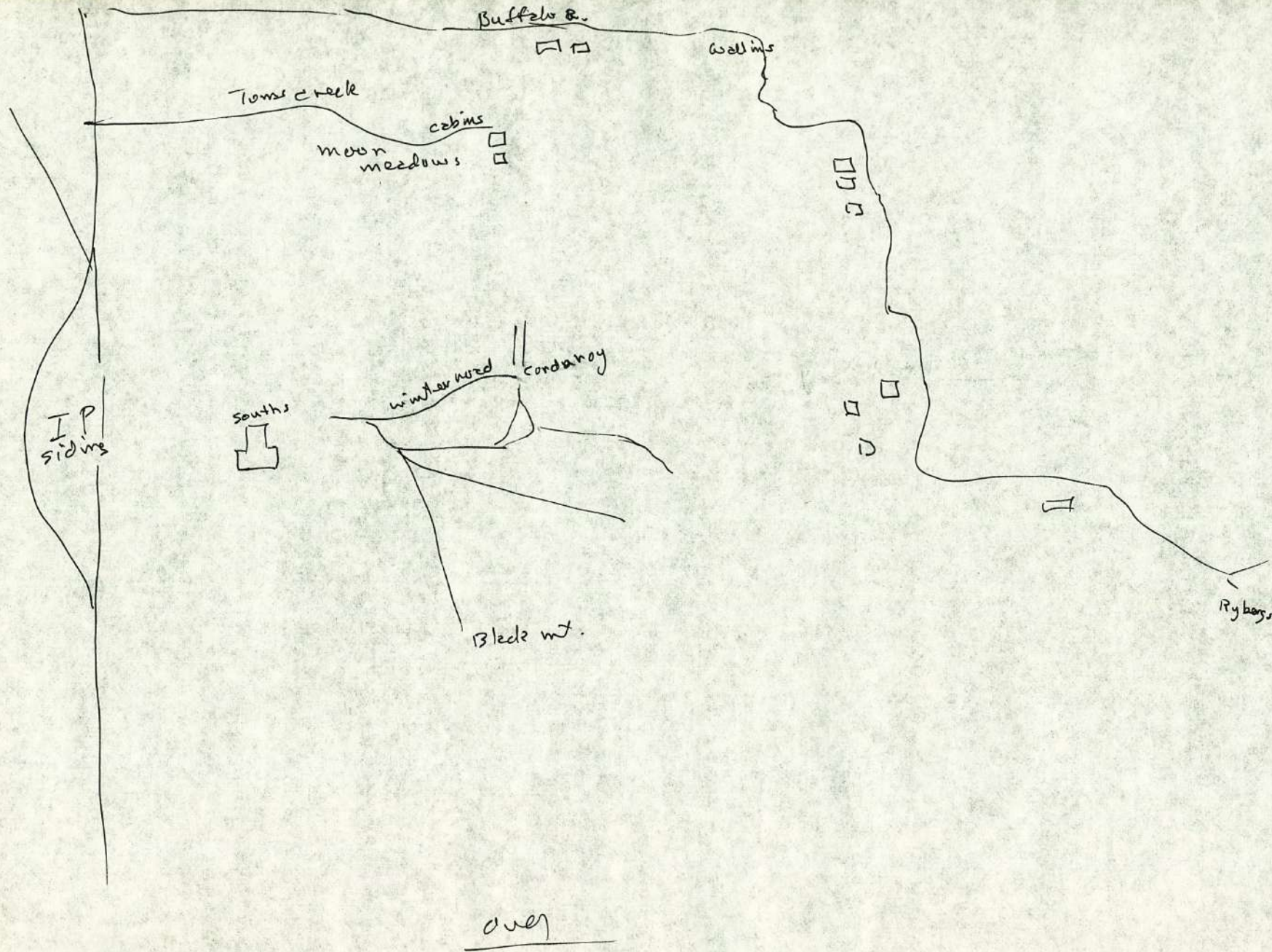


Ranger cabin
well

clearing
Claudia's cabin

To moon meadow





over

Trail canyon

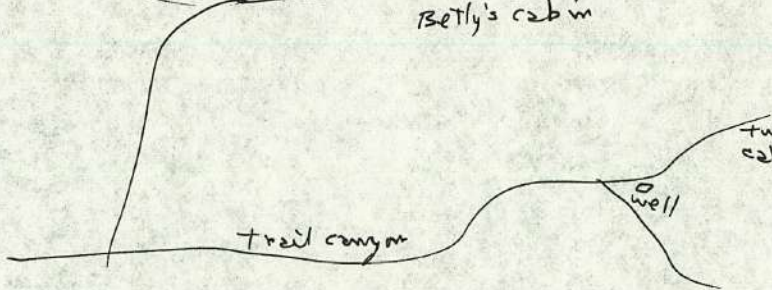
Skinnerville cabins

split creek



old moe

Betty's cabin



trail canyon

well

twin cabins

→ section
6 cook house