

The Memoirs of

Bernard Elden Knapp

Early Memories Pt 2

(aka Trapper Keeper)

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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

IP

German cutters
Charlotte - wells

One time I stayed with Maj in IP when some German or European cutters stayed in at least one cabin there. One wife of a cutter named Charlotte visit with Maj a lot. She had a little boy around 2 yrs old. He couldn't ~~talk~~ or didn't, just sort of gumped. His mother had not cut his blonde hair and it hung in ringlets.

I thought of him as a girl and it greatly irritated me that he tagged me where ever I went and whatever I tried to do in playing around the camp or mill he tagged. It was a relief when he took a nap, no doubt I ran around a few corners trying to evade the kid.

There were no other kids in camp at the time for either of us to play with.

One day Maj opened the kitchen door and looked out to see him sitting staddle the well casing in front of the bunk house. He had just swung his leg over when she spotted him. She yelled at him. It startled him enough that he froze in place. She ran to the well before he had time to move again.

Probably sometime after that the well was covered.

at one time Charlie South put a well north of his house - (Rovis cabin). It wasn't a bad well but in it was in the trees and this made it so it was usually full

Charlotte

off pine needles and pollen - especially following a windy day. I think they did just a hinging lid (top) on it. It was not a real deep well and couldn't be used late in the fall.

Sometimes when the water table dropped the bucket would lay on the sand in the bottom and come up half full only. It muddied the water easily too at such times. One disadvantage of having two wells was that the more a well was used the more fresh the water and the cleaner it would be. This well was filled in perhaps after ~~Gene~~ Gene moved there. It may have partially caved in or it may be that the cribbing began to rot and the wood would have filled the water with wood particles.

It was in more than 50 or 60 feet from the out house for the same cabin either. We filled the horse barrels at both wells from time to time as well as the ~~water~~^{water} bags.

~~Benny used to have a sticker taped paper on the edge of the Ford door panel with a list of the things to take to the woods on a daily basis.~~

~~We had water bags, axes, saws, files - lunch pails - pickaxe, cant hooks, chains stakes, saws.~~

During the fall after I came back from Wyo. I started high school at O. E. Bell. I put the pigeons in the chicken coop.

Dad had built a cow barn on the back north west corner of our lot next to the alley. He built a stanchion and a gutter behind a plank floor. Later he built a coop on the south end of the same building with a roof sloping to the south. Then a screened Plexiglas screened window. I put the pigeons inside. We'd never had any chickens in it. It was real new. Dad had got some lumber used from the temple, much of it was used forms from cement work. We'd spent a lot of time taking nails out of these boards, many were double headed form or cement nails. We had some of these nails around in nail boxes for a lot of years afterwards.

Anna had a bro Paul had a friend in Ammon near the corner of the Ammon Rd & 17th street who had a bunch of chickens they wanted to get rid of. So we arranged to get them. After the pigeons had been around a few weeks I put a box out on the side of the coop and put water in cans and wheat for them. I finally opened the door so they could go in and out. The older bird I saw circling for a day or two afterwards but it never came back. I suppose it returned to Randolph. The others didn't fly yet. They both died or else one got off or down onto the ground and maybe a cat got it.

Later when Dad came home he was pretty disappointed. The hens (Leghorns) had all molted. They were older birds in the 1st place. They didn't lay any eggs. And they had lice so that brought lice into the coop. After they were rid of me white washed the inside of the coop. Dad went to a chicken man either a Bp. Johnson who dealt in poultry or Fred Parker & brother who also dealt in Poultry and Dad culled thru some of the year old flocks they bought and brought in for butchering and got some good hens that way. Once their molt was over they laid very well.

One bird we may have raised from a brood was a banded rock. She laid double yolked eggs sometimes. After about 2 years she died. Dad wondered if she died trying to lay too large of an egg.

By Dad's culling method she was a real good hen. It was proven since she laid brown shelled eggs while all the other hens laid white eggs. She laid daily. The capacity to lay is determined by the width in the pelvic or pelvic region as determined by the number of fingers of one's hand that will fit in.

I took boys' glee from Don Appelle. I had shop-wood shop from Zollinger. At lunch we went to a little market across the road next to the alley. It was ~~over~~ owned by Watts. At noon he'd have a box of hot dogs already cooked and warmed up. Many kids went there for a bottle of pop and a root beer.

When the school vacation came I got a job and worked. 1st I worked in Lincoln. On sugar factory land leased to Hagen Olsen. Another farmer living across the road from the sugar factory or along the road west of it named C. Siddoway.

I got put along side of a Siddoway boy as a partner. The farmers preferred that small children picked in pairs. This made it easier to dump the basket. 2 baskets in a sack made a half sack. Every 10^{or} sacks along the row you'd set to one side to make counting easier.

I picked there up to within a few days of the end of the harvest. Then I got a chance to pick a few more days for a Bill who had a farm across the railroad tracks east of the Lewisville highway about a half mile near the Iona road. He was kind to work for. He showed us an empty furnished bedroom in his house. It had been his son's room and the boy had just left and taken off leaving home. He couldn't understand why a boy would leave a home where he had all the things he had and promise of more.

With the money I earned I hoped to buy a bicycle. When Al came home he went with me to Blaizes Brothers and we bought a used Western Flyer bike. It had knee-action. Al didn't trust it. But it lasted quite a while.

and finally ~~was~~ a regular fork was put on it. It had wide steel horn handle bars.

During Harold Ireland helped me find that last job. He had been picking for a Meppen on Lewisville road for several years, and this guy didn't live far from Meppen. Meppen lived about where the Idaho Canal crossed the road on the east side in a large white frame home with a large red barn. It became a land mark to me for many years to follow.

Hazen Olsen and a brother had come up to Lincoln perhaps after the Shelley sugar factory closed down. The U&I Sugar Co had a lot of land leased it to farmers. Probably they had to raise a percentage of beets but of course they had to rotate crops on the ground.

So Hazen had lived across the road from us at Billot Forbes in Goshen. He hadn't married very young. One day in just "kid talk" I told the Siddaway boy I wasn't going to get married until I was 35. When Hazen came along the field he couldn't wait to tell him what I'd said. Hazen replied well that's not too old or too young either. It's amazing it turned out to be true to the year, very year. Somehow later on it almost seemed to be out of my hands that it happened so.

A real good picker could pick a 100 half sacks a day but they had to have a good helper and they couldn't stand around and throw spuds at each other or crows or set everytime the dump their baskets.

The fastest man pickers used a harness. They dug of the sack fastens to a shoulder or belt strap or a combination and pick right into the sack. But a

staves to dig a sack of potatoes along the row.

Going to jr. high was real nice, there were lots of new kids. I was in some classes with few if any kids I'd known at Emerson. My English teacher was Miss Slaughter. I think she married the principal Mr. Clair Gale. By the time I was in the 9th grade he had moved to Principal of the high school.

During senior In the wood shop class Balling on a little short guy with a big voice was my favorite teacher. We made model airplanes. We could choose the kind of plane we wanted to build. We'd cut out the fuselage and engines & wings with a jig saw. They took a lot of hard sis sanding.

Each plane came with a set of templates, they were all built with exact scale templates. They had to pass an inspection after finished. The teacher sent them to the War Department. They provided the templates and plans. They had all major war planes, U.S. of course but also British, and German & Russian.

They were painted a non shiny black color. The army Air Force & Navy used them to suspend on strings for gunnery schools so that gunners and pilots could learn to identify planes of all kinds by the silhouette. If a student had one plane accepted they got a certificate saying they had earned the position or status of cadet. Subsequent models successfully sent in earned other advancements. Lt. Captain etc - I got a cadet certificate from a P-36. I made a P-40 they were called or used by the flying tigers. It had teeth painted along the front of the fuselage like a sharks or tigers teeth and mouth.

I made a p-38 and a Wellington twin engine light bomber. I got copies of several

other templates from other kids. One kid in the school was just at making things, a Grover kid. He made quite a few that were accepted.

Zallinger worked as a volunteer in paper drive. So he had me spending a lot of time. People with trucks and crews of volunteers hauled papers, magazines, and books to a vacant stump down on Eagle Rock street where we'd go after school and sort them and tie them in bundles with string. From that job I latched onto some magazines on the American Saddle horse. I kept them. I had years of enjoyment going over the pictures. I'd show them to dad and discuss them with him. Many had tail sets. Dad didn't like that. He told me sometimes a horse's cords were cut in his tail to make the tail stand up. He must have objected largely because he felt it cruel. Dad had always felt strongly it was cruel to bot a horse's tail short. They were not left with any protection against flies and, ticks, and mosquitoes.

In these magazines there was some very famous stallions, the ads in the magazines far exceeded the articles. They were picture ads. At one time I was quite familiar with the top sires and the pedigrees of the top of the breed. The famous stallion Bourbon King for example. In a bot college text book Kar Anders Larv The Horse, it tells of this stallion that at one time brought more revenue into a particular county in Kentucky than any other single business or enterprise in the county. He had some ~~some~~ tremendous earnings from fees.

I also obtained a copy of a book on

7th

7

horse diseases and care. The cover was gone. It was a technical book. Each chapter had been written by a veterinarian. Many years later I found the same book with a cover on it in a used book store (D.I.) It was the 1907 annual year book of Agriculture put out by the USDA.

I later bought a companion volume of another year on the Diseases of Cattle, 1923. The amount of hours spent working on the paper drive was tallied. I don't know if we received pay if at all it was minimal and come after the entire project was ended.

One year I signed up for P.E. I was excited about this. I'd never been in a gym class, the prospects excited me. There was a handsome young coach named Duran. I wanted to take the class. I got some gym clothes and was issued a locker.

I'm confused whether this happened in the 7th or a 8th grade but probably it was the 8th. I rode my bike home for lunch. I'd be so tired I'd lay on the bed at home for 15 minutes when I'd get home. It has hard peddle pedaling to school because much of the time I'd have to pedal against a south wind.

So the folks took me to see Doctor Hatch. It seemed like Dad was there. I didn't pedal a bike to school in the fall of the 7th grade. And Dad would have been at Mill Creek working for Ren.

So likely this was the beginning of the 8th grade year. Then Dad would have been at home when I went to see Doctor Hatch. He determined

that my heart was greatly enlarged. I asked to take it easy and not over exert. I asked if I could go to PE class. He said to tell the coach to just be aware of it and take it easy on me. Coach Duran talked to mother and me and felt he couldn't be responsible - He might forget sometime. So I was really disappointed having to leave the class. I had to take some brown thick syrupy medicine a spoon full probably twice a day for a long time - maybe a year or more.

I never did anything in sports until I took P.E. in the 10th grade.

I had Willard Dye for a math class one year and General Science another. He knew Maynard and my parents. They'd been in the same state in Goshen. He was from Firth. He had a lock of white hair running back thru his head an inch wide. He combed his wavy hair back, I liked him but I didn't necessarily get good grades from him. He was my home room teacher in the 8th grade. I had an 8th grade math teacher - General math from Dobson. In the 9th grade Zallinger left and Dobson went over to the shop building and taught wood shop. I made a bread lo board which I painted blue and also a shoe shine box and foot stool which we had around home for a lot of years.

I enjoyed shop and like the band saw and other power tools. I enjoyed study hall because of being able to browse so many books. I spent a lot of time going over Will Farmer books - Montgomerie books and some by Terhune about collies and other dogs, also

Jack London's books, and two volumes on nature and mammals by Ernest Thompson Seton.

I did some work with scouts but usually pretty limited to two nights at MIA.

Our scout master Marvin Cook was always giving us a prep talk on becoming eagle scouts. I never got past 2nd class because I couldn't swim. Al didn't either, Al's ears bothered him so bad from being in water and he was afraid of water and didn't learn to swim very well either.

Al used to go to college at Posatello. He studied auto mechanics for one year. He bought a tool box of keys.

Al was always a good student.

We used to take him down onto the South highway on Sunday of evening so he could hitch-hike a ride to Posatello where he had an apartment. At that time it was called Idaho Southern branch, later Idaho State and finally I.S.U.

Later Al went to Ricks. He likes Ricks, we all did. We enjoyed seeing him in a play there once under Prof Joseph Carmell. He had a main part and so the female lead was Beth Janssi.

It was interesting to me to sort of vicariously enjoy an association or recognition from people like Beth because of Al. Stomas nil, was nil all the time - but we just never knew it, until Al was recognized by her as somebody.

Mom was so proud of Al and his performance. She thought he really showed people he (we) could do something.

Mother had a lot of talent but apparently lived a great deal of her life in the shadow of someone else. Started with her older sister - Finnie got a lot of recognition while mother in the background wrote the speeches so to speak -

Mom commented about how the sister Theo could play the piano and just put in little variations here and there and make some sound

the do thing = his that - look more to always - she claimed she

Al at college -

1941

Pearl Harbor

2

travel team -

Prof.

When Al first went to Ricks he probably dated Jeanette Jensen. We used to see her in Island Park sometimes, they used to come just and leave milk for Louther, also the hauled milk to West Yellowstone at least one season.

Dec. 7, 1941 I remember we'd drive down to see Claudia & Arct and their kids in lower Puerto. One Sunday we went down and when we arrived they came out to tell us the news, the Japanese had bombed Pearl Harbor.

There were a lot of stories the next while about Japanese, at Emerson school there was a Japanese girl in the A room one grade below me, me. The government closed down the Japanese school on first street. It became illegal for them to hold meetings and congregate. There was a story that some grade school kids got a rope and were going to hang a little Japanese girl. This was probably on a national radio broadcast and it was repeated to me by a boy that walked to school with me. His last name was Beck. He lived on College.

Al sometimes brought a girl to the house. Olga Siebold from Naudoll.

Then Al I got to have a personal interest in some of the teachers at Ricks, later when I was there it meant a lot more to me to

Al used Berlet's footlocker

know some of the teachers and also to have seen their pictures in the year books.

And may too talked about some of them. I liked to hear stories of Doc. Maxwell.

He started out teaching at a time when things ~~were~~ ^{were} really rough. He started in the south in a one room school. The oldest boys were big boys. They'd run off some teachers. The first day one boy had brought a pistol. He got control of things.

Then May tells the story of Mr. Snell in the class. As Doc Maxwell called the roll he was usually late. One day he came into class as Doc Maxwell called his name. He called - Mr Snail? I guess of th that he was ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~longer~~ later, on time.

Then for one class they ran (sold) out text books before everyone had one. New ones were ordered. Doc Maxwell announced when they came in to the class. The new books were green but Doc Maxwell's teacher's edition had a red cover. One boy spoke up, "But I don't want a green one. I want a red one like yours." Without a moment's delay and in a ^{his} monotone he replied. "If you get thru this class your book will be red. (read)." ^{his}

Once when I was in the Farm Law class - a 7:00 am class some boys from Rice came late regularly. As they came in he sang the little ditty that was then popular on the radio - Eight o'clock, 9:00 o'clock - quarter to ten - (The words following would be

I wait and worry but you never seem to hurry, your a slow poke. Everyone in the room heard two today song on the radio it was a popular hit song. 1952-3

Then Dr. Hugh Bennion and Joseph Catmell the speech teacher. And Edna Ricks. She taught P.E when May was there. She taught English when Al was there.

The librarian when I wait was a student with Al, Theron Atkinson.

The athletes lived for me.

Dean Arnold and Lee Jorgensen two fast track men. Al was on the track team and ran the 2 mile. At first he had trouble with getting a side ache. But he finally was able to overcome it and ~~get~~ earned his R sweater.

Al said once someone asked Joseph Catmell who his favorite movie star was. He just said well he always enjoyed seeing Victor Jory. They surmised that he may have known each other in a stock company or summer theatre. They said they thought he did actually attend every movie that showed in Rexburg.

Another prof. was Beal. He was a historian. But he and Catmell left before I went to Ricks. Beal went to Poastello. Johnny Andersson the music teacher left also.

Al lived in the dorm on College Ave. They had a dining hall on the main floor. The building was long and the hall was in the middle and the kitchen on one side. Then on the

other side and upstairs was girls and two opposite side was boys. In charge of the dorm was Eldon Hart. His wife was the daughter of Joseph Fielding Smith. They were the dorm parents. One ^(evening) night Eldon suspected a boy had sneaked into the girls upstairs to a girls room. He went up after him and the boy climbed out a window onto a flat roof ran across and jumped off the building into the alley below. It was a pretty tall bldg.

When May was at Richs Hyrum Manwaring was president. While she was there some kids took a cow up to the 3rd floor of the Spaulding building and tied it to the library door knob. They also put the schools biology skeleton in a girls bed in the dorm. She screamed and ran out. By the time she got back the bed was empty. The next morning the skeleton was back in its place in the closet at school.

Once a large boulder was placed on the presidents desk as a paper weight. It was huge. All the windows and doors to his office were closed and locked from the inside.

Another time some boys were sent to Pres. Manwaring for drinking and drunkenness. "Buck" Parkinson said manwaring wrote on his report concerning the incident. "Drinking but not drunk!"

Sometimes Al would take Dade car for a date or overnight to the college.

Richs used to have an annual 2-3 days in Feb. called Leadership. It was open to the public and many sport classes and assemblies, ball games, plays etc were scheduled over those days.

al college

6

Al at Ricks

While Al was at Ricks a question was asked ^{announced} ~~in~~ ^{to} a class by the prof. What would you like to be? concerning occupations. A student raised his hand replying - "A dry farmer in the winter time". Dad ~~always~~ often repeated that with a chuckle.

I used to enjoy looking over Al's Rixide. It was nice to know Al had been popular there. He earned his track letter by running the two mile.

Dad bragged a lot about that saying - Why a man could run a horse down, Al wasn't fast enough for sprints. At first in training for the 2 mile he had severe side aches or pains. He had no trouble with his mind. Finally he overcame the side ache and ~~was~~ earned his letter in a meet, ^{3rd place maybe.}

Richard Brinkman and I used to look thru the Rixide's in the Seminary library. We looked at the one of Walt James. He came from Bear Lake. He was during his senior year on basketball team (capt or co-captain) He boxed, went out for the 440. Held the record at around 48:00 flat for quite a few years - We were amazed he was in so many sports.

He played in our church with the M men. He was always considerate and tolerant of younger players. So, older guys would come to play and run off all the younger kids. He'd play with us and if they were short of older players for practice let some of us play with them.

He amazed me how he could dribble a ball and we 2-3 of us couldn't get it away from him as he kept dribbling it on the floor.

When I was in the ¹⁰ 9th grade - Al told me to go out for track. He said he'd kick my --- if I didn't.

So I did. That year Ben Jernberg came into IF to school from Mud Lake. as a 9th grader he came over to IF high for track workouts. He was a rather stinky guy but could run the 100 in 10 flat. At least he developed to where he could. He visited with me in the locker room. Seemed like a nice guy.

Later his athletic ability in football, boxing & track led to popularity which led to bad company and he started drinking.

His sister ^{Elaine} in my class & went on to Ricks and graduated - also joined the church. Later married Glenn Munn. A big dark haired - dark complected kid - big mouth and over bearing. His folks set him up into a large farming operation. La Rae Munn maybe a sister was popular, appreciated and not conceited or over bearing. She was into girls athletics. She was at the mill occasionally when Munn was getting custom sawing done.

When we went to work out for track Bob Crowley was the varsity ~~sprinter~~ sprinter. He ran the 100 in around 10 flat.

Al had talked about Fel Jorgensen running the 100 in 10 flat or maybe just a stroll under that. He also ran at Ricks and "Pres" Preston Brimball from Bear Lake played B.B. at Ricks. Dean Arnold from Logan City was fast also. He played with Ricks.

Later I was in a class with Dean & Ricks. He was back going to school on his G.I. bill.

Leadership at Ricks.

3

Leadership programs were held annually at Ricks. Usually in Feb. Some years we had a lot of snow and cold. There was a one on two night basketball game, there were meetings (general assemblies) in the Rething tabernacle.

These departmental meetings were held throughout the day. They held the play mill theatre production on 2nd floor of building below the gym.

It wasn't unusual to leave a ball game in Jan. or Feb and find it snowing - And you'd walk or drive home in several inches of new snow. It was so nice and clean. It blanketed everything and muffled sounds such as passing cars on the streets.

Cleon Skovsen often spoke on FBI and defense, General authorities were usually invited high light speakers. Once I remember going to hear Joseph Catmull. He had a 50 minute program, Merj. & al had both taken drama under him. He said the word "snow" in about 4 or 5 ways showing or demonstrating how one word could sound so different and portray a different feeling by changing tonal inflections etc. Snow? Snow! etc.

He was good. al said once they asked who his favorite movie star was, the students in his class signed to attend every movie that showed at The Romance theatre. He didn't really say - except to say - he always went to see Victor Jory when he came to town. They all

supposed it was a personal acquaintanceship rather than excellence of acting that made him so special. In earlier years he (Joseph) had traveled with theatre groups and he ~~is~~ may have been in a troupe with him and a personal friend.

After leaving Ricks he went to U of U and was in Dramatic & theatre there. He was at this time. He was in a Shakespeare production which was advertised in Desert News and a picture of him wearing a Crown - King Lear perhaps with Calleen Robinson - She was a Miss America candidate at least (Miss Utah) about the time Arnie Ferron was an all American basketball player for Vadal Peterson's Utah when they took the NCAA tourney in 1948-49 or near then.

Dad & I listened to them in the play offs on the radio. Arnie Ferron had a hook shot quite well developed. And Vern Gardner was the other great player on that team.

Then the Idaho State G.H. champs T.F. High coach "Cat" John Thompson had Roland Minson who later played for BYU and was most valuable player at Madison Square Gardens in NIT about 51 or 52.

At one leadership program Oscar Kirkham spoke. He led the student body in the Ricks College school song. Once he had been a teacher at Ricks. He made up this song - maybe not the tune but the words.

Oh! take me back to Dear old Ricks
 The College on the hill. And let me walk the
 halls ~~and let~~ ~~me~~ ~~catch~~ the thrill. Of teachers dear

Ricks Leadership.

5

We also listened to the BYU play in the NIT. Ted used to get excited over such games, but he also got disgusted with walking on traveling calls and missed free throws.

We listened to Edmunds high school win the state championship, that was before they attended school in Sugar City.

Roland Blasen & [unclear] with [unclear] & a Parkinson and maybe a Rydolph played on the team. None of them played on Ricks varsity.

Sugar City won the state championships for their division schools. Glen Dalling cut his fingers in a saw in the wood shop during mid tournament. They went on to win. He played 4 straight years at Ricks.

Brent Howe from Newdale played for Coover Biddulph. He had a very (extremely) high arching shot from the corner. It was told once he was playing football for Sugar City and got the ball and ran the wrong direction. It was the winning score for the other team.

He started one year for Buck Parkinson but didn't last. Too hard for Brent to adjust to the coach's style of play. He'd been babied along a lot by Biddulph.

After Coach Parker retired Biddulph moved up from Madison High school in Rexburg to Ricks. Then later Coover Parkinson who had played for Ricks moved up as bb & football coach. Biddulph was made athletic director. Coach Ralph Maughan went back to Logan. And coach Holman from Sugar City moved to Madison.

I F outdoor basketball.

About the time I was a jr + senior in high school there were outdoor basket ball tournaments held. Many local coaches played and former college stars -

Russ Bimball - later on about that time - following Rick and World War II service he played as the leading scorer for U of J in Moscow, also Grant Matherson from New Dale - (Whitney) was his nickname.

And a Cubby (Hans) (Cable) brother of Russ) and Klingler on a New Dale potato-sponsored team. Then B. J. U. freshmen sent a team up with Minson. Russell Hillman & other 4 players off their freshmen squad.

U of I Sugar factory team had a truck driver over 6-5". He was the first person Dad & I ever saw dunk a b. ball with 2 hands. Some former I F high school players - Russ Moffitt played and a Carl. They played at the O. E. Bell jr. high. I loved watching.

I went to every home game ⁱⁿ my sophomore year and when Minson played, I F took stats 2 successive years, after "Cat" Thompson retired and started up his sporting goods store Stan Parkow was our coach. He didn't do much with B. B. He'd played football for the Pittsburgh Steelers. He had a large photo in his office of that team.

When Minson's team played I F + I was on team - John Collett guarded Minson. He really marked. But he stayed on him until he finally got a shot. It was amazing. Minnie had to really ~~be~~ have been frustrated that night in front of some town crowd with their college but knew

Al in I.P. prior to Air Force

One fall Al came back from Wyo. He had been there for several years. He felt like even though Ren was able to get a deferment for him as a critical industry people looked at him when he went to town. And lots of people had sons and husbands in the service by this time.

So he left. There may have been some other reasons. He had a little problem once develop with Pat Knapp who had gone there from Calif. to cut for Ren. So when he left Glen Harding left.

It was nice to have Al home for a while. He told me once Ren had looked at a jelly Al was interested in at Robertson. It was a Morgan. Ren liked it. Al nearly bought it. How I wished he had. Course I don't know what I'd have done with it. We didn't have a place for it.

Then he told about staying in the woods and cutting all winter. Glen was with him. When spring came it turned out Glen had not kept any records of his time and Ren was at a loss as to how to settle up with Glen. They decided to join the Air Force instead of being drafted. But after Glen got home his older brother Marion was going to enlist. He was married. So Glen was persuaded to go in to the same branch with his brother. So he went into the marine.

During training Glen sustained some type of injury and had to have an operation. It left him with a situation where he had to carry a bag to help with his elimination processes. He was so self conscious any way that he never hardly left home. He helped his dad do some plastering and his brother-in-law in

New Sweden farm.

During the waiting period between Al's ^{enlistment} ~~enlistment~~ and his induction he went to Island Park. It was fall and during the spend vacation that year I was in Island Park also.

Bamey had been ~~at~~ cutting trees along the road near Simmons Ranch road on the road to Ponds that year. They had a big boy man called Kit. Charlie was gone at this time.

Warren worked for Bamey. Paul Walker worked for Bamey and his friend Fred.

That fall a moose was shot one night on the way in from Trail Canyon. It was soon too dark to follow. There was no snow. Next morning the crew headed out looking for it. A cow man part and someone started shooting at it. I think the most frightened I'd ever been up to that point in my life was to walk over a ridge and there laid a wounded moose looking wide eyed with its head over its shoulder looking at me and trying to get to its feet.

I rode on a sleigh behind old Big. Al tied a rope to his tail. Then Al put some baling wire for strips on two ~~sides~~ ends of a ~~two~~ burlap sac and used it for a saddle (riding pad.) And he pulled me between the barn and the well where they watered the horses.

Daniel and Barry seemed so cute in their little boats. Daniel had some little 4-buckle boats that looked just like a mums except for size. When we'd go on over to cut we'd have a

plank floor probably 2x6's dovetailed on the bunks, on the Ford. We'd stored up on back. Warren kept his ax in the house at night, He wore hob-nailed boots. We'd cut mostly, Some tree laid until spring to be hauled. At noon we'd go to Ponds and eat. Fred laughed to think he ate his lunch and visited with a couple of game wardens while the meat in his sandwich was moose.

Fred was a character. He had a spotted bird dog (female). Once a game warden drove into camp with a dead bear in the back of his pickup. This dog came sniffing around. When it got down wind from the bear it put its tail between its legs and yelled and headed for home. Fred & his wife Lilbim lived in the museum cabin.

Once he was supposed to have ~~to~~ shot a cow mouse near the Tow's Creek burn. The bull charged him. He ~~at~~ scrambled up a tree in such a hurry he left his rifle on the ground. He would try to get his rifle when the bull moved off a ways. But the bull charged back too soon. After several attempts he finally did get the rifle and back up the tree - then he shot the bull.!

Fred had one glass eye. He drove a Dodge pickup. It would really be a treasure today as an antique. They had a little girl named Freddie, a chunky little blonde girl.

It was reported that Fred got caught catching fish near the Stally Springs. An area of Kenny's lake that is used as a hatchery and thus closed to fishing.

Quite a few years later his wife developed

quite a bit of religious zeal. She joined the LDS church in the I P branch. Then she talked Fred into being baptized. When he went to be baptized the only person they could find to baptize him was Eddie South who was the bar tender at the time at Macke Inn. So after being baptized he wouldn't go back to be confirmed because if that was the kind of guests they had during the baptism he didn't want anything more to do with it.

In the evenings you'd have to have a Kevine lantern to go to the barn and do the chores.

I helped turn the trees and ~~carry~~^{carry} the measuring pole. I would have worked ~~that~~ there that summer.

Al and I had our patriarchal blessing in Lincoln from John W Telford before Al left to go overseas -

Al visited Richs. He made a donation to the college before leaving for the service. Edna Richs told me about it and how unselfish she thought it was of him.

took Idaho history from Heilesen. On my project a paper I illustrated a story on Forestry. I went to stockyards a lot.

I became friends of Frosty Burroughs. He lived up the street from us in 400 block. He had a nice pony, a bay or brown with one glass eye, a half Shetland. She was fat. He used to brag how fat she was.

Jim Jenkins, youngest son of the old ~~man~~^{man} Jenkins the horse trader. He had two older brothers, one Bish took over his dad's business, Jim had a nice pony. It was a funny off color mouse color. Dad saw it one day. They lived near the complex on the north. Next to them lived Howard Price. He had been Dad's missionary companion. He had a son Bernard and an older son Rex. Rex was a huge man. One of his sons Clark Kelley Price was a great artist. I met him about 1976 in Paris.

Dad saw Jim Jenkins riding his pony one day and commented on how nice a pony it was.

He had similarly commented once ~~that~~ about a pony the Jewens from Moon meadows had that they rode down to IP riding to ~~meet~~ the team.

Once at the stockyards Dad said if I ever decide to go back into farming I'll show you some real horses. I used to like to ~~jump~~^{pump} Dad for horse stories. I guess he got tired of it at times. Then I'd usually be accommodated by Warren with all his horse stories if I'd ask. Then a time when I talked about things Warren had told me - Dad would say - I've forgotten more about horses than hell can know.

After I got my bike I used to ride to all the

horse sales.

Frosty Beauregard used to go up to Jack Thomme stockyard north of the auction. A guy named Kidd had a thoroughbred there he called KY. Frosty was small for his age. He used to ride his horse to exercise it for Kidd. A girl in school Myrna Kidd was probably his daughter. She was not in the honey group at all.

At the stockyard and then Frosty I met a lot of people. A girl from over near Jenkins was Norma Waters. She wore cowboy boots to school sometimes. I thought she was really something. She was older than I at least 1 year and maybe 2. She was ahead of me in school. She was always riding horses for fun guys around the yards. She also rode in the chutes or aisles. One day she was on a horse outside the corral next to the office. There was a steep hill down to the yards. This was a big horse and it bucked real hard with her for a short time. She was staking when it stopped and pretty glad it had quit. She was always friendly to me. Ann heard about her sometime. She seemed to have a mutual friend.

I met Kitty Thornton. She was an eighth grader. I thought she was cute. One time we went down around 11th 15th street and met Kitty Thornton. She had a house over near So. Blvd. A rowel maner then she and Frosty rode and his friend ^{Travis} Patten, the boy whose folks had a fruit stand. I rode along on my bike. Then we went near Holmes and near Eastside school to see if a friend

of Kitchie could go riding. It was Hay Johnson. She couldn't go. Her mother came out and yelled at her and seemed to treat her pretty impatiently.

Sometimes I'd go with Frosty a foot. I'd hold onto the saddle strings and run along side. His pony he called Daniel. Sometimes guys at the yards would let us borrow some horses. They had some that they kept over from one sale to the next or held to ship a car load at a time. We did get to ride once in a while. Usually bare back. Once we were clearing the park on Cleveland St. I got to the edge of the park and this old horse put on the brakes like he wasn't going to jump a small ditch there. I'd be up on his neck - then ~~he~~ he did jump.

I was up on his neck by then and he jumped then turned and I was thrown off onto the gravel road. I got skinned a bit but got back on and we rode on some more.

Once we went out by Anderson Ave to catch a colt in a pasture. Frosty had three or 4 guys there beside me. We got the colt - probably a 2 yr old roped and then Frosty was going to sack it out. I don't know if we got it snubbed or not but maybe we all just held on the rope. It was a tug of war it seemed.

A Mrs. Metcalf, mother of a Metcalf (Darius) and I knew in school came over screaming you kids get away from that house before someone gets hurt. So we cut off to leave.

ridem

It's doubtful Frosty would have ~~ride~~ him even if he'd got ~~the~~ the saddle on. If I ever challenged him to do something that brave - he'd always turn and say do you want to? But he'd have found an excuse any way.

After I got my bike I used to ride to school down So. Water ave. to O.E. Bell. at the big subway Mel Brown's brother or son would be riding his bike down. He was a senior. He played football and basket ball. I started going to all our home games. Our ninth grade team was coached by my science teacher. He had a boy on the team.

He used to tell us some guys when they fight laugh just a little - others cry just a little. You want to look out for either of these types. They had a good ball team. They won their league.

At lunch hour these older boys - the popular seniors and other popular boys used to congregate along a retaining wall kiddie cornered from the school.

Once they told a story of a member of the ball team. He may have gone out with a girl in the 9th grade and all the other guys in school knew he was taking her out. He must have misbehaved himself. To what degree I never knew. But the next day the other kids in his classes all got together and agreed that in every class they'd all just stare at him. No body

said anything just stared at him. He left school by noon. He must have had to get his mother to come to school or else she came as a result of his leaving. Any way they were laughing about it his mother coming and the fact he left. He never came back to school. There was at least one ninth grade girl had to withdraw from school that year. I don't know if it was the girl he may have been involved with or not.

From what Frosty and some of his buddies had to say there were some girls at the jr high that were supposed to have syphilis. Frosty claimed he could tell by how they walked.

In 7th grade glee club I met Joe Nelson. He was tall and played ball for our 8th and 9th grade teams. Once in an assembly he sang a song - imitating Frank Sinatra. Night & Day was the song. The girls by his arrangement all screamed when he sang into the mike. I went to some of the High school varsity basketball games that year. They were played at O.E. Bell.

10th

6

I started going to J. P. to work for Barney. at first I slept on their down couch. It could be made into a bed. It was in their living room just off their bedroom and adjoining the kitchen.

Barney said one morning he got up and I was on my knees by the couch with my head on my arms on the couch and all the covers piled on my feet. I used to watch David and Bangy quite a bit when they would go to Ponds. I enjoyed playing with the kids.

I did a lot of errands. I helped Maj. sometimes on wash days. Maj had a women washer with a gasoline motor, all their hired help had the privilege of using her washer also. I used to sit near the old bunk house next to where the old well caved in.

Once I caught a squirrel in one of the trees next to the washer. It was a tall tree - over 20 feet tall but only 4-5 inches in dia (DBH). He shook it and the squirrel was stuck out. It landed in the middle of the road. It only laid there a brief moment before jumping up and running off and up another tree.

I helped to fire the engine. I sometimes helped Barney roll logs. I liked to be around houses. I'd help with scap scraping sawdust and shoveling it. The sawdust carrier didn't work sometimes so we'd have to shovel. Once when I was alone on the sawdust scap scraper it dumped with me on it. The horses were gentle and stopped. I wasn't hurt but maybe got sawdust down my neck.

I helped split logs.

I must have worked for Barney the year after the 7th grade. Then each summer after that. Between the 11th and 12th grade Barney's nephew Bob Tate worked for Barney and Bud Narnie was with him.

Things over these years are a little hard to separate as to the exact years.

I used to hate to leave D. P. just as the huckleberry season was starting and have to go to school. One time we were logging in the fair and picked enough berries in our lunch pail (an empty sullen syrup bucket) so May could make a pie. Huckleberry pies are the best.

I P

Start with employment

after 7th grade I went to work. 1st year @ \$1⁵⁰ a day & room & board -

During year mom turned over my ^{sugar} retaining stamps to Maj.

Warren worked for Barney.

Warren introduced a guy that worked from the potato processing plant. His name was Dennis Hurley. ~~His wife and he had~~ they had several little kids. Warren lived in slab cabin near mill. Dennis lived in little log cabin next to it. It had a ~~very~~ ^{very} low door especially for a guy as tall as Dennis. Dennis left when it was time to go to school for his kids. One year when I went to school - in shop I turned green. Zallinger was the teacher - all the guys in wood shop were standing listening. It was the first day of class. I had to wash out and throw up.

When I came down to the valley with the hot weather and change of altitude etc I seemed to get sick ~~every~~ every year.

I may have signed up for IPE this year as I was starting 8th grade. Dennis were off beam.

Warren fixed the engine. I ran exams and helped.

paid 200/dly - later by the hour \$1⁵⁰ per hour. finally 2. or 250

cried at dinner table over the black balky horse

wide barrel (55 gal) drum around camp.

Used stilts around camp.

earlier man's older kids in I P used ^{around} stilts - shortened on top with straps to legs

One summer with Dad lived in Ren's cabin and trapped ground squirrels - had a cage with a wheel in it - probably built by Charlie South.

2 kinds of small grey ground squirrels, one had short stumpy tail - other a bushier tail. One I started away from a trap I'd just set by a ground squirrel hole in the ~~space~~ between the road & railroad near the slab cabin when I heard the trap snap shut. I released the squirrel into the cage - within a few days it had settled down to cage life. It ran in the wheel. It made the ringing noise and the sound of calling a warning when I'd come out of the cabin especially ~~the~~ first time in the morning. A shrill little whistle or bark, turned loose -

Berney used to run thru camp with a tree stick made of edgings and a hoop ^{Charlie} from a wagon hub.

Berney & Chadley catch a pine martin with their dog and Charlie's quick hands - Charlie was quick - doped a horse at night on highway one.

Dad used to get excited & yell in car. at all once on a curve above the Warm River along where look out point was to Bear Gulch - several sharp curves - an on coming car suddenly came around a curve.

Dad's story about a car passing east of Ashton and couldn't make the bend at Hugginsville school.

Berney + Charlie coming down south fork of Split creek in winter. One on skis got caught up side down -

Glenn Allison + cow mouse -

Jim Tate + Berney calling mouse up close to them -

In winters listened to home Ranger muf after school at 6:00 or 6:30 with Dad, the old familiar voice of the narration - sponsored by cheerios -

Delivering

Barney took me with him to deliver houselogs. Occasionally we'd throw on a load near quitting time and he'd deliver it after supper to close around places such as Kucks at Lost Chance or a Box Canyon order.

I sometimes took a load to Mark's Inn or Reeking Boat Club on Belle Island etc. We hauled a lot of summer homes in I.P. and west Yellowstone, Hebyen Lake.

One summer I hauled half a dozen loads of logs to Arimo for a motel. I'd leave I.P. 3:30 a.m. Barney & David went with me, sometimes. I'd get to Paestello and unload and stop at the jack place. I'd take a nap and then drive back to the mill.

Once between I.P. Lodge & Snake River a trailer tire went flat. I jacked up the trailer. It only had a jag on for a load. Cliff Jensen came by from the north and gave me a ride back to the mill. Barney had a spare and we took it back with us.

I used to be amazed at how people would stop and gaze at our trailer tires at stops we'd make in the valley. Such as at a cafe on the south west end of Sugar City where we stopped once.

One trip I made to I.P. on behind the cab with Warner & his sub-machine - Sharon & Steve and Prince -

One year Barney delivered a set of logs to Box Canyon near Lost Chance to a Brown. He must have been on I.P. distributor for Standard Oil of Calif. He asked Barney one time why he didn't buy from him - we his

from Tavel a jawbreaker, built at
cabin at I.P. Bill - sent
Omega watch to him to be fixed.

A guy named Mike

products - Barney got gas & oil in drums. Barney said simply he'd been with ATOCO for a long time and saw no reason to change - he was really well satisfied with the product & service.

One fall I got a ride to IF with them on a Sunday night. I had to meet them at West Dome I think. I waited at Glenn Kuck's service station. They were very slow. I waited a long time. Finally Kuck invited me to eat with them. Glenn's wife was Ophelia or some () name. She seemed very nice. I had ~~geese~~ - it was ~~not~~ real good.

Some geese in dry. I don't recall this was dry. It just had a cond flavor. I haven't eaten geese many times. Once in a while someone brought one in from ~~IF~~ I.P. to us. We had one Dad & all shot while we lived there - the 1st time, always they were a treat. Dad had scum up eating Canada geese.

Sometimes Dad would go outside my at a day if he heard the honking of geese. We occasionally did bath in I.P. & I.P.

Dad had eaten Sandhill crane - when I saw it in the grain fields in the fall Dad explained the taste of the meat was enhanced.

Tended kids for Gene Jones and Glenn in I.P. They lived in a motel on Hwy. Yellowstone across from Lomax St.

One time at last chance pulled a big car out of soft ground near edge of highway - with NY licence plates - guy acted ~~surprised~~ surprised we wouldn't take any money for doing it. We'd just unloaded a load of logs at Kuck's or ISOX Canyon.

One time Dad drove a wagon with Nig + Bully down the winter road. Dad felt Bully acted lazy or traveled wrong somehow.

One spring we went to Souths. Behind Reis house on ada there was a small barn-shed with couple of horse stalls in it, that was the first time I ever saw Bully. He was a nice brown or a grey. In long winter coat he seemed more brown.

Some seasons of the year he appeared to have a umbleche. He lost it when scaring out most of the summer.

The first year in J.P. working - when Barney had logged the tie - they had a large big mare. They called her Kit. Charlie named every big mare they got Kit. This mare was around 18 or 19 lbs. Mrs. South (Sam) was to have a hard time harnessing her. She learned that she could reach around as if to hit at him when he was bucking the collar and furniture time. Sometimes it would interrupt him from getting the collar on her neck.

Finally he began putting the collar on up his down near her head. Then he could reach the buckle. He had one arm that he could barely raise in the air. It hung stiff in the shoulder socket.

Once many years before he was cutting wood with a wood saw and one piece of a coat or knit sweater got into the shaft of the cutoff saw. It rolled up and pulled so severely on his arm that it pulled the joint in his shoulder. His family could not get talk him into going to the valley to see a doctor.

This injury left the joint stiff and he

couldn't raise it. It didn't hurt him to carry things in it. He used to shoulder a log or pole or if others would help him shoulder his end first - then so pick up their end he could help carry out a log from the woods to the wagon.

He could pick up a bucket of water with that arm and carry it. (it seemed indefinitely) He claimed it didn't get tired in that position.

He also dug his cross cut saw all around in the woods scouting for dead timber with his ax in the other hand.

The reason Kit was clumsy about putting her collar on was because she usually had a sore neck. At top where the collar rested, Mr. South used to tell me my Dad (JW) could put a harness on a horse as easy as anyone he'd ever seen. Dad's left foot from wood made it easier of course. Mr. South was quite short.

It seems like this was Kit died. There was a time when Mr. South used Belly & Hig. Hig must have been acquired before Belly. Well he may have been used with the big Montana saw. Maybe even bought at the same time -

Mr. South did his own cutting. He got out some sets of 5 inch logs. He'd get Barney to carry them for him.

Once before I worked for Barney, he had to go to the valley - some business deal that lasted a few days maybe.

Charlie built a wheel barrow over a frame with a about a 6" or 16" tire. It was maybe 4' x 4', he built stake holes on 4 corners.

It had removable ~~slat~~ side boards, but when it was finished it about took 3 men to push it and balance it. One on each corner on each side. One at the back. He was so proud of it - He hauled slab wood to his home from the cut off saw at the mill shed.

Barney was quite quite put out when he returned from the valley and Charlie hadn't done any thing else. Al probably had been there too helping Charlie.

Lots of people came to the mill. Warren worked in for Barney. He lived in the slat cabin near the mill. He probably fixed the engine. They used to turn the horse out to graze on the flat a lot of the time. They also had hay in the barn.

It may be the demand for horses became so great that Barney let his dad use his and Bally. I did use B-Nig on the loads in the one called up on skids with a ~~1/4~~ 1/2 or 3/8" loading chain. I used to try to back him. He never liked to back. I was instructed to jerk him. I sometimes see sawed on the log. He never liked to back.

Sometimes I'd unhook on turn him and go back cicking at the end of the pull and again next to the truck.

Kit was driven with lines to skid ties. Warren drove her a lot. I maybe did on occasion. She was a big stout mare and all tips and brush and dead stuff on the ground popped and snuffed she'd go for the skidder had to keep a good

held on the ~~last~~ ^{two} lines. She was always up on the but. I think she died over one winter.

One spring we were getting ready to go to F.P. (I saw Balby for first time)

There was some idea that he'd been a sheep camp duss. I rode him a lot here back. It was fun because he would neck rein.

The same year it seems that he was assigned to work with his Borney horse to a team of young blacks. One was quite chunky built they were 1400-1500 lb horses, the other was more rangy. One was 5 or 6 the other maybe 4 or 5.

It turned out they were spoiled some. One at least had been balked. They'd kick if anyone got to crowding them with a whip on the end of the lines. I think a whip was made with belt leacing on an edgeing.

They tried driving them on the sandwitscraper. They didn't work in same timber so skidding was usually done with a single horse. The big horse seemed gentle enough - but more treacherous I found out. Actually he was even mean.

The other horse was more nervous - jumpy and seemed less trustworthy.

That spring Paul Walker was up there. But a little later in the summer around July perhaps Paul left. He may have gone to the Army Dept. He may have gone to work on defense in Coker's diakens. Or maybe he worked at the Faragut naval base in the Pam handle of the he returned from the service in Europe.

Paul was sort of given the job of the horses. He would look them up and take the wagon

to the woods, we worked the trail Canyon area a lot, and Chick Creek road, Barney made a fence on the flat - across the road from the barn by Jack Jones' cabin there used to be an old well and maybe a barn, there was a culvert put in there for the ditch coming down from Split Creek to the mill.

Each spring it took several days to get the water to run the length of the ditch over the flat. Sometimes during the summer the water would go out in the ditch - that meant a trip with a shovel and ax to hit an earth headgate brought the water down from between the Clark place & Vansoy place behind the butte. The other lower fork of split creek sank in a swampy area covered with willows on the other side of the small butte just north of the Vansoy cabins. Usually ~~lean~~ beavers were the cause of the water being out of the ditch. In both years Claude Malin was responsible at times for running a line shore across to his place - the old Clark place.

So for the culvert which was made of planks nailed together (a square) the corner of the fence began. It was a single smooth wire electric fence. The gate was made by an insulated wire onto a hip forked tree, the fence controller and a 6 volt car battery were also located on and at this tree. The fence

The forest service had just put this culvert in and graded the road past this spot and off towards the old mill set for about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. The ditch then ran along the southern

side of this newly graded road. The ditch then ran uninterrupted to the timber line east on the edge of the flat. Then past the Varney place, there was a culvert near the Varney place where the trail Canyon road ~~had~~ crossed the ditch. You could drive across the ditch part way out on the flat and go directly east to Charley Simmons summer cabin not over $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from this road.

At the culvert a road forked going east along the ditch to where it forked going east to trail canyon and south east toward Black Mt. Out along this Black Mt road Barney ran his electric fence for about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile. Then at a corner the fence ran toward the railroad nearly $\frac{3}{8}$'s of a mile and then back to the original starting point or gate in the north west corner at the large tree near the culvert.

There were several large trees and around almost all large trees on the flat there were numerous jack pines springing up around within the circumference and he some come round normally and naturally drop.

Also some bushy scattered pine covered parts of the north end of the pasture. Out along the B.Mt. road there was a ring of large tree with some saplings surrounding it. A few scattered scrubby pine dotted some of the pasture. It was all in sage brush. There were 2 or 3 kinds of native grasses. There were occasionally large ant beds. They were sometimes covered with a unique little purple flower found out almost exclusively on the ant beds. Mr. South called these flowers - "pea the beds."

Occasionally the electric fence got knocked down. We'd go to set the horses and they would be out. It was suspected an elk or a moose would tear up the fence. The wire would be broken and a loose end would be pulled from the ceramic insulators and strung and tangled thru the sage brush for quite a distance at times.

Old Bally was hard to catch. He seldom would come up just to oats. So the others could be caught with oats. So Bally was hobbled. He could go about as well with hobbles as without them. One Paul caught him and got on him. He went after Bally and him couldn't catch him. So they put a long chain to drag on the hobbles. They found that hobbled with a short chain he could swing it in a motion so that it didn't interfere with his hind legs. He could avoid stepping on it. Or he would travel sideways to avoid stepping on the longer chain.

One time after trying to catch him Paul got really mad. He went back to his cabin (al Smith's cabin) and got his Chevy coupe. We rode out into the pasture where the horses had gone. He drove around and ran Bally back and forth with the car until he was tired and was glad to stop and he had halted.

After that Paul sometimes just took his car to the pasture to begin with when he wanted him.

After the blacks were first put into the electric fence they proceeded to stock

ever have so they would gain a respect for one wine and avoid hitting it, they got them up close to the wine fence and pushed the wine against the house with a stick or edging. The big black hardly flinched but he shakily and deliberately turned away and then bocked right up toward the person that shocked him threatening to kick. Of course everyone quickly moved out of range when they saw his intentions.

One day I went with Barney on foot to get the horses. This probably was after Paul left for the army. Paul had a goat with which he bought from Paul. She was due to have a kid. As the horses trotted ahead of us toward the gate along one of several trails they had established winding thru the sage this old nanny goat started running along near the horses. The big black took in after her. He stuck at her with both front feet several times. He knocked her down. He was mean.

Barney told me that day that it might cause her to lose her kid. He said it was called "slip her kid" I guess it's called slipping a calf when a fetus is killed and prematurely aborted. He said it happens in humans as well. I don't know if he used the term "bam dead" or not.

I don't really know if she had a live kid or not. Later Fred got the nanny and once at least in T.F. I was asked by Lillian his wife to milk it for her. Wamen may

1st Emphoy.

9

heve got it from Fred after that.

When school started Warren's girls came down and lived in Annas room with the folks. Fred had a trailer across from us east of the basement house on Cleveland. Warren boys w that. 2 lots and trailer. He lived there after the fall work at the mill ended, He lived there one year at least. maybe more.

Warren had a dog he'd brought from Jamestown. He was brown and black spotted over white. He was large and husky. He was part hamd. He was a fighter. He used to walk stiff-legged out into the street when Burroughs big stoggy sheep dog come up the street. Mrs. Bunnys dog with lived next to her. They had a collie. These 2 dogs ran together. Since disliked them but one day as he jumped on the one the other came scurrying back and nipped him. He left yelping that day - having been bitten in a tender spot.

Dad always claimed that a dog that goes for the leg of the other dog will win in the dog fight.

Almost every spring when we'd go to the mill in I.P. it was exciting to look around the camp. Maybe because the snow had just melted - sometimes there was still snow on the north sides of buildings. trees or sand dust piles. The grass hadn't yet began to grow and everywhere the ground was nude. You could find things lying conspicuously on the surface of the ground.

12th En

As the snow melted and was absorbed into the sandy soil it seemed to leave the ground with the pine needles matted flat to the ground. One year near Jack Jones' cabin I found some toys laying near the eaves at the back of the cabin. One particularly toy was a small rattle ~~to~~ It was metal but the little white rubber tires were all on it. They could be shifted and rolled off. I had it for years. a precious toy to me. Finally some tire were lost or broken and I still played with it ~~using~~ driving it on its rims. This would have been several years previous to this summer however.

~~After~~ I always seemed inviting to walk around the camp. The old slot barn near the old mill set where Sam Smith's brother will had kept a team the 12th year I was in I. P. was falling in.

I had played around these many times - pretending I had horses tied to the mangers. At one time I ~~was~~ used two broomsticks as front legs. I'd then hold them one in each hand and they'd be my front legs. I tried to put horse shoes on them from something I'd find on the old spark plug chewing tobacco packages strewn around.

I'd travel to the stock yard and about the camp running under ever I went. trotting, galloping - walking. Over-reaching in stride just like a horse etc.

One noticeable thing each spring was the appearance of rock chucks or wood chucks. These ground logs as Dad called them also

seemed conspicuous in springtime. Maybe by nature the year old ones dispersed. At any rate it seemed like they appeared under old cabins, barns, or sheds where they hadn't been seen the year before. The cul stacks were usually hauled from the mill on a trailer or wagon from the mill and dumped in piles some across the road from the stockyards. Others along next to the ^{RR} right-of-way. Others south of the mill across the Chick Creek road.

The little gray ground squirrels usually appeared around the edges of the flat and took refuge ~~to~~ beneath these low piles. This furnished some favorite target practice for men and boys.

One spring a tree fell across the corner of the barn near Josh Jones' cabin and the culvert. If you ~~look~~ walked toward that part of the camp you would hear the loud sharp bark or shrill whistle of the wood chucks. They seemed to often keep a look out. If you watched carefully approaching this barn you might see a chuck flattened on the dead fall leaning on the barn. The barn may have had a real roof, but beneath the plank floor were burroughs where the chucks dived for cover.

~~One day~~ as ~~was~~ was Old Prince was always on the look out for squirrels. He'd stalk them stiff leggedly until quite close - then burst after them at full speed. They were usually safe. They'd jump into a tree trunk and first run to the side opposite the dog - then scramble ~~up~~ upwards.

By the time the dog reached the tree - they'd have scrambled high enough so there was no chance of the dog jumping high enough up the trunk to reach them. Then they'd chatter and the dog many times would stand and bark for a long time before abandoning the tree. Once in the tree unless it was a lone tree the squirrel might travel from tree to tree jumping branches and leave the dog barking at a sheet.

One day as Waman and his kids and I, were walking toward ^{the} Jack Jones cabin a rock chuck had crossed the road by the culvert, it ran for cover. Prince spotted it and ran between it and the old barn. The chuck ran into the culvert. No water was in the ditch at the time.

~~The~~ Waman had been seeing a girl in I F in the winter who had a bulldog. Why I don't know (maybe she'd gone on a trip) but Waman had the little Boston terrier keeping it at his place for her. It was a feisty little dog and seemed overly brave around Prince at times. The bulldog was along one ~~after~~ Prince had run from one end of the culvert to the other several times barking at the chuck inside the little bulldog went in one end after it. It seems like the dog came out the other end with the chuck being seen. But the little dog went in again.

Finally the dog neared the other end and the chuck was facing him and backing away.

Prince reared in and seized the chuck with a second grip ~~in~~ the back. He ~~drag~~ the chuck ~~snatched~~

out and the dog little dog with it. The chuck had a firm hold on the little dog's forehead. Puma shook the chuck from side to side. The little dog also until finally the ~~hold~~ slipped on the little dog. Instantly the little dog was rushing in trying to get his own hold on the chuck.

We always wondered if there was a hole in the bottom of the culvert at some point where the dog and the chuck passed each other on the first pass ~~thru~~ made thru by the dog.

Fred Wardell lived in the Mussen cabin. Ann and Paul in the ^{Al} Smith Cabin and a guy moved into Claudia's cabin - Otto Wahl. His wife was related to Fred or Lilbin.

After Paul left an old CCC buddy of Barney's - Jess Reed from Bear Lake County came to the mill and moved into the Smith Cabin.

One morning Paul let me drive the team - we went up the Chick Creek road. There was one place where the road crossed a draw. It was a pretty good pull coming out for a team with a loaded wagon. On one side next to the track there was a rather ~~tree~~ tall stump. In the road near the center was a large rounded rock. It was several feet wide and the exposed upper surface rose above the road 6 to 8 inches. If you drove over the rock with a wheel the rock was like a bump. If you tried to go around it and miss it entirely you could hit the stump. So I pulled the team to the stump side of the road as near as possible expecting

to miss the rock. I didn't hit the stump but up to that point I hadn't noticed that at ground level next to the stump was a road outgrowth about like a nub. The tire went over the knob and then chopped off into a rut below 6 inches maybe. We were seated on the front bunk. There was a 5-6 inch metal strip ~~across~~ across the top of the bunk. It just jacked us clear thru to the tail bone. It was never a pleasant experience. Paul immediately took the reins lines back. I felt bad and I guess if I'd been his kid he'd have had something to say.

We got up near where the road forked and part one went toward Ryberg's and the other to the creek and cabins. We soon caught up to where the men were cutting. They had cleared a road along a ridge and cut a turn around at the end. As we drove in Paul got off to one side to try to turn. There was a ~~small~~ ^{steep} stump left from earlier cutting - a winter stump apparently (left high because it was cut when the snow was 3-4 feet deep. The bumper cleared the stump but the lever to the brake hung a little lower than the rear bunk and extended just past the wheel. It caught the stump and stopped the wagon suddenly. Paul was standing and the sudden stop threw him forward off the ~~to~~ wagon ~~into~~ between the horses and onto the tongue.

He was really startled when he looked around to see about me and I

was not in sight. He didn't know that when we got off to the turn around I had jumped off the back of the wagon. So he was surprised when he couldn't see me anywhere.

The flat $3\frac{1}{2}$ -4" wide $\frac{1}{4}$ " thick brake lever was imbedded into the stump. It took a little doing to get it free.

Another morning - a Monday. Paul and I were going to Chick Creek. Old Bally had been hard to catch so Paul was a little unhappy with him because we were getting a late start.

Warren was experienced as a cutter. He was good with an ax and saw. So Barney valued him more in the woods than bringing the horse along.

So we left camp on a good track. A little over a mile up ~~past~~ the road we went into the timber. There was an old road that cut east and skirted the timber at the cordway. We usually took this cut off with the wagon. It was swampy here and usually so wet that in a car or truck you always went around. The ruts were deep here and if wet a car might even high center.

We crossed the 1st little flat above the cordway and then we went up a draw. About half mile up there was a long ridge. The road crept along this ridge. One the south was a jock-jim thicket. The trees were only inches in diameter - all from 2ft tall and so thick you couldn't walk thru. Over time the road on above washed until there was a wide sandy place along

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the road side at one low place where the water ponded and ran off the road instead of on down the road. Going up this slow old Bally showed signs of stiffness. Progressively he traveled with less ease. Finally he had to stop. Paul got him off to the side enough that the wagon was out of the road and a truck could pass, then he unhitched him, and pulled off the harness. He left him tied to one of the larger trees next to the thicket and we rode ahead on big to where the crew were sitting.

Some came back down. Bally was up on but still a little stiff. We probably looked up and took the empty wagon ~~to~~ in to the mill.

Barney got Jack Jones over to make an evaluation. He called it (agatonia.) It was called the Monday morning disease by old tarsomen. It could be brought on from too sudden warm up after a lay off. When a horse worked regularly every day it didn't happen. The sudden work ~~for~~ after a lay off brought it on however, if worked gradually into the days routine it didn't occur. But some horses were disposed to it more than others. Then afterwards there was a symptom of red urine. If there was any medication I don't know what it was. The rest for a few was sufficient and he was soon back to his lazy self.

There was a lot of rain in June. It rained all or part of most of the days that month. Barney used to talk about the number of days that it did not rain.

~~The~~ Some of the men played cards - pinnacles

and poker. Some time was spent at Phillip's Lodge. A few more trips were made to the valley. I have stood in the drizzle as white it ~~at~~ briefly let up and held the end of the halter rope to the little black-called Coaly. Wane's name for him. The rangy black and let him nibble at the 1st gear and dangle him along the ditch bank around the corvins and between the mill and camp many times.

I couldn't handle the black however. They were not safe. One time they got loose with the fence was down or they got out of the barn perhaps. They were across the tracks by the stockyards. I got on old Bally and headed after them. As I headed them into the stockyards the big black turned. I turned Bally to head him. As I did the black whirled and kicked with both feet. He planted a foot onto Bally's ~~side~~ side and shoulder. One just in front of my leg and the other just behind my leg above the knee. Bally squealed and whirled in an attempt to kick back. I had to grab on to avoid being thrown from the sudden whirl. I was pretty shook and of course I kept a greater distance after that as I corvaled corvaled them. Coaly Coaly got hit in the eye. It may have been a tree branch in the pasture. No one knew for sure. But he had a sore and swollen eye. After a while it not only "watered" or (wept as tears) but the inside (iris) became turned milky.

Warren had assailed himself a little with the blacks and decided to teach them whoa. He had taken Prof. Berry's Horsemanship course and used a running W on them. He was going to teach them whoa. So one day they had this foaly at the sandiest pile and Warren put the running W on him. They decided to treat his eye. They unhitched him from the other horse and threw him. He lunged and fought it quite a bit. But finally he was down. They held his head and took table salt and poured a handful into his eye. It must have been terribly painful but none-the-less in time the milkiness disappeared from the eye and the horse appeared to see normally when you moved your hand suddenly near that eye.

Before summer was over ~~the~~ the blacks were taken to I F and sold or sold to a horse trader. Maybe this was done in the fall. They may have been turned loose for a time on the flat prior to selling.

I fished some in Lower Box Canyon with Warren & Barney. They often went fishing after work. I didn't like the Buffalo much unless Dad came up. When Dad did come I'd get off work to go fishing with him. Barney didn't like fishing the Buffalo. He didn't like small fish to catch and neither he nor Maj. cooked and ate fish.

I didn't enjoy fishing at Box Canyon.

I once caught a trout far out in the swift water that was a thrill however as it broke water and flipped in the air. Later we weighed it and it was 9 oz.

Once at Coffee Pot Dad hooked a fish below the rapids where the schools of white fish always stayed. Dad handed me his pole since I hadn't been having any luck. When the fish finally got near enough to see well it was a trout. I'm sure it required Dad to exercise a lot of self control to allow me to go ahead and land it.

It was the largest trout I'd ever brought in. Probably 3-1/2 lbs. When Dad traded poles he thought he had a white fish on the line.

Once Cheryl Smith hooked three fish. Down by Walling cabin on the Buffalo he had a leader with 3 flies.

Wamen did some dry fly fishing at Box Canyon. Barney did also. Barney got to fly tying flies. He'd collect peacock feathers for the curl (Kurl) and rooster feathers. He helped me get started, also we got horse hair and tied some hair flies. We used different colored thread. I made a lot of different colored (wild) flies. I'd try them on my gold fish when I was in I.F. I figured if the gold fish liked them the fish in the Buffalo would too. Some worked - some didn't. I'd snatch them out of the water before the gold fish could get hooked.

Once I went to the horse pasture with Elvira News when they visited us in J.P. I think she stayed with May several days. Other than

I'd probably have remembered Beckett being there had ~~they~~ just ~~gone~~ ^{came} for a visit. We hid in some trees near the edge of the horse pasture. I whinnied like a horse. I used to be able to imitate a horse pretty good. The two blacks were far out in the pasture. They threw up their heads and came one high ~~that~~ trot near to us. She was quite impressed.

Once several years later she was at our place in I.F. She asked me to imitate a horse. I said I couldn't do it anymore. She replied - You no fun! Before she was visiting in I.P. she must have helped May out with dishes etc. We went around collecting pine pitch from trees. The hardened gum when it turns red is not too bad. If it hasn't hardened, however, it is real nasty.

I used to collect it from large masses of the gummy stick kind from big trees and put it in a can for Barney. He'd melt it down in the engine shed and used it as belt dressing.

Grandpa Hale taught me which kind to gather and chew. Some used to say it would help to clean your teeth - chewing it. Mother probably wouldn't have enjoyed it with false teeth. Not many people were up to chewing it. As I got old I stopped too many times it seemed it would be bitter.

Elmer wanted me to gather some for her and bring down to the valley. Perhaps I did. At one time I had some saved in a small

box in a drawer.

At some point because of the trouble with the water from Split Creek coming down the ditch a well was dug next to the engine shed. Everyone in camp began to complain of sore mouths and gums. So they decided that there was so much water seeps leakage from the engine maybe going down thru the ashes around the engine and engine shed that it was making a lye solution and filtering into the well. So all stopped drinking from that well.

Barney moved his toilet (outhouse) from south west of their house across ~~into~~ from his kitchen window into the edge of the trees there. Then a new well was ~~swiftly~~ dug between the house and the saw siding.

I got to work on this project. As the coming was driven down new planks were added to the skids. The sand was brought out on a bucket with the regular pulley and well rope.

Usually digging was done as the water table dropped. In early spring the sawdust carrier was not used because the water table was so high that the belts and pulleys which were the lowest ones under the mill husk would run in water. This sprayed water all over everything. So a lot of sawdust had to be shoveled out by hand to a point where the sawdust scraper pulled by a team could pick it up.

I believe Barney figured the water table changed and was higher and remained after

two I.P. reservoirs were filled, after a few years the sawdust carrier was completely taken out.

At one time Warren sent a contractor to saw. The crew was split up. Warren sawed and Fred was off bearing and maybe Otto fired the engine. They'd shut the mill down early afternoon - at 3:00 - 4:00 - and move the sawdust and drag out all the stacks of dimension lumber as well as sawlogs, most lumber on skids.

When school started Otto left.

The spring that M'Lean was born, I stayed with Barney. There were at least 2 weeks that we went to eat supper with Ann & Paul. This made Anne nervous. Barney was a little fussy. He didn't eat or drink milk, that included milk gravy and he ate his corn flakes with water poured over them.

When supper was all ready sometime a visitor would call to see Barney about lumber or logs or just talk and Ann would wait supper. Sometime it would be real late before the visitor would leave and the meal would be cold.

Once early spring I was walking of the supper from Barney's to Warrens, as I looked down the Eccles road past the railroad crossing there was a young bull elk in velvet. I saw it and announced it. It was what followed was as a war breaking out. Paul came running past the sawdust pile from

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The Smith Cabin.

Warren came out of the slab cabin with his pistol - 32-20 SW. Then Fied came he may have had a 30/40 A&G. Barney had his 25-20.

The elk didn't stand long next to the few trees along the road after a shot rang out. It headed west toward the closest timber about 1/4 mile. Before it got to the timber one leg was whirling like a windmill blade. Soon someone had a vehicle running. Maybe it was Fied in his Dodge. Just inside the timber among one of the typical lava outcroppings the elk fell in scattered pines and aspens and low brush. Its horns at last were velvet.

The meat was kept in a dense stand of jackpines north and east of the barn. It required tending twice daily. At night it hung in the cold air. During the day early morning before sunlight hit it or flies came out it was wrapped in quilts and covered over with a blanket. A sheet placed next to it kept it clean.

Someone decided a dog was bothering it. Both Warren and Fied swore up & down their dog wouldn't do such a thing. I think one time someone did find Fied's dog off near the spot in the woods.

When traps were made to cut off a few steaks or whatever - a conscious effort was made not to use the same route or trail each time. This would

help keep pots - cats & dogs from falling
too it as well as avoiding establishing a
well beaten trail thru the woods.

Once after the water has dropped quite
low in the well I was lowered down
with both feet in a bucket. Then I
kept filling it with sand. The water could
be seen rushing under beneath the
well cribbing as I began digging. When
the water was up near my waist I
was hoisted out. The water was of
course very cold, nearly to the top the
rope broke. With both feet in the
bucket I made a real splash into
the 3½ feet of water below. My feet
were really jammed into the bucket.

They tossed the end of the rope to
me and I was hauled out splashed
from head to toe. The depth to water
at the time was likely 10-12 feet.
The well eventually was about 16 feet
from ground level (perhaps) total depth.

We began using the water for the horses
as well as in the house. The ditch began
to deteriorate, the banks became worn down.
When David & Barry were small in as a way
of getting them to eat their spinach they
told them if they ate it they'd be strong
and able to tear down bridges. One day
they did in fact take out the foot bridge
across the ditch. There was a car
bridge over the ditch in front of the little
cabin and then a short distance past it
the other road forded it. It was about

the same as some of the other large puddles. There had been a bridge (very low stringer logs on the ground with slabs on top) near the IP sign so that freight could be taken to the tracks to the baggage car. Ponds at one time met the train to exchange mail bags. Later they made their ^{mail} pick up at Tuel siding.

After the bridges ^{were} deteriorated to the point a slab or two were broken they were torn out of the way. The water from the ditch went past the ~~er~~ mill and to the railroad right-of-way where it is mostly ponded near the siding. If the stream flowed heavy or rain added to the volume the water flowed in the direction of Tom's Creek.

The dry sandy soil soaked up water readily, however. There were some water plants somewhere in the right-of-way barrow pit along the tracks. There were some willows clumped along the way, but there were also low spots with willows - shrubs and ~~are~~ quaking aspens - largely small dwarfed ones through out the area north and east of the IP siding all the way to the moon meadow north and east to the roadway east and skirting the flat to Warm River and Eccles. It all also occurred through out the Ripely Butte area in low spots and through out the country west of RR tracks from Bear Gulch to Sam's Lake flat.

When the ditch was used for engine to supply the water for the engine - a barrel was ~~buried~~ buried in the dirt next to the ditch and water was screened into it - to keep it clean and free from

floating objects and other water born (debris)

The steam engine sat inside the mill shed where the huge wheels taller than a man were sitting down in holes, this put the fire box low enough that a man would reach down slightly to open the door latch.

When the injector hose was placed into the barrel (it may have been a wooden barrel) the water sucked into the engine would not need to be lifted more than a few feet to the level of the injector valve.

The lack of ditch water was not the first time the problem had confronted Souths. The first year of that mill set after snow came near Christmas time the water was not available in the ditch. Snow and ice nobably stopped the flow. Elmer Snow had hauled a tank on ~~snow~~ a bob sleep on a wagon to Tom's Creek. It was a water tank similar to those used by far sheep wagon to haul stock water.

Some such tanks must have been designed and used specifically in the steam engine era where road engines were driven from farm to farm to ~~fresh~~ power the threshers. Souths acquired two two water tanks that I know of. One was placed on top of the ~~at~~ shower house next to the engine shed. The other sat next to the ditch bank at the end (corner) of the mill shed.

I don't understand just how it operated but I know it required more steam (power) to take water in with the injector if it had to be

lifted ~~above~~ ^{several} feet compared to a few feet, and also there was a limit of how far it would pull. In the spring when the water table was low the suction end of the hose with its screened intake could be lowered through a hole cut in the well cribbing into the water only 5-6 feet below the surface of the ground. Eventually as the water table lowered however, it reached a point where it was more difficult to draw in the water.

Bamey designed something he called an ejector. It operated from steam power also. But somehow it was much more energy efficient. With it one could draw water from the well as deep as far down as needed and run it through a hose into the water storage tank behind the engine shed.

When the pressure gauge on the steamer dropped below 90 lbs the injector didn't work too well, especially if the engine was running and being worked. Occasionally if the fireman allowed the pressure to drop to this point the mill might have to be shut down in order to draw in ~~water~~ ^{water} take in water until the pressure was higher. Bamey had two pop off valves on the steamer set at 150 lbs.

Also the injector could pull enough power so that if the engine was being worked hard (sawing) and the fireman had to take in water thru the injector it would pull the pressure down. If it dipped too low water would run out of the injector pipe onto the ground rather than into the engine. If this happened it was necessary to stop running to build the steam pressure under some conditions:

as follows:

1. If the water was low in the engine, near the bottom of the glass.

2. If the fire was not at it's peak.

That is if the water was up maybe $\frac{1}{2}$ the glass or more - there was then time to fire up the fire and get a bigger head of steam - as if there was available good dry wood so that a hot fire could be built up before the water was used up. And depending upon the type of sawing being done,

If the engine were into fir or saw timber it required a lot more power. Sometimes the sawyer poured it on. If in a hurry to finish an order or clear the skidway. Sometimes someone would help the sawyer by turning logs. That meant the saw was into the logs more frequently - thus more power was used.

Occasionally the sawyer would be forced to shut down temporarily. Sometimes these shut downs could be utilized in loading a load of edgings (inside edge) or filing the saw. Usually sweep was sawdust to be shoveled away from the mill, truck or frame.

It was pretty common for offbearers and other help around the mill to shovel sawdust out from beneath the saw and mill in the mornings when the sawyer was getting things ready to go, maybe filing ^{was} for the first thing to do. The mill was normally greased in the morning and noon. Before starting the engine the fireman always climbed up on the engine to turn the grease cups and

also with an
also turned the oil quint can oiled certain
places and filled oil jars and also put oil in
some oil pockets over mandrels and shafts
with babbitt bearings.

The mill was often shut down when
the sandblast scraper was being used close
to the mill back so that the scraper could
be taken down in close to the sandblast pit.
Even down into it at times.

When I was small I caught many a polly wog
or tad pole in the slow running ditch water.
The water skippers even come into the channel
behind the engine shed. And dragon and damsel flies
were flying here and there all about camp.

Finally the old well near South's kitchen ~~and~~ (in
front of the bunkhouse) came so bad as to be
dangerous. It was covered over for a time with
a floor of 2x6's. Maj had her washer set up
over this platform. Eventually that was moved
and it was filled in with fresh dirt hauled
in. Then she moved her washer further east
beside a 1/2 dozen small ledge poles near the corner
of the bunkhouse.

Benny set ~~a~~ enough 3/4" galvanized pipes along
on the ground to stretch from the corner of the engine
shed to the washer. Hot water could be piped
to the washer. When Maj, washed on days the
mill wasn't running a large copper bottom
boiler was put on her kitchen range and the
reservoir on the range was filled. After this
water was hot shed dip ink stork in bucket
buckets and haul it in tubs to the washer.

The washer had a small gas engine. It had

a power winger also.

On most days our dinner menu was lima beans with pork added. May used the little wagon to haul tubs of rinsed water from the well.

Some of the crew usually set up the boiler on the stove, and carried or filled the rinse tubs. I used to help with some of these chores.

I was often asked to roll logs on the skid way. I ran lots of errands. At times I also played, between chores and errands. I carried wood from the cut off saw to at the engine shed to the wood box. Barney had a saw jack by the trees across from the kitchen door. I sometimes saved blocks of wood with a crosscut as a past time in the evenings.

I rode Baby one Sunday out to Charlie Simmons place on the flat. Charley spent one winter in Mexico and came back with a Mexican wife. (May). She spent part of 2 years in I.P. at least. Charley said Baby looked like he was partly Clydesdale.

This first year Warren had worked for Roger brought a guy named Dennis Hurley and his wife to I.P. to work for Barney. Warren had met Dennis while working for Roger Beas. in I.F. The dehydrated potatoes processed in the plant were sent to the US forces - probably world wide. It was considered as part of the war effort.

Dennis stayed in the little cabin between the ditch and the slab cabin. I can't remember her name. They had several children and left early in time to get settled for school in the fall.

It seems they had all boys. Later we learned they had a girl which they named Shirley. (Shirley Hurley) or maybe ~~Sue~~ Shurley Hurley?

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I used to help water ^{and tend} the horses. Whenever there was anything to do with horses I was usually there. I enjoyed Ann being there.

I remember Alvin Isaacs coming around but I don't know if this was the 1st year he came around - well in fact it could not have been. Warren didn't work for Barney when Alvin 1st showed up.

Sometimes if there was a national prominent radio program such as the President talking on a heavy weight boxing match everyone congregated at Barney's. He had a battery operated radio.

They'd listen to FDR or a Joe Louis fight. Barney was a great Joe Louis fan. He figured Joe had such lightning quick speed that few opponents could out box him. He claimed to have seen a remounted fight of Joe when his left jab was so fast you didn't see the glove move but the opponents head would flip back from the punch.

I believe that this year when spud vacation came I returned to I.P. This may have coincided with Al coming back from Wyo and maybe that was the last fall before his enlistment.

There was one fall once too when Al, May, & Barney stayed in at the mill. Finally moved out. All got so sick with the flu and ~~that~~ they were so weak that they wouldn't let one another go tend the horses alone for fear one might fall or pass out. Finally they loaded their stuff and horses and moved out.

There were sometimes that they shipped some box cars of poles, wood etc out to T F by train and unloaded them of a siding south of Broadway and took them to South's lumber yard.

The first year I worked for $\$1.00$ a day and room and board. Since everything was rationed mother gave my sugar ration stamps to May. May bottled some fruit in summer. One of their favorite bottled fruits were fresh raspberries. Dad preferred preserves. Mom usually bottled the raspberries up for May. She raised some herself but probably bought most - maybe from Pocks, Marie Benson and maybe others in our ward or neighborhood.

Barney's Dad probably lived in Rens Lorne which was ~~vacant~~ vacant when Charlie wasn't there.

Note (I may have misded some things over a period of more than one summer.

At one time Barney arranged with his crew to cut by the piece. Well Wamen did well and made pretty good money. He used to sit in the woods and tell me about how much he made - what he would make and what we should do with our money.

We were always thinking about getting the Skinner will spring or something. There was a nice meadow north of the Buffalo. It was attractive with many large quakes around the edges. Maybe too well for a road into it the 1st several months of spring & summer.

2nd year

1

Note perhaps Paul came out once in I.P. in the fall as was going into the service. During spool harvest I was there.

The next spring when Paul came back for a while before being drafted was when Bally and the blacks were acquired.

Dennis Hurley worked the previous year. The next year Otto Wahl, & Fred were there. Dennis was on off-beaver. And Fred was on off-beaver.

Then Warren ran the mill with a crew - Fred & Otto. One time an old differ called Spear came up from I.F. a guy at a little younger was with him named Tracy.

One spring we were out on the flat following horse tracks - the horses had gotten away. We had the Ford truck and bob-tailed (without the trailer). We were south of Charlie Simmons cabin quite a ways. There were some abandoned ditches there. We followed tracks until we crossed into a smaller flat near the head of Warm River. Finally the horses were located. We couldn't get up to them. Barney indicated that had he brought a rifle along he would have shot the one black.

Once while we were out spread out looking for their tracks among the sages Barney sent me back to get the truck and bring it up to them. I remember starting the old Ford. I started up in 2 low gear - (not compound) and drove across the sage brush flat to where they were. That was the first time I ever drove it. I was pretty pleased.

It had an unusual gas pedal. Different than

"Dungarees" ?

most other outfits. The accelerator pedal was shaped but like a large narrow tablespoon upside down. A foot rest knob was fastened to the floor board next to it, and the starter button was a push to button on the dash. A lever along side the gearshift knob was lifted up in order to get into reverse. I must have been a 4 speed.

One time the guys decided to go fishing on the Snake River at the railroad ranch. That stretch of river was closed to fishing except for about one month from July 15th on. They arranged to get a boat to float down. They hauled it on the Ford-semi. to the point where the railroad ranch fence crosses the river below Lost Chance.

When I was asked to drive the truck down to the Osburn bridge to where they'd take the boat out, I drove it down. Just below the fence was a cattle guard and then a gravelled road ~~to~~ the across the ranch to the Osburn bridge. The road curved along over the sage brush for a ways before it dropped down a slight hill to the river. Along side of the road was a telephone line to the ranch. Maybe a fence on one side but if so the fence was back a couple of rods from the road. The road was graded.

At one curve, I was going (slightly downhill) so fast that I didn't stay on the road. I went over the borrow pit, which was only the depth of a normal grade cut into the bank in order to crown a road in the sand and dirt. But it was a

bump. I swerved out into the sagebrush, coasted on the steering and came back bouncing onto the road crossed the other side and into the sage brush and then back again. This time my speed was down and I ~~slow~~ drove slowly along the road to ~~the~~ the bridge where I parked the truck.

Lillian and one other woman (maybe Otto's wife) came behind me in Field's truck to take me back to catch the boat. I rode in the boat the rest of the float trip. I can't recall any fish being caught. Because fishing was so restricted in this area everyone expected it to be such.

Whenever you passed this stretch in ~~the~~ a truck or car during fishing season there were always many fishermen within a quarter of a mile of the fence. It was a popular place and supposedly should have been great having been closed most of the year.

It was told that a private stocked lake on the ranch provided the ducks some great sports fishing. Later I heard that Lillian told someone I made a corner on two wheels in the truck that day she followed me. Well I was certainly lucky that I didn't leave the road at a place where there was a boulder, a tree or fence or telephone pole near the road.

At one time a person who lived one street east of Ada Debra Edwards came to IP. They had some kick about the age of May, and some older. They'd known the Smiths in their ward and neighborhood.

Delva was a gossip going all around the neighborhood. She and her husband had some marital problems and for a time she come to D.P. and visited May & Barney. She brought her kids. She had some boys and girls - boys older. Later she had a girl about Susan Smith's age. For a time she showed some interest in Warren. Warren had his kids there and it was hard for him to cook and work too. May helped with washing and ~~often~~ often took dishes to them from her oven.

One summer late in the year ~~to~~ the crew were talking, they were discontent with cutting timber. They were ~~of~~ discussing all the wild hay up on the Tom's Creek flat. They talked about how if they had that cut and baled what a good deal it would be. It was just sitting there for the taking. They'd make all that money. Then I guess it was Warren that said why that was nothing as far as good hay was concerned compared to across the creek on Simmons' ranch. ~~So~~ So they persuaded Barney - ~~but~~ likely against his better judgement but anyway - they did talk to Charley Simmons.

Charley sort of responded like ~~as~~ he'd always been in the sawing business and was little by little getting more interested in logging and now they were talking of changing places. But he agreed that they could cut the hay. It may be that a heavier bridge be built over Tom's Creek

5th yr

inside his gate 1/4 mile to ~~last~~ hold up truck sized loads.

So a stock rack was put on the Ford. a few trips were made to the valley. mowers were brought up. a side delivery rake was obtained. Waver went down and bought a wagon and a team from some farmer. It was an old trusty ~~to~~ team of bays bays. One was a gelding very sway backed and blind in one eye. The eye looked terrible. The little old horse walked along with a good fast flat walk.

And I felt very bad, just as all these exciting things were going to start happening I had to leave for school. Dad probably came up went fishing and took me down to school. Barney was filing a knife for one of the mowing machines. He was sitting on a bench ~~side~~ in front of the bunk house on the front step. Barry was standing watching. Dad pulled him back away from the knife but he jerked away and lunged forward just as Barney raised the knife and changed it end for end to sharpen the other side and angle. As it came down Barry ran into it. A section caught his forehead and cut a gash. Surely it required stitching. The details of what happened in connection with that I don't know. Dad's car may have been used. Ashton would have been the nearest town. Possibly a doctor vacationing may have been in the vicinity of Ponds or Macks Inn.

At any rate I didn't see any hay cut

raked or balled. In the fall I remember looking out over the little (cragbush flat) on the way into the mill from the highway and seeing a large stack of balled hay across beyond the jack fence. It was contracted for sale to the IF auction yards. They hauled it from IP to IF.

Jess Reed was there and was more involved with Barney and interested in timbering than buying. Fred sort of downgraded him for that.

The outcome had to be that not much money was made after all was said and done.

Jess Reed was in the Al Smith cabin. He had a 1935 Chevy 2 door sedan (blue) they were his wife was quite fleshy. She was neat and dressed their little boy who was adopted in very tidy and neat western clothes and cowboy boots. He seemed like a strange little guy. Different from most little kids. (Probably hypersensitive)

Jess was often assigned to help with untying the horses. They would be hobbled and turned out on the flat. We put a bell on one of them. I'd take some oats at times to catch them. I suppose at times I'd be taken in the truck to where they were and left to get them. I'd take of the hobble and ride home to the barn or maybe the harnesses would be laying just where they were pulled off the night before near the entrance to the warehouse.

One one trip to Shail canyon or high up on the ridge road we arrived with the wagon maybe I was ~~there~~ ^{hanging} ~~there~~ ^{the} wagon alone that time -

I arrived and drove the team up behind the truck, which ~~it~~ had not been turned around. Then I heard of the excitement, they had stopped to cut. They were cleaning dry stuff. They told me of the excitement before I came, arrived.

They got out of the trucks to start cutting and a cub bear ran up a tree nearby. Then they saw another cub. Someone, maybe Jess Reed had a 30/30. Warren carried his 2nd pistol holstered everywhere. They started shooting at a cub. Another cub ran up a tall tree with few limbs. Warren said it ran up the tree as fast as a man could run on the level. One cub was ~~hit~~ ^{hit} and cub as it clung ~~to~~ hang in the top. Then they saw the old bear. She was extremely shy. She ~~staid~~ stayed back away. She ran from one hiding place to another. She finally was spotted a ways off looking over the top of a fallen tree. She seemed to have a large head. She was shot with the 30/30. Then both cubs were shot.

By the time I arrived they were all skinned out. I saw the hides rolled up laying behind the ~~the~~ ^{the} cab of the Ford. I felt them and went back and put my hand to Belly's nose. ~~It~~ He took a big smell. His nostrils dilated and he backed off a bit. Warren called jam lucky he did it come up with both front feet.

Warren got a 1937 (or 36) Studebaker President from Paul. It was really a big car. It had an overdrive. It was a good road car.

Once Paul was rushing Anna to Pocatello maybe for a gall stone problem. It was serious, he said he drove so fast it seemed like the road was like a toothpick.

As usual it was time for school to start and I was leaving reluctantly just as the huckle berries were beginning to ripen. Course I always get some red ones. Did ride on the back logs on the wagon and pull an armful of bushes and take on the wagon. As we'd ride along I'd pick and eat the little red berries, which were about $\frac{1}{6}$ the size of a pea and half as large from half the size of the blue huckle berries. The red ones ripened in July and early August. The blue ones come near Sept and late summer. I Fectrols slowed in mid-August to allow of course for 2-3 weeks of school vacation.

I remember going with Paul Walker in the fall. We'd use a lantern to tend the horses at the barn. It was dark when we got in at night with the wagon. It surely seemed strange compared to summer time.

I was in D. P. at least once with the father in the Cherry when the roads had been plowed out from the highway to the mill.

B W Dutton

One fall Barney hired Eli Dutton to go up and off bear for him. Eli was (seemed) rather old - he was pretty slow. He lived in Duttonville.

Paul Walker used to laugh about detrip a girl from Duttonville. He was taking her home and it was real cold. The car quit on him someplace out in Duttonville and he got out to try to fix it and get it going. He wasn't having any success. Then she started cursing him. You get in here and keep me warm. That was enough for Paul - he took off for downtown. He came back to get the car on ~~another~~ another day.

The first trip to IP it was toward late afternoon. We dropped down off the Warm River hill. Soon we were in the shade of the mountain with the sun to our west. It was noticeably colder once we hit the pine area. It was always interesting when we hit Robinson Creek (coming down off the overpass over the rail road there at Warm River. Then when we hit the Warm River bridge we'd have the gas pedal flooded. There was a familiar sound to that old Ford as it was full throttle and starting up the other side. I sat in the middle. Barney was driving. Eli was sitting with his arm out the window.

Barney asked Eli to close his window, after calling Hey Eli! about the 3rd time and I no response - Eli's eyes were wide open Barney rolled his window down and turned the front windshield out. The cold air rushed in. After a few minutes Eli closed his window up. Then Barney closed the others.

I fired the engine mostly and helped around. Eli did the off bearing. I helped some with waste slabs and edgings.

I used to fire the engine when Jess Reid was off bearing. Jess didn't like to off bear and I think he usually had some help. When he'd get a nice bearing dry slab that didn't go on the good slab pile he'd bring it back and set it in on the roller to the cut off saw.

That bothered me sometimes because if I wasn't ready to saw it was up in my way. Barney used to have me haul slabs in from the flat that had cut out and cured. Once a good fire was going, it was easy to burn these slabs. They dried with more pitch in them than the old slabs from the dry logs. The dry burned faster but maybe not better.

Barney also believed the fireman should clean up around with a shovel. So I raked and shoveled lots of bark and chips and put in when there was a good hot fire of slab wood burning underneath. It was more work and more messy some times you could get too much in and lose heat and then run out of water and steam.

It used to be interesting when farmers and onlookers would come around the mill. Sometimes they would stand by the cutoff saw and watch through the open door of the mill shed. If they were standing in the way when I wanted to use the cutoff saw I could go to the back of the engine and climb up and turn on the blower. The

Sudden noise would usually move them away in a hurry, then I could go back to sawing wood. We'd cut short wood and stack it as well as haul it for the house or stack ~~pile~~ pile it before a weekend or washday for stove use. I used to take pride in cutting wood ahead and stacking it along the side of the engine shed about shoulder high. If I got enough ahead I'd stack fir on the outside. Sometimes we had some fir. I liked to split it with a double bitted ax after I cut it to length on the saw.

At noon town used put in some green slabs in the fire box and open the front door to the boiler. Then the fire would bank and the steam would hold pressure. The engine had asbestos coated over most of the boiler area. It had long since lost its white glitter by oil and grease and soot and dirt.

Sometimes if you didn't watch carefully and took in ~~to~~ too much water when the engine was pulled hard by the sawyer (like in a big log) it would cause the engine to pull water. This means some water would come thru with the steam into the steam chest and cylinders. When that happened you'd lose power and it caused the packing to blow in the pistons rods.

When ~~they~~ more steam would escape around the packing nut and soon you'd be stopping to repack. We used an oil coated rope packing. It ~~was~~ ^{came} rolled in a spool 5-6" in diameter - like a large adhesive tape roll.

One day Barney shut the mill off and he, I, and Eli went across the road toward Eccles to load some dry stobe on the ~~floor~~. We finished and Barney left to walk across the road and past the skidways to get the mill ready to go. He left me to bring the truck around to the mill shed.

There was some snow. It was warm and sunny. I got in started the engine and the truck didn't go. I ~~was~~ tried several times. I ~~had~~ tried several times changing gears - etc. I worked on it and told Barney. He asked me to explain what happened. I said my foot did slip off the clutch. He went over and decided I'd broken an axle. He got out the jack and got his socket set. He sent me to the warehouse where he had a spare axle. ~~Then~~ ^{after} we replaced the axle I was helping tighten the nuts on the end of the axle shaft. 2 bolts were only $\frac{1}{4}$ " bolts. The others were heavier maybe $\frac{5}{8}$ " nuts. I twisted one of the small bolts off - the head off. Barney just sort of groaned a little - said for me to go check the engine and get the mill ready to go.

I guess if I'd been his kid that day it would have been harder to keep from losing his temper.

It was a regular thing to put fire out around the mill. I'm sure Barney had the habit of going around the mill at night before going to bed.

One evening some of the folks went to Pards. 2 couples in one car - Barney & Mary were in the

Jess Reid

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can. when it came back into camp - it was still day light, we'd spotted a fire that got going pretty good near the engine shed near the cut off sawn a while earlier and had got wetlets and just soured it with water.

as they drove into camp past the slab cabin I hollered it's a lucky Friday 13th for you. And I guess it was.

Occasionally the governor belt would break and the engine would speed up rapidly. If you were near the engine you ran to the rear climbed up held yourself up by the large cast iron steering wheel and ~~stare~~ pulled the throttle lever back shutting it down. From the Sawyer's box you could push the throttle lever or an off bearer could stand up on the edging pile and slide the throttle linkage stud. The throttle linkage Barney built by splicing 2x2's the longer of the mill suspended by tangas of wood fastened to the ridge pole of the mill shed.

Sometimes fires started on the roof of the mill shed and we used a hose inside to spray it. The water in this hose was hot - right out of the boiler.

Barney had a couple of hand water pumps around the mill. When they were working they could shoot a good stream of water about like a garden hose.

If the engine ran away it would elude so much speed it would have caused various parts to break or fly apart. The balls on the governor operated by centrifugal force -

As speed increased the heavy cast iron balls moved farther out from the spindle to which they were attached. As they moved out the bottom attachment raised higher on the shaft which acted as a valve and allowed more steam to enter the cylinders (maybe via the steam chest - or maybe from the steam chest).

If speed became too excessive it could break the spring and the balls could fly off. If this happened a full ^{head of} steam could go into the cylinders, and the faster the bigger the problem. Other things could begin flying apart. It could be a serious thing.

One time I had my back to the engine when the governor belt broke. The increase in speed was so sudden that it caused me to jump, (Course that never did take much) and I ran to the back of the shed and then jumped up and climbed to turn off the throttle lever.

Barney used to make up new springs for the governor from old wind-up phonograph springs.

We used to have to shut down to fix broken belts. Barney bought a wire belt lacing with a clamp. It was better than the original metal lacing. It was more flexible and faster than leather buckskin lacing.

One time some one was stoneling sand dust while the mill was running and had a long handled ~~at~~ scoop shovel under the saw as the carriage came ahead and the saw moved into the cut. The force of the sand dust from the saw hitting the shovel at such an angle

Al returns

that it forced the sawdust to fly forward out from the mill 12 feet or so. Then someone got the idea of positioning a scoop shovel with the blade at a certain angle and it threw the sawdust quite a ways out from the mill. This led to someone getting an old model car fender and putting it down under the saw permanently. The running board end could be moved laterally now and again to widen the ~~pile~~ pile of sawdust thrown out. We still had to shovel a lot but it saved an awfully lot. If it rained and you did not get the water out of the bottom of the fender before starting up the first sawdust would stop in the water and it would plug up. The underside of the old fender got polished by sawdust to such a shiny smooth surface it was actually slick.

Somewhere along the way Al came back from the Army. We may have had Dick and Beel then. Al worked out a way with Barney to load green logs on the truck without a roller chain as we used with ties. We'd load ties on the Ford with two lengths - end to end and we kept planks on the semi for this.

We never had any trouble selling the 8 foot slabs to farmers who often used them to cover potato cellars.

They built a loader out of 2x6's constructed it like an X and put stake holes out on the arms at varying heights. It operated

with pulleys and a cable. It required a derrick tree. First you picked a good solid tree with enough space opposite to park the truck next to the tree - then place the derrick which was wider than the truck (9 feet maybe) and enough room to skid logs against the derrick.

Stake holes were positioned so the 1st holes were high enough ~~to so~~ that the logs would roll off from the derrick in a vertical position onto the bunks, after the bunks were filled the stakes which were 14-18" long was put up to the next hole. The top hole needed to clear the top of the stakes on the truck bunks without an extension.

Then a pulley was placed as high in the tree as possible from standing on the truck cab. A single tree was attached to a ring in the end of the cable or a hook which could hook into the ring of a single tree. From this hook the cable ran thru a cable with a swivel chained to the base of the derrick tree. From here the cable went up the tree to the upper cable - through it and down to the derrick where another swiveled pulley was on the cable. Then the end of the cable with a grab hook was hooked into the chain up in the derrick tree where that pulley was fastened.

After logs were placed on the derrick the loose pulley which had a round hook or a large ring was fastened to a chain running loosely from each arm of the derrick

al returns

across so both ends would be lifted evenly when the derrick house pulled. Usually we'd run the derrick house from the back of the truck to keep the cable and single tree away from the cab and fenders of the truck.

Once in a while a hook might slip. A log could fall if it rolled off the stakes part way up. The derrick was about 9 feet tall wide. So a stout log had to be placed evenly to rest both stakes.

This type of derrick was used in Ripley butte area for lodge pole, also in the area near Henry's lake, and then after several models were used - worn out and improved upon Barney had one fabricated from channel iron by a welder in IT during one winter. More than one such was made with improvements.

Old Dick became the ~~only~~ reliable skid horse and the derrick house. It took a good pull to start a heavy load. Sometimes he'd be surprised when he'd start up and he'd have to let it down and then he'd set and walk into it and take it ~~off~~ up.

Usually we had at least two people loading. One could be on the load with a pickaxe for managing the top logs.

If a load was real heavy or an extra long cut (log) was on one person could lift on the log end until it was up in the air and that gave the derrick house a big

advantage. Old Dick would back better than any other horses. I used to ride the derrick horse. We often led him. Or sometimes we'd just go out and back him. If the man or man at the derrick was watching you could unhook the derrick cable at the single tree and let it fall down, but it came thundering down and the stakes would fly out and you'd have to retrieve the cable end to rehook to the ring on top. If a horse would back decent that was the nicest way. A small $3/8$ " rope fastened fastened to the derrick helped get it down by getting 15 feet or so back and really leaving on it.

It sure took a lot of back-breaking lifting out of the loading of house logs.

Barney had a nephew, Elgie's big - Bob Tate, who came to work one summer. I can't recall if he came in the spring or in the summer. One fall during spud harvest I was there, Al too and Bob. This fall we lived in the bunk house. (slept there)

Barney hired a neighbor kid on Ada to come work one summer also. He was a kid that was ~~awkward~~ awkward and as green as a kid could be. He liked to give Jess Reid a hard time. He liked to rathinize and when a man would tell him to do something - he was usual skeptical - maybe he'd been made a fool of before.

Jose

One fall al & I got Dad talked into going duck hunting. We'd go to Tom's creek real early in the morning and we saw a big flock near the head just on the first bend down from the bridge.

So we hooked the team up real early. we had drove around the road and tied the team at the top of the hill above the bridge. We walked down carefully in the cover of the trees and edged our way out near the edge of the stream. There were no ducks there anyplace. Then we heard them coming in, they came flying in from the west and started settling down over the water just barely out from the bank.

Dad wanted to shoot - we coaxed him to wait until they sit down on the water. Well they never quite sat down. They took off without landing after hovering just a moment. but a shot was fired. Dad was disgusted and said he'd known better. The time to shoot is ----- He knew that. We were so sure they'd alight and make a better target.

Al worked that year and got out a set of logs or at least arranged for a set. He bought Warren's lot across the street from the folks on Cleveland. (350 Cleveland)

Later he began building a ~~square~~ ^{rectangle} house there. Between each 4 logs he put a 2x6 so that later on it could be battled and siding put on easier. He built a brick chimney.

About this same time Barney built his

second house.

Bamey & Mary lived in the attic apartment at Souths for a time. It was a long winding stairway up. I remember that, north of the apartment house a small house belonged to Dale Ewin. Dale and his wife worked for Bamey, sometime when Paul did. Also he came back later on and worked again. Next to Dale on the north was another lot. On the back there was a small shed of logs - they used it for storage and tools.

Bamey built a house on this lot. He built far back on the lot. It had a porch, a front room and kitchen - behind that and at least two bedrooms and maybe a bathroom although it may not have been plumbed at first.

One time I was baby sitting there at Easter time - I helped the kids with their eggs - boiling them coloring them and hiding them after the kids were in bed.

Next day I found out I was with two popovers at the Souths house. Some of the eggs that were steamed around the next morning were not boiled long enough, or hard.

Next to Bamey lived Bains, their son Bob worked one summer for Bamey. Once Dale Ewins wife told Bamey something about what Mrs Bains had said indicating she was displeased - maybe with Souths yard. They parked the truck in front and maybe a load of logs or slabs. Bamey had a fence along the alley and part way along the side.

Bamey's 1st house
2nd house

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Bairds had a nice white frame home and a white picket fence. Bamey knowing _____ would be back and repeat to Mrs. Baird anything she heard told he planned to stand slabs up on end and make a tall fence all the way out to the sidewalk so the neighbors could not see his yard. Well that of course would have blocked their view clear down the street and out of their yard on the sunny south side. I guess that quieted ~~all~~ ^{the} complaints.

Bamey built a house across the street. I used to go over on my bike each day after school and help him. He plastered the inside himself. We started in the back hall. We did the back entrance way, then a back bedroom - then upstairs hallway and then the kitchen and ended up ~~at~~ doing the front room last.

He did a good job. He helped me mix the mud. He experimented as he went. He didn't plaster all day - he'd do other things. When I arrived he'd plaster. His arms would give out pretty fast at first - especially on the ceiling. We did a green coat and then come back over it. I'd ~~at~~ add water as he directed and keep it stirred up.

Sometimes it would start to set up. I'd carry the mud for him. I made a nice home. They had a coal furnace in the basement. They had a hall with a bath and 2 bedrooms a roomy kitchen and a living room at the front entrance. In the attic they put a snooker table. ~~the~~

The laundry was in the basement. The boys slept in the basement some of the time. I remember many seasons as we hauled lopping trugs to carried goods to bedding to fishing poles out of that house - up stairs - down stairs - out the back door - thru the front door to load on the truck to ~~to~~ make the move to I P for the summer. Then in the fall the hepping with moving in with snow covered rocks etc.

Mrs. Smith got so she would wander around a lot in her last years. She sometimes embarrassed her family by calling things as such names as honey etc.

She used to say. "There's no full like an old fool."

She used to tell or sing a little ditty about

take me back to Roundlyt
Rich County. Utah state -

She outlived her husband a few years.

When Barney & Charlie left I F to work in defense. Barney and Craig took the truck. It was a 1937 Ford. It may have had a later model mercury engine in it.

Charlie took the car. It was a transport or orangeish color it seems. It was a Ford or Mercury about that same vintage - maybe a 39. The engine in the 2 cars may have been exchanged.

1st truck rides with Barney.

Barney used to take me on trips delivering loads of logs to the valley. He started me driving. He'd get a little sleepy I suppose, but not while I was driving. I remember once he talked me through a double-clutching down shift going over the Sugar City creosote. Those roads used to seem so narrow.

From time to time I'd pull over and change with me. At first we'd be empty. Eventually, I got to ride more. Then when I came back I got to ride a lot with him. He seemed to be able to always shift without grinding any gears. The Ford was a nice truck. It had its own characteristic noises - engine - starter - transmission - all rather nostalgic today when recalling to memory - as distinct as a wisp as the old steamer's whistle.

Sometimes I'd ride behind with Warren and part of his ride and also old Ponds. I learned to eat (order) a chicken fried steak going with Barney to cafes along the highway and occasionally at Ponds.

One time we were at Ponds - Warren was there and others, all standing just inside the door of the dance hall by the parrot cage when Mr. Charles Pond came walking up. What time is it, the parrot answered "9:00" - Nine o'clock is it? Mr. Pond responded and began walking away. Ponds used to play a lot of music on some kind of a music playing machine. Maybe Christian sunset.

One spring I was unable to be out of school when Barney & May moved to the woods

to IP by train.

2

so I rode up on the train. It was an interesting ride. There were one or two ~~some~~ passenger cars because ~~at~~ the ^{ref.} track were I hadn't yet started. The main train was a freight. The cars were pretty well filled with young people going to spend the summer working in Yellowstone for the summer. I don't know what year in school I was. I remember going thru the tunnel, near Gallett I saw a meadow filled with blue Camas flowers. As beautiful as any meadow could be.

When the train came to the Island Park flat there is a big ~~barrow~~ barrow pit at the edge of the timber where the Eccles road makes a jog around it. It had a lot of aquatic plants and bugs & beetles I later learned.

at this point 3 bull moose left the right-of-way galloping loping toward the timber. Their large velvet racks held high as they loped thru the rockbrush.

Bansy often said in tracking moose that loping was not an unusual gait for a moose. Coming in from Trail Canyon once in the Ford truck we saw a cow moose trotting thru the sage toward the timber. The driver started powering it on to head her off. When she saw it was going to be close she opened up into a dead run just as much as any horse ever did as far as a running ~~gait~~ gait goes. She made it across the road and into the timber at about where the ~~the~~ old road went into the old mill set ~~from~~ from the flat.

Charlie back in IP

There was a time when Charlie came back to I.P. He used the mill. He put in a engine maybe gas. maybe a diesel. They set it close in against the mill. He had some logging and he worked with a crew in the woods and tumbled. He saved all of Barney's stuff for Barney.

He hired Warren Bybee and paid him 20 dollars a day to saw. He wasn't really a sawyer. He'd never been around timber. We hauled from Henry's lake that summer.

Barney got the Guernsey cow from Barney. Al milked her sometimes but complained about how hard she was to milk - like squeezing 2 dry limbs. Each year he got another calf. The 1st calves were all Heifers. And he kept getting more. He must have eventually had a dozen at least. One was a bull calf. He made a corral on the west end of the barn for two calves.

Al used to show me a picture of a girl from his wallet and then let out a little scream. One time I was at the elk creek in ~~Harry~~ Philips Lodge. His (her) daughter Dorothy Irving was there waiting on people behind the bar and counter. She was married by that time. Barney got to laughing with her about some times when Al used to be up there. She had been at risk when Al was. In just loose conversation someone said to Al something about getting married. Well who to? How about Dorothy? Well no! Cause Dorothy was present -

Charlie

2

after saying it he was probably embarrassed. Barney laughing heartily said "What a break!" And then Dorothy laughing questioned Barney about who's break? depending on it, Al was not there as they were reminiscing.

Charlie brought a brother-in-law to work for him. Bently. He drove a truck. They had an International with a tandem axle but a single drive. So one axle was dead, a tag along. They logged out of that Canyon. They got into some of the muddy holes in the lower part of the canyon where lots of water stood and walked in it right more than once ~~and~~ because the logs held up the weight on the uneven bottom and the drive tandems sat and spun.

They also took Hig and Bally up and used them to log with. Then Charlie decided to build his mill. He was somewhat of an innovator, at one time he inquired of me thru my high school ~~to~~ stop teacher - Al ~~Henry~~ Henry, about getting a patent on a hydraulic log he designed for the head block on the carriage.

Charlie may have been the one to bring Eddie South up to I.P. He built a house for Eddie next to the north east corner of the sawdust pile. Then he started a new mill. He put it across the road south of Barney's

mill. He built the mill up on 6 inch house logs so it was at least 4 feet above ground. He built a ramp up to the skid way and a steeper ramp down. We probably hauled some logs to that mill also.

Charlie had Eddie South saw sometimes. Then Charlie hired some new men one summer. He also had Bob Tate work for him for a while.

~~This summer Barney was hauling from Ripley Butte. He had an order for some~~
~~fire.~~

Charlie brought in a Swede to cut - John Olds. He was a good old guy. real quiet and a real recluse. He drove a little gray Chevy coupe. One time he come to Barney's house to talk. He was sitting at their kitchen table. He was nervous because as I listened I went behind him between the cupboard and the chair where he sat to get to a bench behind the table. That really bothered him to have me behind him.

He started telling us a story. Charlie had two boys. Keith had black hair. Kenny Lynn was about 2 years younger. He was learning to talk. Someone had dumped an old part collie dog off at or near the mill or it had been lost and wandered into camp. As it went from cabin to cabin everyone saw it and were aware it was there. It was fed and someone started calling the dog Lady - well John's story went

Charlie

4

that Kenny Lynn was not a normal little boy. He thinks I'm a dog. He claimed he was a Charlie's house and Kenny Lynn looked at him (Jon) and asked if he was lady. "Is that Lady?" Well of course Kenny had heard of people talking about lady. Often in the evening Jon was out filing his saw after work and supper and lady would be near ~~to~~ him at his cabin. So Kenny associated the name with the location and didn't realize lady was a dog. It was pretty funny. I don't know if Barney was able to convince Jon otherwise.

The year we logged out of Ripley with fir Dale Erwin drove the Ford. One day Eddie Souren (I think) came out in the old Chevy truck Charlie used to haul and dump waste slabs. When the truck came thru the woods to where we were logging we knew something was unusual. They came to tell Barney that Charlie had been sawing and got hit with a slab dropped on the saw.

Charlie hired a new man. He was breaking him in that day. Ned gone across the mill and demonstrated to him what a slab would do if dropped on the saw. He explained too that trees was danger to the off bearer. He could be yanked off balance or drawn to the saw if he held on tight. A few hours later - probably soon after

lunch this guy had picked up a slab and raised the wrong end up over the saw and either hit the saw or lost his grip on it and it hit the saw.

Charlie was at the skidway and the ^{end of the} slab ~~hit~~ caught him in the mid-section and carried him back over two skid logs. They rushed him to the hospital in Ashton. ^{where} ~~he~~ ^{they} ~~lined~~ ^{lined} a few hours. They didn't attempt to operate because they didn't know what to look for or what to expect. Barney indicated that he felt they should have operated because of the great force or terrific impact which had struck him. That off-beaver didn't stay for another day. Some of the crew stayed on for a while and Ken and Gene Jones made arrangements to take over the mill. This was probably done the following spring as far as actual operation of the mill was concerned.

Charlie used an old International truck to haul lumber and logs away from the mill. It had rollers on the bumps, about 5 or 6 of them. Some had a large hex insert in the ends. A large steel hex wrench was used to ~~roll~~ ^{turn} the rollers, and you could roll a load back until it balanced off the back. A large load would roll the truck ahead with the front end high in the air. Then when you drove out from under it you took a terrible bounce.

Bob Tate

1

One spring Bob Tate came to IP to work. His second year and he brought a friend or a relative, Bud Harris. He too was from Randolph. He talked slow and halting. We started cutting poles early in the spring. The closest place we could get into the woods was on the Ripley Butte road. There were several good stands of pole trees. The forester got to where they sometimes marked pole timber with a squirt of paint, yellow.

We were cutting one day and Bud cut a tree and stood and watched it fall towards me. He didn't say anything or holler "timber". He apparently just watched. It hit me directly over the head. It must have bounced off. It was out near the tip so it had a good swing at me. I've never come so close to passing out I don't suppose. I staggered a few steps. My first thoughts were of anger to think he stood and watched and never said a word.

Bob and Bud often road to Ponds with Charley. The three of us slept in the museum cabin where the 5 G.I.'s had lived the year before or year after as the case may turn out to be.

We didn't have too much in common it seemed. I don't know if Bud stayed the entire day ^{summer} or if he went elsewhere. Bob finally went over to work for Charley - maybe another year.

One night I was in the cabin in my bunk - nearly asleep when they came walking up - on the porch - pulled the latch -

2
Bob Tete

string and let out a blood curdling yell. I was more surprised and disgusted than frightened. I thought if I'd had expected it I'd like to have replied with a couple of pistol shots into the air as soon as he yelled.

Bob went to IF and played football there and I don't know where he ended up. I saw him at Ren Smith's funeral many years later but I didn't talk with him.

Bud appeared to have false teeth or maybe a partial plate. I think this summer an attempt at poaching took place on several occasions. Several deer were reportedly wounded with 22's and got away. Barney indicated a person who would merely wound animals with a smaller calibre gun should be turned in for wasteful poaching. This probably stopped the problem.

Barney got a fellow named Charlie Reed. He and his wife were Californians. He came up looking for work. He had lifted weights. He'd been in marines it seems. They had one child. She was a brunette. She used to like to embarrass me by saying things like I bet when I was your age I knew more than you do.

When they came to IP another couple came with them. The guy may have been called Bill - He was big and coarse. He

Bob Tate

went to work for Charlie ^{Sawyer}. Charlie Reed lived in Al Smith's Cabin. Jess Reed stayed in at Ponds all winter. Then he stayed and worked at Ponds for that summer also. He used to talk about Buffalo, Wyo. Once he claimed he was fishing on the Buffalo river and a moose (bull) came along all excited and put him up a tree and kept him there for quite a while.

He drove a 35 blue Chevy 2 door. After a season or two at Ponds he left suddenly one night. The next day he ~~left~~ was gone and left Ponds with a large bill he'd ran up over the years he'd worked there for them. We never heard where he went.

Charlie had a motorcycle with a side car. His wife smoked very sophisticatedly - He brought a mill chain saw. It was the first one we'd seen. It was a two man saw. It had a stinger or two man handle. You could change the blade by turning it vertical or being outal while holding a button (pin). It was heavy and vibrated a great deal. It stopped a lot and many times it was cranked and cranked until everyone was tired of cranking. Barney usually could get it going again.

One day they did every thing they could think of. It would not start. Warren said Barry had said - I'll bet they don't get it started this time. He had stuffed

the (stop) ground wire into a crack in the frame. When Charlie left he sold the saw to Barney.

Charlie was a real drifter. He said he wouldn't have put it past Charlie to jump for his wife. Charlie hired a guy name Bennett from the valley I.F. He was a talker, His wife was tall-slender and good looking. It was rumored that she had a bad heart. Bob & Bud talked as though she was a little permissive or at least talked to them as if she might be under the right circumstances.

One night Warren was going to ride to Ponds with them. He had a kerosene jug on his wrist with a cord string. This guy Bill came up and in a treacherous move and without warning was going to hit ~~Benett~~ Bennett. When Warren seen him make a move he just made a hay maker swing. The jug broke over the guys head.

It nearly knocked him to his knees and he had a gash on his head and had to go get it ~~stitch~~ stitched. For a while there was some money about Warren being ~~suited~~ suited for assault with a deadly weapon.

But it passed off and the two families moved on. Bill's kids may have gone to school but Reed's kid was too young and he did it seem to like the hard timber work.

He really raised his eye brows in amazement when Barney mentioned that if he found anyone getting gas from his gas barrels he wouldn't hesitate to shoot first and ask questions later.

Bob Tate

5

Barny figured if either of the two were taking gas that would stop it.

Once ~~the~~ ^{Charles Reed} went with Barny, they expected they might see a deer, a deer jumped out and Barny yelled. Hell, look at the rabbit! Charles was disgusted.

Barny and David got double bitted axes at a pretty young age - prob probably \approx at a 3 lb double bitted ones, they helped turn, Warren wore hob nails most of the time in the woods. He lived in old cabin, he still drove his Studebaker.

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

Enoles warm River

Osborn Springs

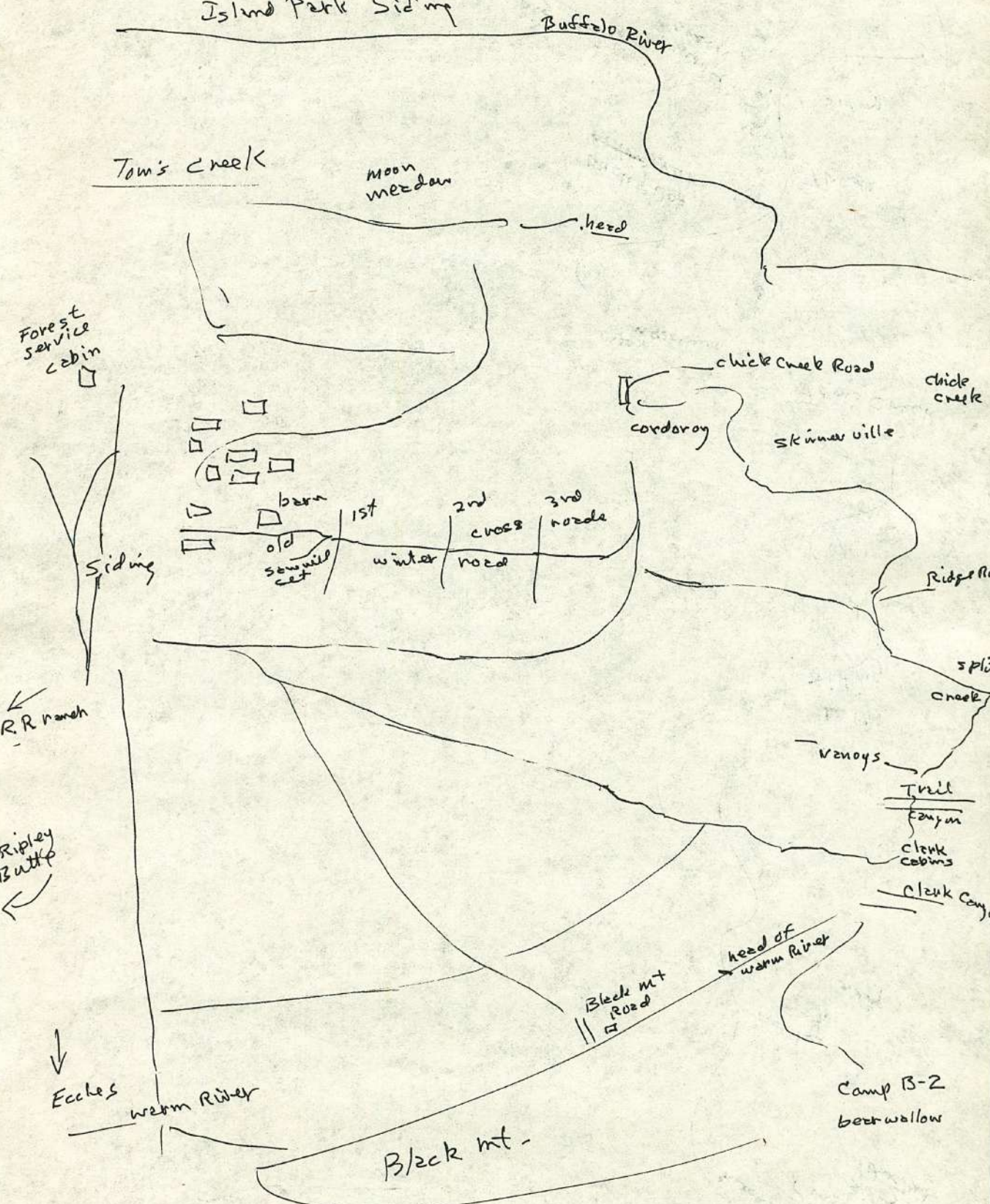
Pineview
RR water tower
u.s. or state
hatchery

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

cordoray

skinner ville

barn

1st

2nd cross road

3rd road

old sawmill cut

winter road

Ridge flow

Siding

split creek

R.R. ranch

venoy's

Trail Camp

clerk cabins

Clerk Camp

Ripley Butte

head of warm River

Black mt Road

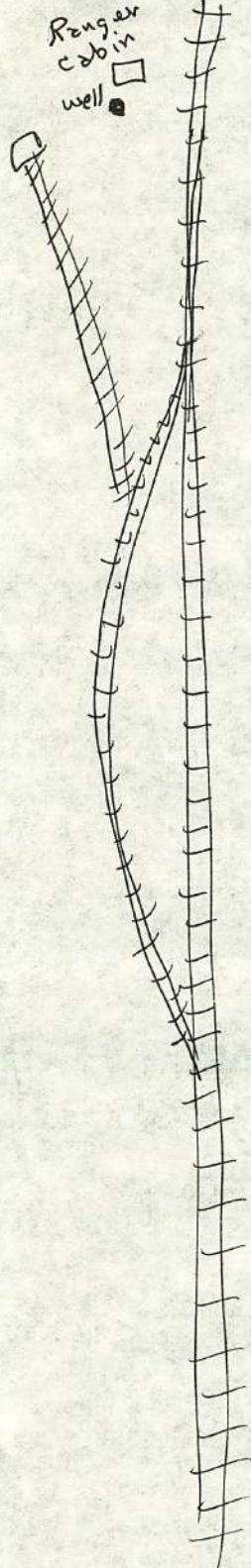
Eckes

warm River

Camp B-2 bear wallow

Black mt.

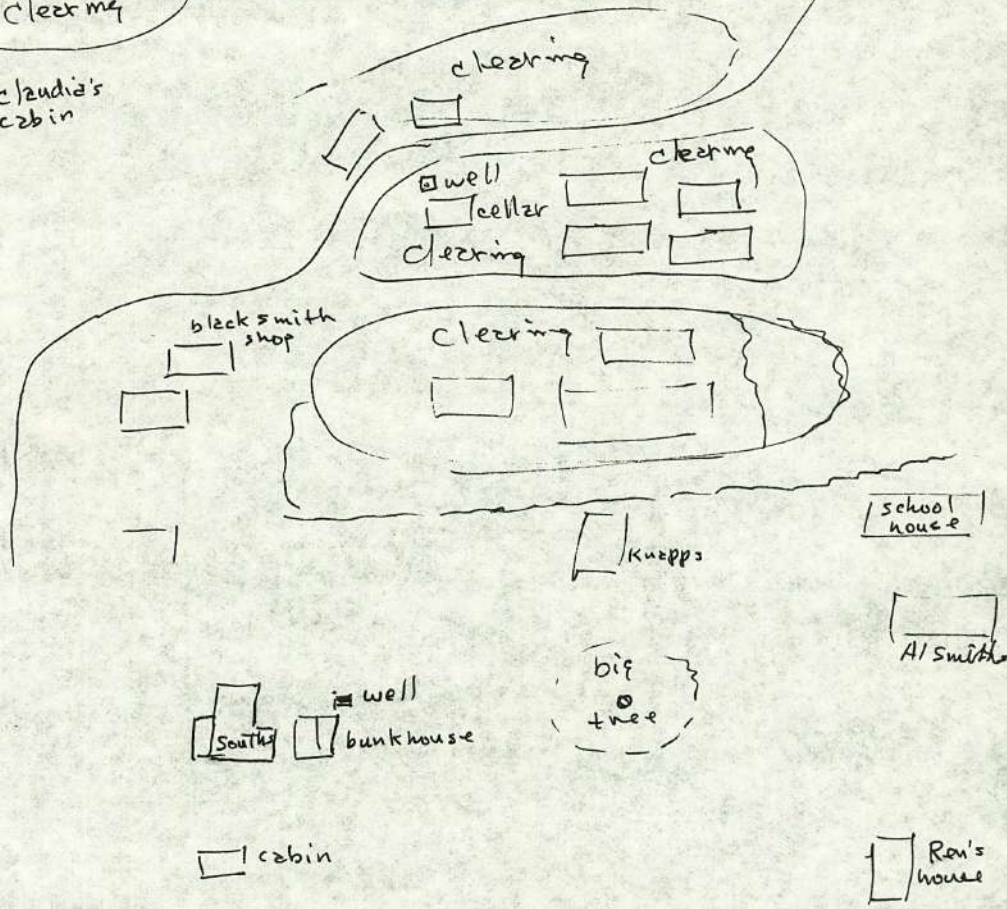
I P Siding map III



Ranger cabin
well

clearing
Claudia's cabin

To moon meadow



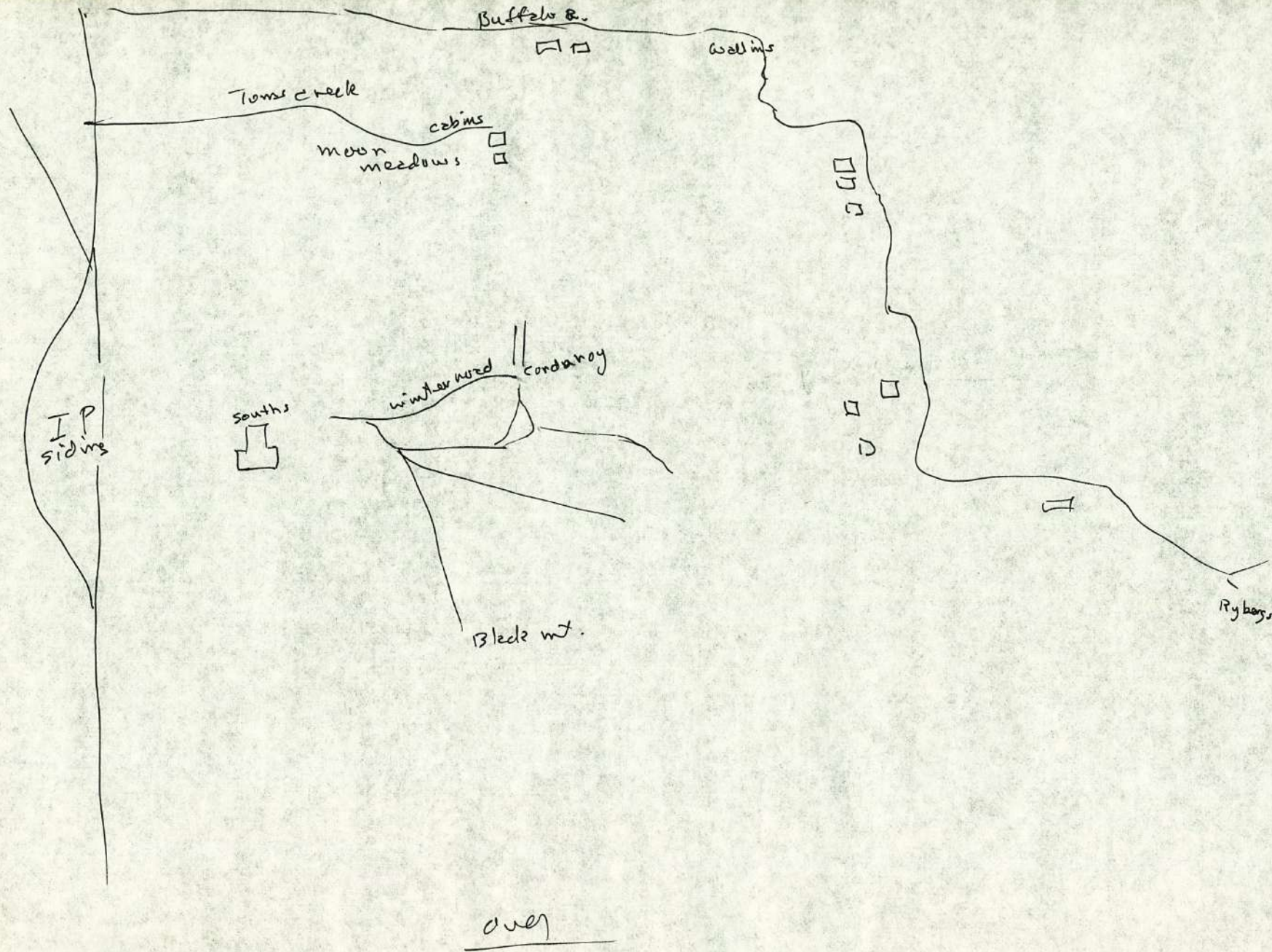
South well
bunkhouse

big tree

school house

Al Smith

Rex's house



over

Trail canyon

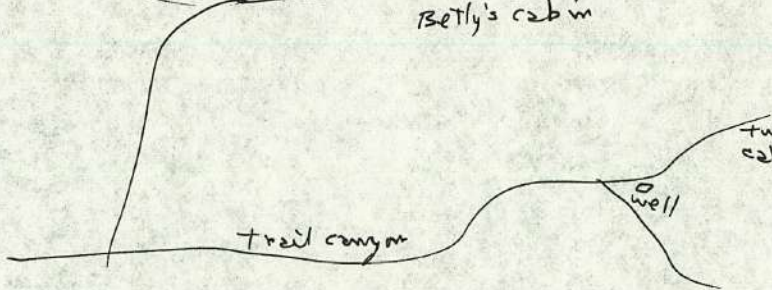
Skinnerville cabins

split creek



old moe

Betty's cabin



twin cabins

trail canyon

well

section
6 cook house