

The Memoirs of

Bernard Elden Knapp

Early Memories Pt 4

(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

~~Year of Rocky~~
Alvin Isaac Isaac

One year a fellow showed up at the mill called Alvin Isaac. He had been raised in the Ozarks. He'd joined the church and came to Ammon Idaho. He had about 12 kids, Paul & Ann knew him and some of his kids, Ann talked about one - Chester.

He had a black team that he kept in the Jack Jones barn. As I was around him he was a lot of talk. He didn't impress Dad much, nor Warren. In fact Warren resented him some - maybe it was his bragging.

He was always talking in a loud voice. He had a sort of hearty laugh & may. had met his family and was impressed with some of his kids. One particular teen age girl especially. One of his kids died (drowned) maybe.

So he was around the mill a great deal. He got Barney to cut some cellar timbers for him. This went on for many years.

One morning Barney got a message from Pards. Probably Pards got a phone call and someone drove to the mill. May had ~~had~~ delivered a boy girl in the I F hospital. Barney and I got ready. He unhooked the trailer and we drove the Ford bob-tailed to I F. It was pretty special to take the truck empty to I F when a load of logs or lumber could have been hauled at the same time. So that July 1st m' Jean was born.

If the rest of my story isn't too accurate with dates and times etc this event is well preserved. July 1st.

Barney here about Alvin in writing some loose remarks by writing a pregnant wife -

Ann living with the folks,

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after a few days or week - whatever -
May was back in I.P. We no longer
went to Ann's to eat. And then Paul
left for the Army. It was sad for Paul + Ann.

Ann lived with the folks. There was a
time when Paul was stationed in Texas and
Ann was able to go there. He lived off post
for a short time of training before being
stripped to France. The town in Texas was

Then Ann stayed with us. Sammie was
learning to crawl. She would play with me
by racing across the floor. She could be
crawling in one direction at top speed
and pivot back over her hip in some
way and go the other direction it seemed
without any change in her speed. Billy
when he was small did quite a bit.

I'm sure Ann helped out with the groceries.
Every night she would sit and write a letter
faithfully to Paul and wait so anxiously for
the mail ~~man~~ ^{man} each day.

She worked ~~a~~ nights at Harte Bakery. Probably
on a slicer. Women worked there too, I
occasionally went down. It was fun to
watch as the bread was sliced. Usually an
unsliced loaf was pushed against another
crowding it thru the knives. They were
all lined up vertically cutting in unison.

I helped a little. You had to be
very careful putting the last loaf thru the
slicer.

Warren's girls also ran in and out of the bakery a lot. They'd go there to ask his permission to do certain things. Or maybe just an excuse to go at times. As the saying goes. Our familiarity breeds contempt so kids become more accustomed to a place and make themselves at home. Some employees complained that Warren's girls made a mess in the women's bathroom. Someone reprimanded the girls. Warren was a little put out. He felt they should have come to him rather than jumping onto the girls. Ann took the other point of view saying had she seen the mess she would have thought differently. She would have rubbed their noses in it had she been there. So they had their little argument. I'm sure this made the folks sad for the moment at least.

A new grocery store was opened up on the highway on the corner of Gladstone. A Mr. Howard owned it. One time he stepped out of his store onto the sidewalk because someone driving along the highway was dropping a wrecked car. The undercarriage of the car was scraping ^{the} highway. It made an awful noise and sparks were flying. Mr. Howard complained if you rode a horse along ^{on} the pavement with sharp shoes they'd give you a ticket, and they let that go.

Once the store was robbed. Mr. Howard refused to be intimidated and the robber fled but not before firing a shot and grazing Mr. Howard's temple. Fortunately he was not injured by it. He wore a head bandage

for a time. He named the market Highway Market.
(maybe once Howards Grocery.)

Subsequently Howard Knepp worked in it and owned it. He must have been Dad's cousin - a son of Morgan, or maybe a son of Dad's cousin Morgan. (was likely)

Milton Romell worked in the store. He was a great friend. Lots a bishop and in the state residency. He also owned the store eventually - It was the main store in his future Savings Center chain 3-4 stores in IF

At school we continued to see B. Ball. I loved it. I played at our church.

I maybe was paid 2⁰⁰ / day or eventually set to 1⁰⁰ an hour, but this was certainly a bit later.

One fall I rode Bally over to the Coffee Pot rapids road. He Barney had got a deal on some timber, a special call for some log timber. It was during the Spud Harvest.

Barney and May spent one winter in traveland near Blackfoot. Here they lived in a rented farmhouse. We visited them there once. This was probably before M' Jean was born, or possibly her first year.

While there Barney did carpenter work - He ~~cut~~ built a log barn for a family named Ramsey. ~~They became good so this led up to a friendship that lasted over a number of years.~~

mean babysitter families dog
visit them.

the barn -

the bell etc -

5
Mary & Barney in Blackfoot.

the folks ~~drove~~ ^{drove} to Maryland to see them. they probably rented a house. Barney built a log barn for Rameys, maybe near their one.

The Ramey family often came to I P and went up to camp on Split Creek.

The father Jake was a very large man. His wife was probably a second wife, not likely the mother of his boys. One boy called ~~Bob~~ Boss, sold Barney a Guernsey cow. Barney kept this cow for several years. Another Blaine rode in rodeo some but mostly roped and bulldozed. There was one other grown son, they usually. Mrs. Ramey seemed younger than Jake, quite a bit.

They usually brought a horse trailer and a joint house. Mr. Ramey was very heavy. He couldn't walk ^{for} and tramp around thru the woods and along the creek so the horse was brought along for him. The family seemed like they never could do enough for him. He certainly seemed to command respect from the entire bunch.

When Myrna was a baby laying in her crib Mrs. Ramey seemed so shocked that she could raise her head up in the crib at only 4 mo. old. I didn't think a thing of it. I couldn't imagine that a baby couldn't do that.

I ran around the farm yard. It was exciting to explore a farm as always a new place holds a charm for a boy exploring. There was no stock on the place so the yards, barns etc were all clean and empty.

I climbed up onto a roof and there were

Manj & Barney at some land

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a large bell. I rang the bell. It was pretty loud. I could see horses - one at least I can recall from a pasture of a neighboring place threw its head in the air and tail up and ran trotted across the pasture to the fence - quite a distance off and looked toward the sound of the bell.

I was surprised how many animals payed attention to the bell ringing. Made you wonder how long since the bell had been used.

It seemed like there were a lady involved somewhere there. Either the place belonged to a lady land lord - or something like that.

I don't remember if there were a house plus a tenant house on the farm or not. The barn was probably old. There were coops and other outbuildings. From where I rang the bell I could see all over the area.

Barney told a story of going for a labyrinth one time while they ~~but~~ lived there. He went to their house. He was on the porch - when a ~~man~~ vicious dog came rushing around the house to the porch. Maybe when he knocked it aroused the dog. But some one opened the door and hurried him into the house. He surmised they were watching and anticipating it and were already at the door to open it.

It bugged him that anyone would have such a dog and he wondered what would happen if the door didn't open at just the right time - He also was a more than

Mary & Barney at monoland

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just a little put out (ticked off) to think it appeared to be entertainment to the family which were all near the door and probably ~~were~~ watching it all take place — Perhaps amused at seeing someone startled and sup surprised by the attacking dog.

~~Over~~

It seemed like the Rameys had a son Glen. They were concerned that Blaine not ride bulls and rough horses. They seemed to figure it was too rough and too much risk of injury so when he roped & bull dogged only they were happy. He seemed pretty good — once he at least I probably saw him in the War Bonnet round up at Reno Park.

In the winter time we used to ice skate. Barney enjoyed ice skating. He had a pair of shoe skates. Shoe skates seemed rare. The other kind that fastened on like roller skates weren't very good. They were hard to keep on and when you had to wear 4 and 5 buckle overshoes usually they would be too heavy and bulky to wear.

Barney also had a pair of nice zipper overshoes for dress. We did it all many of those around. I have gone to skate with them. We took a small sled and I was pulled on it. Al may have been able to borrow some skates. I believe Barney bought a pair of shoe skates for Mary.

About this time Sonja Henie was popular in the movies. She'd become popular as a figure skater in the Olympics.

The city flooded certain areas of the city
at periods from the fire plugs or maybe even
~~just~~ water trucks. We called them water
wagons. In the ~~same~~ summer they constantly
ran their routes over the unpaved city
streets. They also washed the paved streets
occasionally. They might pass our place
twice a day melting the streets and settling
the dust.

At the Reno Park there was a large
building made of round logs. This was
flooded and made an excellent indoor
ice skating rink. Also an outside area
was sectioned off from the parking lot
and flooded for skating. A few years later
the inside rink was abandoned. The building
was used for storage or other things.

Once there was a grandstand at the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile
~~and~~ oval race track. At one 4th of July
or 24th celebration some horse races
were held there. Dad was there. Some one
was going to race a horse with a small boy
riding only like 5 years old. They began
strapping or tying his legs so he wouldn't
fall from the saddle. Dad among others
^{had} protested so much that they didn't tie
him. I don't remember anything more about
the race. Maybe it wound up someone else
racing. But they did it want the kid tied to
the horse in case the horse fell.

Later over the years the grandstand came
down. Bleachers were set up in another
location ~~in the~~ near the building that had been

The indoor ice skating rink and the War
Bennett Rodeo was held there. The building
may have had some concession stands and
provided some storage. It seems it eventually
was a storage area for park equipment - trucks
etc and maybe other misc. city equipment.

Eventually it may have been torn down. After
the city acquired the property at the Ammon
sand dunes (hills) bleachers were set up
and 4-H - horse shows and rodeos were held
there. It is presently named Sandy Pawns.

The park elk herd gorge where rodeo fans
once parked and watched rodeo.

The chuckle and Mammoth bulls were always
big attractions. Special events - trained mules-
dogs, trick riders and high school dancing
horses were interesting events. Once a
neighbor boy Ray Richins son rode a saddle
horse there. He stayed on almost until the
whistle. I laughed at him even trying to think
he could - but Dad said it was a good try.

There was a park just to west of Souths.
It was called Highland Park. The I F baseball
team played there in summer. Dad never really
cared for it. He preferred local Proven players over
the professionals. We seldom went. Occasionally
we listened to the local KID radio station broadcasts
of the game. There may have been some
limited skating there.

Also the creek running thru may have
frozen with ice occasionally and ice skating
on the flooded area of the lawn may have
occurred. There was a small log building at

at this park also.

I was there once as a small boy and my father held me up to sit on the back of a mounted skull moose. It really seemed large (tall) after I was older I never saw it there. I always looked for it. I've never seen an entire moose mounted since.

On Cleveland Id. the city flooded a corner of the park after diking up. The fire hydrant was opened up to flood it. Occasionally as the ice got rough the city workers simply flooded it over again. I used to take my sled there especially on Sunday of course. A nice feature of these ice rinks was that there was no water beneath ~~where~~ ^{hence no} danger of falling in and drowning.

Some people ~~skated~~ skated on frozen over canals in the outskirts of town. This was more risky of course. I remember some large neighbor boys - probably 9 or 10 on ^{exactly} hanging on the back bumper of a car going on skates down 1st street at high speed. The road was completely covered with fresh snow so frozen so hard that the skates didn't cut them. It was at night and I was probably walking home from MIA.

I figured they were very foolish - what if they came to a bare spot of pavement.

Kids used to catch hold of car bumper and slide along on the snow with their over shoes. Most drivers would stop if they knew boys were hanging on to their car.

The public looked far out for the hooky-bobber also. I find some shoe skates.

One fall Dad came up from the valley. I probably came with him. It was the opening of the elk hunt. I had a license, I probably carried a 22, my own or the old one Al had acquired from Barney I don't know.

We arranged to use Barney's wagon and team. We left in the late afternoon. We had a goat box and some quilts and bedding. We had some hay and grain (oats).

When we got near to where Barney was logging where the Chick Creek road splits off from the ridge and goes to the head of the Buffalo women got off and ran thru the woods to pick up his ox. Ned left it where they had been logging last. He ran back to the main road to meet us. We stopped and waited for him.

We could hear him puffing before we could see him coming out of the jack pines. Dad commented that we could hear him puffing and he attributed his poor mind to his tobacco smoking. Sometimes women used a pipe but he also used cigarettes.

We then drove on to where the road forked again, one going along the ridge and the other down a rocky (boulder covered) dug way to Chick Creek below. I could remember fishing on Chick Creek from my first summer in T.P. A creek worn into the bottom of a gassy draw so narrow in places that you could step across from bank to bank with a baby step. At some places it widened out. There may have been a

bridge or the remains of a bridge where the road crossed. There were places where the creek was widened into pools. Dad had fished there and on down to where it ran into the head of the Buffalo River. There is a large spring there.

I don't recall if the year of this hunt took place while Al worked for Barney or if it was later after he worked for Ernest Terry. Maybe even for Post office. But Warren was working for Barney apparently. He had left his ax in the woods.

It was Oct 15th as I remember. Or at least the next day when the season opened it was Oct 15th.

There was a bunch of old cabins and hams here along both sides of the creek. The roofs were all caved in partly at least. Tall grass grew up around everything. We found a suitable grassy place and pulled off the road and put the wagon in a place where the horses had room that each could be tied to a rail ~~also~~ along each side facing each other. In the center box about 3 feet wide spanning the length of the wagon the hay was placed. The horses could eat hay each.

This camping trip became one of the most memorable in my life. We sat near a small fire which we kept going throughout the night. We never went to bed but wrapped ourselves with a blanket. Part of the time we sat with our backs to large trees facing the fire.

5/1k hmit - Chick Creek,

3

I remembered once when I, Al & Dad slept out on blankets & quilts along the Buffalo River next to the car. This was a rocky day many down to the river bank where most of the go. Once we were there when the young black bear came along sniffing Dad's toes. On this night I slept in between Dad & Al. What a cold night. They'd turn and pull the covers enough that I was laying between them and the blankets were stretched over my body ~~and~~ by several inches. It was the same as being uncovered.

We've here we kept the fire going. As evening came on we got wood gathered, the horses fed and ate a lunch before dark. As evening fell and we could sit and see the star studded sky from beneath the towering pines with sporadic occasionally rising from the fire we began to hear strange sounds.

All about us in an endless chorus came the bugling of bull elk. How far away the sounds came I don't know. The bugle can carry for a long way I'm sure - but some were distinctly not far away. Some bugles were short almost like a single note. Others were long with a variable trill. Dad surmised that as young cocks or cockerels (roosters) mature their ability to crow increases with age until in the barnyard the mature cock ~~has~~ ^{proceeds} a long loud crow. Perhaps so with elk. The youngsters lacked the magnificence of the aged bulls.

This continued intermittently until

Elk herd - C'hib Creek

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after midnight. Between the soft talk among us we'd stop to listen to the vibrant calls of the bulls. When all was silent we heard the constant grinding of hay by the houses. Occasionally the houses stopped their chewing to listen to ^{or for} certain sounds throughout the evening. The houses occasionally appeared to look in a particular direction, and listen, yet we were never aware of any game coming into the immediate area of the camp. Perhaps the houses scented game or movement of game on the ridges or hill sides surrounding us and paid attention to those signs from time to time.

Early in the morning - before the sun was up - 4:00 am possibly the faint bingles were again heard. From canyons - above below - on ridges - north & south until again the activity was more than slight, but never the active binging of the night before was ~~obs~~ heard.

Warren and I were away at first light heading for the ridges where the binging had been intense during the evening. Dad and I worked along the old road. We carried a lunch sack with us. Sometimes we ~~can~~ crossed some ridges where tall thin stands of timber stood amid dead fields sometimes 2 and 3 high. This area had once been logged for ties by Targhee Lumber Co. but was too remote for men like Mr. Smith to glean the dead and dry stuff from the rest. The steep driveway

was formidable to most trucks and would have been a hard pull for a team. A ^{few} heavily loaded wagon would have required wheel blocking to give the teams a rest - at least several times before reaching the top because it was a long haul out of this draw.

We had pushed and hefted to get the car up from the fishing trip here several years before. Southie had pulled a load out also with wagon and truck and it seems it had been a major task with some ~~an~~ uncertainties. Throughout the years with disuse the looser fill material around the boulders eroded away and made deep pits. None usage didn't tear any material off the high spots to cover or fill in any ~~of~~ of the low spots. So it was rough.

Sometime maybe about 10:30 am. Dad and I were walking slowly along the old road near the creek when a magnificent bull moose walked leisurely across the road ahead of us. He would not have been more than 60 yards at the most maybe much less. He paid no attention to us. He didn't look our direction. At the stream where he crossed the creek was a couple of yards wide. He paused and dipped his muzzie into the water. His drink was brief. This was the only indication of any nervousness - if it was in fact even that. He slowly made his way noiselessly through

Elk hunt - Chick Creek

6

the timber. As he passed the large heavy ledge poles over a foot in diameter the lowest hanging branches popped as twigs broke against the large spread antlers. As he passed to drink I stood next to Dad and wondered as he brought W.A. Barney's 300 Savage to his shoulder and viewed the monarch thru a scope. In the scope the eyes appeared red, Dad wondered if that condition was due to his being in the rut.

The rest of the day was uneventful, no other game was seen or heard by us. We had an enjoyable tramp thru the woods.

I whispered to Dad, "You aren't going to shoot him are you?" when he raised the rifle to his shoulder and sighted with the scope.

When Al & Warren returned they were tired and ready to rest and eat a bite of lunch. They had covered a lot of territory on the dry ridges above the Chick Creek hollow.

It had been hard going for them. They were in jackpines much of the time. So thick at times they could hardly walk. They'd have to duck and go around ~~the~~ thickets and sideways. They could see but a very little way ahead or around.

One such a place soon offered some excitement when a whooping or snorting sound suddenly came from near yet out of sight. Then the scambling of hooves as whatever it was rushed out of the thicket. So the hunt ended without a shot being fired - but memories to last a life time.

Hunting

One fall I and Dad had been hunting and we started up toward Tomie Creek along the tracks or we were on our way back toward the mill. It was a nice clear fall afternoon.

We saw a doe and fawn cross over the railroad tracks near the mile sign. There was a small meadow and opening to the west of the tracks.

I stopped the car and Dad drove it ~~around~~ down to the siding crossed the tracks and drove to the narrow neck of timber where quaking aspens grove nearly meet separated by the road and barrow pile. Dad stopped the car off to the side of the road and got out and stood and watched quietly by the side of the car.

I got onto the tracks of the deer and followed them slowly enough that I figured Dad had time to get around and into position. I crossed the tracks and traveled near the edge of the timber where I could see the meadow to my right most of the time. This area is mostly thick jack pine and a few open spaces with aspen and short branched larchpole. Occasionally some pole sized trees are in small stands.

I was nearly to where I could see the road to Ponde as it crosses the Tomie Creek meadow, when I heard a rifle shot. Dad had seen the doe leading the way as she came out of the edge of the timber and started to cross the open spot toward the road. Dad just took a rest of our

14 morning

2

head of the DeSoto and hit the doe in the neck near her head. One shot did it. The fawn ran back into the trees. It ran past me, I hollered to Dad. He answered he got one. I came on to where he was smiling delightedly. I went back into the woods and hadn't gone far before I saw the fawn and got a shot. It ran. I ran as hard as I could in the direction of it. I knew I couldn't track it and I knew it was hit by the way it reacted when I shot. I got close to it when it went down. It was hit in a vital spot and thrashed a little bit. So I was able to spot it moving and went to it.

Dad was delighted and called to Dad to tell him I got it. It was a nice fawn. Dad was so delighted with this hunt he didn't get over talking about it for a long time. He told everyone rather matter of factly how we did it.

Hunting - after 1953

1

after returning from Germany I was mustered out of the service in Camp Carson, Colo. I came home in a 1949 Mercury 4 door that I bought in Denver with some of my mustering out pay. (see note on page 34)

When I got home I went to I.P. Dad & I worked for Maj. Barry & David worked with us. That fall I went to school in Logan on my G.I. bill.

The next year, 1956 I did not attend school in the fall term and I hunted considerable.

One day Barry, David, Steve, and I went over to the Buffalo River. We mostly road hunted that day. Coming back from Wallina cabins we passed where the road goes down to the camp grounds where Dad liked to fish. The road drops off a ridge and goes along a siding place all the way to the head of Tom's Creek.

Just as we started off the ridge two buck deer crossed ahead of us 60 yards maybe. David was driving. He stopped of course. I suggested two of us get out. Barry got out and I got out.

We'd follow the trail and David & Steve would drive down around a slight bend and stop a few hundred yards and get out and watch for them to clear the road. We'd go along behind and push them out. They had gone a little ways in the car and we started off the direction the bucks had gone. We hadn't walk over 60 yards from the road when we walked onto the two of them just standing. They had stopped apparently when

Winter 1956

2

we stopped the car as it drove on they just stood around and listened for the car to drive away. We were as surprised to see them as they us. We each got off a quick shot. Barry took one and I the other. Both went down. They were in close range. The timber wasn't real thick right at the place they stood. But thick jack pine made it impossible to see the road maybe less than 100 yds to our left.

One of the bucks had a broken back. As we approached he kept turning and tried to face me. Barry was going to shoot him again. I asked him not to. We both circled the buck and when his attention was on Barry I put my foot on his shoulder and pushed him off his front feet from behind. He fell near a tree about 8-10 inches at the butt. I grabbed an antler in each hand and standing behind the tree twisted the antlers against the trunk of the tree. This gave me plenty of leverage to hold his head. He couldn't move - then I had Barry reach around also from behind the tree and cut his throat.

Then we called to Bowd & Stevens to come on up we had them. They hurried up - disappointed of course to miss out on the shooting. We dressed them and placed one over the front fender on each side of the '46 Chevy and headed for camp where we had some pictures taken. It was a fun trip for us. We washed our bloody hands and arms from the Tom's creek bridge.

Hunting 1956

3

maybe earlier - One fall as Dad and I went to Ponds we just crossed the Tom's Creek meadow and at the first bend (there's a small rocky knoll to the left) a young bull elk crossed the road and stopped broadside and looked at us less than 30 yards from the road. We watched him. He had a full rack. He didn't spook or run. He did of course turn and move away. Had we got out to shoot he maybe would have bounded away. It was a pretty sight. It seems the season opened the next day. We were just going to the store for something at the time. I don't know that we had a rifle - but it seems Dad may have had the 30/30 in the car. At such times it is a temptation not to shoot such an animal. On this particular year I doubt either of us got an elk.

¶ We started putting in for the special moose hunts each year. Only about 10 permits were given out when moose hunting was just opened up. Later different areas were designated - Kilgus, Ashton, Teton, I.P.

In 1956 Barry & I each drew a permit. It was for either sex.

During the fall I and Barry and Al went for a ride. Someone one day had seen a coyote at the upper end of the little flat above the corduroy. They shot at it and followed it to the east. They were surprised to find a large (good sized lake.) The beaver had dammed off the spring below Skinnerville. Below the dam water ran in a small channel

Hunting 1956

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on each side of a very wet meadow. There were lots of water lilies on the lake. An old road crossed from the main lower Chick Creek road at the point of a bend where it started up grade and crossed the lower end of a jock pine covered ridge that separated ^{the} Kinnerville spring from the Chick Creek road for $3/4$ of a mile. There were often signs of game crossing here. It was the only water from Chick Creek - Buffalo, Tom's Creek to the east & north to Split Creek to the east & south.

Game was often seen here. We walked over this old road. At the edge of the meadow we saw a buck deer feeding in the meadow 3-400 yds below the ~~dam~~ ^{dam}. I was carrying a camera. I looked thru the lens and was finding the buck. I took one shot and ~~then~~ advanced the film and just as I was ready to snap the shutter two rifles banged in unison. In fact they shot so close together that I had to ask to discover they had each shot.

Well then we had to cross the meadow. It wasn't real wet except along the ^{far} side on the north for the I.P. flat where a small channel ran. The meadow grass extended below for another 75 yds where it ended in scattered lodge pole & aspen. This was the ~~low~~ source of the water feeding that area below and caused all the problems with wet roads in the spring of the year. That was the reason the corduroy road had been built across the wet boggy area. Later after the forest service graded a road thru with fill dirt a galvanized culvert was placed in to take the water across. Before sometime water ran over the top.

Hunting 1956

We dug the buck, a 4 point, into the edge of the timber and dressed it. We laid it out to air, and cool. An airplane flew over quite low to the ground. Al went back to I F. after we got the venison and real early the next morning near first light. With a shovel we buried everything except the antlers. The deer was considerably larger than the antlers would have indicated.

Muj. was real upset with Barry. She took it out on him. Guess she figured it was a little hard to come down too hard on Al or me.

Dad, Barry, David and I and maybe Steve all went to Waldini's cabin. We parked before we got to his fence and split up to hunt - Guess we were supposed to be back in 1/2 hour or more. Barry & I headed downstream one down away from the river. There was a break in the ridge that ended just above Waldini's cabin. It was a high ridge but sloped off steep on three sides. There was a nice spring came out below it. It was used as a cooler for the cabin. It had a screened in spring house. The spring ran 75 yards to the river. It was filled with watercress. Then the road to the cabin ran past the end of the ridge and a small bridge crossed the spring about half way down to the river. This area had as fine a stand of tall - (really tall) lodgepole as one would find even in Trail Canyon. There was about 20 acres in all of deeded land. Some gray acres laid near the gate posts. The gate posts were for decoration more than utility. ~~There was~~ Most of the 20 acres was flat. Some ran along the river back to the spring and there was a belt

Winking '56

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on bench that ~~fronted~~ ^{fronted} the inner bank 75 or 100 yds ^{deep} for several hundred yards ~~below~~ ^{to the} the cabin in length from the cabin ^{to the} west. This flat land was all heavily wooded with the tall mature pine and some scattered balsam. From the ridge that ended at the spring 75 yards west beyond the gate another ridge gradually rose from the flat grassy park to a rather high ridge that paralleled the inner west for nearly a mile.

Barry and I walked back along the road southward to where we hit a ^{well} game worn game trail headed south into the draw parallel to this ridge. The ridge curved a little to the north within a few 100 yds and then sloped directly into the inner bank.

As we walked along this game trail we had only gone a few yards when we spotted 2 bull elk. I pointed them out to Barry. He immediately was on one knee with a head drawn on one of them. I halted him - I said Don't shoot - let's get a little closer. They were 25 yds ahead of us, they had a few jack pines between us and them and some standing tall timber but the bottom of the draw was rather open.

I've surely lived to regret that morn. Poor Barry! He had a borrowed gun with a peep ~~sight~~ ^{sight} ~~and~~ maybe. Maybe he had the 300 Savage. He and David traded off on rifles. Well we only made a few more steps and they were gone. They didn't even

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go down the draw they headed up over the ridge to the east. In a few bounds they had a forest of trees between us and them and there was no way we could get a clear shot. In seconds they were gone. We never again saw hide nor hair of them. We looked too. Dad was a little peeved when we got back because we'd taken so long.

I felt bad and still do that I talked Barry out of his shot. For one thing Dad had the 30-30 and I had Al's 303 and I hated peep sights. So I had hoped for a more clear shot. But too late I realized Barry had a clear and enviable shot. And " " was a damn good shot. He'd probably get one - maybe more than one.

During this same fall the 4 of us and Steve left Tom's Creek bridge - maybe the same day and past the moon ranch gate and came to the bend where the road turns east toward the barn. There were some deer crossed the road from our left. We stopped and everyone piled out. The deer stopped there fairly open timber and we opened up. Steve may have had a 30-40 Gaig - Barry had an old Winchester that Cliff Jensen had let him borrow. The slugs were about as large in diameter as they were long. We all blazed away. Everyone got several rounds off.

The deer seemed to ~~roll~~ mill around. But the number to shoot at got less and less. It seems one went down but was up again. It seemed strange to me. It is frustrating to shoot & shoot and nothing seems to happen. One deer

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in particular that day seemed to travel as if it was top toeing rather than to jump or bounce or bound as seems normal they all just disappeared in the same way. It seemed uncanny. We spread out and looked around among small aspens and brush just a little ways past where they stood when we opened up and no one saw any sign of deer or blood. We just had to give it up as stark reality. We didn't get a one.

Looking around we saw where a round from Cliff's old gun (probably) had gone through a 7 or 8 inch tree and left a large splintered hole on the opposite side. The wood was generally cool under shooting ^{between} pressure and it seemed amazing that he ~~was~~ ^{and} Bay neither one had connected. So we went home empty. This may have been the same year we ~~connected~~ got the other two bucks.

One year someone said an engineer on the railroad claimed he saw elk almost every day on the meadow between Middle Creek and the Buffalo River when he went up on the early morning run. We hunted over by that creek one day with Warren and carried a pair of shed elk antlers back to the car. We were surprised an elk would winter there or be there at that time of the year. They appeared bleached but had been gnawed on very little. There was the remains of an old building there just above the spring.

One year for opening day Warren decided to

Wm King 56

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take his sleeping bag and camp at the head of Tom's Creek. no one was staying at the moon place regularly - ~~we~~ He invited me + Barry + David. We all took sleeping bags. Warren drove his Studebaker President across the bridge and we pulled in along the bank off the road where campers had made a parking space. we rolled the bags out along side of his car between it and the creek. Barry + David each had a rifle. They had the 300 Savage with its scope. They laid their rifles just under the edge of their bags to keep the dew off.

I awoke early in the morning before 1st light. I laid there and looked out of my sleeping bag. There was mist or "steam" rising above the creek. It was very misty. You couldn't see the timber across the creek. The meadow across the creek was beginning to open up a little as it became lighter. I looked across the stream and saw a cow and calf elk feeding.

Just opposite us there was a hill ^{over} ~~over~~ 20 feet above the creek. It had a dry bank with quaker and sage brush - rabbit brush and few pines. Below it a narrow meadow stretched along the creek to the west maybe 1/4 mile to where the spring fork of the creek ran in from the ranch buildings. In view of to my eyes adjusted was the mist above the meadow and the two elk.

I knew Warren was a light sleeper. I didn't know about Barry + David. I awakened Warren. I whispered there were 2 elk there. He looked.

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and saw them. He awoke Steve. They put on their boots. I did too. I still wasn't sure about how sound of sleepers the other 2 boys were.

We got our boots on. Warren had locked his car. He got his car keys out of his pocket and unlocked his car. He had their rifles in the back seat. We went around behind the car and into the woods. We moved slowly thru the trees along the creek to a point opposite the feeding elk. I decided to take the Savage from beneath Barry's sleeping bag because of the scope. It ~~was~~ still ~~very~~ was not very light, ~~was~~.

We stalked up to the nearest tree to the creek bank and lined up. I suggested Warren shoot at the cow I'd shoot at the calf.

I just got them in the scope and Warren squeezed off a round ahead of me. Next I saw the cow lying thru the scope. Fearing he'd missed her I shot with the crosshair on her. She went down. The calf disappeared. I doubt I shot twice. Steve shot when his ~~Dad~~ ^{dad} shot.

Barry and David of course had a wild awakening. Barry jilted out of his bag after the gun fire only 30-40 yards from his head to find his life was missing. We went around to the other side of the bridge. We went onto the meadow and started skinning and dressing the elk. Warren suggested the calf would not be far away. The boys took their rifles and hunted. Soon it was daylight. No one

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ever saw anything of the calf.

Later we came back and cut the elk up and carried it out. Warren tagged it. Again it seemed Barry got a raw deal. He might have gotten both of them.

Course when I awakened Warren I didn't know his game were locked up, and I didn't know he'd get Stace up either. Had I known I might have awakened ~~Stace~~^{Barry}. So it was a successful opening day.

The moose season finally came. Dad & Al and I went to the bottom of trail canyon. The spruce were running this fall. That area below was somewhat dwarfed trees. Large enough ~~BDH~~ DBH for horse logs but the trees mostly were too short and tapered and generally a ~~little~~ little on the limby side. Not real thick and yet tall grass was green and water was near the surface almost rising in one tracks.

Dad was walking at my side. We left the road and started in the direction of the head of the Warm River, going very slowly along our way and watching carefully fully I saw a moose moose 35-40 yards away. It was difficult to keep track of because it was feeding and kept turning from side to side. Dad and I probably saw it at about the same time. It never did see us. We stopped and stood side by side I whispered to Dad. It's a cow! No it's a bull. Finally I got a look at it thru an open patch between trees and got off a shot. I started toward us at an oblique angle. It only walked.

It never looked at us, I fired 5 shots, the last shot I hit it in the neck high enough to knock it down. It never struggled once it hit the ground. Al heard the shots and was soon there with us.

The mystery was solved when we went up to ~~the~~ it about why it had been confusing trying to determine if it was antlered or not. One antler had been broken off. Some time when in the velvet one antler had broken off and the stubb had grown out and curled down where it ended just behind the eye. Almost to the point of putting pressure on it. From behind on that side we had been in the blind spot created by this condition. For that reason we had come up close upon the feeding moose without being seen.

As it kept changing directions and positions while feeding it appeared antlerless sometimes and having horns at others. The season was open to either sex but it was confusing which one we were looking at.

When it fell the antlered side was up. So Al took a couple of colored slides of me with my Winchester 30/30 Carbine crouched next to its head. It was a nice sunny morning. We had the army truck. Al helped dress it and we put an old door down from the back bunk of the army truck to the ground. It sloped up quite steeply. Then they rigged a chain from the moose around a tree to the truck making the tree act as a

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pulley. As Al backed the truck the moose was dug forward. We had to cut one or two trees to get the truck into position. Then he just backed up as we guided the moose lifting on the head, legs as needed to get it to slide onto the door. The door was one of the old ^{Painted} doors that had laid around camp for years made out of tongue and grooved Wainscoting - About $3/4$ " tongue and grooved lumber $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches ~~th~~ wide, after the entire moose was on the door we slid the door as he backed until finally the weight balanced it over the rear bunk and then it slid forward over the rear bunk which was a rail. It was a pretty convenient and easy way to get a moose out of the woods.

Back at the mill we put it up between two trees next to Dad's cabin, which was the cabin Al had built the year he was married. 12 or 14 feet ~~up~~ up in these trees a 5 inch house log about 10 feet long had been wire to these trees crosswise when it was supported by heavy limbs. Some of the lower limbs had been trimmed or cut off entirely on the inside so that a rope swing could be used between the trees. There was at least 6-7 feet between the trees. We tied the ~~tree~~ swing rope back out of the way and after making a gamble of a single tie we began hoisting and raising the moose right from the back of the army truck.

Dad hauled the meat to the valley the next day and put most of it into a cold storage locker.

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It gave the folks a winter supply of good meat. It was good. It dressed out near 325 lbs.

We figured it was 3 or 4 years old. Later on while attending school in Logan, I took this head down there where a professor had me drive out past the airport and submerge it in the Bear River. It's a brown dirty stream. You can't see the bottom. You can't see into it. So the head was hidden. With a strand of hay wire I anchored it to a willow root. Occasionally I'd drive out and look at it. It seemed to take a long time but finally sure enough the aquatic insects and other animals cleaned off the hide and meat and membrane from the skull.

Warren once said don't try to shoot a moose in the brain. It's too small a target. It seemed about like a knot at the end of the spinal column. After all this was cleaned out over a month it was submerged the smell finally left the skull. It was an interesting skull. The ~~total~~ lower jaw came apart from the rest.

Later while at Puno teaching at Central Utah Vocational School the Fish & Game personnel for the entire state had a 3 day seminar that was held in our driver training department. It covered aspects of traffic safety as well as trouble starting vehicles that would not start. The last afternoon or day they held a repeter course for their ~~men~~ wardens on aging deer by their teeth. They had several skulls and numerous lower jaws for the men to observe. I asked if they could tell the

age of the moose the same. I took it to the school from my basement apt. in Bus Knells' basement at (138) east 600 North near the BYU lower campus where I lived at the time, they aged it as a 3 year old. So the next spring it would have been 4, they wanted the head so much that I consented to give it to them with the promise they would put it on display. It was unusual and I figured I'd get Prof. Dr. Frost to put it into BYU's Zoology display.

Well several years later I inquired about it. I wanted it back and they claimed on two different occasions it could never be found, It was hard for me to believe they'd just too toss it out. But they claimed it was not among their stored skulls, at the central office in Provo.

When the moose laid on the ground it appeared rather grayish, the long hair along the back and shoulders was smooth and it appeared very slender and narrow. It reminded me of a German police dog, the hair a little darker and longer by the shoulders. Sort of had a hackle look to it and I guess that's why it reminded me of those dogs.

I recovered the skins from the hide and kept them in a drawer in my vanity. I believe 2 were in the neck, maybe one was in the ribs and 2 in the shoulder area, one may have hit a lung.

It was like a story book hunt. Every thing was ideal including the weather and the convenience of Dad & Al there to help out with every phase of it.

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The moose hunt was scheduled to open before the elk season began. I went with Barry hunting. We often drove around in the 46 Chevy. We liked quite a bit. One morning we started up an old timber road onto Black Mt. It was above the Clark place. On the mountain above the flat east of the Clark cabins there was a bare spot. It had been a burn or slide. All the timber had been taken off. I grew up leaving about a timber slide or chute being used in that area to get the ties off the top of the mountain there because it was so steep. It seems it hadnt been too successful. Near the south east corner of this meadow or clearing (It was too dry to really call a meadow but the sagebrush had been cleared off. I liked rather coarse sand and a little T.P. gravel.) there was a road that cut back to the south-south west and angled up onto Black Mt. well above the head of Warm River. It was steep. A track of the road had been used as a game trail. The road was grown up with jack pines. I carried my 30/30 and accompanied Barry. We followed some good sized tracks up this road. We thought it must be a moose track it seemed so large. We were within a mile of where I shot my moose.

We'd take a few steps and stop to rest and and look around. Barry was ahead of me. I stopped him and and pointed ahead. Off to the left of the road maybe 10 feet and 60 feet ahead of us a cow ^{elk} stood up from her bed among the huckleberry bushes. The slope was rather heavily timbered with some trees large enough

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for house logs but mostly poles and rafters. It was a green beautiful place. Off to our left right the steep mountain sloped to the level of the flat below where heavy pole sized trees grew thick right up to the banks of the Warm River.

We stopped. The cow looked us over. She didn't make a sound. A calf got up which we hadn't seen. She was 10-12 feet high than we were in elevation. They moved out. We stood there taking it all in. In less than 5 days the elk season would open. It was a pretty sight as they moved away from us. Just as they disappeared above us a bull appeared. He was another 30 or 40 yards on up the road. He came onto the road from our right. He crossed it in front of us ~~on~~ at a slight almost trot which is a typical gait for an elk. It seems to stop in the road and looked at us. Barry raised the rifle to his shoulder and got a close up view with the scope. It was a good sized bull with at least an average sized rack.

I suppose had it not been for the experience earlier of shooting the buck at Skinnerville and Mary getting so upset Barry may have shot this bull. But from what Mary had told him I suppose his moose hunting would have ended with such an infraction of the rules. So we of course passed up any shots and the bull turned and trotted off. By the time we hiked up to the point he had crossed we saw no more of any of these elk. We were never sure if the track we'd seen below was a moose or an elk. Sometimes you tell a moose track by the dew claw marks ~~in~~ in mud or if it is

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moving fast. We hunted unsuccessfully. One evening maybe an hour before dark we happened to drive onto a cow moose in the Chevy. The moose was on the flat across the flat. On the Black Mtn. road before reaching Warm River there is another flat. It has larger ^{more} coarse sand and small IP gravel. There are roads cross it from Eccles and Warm River. There is an actual clear road on it. This cow was about in the middle. I was driving and we circled her. We had to drive pretty good to get around her. But we managed to head her a couple of times we got within easy enough range several times but Barry decided to pass her up hoping to get a chance for a bull. So she seemed to get more nervous and high stung all the time and finally she headed east into the timber.

There were 3 or 4 days left of the hunt. We hunted hard. About the last day Barry was getting pretty discouraged. He began to wonder if he'd goofed by passing up this cow. Then we were coming across the flat from Eccles. We'd driven down around the Warm River. As we came within about a mile of IP riding there is a neck of timber west of the tracks that extends over near the tracks. As we approached this place we saw two moose. A cow was on lead. She obviously spooked at our car. She really went into high gear and crossed the road headed east and angling south toward where we'd seen ^{the} cow before. She acted so spooked

of the car we figured there was a good chance we were looking at the same ~~same~~ ^{cow} we'd seen before. The bull was following her but at a distance of 50 or 60 yds. By the time we reached the point where they crossed the flat he was really out of range for a decent shot. Since they were headed across the flat and had a mile before hitting any timber we drove on into camp which wasn't that far away. I jumped out and ~~was~~ ran for my car. I called May to bring Randy & Sue and go with me. She dropped everything and came. I headed right back down the Eccles road as fast as I could drive it. Barry had gone out the Black Mt. road diagonally crossing the flat. We got down about even with Barry when he stopped his car. The cow made it across the road ahead of Barry. She was really spooked and wasn't for hanging around. The bull wasn't spooked - he was just tagging along. So when Barry stopped, jumped out and took a rest across the road the bull was almost broad side at good range. He fired and the bull went down but almost immediately was up on his front legs when Barry fired again. This shot dropped him right there. We drove across thru the sage brush missing the larger plants. He was a pretty tickled 16 year old.

We opened up the bull and then drove to the mill. We got a slip skid and took it behind the army truck. I was one we had used to load slabs and lumber on at the

mill, then when it was filled we drag it away from the mill, this kept the offbeavers from having to ~~pile~~ pile lumber so high. We ~~drag~~ dragged them away from the mill with the 6x6.

We drove to the ~~the~~ moose and loaded it onto the skid and pulled it back to the mill.

Barry was excited. We repaired the kiln at Ponds and a warden came and checked it. He was impressed that Barry was only 16.

When it was dressed out I took it in my car to I.F. at Ashton we stopped and went into a trailer at the checking station to repair it.

When they asked if it was a cow or a bull, Barry said a bull, I said a cow, the guy looked at me and wondered what it was, I said ~~well~~ ^{Don't} come home home? Barry was pretty disgusted. I thought after we left the guy must have thought we were real chodes.

May had to stay and watch the mill. The boys attended school in I.F. They stayed with mom until May came down.

We took pictures in front of Dad's cabin with the moose head. It was about the same size as the one I'd shot. It had an even rack. We also took a picture of Randy & Susan sitting next to the head along with Cocoa their cocker spaniel. The kids were a little squeamish - especially Randy of being next to the moose head.

Later Warren mounted the antlers on a block covered with black velvet. The dressed out weight of the two moose was about equal. We figured they were ~~both~~ both young bulls of about the same age. I had the hide tanned into a soft leather.

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One day I just took off fairly early in the morning and left my car in trail Canyon and walked up over a ridge ~~but~~ above the spring at the head of the Clark place. Then I walked down the old Clark Canyon road. There ~~was~~ ^{were} a lot of jackpines in this area. I was down to where it was nearly flat. It ~~had snowed~~ ^{was a skiff of snow} ~~from~~ from the right. It started to warm and the sun was out, about 10:00 as I walked along a 2 point buck deer walked across the road ahead of me within 25 or 30 yards. It didn't look up or around, I stopped and watched it. Across the road it stopped in a small open spot between a dead fall and some jackpines. I raised my Winchester and took one shot. It dropped in its tracks. The shot hit it in the spine and it died quickly. The shot must have been severe on a small animal like that. The buck Barry and I had shot in the back was paralyzed but very much alive until we cut its throat. I opened it up and rolled it over and spread it out on the snow in the shade and then wasted my hands in the snow. It was warming and the snow soon melted.

I walked on out the road. The Malane & Stinsons had put a large husky jack fence across the road on each end of the Clark place to keep vehicles out. I went on home and got Dad and we went back in the army truck.

We drove up and got around the jack fence and drove up to the deer and loaded it on the back of the C & C. Then we headed out.

I hit the old road just below where it comes out of the timber. A little water was running in each track. I had it in front wheel

Winnipeg, '56

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drive. I was going rather slow and anticipating leaving the road at a place where I could get around the jack fence at the bottom end of the creek place when the truck suddenly started to pull down. I looked over my shoulder and I could see the tandem going down. I pumped on all the power the old engine had and we just barely kept going. It pulled down so far I expected it might stop. I didn't dare try to shift down because we would have sunk for sure. It kept going and I pulled out of the tracks and the soil was more solid than the tracks and we were soon away from the soft ground where the running water had soaked the roads.

This road had been closed off for several years and without travel to keep the road compressed the water had softened it so that it ~~was soft~~ ^{no longer} had a solid bottom. Dad was pretty excited. We both felt lucky. Behind us we left some pretty deep ruts. Again it was a convenient hunt.

Warren had read somewhere about locating a scent gland on the leg of deer and that if one removed those from the animal soon after a kill was made it improved the flavor of the meat preventing it from otherwise getting strong. So I always removed them from both front and hind legs. This was really a nice piece of venison.

Maj cooked some of it ~~up~~ up. Dad used the rest.

Warren went to work cutting pulp wood for an Erickson outfit. They had come in from Minn.

They brought their own woods bosses but hired some local cutters. Most of these men talked with an accent or a brogue. After we finished running the mill and the boys went down to school I cut for them. While I cut we were clearing some patches of timber on the old coffee pot rapids road. We got so much a foot for cutting. I got a used chain saw from them and they held out on my wages until it was paid for. I worked about enough to pay it off and ended up selling it to May. It was a good saw. We'd cut each piece a certain length - so many inches near 8'. They hauled them crosswise on flat railroad cars. They put pole stakes in the sides of the cars and sometimes placed chicken wire along the sides to keep the posts from sliding off sideways.

We had to stack them in piles so they could be picked up with a front end loader with large grapple. The dead stuff we cut to be ^{was} ~~burned~~ ^{moved and piled ~~on~~ slash or waste.} All this ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~burned~~ ^{burned} by the forest service. Then a guy would come around and check the piles. As he went over them he'd mark an end with a piece of lumber chalk. Usually they preferred the cutter be there and check his tally against theirs. They'd pay every 2 weeks at their camp. I used a pickup to park the logs. If I cut a large tree I'd usually start a pile there and move smaller sticks to it.

I made peanut butter and honey sandwiches for lunch. I carried a glass gallon apple cider jug with well water in my car. In the fall the cool evenings and shade kept it cool all day.

Wmting '56

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I usually was able to tame a cutting area assigned next to Warren. I got to visit with him that way and we could help each other. When you pile on deck logs and have no skid base you try to fall everything convenient to piling it. So at times you fall a tree in a different way than it may naturally lean or want to go. With someone else helping with a long pole you can push a tree where you want it to go unless it's just leaning way too far the other direction. ^{wooden} Wedges also occasionally are ~~used~~ used when cutting with chain saws. Before chain saws iron wedges were used or even aluminum.

One morning as I pulled in to work. I followed Warren in and we saw a cow & calf moose. They seemed to hang around that area for several days.

One morning I decided not to go cutting and I stayed at the cabin. Warren was staying at a cabin over on the highway - maybe at Robin's road. I got in my car and drove up over Tom's Creek and down the Wallins road until I came to a school section. There the road was on a ridge. An old road crossed the section toward the east. There was some rather open ridges with horse-log sized timber here. It had been logged over before and had some stumps and a lot of new growth - jackpines.

I started along the road. It was nearly 9:00 am. I was about half way between the forks of the road to the river down way & campground and Wallins Cabin. I pulled my meacung off the road onto the start of the old road.

I had walked about 75 yards and decided I wouldn't need my Levi jacket. I removed it and hung it about shoulder high on a dry limb on a 90 inch tree at the side of the road. I started on my way. I walked slowly and stopped to listen every little ways. I observed a lot of mushrooms that had been disturbed. I knew elk had been feeding there recently. I became more cautious and watchful.

I looked back to my right and behind me when I saw a cow elk. She was leading some others. She moved into a position between two large trees. I ~~fumbled~~^{lifted} my Winchester to my shoulder and put a bead in her back just behind the shoulder. She stood and looked warily around. I was excited. It was one of those ~~moments~~ of ecstatic moments you wait for. But then a large bull walked up the slope and stood slightly behind the cow. He had a very high rack of horns. But there was a large tree between him and me. I couldn't put a bead on him without changing position. I decided to try for him. I moved a little to the right to find an open spot between trees. At the slightest movement the cow was gone down off the ridge and the others went with her. I heard them cracking the brush as they passed me and moved toward the west.

Feeling foolish I hurried ahead circling among from the elk toward Tom's Creek and then cutting back to the north. Finally I came back north and stopped to listen where I could just see ahead of me over a ~~draw~~ a crest into a draw.

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I had barely stopped when the elk ahead of me on the opposite ridge were watching their trail. I stopped they started off again. It's amazing how quiet they can be when you come up on them like that and yet they can run thru the woods and sound like a herd of elephants. It actually sounds as if sticks 4-5 inches in diameter are breaking in two.

Again I saw just a flash of rump patches as they took off the moment I stopped. One other time I stopped and heard but did not see them crashing ahead. Each time I circled toward the south I knew there was a large area of exceptionally thick jackpine thickets between me and the road at the head of Tom's Creek. I hoped to circle and herd them away from that. Also I may have felt they would be trying to get into that mass of tangled jackpine.

When I came out of the next cusp toward the north I was in the edge of one of these thickets. Ahead of me was a more open ridge with some scattered tall mature trees. I saw an elk as I paused, a cow looking at me. I got into a prone position since some brush blocked my view about level with my sights. From this position I could only make out the rump patch broadside. Trees blocked the rest of the elk from my view. So I made a funny and unusual noise hoping that it would make the cow curious and hold her attention. I crawled carefully to my right until I could see the back and mid section of the cow between 2

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trees. Here I was able to place my sights on a section of the back and I squeezed off a shot.

She went down. I jumped up and ran toward the elk. I got there and she was down. Her back had been hit. She was paralyzed. I could see she wasn't going to move. I did notice as I rushed up 2 calves ran away from her. She was at the edge of the thicket. Dispersed among ~~the~~ ^{the tall scattered trees} jack pines, there were some jacks pines.

I walked carefully out from the cow. She was in a lot of pain and judging from her ears she was mad. I figured if she was alive the calves would stay near.

Soon I saw a calf running around looking lost. I shot it and it went down. I ran to it. It wouldn't be getting up. I stood there watching and the other calf appeared out of some jacks pines. I see stood there and by then I was getting a little shaky. I drew a head and tail. It took off running away from me down a slope. I ran after it as fast as I could. About 50 yds I saw it. It went down.

I went back to the cow and approached close and put a shot into the neck near the head. This finished her and I cut her throat. I was wearing a yellow & black plaid shirt. I rolled up my sleeves and ~~took~~ ^{leaned} my rifle against a stump and cut her throat. Then I went in turn to each calf and bled each. Then the long grueling job of opening the carcasses and getting the insides out so the animal could cool.

Finally I was finished. ~~As I left them~~ ^{Before} I left them I put my tag on the cow. I went

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inside the rib cage and between the hide and the ribs to secure my metal tag. I wanted her tagged but I didn't want the tag visible where someone might come along and see it and rip it off. So I hid it.

I used my hunting knife and blazed a little trail as I walked westward down a ridge. Within a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile I could see the meadow and railroad tracks. I found some wet places and headed south staying in the edge of the timber where the ground was dry and firm.

I knew where I was. I also knew that the elk were turned back at the sight of the meadow and I was very lucky that they stopped as they passed me headed back into the timber. Using the scout pass I made my way across the meadow. I didn't stay to the timber all the way to middle creek. I went to the railroad tracks. I found near the tracks the meadow was dry under foot and I was able to cross the fence to the tracks without getting wet.

Griffiths had a kid herding their cows. He was on the meadow horse back. He rode toward me from a ways away. I kept on the scout pass in an opposite direction since he was toward the Buffalo on the north. He gave up before he reached me and turned his horse and rode back to his cattle.

I washed my horse at the creek or nearest water and arrived at the mill around 12:00 ^{at 2:00} _{or 3:00}

May was out doing her washing. I didn't have to say anything for her to know something

4 writing '56

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exciting had happened.

As I stood and talked with her at the washing machine a jeep came in on the Ponds road to Ponds.

It crossed the tracks and came into camp. It was Cliff Jensen. He was just up hunting. Well after listening to my story we went in his jeep with an ax and my chain saw and headed up the tracks. He pulled up on the tracks and crossed the trestle at Tom's Creek. Then on up to where the gate wire gate opened onto the meadow. We drove up the meadow and as we headed for the timber ran into a couple of places where the water was standing. We circled ^{toward} the timber. Finally at one place we had to leave the meadow. We cut one or two trees and drove behind a small neck of timber and along the edge of the meadow near the trees until we came to my beaver. Then we followed them up the draw cutting only one or two small trees. Then Cliff turned his jeep and backed up the hill near the ^{cow}. We loaded her in the back of his jeep. He had a canvas cab over the two front seats. We piled the calves on top of the cow and drove out. We decided it'd better not go down the tracks with such a heavy load.

We crossed onto the main ranch and followed the road to until we came to an old bridge. This hadn't been used in years. We had to ~~severely~~ rearrange a few slabs and drive carefully keeping the wheels over the stringers. We made it across. Here came the kid on his horse. We ignored him and drove on. We crossed Tom's Creek on the ranch bridge and left the ranch at no little ~~(right)~~ flat and

Wm trip '56

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drove to the mill. I put the 2 calves in the warehouse and Cliff helped me hang the cow on a gamble in the sawing trees by Dad's cabin.

I went to Ponds and called I F and Dad and all drove up bringing their tags with them. We dressed out the cow and I gave a quarter or two of one calf to Cliff. He raved about what good meat it was for a long time. Then Dad & all drove back to I F with the meat.

It had really been an exciting year for me. It surely helped make up for ~~the~~ many years I'd hunted without seeing anything. The next morning Cliff took me to my car near where the car was parked a large deep track crossed the road. Cliff liked to talk about that. He raved how boy! Look at that track - that old boy were still going in high gear. He's probably in Yellowstone for sure by now. And he raved on and on like that.

One day I hiked over some country where we'd logged. I was above Betty's cabin and I came down a ridge above a road running parallel to Split Creek toward the south almost to the main road from the creek to the driveway where Dad got stalled with the Federal. I walked slowly and watched carefully. I paused and I had a very unusual feeling. It is sort of a 6th sense. You feel like you're not alone. As if someone is watching you. I stood quietly and looked around feeling strange. It was a relief to see two buck mule deer standing

Winter '56

not a tree length from me watching me. We looked at each other, there ~~was~~ ^{were} some jackpines on the slope and I thought if I'd move a little bit I could get a more clear shot. Of course when I moved they bounded away and soon had many more jack pines between us. Before I could get a shot they were disappearing over the next ridge. ~~There probably~~ I don't recall if there was any snow on the ground.

One fall Dad and I went for a little ride to Skinnerville just to look around. It was like the day before the season opened. Coming back out we came down a little badly washed hill, we stopped to watch two deer in the jack pine thicket between the road and the flat. They were does, I couldn't believe the size of one of them. I wondered if it was part elk. Course we didn't shoot since the season didn't open for another day.

One time Dad and Warren came out of Ripley Butte and stopped to see two bull moose that crossed the road and stopped in a small park. One bull was of average size but the other was so much larger that he appeared gigantic by comparison.

There had been several sightings of a very large buck deer in the Betty's cabin area over several years. I often wondered if it was the one Al & I had seen at Husk & Henry Hill. Cliff had seen it once or twice and Dad saw it once it seems.

I rode with Cliff hunting. We rode in his jeep all thru the Ripley Butte area road hunting. On the Ripley Butte road one day we saw a dead

coyote not far off the road near the edge of the timber. It was a victim of a cyanide gun. The evidence was there.

We found some tracks going south. We went around on a road that the sheepherder cut out from Ripley to join the road from Soles to Osborne Springs. We kept seeing this big elk track. We were not sure it wasn't a moose because it was so large. But it kept traveling west toward the river. So we drove along the highway to where another road headed west. When we came to the REA right-of-way we drove along it. It seemed the elk would move around quite a bit before it crossed any open places or roads.

Finally it crossed the highway. We ran across a couple of hunters. They asked directions. Cliff asked "Don't you have a compass." Ah! One of those lies! One guy said, "We gave them a lift." We got to the river and one told a guy was out in the river fishing in waders and a bull elk crossed the river. Once west of the river put the elk on a federal game preserve. Hunting there is not allowed except in special hunts. Even carrying a gun is prohibited except with permit.

Cliff had never killed an elk and he surely wanted to get one. I rode with him in his jeep up to Henry's Lake then we crossed to the west, past the Wildrose Ranch and around to a road going around the west side of Mt. Samuels. It kept snowing all this time. We didn't see

W. W. W. '56

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any fresh tracks anywhere, we passed some large fir trees and crossed a creek, we broke thru the ice but the jeep made it on thru. He had a heater that kept the cab pretty warm. We were bundled up pretty good.

Finally we came out on a road near I.P. Lodge. We could see lights of cars on the highway. But the jeep was pushing snow with the front bumper. It got too deep and wouldn't push any more. I offered to break trail - No, no, stay in the sand, He got turned around and started to back track.

We got back to ^{the} place we'd forded the creek. We were using our lights now. The water was clear eye over the road. We discovered the broken ice from the wheels had ~~been~~ dammed off the creek. We broke it loose and the water went down and we drove across. As we traveled on around we passed some dude ranches and no one was around. His gas gauge was bouncing on empty. It was still snowing.

Finally we came to a ranch where a guy and his hired man were working. They were looking up the last of the stuff they expected to haul out for the season. His name was Johnson. He was from St. Anthony. He'd looked at Ricks. He had married Joyce Nelson from Redburg. She was the little blond haired brown eyed girl that I'd gone to school with in the 1st grade. And I'd danced with her at Ricks. She could follow a lead better or as well as any girl I ever danced with. That always made me feel real good.

Wintery '56

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So we stopped there. They had a little gas in a can and we put it in the jeep. This got us to Mack's Inn where we got more gas. Their tracks in made it easier to follow. By the time we got back around to their ranch our own tracks were snowed in on covered areas) that were the last ranch on that road. We were lucky to find someone there with some gas.

Once I drove up over and behind 2 top, I guess it must have been with cliff. It was rugged country. Steep hillsides and deeper canyons than I'd been used to in our part of I.P.

Super Jim
context

Coming back from Germany on the boat was a young man from Idaho named Mills. His father was a well off prominent citizen - maybe a rancher. He was looking forward to elk hunting in the fall. He acted like he missed it more than anything else. He and his family at least drove a Cadillac. Maybe they met him at Cp. Carson

Hunting II

^{with}
One Fall Dad, Warren, Steve and myself went west of the mill ~~and~~ just a ways south of Cub creek where we left our outfit and Dad & Steve went together and Warren & I. We were walking east after circling to the south west. We crossed patches of sage mostly scattered with other ^{low} brush and patches of lodge pole ranging from pole size up to some mature trees although most were short rather than thrifty. There were many lava outcroppings and some loose lava strawn among the bare earth which were disturbed by the typical mole mounds.

We moved up a very slight rise crossing a small open park toward a stand of pines scattered along a rocky outcropping of lava 6-8 feet higher than the surrounding park. It also formed a ridge in that it sloped off considerably beyond to the east. We were walking quietly ⁺ nearly side by side, when I put one arm out and stopped Warren in his tracks. I pointed ahead. Just on the edge of the park and next to the rocks and timber the antler and head of a spike bull rose in the air above the brush. It was an unusual sight, only the head visible at close range, maybe 35-40 yds not over 50 at the most. We just stood in our tracks.

The elk showed no sign of seeing us. It had been chewing its cud. As soon as we stopped however, a cow stood up just a little ways past the bull and to the right. She didn't seem alarmed. Then another elk

Hunting II

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moved.

I had all 303 with peek sight. Warren had his 30-40 Craig.

When the cow got up Warren shot. We both shot. There was a near berroge (sp) Course the spike was soon on his feet and then about 1/2 dozen elk were up. One went down and may have gotten up again. Then went down for good. Then the bull went down.

I really was frustrated. I was shooting away all the time and nothing was happening.

One elk just stood there and did not and shot. It still stood there. Finally I said, Warren, ^{you} shoot ~~that damn thing!~~ that thing.

Then the other elk disappeared quickly thru the stand and out of sight behind the ridge. One other yearling went down and we may have had to shoot it again if it we moved in on them. We looked around a little. It was hard to believe there weren't more elk down with all the shooting, which brought Dad & Steve. It wasn't long until we heard a shout and we call answered and called them in to us.

They were surprised and of course Steve was very disappointed at not having been in on the shooting. I suppose I may have been the one that left and went to the mill where I got the army truck and came back with it. By driving around rocky knolls and scattered stands of timber it was fairly easy to get the truck in to the elk by skirting rocks and patches of timber. Warren

took the cow elk and spike I believe - he and Steve tagged them and Dad took the other. It was really nice meat. It had probably been run or rained up and was bed out immediately after the kill. We may have been in Dada '41 Be Soto that day.

One year someone at the post office told all there was really some good deer hunting at Rainey Creek in Swan Valley. Everyone was getting deer there. We went up. There had been a returned missionary ~~from~~ ^{at} Rich from Swan Valley and he had arranged that one year on "R" Day the second half of the day be spent in Swan Valley. Delbert Cromwell, was his name. He'd been a student body officer and later died or was killed at a young age - even while still a student possibly. So while playing softball, volleyball and other games, some students had hiked etc in an area along Rainey Creek.

So Al & I went to about the same area. You turn left at the Rainey Creek sign onto a dirt road a few miles past the Swan Valley store and church. Then you ~~cross~~ ^{cross} a couple of cattle ~~good~~ ^{good} guards and you reach a point where the creek runs along next to some rather steep slopes covered with pine and some fir and aspen mixed in. This hill is east of the road and creek. The slopes are pretty steep and the ridges are tight. The ridges do all slope off to the south and stop at the highway running along the parallel to the South Fork of the Snake River as it comes out of WYoming near

Wintering II

again. A new large Paiute dam was built by the Bureau of Reclamation. At the time we were hunting here this reservoir may not yet have been filled.

This was a natural migration route for the mule deer and some elk as they moved out of the higher mountains to the north and crossed the river to winter feeding grounds below Star Valley Wyoming and a large area between here and Soda Springs where snow depths were less and more open country provided housing on mahogany, and other brushy plants.

This particular year it was tremendous hunting due to a large number of deer concentrated in the area. Deep early snows in the higher elevations had pushed them out of the mountains to the north which included the Teton Mt. range. The highway and river with some open meadows and ranch lands along the river slowed the deer up on their route across the river to winter feed grounds.

It ~~is~~ ^{was} hard to believe. It was hard to get others to believe. You had to take people up there before they believed - but actually the tracks were as thick as if a herd of sheep had been in the area along the road next to the creek. On the west side of Rainey Creek the hills were rather bare except for some sage brush and some cedars & mahogany as some people called it. This type of cover over the foot hills ran all the way along the east side of the river and highway to the dry farms which bordered the river all

The way to Rice. At some points there was a steep bluff overlooking the river and some of these benches were dyfamed back against the rougher slopes of covered with cedar and some timbered. On these ridges to the north was Diggins, Idaho, and the Teton basin. So a vast area of national forest provided the deer herds with summer range.

So with deer so thick we went in to hunt. I and all crossed Rainey Creek at a place where a ridge came in from the west to a rather open area of sage brush. East of the draw separating this ridge from those extending to the north was a winding road. North of this road the slopes had sage brush aspen and timber within $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. To the east the steeper ridges were all heavily timbered.

We chose to take to the timber. We crossed the creek at a spot where a fallen tree had been used as a bridge. In fact it was the only crossing for some distance in either direction and as a result a trail was worn to the log on each side of the stream. Along this creek I'd seen the first dippers or water ouzels I'd seen. A bird about the size of a robin. It is nearly black - deep brown - it has a short tail like a meadow lark and it sits above the water on a rock or branch and bends its leg joints in jerks letting the body drop down several inches and springs back again and close intervals. It does go under water and in literature one may read that

these birds may actually swim with water and even eye water falls - where they feed on most insects.

Across the stream the well worn trail went up a draw. Near the mouth of the draw it widened out with some brushy or bushy trees. As the trail became steeper the draw narrowed. It seems like this was a Monday morning. The pressure of the week end hunting was off. We only saw one or two other hunters the whole day. It was around 9:00 a.m. This area was still frosty. The sun had not yet reached a high enough to move the frost from these shaded timber slopes. We advanced carefully. Resting often to get our breath. In a brush covered wash we saw a deer lying in the snow. We found it was a fawn. We looked it over carefully. It had been shot thru both hind legs at the lock and had died from the wounds. Although it had obviously been there all night - it was cold and stiff it was a fresh kill. So we opened it up and then spread it out and laid it opened up in the snow in a shady area of the wash where it was not very visible.

We followed the trail for a ways and then angled up a steep slope toward the north because the bottom of the draw kept getting ^{more} narrow and visibility decreased. Once up on the side hill we could watch the hillside opposite us across the draw and also we could see well along the slopes above us. We moved

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by mtng II

There are rather open spots along the hillside where there ^{was} ~~was~~ a small stand of scattered fir in a ~~small stand~~ ^{a steep sloping} sloping incline. It made moving slow and difficult. One has to hold onto brush with his free hand and concentrate on getting his over shoes planted firmly against a rock or ~~the~~ lower stems of brush to hold his footing on the steep slopes. The snow at this point was deeper than below but it was ~~at~~ not more than 8 or 10 inches. It may have been somewhat reduced by rain.

About this point we both saw several deer in a small brush ahead of us on the hillside. We each got a shot or two and the deer quickly moved on ahead of us up the slope. We followed making rather slow progress. The deer were soon out of sight in the timber. When we reached the point where we'd seen the deer we found one had been hit. We followed the trail with some blood showing for a block ^(Sawed 100 yds) perhaps.

Watching ahead we saw the steep ravine below us separating ~~the~~ us from the north slope of the high ridge to the south ended about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile ahead of us to the east. It was something like a box canyon in that it ended against a very steep slope rising above the level we were climbing at. The deer ahead of us came to this point. The deer could have climbed much higher toward the top of the mountain we were on toward the east and into deeper snow perhaps ~~at the~~ but instead crossed along the steep hillside above the end of the ravine

Hunting II

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in order to get onto the mountain to the south of us. We were almost high enough on the slope we ~~were~~ ^{climbing now} ~~to see~~ ^{over to} the top of the timbered ridge to our south ^{across onto} where the deer crossed the head of the canyon in single file. One doe was limping as they walked along the steep sidehill, where she stopped between between 2 trees to ~~look~~ ^{look} at us. We shot several times as she stood there. Then she moved ahead and our view of her was obscured by the other trees. Just as she stepped ahead and out of sight another doe stepped into the same open spot between the same two trees. It was a long shot 400 yds probably, we shot several times at the wounded doe.

I asked Al if I should shoot at this other deer at that range. He said - go ahead. I used a little Kentucky windage and aimed above the deer because of the long range of the shot and fired. She dropped and because of the steepness of the hillside tumbled and rolled all the way to the bottom of the ravine. She never moved once she hit the bottom. We then saw the other deer scamper on to the south. We went to the bottom of the draw and Al climbed up and over the mountain to the south to pick up his wounded deer's trail. I followed the draw to the head where I cut the throat and gutted the deer. Then I dug it on down the draw to a point below where Al had crossed.

I waited there for Al. He was gone a long time. I heard a single shot fired about

Hunt Trip II

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me, then we talked a couple of times. Al talked to her one, he came over the ridge and down the slope with a buck with a huge spread.

Al did get on top and picked up the wounded doe's trail. She didn't stop to rest or lay down as he'd expected. He carefully followed her a long ways down a timbered ridge to the river - she just kept going and the blood trail stopped so finally he couldn't be sure of her tracks from those of other deer so he came back. As he neared the canyon where I was waiting he happened to look up and see this large rack of horns over a windfall. The buck was lying down. He wasn't 100 yds away. Al just shot once.

When we dressed him out we found he'd been hit previously by another hunter - I keep the day before or earlier. I had hit my deer in the back breaking it. By the time she rolled to the bottom of the hill she was dead.

We pulled the two along the bottom of the draw. It was steep enough that it wasn't too difficult to do in the snow.

When we reached the wash below we got the fawn out of the bush where it was still laying in the shade and fastened it to one of the other deer with a buckskin lace. Al used his belt and we may have had a small short piece of cotton rope which we used to pull the other deer. We pulled them the rest of the way to the creek in tandem.

We loaded the three deer in the trunk of Al's tan Chrysler and put our logs on the 2 fresh

kill and headed for home. It had been another successful hunt.

When we got home I called Paul Walker to come pick up a deer. I gave him the fawn. When we got all the deer out of a's tank we found that both our deer tags were on his antlered buck. He'd put his tag on a horn and I'd got my tag on one of the buck's legs rather than the doe I'd shot.

Earlier, the previous week I'd been up in the same area. Paul & Anna had been there and Barry & David and Steve Knapp. We had gone up into the same canyon that Al and I had gone except we'd kept near the crest of the ridge. There were hunters every where it seemed. Paul had stayed below along the road between the timbered hills and the open ridges to the west.

I liked to stay in the timber. We occasionally found places where we could see out for quite a distance. At one such place we watched hunters crossing far below us and then we saw deer over a quarter of a mile below cross one in belly deep snow from hunters on one side and then run back over the same ridge when they saw hunters on the other side. They were far out of our range.

We got several shots at one little bunch ahead of us. Steve knocked a good sized buck down, but it got up and ran off up the hill. We found where it had fallen in the snow and the blood was slight and within a couple hundred yards up the slope no blood stained. We couldn't tell one track from another. Not only were tracks everywhere but so were deer. We sat on the point

Hunting II

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of a ridge where the snow was almost to our chests. Over a very steep ridge in the deep snow we spotted some deer quite close to us. We were starting downhill and it was so steep and the snow so steep that all we could see was the heads and part of backs and shoulders. We got off a couple of shots and they deer vanished over the crest or bank of snow between us and disappeared very quickly.

Later we hunted down the ridge toward the creek. I was going in heavy timber with some aspen when I stopped and looked carefully about. I saw a large pair of antlers. They never moved. Motionless I watched. They remained as I watched until finally I began to wonder what I was looking at. I couldn't see anything else because of windfalls and some ~~best~~ aspens bent over with snow. I kept studying it however and finally distinguished some other features - ears, eye and located where I could get a shot thru the brush at the shoulder area.

When I squeezed the trigger it jumped and unbalanced. I ran down hill toward it as fast as I could. I ran up to a huge buck. It was just laying there. I stood looking at it. It wasn't dead. It was still breathing. It started to rise. I pulled my 30-30 to my shoulder and twice was about to shoot when the foolish thought entered my head that the large buck may be worth mounting and I hesitated shooting it ~~there~~ in the spot a spot near its head because it might spoil it for mounting. Well it stood on all fours and then turned its head toward me and took a quick look and bounded off in the

Wintery II

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direction of the creek. There was a very steep embankment down to the creek and the timber and brush there was especially thick. It was headed that way and disappeared after a few bounds ~~into~~ out of sight. I felt pretty foolish.

Steve felt bad that his buck had bounced up and gotten away. And now I felt the same. I've often thought about it since. Although running up to game I'd shot previously had worked out well where there was no snow it may have been very foolish especially here where ~~there~~ there was snow and especially so many hunters. Maybe some hunter seeing a man streaking thru the woods wouldn't expect a hunter to be running and also getting a glimpse of the hunter thru the trees might easily mistake him for game and let shoot at him.

There were hunters there. David & Barry & Steve were not far away. There were too many tracks to try to track the deer. We saw other hunters very close by on our side of the creek. We crossed the creek and told Paul what we'd seen. He said someone had got a large buck just up the creek a short way or possibly this buck ~~ran~~ ^{ran} from me and crossed the creek where someone else got him.

So in spite of so many deer, tracks and hunters keeping them moving we came out empty handed. But it was still fun and I'd enjoyed another hunt with my 3 nephews. We wore a red bandana on our hats or caps. I used to wear a Levi

Hunting II

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jacket and a black and white plaid cap and with a safety pin placed a red bandana over the cap.

I didn't wear a heavy coat because it was too warm when climbing. I often wore a black and yellow plaid shirt when hunting which I figured was more or less good camouflage especially in timber when there was no snow. The boys all had red caps and sometimes Al pinned a red bandana or cloth across the back of his jacket.

On one trip maybe another year Barry, Dad, I and Barry's friend - Delynn Russell stopped in a short distance on another road parallel to the Rainey Creek road on a similar east-west draw running east from the highway. The Delynn and Barry topped a ridge and jumped a several head of elk. We hunted quite a bit and never saw anything else.

On other years we hunted the area again. I hunted there alone a time or two but nothing was moving. It was mid week hunting. I like that because there are so few hunters out but they don't have the deer moving about as much. Deer can see, smell, and hear you coming into this type of country and it's pretty hard to walk outside them in the woods. If there are a lot of hunters the chances of seeing deer greatly increase when the deer begin milling around.

One other fall late Dad wanted very much to get out hunting so Al & I took him to about this same spot on Rainey Creek. It was a mid week or Monday and few other

hunters were out, Al chose to go to the west and travel along a rather open ridge with some cedars scattered over most of it. We traveled west along a road for $\frac{1}{4}$ mile and climbed a ridge and headed south. After a half to $\frac{3}{4}$ mile along this ridge we coasted to the east and returned along a parallel ridge.

We heard one shot while we were out. It ~~was~~ came from the north. When we got back to the car there was Dad, he had a nice little fire going ~~near~~ near the forks of the road where he'd stayed. He'd walked along the road in several directions and then came back to the fire to warm. While standing ~~at~~ near the fire he heard a noise along the draw to the west. He saw several head of deer, they crossed the road and started up a slope in the snow. He took a careful aim and knocked one down. He went up and pulled it off the slope in the snow 25 yds or so and down the road near the fire. He had it all dressed out when we returned. He was beaming all over. We were tickled for him. Al had carried his 303 and I probably didn't carry a rifle. It'd filled my tag earlier perhaps.

On one other occasion Bill Walker was with me and we crossed over into Wyoming in Star Valley and came back west into Idaho. It was good looking country. I was in my car and we went in while it was early in the morning so the snow was cold and traction was good but as we came out later it had ~~been~~ warmed and we had a questionable stretch

of steep road where we barely made it up out of a one draw. We saw no tracks, this was the area where one expected the deer to be after crossing the Snake River.

One year as we came out of Rainey Creek many cars stopped along the highway to watch a lone buck with a large spread climbing ~~to~~ a high rocky mountain above the road and the reservoir out of range. It was nearly sunset and the color of sunset was touching the peak as this buck made its way up the steep crag. There was not enough day light to get up to where he was. Lots of hunters watched as he moved farther out of range on an open rocky mountain side near the top.

Muir Wright may have gone with me hunting on one trip to Rainey Creek.

Once Muir took me in his jeep up toward Bone to a ranch his Dad owned. As we drove along we saw lots of choke cherry bushes. There were many sharp bends and a creek in the bottom of the draw. We rounded a curve to see a rattlesnake crossing the road. Muir stopped but it slithered off the road and into the tall grass and brush on the creek side of the road and was out of sight before we could get out.

There was some fenced pasture at their ranch and a sort of meadow with a creek. They had some houses turned into it. They leased some of their dry farm or maybe all of it to Otis Miller, who lived in our ward. I always seemed to collect part offerings from his wife Florence while I was a deacon. They lived in the 600 block on Cleveland.

Hunting II

She was always kind to me. Some people who you collected Post-offerings ~~into~~ ^{did not} act glad to see me.

One year while at U S U I went on a Set. hunt to Soda Springs area with some of the Delta Phi fellows from the Delta Phi house. Penn Carson was one of them and another of his roommates. A transfer from Ricks who married a girl that also transferred from Ricks. Both were veterans in the reserve at Logan.

Dad and I occasionally went out beyond Roberts past the bird refuge where the water ponds and dikes are constructed to hunt jack rabbits.

I used my Winchester 22. Dad always felt like it was better (sober) to use a hammer gun. A hammerless gun doesn't allow hunting companions to tell at a glance if the rifle is ready to shoot or not like one with a hammer.

One time a fellow working at the post office came in to work feeling real down and out. He'd gone to T. P. and near the Osborn bridge shot a large white bird which he had taken for a goose. It so happened a game warden arrived in time to see it fall and made the arrest. The discouraged hunter said he was through hunting and wanted to sell his gun. It was a new Winchester model 12, 12 gauge with modified variable choke and a real pool and carrying case. So I bought it for a good price. about \$80 -

Dad and I bought our 30-30 for around \$50 - ~~we~~ ^{the} ~~two~~ ^{two} guns. This was an advantage. Once when someone asked Dad if they could borrow his 30-30 he declined - because the gun had dual ownership and he was obligated not to loan it.

Hunting III

One spring on the hillside above the Tom's Creek bridge ~~near~~ above the head of the spring a small herd of deer crossed the road. Several people were shooting. Warren had his pistol - saw —, maybe a 22 was in the bunch. A buck was hit and ran down hill toward the road at break-neck speed. One leg seemed to be rotating like a wheel. He landed in a heap. One of his antlers was broken - shot and ^{part} hanging by the velvet. After dressing it out - it had also been shot ^{thru} in the heart. They said that was why it ran downhill as it did.

One time above the head of Tom's Creek we saw two coyotes - No one hit them. Several shots were fired. The timber is quite thick there. A lot of that country was clear of down timber and very little brush. The standing timber however wasn't real thick. The trees were in some small clumps but generally somewhat spread apart, maybe uniformly so. Because of this the trees were mostly heavily branched. The lower limbs had died from lack of sunlight. So it made it brushy appearing from the dead lower branches on most of the trees. There were several places where the stands of lodgepole were like this between the head of the Tom's Creek and the head of the Buffalo near Rybergs a little to the south. These areas usually had rolling hills - occasionally a large ~~old~~ boulder stuck out of a hillside.

~~Did~~ the ground was ^{heavily} covered with heavy covered with tall timber grass and huckleberry bushes of the little red variety. Some twin berries were scattered among them. In the fall this area ~~was very thickly~~ produced many mushrooms,

Hunting

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making it a haven for elk. Near water and good cover of trees, In the next vicinity on the more rocky ridges there were both old and growth timber and tall standing timber, some ~~dead~~ dead and some left from Targhee tie days, new growth of thick jackpines too green and branchy like β mas trees stood covering much of the rocky ridges that had been cut over. The Tom's Creek burn was grown up with these until one could scarcely see ahead when walking through, there were other kinds of jack pine stands also where the trees many many years old had grown in competition with each other in ground not rich in minerals produced dwarfed trees only 15-20 ft tall and just 1, 2, 3 inches in diameter. So thick one walking must work their way through these thickets.

So elk could easily move in a few minutes from these mushroomed grassy knolls into jack pine ridges or thickets to rub and brush the deer & horse flies from themselves and be hidden from hunters.

Dad said the forest service one time tried an experiment. He thought in this area. they removed all the dead timber and down timber from certain sections. This was one of them just across the road from Moon meadow ranch cabins, corrals & spring. Then since the bugs had no live timber dead timber left to work on they moved into the live timber and killed a great deal of it.

Today entomologists usually figure insects are specific - for either dead wood or live and the same bugs don't work on both. So

Hunting

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The facts are there were certain stands of young immature brambly (not thrifty or tall) trees of fairly large trunk size in these areas with lots of grass and bushes covering the ground - cleared of dead falls and ^(dead) dry trees. So it was clear underfoot and open no jack pines, It was an inviting area to in which to walk thru.

Once in winter May, + Barney were in there on snow shoes - elk hunting and ran into Ed Ryberg - He offered to break trail - May commented on what a long strike he used.

One day while we were in the woods logging just off the Ryberg road maybe $\frac{1}{2}$ mile above where the road forks and goes to the old cabins on Chick creek - Barney took off in the ~~afternoon~~ afternoon maybe around 3:00 with his newly acquired 300 Savage. He bought it and also a Savage 22. He had a scope sight put on each.

So he went off on a hike while we finished loading. He walked downhill toward an area above the Tom's Creek burn and walked onto a large bull elk. The elk was in trees that were rather thick, about 75 yards away broadside or slightly oblique facing away.

Barney pumped about 5 shots into the ~~bull~~ bull and it went down in its tracks. Later when dressed out all 5 shots were in the side of the pelt and could have been covered by the span of a man's hand.

The next day we left the wagon at the turn around of our road where the skid poles were left and went

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off following Barney to retrieve the elk. Some of the ridges were jack pine and old 2nd growth timber. Then we got into this rolling country with the muskrooms and grass among knolls and rolling hills. Barney knew he was close to the elk but not certain just how to find it. We spread out just a little. We had Nig and Belly. I was riding Nig. I rode up over a ridge to see if I could see anything. I saw the rest of them going along a draw. So I figured I'll just ride down a little farther and then cut back over the ridge and join them. I never saw anymore of them. I didn't hear them. I called and called. I didn't get an answer. I always did have a tendency to panic in such circumstances. Finally on a good trot and standing on the tips I let old Nig hunt his head. He came out onto a slope where the trees were rather sparse for a ways. Then I noticed old blackened stumps. He trotted down hill for a little ways and came out onto a road. Suddenly I knew where I was. I was on the Tom's Creek road just below the barn and 1/4 mile about from the ranch gate.

So I went on a good trot back to the conveyance - up the Chick creek road to the wagon. When I arrived they were there with old Belly and half the elk which they'd packed out on him. They had wondered why I'd got away from them so far so fast.

We went back again for the remaining meat and took both horses. Nig was tightly

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jumping about the smell of game or any noises like an escaping from a tire valve stem. I don't know that he carried any of the meat out but $\frac{1}{2}$ the elk was put on Bally.

Women acted a little surprised that Barney was going to leave the head so he wanted it. He carried it out on his back. We walked along ahead and behind. He earned it by the time we made it back to the wagon. It was not only heavy but with the wind cutting he had difficulty getting thru trees in many places. He had to go around a lot of places along the trail. Barney had blazed a trail out with the first load of meat. By the time they were at the wagon old Bally was visibly very tired and leg-weary also.

The bull may have been a little old, possibly past his prime if the golden (yellowish) color of his coat over his sides and back were indicators. He was very large. Barney figured he was old and that he would be tough. He gave most of the meat to Dad, Dad wrapped it and headed for I.F. He and mother bottled it and for many years Dad told of how many dozen big mouthed pint jars of elk meat they canned in mother's pressure cooker. It was certainly lovely meat in this condition.

Dad came down from I.P. one fall after logging and sawing rather late in the season. This likely was before he bought the ³⁶ Chev. Snow had come and the men from the camp went out elk hunting. Very likely they were in the vicinity of Black Mt. somewhere

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along or maybe above the Warm River. They walked onto a herd of elk in thick timber.

Before going out, they all decided everyone should take a bath and wear a clean change of clothing, to avoid the elk picking up their scent so easily. So they did this. Who and just how many were in the party I do not know.

But someone alerted the others there were some elk ahead. They all stopped. They saw the elk in the timber ahead. Someone shot, then everyone was shooting. Dad liked to talk about it. They kidded about Buck fever. Dad laughed about Barney shooting his first shot in the air. Barney claimed someone behind him that just his ear carrying his shot to go off in the air. Dad told him 26 or 27 shots were fired. They trailed the bloody trail of one elk but never caught up to a single animal. Barney had his 25/20 at that time.

Barney once shot a certain number of game animals in IP during the depression with that little Winchester lever action rifle with only three more shots fired than what the number of successful kills turned out to be. ²³ 26? 17 or 18 kills?

Barney was a good shot. He told of tracking moose in snow and out of snow and he could tell from the tracks that they often loped or gallop. They do not always trot as they travel. He also told of seeing a bull going through heavy jockjimes a bit higher than the moose's back following a heavy ~~cut~~

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snow where all the branches were carrying large loads of fluffy snow. From his vantage point he could see the bull raise its nose out in front and with its antlers parted the jackpine and left a shower of snow in his path as he mustly and quietly moved thru the ~~snow~~ jackpines.

Alvin Dease once told of startling a bull elk. The elk whirled on its hind legs and lunged between two trees. His ~~antlers~~ antlers caught between the two narrow trees and ~~to~~ his hind feet went out from under him and he swung forward. (That is his body swung forward beneath his head) and then with all four feet off the ground it swung back as a pendulum. As it swung back the momentum carried it past the trees and it dropped to all fours. It swung its head so the antlers were maneuvered between the trees and it was gone in an instant.

One time Al & ^{Barney} I were hunting. Just above the little flat above the condaway they jumped some elk. The elk were moving thru some thick brushy timber between the old road and the road over the hill. Al saw this bull moving swiftly thru the trees. He put his sights onto a small clear space between some trees expecting to get a shot as the bull moved forward. But the bull changed direction before it had moved that far and disappeared showing only its rump patch in the thick timber moving out of sight and range.

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I hunted many years. We sometimes carried rifles to the woods during the season. We saw hunters in the woods quite a bit. Some seasons the weather turned bad and we would be towing stuck campers out of ~~mud~~ ^{mud} holes or deep snow from where they became stuck or stalled and walked in for help. The team and wagon was used sometimes as a retriever. Usually they would be stuck some place between Tom's Creek - along the tracks - or meadow or around toward the head. Later the army 6x6 was used.

Reports came in concerning lost hunters. One fall a cousin Russ Walters came up and stayed for a few nights. There were often some empty cabins. Jack Jones & others this time of year. Some had their own camps - yet campers were not common yet.

Bar hunting brought some hunters to the area earlier in the season ~~while~~ ^{before the snow} and while the crew was still busy in the woods. Russ Walters brought his brother-in-law - Howard Swendsen who married an (my) cousin Donetta Walters. They spent a lot of time in camp it seemed, maybe the inclement weather. They'd often wind up in Majorie's kitchen - meij & Barney were very hospitable, they'd warm their feet on the oven - put wet gloves and mittens on the warming oven door and hanging rods on the stove.

Russ came over and spent time talking with Warren. He asked lots of questions - There

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were always lots of questions.

Once or twice some of Paul Walker's family came to I.P. But being farmers they usually couldn't get away from chores and farm work long enough to spend ~~some~~ time vacationing. But Claude did come and fished some + maybe Jack his nephew.

One time Jack said - I guess when we come to the woods to camp we look just like the people that come out by our place (the end of the road on 1st street) and ~~pick up~~^{men} the picnic. They run all over the place. And to us it is just home and watching them seems amusing. I guess that's how he figured they looked to us since we were natives.

One time I was near the stock yard and a sheep out fit had pulled in the sheep were either bedded down or shipped because it was quiet. It was in the evening and early enough that the night hawks were still diving. In autumn or fall they didn't seem to do this same thing.

The night hawks made a noise (cry) intermittently as they circled in flight. They'd keep gaining altitude as they circled and then after getting pretty high they'd plummet to the earth just before reaching the ground they'd pull out in a dive. As they swooped out of the dive it made a rather loud low noise. Whooom!

This grown man - possibly Wanda Walter's husband was there and asked me if that noise they kept making was a moose off in the woods.

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Couldn't some bs er had fama giving that guy a straight-faced line.

One spring early while there was still a lot of water everywhere, the timber roads were too wet to use. It rained a lot, we used to go to the woods and just cut. We'd take a bandana and put under our hat brim so it covered or fell down over the back of the neck and ears, this helped keep the mosquitoes off. Sometimes we used citronella (an oil) to keep the mosquitoes off by rubbing on shoulder blades, neck and cheeks.

When you bent over on the other end of a two-man saw or the end of a one-man cross cut with the extra handle you were not really free to fight mosquitoes. Both men had to pay attention to what they were doing on each stroke. Falling was the worst, in this position and with the shirt tight over the shoulder blades a mosquito could get at you pretty good, this was maybe the most vulnerable position to mosquitoes.

We used to use our back and shoulder blades against a rough barked tree trunk watching to see we didn't lean against a spot where pine gum or sap was exposed on the tree trunk.

There was a time when it was too warm to wear a heavy coat and if you were just in a shirt the mosquitoes visited you pretty ~~easy~~ ^{easy}. One day we were lying down resting following lunch. We'd been cutting, Barney & I and Bob Tate. This was just after Bob arrived. He didn't seem using a

Winting

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crosscut so I got more than my share of time. It seems on the other end of Barney's saw, you sort of have to discipline yourself to falling with a saw. We used to sometimes saw the undercut also and just knock out above with the ax.

You spread your feet apart pretty good. You have to be balance so you can pull the saw and it takes a good effort. So your feet have to be planted firm. Also you must be able to stand free from the saw so you can't get a saw tooth dragged (drag) across an ankle or shin bone. In such a position you are awkward. You feel awkward. A greenhorn will even get behind a saw and try to push on it. But you have to be in front of the saw to do anything really and you have to learn that.

Bob hadn't, and didn't. Neither did Berdett. And it was miserable to double up on a saw with someone that didn't savvy sawing.

Old John Olds used to ~~carry~~ carry a large rubber band from an inner tube. When he was bucking up logs (trees) he would sometimes fasten the band to the 2 man handle of his crosscut and then to a jack pine ~~opposite~~ opposite him at the cut and he'd have to pull harder on the stroke when he pulled the saw to stretch the rubber band but it would help pull the saw back on the return stroke. And he apparently figured it was a benefit. If any I would

think in starting the momentum back and sometimes in pushing a core out into a cut it may try to bow or crimp (buckle). A saw if it were to get a kink would really be ruined. It would ~~never~~ never ~~or~~ cut well again. Dad had a large 2 man saw that had crimped and broken. It had been brayed later on. This was near one end. It was thicker there even though it may have been ground down on an emery stone after braying. If you ever pulled a stroke too far however and this section went into the cut it would likely stick and it was a chore to get it unstuck.

We used kerosene to put on the saw when cutting green timber. The saw would stick to the steel otherwise and the gummed up saw would not slide freely in the cut. Barney collected bottles - whiskey - the brown bottles were preferred. White bottles as those vinegar came in (gallon and half gallon sized jugs left in the sun shine could act like a magnifying glass and start possibly start a fire. So colored glass was preferred. Most 5th (size) whiskey flasks were colored brown as were beer bottles. Sometimes a green bottle was seen.

When you carried a fifth in your pocket a little would slop out and it sure could burn your old behind after it soaked thru your pocket.

I usually wore a white tee shirt beneath a blue shirt.

Excess buckles with
clamps - best -
covered with buckles -
Common traps - best -

glad water jugs

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While resting after eating ^{our} lunch we heard a soft sound. A twig break now and then. Barney got up and spotted a deer. He took a shot. It disappeared. I ~~was~~ ^{caught} a glimpse of it. We trailed it. It left a little blood. It crossed a deep canyon (draw). Barney called it "Chick Creek". This seemed very strange to me since it was a dry canyon - no water. Apparently if one traveled this draw to the end it would come out near the creek where the old cabins were at the bottom of the dug way. Then the main draw from there to the head of the Buffalo River would be the same. Above the cabin the actual stream came out of a smaller draw going off to the east. Across this stream and east was the Chick Creek ~~burn~~ ^{burn}. This was an area where lots of elk hunters liked to go.

We finally lost the trail - the blood stopped dripping and following a deer track in the woods is pretty difficult - by hoof print only.

So we gave it up and after nearly a mile hike and returned to ~~see~~ the truck and began cutting again.

~~One~~ Lots of times when weather was very bad in spring or fall the men and travelers coming in would wind up playing cards. Poker or even pinole.

One spring I went with Wanan & Bob Tate and maybe Bud Narie to the town creek meadow. We heard a strange noise. Wanan had a gun. Maybe Bob had a \gg . We crossed the meadow. It was

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very wet. We wore anastheses. We tried to walk to the noise. Sandhill cranes were common in the spring at various locations. This noise was not a sandhill crane however as soon as we'd cross the open meadow along the creek to ^{near} the other side the noise would stop, then it started up again behind us. This went on for several trips and we gave it up without discovering the source of these noise for sure. It could have been a mouse - Warren suspected that at first. It may have been a bird of some kind. Maybe an off beat call for some reason.

Arnon walked into camp late one snowy evening like 10:00. We were visiting in Warren's cabin. He'd got lost elk hunting on the moose creek plateau plateau plateau. The snow got knee deep and he went down hill. He wore very tired. He finally got on a road and followed it out. The lights from Warren's cabin attracted him as he neared camp. Some one drove him around the road back to his own hunting camp. Of course it was a relief to him and his party when he came in. They had not expected to see him that night.

Mr. Poppy

Probably on another year - I started by raining several days the first of the elk hunting season. Many hunters were all thru the woods as usual. An outfit from Timi Falls was down near the Warm River below Eccles. A sign Black Springs is there by Black Mt on the lower end.

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Warren going after Mr. Poppy.

After several days of rain the weather turned cold. Real cold. At higher elevations rain turned to snow and depths increased the higher one traveled. It was overcast for days. Even when it turned cold it didn't necessarily clear off to where one could see the stars and in the day time it still snowed.

Reports came in of a lost hunter. Sam Warden came around. News spread. Lots of talk and finally Warren volunteered saying to know the country and to with one member of the Sheriff's posse from Ashton (Maysville) went out looking. The first game officials helped outfit them. They took some grain for horses. They took Benson's old Dick - Warren's Bible and the other man had a saddle horse. Warren preferred to go bareback.

They 1st of all went to the camp from where the writer had disappeared - His family-like a son perhaps had indicated he was supposed to be knowledgeable about the woods. And may have thought he knew something about hunting in the D.P. area.

So they started east in the direction he was believed to have gone. Members from his hunting party had felt that he was woods-wise and felt confident after he'd stayed out the first night he'd still make it back to camp. Even after a second night out they seemed to feel he'd come in. This no doubt delayed getting a search for him started. Then finally one night the temperature turned really cold. After that not too many people thought his chances were very good.

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So Warren set out with this other man. I don't know if they had a harness on Old Dick, maybe they skidded a bale of hay behind on a tobogan - Seems like they took some hay for the horses, they had to carry some gear.

Finally they hit a trail. Possibly someone else had gone back earlier and hit a trail of some kind and then had to give up on account of deep snow and cold or both.

Kindly tracks were visible in the snow. Not fresh however, the snow got deep - well above one's knees. It seems Mr. Pappy had blazed a trail at one point. It was plain to follow.

They must have stayed out 2 or 3 nights. Finally they came to the end of the trail. He'd removed his gloves, he still had some matches. Some use matches were found and he was found sitting with his back against a tree. His rifle was leaning against another tree nearby. He may have had a few rounds of ammo still unfired.

They slept thru the nights sitting around a fire. Warren slept at times leaning against Birdie's front legs facing the fire. I don't know if the other man had a sleeping bag or not. It's doubtful.

They laid the man across Old Dick's back. How he was fastened I don't know. Can't remember if they had a saddle. Seems like it would have taken an awfully large saddle and cinch. But he was tied on. Warren said coming back out the trail sometime Dick nearly fell

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down, when a frozen leg or arm hit against a tree, they had to take Dick around some places where their trail in went between trees close together because the frozen body took up so much more space tied across the horse. They must have stayed out one or two nights with the corpse. Maybe they found their toward nightfall and started back early in the morning, and then had to remain overnight one time before getting back to the base camp.

They was met there when they came in. It seems I went to meet them after we knew they were in. I didn't go all the way to their camp but somewhere in the vicinity of Eccles siding we met their party. I rode in a pickup truck with Warren and a driver. The heater was on and I guess it felt good to Warren but made him sleepy.

Other people tended to the horses, the other man may have had a 1 ton truck with a stock rack in which he hauled the horses. It had a tail gate (ramp like) they could work it up I believe. At Island Park Warren went into Maj's cabin she fixed him something warm to eat and maybe drink. He was tired and in the warm house couldn't stay awake. Of course every one was anxious to hear all about it. Warren kept apologizing because he kept dozing off. He said riding in the warm truck had made him groggy. He laid on the floor in Maj's front room where they had a fire in the large wood heater. Finally he was urged to go on home and go to bed. He did and slept a

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long time. They got into Marj's before noon a little bit it seems. I don't know where Warren generally kept Bidie. That day there's a good chance she was put up in the barn, unless arrangements were made to haul her on to Astor. That possibly happened.

Warren didn't take a saddle for himself. He felt he would stay warmer next to the horse. In a saddle one has stirrups and by putting weight in the stirrups one could maybe circulate the blood a little more than when just dangling bare back. I'm not sure about that. Warren didn't mention it being a problem. The other man said he couldn't stand to ride bare back because he had trouble with "piles" (hemroids) Warren said he did too but still figured the pluses of bare back outweighed the disadvantages. Warren didn't own a saddle at the time. There was no saddle in I.P. either and maybe he didn't like the idea of a saddle that he didn't get a chance to choose and then being stuck with it the entire trip.

Warren told how they finally got on a trail that went straight. The guy did travel in a straight line. But ~~he~~ ^{he} also traveled in just the opposite direction from what he should have. He had no compass.

It's rather amazing how many people will head out with out a compass in country either unfamiliar to them or so vast that there is no way they could always be in an area familiar to them.

Later on that day a game warden showed

up in camp with some of Warren's things. Someone may have trailed the horses to the mill if they weren't hauled. The other guy that went with Warren may have been named Goble?

He lived in a nice place near the Ashton cemetery on the highway. His white house had a green roof. Steep pitch. There were tall trees and a windbreak along the west and south of his corrals & lawn which was well kept up also. And it seems the highway junction going to Tetonia either fronted his property on the east or was very close to his place where it joined the highway 89 before going down the hill into Maysville.

Also on the south side of the highway just before crossing the railroad tracks going into Maysville from Ashton (setting back several 100 feet from the highway) was ~~an~~ ^{an} old building frame building with a high stone front. It had some painting from signs still visible on it. Barney used to tell me when we drove by that it was my grandpa Hale's old store. I guess if it actually was the same store & post office it had been hauled there from the other side of the highway since Grandpa Hale had it.

I don't know if the Fish & Game Dept or County compensated Warren any for making that trip. Finally the wife came to Warren from the widow in appreciation of his efforts in locating the body.

I saw the body in the back of the pick up. Doubled over and frozen and seemingly piled in with saddles - etc. ~~in~~ on top of the heap "so to speak."

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I went hunting with Warren one time. I believe we rode with someone and got out like maybe up on the Trail Canyon road. We were wearing 4 or 5 buckle over shoes, we crossed split creek and were on Bameys section and finally hit Gene's road (Chick Creek road) and started following it down. We'd not see a single track of anything.

That has happened to me many more times when I've been hunting than not. As we walked I took a turn to break the trail by going on lead. Finally Warren mentioned something seemed wrong to him. He found the walking more tiresome than he felt it should be and it seemed strange to him. Well anyway - he changed place with me and he broke trail. In a little ways he said - the trouble had been that I took such short steps that it tired him following in my foot steps. On lead he was less tired walking at his own stride.

Within a short distance from the time we'd hit the road we were pleasantly surprised to hear ~~an~~ ^{the} unexpected sound of an engine. ~~In snow cover, the noisy~~ Under cover of snow, the logging trucks, that normally stook and bounced and chains, stakes, and bunks rattled over the rough logging roads, traveled so quietly. The noises muffled as the snow pads the bumps. The entire ~~forest~~ ^{woods} takes on a quiet calmness in this blanket of snow that almost inspired a poetic utterance in ~~an~~ attempt to disclose the feeling that is communicated

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in the woods ~~for~~^{by} the change from before the blanket not only covered ~~it~~. Not only covering and silencing but changed the hue and dark shadows ~~present~~ abundantly present before now blend in tones from white to gray with the dark bark of the tall lodge poles providing the greatest contrast to the newly fallen snow.

And so the quiet sound of an engine was heard - not a long way distant. No common sounds of bouncing wheels and rattling chains ~~gave~~^{announced} the arrival. The soft sound of the engine only was heard. It drew nearer. It finally was nearly upon us from a slight bend we had just rounded in stride. It turned out to be the logging truck of Curly Kent. He had been to Gene's camp and was coming out empty following the storm. He too had been looking for signs of tracks of game. He stopped and we welcomed the offer to climb on behind the cab and ride to the mill. The tandem duals were powered by a chain drive. The snow was deep enough that the differential left a continuous ~~out~~^{out} trail ~~to~~ in the snow between the tracks.

I don't recall any fresh tracks crossing the road on the trip in. Maybe not even an old track with the new snow on the ground. Curly had been at the upper camp with his truck for a day or two before coming out on this trip.

Gene's operation at the upper camp had no doubt ceased before this with the snow depths. He often continued to saw out ties from the log decks around the mill until the trains stopped running.

One time Curly stopped in to Barney's and told of

following an elk from trail canyon or Clark Canyon along the timber near Warm River until it got too dark to follow longer and still use rifle sights. He was horseback and the snow must have been at least a foot deep on the edge of the flat.

Barney liked to hunt. He usually put on a pair of long underwear and regular trousers and then a pair of wool pants over those and he wore long wool socks blousing the wool pant cuffs.

~~He~~ used shoestrings to tie my Levi pant legs around my 5 buckle over shoes to keep snow from working its way into the boots. Some people used hip boots but they were always cold. They stored the temperature of the snow.

One fall I came to work and Barney had hired thru the employment office (apparently in Ashton) a young blond well-built kid from Tennessee by the name of Charlie Oliver.

He'd worked in the Ashton area for some of the farmers. Now their harvest was complete and he came to work for Barney. He was put to off-beeing. He and I shared the slab cabin. We kept a heater in the cabin often it would require trying to get a big fire to warm it up before going to bed. The fire usually didn't bank thru out the night, morning would find us walking to Barney's where we could wash up from breakfast and finish placing our boots by their front room wood block seated on a couch or rocking chair or one of Barney's nice home made benches.

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I had my 1939 Ford. It was a cold car. I got a heater from Sears or Wards by mail order and put in it. It helped but was never very warm.

Charlie had the habit of spending a lot of his wage on candy. He didn't smoke - he perhaps had done. He ate lots of candy bars. Of course we offered them to me. I felt obligated to buy some at Ponds and offer them back. But I decided I was eating far too much candy - so I hit upon the idea of buying some apples. Large delicious apples were about the same price as candy I suppose a nickel a piece - maybe a little more. I offered him apples. He seemed to enjoy them too.

I had bought an ^{Army record} ~~supposedly~~ player. It was painted O. D. It was hand wound. I'd send to Sears for phonograph needles for it. I had some records - a Cowboy record album of Bing Crosby, "There's Sittin' on the Case", "Little Buckaroo", "There's a Gold Mine in the Sky", "You Could be Swingin' on a Star" another cowboy song that was sung at Arch Hess's funeral.

Helma once gave me a record - maybe Perry Como's I had one Cigarettes, Whiskey, & Wild Wild Women. I can't remember the other side.

Charlie must have had a radio. He raved about hearing on the news that Ray Auff was going to run for a ~~political~~ political office - maybe Governor of Tennessee.

One time we decided to go duck hunting. John Oldt had a 16 gauge double barreled shotgun. He kept it broke down and put

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away. He got it out and allowed me to take it. Charlie may have taken Barney's single shot 16 gauge. We walked to Tom's Creek. There was snow there.

I was down below the bridge near where the fence comes out along the creek bank next to the timber. There's a ~~small~~ ^{short} distance there where only a few scattered mature and water killed trees stand tall on the north bank. ^{the main channel of} The creek cuts around a little bend next to the bank there. Two ducks came flying over just about the height of the trees. I fired. ~~nothing happened~~. I tried to fire again. ^{no duck felt} ~~nothing happened~~. When I got to looking I'd ~~just~~ ^{pulled} both triggers at once. After discovering this I was surprised that I hadn't noticed a greater kick from the gun.

I don't recall getting any other shots. I don't think Charlie did either. anyway ~~we~~ we didn't bring any ducks home.

The next spring when Berdett came up Charlie came back but after a few weeks he left. He didn't like the isolation of the sawmill.

Berdett and I didn't draw our wages out on any regular basis. That was one thing Berdett liked about working there. It required a little effort to go to Ponds even and to go to Ashton occasionally once or twice to a movie in all those years saved a lot of money.

We didn't splurge on anything. A few boxes of 22 shells. we didn't carry candy home from Ponds and by not drawing out our wages until fall ~~and~~ when we finished up it helped us to save our money. Berdett was pretty far frugal anyway. It also helped Barney since

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he didn't have to meet a regular payroll, that would have been hard - maybe impossible with sales like he had. Some of his orders to farmers might not get paid off until fall after their harvest.

Then in the fall he'd settle up. We'd match an amount with him. If we were near ~~to~~^{it} was okay. If not we'd refigure. He was always fair. We'd have a charge for \$1.00 at \$1.50 a day aboard. He'd keep record of our occasional amounts drawn out for spending money throughout the summer.

Sometimes he'd finish settling with me after he ~~came~~^{moved} down in the fall. I was often involved with his moving. Maybe just go over after school and help unload. Moving was a twice a year experience. Some furniture, equipment and the house. After Barney built his new house out of 5 inch logs they left more furniture in I.P. And moved less house hold ~~goods~~^{items}. Even goods of some kinds.

One time Warren and Al were hunting in the trail Canyon area and they saw something ahead in the woods that was awfully black. They watched it carefully. It didn't move. They decided it must be a charred steel tree stump. They observed after a ~~short~~ short time however it had disappeared. They didn't ever see it more. It had to be a bear. Not many bears are seen in the woods. They are ~~ways~~^{ways} ways and have a keen sense of smell. Their hearing is sensitive more than their eyesight and they seem to fear man and avoid him except when they are extremely hungry or become used to humans such as visiting garbage dumps or resorts. We always figured if a bear didn't run it was a migrant from out of the park-

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One year Al & Lois, & I went up on the road to Ryberg in August. We stopped left the truck somewhere along the road to his cabin, there was a long draw for maybe close to a mile from the edge where we logged at the end of the road where the chock creek road branched off from his road and his cabin. Maybe farther. It seemed to run generally north and south. Part of the way the timber was all new growth with little down timber and lots of grass and little huckleberry bushes as ground cover. We carried a box of "Plump & Meaty" raisins. Al sometime tried a can of spam to his belt with a buckskin shoe laces.

This day we walked quietly together, we didn't talk very much then in whispers. This time of year the woods is noisy. Pine squirrels drop cones all around us. They also chatter a lot at human approach. And they can be heard chattering throughout the woods as they drop cones. Piles of cones can be found deposited ~~thrown~~ at tree trunks - and in pockets under some down timber sitting on the forest floor.

The sound of a falling cone hitting on a dead limb or particularly on a dead fall sends a sharp noise ringing thru the trees. Again it's a season - a time of year - a particular time of year when there is a feeling eminent in the air. A pause in the sunshine can feel good in early morning warming thru one shirt. In the shadows of the pines above the slow hiking is comforting as the day moves on.

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although warm the air has a fall crispness ^{to it}. In the shadows of the pines one moves ~~comfortably~~ ^{leisurely} not too hot - not too cold. Not sweating, not exerting as one moves slowly listening for other sounds, watching alertly for movement.

That day in the afternoon we heard a faint bugle from an elk. Not a long well defined trill but a rather short note like that of a young bull perhaps learning to bugle.

We came to a hollow running toward the west below Ed's place maybe $\frac{1}{4}$ or $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Climbing over the ridge which was steep, covered with many bushes, twin berries, huckleberries and others and we could see the wide Buffalo River below. A pretty sight, the color of aquatic bushes, grasses and dotted islands flowered with yellow blue, pink and purple flowering plants. The steep rocky ridges on each side with tall mature as well as dead trees standing like sentinels among the jack pines. These hillsides also had many balsam poplar springing up among the pines and occasional large spruce with ~~low~~ heavy branches near the banks ^{near} the level of the stream. Rocky Boulder with a gray or pink hue stood out from the shallow soil in the more open space away from the grass covered more gentle slopes.

We learned that day there was an old road running along that hollow. Finally the river bends to the north. At this point the ridge ends. A wide flat area sits between this ridge end and the ridge running north further

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along over a quarter of a mile. There remains a net work of roads coming into this point, the remnant of a ~~spidway~~ also set against the ridge to the west. This west ridge ~~runs to the~~ beginning here runs to the north to the Walbro cabin where the river makes the final bend carrying it to its confluence with the mighty Snake which carries it to the sea.

One road leaves this low spot ~~and runs~~ ^{running} north westerly to the top of the ridge. Another runs west to the hillside parallel to the river to the west over a $\frac{1}{4}$ mile among the large spruce and lodgepole to a small camp ground. This was where Dad usually went to start his fishing. The ordinary access however was down a steep rocky dug way, with small eroded ~~at~~ trenches etched into the tracks and large exposed boulders protruding from the shallow soil, not many people ventured over the road in newer cars.

After one trip there Fred Wandel came back to his old Dodge pickup to find his boots mangled and chewed upon. He supposed a bear had visited his truck in his absence. Not unlikely but a porcupine too is prone to chew on old harness leather or boots perhaps attracted by the salt left from sweating.

This low area had obvious deeper soil with sediment build up not so attainable on steep bare ridges where melting snow wash the needles from the steeper hillside. The trees appear thinner, the area had been logged perhaps more than once and new jackpine stands flourished. Trees taller than a

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rose skyward

grew from the center of these roadways ~~skyward~~
~~to the south a road~~ at the top of the ridge to
the west the roads joined the main road from
Tom's Creek bridge to Wallin's cabin to the north.
to the south end of this low level spot with
many tall over-mature and dead trees scattered among
the jack pines a rather inconspicuous road
ran to the south between ridge ends from east
and west. we followed. In many places the road
was filled with jack pines, at other places
the tracks were rutted deep from earlier
years when iron tired wagons hauled till from
the woods.

We followed this ^{well-defined} ~~well defined~~ ^{to} ~~to~~ ^{from} curiosity
in winding hollows past rocky ridges and
stump dotted hillsides to a point where it
would eventually have to come out to a
familiar place. after all we were between the
river, the woods from the cardway to Buffalo and
Chick Creek. We had to come out. And finally
we found thru a hollow with a bend that led
to a junction with a road Barney had built over
the hill just above the little flat east of the
cardway. This satisfied our curiosity. It seemed
worth it to all but "Loay". She made a lot
of fun about our lunch-raisins (raisins). And
brought it up in a good natured way for some
years to come.

One time near Ryberg's in the rolling ridges
where visibility was quite good I sent me
over a ridge to meet him at a designated
place below where two draws come back
together. I was usually nervous whenever I

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was separated from hunting companions. I had found out it is easy to get separated from the rest of voice.

Once at a later time I ventured onto this road from below riding my saddle horse Bud. I didn't get much satisfaction in traveling alone in the woods. There was to me a certain aura of newness.

When with companions separation brings trauma of finding each other. Rendezvous are uncertain which leads to some worry and anxiety. Just prolonged waiting by itself is also undesirable.

Warren had said once that he wasn't nervous in the woods as long as he had a dog on a horse with him. I didn't enjoy that feeling with my saddle horse. I was always apprehensive in the woods.

I did tramp the woods in hunting trips some years later much more comfortable but always in areas where I felt well acquainted with landmarks or natural boundaries. Warren bought a ~~wood~~ wrist compass - probably an army surplus item. It was a ~~to~~ half sphere about 1 inch in diameter. It floated a dome shaped wheel in liquid. He wore it everywhere to work in the woods. He chopped wearing it. After several years the fluid turned a milky making it difficult to read the turning dial which was white etched lines and numerals on a black background. They disappeared from the market - yet today they are the most common style of car compass to be found.

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This summer Al & Lois had met Ed Ryberg in early spring as they ~~also~~ traveled to Ponds with a team and wagon. He was walking along the road. They gave him a lift. Maureen may have been on the wagon with them. They laughed and joked and Lois would have the horse take a little extra bump or speed up suddenly to break the monotony of the trip. They'd laugh and after all they were on their honeymoon of a sort.

After reaching the mill and Ed had gone on afoot Al told her who she was. She was a little upset wondering if her actions might have been a little indiscreet considering the man and his reputation.

Unable to find work locally and with a possible interruption in his pension checks being sent to I.P. following several years of detention Ed was forced to leave the area. He reportedly worked in ~~the~~ west Yellowstone for the summer but doing what we never know. So he was not there when we ventured near his cabin site - although we didn't go up to it as we hiked above it on the ridge overlooking the river.

There was a time when Al was preparing to attend Ricks perhaps when the Jensens were still running a dairy at Mow Meadows when he took Jeanette and with Barney's maid and maybe others discovered a lousy place in Trail Canyon above the rocky drop away on the hillside to the south and east where huckleberry bushes were more plentiful than any other patch ever located by any of us in I.P. There were the large blue berries. All one could pick enough for a pie. After we'd pull handfuls of bushes from the roadside

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and carry them ~~on the~~ ^{on the} ~~on~~ ^{on} ~~platform~~ as we rode home or pick at them inside the cab.

There was a steady rising slope maybe $\frac{1}{4}$ mile from the top of the rocky dog ~~way~~ ^{way} leading to some large aspens, this slope had scattered trees and bushes waist high. Dead timber laid ⁱⁿ ~~was~~ ^{was} ~~under~~ ^{under} beneath. One could sit on a log and reach benches in four directions and move to ~~another~~ ^{another} an adjacent spot and do the same thing again. Into the aspen grove an occasional boulder stood out and the slope increased in steepness. Aspens covered this west face of the mountain for $\frac{1}{4}$ mile, to where lodge pole took over and the steepness increased.

Over the point of this hill was a sort of ~~plateau~~ ^{plateau}. Al and I went hunting in this area on several years. ~~It is~~ ^{It is} difficult for me to define which years we did what.

Mother & Lois had one interesting thing in common, they both worried a lot when someone was out hunting. Of course one robs about hunters being shot and others being lost.

Al didn't enjoy fishing for several years if he accompanied Dad to the Buffalo River he'd hike along a ridge toting a rifle (22) while Dad & I fished. I joined him part of the time on one occasion near Wallin's cabin.

One fall probably after Al began working at the Post Office we went hunting at Huckleberry Hill. We got an early start from the mill. Hoping to reach the mountain near first light - We walked in quietly. Al carried a 303 British rifle he acquired, He lived at 550 Cleveland at the time. I don't know what I carried. I may have had my 22,

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bought half interest in
I don't know if I had a 30/30 with Dad at
this time or not. If so I carried it.

We walked carefully up the slope, crouched
slightly and moving a few paces at a time
then stopping to look. One at each time is
almost as much out of breath in expectation
as climbing. You defeat your purpose however
if you walk briskly ahead and find yourself
puffing and panting. You can't hold a steady
beard nor can you be quiet or as attentive
in scanning ahead for game.

So we moved forward in that fashion
straining to pick up a noise or movement.
We paused. I was next to a tree on one knee.
Al was slightly behind me. He raised his rifle
to his shoulder. It was deathly still, then
he did not fire. He knew I hadn't seen any-
thing and the angle of the ~~the~~ buck was
such that in order to shoot he would
have had to shoot past me. Since I
was not aware I might move laterally
in front of him, he didn't take the
chance.

Afterwards I've thought so many times
about it - if I could have only known and
just dropped flat to the ground, well - so
much for water under the bridge.

As often happens when game is sighted
at near range like that they will stand
motionless allowing you to approach.
But only until you stop. After you stop they
wait but only an instant until they are
off with a bound, there it was this buck

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October morning

When the buck whirled from where he had stood motionless facing us I saw him. He bounded up the hill. Watching him bound was very interesting. He was an unusually large buck. So large in fact that as he bounded away he reminded you more of a bounding elk ~~that~~ than a deer. His wide rack ^{of antlers} seemed enormous.

He was out of sight in a few bounds and we never saw any more of him. As he moved up hill he moved out of sight not only going farther from us but as he went up the hill it ~~passed the~~ changed the angle between him and us and ~~blocks~~ increasingly blocked our view by placing the lower branches of the taller and larger trees between where we were and where he was. It was like pulling a blind ~~in~~ down in a window. You could see ahead but not up.

It may have been subsequently or on the same morning but Al + I heard a real rumble and timber and brush cracking on this hill above us and out of sight on one morning soon after we arrived and advanced on this hill. It is interesting how elk will make such loud noise as they crash thru down timber and brush. It sounds as if 3-4 or 5 inch sticks are breaking in two. About like a ^{skid} house taking a drag thru smaller down timber. Yet deer move so silently and moose can trot past in the woods without a noise it seems strange the elk would be the one that sounds so loud and clumby. In later years I had opportunity to

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to close in to elk and verify this fact.

Well on top of this mountain was a rather flat area. It had been heavily logged in the early stages the days and there were dense stands of jack pines and many stumps still remaining. A few woods here and there and so mature and over mature tall trees scattered about. We walked onto what had been the cook house, the cabin built in two sections adjoining end to end.

At one time a female cook living there cooked for men working in the woods. ~~maybe~~^{no doubt} the backs working that area. A road lead far to the east and dropped off the hill in a gradual descent to the bottom near the west end of the mountain into the Split Creek Canyon below where the two forks of Split Creek came together maybe $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ mile, this seemed a wild area. At this time Geener's logging road ~~had had~~ ~~not~~ ~~been~~ ~~put~~ ~~thru~~ ~~to~~ Split Creek.

As we hunted in the area of the cook house we separated for a time. I heard some sort soft rather high pitched whistle. I answered. I sometimes thought I got a response - I suppose no one in my family unless it were Warren could whistle loud enough to talk about it. Maybe in hunting and working with Barney we'd got started communicating in such a whistle. Well after a while I heard a whistle - a one note whistle not over a couple of seconds long. I answered and got an answer. Then continued answer came closer as

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we came closer together. We were never far apart except the jack pines made it seem far.

I discussed with Al the whistles I had heard. Some small birds mimic whistles. I'd hear a whistle move quietly for a ways and the whistle would come from another direction. The fact the whistle seemed to come from different places and different directions would seem more likely a response of a ~~bird~~ bird.

Elk sometimes "bark" as Barney called it. It was a sudden short abrupt loud noise. It was no doubt a signal to other elk when danger was noticed by one of the herd or bunch. Whether it was given by a cow, a bull, young and old I don't know. I would suppose by an adult of either sex.

We walked along one road ~~to~~ diagonally running ^{south} ~~not~~ east and saw piles of chips or shavings from hand hewn trees. We saw one small pile of hewn trees that the hauler had missed and left sitting in the woods. It was amazing to notice how solid the wood was after so many years.

We'd seen proppes laying along the Buffalo R. near Ryberg's cabin. These were presumed it seemed from absorbing so much water over a long period. Windfalls usually had bugs working on them. Sometimes we'd tap out ax and cut into large rotting logs near camp to find the big white "gnubs" wood worms that chewed their way from the less decomposed or solid wood parts of such logs and stumps.

At times around the mill one might hear a grub chawing away in a piece of wood. On a quiet morning when the mill was shut down one might notice the constant browsing sound.

So it was surprising that ties had remained solid ~~is~~ parked in a small pile maybe (a dozen of them) for over 20 years and being so well preserved.

We walked on along the road. It was real well defined in some places. We heard a low rushing noise which seemed strange to us. We came to where we could see an opening beyond the trees. The noise became more intense and steady. Near the edge of a huge deep gorge or canyon we saw several piles of chips - from hemlock ties. They had been gathered, piled with slash in compliance with Forest Service requirements. To see these piles were burned. Usually in the fall after rains rains had dampened the needles and strokes and cones on the forest floor - even following snow in more accessible locations they were burned. Traches were used as forest cranes moved them a completed cut over area and burned the slash.

Even these piles low to the ground from years of sitting and holding up to 8-10 feet of settling winter snows were solid chips of wood though gray with age. We approached the edge of the canyon. The steep banks dropped at more than 45° degree angle - at places almost vertical to the bottom of the canyon below. Little vegetation grew on these slopes.

An occasional bush, a stubborn tree by whose partly exposed roots held a clump of tundra linn

to the steep sloping ravine with a tenacity that formed an outcropping of earth where all the surrounding rocks and soil were eroded to a plane matching the general slope of the canyon walls. These occasional trees were scrubby pines or firs whose anchor-like roots produced sufficient for a scrubby existence with little symmetry and twisted knarled branches that would never be honored for a Christmas tree or transplanting to a landscaping yard.

Occasionally in these woods one would see a low shrubby evergreen - Warren called a creeping spruce. There was one such plant existing alone near the old winter road between the 1st and 3rd crossroads. It appeared fern like.

This was the first time either of us had been to this place. I don't know that I'd even heard Dad or anyone talk of it from above. Across this south fork canyon of Split Creek South's had operated their first saw-mill after having come there from Roundtop, WA.

We looked across and on the rocky almost nude steep bank rising to the east we saw the reason for the tumultuous noise we'd been hearing - the rushing of a water fall. Water fell from the plane above the canyon less than 20 feet into a pool. From the pool it cascaded again and again over rocks to the canyon floor far below where it joined the north fork of the Split Creek.

We enjoyed this experience immensely, the wild of this area. Few men had visited here. Even fewer knew the falls existed. We found later that

This particular year a spring was running in the bottom of Tread Canyon - that didn't run every year - & good sized spring - but one

ever fewer believed the story of the falls seeming large enough that the roar of the water was audible at such a distance.

At some time when Dad hauled ties he and mother and maybe George Muir & his wife liked to Split Creek Falls for a picnic. Dad remembered it as a pretty place with ferns. I don't know if they climbed down from above and crossed the ravine or if they walked up the rocky boulder strewn creek bed and rock slides from below where the road went up the main split creek canyon to a road that went on top to the old mill set.

Well anyway this year that Al & I stumbled onto the falls - drawn by the sound of the falls seemed to be an unusual year, we had to move along the canyon rim to several points before coming to one where we were nearly directly across from the falls and where we could get a real good look at the expanse of the canyon. It seemed enormous. We hadn't realized that I. P. had such a canyon.

Bamey had regarded the Split Creek Falls as a little trickle of water running down over the rocks. We were excited about it. I'm sure I returned subsequently with Dad to show it to him. Also Al and I returned - but upon returning - even in the spring of the year - the sound of the falls was not observed prior to reaching the rim.

We walked around and snooped at the old cabins. The roof was completely caved in on ^{one} ~~one~~ end or half. The other end had been more recently occupied. We had learned that

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Ed Ryberg had used it as a line shack on his winter trap line in past winters. It certainly was crude but it did provide shelter. I cannot remember any type of stone existing there. And at this time Ed may not have been trapping in winter time.

On one occasion Al and I stood near where the road descended from this plateau ~~to~~ ~~for~~ ~~below~~ on a steep banked crest and observed two hunters working their way slowly up a heavily timber draw below. We didn't speak. We heard their voices as they walked. We had spent many years hunting and seldom saw another hunter. These two passed by us without ever seeing we were there. We descended on the road to near the creek below where we cut over some shallow ridges to the south and came out below the buckberry hill. Barney had a favorite pole patch in this area. He built a road into it making a circle thru the patch and leaving on the same road leading back to the rocky driveway.

On another occasion Al & I climbed to the point and canyon rim via the old section to driveway - Once on top a road to the left goes maybe 1/4 mile west to the cook shack. Walking to the canyon rim we heard no sound of water and we had to search to find the falls. Finally we located them little or no water was running ~~in~~ over the falls. There was a stream in the bottom however which ran from the south. We covered a lot of

ground again and headed south paralleling the rim for nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. Below we could see the main canyon or draw with the stream flowing (running) stopped at a sort of box canyon. That is in the very bottom of the ravine or draw there rose up a virtual perpendicular wall of rock, maybe ³⁰⁻⁵⁰ feet high. The rocky rugged draw with rock strewn somewhat in the manner of a rock slide on both sides continued as far to the south as one could see. The rims on both sides were covered with timber.

Each time we traveled to the rim we enjoyed distodging windfalls and large rocks. As they tumbled far below they set up a roar all of their own. There was a cloud of dust dust arose and the distinctive aroma of rock clashing against rock. Some of the trees slipped tip just over the edge and the nearly perpendicular wall hid them from our sight after falling a or sliding a tree's ~~length~~ length or so below the rim. But the sound continued to ascend the slopes as other rocks and rubble were loosened far below where the ~~so~~ unmistakable sound of rock rolling against rock continued to come back to our ears.

Finally we left the rim and turned westward expecting to return to the area below the dog way. We descended a rather steep hillside on a west slope but not before going thru endless (what seemed to be an endless stand of small 2-3 inch dwarfed jack pine in thickets so dense crossing thru them ~~was~~ ^{was} very slow requiring

going around some clumps, climbing over bent over and fallen trees lined among the standing. These really were as thick as you'd find. The soil seemed shallow beneath them. Growth was retarded because of the density of numbers of trees. Also little sunlight penetrated these stands. The lower limb up to the crowns died off - again due to lack of sunlight.

It was a relief to leave this vast thicket and as we came down the south slope we were walking on soil with more ~~dead~~ ^{organic} matter and capable of generating more nutrients for plants as well as cover against erosion. We walked down grade for over $\frac{1}{4}$ mile passing some young Doug fir of sawlog size. As we neared the bottom it opened out ~~on a~~ ^{to be} flat.

We explored it and found it was a basin. It seemed surrounded on all sides. As we walked thru this area the trees were beautifully matured. The grasses ~~were~~ ^{were} tall, above ones knees; timothy was among them. It appeared the soil was enriched here. It hadn't been eroded away and it was evident that the moisture within the basin was higher than most places where one would normally log.

There was no evidence of stumps. The trees here had not been cut over. It was appealing as an area for houselogs. Trees of the right size and quality and dense. There was a lot of undisturbed down timber also. Several lying crisscrossed several high in run of it. We left it

on the west than a small opening in the edge of the basin rim. This area was wide enough for a wagon road. In fact, there had been a road there ~~some~~ ^{some} time but no evidence of logging was seen. Along this route out of the basin it seemed low as if we were walking in a dry ~~river~~ stream bed. Water easily may have flowed that way during run off and left the basin as we did. There was evidence outside the basin of a deep wash that followed the road and the section to dig way off the mountain with deep washes around the obsidian boulders.

Much of the rock on the ~~road~~ ^{digway} appeared to be crumbled or ~~at~~ broken from the larger rock present here. It was mostly black with a trace of brown obsidian. Not clear as ~~flint~~ flint but carrying aggregates of small size that crumbled and was strewn across the surface of the road as ~~sand~~, coarse sand.

One single trail could be followed along the dig way where game trailed and kept a track open. It followed the line of least resistance by cutting from side to side to avoid the deepest washes and the ~~highest~~ windfalls that were too ~~close~~ ^{high} off the ground to easily cross over.

It was a lousy area. We shall always remember that discovery. A ^{shallow} ravine followed west of the road more than half way down the dig way. Part way down on the east was a large rugged ~~hillside~~ ^{hillside} dipping an outcropping of obsidian rock and a bare

spot visible from the road far below. It was like a small rugged box canyon but very very short as it extended into the mountain to the east the rest of which was covered well with bushes and trees.

Faithful down and near the bottom of the digway there was a nice patch of grass. Several acres on both sides of the road where again deep rich soil was covered with a heavy growth of bushes huckleberry & twin berry and some others. This road led on out thru past the twin cabin and past huckleberry hill now to the west and joined the other fork below a skidway and the rocky dig way of the other fork going to Spirit Creek, maybe to a place known as Central cabin.

One of the treasures of hunting in I.P. was the exploring. So many many traps no game was spotted. Sometimes game was seen or heard or tracks were found but very seldom did we connect. The discovery of the country was the compensation in many ways - yes of course, those times that game was taken were the highlights. But they are not the only things to be remembered from the hunt - the tramps into the woods.

One subsequent year - probably in early summer Al came to the mill with Johnny Collette from I.T. We took a light lunch. Both Al & Johnny carried mail in a city route. We drove up as far

As we could climb and then walked, we crossed thru the huckle-berrie patches not ~~as we could climb~~ yet with ripened berries. We climbed the section 6 dug way. Some where above the rim and slightly east of the falls which perhaps were running only a trickle if that much we ascended the canyon going was steep. One had to walk carefully to avoid turning an ankle or losing footing among the rocks on the slide areas. Climbing out the other side we chose an area with larger rocks. We would step and jump from rock to rock. Occasionally we'd walk amid boulders touching side and balancing ~~as~~ with hands as we ~~walked~~ picked our footsteps over smaller stones beneath.

We stopped occasionally to catch our breath. The heart beats fiercely in climbing at a swift and steady pace. Johnny got his bandana out and wiped his brow more than once. Above the east rim there seemed to be a gentle upward slope to the land. Shallow ravines lay parallel to our travel as we walked it seems for many miles. Finally we decided to turn back. The aim of Al and Johnny had been to try the fishing at Buffalo Lake, a land mark on maps, a place heard about and never seen, a place out of the way where supposedly fishing would be good in unspoiled and virgin waters. We were tired when we got back to the car. It was a rugged climb back across the canyon. The stream at the bottom we crossed by stepping from rock to rock

without getting one's boots wet, Johnny carried a fishing pole broken down.

Later I asked Coach Lowell Biddulph at Rieke about fishing in Buffalo Lake. He said fish would winter kill in such a shallow lake and unless planted yearly it had no fish. Being so remotely located within Yellowstone Park it wasn't likely stocked.

So we would not have caught a fish had we made it.

All often hoped for a good place to hunt or fish. One time he heard at the post office of good hunting in Pocatello. Well I arranged to go with him. He drew on a special early deer hunt. He talked to people that had hunted the area. He had maps provided. Being a special hunt it was necessary to check in. We left IT very early in the morning - maybe a Fri. at Sat when I was not in school. (at Rieke)

We went south west of Pocatello, we made our way from the road side up a slope toward a higher timbered hill about 1st light. As we carefully made our way along side by side or Al slightly ahead of me since I was not allowed to carry a gun we heard movement on a north slope ahead of us. It was heavily covered with fir and quakers. In the first light we were able to discover a cow and calf elk that noisily made their way over the ridge in front of us and disappeared. What an exciting moment to come upon game

in less than 200-300 yds from your car. But Al's tag was for deer. So we watched them disappear but not without the excitement of shots being fired into the hillside above us from below and across diagonally to our left.

Later in the day we spotted a deer, just below where we'd seen the elk. Al shot - the deer fell. We went to it arriving just as another hunter approached. He'd been shooting also and figured the deer was his. The deer laid there still breathing. They began to discuss whose tag would be put on it when it suddenly bolted to its feet and ran away.

It was terribly dry and with so many leaves walking was very noisy. Finally we drove to another area. Patches of aspen and fir and appealed to us as likely places. Once we saw a deer disappear into an aspen thicket. I stayed on the outside and watched from a brush sage brush flat while Al went into the aspen thicket. The deer came out when Al went in. When Al came out the deer was back in and other hunters congregated and we left. As we drove over a road from one patch of timber to another we topped a ridge just as a good sized spike bull trotted leisurely across the road not 50 yards ahead of the Crysler. In open country and disappeared in the nearest patch of aspen.

Finally we started for home. We stopped and watched a huge antlered bull making his way up a bare ridge (treeless) to the top of the highest peak in the area. It was

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the kind of a hunt where you feel if things could have been just a little different. It had been a day to hold an elk permit. But had that been the case chances are we'd seen more deer & less elk, the spike that crossed the road ahead of us never turned his head toward us - just trotted along.

A nice sized elk herd had been developed from stocking these mountains with some transplanted animals by the Game Department. The winter range was probably limited, and elk would have of necessity been forced down close into ranches and towns for winter browse. But some of the areas around Poestello were not noted for a lot of deer snow.

In Coche Valley near Logon a winter feeding grounds is maintained for elk. Even sleigh rides are provided for right ~~seems~~ see-ers out onto the feed grounds to have a close look at the animals in winter. It is a popular service and P.R. for the department there.

So a controlled hunt with drawings held annually was the result of a build up of animals on this watershed. Then along came some smart lawyer it seems and dug up some notion that an Indian treaty long before had given Indians unrestricted hunting rights on those lands. In a few years there were no elk to be found on that range. The talk was for a few years summer as well as fall - elk meat could be bought cheap on the Ft. Hall reservation, this elk management area was dead.

Bear Stones -

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

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

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

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

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

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

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Beers -

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

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

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

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

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

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

We headed for the upper camp at Split Creek.

Bears.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bears

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

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

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

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

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

Bears Bears

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

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

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

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

Beams

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

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

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

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

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

Bears

mystery to me as any of the others.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Blews

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

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

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

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

Bears

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

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

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

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

Bears

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

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

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

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

Beams

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bears

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bears

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

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

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

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

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

Bears

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

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

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

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

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

Beans

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beams

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

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

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

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

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

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

Silently it disappeared. I looked - I strained

Beams

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

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

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

Bears,

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bears

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beers

other item in the junk heap.

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

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

Bears

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bears

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

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

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

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

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

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

Beaver

Warren may have continued to go there occasionally and obtain the beaver.

Warren placed his bear trap at various locations.

Warren claimed to like bear meat. I ate some which he cooked once. I didn't normally eat or enjoy liver. I felt this certainly was as good if not better than any I'd previously eaten.

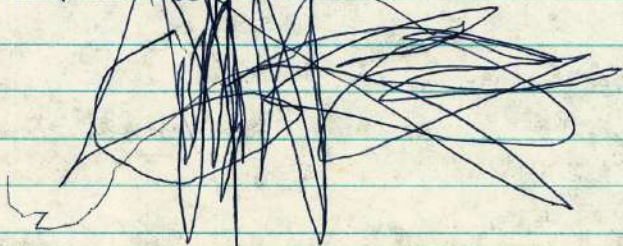
Today I wouldn't want to eat bear's liver. It may be that these carnivores - omnivorous creatures are subject to tuberculosis. As such there is a chance that it could be transmitted thru the meat especially the liver and especially if not fully cooked.

Bear sightings

Beaver trace on the upper part of the section G.T.'s eating lunch when a bear ran past followed by a grizzly.

Some of Gene's crew drove around a ~~to~~ beaver and treed a bear. By the time someone came back with a gun it got down and was holed - An old Swede cutting for Gene up on top opened his door and started me out on moving to find a grizzly on his park (a young one.)

One crossed the little flat one day on a high rope as Dad drove in from the highway into the mill from the valley.



Beavers.

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

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

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

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

after 1955

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Bears
~~from~~

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

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

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

Other Bear stories -

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Bears

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

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

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

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

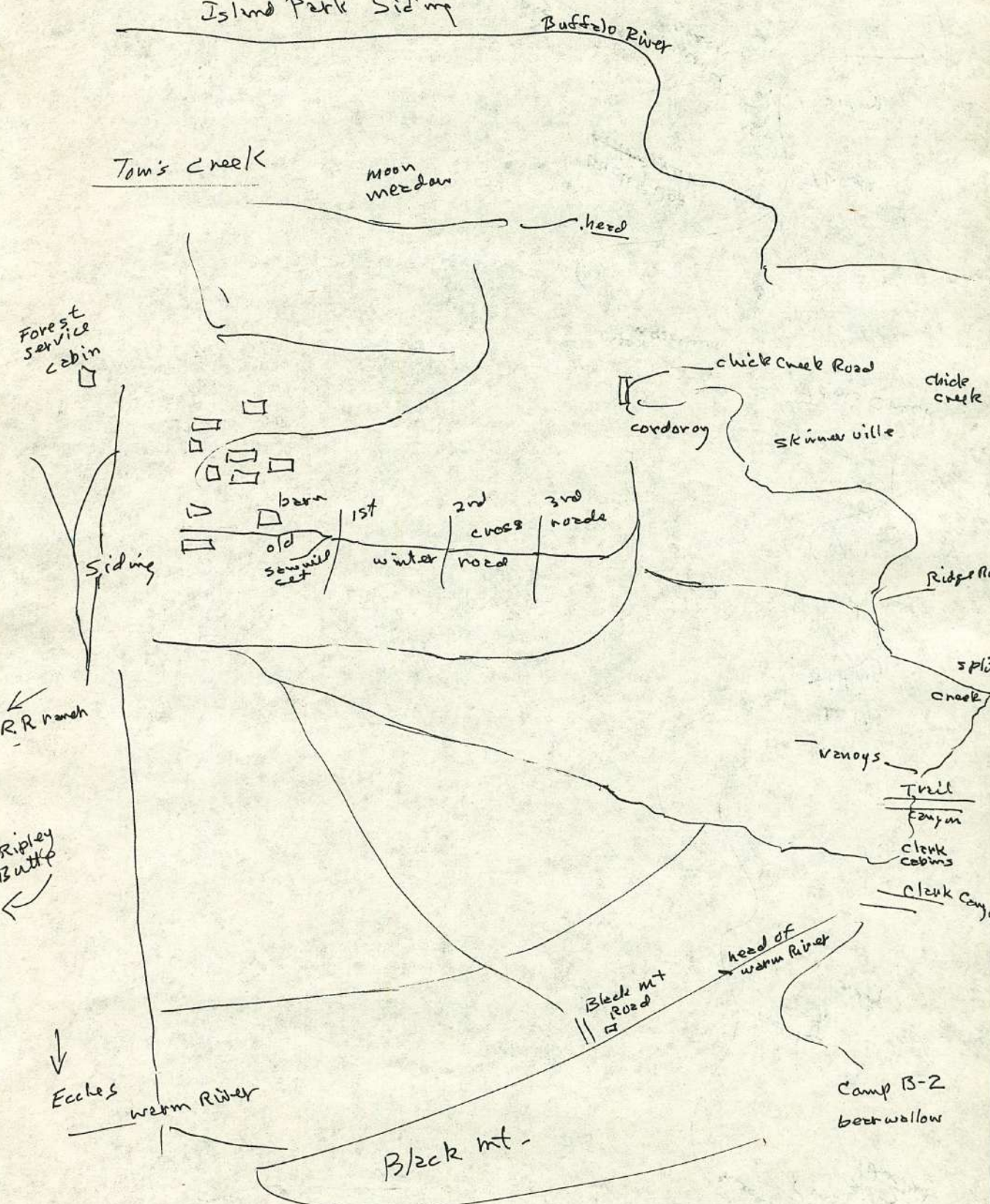
Osborn Springs

Pineview
RR water tower
u.s. or state
hatchery

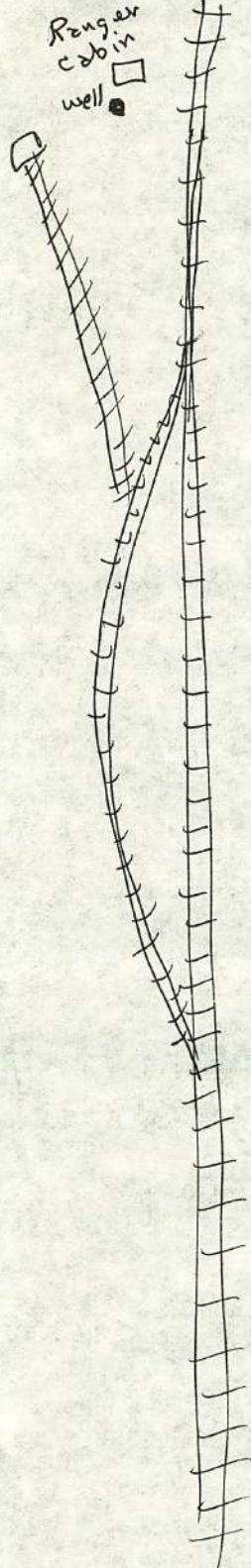
Garnett

← warm River

I P map II
Island Park Siding



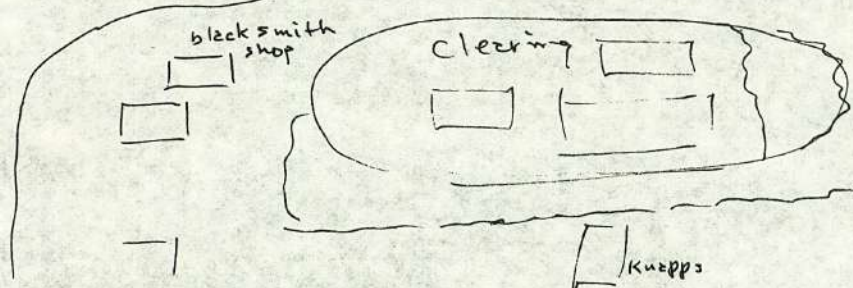
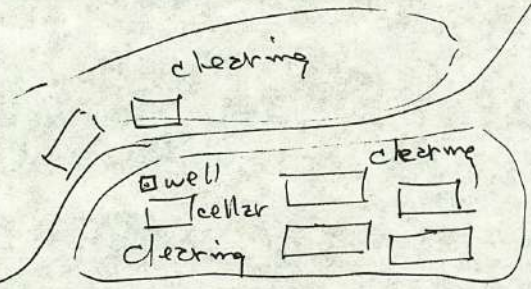
I P Siding map III



Ranger cabin
well

clearing
claudia's cabin

To moon meadow



school house

Kuepps

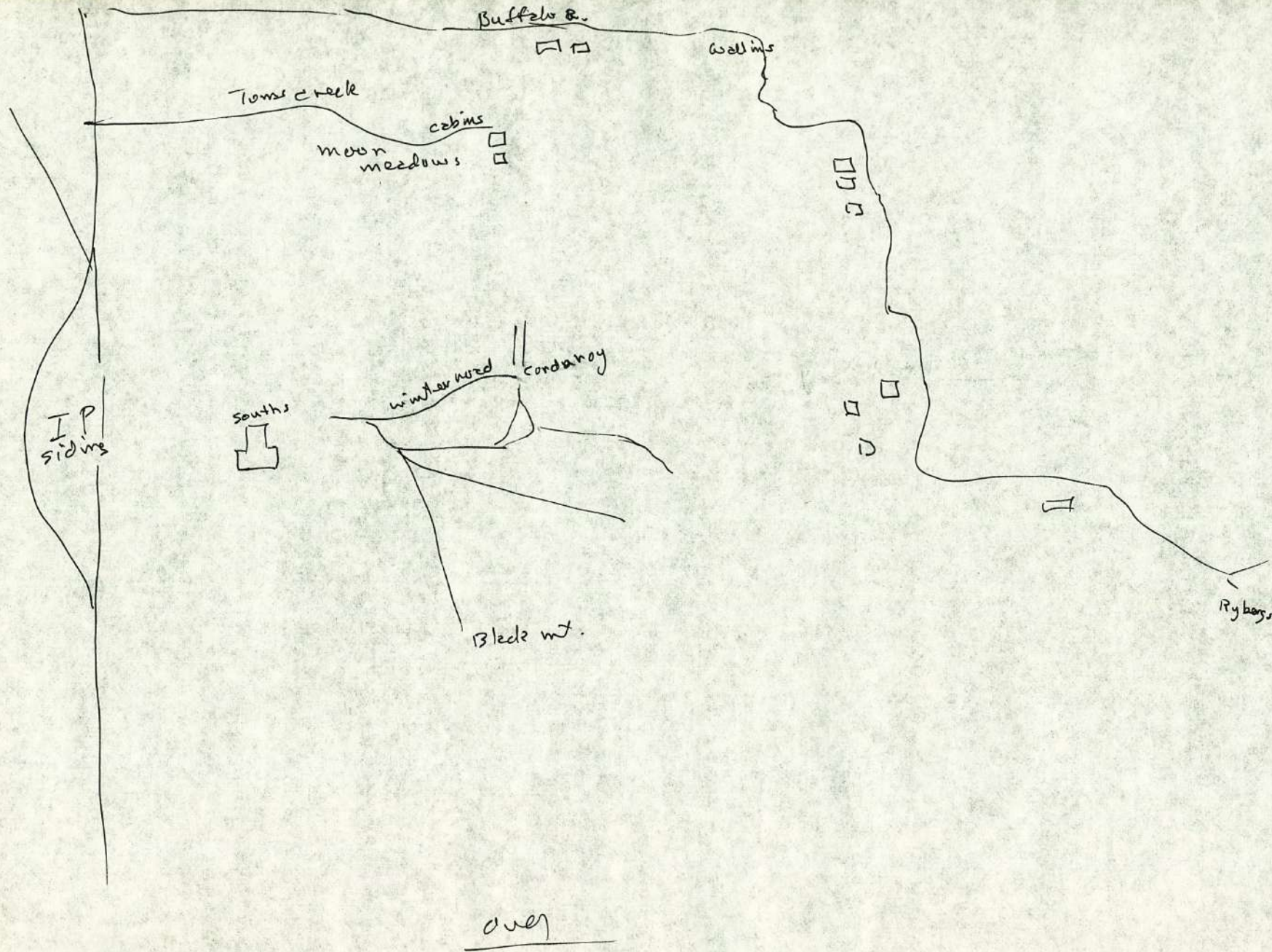
Al Smith

South
well
bunkhouse



cabin

Ren's house



over

Trail canyon

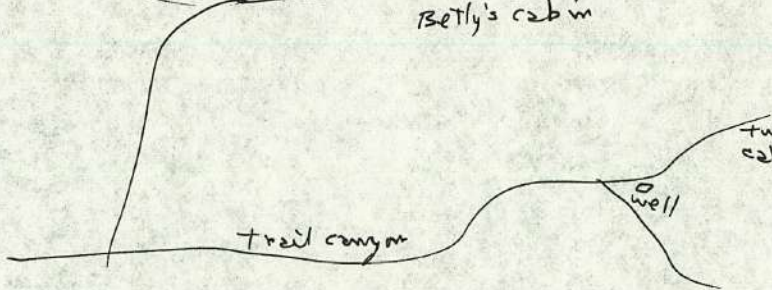
Skinnerville cabins

split creek



old moe

Betty's cabin



trail canyon

well

twin cabins

section 6 cook house