

The Memoirs of

Bernard Elden Knapp

Early Memories Pt 5

(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

Cars

1st Ford a 1935 2 door with 65 horsepower V-8 engine, traded with Al for the Western Flyer bike with the wide steel chain handle bars.

I paid for the front bearings and rings. Al put it together, Barney came and towed it with the truck and helped get it started running after the over haul. One section of the steering wheel was broken out from one spoke to another. 1/4 So I put a steering wheel knob on it. It used to slip out of 2nd gear under compression a common thing in floor shifts with much mileage. It used 160V X 16 tires. It had wire spoked wheels. I had a cardboard in the window on the passenger side for a long time.

The second car I bought was from a guy down near Telegraph Park, a 1939 (late model) Ford. I went to Sears and got a heater and installed it in the car. It didn't give out a lot of heat. The tires were all S-3 or S-4 - they were second grade tires from the days when tires had been rationed. They checked badly and the rubber was of inferior quality. Dad finally wound up dumping it some. I don't know just what happened to it.

Dad's 1936 Chevy was a nice little car. On one fishing trip to I.P. Dad pulled in and complained to Barney that it seemed hot. It was out of oil. Dad had had it greased and an oil change before leaving I.F. Barney figured the garage may have failed to refill it with oil after the oil change except he wondered how Dad could have gone that far. The garage didn't stand behind it and I believe Al overhauled it and

Cars

2

maybe put in new pistons - rings and valves and inserts.

It was never as good again. Barney figured it had a very nice little engine.

Sometimes when someone would pass by the house (we'd be sitting at the kitchen - Barney would say what a nice sounding engine the model A had.

In Charlie's South's country Days Wanda Moore was driven in a model A.

Then I got the '41 De Soto. I took a liking to it. As we passed by the Highland Park maybe going to see Glen Harding I saw this 2 tone 41 De Soto in a vacant lot near a basement house. I checked one day with the people in the house. The man worked in Sears and had another car. We had to get a battery to start it. He finally cooperated. It took a period of time, maybe close to a year went by from the time I spotted the car until I had the money, maybe \$350 for it. Well it ran. Having sat for a couple of years it was skeptical of it.

It had overdrive. It had a fluid drive transmission. This was the forerunner of the automatic transmission. It had a clutch. You used the clutch to start the engine ~~and~~ ~~not~~ while it had a high and low range, and reverse. If you drove on city streets you could start in high range and it would shift twice. You could down shift to a passing gear with the accelerator. It really revved up the old engine when you did. It wasn't an engine you could rev up and enjoy the sound. It revved a little but not for that -

Cars

the heater and defroster that worked were enjoyable. It could actually run you out. You had to turn the thermostat on the heater down some. It had a spot light.

A night if your speed went above a certain speed 35-40 the color on the speedometer changed and above 55 or 60 it turned a reddish color. And you could change the intensity of the dash and speedometer lights. It had a courtesy light when the ~~doors~~ ^{doors} were opened.

The paint was faded and it wasn't much to look at. But it was a fun car for me. It was heavy and wide and low. It didn't take to going to the Buffalo very well. It had good shocks and was pretty smooth on the road. At times it would chunk down on chuck holes pretty hard sounding but the seat had a very soft thick cushion. After riding in the jarring trucks where my neck would ache and hurt this car was pure comfort and didn't even hurt my neck to drive it.

When I went into the Army I left it with Dad and he drove it. It served him for several years and he liked to drive it. It had a big tank.

1935 Ford

Al moved back from Burley. He bought a couple of lots at 550 Cleveland across from the park. He put up a cinder block house. In the front room they had a large picture window, and the bottom was only one or two blocks high, then he poured a cement slab floor and carpeted it. Later he built on the the east of the house and took out the window and made that opening a garage door.

After he finished the house he took the V-8 engine out of the Ford and tore it down. It was laying in a weed patch next to his house on the west. When I came down from I.F. to go to school he told me that he would trade me the car for my bike. He was working for Ernest Terry, a plumber in our ward. So he didn't have to go far to work. Ernest often drove past and picked him up. At one time Ernest had al as a counselor in the elders quorum.

So I paid for the inserts for the engine and the rings. Al assembled the engine and got Barney to come over and pull it up and down the street until it started. It was a fun car to drive.

take to I.P.

" to Rick's

Barney 1st got Federal time -

Thelma quoting Dusty Rhodes -

The Ford would still be running when the Federal was in a junk yard -

after I got the Ford going I drove it some. I remember going out 1st street, maybe to Paul's folks place once. Mother and Laine were riding with me. It had the window glass out on the door on the passenger side.

It ran good. It went zipping over bumps like railroad tracks and bridges, so it took your breath.

I went to Ricks and took the entrance exams but didn't register and enroll. I remember a lot about orientation, I was glad to see people I had heard Al & Mary talk about. Dr. Bennion, Doc Murrell. at an orientation assembly in the 4th ward chapel the faculty was introduced. The new faculty too. Theron Atkinson who was a student when Al was there was the librarian.

He said he thought Ricks was named for Edna Ricks, they told a joke on coast Biddulph. He worked in Yellowstone in the summer. One day he was being chased by a bear. He came to a canyon and his ears he caused him to just sail right across safely to the other side.

Then Dr. Bennion told of a young couple who went to Yellowstone on their delayed honeymoon. She expected soon, a bear came up and reared up placing its feet on the windows of the car.

She was very frightened. She became concerned that ~~she~~ ^{the} ~~might~~ the baby might be affected by a ^{hint} ~~mark~~ mark or a characteristic of the experience. Sure enough when the baby was born it was born with ~~the~~ "bear feet".

When I chickened out of going to school I went back to Island Park and worked the rest of the fall for Barney. I got to be there during a huckleberry season and also go hunting. I didn't see any elk or deer or get any ~~the~~ shooting in that year.

Winter quarter I registered at Ricks. I moved into a basement with Richard Brinkman and Keith Larson. They had gone to school all fall but expected to stay in Reksburg during the winter. After I got signed up for some classes and I wanted to take industrial arts and then found out that I couldn't get the classes I wanted because in winter quarter you needed prerequisites that were taught fall quarter.

So I was discouraged. The shop classes were taught in the area of the air port. It was a long walk clear up on the hill away from the college. I wasn't impressed at all with Hunt - the shop teacher - he was Eddon Hunt's nephew. So I decided to withdraw from school.

But before you could go get out of school once you registered you had to go see the president. Pres. John Clarke talked me into staying. He was a great president. So I stayed. I took some other classes. I took a basic drawing class - (art) from Oswald Christensen. I took a basic mechanical drawing class from Hunt. I took P.E. from Ralph Mangan. LaVar Thomock was in this class. He was from Bancroft. He was a raw boned kid. We boxed and wrestled and played volleyball.

35 Ford

4

I probably had a science class from Oswald Christenson. I took a religion class on *Life + Letters of Paul* from Bro. McCarey.

Keith and I were in a basement kiddie cornered from the 4th ward chapel. There ~~was~~ were two boys in there from Leslie or maybe Idaho. One was a teeny - the other was Bernard Tew.

Keith complained that these guys all ate two meals food. So he and I looked around and found an empty apartment. It was in the last house on that street going east and on the same side of the street. It was a ~~new~~ white frame home. It belonged to Brick Parkinson and his wife Dorothy. We could come thru the front door and go down stairs just off the living room to a basement room. It had a bath also. We could go into the ^{laundry} ~~study~~ room and exit out a basement door.

We were given the privilege of going up stairs and studying in their living room. Keith had an alarm clock. He was good to get up and cook an egg for our breakfast. When we were in the ~~Dorm~~ basement next to campus someone had a ping pong table set up, a girl was lined up stairs with the family and help take care of the kids. Keith and I convinced the land lady that it was too crowded and we couldn't get enough studying in. In his case it was perhaps two.

We went to MIA in the 4th ward chapel. I took some Social Dance class from Miss West, the girls PE coach - a BYU graduate. We danced to music on a record player in the gym.

There were so many boys in the class that

she assigned the boys to come every other class period. I was assigned to a Heilerson gal from Teton. She was going steady with Glen Dalling and could have cared less if she danced with anyone else. So I didn't have a partner most of the time when I was there.

I did attend the matinee dances. They were fun. But again boys far outnumbered the girls. It was a hard winter - 48-49. We rode back and forth on the greyhound. It was a long walk from the hotel down town where the bus stopped on College Ave to Parkinsons on a Sunday night. We'd get to Rexburg about 9 or after. The snow got so deep that they abandoned the road in front of the college. The snow stayed drifted there for several months.

Keith and I walked to school over a road where snow drifts were piled high 4-5 feet over side walks.

One night Covert came home from a ~~ball~~ ball game and a big yard. He could only get within about 2 blocks of his house and had to walk home. Next morning he got out and we helped him get his car unstuck.

We often tarded their boys Jerry & Brad when they went to ball games at night. Jerry was 4 or 5, maybe six. Brad was 2 or 3.

One time Brad jerked a fork in his hand while sitting in his high chair and it hit his mother in the eye. She was in the hospital in IT for a few days. Mother went to see her once while she was there. Her eye got alright. When we would come home early like 4 o'clock to

35 Ford

6

baby sit we'd usually be invited to a very nice home cooked meal.

One evening Keith and I got into a pillow fight. We were having a bash. But guess it got a little noisy and coach opened the door from the living room to ask "what was going on down there?"

We listened to B Y U games on their radio from KSL sometimes. I was always interested since Roland Minson was playing.

One morning on a Saturday I decided to go to home. I went out and took the canvas off the hood of the Ford. It was parked facing north on the east side of their lawn next to the curb. That week it had been 37° below zero in Sugar City. It had been cold all week.

I got in the Ford - pumped the gas pedal 3 times. Pulled the choke all the way out and went and put the crank in. I turned the crank. It started on the 1st crank. I ran to the car and pushed the choke in half way. It thought me that trick to start it. It started every time.

I bought one used or recycled knobby tire to put on the right rear. I figured most of the snow would be on the side of the road next to the shoulder. I never got stuck all winter after I got that tire on.

Once toward spring it developed a problem and I had to put a new fuel pump on it. It was some car. There was a lot of people at Rich's I got to know and enjoy -

One was Marlene Armstrong from Lost River.

35 Fund.

Our student body president was from Ammon. Dale Goodson. a returned missionary. He once gave a talk in a devotional that I've never forgotten. He told how the rivers Euphrates, Tigris etc in the old testament could be similar to the river system in the western American continent. So that before the flood and after the flood there was a similarity and Noah named the rivers as he'd known them on this continent before the flood.

One time in P.E. coach Mangum was demonstrating a hold in wrestling. He got Le Van Thomsack on the mat to demonstrate. Later Le Van said he felt like a baby against the coach's strength. When we boxed in P.E. he said I don't want anybody punching or I'll put the gloves on with you.

There were two ping pong tables in the building. One served as a ticket table to the front entrance to the gym. The other was in the boys locker room.

I had had some paddles for several years. I had a set. I brought them up and put them in ~~my~~ P.E. locker. I learned to play P.E. Keith taught me to play. A prof Coburn who taught physics and maybe some math & chemistry liked to play. He played with a kid from Sugar City. We'd play doubles. One day Keith and I had much good luck we beat them. The tables were of necessity very sturdy built. The net too was wooden. And if the ball happened to hit on the edge of the table it was impossible to return it. In this particular game we must have had a half dozen such shots to aim. It made us look better than we really were.

35 Ford

8 ~~10~~

We did our mechanical shinning in the same room where sometimes Keith did his biological science lab. They had an auto class in the room.

I often waited for him there so we could walk home together. I met Prof. Herb Ford. Later I took classes from him. He offered me a lot of encouragement in my art work. I did mostly charcoal work in the art class that winter.

I did two pictures of the moose (can't call) below Coffee Pot ridge. And a snow scene with a river, a cabin and trees with the moon shining thru some clouds.

In the spring term we stopped living in Rebling and decided to commute. I drove one week and Keith's dad let him use their car a 1938 Ford on alternate weeks. His car had hydraulic brake and a manifold heater.

Richard Binkeman rode with us that quarter. In the spring I took my 1st class from Wendell Strucki - Fields and Fielding. We need a text by the same name written by Robert Morrison. He made us work. It was his class and influence that helped me decide on a ~~major~~^{major} in Gen Agriculture. The first class quiz given in the class I got 100%.

He claimed that if students got 100% on a test it was not a measure of their total potential. So he'd have to make the next ones more difficult.

Glen Dalling was in his class, and he was Glen's bishop in Sugar Creek City.

35 Ford

9

In the P. E. class there were returned missionaries. Some seemed quite old, I took a Book of Mormon course from Emil Mouton, His final test was a ~~real~~ real one, we were all amazed when a returned missionary Hyrum Andrus from Thornton got 100% on it. I took Ed. psychology with Keith ^{Hyrum} from Bromberg, He was Pres. Emaitus, It was a real class. If you didn't get anything out of your reading you didn't in his class. He loved to lecture and tell stories. The basketball team was a good one and Coach Biddispeeth behaved in a high scoring game for the fans. The team averaged over 60 points a game. The gym was the best around. The state tournament was held in that gym for eastern Idaho.

They had a good bowling team at Richs. Lorene Richs was one of the nicest and most friendly upperclassmen I know. She was somebody at the college also. Her Dad, Peter J. Richs was a state president for a long time in Reikling. He'd been an acquaintance of Dadi.

She was up in the Valkaries club and also a girl athlete at Richs. She had a steady boy friend that she married later. He seemed overly aggressive and never went to Richs - he must have gone out to work. Maybe to Jenkins had a family business awaiting his graduation from high school. He was Rick Parkinson's basketball player.

In the spring I took the Ford to I. P. This was the year that Gene started his mill. Cooley was gone that summer. In the fall I sold the car to Barney. He turned around and sold it to Cooley. After about a week Cooley wanted Barney to take it back. But he'd treated it pretty rough.

like driving it over the rail road grade ^{crossing} so fast it would jump in the air. He treated it rough. So he took it with him when he moved back to Udon.

Burdett, Jim & I and Sharon went to at least one movie in Axtion in it. On the way home I was a little sleepy so we opened the windows and the vent under the dash. Jim complained of the cold. Burdett said would you rather have it a little cold or run off the road.

Udon was not a car I didn't have a dimmer switch. So we cut off the hi lo and flipped them back on again. Most people would dim their lights - if they didn't we couldnt do much about it. Our beam was bright enough to hurt anyone else's eyes.

After Barney ~~so~~ bought the Ford I didn't have a car for a while. During that summer between Rigby and Udon a rod went out while Burdett and I were coming down on a weekend. I got Blair Hammond to sell me a used engine that he had and I soon had it running again. The rod went right out thru the pan.

It was a pretty light built car on the back end. Al put a sort of shelf on it and tacked cinder blocks etc on it. It had a solid heavy duty bumper that would have been heavy enough for a truck.

It had a little rubber bladed fan that worked as a defroster. We covered our legs with a quilt when we drove it in the winter.

Wheels

1

One fall Barney got 2 old cars. a green 4 door Chevy about 1946-47? And a Dodge (green also)

Barney and David each drove one. they had them all to themselves. ^{Barney} And drove one - David the other. They went around and around the camp. Barney had some riller. Occasionally one would get ~~go~~ grounded. They had tools in them sets of wrenches. They'd drive up to the beam and part and all around.

The next spring Barney got two trucks. One was a 1947 Chevy long bed. He put a small 5th wheel wheel on it, it seems. It had a three-speed brown light trans.

The other was an army 6x6. It was shiny dark. When I finished school that spring at Rick's and arrived at the mill the trucks were there. Dad was working for Barney again.

The first trip to the woods - up Starb Canyon as we pulled out from camp Barney was ahead of us in the Chevy. I drove the Federal and Dad was riding with me. Barney had a tiered up from his wood in I.F., Linden White. Barney & David each had two (at least 2) cushions, maybe 3-4 inches thick. One they put behind them and one underneath on the seat. We'd see Barney bouncing along thru the rear window of the cab. The trailer on the Chev was a new one probably built by Al Holmes. It like the Federal trailer had vacuum brakes. It was all I could do in the Federal to keep up to Barney. When we got to Vanoy's Dad urged me to take an alternate road and get

Wheels

in front of Barry before he got to the hill road. There was only about a quarter of a mile to do this. One road had been graded and the other, an old road, (original) went parallel but thru the timber and had some puddles. Well there was no way we could get there before Barry did. Dad figured he'd hit a tree for sure in the timber. Well he went on ahead. At some of the bumps you'd see his hat as he bounced up and down on the cushions.

We got there and Dad was amazed he was in one piece.

Because of Dad's weight it always seemed especially rough on him to ride over rough roads. He really appreciated it when you slowed down for rough places so as not to jar him. Most people of less size and weight may not be able to appreciate his position. More than once his hat had his head hit against the cab too.

So he often rode with me. He didn't mind riding with Barney. That day in the woods after the loads were on all the trucks I doubt the boys drove the loaded trucks in. But it wasn't long until they were driving both ~~ways~~ empty and loaded.

Dad eventually was riding with the ~~boys~~ ^{boys}. He probably never reached the point where he felt Barry drove as good as David. David would drive slower than Barry and Dad thus favored his driving. He did have to admit Barry was a good drink-fast, but good.

wheels -

3

David drove the army truck more at first, they liked these trucks. I don't know that they really drove the old cars much after that. They were both parked in the clearing behind Ali's cabin and were there for some time. The Dodge may have stayed there after the chassis was removed.

When the Rumby was pulled out of the mill shed by Gene on his International bulldozer it was towed to the entrance to this same clearing.

The boys got a lot of experience driving. Burdett didn't drive a lot, Paul Walker probably drove later on when I went into the army. Dad drove the Federal at times.

The Chevy we used on the road. I hauled to Arima in it. It was fun using the Brownie Brown-lite 3 speed. In over you could come down from Henry's Lake Flat about 70 mph. In over drive the speedometer was probably slow, with the slack in the steering and the uneven narrow highway - well - it was enough to consider the guardian angels were being worked over time. It would almost fly.

One trip over Bear Gulch (I ^{as} always stopped at the top and tightened the binders) as I neared the last ~~as~~ curve I misjudged my speed, at the bottom you could drop out of the lower gear and start gaining momentum for the climb out. You started down in compound, near the bottom you geared up. But this particular trip I went into high gear too soon. There was still

It never really ran. It timed out the engine was shot. It had had some rough use. I bought a new engine for it. I worked over the hydrostatic (hydraulic) motors (transmission was one " motor to each track. I traded it eventually to David for a D-2 cat that was overhauled at our school diesel shop in Provo. David got it on a track. It had been with water in a flood. maybe the Rexburg flood. Then I sold the D-2 to Ken & Jim.

David had a kid burning weeds on a potato farm south of Provo and he drove it into a gully and started some weeds on fire. It wouldn't start up and he had to leave it. It melted down the aluminum bogie wheels and was just a pile of melted metal after it ~~had~~ burned. Of course the gas in the gas tank as well as the butane tank being used ~~for the~~ ^{the} ~~weeds~~ ^{weld burner} were burned in the fire too so it was an intense fire.

Later David & Barry got another.

Barry once took the tracks to cross a swamp in I.P. and it just barely rode the surface - starting to break thru as they went but always staying on top. Gary Colwell & Kim Anders were amazed at it and Barry.

In snow it didn't go as fast of course as snowmobiles but it could stay up in deep fluffy snow where the regular machines would spin and go down. The kids loved riding in it of course. We took it to the sand dunes. The kids loved it. The problems with the ATV is the uncertainty of the things running or quitting. You could never tell when they'd just quit on you. The kids liked them. They could both be controlled from a single control. Once I stopped at the Poestello place for help on it and the hired kid - a young married man was from I.P. His dad worked for

for the forest then. He'd lived near IP Lodge this
Dad was Bob Crabb - a friend of ours.

We got talking about hunting moose. Oh that's no
fun. Just like going in a pasture & shooting a cow. Was
in some places in IP residents would have seen a
great deal of moose. Next to Scitell a lot of moose
would have moved across the edge of the meadows
at Henry's Lake and along the streams available there -
is Henry's Lake Outlet. So you could see why he'd
think that one yet if he'd get on the trail of a moose
he'd find out getting up to one on its trail to be
quite a different story.

I remember when Al drew his moose permit. We
hunted & hunted. We jumped a cow & bull ^{below} ~~above~~
where Split Creek divides and goes to Stimsons and
sinks into the flat on the opposite side of the Knoll.
We tracked them across the flat to where they went into
the timber at the cowdunay. There we met some
hunters that had got a moose. We figured we'd jump
them out of their bed and ran them into these other
hunters.

Finally Al got the only one he saw - a calf
wandering around - an orphan it seemed about the
road between the town creek burn and the spring.
It seemed to be Al had to ^{settle for} ~~take~~ the calf. For the
\$50⁰⁰ drawing fee it wasn't any bargain for the meat.
But fortunately he had been other hunts.

While at Robertson, Wyo Al heard the story of
an old trapper that came up missing. When he
was found dead not far away ^{lay a dead} ~~from~~ a bull moose
and his hunting knife lay in the snow nearby also.

Car

Dad's model T

In Goshen when Grandpa Hale came to ride in the front seat - the rest in the back. Occasionally maybe Al would ride out on the front fender.

We used to go fishing in I. P. Barney had a coupe - maybe an Olds. Al would ride on the fender straddle the headlight on front fender. Sometimes 2 people would ~~ride~~ ^{ride} on each front fender. to Butter-milk-rapids.

Dad once got real unhappy because in a motor boat on the I. P. reservoir giving a ride to Dad, Al and I - Barney turned the boat in a tight circle and it leaned or tipped to the point the water was only a few inches from the side. Neither Al or I could swim.

Once in Goshen I rode in Dad's life in between Mom & Dad and reached over and pulled the throttle lever down on the steering column and made it suddenly go faster. It was funny sometimes - but I couldn't do it anytime I wanted I was worried about that.

We pushed on it and blocked the wheels with rocks on a ~~bad~~ ^{steep} hill in Montana. In the back seat there was a particular whim from the power train that is rather unalterable and yet nostalgic - with reclining in the back seat at night and the flashing beacon lights west of the highway from Stelly to T-F. And the feeling of ~~some~~ centrifugal force when turning a 90 degree turn or when ~~steeply~~ ^{droop} ~~droop~~ ^{droopy} ~~droopy~~ ^{droopy}.

Dad takes me to Goshen store. One day run out on lawn at Foster and Dad drove off without seeing me - I felt so bad and cried and cried.

after moving to Reensburg the Model T was left in a shed or garage behind Mrs. Mc Kinlays. Someone took it out and made a trailer or wagon of it. Some other items stored there came up missing also including a home movie projector Aunt Finnie had given us.

The next summer in I.P. I rode with May, in their coupe and a model A Souths had. Ren & Ruth had a Buick Car which Dan could drive. Ren hauled with an international truck. It had its own sound which international trucks seemed to retain for quite a few years.

I drove it once or twice when Dad was getting out a set of dry logs for our house in I.F. Ann & Al got to move it up in the logging road usually.

Dad got the 1936 Chevy. It was a nice car. He was delighted it would go up over Bear Gulch in high gear.

Bamey started me driving the 37 Ford truck on the flat one day when we were horse hunting following tracks. The horse got out of the electric fence pasture.

Then later after the war to get the 47 Federal. It seemed a deluxe model.

I traded Al my bicycle for his 35 Ford and paid for the bearing inserts and rings. Al put it together and started it for me with Bamey's help.

One trip down from the mill during the summer a rod went out thru the side of the pan between Righy & Alcon. We hitch hiked to I.F. I called Blain Hammen and he got a used engine for me and towed it and put in the other engine.

Car

3

Al got a ^{tan} 1940 Chrysler. If it wasn't Riv. Wil Call's old one it was a similar model. Al liked it, the 4 door used to take the folks on many trips in it. Later he got a white newer model Chrysler.

I sold the ³⁵Ford to Barney. I looked at a lot of used cars, I loved the ~~old~~ line of the 1940 Fords I looked at some at car lots. I got Barney to test drive one with me. I guess it left some oil behind. Finally I bought a 39 green 4 door Ford from a guy in I F near the Rose Park Cemetery. I had it for a year or so, then Dad used it after his Chevy engine went out on him.

Then I got the 41 De Soto. It was nice. It ran nice. I left it with Dad when I went into the service. I used to take it to the De Soto dealer near the old subway in F-F. This guy really knew De Sotos. He helped me out with it several times when I had problems. I drove it my senior year at Richs. It took me on a few dates and on a couple of field trips and to the R Day activities at Heise.

I drove it on leave in November just before going overseas to Germany.

It had one fault. Sometimes if you wanted to shift gears you just had to move it in the opposite direction or the gear would not shift.

During my leave I picked up Mary Ann Hensley whom I had met fall quarter at Richs. She was enrolled in the nursing program. I first noticed her playing tennis at the college tennis courts. She lived with an aunt in the student housing (married barracks housing) called the lambing sheds. Her Aunt Russell had a son, and daughter Ellen both attending Richs.

Cars

She was a widow and an old girl Anna had married Wendell Stueck's oldest son Rodney. Any way this year she moved into the married student housing which was consisted of rows of army barracks placed end to end on the east and south east part of campus. On Viking Hall (men's Dorm) was also made of old barracks and other units were situated on the college hill further up to the south.

So one night I picked her up at the nurse home in F F between the hospital & inner and next to the temple. She had been in the program 4 quarters counting summer.

We went to a movie and I parked headed east on about B street just off Park Ave. We went to a movie probably at The Paramount theater.

When we came out and got in the car another car had parked bumper to bumper against my rear bumper. I had left it parked in reverse. I couldn't get it to shift out of reverse unless first I could get it to roll back - even an idiot or two would have done it. But it wouldn't budge backwards. The car behind had set its brakes and I couldn't budge it. It had shrouded several inches while we were in the movie.

So I said "well I guess well have to walk". She thought I was pulling her leg. She grabbed the gear shift lever a column shift automatic and she really put a lot of pressure on it. She wasn't going to be put on. Well I finally convinced her it was really true. So we got out and walked east $\frac{1}{2}$ block to Park Ave. and down north one block to the Post office.

Cars

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From the pay phone inside the post office I called a cab and it took me to the housing home. She had down town, we made it on time with a little to spare.

We played a little ping pong. She wasn't too shabby of a player, then I walked down town, maybe took a cab. But it wasn't a long walk, when I got to the car I started it - let up on the clutch the car behind had been driven away by this time. It backed up of course, just a few inches, 6-8 at most and then I could shift it into drive gear and drive on home.

These few days had to be some of the happiest ever in my life. The last movie we attended was The New Desert Song with Kathryn Grayson and Gordon MacCrea. It was a great musical, the next day I went to the train to Salt Lake where I explained and flew to N.Y. city, there with some other guys on the same flight we took a taxi ride past Grand Central Station - Central Park, Madison Sq. Garden and across a bridge to N.J. where we reported at Camp Joyce Kilmer and were processed for Germany and then went by troop train or bus to the dock and boarded a troop ship where we passed the statue of liberty on our way out to sea.

When I was mustered out of the service I had a three day pass to use up. Norman Reese and several others of us went to Denver and got a hotel, I arranged to get a car - a 1949 Mercury 4 door. 3 out of 4 or 5 of us got cars. Fendel Roundy from down around Escalante and one of his friends Helden Oyler from southern Utah, and I guess Melvin Cattam Fish from Pinta Utah, were with us, all the LDS boys on the ship.

Cars

USS main base had met aboard regularly on our trip back across the Atlantic and got to know each other pretty well. Some of us pulled guard and others K.P.

After arriving at the separation center we happened to get behind an unusual group of men. The Army had started a program to upgrade the troops by not allowing certain RA personnel to re-enlist. Probably based on I.R., and service record and record. Many of these guys were older guys. Like the old saying goes. They'd been busted (in rank) more times than we (drafties) had days in the army. And it took the army a couple of extra days to process this bunch. They moved slow. So we were given 3 day passes and told to come back on Monday and be processed out. It was nice. I met a Charles Gonzales there. He had been in our Fiesberg bunch assigned to Finance Div. His wife became seriously ill with leukemia and was rushed to the states to a hospital. His boss, he was a tipjit, a colonel arranged to have him sent along side of his wife in the same plane. Then after she died he finished his time in Camp Rarcon.

He had a car and drove us down to Denver. We each paid him for the trip and picked up our cars. Norman Reese, Mark ^{Brown} Anderson from Thornton and mother Anderson from Rexburg and I came home. My Idaho license had expired while in Germany. I was told I couldn't drive in Colo. So one of the other chows until we got to Wyo. We toiled off our chow all night. There was one person that knew an insurance man who met

Cars

us and sold me Preferred Risk car insurance. Probably a Colorado license, I hadn't had insurance previously in Idaho.

Romona got off at Ft. Hall where a sister from the post office, we all had duffel bags and a wool bag no doubt. The Bakoun boy's parents from Thornton met us in I # at the folks place. It the car performed well on the trip. It had overdrive. I liked it and enjoyed it - until as boys seem inclined to be - I grew tired of it and saw a newer model that looked good to me.

I was enjoying the car. I had had it in Logan then back to Riche. One night at the basketball game I saw a (noticed) a nice little brunette that seemed to be always seated at a certain place in the bleachers and always alone. I got busy and found out who she was and got a chance to take her to a ball game or two.

She turned out to be from Digge. She was a sister to Zelma Miller. Zelma had been a home coming queen once at Riche and married a Band from Rigby who was a hot shot athh athlete. He appeared to show an air of believing that at least La Mon Band.

Romona attended several ball games and a few other activities with me. One night on the way home she hired about 2 blocks up the college hill the car got stuck in snow just a little too deep and wet. So I got out and pushed while she drove. I was very impressed that she could drive so well. It was a stick shift with overdrive.

She finally was being hustled by Harrison

Cery

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Bonus. Her Dad had been the seminary principal at Ammon for many years, Harrison was in my Freshman English class the 3rd year I attended Rich - my 1st fall quarter there. He was a real goof-off-play boy - But had gone off on a mission and returned during that time. Some of my friends figured I should be able to beat his time. Another said well she'd have to have a returned missionary.

In I F after coming back from Logan I met a girl in our stake. She was in the 5th ward. Her mother worked with mom in the laundry at the temple, Vauna. So I took her on a date or two, I double dated with Marie Wright my old Viking Hall roommate at the tri-stake tabernacle dances on D street or E street near the hospital.

I double dated with Al & Paic once to a movie in Rigby. One night she sponsored an M.I.A. party at her home. Her father had worked for the railroad and in Montana and then died of apparent poor health. Her mother came to I.F. She was related to the Dalbridge from Logan City. She'd been raised in a cold spot in Montana and dated very little because there were so few LDS there. At the party someone opened a door to the alley and a cat came in. She nearly got up and walked over the couch to get away from it. It seemed ridiculous, I never liked cats real good but I could stand to touch one.

She took after her mother as far as being a heavy boned person and one that would tend to be on the heavy side. She wasn't petite and pretty.

Cars

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She was nice. Soon after going to Reifberg and enrolling for winter quarter I found an apartment and moved up there. After that I attended church there in the college ward on Sundays usually. So I went to Reifberg on Sat night or early Sunday. I started dating there, Romona first of all.

Uonna felt real bad and wondered what she'd done wrong. I stopped going with her because I knew she was feeling pretty serious and I wasn't. She dealt with someone from I F each day and was never there for MIA activities or ball games so we saw very little of each other. Then about the end of the winter term I met a girl at a college MIA dance that delighted me. She was in the nursing program and had left to go to the I F nursing home but she and some girls had a late pass and just drove up to Reike for the fun of it and to look around.

Well I danced with her a few times and arranged a date or two. Then Rex Bateman came home on leave from the Navy and stayed with Mennie. I got her to line us up on a date. She got two other nurses and I came with Mennie & Rex in Mennie's new Dodge. We had fun. She got a little good natured state from the other girls following the date. Rex with his crew cut looked half bald. And Mennie was at least 10 years older than I. So she was accused and accused me of living her friends up with two old men. I kidded her back and I was really older than Rex.

Well Shulene Cook was from Tetonia. Her mother was post-mistress there. Adelin Cook her father was her legal father but not her actual father. She had two younger brothers

Cars

and Adam was the father.

She was really bubbly when she wanted to be. She'd been around enough she was not in the least naive but none the less no alley cat. She was pure sophistication. She was sharp. She knew what was going on.

I took her to Al's & Louise on at least one occasion. She was well treated there and they enjoyed her. She seemed to enjoy them also. It turned out she was writing to Doris Johnson. He'd been in Viking Hall when I was and was in Halland on a mission when I was there too. He had an older brother that lived in the basement house at Cleveland & High in our wood.

So she enjoyed getting out of the nursing home but finally came to the point of getting her feelings and attention over to me in a rather negative way. Maybe it was a little difficult for her and it was a let down for me. She was the 2nd one in my acquaintance that was something special. The influence was always there.

At Al's we ate ice cream and Lou piled it on. Karla was 2 or 3 and just talking good. Lou caught her with the scissors and her dress off and she was about to remove one of her little nipples. Her mother asked her what she was doing and she replied. "It's no good to me."

One night I went to the Rio Theatre and I had taken a small piece of a card board card that mother got at the temple. They use stick cardboard. They were handy to use for writing notes. They were about 4 or 4½ x 1½ or 2". About the same

Cars

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thickness as a stick of gum, Al probably put me up to this - but I cut a ~~stick~~ out the cardboard just the same size as a stick of Wrigley's gum. Then I removed a stick of gum and wrapped this in the wrapper and put it in a full pack of gum. After being seated in the theatre and removing our coats I got around to offering her a stick of gum. I pulled it part way out of the pack. As soon as she took it I hurriedly put a stick in my mouth and very intently watched the movie as I chewed away. Of course my attention wasn't on the screen - out of the corner of my eye I saw her place it to her mouth. Then she looked my direction and she saw me chewing my piece of gum. For just a moment she wasn't sure - then she exploded to my delight with her laughter or chuckle and a solid fist to my biceps. She was a good sport.

She said a few things to me that I guess she may have picked up in nursing that night that made her sound a little mild had I not known her well enough to know what she was really made of. She was genuine and loved having fun and could act too.

Well the time came when I felt my old 49 Merc wasn't up to counting such a nice gal so I found a 1952 two tone green. It had dual carbs and dual exhaust, It had some chrome hub caps and it sounded cool man. So I started driving her in it. It was a 4 door sedan. It was a smaller car than the 49. But it seemed to vapor-bee. This was embarrassing.

Car

Did not make me feel too neat in front of a girl stalled in traffic on a hot day. Finally I remedied it by going to a carb shop on 1st street and trading it on a conventional. Later I found out the real problem was a rubber fuel line had been put on that was not for gasoline and it gradually disintegrated and small chunks of the black rubber would ~~not~~ break out of the hose and plug the needle valve.

Anyway it ran better after a change but it was like trading a carb worth \$300 for one worth only \$100. After the hose were removed and regular gas line connections installed it no longer stalled in traffic. Eventually the one dime went out but it turned out to be a fuel in the system, when I learned that it was easy to fix, then one hose wire beneath was taped and it was okay from then on.

When I went to I P Warren & Beth were there for a short time working for Gene mostly on clean up. I had helped Mary before we moved to the mill clean out the apartment house, when Barney's estate was settled. She got that old house on Ada. Among papers etc collected in tall closets from renters for many years we found a photograph of a very hefty girl. She was 300 lbs maybe. She was standing next to a horse - probably an average 2 or 3 year old saddle horse colt. I kept it back from the garbage and fire. One day in I.P. I whipped it out of my pocket to show Beth. I said "See my girl friend. I expected she'd laugh and think it was funny - especially

Cars or pretty hard to tell which one the horse - the
 after I said - pretty hard to tell which one is
 the biggest and chuckled. She remained serious
 so I left off. Beth was a large girl but
 nothing like the one in the picture. Once
 later Laine told me that she and Al had
 seen Warren & Beth and she told Beth in
 describing Shirleen that she was a little on
 the heavy side. And compared to Laine this
 would have certainly been true.

Well after that I got to thinking maybe I'd
 meet someone that knew the girl in the
 picture and beside we shouldn't make fun
 of someone who is handicapped - especially in
 ways over which they have no control.
 Well I did get around to telling Beth it wasn't
 really my girl. But I don't recall she ever laughed
 about it.

The time came when Shirleen invited me to
 her home to meet her family. It was very
 cordial. The parents certainly were friendly.
 We attended church in their ward. We
 visited in the front room while her mother
 Martha and her sister, ^{Margery} Bates helped
 in the kitchen. Her husband, Loren turned out
 to be an older brother of Stephen and Donald
 and the others. He was a seminary teacher there
 in Duggs at the time. They were all cordial. Her
 dad farmed or ranched near Tetonia. The post
 office adjoined the house.

Her mother had been to Wash. D.C. to
 a meeting of postal people and Rep. Rosenhamer
 had spoken to them. She was not really
 very much impressed at seeing him in person.

I never had a better meal. The biscuits were the very best. Then they brought on home made ice cream. Shuteen said don't worry about giving him some ice cream. You should see how his brother fills it on your diet at his house. We returned to the nurses home that evening.

Once I attended a dance there with her. She was a little cool toward me. This lasted for several dates. Then the last time I took her there in an afternoon she asked me not to walk her to the door. And ~~that~~ that was maybe good by.

There was one other trip to Puget on a week end when she really didn't want me to come in when we got to her house. She just wanted to go in and have a talk with her mom. So I chopped her off and drove back to Rexburg. On the next date - she asked when I had time I got back to Rexburg. I told her, I wasn't long. Well you must have been really cold.

So it ended. By comparison she was head and shoulders above anyone else I'd dated or knew to date. She was beyond compare.

It's undescrivable even to this day. I always hear about infatuation. But when the entire result of the association aims out the best in a person not just at good manners etc in the presence of another person but there's an inspiration felt - a lifting of values - a spiritual like turning as well that persists - well I wonder, if that's it then infatuation would be great, if it lasts.

Cars.

Wese I spent a lot of time with David, Barry & Steve. We drove to West Yellowstone to movies. We took Dad. I guess Mary declined because of the younger kids.

We saw the Giant, with Rock Hudson & Liz^{Elizabeth} Taylor. I'd seen her as a child star in a horse movie - her big premiere movie perhaps National Velvet - An English setting. Al often recalled one scene where a little boy came down the staircase rubbing his eyes and drawled out - "I didn't sleep all night"

We saw Pat Boone in a movie about girls - He sang the song "Love Letters in the Sand" Also. Well know all you people - "I almost lost my mind - when I lost my Baby - I almost lost my mind. I sat right down on the ground"

And a song about how they'll turn the other cheek.

Dad enjoyed the Giant. The house and I went to Ennis, Mont. to see the old sheepman, Dan Bara a couple of times. He'd talked to ^{Barney} Barney about his gold dredge. If Barney had lived he may have put the thing into operation. Dan had had someone fly over his place with a plane and geiger counter. He felt it they could get some uranium along with the gold it maybe could be profitable.

On our first trip - this was in the '49 there we couldn't find his place before dark and slept in our sleeping bags off to the side of a graded dirt road on a hillside with some scattered Doug fir. The next morning we inquired of

a kid on horse back and drove on in to the ranch. He treated us well. He let us snoop around the chedje, that was interesting. It was like a ship. It floated on a pond. It dug its own pond as it went, the tailings went out the back and the new stuff came in. It had a chain with scoops or buckets. A creek ran water into the pond it where it ran out again.

Before the war this chedje was taking about \$10,000⁰⁰ worth of gold out in a week. The second time thru the tailings the amount of gold recovered almost matched that of the first run. When the war came along help got scarce. They shut down and the power company came in and removed the line. (telephone) power poles cut all.

So it would take a bit to start it again. It was in bad disrepair. We gathered an old eroded dish of sand from the sluice boxes and took home. The only thing the kids took out of it was some drops of mercury.

If Don started up again he didn't have a mechanic that knew machinery very well. Most of the people in town he said had worked on it at one time or another. Also when they ran it muddied the creek and he figured the people below would squawk about that. He had a big old barn where he could keep a few straggler sheep in if he needed to.

He had a hired man there. He wasn't very old but he was a chain smoker and acted like he was an old man in appearance. He didn't act like he knew too much about Paris affairs. They had a boy & girl to catch the school bus. It

Cars ~~the road~~

Came near their gate or out to the main road less than a mile.

The first trip Dan was away. They made us feel to home - gave us an empty bunk house to throw our sleeping bags in and invited us to come in to the house and eat. He had really dolled up and wore a pretty and slightly bold dress. I always figured she didn't dress like that for regular meals, I felt a little self-conscious.

We went to movies in Ennis 2 different trips. Once a movie with Joan Collins, an English actress in which she wore a mean bikini. The other movie Count Three & pray with Joanne Woodward. She was great, the greatest. Van Heflin was also in it. We talked about it for years. In the first movie someone ^{exclaimed:} "Colder than a polar bear's foot print."

In the second Joanne was an orphan and had stolen a chicken and prepared it to eat. Heflin was a self-appointed preacher. He said the blessing on the chicken, when he finished she said - Does pray'g on it make it unstolen.

Then when he was accused of living with a girl and being ~~com-um~~ unmanly he felt she was just a child and treated her as such. There was an inquest by a traveling priest from higher up in the church. She said to him in the interview - If we've been living in sin how come I don't know about it?

It was a cute movie.

In Ennis if we asked for Dan we'd be told he usually hangs out at the silver dollar.

The judge had a better time by way/cool.

Cass

I suppose they had some wooden sidewalks, we went to a garage once and while waiting noticed a wood stove built of a 55 gal. barrel. The stove pipe went into another barrel above that one and it had a smaller barrel or round pipe center at least - hollow like a doughnut from end view. Then a stove pipe out of the top of it and to the ceiling. An old car fan was fastened to a bracket behind the opening and was powered by a small electric motor. When turned on it pushed the air thru the length of two tubes or down it out into the shop. The idea seemed real good and great.

We passed one stream it seems. There were a lot of small cabins and we figured the guys were all mining or panning at least. Dan's place was just over the hill from Virginia City. And the creek on his place came from snow above and on the mt top. It was white capped.

Dan eventually died. He'd come to the U.S. from Romania as a young man and seemed to have no heirs. His estate went to the state of Montana.

I used to tell the boys I had such a strange feeling in those little strange towns that it almost surprised me when strangers began speaking to me in English. I expected a foreign word or words to come out.

We passed Hebron Lake. We passed another little lake - maybe Red Lake. Barney had taken the boys fishing or duck hunting there once. There was a campground along the Hotel

Cov

Madison River. It was along this route that the earthquake caused the famous Quake Lake to be formed and roads, camp grounds and lake became such a hour story as part of the Yellowstone fire fighting park quake.

We saw a couple of osprey at one lake.

Benny once accompanied some other scouts to the Glacier Nat. Park which was far beyond this point in Montana. We saw deer along the highway on at least one trip on the upper end of Hebgen Lake.

Dave's ranch was just across the mountain from Virginia City. So it seemed that the gold bearing gravel beneath his ranch had the potential of being quite big. I guess we secretly hoped that somehow Dave would be interested in someone doing something about the gold on his place and we'd get a chance to find out more about it, but no one ever did apparently. He had some nice hay and meadow land that we saw from the derrick, the dredge and ~~trap~~^{area} of tailings were only a short distance above his barn making it look like a rather regular gravel pit. The dredge still sat in water but didn't float. It was metal and had hatches below the deck similar to a ship. parts of pipes etc had been disconnected and thrown about. Likely it would have been more feasible to start over than repair the old one. It must have been pretty inefficient if it recovered about the same amount of gold going over the tailings the second time. I always wondered what the gold content might be on the higher peaks and on the hillsides above the dredge. Some of it had quakers and mostly nice hay on the ranch.

Cars.

Can't remember anything specifically we did different when Dan was there than the time he wasn't it. He had sheep and range quite a ways away from here. He may have lunched here however I can't remember for sure. His ranch was quite hilly and remote, off the main county road. Dan was from Romania I believe. He talked broken English.

I drove the Merc until I finally got a VW. I believe it was a 1956 ~~7~~ model. I drove it from autumn when school started until I left on my mission. They were amazing little cars. Blain Hammond had the dealership on the VW. I can't remember if I got mine from him or from the Goodwins who lived in May's ward. I believe it was theirs or one of their mercs and they maybe took the Merc on trade.

One time while traveling between USA and home I saw a De Soto in a used car lot in Preston, Ok. There were some Knapps living in Preston. I bought this about a 1954 ~~5~~ 1954-6 4 door De Soto for Dad. It was a sort of large car but Dad drove it. It was the last car I suppose that he owned. In 1955 when I was visiting the mid east we saw many new cars. Especially Chrysler products. In Beirut, Lebanon I saw the 1955 models. They hadn't yet shown up in Germany. The '55 De Soto was my favorite new car that I saw.

Upon arriving back in the states the change in colors of cars from dark solid colors to many little lighter shades and especially two tones was dramatic. Then as Norm Reese and a few others and I were walking along the large Blvd in Chicago and saw a little VW in the main lanes of traffic almost in unison it came out Hey-Comrade!

Cars

It was amazing in a few short years how much cars changed and the impact the US had on U.S. traffic picture.

after returning from Taiwan I found a 1954 Merc for sale in the paper. The owner was a boy teaching school in IF high. His folks in SLC had selected the car for him. He wanted something newer and maybe smaller. It ran fine. It probably had overdrive. It had power seat and windows. I drove it to Piono.

I went to USA and when I talked with Linford and he couldn't even remember anything about my working on a masters degree. He didn't have an idea about a research project. Before leaving he seemed to be the one assigned to work with me. So I felt let down. I went to BYU to see some missionary friends. Mom went too and we stayed with Aunt Fannie. I went in and talked to some one at the Y. It looked promising and I saw Dick Chiu and others I'd known in Taiwan so it was easy to leave USA where I had no friends and go to Piono.

I stayed with Aunt Fannie and ate with Warren & Zora. I'd always felt Warren was a little aloof maybe just a carry-over from Uncle Jesse Hammond. But I got to know him and appreciated his wit. I was given a bedroom in Aunt Fannie's half of their duplex in Spiroville on the banks of the Hobble Creek across the street from the Kolob Stake Center.

I soon found myself teaching a Sunday school class of boisterous teen-agers. At MIA one night Boyd Hale walked past. He was in a stake meeting there. I had to call his name twice in Chinese before he heard it. Then he turned around and surprised. I was able to get the classes I wanted to work toward a teaching certificate. I was real

Cars

fortunate - Someone else had dropped out of a student teaching slot in A. F. high school second section of the spring semester. So I took the education course required plus a prerequisite the same term, and also the seminary preparation course. I spent a lot of time at the lab school at Lower Campus. It was the old By Academy in town town Plover.

I had a grand teacher in Leland Anderson an old teacher that had started in the church and seminary programs in San Pete county. Ephraim & Mantie are ⁱⁿ there that county.

I did 3rd period in student teaching with Linford Christensen. We (4 of us teaching) traveled by car pool to Am. Fork each day. He often told me near the conclusion of the seminary year - I feel bad you had to teach this particular class. In all my years I've never had a class like this one. Some kids mistooked badly. They did not bring a pencil to class. They dared you to teach them anything. They were only ^{there} because of the insistence of ~~their~~ his mother (one boy in particular)

The biology cooperating teacher was Arlo Shelley. He was really good. He had two classes of seniors in an advanced biology class, they were taking the course as an elective and the exam of the crop was in the two 1st & 2nd period classes. The 1st half of the semester they had classes, the 2nd half they were all scheduled for reports to be given orally and then handed in.

He scheduled the top students first. Each took one class period. They were good and other than calling roll I did little except listen. The students selected their subjects. The team was spent on human biology - Emgenice actually. A wide variety of subjects were included. Some of the outstanding students were

Cars

Marcia Barnett. (pronounced - Marsha Bennett) When I first called the roll I pronounced it as I would have the same as my cousin Marcia Johnson, Aunt Lella's daughter - so I was really surprised when they all laughed in the class. She was student body secretary and ~~in~~ ^{at} their spring awards assembly she won well over 1000 - or maybe 2000 of scholarships.

Lynard Christensen ~~was~~ ^{ann,} the oldest daughter, was in the class also. They all liked me well. One time I attended a dance and danced with some of these students. I wasn't a good dancer and I sure didn't know how to dance with the teen music of the day. Another senior was David Farnon. His brother Donnel had been my missionary companion in Keelburg.

On my first trip to visit Aunt Fannie Dad with Mom Dad stopped and met his mother and also Eble Johnson's mother at Clinton, near Ray, Utah. Dave may have been the student body president.

The sophomores in biology were into botany and the latter part of the term they collected leaves and identified trees. We walked on field trips. I didn't know one fruit tree from another at the time. But Shelley was an excellent teacher. He had no real discipline problems. He had some character in his classes also. We went ~~out~~ ^{on} one field trip in a bus up A.T. canyon to a fork in the main road. Some of the kids families lived ~~at~~ ^{at} the summer homes up there. We saw a bunch of deer in the trees along side of the road coming back. He crossed the creek above place and showed the kids a cave where he told them some of their parents used to come and party when they traveled the canyon with horse & buggy.

He tried to encourage me to date Marcia B. Stewart an outstanding student. She wasn't a real attractive girl but she was fun from ugly. She was a very pleasant person however and the valedictorian for me. He told me if he were young he'd sure be going for her.

He told me I looked young enough that I could get lost among the seniors in the hall. So he had me select some slides and spend one day with each class showing them something of places I'd been and things I'd done. So I took a slide of my mood and some of tannin.

He was an excellent cooperating teacher. My supervisor from BYU was Dr. Stanley Welch. He had been a classmate of Al's. So they visited a great deal on the one or two occasions when ~~they~~^{he} did attend my classes or visited the school.

They talked about the famous ^{late} Prof. Wentz in the Zoo Dept who had inspired more students to go on to get Master's degrees than any other prof probably in Utah.

When the teacher evaluation forms came to Mr. Shelley he gave them to me and said fill them out in pencil then later he went over them with me and marked them in ink. He said I tended to be conservative and marked myself down in some areas and he made the changes in ink. Rather than mail the forms to the teacher education office he told me to take them in. When I handed them to the secretary, she looked at them and exclaimed "why, you're not even supposed to see those -" I said, well I filled them out. I guess that made her madder. But that goes to show how those that know and care do things in a positive way.

Cero

One has to understand what real good does it do to evaluate a person and not let them know where they stand. Mr. Stelley worked on week ends and in the summer as a ranger or guide in the Timpomogal area. It was a second job he'd had for a long time. It was a late spring. It snowed many mornings when I walked to school - even in May at least once but the snow never stayed on the roads during that winter. I seldom ever drove on a snow covered road that first year.

Finally school ended and I went to IP for the summer. It was different now. Dad worked there. Bary had left on his mission the month I got home. Nov 1960. David was married and lived at Lamm Dale a subdivision south of Lincoln between first street off the Amman-Lincoln road. He was superintendent on that subdivision under Cortez-Christensen. May - worked in sales with a real-estate license for Cortez.

Part of the summer my Jean stayed at the mill and cooked. Vic had worked for Bary & David and wanted a job. The next year he went on a mission. He did the off bearing. We logged over the section and what was left was cut cut off and brought in to the mill full length.

Met Dennis Cusley while walking in hall on 2nd floor of McKay Bldg at the Y, became good friends. Other missionaries and Chinese, attend the Chinese New Year at Grandview in Provo. Had a dance. Picked up Elder Ron Payne and sister Janeen ~~Boo~~ Brady in SLC and met many returned missionaries. Danced with a sister Lee from Taipei, her husband was a doctor. I'd visited her place with Elder Walker during a time we visited members trying to

activate them. Her husband allowed her to be baptized but then objected to too much time spent at the church. So she seldom came. When we ran the gate bell the ² little girl started calling big noses one tear or foreigners. She scolded them for saying that. She was a real lady. I took her to Sac. Meeting in Springville when Ebla Hall reported his mission. Arvid Finnice + Zara too went. And they invited her home for dinner. She was an elegant lady.

Dr. Ariel Balby was foreign student advisor.

During this term I met with Rick Chinn occasionally. He was a good student.

I did a special problems project in ornithology under pr. Herb Frost. I checked out an area behind Hobebe Creek about an acre and kept track of all bird activity for over 4 months. This included all birds observed in the area and maps and graphs. So the nesting stalling in the hollow holes in the neighbor elms while nesting were revealed and the most interesting bird was a long-tailed chat. The elusiveness of the bird was interesting. It has a song in call that is conspicuous but it is shy and stays in heavy woods and bushy areas where it is hard to observe. I did sketch it on the cover of my completed report however. That looked good and earned me a couple of credit hours or 1 semester perhaps of good grade.

During the one class on teaching methods from a Prof. Callahan - a crippled man but very stout and able - I met Steve Holton the younger

brother of Gary - they lived on Lemax and Emerson. He did a show & tell on stopping distance for Dr Ed minor. So I learned that with one class and a 2 hour credit one too could certify to teach Dr Ed, in Idaho schools. That sparked an interest.

In 1962 I was teaching and I noticed the 1962 Ford cars. I loved them. I saw them whenever I was in traffic. I saw one in a street lot at the tri-city Ford dealership in P.E. It was a demo. I arranged to buy it. I went to IF and got my old friend Morris Wright to loan me the ^{\$}2000- from the bank.

The Merc was getting old and I had that feeling coming on where it had rattles - noise etc and I just wanted to get away from that car. Over a period of time I drove the car. I took it home - I drove it on mileage checks. I drove it to Mona below #a near Nephi. Dennis Cowley and I were roommates ~~by~~ at the time and we enjoyed the radio. It could pick up a certain Calif. station that had great music to listen to - for hours at a time - good music.

I made one trip to IF in Merc with L Monte Bee. Also, visited his folks in Ogden. I really embarrassed him when he was driving one time and I stepped the floor board on my side. It just came outward in an instant in a tight situation in traffic.

Once I came off the Crem bench on state street and a police officer stopped me and said I'd have had to have a ticket had I been going a few miles per hour faster. The speedometer broke just about the time I saw it. It was broken at that time.

Car BYU

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One lady living in Mrs. Murren's ~~house~~ rooms had a '53 or '54 Chevy. A tree limb fell out of a tree in a late very wet snow storm and broke a branch that fell across the back window breaking out the glass. I bought this car for Dad from Bail. It was the last car Dad drove. It was automatic transmission, I believe. Finally it ended up on John Andrew's & Benson place in a next to an old potato cellar.

I finally bought the Ford demo. On the 1st trip home to show it off to the folks I left the garage in A.F. as I passed the last little service station headed for the point of the mountain north of Lehi I looked in the rear view mirror and saw a terrible smoke screen. I turned left across the 4 lanes highway into this service station. I called the garage they sent out a mechanic, service manager I guess. They'd changed oil and the ^{oil} filter had been cross threaded when replaced on it and the oil was pumping out onto the engine. I drove that far before it really got hot and smoked. Under the hood it was bathed in oil.

I drove it on after he sent back to the garage and got some oil sent out. It didn't damage the engine as far as I know. This Ford was mint green. It had a Fordomatic transmission which were a small 2 speed trans. Larger Fords had automatic with 3 speeds.

It had a small V-8. I got 20 miles per gallon. That weekend Mother & Dad and I drove to Weiser, Idaho part Boise to the funeral services for Le Grand Hall mom's younger brother

One is never sure about an engine of the a mishap. Coming back across the desert past Gooding to Area we saw a buck deer rubbing the velvet off his horns along the road, just before day light near center of the moon. The highway department had erected poles along the road so the snow plowmen could see the road in winter blizzards and in this desert region with few trees the buck deer was using it to clean his antlers of the velvet.

Dad was going to spell me off driving on the trip. We drove all the way home. Along the freeway east of Boise he got behind the wheel. He'd never driven power steering. It had no play in it. He was used to turning the wheel back and forth. All his life he'd had cars with play in the steering. So he just automatically kept turning the wheel a little bit to left and right and the sensitive power steering exaggerated this action and made the car wobble. As he tried to correct that it made it worse. He couldn't stand it and I ended up driving all the way.

We made a trip to Rexburg or Astor - maybe Parker and at Laverge the car over heated and boiled, a heater hose on top of the manifold broke and let out the anti freeze. It got real hot and striking before I knew it and got stopped. I called Al. He came to get us. It cooled down - we put water in it and got a new hose on it. It was the size of a heater hose or smaller and was only a few inches long. It was so hot - the air was hot and bubbles stamed up around the head valve cover gaskets. I never had much confidence in

the car after that. When I looked at the car a man in Spanish Fork at the Ford garage also was showing me a 1963 Fairlane - 2 door. He told me it was really a young man's car. Well I loved the 62 Ford Galaxy. It was so smooth and nice and comfortable to drive. It was a beautiful mint green color.

I had Lynn Aray & Don Shaw road test it before I finally bought it. I must have ~~got~~ ^{been} ~~it~~ ^{it} in 1963 ~~since~~ ^{but} the ~~63~~ ^{63.5} Fairlane ~~was~~ ^{were} ~~out~~ ^{already} and I bought a demo from the previous years models.

~~Drive it to St. Charles with Dennis, to meet to Bee and Esther Yarn.~~

I attended summer school in 1962, the 1st session in order to complete certification requirements. During the spring term of 1962 however I took Health 445 - the Dr Ed teaching course where an instructor is given a beginning student to teach.

We were furnished a new 1961 or 62 Chevy 4 door with standard transmission to use. We could schedule time when the car was free and other students were not using it for additional use - but prof. Don Shaw did schedule so many hours for each student and instructor to use the car for a minimum number of hours.

The car was a dual control car meaning simply that it had an extra brake installed on the passenger side for the instructor to use when necessary. In addition to driving on the street we carried some traffic cones - (pylons) in the trunk and on one of the parking lots

a painted course was marked out. Spots of paint indicated location to place the pylons for a serpentine. That was a course where one would weave thru between the cones and not hit any pylon. Also one could drive thru a figure eight and then back thru the figure eight. Also smooth stopping was tested by getting at a certain speed and stopping before reaching a painted line without squealing the tires or sometimes using a small device with a number of tubes or lengths of conduit of various heights - sitting on end in a box. A real sudden stop would ~~knock~~ cause them to fall or tip over. The faster the stop the more would fall. In a real smooth stop even the tallest ones could remain standing. The graduated lengths made scaling possible from a scale of about 8-10 units.

Parallel & angle parking were also taught. All of these things we taught our students. Some students were from India & Asia. I was assigned a girl from Calif. Occasionally Don Shaw would ride with the student to determine progress. He told me the girl was apparently staying out so late she was always ~~is~~ half asleep. He taught the students in a theory class so he got to know them in the classroom although each of us were assigned a chapter in a text book published by the AAA. I was assigned driving during adverse weather conditions. I may have shown a film on the subject as well as acted describing the important parts of the chapter in the book. When I used a telescoping

Cons Bygones

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paper (poster paper thickness) to illustrate the extended reach of stopping on ice or snow, by pulling one paper out thru a slot in the other paper to triple its length. That means using three pieces of paper.

One time I got the car out of the west end of the Smith field house and there was a pretty bad noise in it and so I took the keys back to Don's office which was up one level behind the bleachers and told him. He checked it out and took it to the dealer and a new clutch was put in. I know he was impressed, another time it seems I repeated a noise which turned out to be a water pump.

Each in the theory class for instructor 444 tend to take a skills test with Don riding with them.

I drove thru the figure eight and backed through it without riding the clutch. One other guy went all the way thru without hitting a pylon but he did have to ride the clutch and creep along. We had about 16 students at least in this class. I goofed on the backing test and hit the brake at the very first just a little sudden - unexpectedly more than I'd planned. He just said of Oh My! - Sounded about like Barney would have sounded.

I parallel parked perfectly with only one try. The rear bumper did just touch the bumper of the car behind but he didn't say anything about it. He gave me a perfect score nearly on it. He told me in class

Carey Byler

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That he'd maybe only had one driver some better
over the years he'd taught the course, he was
a good teacher. I liked him. This course like
the mammalogy & ornithology courses at USA were
~~things~~ ^{classes} that I really enjoyed and put focused more
attention to therefore received a good grade. I did
very well on the practical tests as well as my
written tests on traffic laws and theory.

at the end of the term I went home and was
interviewed by the superintendent of the Shelley schools.
I signed a contract to teach earth science in
9th grade for 4 or 5 class periods and a health
course in 2 others. I didn't graduate from there
but I had completed all the classes necessary for
a teaching major in Zoology and a botany minor.

I was going to be allowed to teach part of the
BHW driver education after school and on
Sundays. In Idaho students took Dr. Ed in
jun high and could be licensed at age 14 for
daytime driving only. At age 16 they could drive
day or night and could take a state driving
test after 16 without taking driver training.

then about 2 or 3 days later I had a call
from Don Shaw to come to Proulx. I came down
and he sent me to CUVS. We had visited
on one occasion at least as a class the
Driver Trainer Lab at this school, a Mr. Lynn
Asay taught the program there using a 16
unit simulator from Actna with case &
programmer from Rockwell. He was very
enthusiastic and invited me over. I was
fascinated and ~~took~~ ^{went} back a few times to
ask him questions and maybe borrowed a film

Care Byu

from him for the Health 10 class I had to teach the beginners.

So I saw him enough that he knew me, there was an older man in the 445 class Rafael Palfyman from Springville also. He'd taught for several years - but Utah had recently set the requirements for teaching Dr Ed to a full 18 semester course as a minor. So he was taking additional classes. I had taken some also during the summer session. One was an AVA class.

Don Show told me he had highly recommended me and I had a very good chance. He'd told Don Manson, at the time pres. at CUVS I was the best student he'd turned out in years. So I went in for an interview with Mr. Manson, then I was called back - within a few days and he told me I'd been selected - they felt I could work with Lynn well and it would be a team effort.

So I was selected over several other applicants. Lynn seemed delighted. I was started out on an hourly basis until I finished the 2nd session of summer school. I did need to complete the other requirements for a minor. Don Show helped me a great deal. He helped me go over my Rich transcript and select out courses like farm mechanics ~~from~~ from Forsyth and use it in place of an automotive course which was an elective in Dr Ed minor.

I was short a few classes and I took a general safety course by correspondence, home study from Dr. Ray Waters Dept Stansboro.

I took adolescent psychology also on campus. As soon as I was called back to

Cars Byu

see Don manson and told I was selected to look me to meet the Pres. Wilson Sorensen. He welcomed me and was very cordial. the school used 3 cars. a 1957 Ford on the parking lot only - a 1962 Chevy II, and a Plymouth 62.

their program had operated with Keith Sondorf an Orem high school Dv. Ed teacher and from Provo High Bert Asay, Leonard mckey all helping part time. One other from Provo, Clarence Mason had been teaching but was on leave of absence in Brazil building a chapel for the church on a work mission.

When the college determined to hire me as a full time instructor rather than running a program with so many part time instructors the work load for these people was cut back. However they didn't seem resentful.

Pres. Sorensen recommended me to a Mr. Blaine Winters at the state Board of Education and I was able to get teacher certification by his help even though I had to complete the same study course and pick up a few additional hours of instruction to gain the full minor.

One course was taken during spring ^{between} ~~break~~ ^{quarter and} summer school at U of U. I rode there daily for 2 weeks with Don Shaw, Polkay man and one other student that Don Shaw had in his program. This would have been taken in June 1963.

~~that fall I saw a 19~~

One day I saw a new Volkswagen. It was parked on Un. Ave across from our school at a pharmacy parking lot. It was a miniature station wagon. I grey color. It had a for sale sign in its window. I drove it. I liked it and I bought it. It was a dream car. It really

Car > BYU -

was a lovely car. The engine was in the rear beneath a deck. It was called a 1500 series. It had a 1500 cc engine. You hinged up the back window and door to get to the engine. Above the engine was a flat cover and then the rear seat could fold down and make enough room for a bed. It rode real good.

After I took it to Idaho - and gave movie Wright a ride he was excited - it drives like a Cadillac, he said. I drove out to see Blain Hammon for some reason and he ran out and wanted to drive it. It was the first one he'd seen. It was a great little car.

So I took my '62 Ford to a dealer in Oregon named Poth. He took it to the SLI auto auction and it sold for \$1800 - that was real good. I'd paid around 22-2300 for it a year before at least.

I occasionally took a special student driving in it. I took ~~my~~ I was given a 12 month contract at the school once my teacher certification was approved after Aug of 1962. So I spent my 2 weeks vacations out of my year during the Xmas vacation for a couple of years. One summer I came back from Idaho and Earl Cottam and I were assigned to ~~teach~~ team teach an adult driver ed class. It wasn't large maybe 13-15 students, two girls in the class were his cousins girls, they had been to New Zealand. Both attended BYU. ^{small}

Their family had a ^{small} Rambler station wagon. One girl was having a difficult time driving the standard car. I offered to let her drive home following class one evening. But when class was over her boyfriend showed up so she declined the offer - but asked if her fiancée

sister might have the chance to practice. So I took her in the V.W. I learned that some beginner driving at night ~~was~~ unable to see the road way - the shoulder etc may actually try to key on oncoming traffic to establish road position, this can be very scary, and requires alertness on the part of the instructor and persistence in watching ahead and to the shoulder in case of glaring headlights.

After this evening's drive there were others arranged, leading to a budding friendship - there was something very special about this association making it the third such in a life time. It broke a spell or period of time when a great disinterest had developed from discouragement and no comfortable associations were established with any girl in a dating situation.

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In 1965 I had a 1963 VW square back, it was a nice car. It had a problem with front end and tune up - caused by garage more than the car itself.

I also got a 1951 1/2 ton Ford pickup, I bought a used horse rack and put on the back. I hauled Linnie in it, and Frosty. I had both of these vehicles in Idaho the summer of 1965. Barry drove it to Idaho with Frosty in it.

I went up in my VW, after we were married I drove it back to Plover with Linnie. I don't recall. I took Linnie to J.P. to Wain's stud, King in July 1965 also.

Linnie drove the car VW to Plover with Barry Young riding with her. I came in the pickup, a couple of years later while visiting her mother Harold Winterton in S.C. I saw a 1964 cherry pickup in want ad in S.C. I went to Murray to look at it with Harold. I bought it. The seller was flat on his back with flu. He had a dealer license so he set up all the paperwork and I drove it home same day.

Several years later I called on an ad for a 1966 Ford car (sedan) with overdrive. Turned out to be the same fellow. The car had previously belonged to the New Mexico State motor pool. It was a nice car - we drove it to B.C. Two different years.

after I bought the '64 Cherry, Bp. Howard Slutz wanted the '51 Ford. So I sold it to him. He didn't need the stock rack.

Earl Cotton had helped me customize the stock rack to fit the narrow bed '51 Ford.

I needed to move some stock so I had Howard & his wife, Mildred, drive the '64 Chevy. Then I could haul stock. This arrangement went on for over a month. I saw her driving the ~~red~~ Chevy pickup. ~~But~~ Finally they felt embarrassed using my newer nice truck so much. They wanted to take back. She said also driving the nice truck might spoil her. So we traded and I sold the rock separately thru a work ad.

~~So~~ A fellow came to me one day to buy the rock. He tried to jaw me down. I stayed firm at a certain figure. He came back when I was in there and bought it from Louise at his price. I don't know what he told her but she knew he'd talked to me so she sold it. The last laugh was really on him however. Because the end gate was a heavy one (metal frame) with 2x8's. It hinged off the back of the truck and swung down for a loading ramp. When raised up it had 7 fingers that hooked into holes in the rear upright 2" pipes on the rack. This held the back of the rack solid when it was in place.

Well it and the hinges were at the side of our shop (old cement granery). He didn't see it I guess and the hinges were inside so he didn't get those. I'm sure sometime he'd have

come to appreciate them for more than the difference he saved by buying at his price, the materials for a new end gate would likely have cost more than what he saved, by buying from Louise.

at the time of the funeral of Grandpa & Grandma Knapp we had a Rambler (1963?) (64), we drove it to Idaho. It had some problems. It had overdrive.

When we got rid of the 1963 VW square back we got a 1962 Ford from a lot on 1st North 4 west Plover. It wasn't the car my first 1962 Ford sedan was. We kept it using a year or so and got rid of it.

Louise let her 1955 VW go to Gene Young who laid it over on its side up one of the canyons east of their place in Sterling. She was about a senior in high school at the time I guess.

After the white '66 Ford we got a (58)? VW (white bus). It was nice but had its problems, we moved to Idaho in it, there it sat most of the winter a 199 Spruce Ave. The wheels next to the curb froze down in ice. We kept the 64 truck in garage and it was a long and bitter cold winter. In Jan. Kathy was born. The trip to the hospital was in the truck. In the spring we bought about a 64 Ford van from a highway patrolman in the Shelley ward - we drove it a while - sold it thru an ad. We sold the VW bus thru an ad and also Harry Bales, Judy South's

brother-in-law had left 2 cars on the place in Taylor. One a late 60 model Oldsmobile Pontiac. Roy + Kim + Dan Ardura came one time to visit - started it up and drove it to Lava. I gave it to Dan. He gave me a beaver pelt. I kept it frozen in our freezer in a plastic bag. In Proun I worked on it and carved off some hair and made a design of a bear in the center. I stretched it to a Kinikinic willow I cut in Proun Canyon along the river and tanned into a hat (round drying pole) on our fence. Also I stretched the hide on the fence several months of the first summer there.

The older VW bus Harry left parked in the shed. I sold it and a guy came and towed it away. Harry kept the engine block.

We got a 1982 VW from David Smith. It was an orange car with hatch back trunk - front wheel drive. One winter day going to Shelley it got off on the right hand side of the road and I didn't feel any control at all. Finally it came back onto the road rather than going straight for a mail box. It was nothing that I did that saved a wreck. The water pump developed a leak and I took it to a mechanic that had his own garage. He bought a dome from Southi he was the word scout master. He charged me almost \$100 - to install a new pump. He didn't really

Know much about that model VW. I took him home and home. When the new pump leaked, the new pump was guaranteed by the Stalley Auto Parts store - So I got a new pump replacement - but next time I took it to a VW specialist in S.E. (Sutton's) He put in the new pump in about 1 hour. They had to take the radiator and front of the engine off just to change the pump, a rod arrangement, but the cost was less than \$40-

I thought several times - It seems me right buying a Volkswagen with a radiator. Then we looked at a VW bus a 1982 or 4 from a doctor east of Armon. It was nothing but trouble. It was a camp mobile the kids loved it. It had a CB and an outside loud speaker. The engine was shot.

I drove to Provo looking for a place and had to wait a day while the engine was completely overhauled - \$500-600 - a turkey - I didn't get out of Provo. Turned out to be a mine came in coupled, But the overhaul was poor.

Within a year or year and a half it had to be worked on again. Also unsuccessful. Finally a \$500 major again at the Bug Hut in Armon this time. We were treated very fair - but it still seems to be a lemon - we've replaced for generators, fan pulleys - even 2 speedometers have gone out. It fails to start - we've started it manually pushing it down hill from our curb than with the starter I suppose -

Fortunately for us, a man in our ward Tony O'Brian a police rear mechanic on the side, he charged very nominal for his time - He'd found numerous problems in the wiring.

When he couldn't work on it for some reason he usually said - take it to Jimmy's Love Bug (garage), He'd do all right by you.

I never did, I never told him about an experience with Jimmy, Once Jimmy put an engine in our white VW bus, I bought a used super bug engine. It needed a computer plate & took up to the live clutch and frame - so there was a little problem. I thought maybe the guy I bought the engine from in P.O. had not given me the right part.

He said well I can fix the old engine so it won't do him any good if you want me too. I said no-no. It was an exchange sale on the engine.

I figured I'd heard in my life - "the guy that will steal for you will steal from you!"

So I've never go to Jimmy since and he also raised his cost of exchanging the engine above his estimate on me.

When we left Shelley I left my truck and camper.

Roy Andrews sold my 1967 red Chevy for me in Lava. I bought a blue & white '66 from Al. It was a good truck but when you went up or down a steep or

road it would get to running real rough. It would lunge (engine) and die. After years have trouble keeping it running. I learned that if you drove up a steep incline - timed it off - put it in second - let it roll backwards down the hill - then let out the clutch - it timed the engine over backwards of course, after that it would run smooth - sometimes for weeks or months. I did this in Rexburg a couple of times. I pulled off the highway near I F on the Lewisville highway and did it at a rail road grade crossing. And many are the times I drove it up into Bio draw's drive way north of us in Taylor and rolled it back down - drove home with it running fine.

I finally concluded some sediment or something in the gas tank must have moved around on inclines and rough roads.

Saethi sold the camper & truck for us soon after we came to Prou.

My last trip after returning the GMC diesel of Saethi and the 45' or 62' long semi reefer trailer to the Chemical Co. across from our dome I bought a 1975 Toyota Pickup with a camper shell from a boy (Bid) in Stelly. He worked in Poky with Roy Andrews at Bucyrus-Erie. He'd been laid off and needed the money. I gave him \$2500 cash.

It was a nice little truck but used oil bad. Pumped it out - maybe from a

head gasket at the front of engine. Worse on trips at highway speeds.

I had to put in a new clutch soon. Eventually a cam shaft went out. It had had a new one - but one lobe went bad. It was ~~the~~ as nice a starting engine when cold as I had ever driven.

The battery got bad and I often had to charge it and push it.

A new Sears battery really made it big. Then the automatic choke ~~two~~ 3rd & 4th winter stuck and one time went for 20 minutes or more and diluted the oil over a quart. So I changed oil. Then on the cold nights I put it in the garage. The choke never stuck again after a night in the garage even though the garage was unheated and below freezing.

In the fall of 83 I had to put new tires on the rear to pass the state inspection. I was told it wouldn't drive well with wide tires on front & narrow on the rear - but - I can't tell any problem. The rear traction with the new tires has been surprisingly good.

I let Willie drive it off in a lane in the snow to give him a feel for it.

It was fun. It's fun to drive in the snow - when you don't get stuck -

I had nearly 93,000 - 95,000 on it when I got it - now it has 15-16,000. ^{second} ~~once~~ ^{time around}
It seems to be economical to run. It has a 5 speed. Lisa learned to handle it quite well.

Wamen's Chub

Wamen had a contract supplying big black wood to Clyde Hess - a coal dealer in I.F.

He cut some wood near the highway part of two years but also along Tom's Creek. He got a water killed section from the ranger. He skidded it out with old Chub the bay sway-backed gelding that he bought for haying.

One time he was skidding out some dead trees to the road. (The road to Parde.) A guy and his wife working for Charlie South stopped. They had known Wamen when he lived in camp. The guy's name was Barrett. He was the one Wamen defended by hitting Bill with a gallon jug fastened by a string to his wrist.

He stopped as Chub came out with a drag and stopped at the roadside.

Chub was blind and the eye was a bloodshot ugly side, right. At that poor horse - How can he see? Dad was standing there and said - Why that horse can see more with one eye than most horses can see with 2. They didn't figure that one out.

It sure made Wamen feel good.

Chub was quite an old horse. He'd ~~been~~ trot out with a drag. He kept his head up and he picked up his feet when he traveled. He was a high stepper. And he walked fast too.

Wamen lived at the old I.P. ranger station at this time. He was a real short legged horse with

One ~~time~~ ^{fall} he took quite a bit of feather, this horse to near meadows and turned him out. Nate Young was to haul him out with his

last load of stock.

Warren lived in a boarded up tent frame near the highway on the Pond's road. Sherman stayed there and went to school.

Warren trapped the Tom's Creek. One time he went up the creek and the dogs got real excited and followed behind a mouse pretty close for a while until it left into the creek.

late in the winter - Jan. near Feb maybe at Warren made a run up the creek to check his traps the dogs acted strange. The snow was deep next to the creek. He came to a place where something was in the creek. When he got to where he could see what the dogs were fussing about it was Chub.

He'd been in the water for a long time. He was awfully weak and his hip bones and ribs stuck thru his ribs.

Warren got some hay (baled) and come back. He broke a trail and with his dogs and sleigh broke trail to get the horse out. It took several days. The horse was very weak. He had to travel about 3-4 miles. Then Warren took him to the valley. Next year he used him for skidding.

② Nate Young just said when it was time to go in for the last load of stock it was snowing and he couldn't find him. He was in around the other stock so he didn't have time to go look. Warren was put out that he didn't let him know about it.

Warren got the brown mare Bidie back eventually from Nate. She raised one or two more

Warren's Chub

colts. One a savel with a blaze face was sold to George Nedie. A filly - she became George's real stock horse and raised some colts with her own good disposition according to Warren's story.

Dad and I went to Ashton several week ends and helped Warren put up a 5" log building. It was to be a garage eventually but was Warren's home the first year or two. Steve was with him, the girls were gone, married or with their mother.

Aunt Fimnie gave Steve piano lessons. He was a lovable likeable kid. He sang some songs real cute - such as paper doll.

One fall during hunting season we went riding on ~~the~~ bare back. Warren & Steve were on Birdie and I was on Chub. We came down the creek road, just above the little flat before coming to the corduroy it started to tail real hard. Warren said let's make a run for the trees. We started on a gallop. I urged Chub onto a gallop as we passed the last patch of aspen as you go onto the little flat there was an ancient stump. It wasn't very high. It had been worn down over many years by wagons & trucks. Many times I'd guided a team around it so it wouldn't catch the side of a tire. But this time he seemed destined to hit it. He headed for it. I was leaning forward bare back over his neck.

I could see he was swerving just wide enough on the turn he was headed for it. Warren was on lead end in the other track. From my vantage point I could tell he was going to

hit it, he did, he stumbled and his nose came close to the ground, I was expecting to go flying and was prepared to leave him, then he seemed to catch his footing and it seemed for a couple of strides he was going to get control and keep his footing - I stopped looking for a place to land and expected to stay on, I sort of clamped on again with my knees and expected to ride him, then at the last minute he went down completely, I was thrown forward and he seemed to roll in such a way that his body twisted and his hind quarters came around so that he rolled on his side rather than end-over-end.

As he fell rolling - I my right foot was caught beneath him. Instead of being thrown clear and beyond him I was held fast by my leg. He rolled, I remember seeing the legs coming up and over, the next thing I knew he was getting up on the other side of me. Warren was coming back to see how I was.

I've tried to figure it out many times since, I guess his being so sway-backed saved me from being crushed, as he rolled onto me he rolled on his back so that his back bone didn't roll over my leg crushing it.

I got up - stiff - muddy and sore. We rode on, near the forks to the Tom's Creek rode we saw Bud & Millie Hiatt, they were going home in their car. They stopped, we got in and visited until the hail stopped, I felt alright by then, I'd warmed up in the car and dried off some. We rode home, I felt I'd had my life preserved -

Warren's Chute

5

What happened to Chute I don't really know. He was old when Warren got him. He'd spent one hard winter at least. If he died of old age or a malady or got sick and was put away I don't know.

Warren may have kept him for a time a Robin's hood. The very well may have fed a dog team as a final see for Warren.

He had a white spot in his fore head. His one eye was a good eye - showed life and sense and honesty. ^{in autumn}

One fall we went riding towards the Buffalo along the railroad tracks. Warren was on Birdie, maybe I was on Bud. Steve was along. Near one little knoll where Charlie Simmonse had kept his bucks stood a coyote among a few standing trees. Carefully we left the railroad and opened the gate. The coyote started away across the meadow toward the timber. At first just slinking away.

Warren got back on Birdie and galloped over the knoll, then he took off on a run after the coyote. The coyote seemed to think it was safe. Maybe it just didn't think he really saw it or was ~~not~~ really interested in it.

Finally as Birdie closed the gap - the coyote lined out. Warren drew his six shooter and began firing. The coyote lined out for sure. His old tail was really dragging thru the tall meadow hay. Birdie was gaining. Warren got several close shots before the coyote hit the timber. He took a tumble crossing the first down-fall at the edge of the meadow. As he went into the timber Warren was slowed down

Warren's Chub

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didn't get another shot. When he got back he said if he'd had just a little further to go Birdie could have ran over the coyote.

While at the ranch station Warren made a small corral for Furry. While gone away one time he asked me to water Birdie. In taking her to water bareback with a Hackamore I was going to gallop, but she pitched a little - just a few straight forward jumps. I was alert enough to get her stopped in time.

She could be a tough horse to catch when she got loose, especially with other horses if they would run. Of course that could be the case with most any horse you tried to catch out of a bunch of horses.

Many years later Warren had Birdie of the he was in Parker and married to Beth. A neighbor there used her for their kids. She was pretty old when she died.

At the only Ashton Dog Derby I can remember attending. I was in college at the time one of the Crystal boys may have rode Birdie in the ski joring event along main street. The riders pulled their partners on skis down the street where they made a turn around a flag and raced back to the start or finish line. She was fast like a quarter horse. Her small size made it easy for her to turn on a whiff.

I don't know how the fellows did in the competition that used her but I'm sure they were glad to be able to use her.

Warren ran his dogs in the derby one year but maybe it was a year or two later.

to South & Jones.

Gene Jones came over to run the mill. They got a tie contract. In early spring Dan South came over. ~~Gene~~ Gene moved into Charlie's cabin. It had been Rens before that and Mrs. South used it too. One summer when Dad and I were up and Dad ~~was~~ ^{sawed} for Mr. South we stayed there for a few days. We were in bed and I felt something crawling on me. I picked it off and we went into the front room and put it on the kitchen stove lid. It was a wood tick. They are flat and hard to smash and kill. So Dad burned it with a match and then put it in the stove.

Dan helped out with some equipment. They brought a red International car and dozer. They also brought a patrol. Gene started immediately working on the road with the patrol. They graded the road across the flat. They hauled some fill and built up the corduroy section. Maybe a culvert was installed by forest service cooperatives. Barney had built a hill road east of the little flat above the corduroy to avoid the low wet road in the draw. It always had a lot of water in the fall and spring and was muddy with some long deep holes. Barney's road went over a knoll and cut back into the main road about $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{3}{8}$ mile up the main road.

Gene graded this portion up and made a good road out of it. He graded the road all the way up. Rather early in the spring Barney and Gene did some timber

and road cruising. They laid out a road up over the Chick Creek road where it followed the Chick Creek hollow up to the corner of ~~B~~ the state section. Here a long driveway was cut down into a hollow that ran down $\frac{1}{2}$ mile or so to ~~the~~ ^{Split} creek. Betty's cabin was on this state section.

At the bottom of this driveway a road was built and graded up a long hollow to where it came out on a ridge overlooking Split Creek where the two upper forks came together. We were using the Mall two-man chain saw at the time. Barney put his crew to work on the lower stretch of the road. We would sometimes take two trucks but we'd stay all day. We went ahead of Gene on the dozer. We tried to keep ahead of him. We'd fall stuff out of the road. Some we left standing since it was easier for the Dozer to push a tree with the entire weight above. Some dig stuff we'd fall ~~to~~ to prevent the tip breaking when the dozer hit against it. If the tip snapped out it might fall straight down and hit the cat or operator.

Berrett, Jim, and I helped run the Mall. Barney worked with us. We'd take turns running the string end. Jim hated running the string with Barney. We had to go fast to keep ahead of the cat. You'd have to almost run with the saw from one tree to another. Barney went ahead and ~~but~~ blazed the trees he wanted cut and directed which way to fell them. We cut and possibly skidded

some stuff mainly for parking it for hauling later on. at the bottom of the drag way we built a road down the hollow and made a turn around.

Gene had an old batchelor Swede that sometime skinned the cat for him. We were loading at the turn around one late afternoon. It was already late to be heading home. We got one of the trucks stuck in the soft dirt trying to turn. Jack Gibson was running the cat. I'd get behind the trailer and pushed the semi with the dozer blade. It was starting to sprinkle pretty good and he was cold and wanting to head to camp. I remember how his eyes looked like they were lighted, a sparkling ^{deep} bright blue.

Gene brought a sawyer named Jay Whaley. He had a wife nick named Em and a boy Mack, about David and Bonnie's ages or maybe in between. They lived in the new cabin that had been built for Eddie South. He was a good sawyer and a likeable guy. He had one thumb or finger missing from an accident with a saw. Dan talked rather ^{toward Jay} because Jay in speaking about their one of their outfits or engines - maybe a stationary diesel referred to it as a gut less wonder.

Jay was pretty good at coming up with names that were unique. As they started cutting trees he had to off bearers from Utah - both were college kids. One a red head was a pretty decent kid and he was going to go to BYU. His mother was a widow and that enabled him to have a tuition break. The other boy "nick named" "Cockey" was indeed that - and a big talker. He was from Prosser, UT.

May, Barney, + Dan Sutton went to the valley one day to a funeral for the infant son of Al Halmer who was an old friend from Rexburg. Over the years he'd done a lot of welding for Suths and helped make up their trailers and bunks. He'd been up and titted the steam engine boiler by a process of hammering. He was also a machinist and mechanic.

He and his wife occasionally came to visit in T.P. He used to come and hunt elk. He had one of the 15 30.06 I heard about. He had 3 or 4 girls. They were quite the girls and Barney and May used to get quite a bit of entertainment from them.

He was always helpful. I used to go see him when I was at Ricks, hoping he'd have some work but he never did. I think Al worked for him in his shop just a little bit while he was at Ricks. He was really kept busy with Farmers.

After Barney died he worked on overhauling two engines. One was the 47 chug truck engine and the other the Hercules engine on the Federal. I think they both threw rods. I went with David to tighten the rods etc and get the engines ready to put back in. Al took at least one of the old trailers - maybe from the Ford and put it in his yard to try to sell it for May.

One year he located a son. His wife had left him when he the boy was very young. He hadn't been able to ever find out what happened to the boy. One summer he got contact from the boy. He was grown, married and was a welder-machinist with his own shop in Texas some place. He was excited to have them come one summer during their vacation and

They came to I.P. and met May. The boy was a nice looking man with a nice family.

Burdett & Jim.

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We had a good summer. I don't know for sure if Jim had a car the first year. But his second year at J.P. he had a car. I suspect Burdett worked one summer for Barney before he asked Barney if he could bring his friend Jim there to work also.

Burdett didn't gain a lot of skill with an ax or a saw. But he could use the chain saw pretty good, of course.

While we were working on the road building project Barney had his little fingers stuck up in the ends of two ~~two~~ tubular handle bars and Jim had the stringer handle. In moving back and forth thru some small steel ties in a stand trying to get in position to cut off a log Jim pushed toward Barney pretty hard so he could ~~maneuver~~ squeeze in front of a tree. The thrust pushed the handle bar against another tree with Barney's finger in it. It didn't cut the skin but he acted really wounded. This scene made Jim feel scared. He was a little edgy around Barney.

One day we fell a tree and I had the saw and Barney had the stringer. Either the tree we fell hit a forked tree or the tree was forked and one top broke out as it started to fall. It fell straight to the ground, after hitting the ground it fell toward us. I was standing on the road and Barney was on the side of the road. We both were pulling away from the tree. It fell between us. I won out slightly and I pulled the saw toward me. Instead of letting the stringer go he held on. It struck in such a way that it hit his thumb which was gripping the top of the stringer. The jar from the

tree knocked the string loose from his hand. I was still pulling back and as the tree went to the ground the string pulled free from beneath and no damage was done to the saw. But Barney had a sore thumb. The rest of us couldn't figure out why he didn't just turn loose of it.

At the upper end of the road we logged for quite a while. The trees here were tall and thickly. It was a good stand of mixture lodgepole. At the bottom there were some good pole patches and we got out rafters for cabins which we sawed on one side. We also got some peeled stuff out if the weather came early enough that we could peel them while the sap was still running. Then it was easy to peel.

We often got out stuff and peeled it in the Ripley Butte area because the roads were done and it was more accessible in early spring than the timber roads east of the mill.

We used to peel with various tools. An old leaf spring sharpened on one end made a good peeler. There was a tool called a spud. It was shaped like a hoe except heavy metal was not used and it curved entirely around.

It was used more when the bark didn't slip so well. After the bark set on the trees near mid July peeling was hard.

By the end of the summer it was nearly impossible to peel by stripping. With a peeler you could start a strip sometimes that would pull off with a jerk nearly the length of the log.

We sometimes peeled poles also for rafters.

3

Breedell - Jim.

Sometimes Barney would strip the bark on a pole on one side or even 2 sides. This could be done with an ax, when the bark slipped well you double-bitted ax could be used to start a piece of bark enough to get a hold on it and pull it.

Peeled stuff could be left laying for a few weeks or a month and then when you hauled it it was noticeably lighter to handle. The skid chains slipped off easy compared to a log with bark however. Sometimes we had to make a half hitch on a peeled log to skid it. They were harder to skid but often they were longer such as 30-35 feet for some cellar and cabin ridge logs.

Trail Canyon had the greatest timber for being tall and holding its size. A guy named Charlie Little logged out of Trail Canyon for years mainly getting out ponder pines. He went south from the old well and sometimes crossed on the ridges between trail canyon and Split creek. He also logged Clark Canyon which was south and parallel to Trail Canyon.

We used to often load canal poles by hand. We'd shoulder them a lot. People not used to working in the woods didn't seem to like to shoulder. You couldn't shove to shoulder if ~~the~~ you couldn't go carefully and smooth. You had to walk gently and the guy following had to watch that the log or pole being carried didn't hit any trees along the way to the truck or wagon. When the lead man reached a the load he put the end down onto the load gently.

Burdett - Jim.

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You could just take one end of a pole in your arms and drag the tip end also. Burdett was more adapted to this. He also got to where he preferred to work alone. He developed the strength to do it.

Jim seemed soft and he sweat a lot. When ~~Gene~~ Gene came he brought some cutthro - sledges - a couple of young fellows came in from Wyo. one called Ole who always drove a black country bot. He had his own 6x6 truck. Then another young man - Luke Limb. He trucked used one of Gene's trucks.

They hauled ties to the mill from above the Ole tree cabin where they built a road onto the hill. Gene built a bunch of cabins maybe ^{10'} 6' long and 5' wide. He made double thick walls and put sawdust in the walls for insulation. His office was lined in one set ~~just~~ just past Al Smith's cabin toward the barn. Another set across the road from it and a third covered with tin paper set near the front of ~~Gene~~ Gene's cabin. Kari's old house.

A guy came in from Hibbard, Id. came called Jay Perneold - He lived in this cabin for a time. He once worked for Barney and maybe for Charlie and Gene too. Probably drove a truck for Gene. As soon as the woods dried out Gene took some of these buildings to the Split Creek on six-by-sixes. Ole moved to the woods. Gene put an old cabin made of 5 inch logs up at the east end of the sawdust pile and near the fish house barn. They cleaned up the old barn and its fallen down dead trees. Then Gene built on to this one room cabin with a slot ~~butt slot~~

battered cabin, the 8 foot slabs were stood on end and a double wall with sawdust inside for insulation. When Jay Whaley moved over to J. P. Lodge about the second year - Perreould moved in that cabin. That cabin burned to the ground - but just when and who was there at the time I don't recall.

Dad was in I. P. sometimes but maybe just for weekends - holidays and to fish and get some relief from his hay fever. Once Cockey said some pro foot ball player was so outstanding that he had to use a new pair of shoes every quarter. Well Dad called him on that - Oh! tell another one!

Bersett had to leave a little early to go to foot ball practice each August. He'd start jogging and running before he went down for about 2 weeks to get into shape.

Elmer Snowball came there to work one summer when Warren was there. Warren said he'd always heard what a teamster Snake was supposed to be. One day after he'd been there and driving tops and Pet - Warren said - He I thought he was supposed to be a teamster - I've never seen anybody yet that whistles at his horse that could drive.

Elmer off here for a while - For a small man he was quite strong. He worked hard but he always had his drinking problem. One time when Helma was expecting to go to the ~~mid~~ hospital - I don't know if it was with Dee or if it was later and a miscarriage. But Snake old can didn't run very good - and someone had followed him along the highway or else the town - down of I. P. told someone he was on the Henry's lake flat

road. He drove real slow. He drove near the edge of the road and then when an oncoming car approached he'd drive out near the center until it passed - then move back to the edge again.

Mary told about how Barney's Uncle Will was driving to IP one day. He was weaving on the highway quite a bit. An officer stopped him suspecting he was drunk. When he got him out and realized that he wasn't inebriated he started to instruct him on his driving. Will replied in his high pitched voice - "You drive your car and I'll drive mine" with that he got back into his car and ~~drove~~ ^{on} ~~the~~.

One fall after

We used the steam engine. I fired the engine. Berdett did the off-bearing. Barney may have done some logging with another crew it. The fireman always came out after cutting edgings to help out carrying them off. We used to haul them out onto a pile and then occasionally burn the pile. It was north of the mill away from the lumber and sawdust.

One day Berdett said he didn't need me to come help on the edging he could get them about as well by himself. So after that I just helped with the lumber after the last cut. Sometime we'd tip the entire stack off the carriage and then the sawyer would move the carriage. We would help stack. Some would be six in some 1x4's and sometime some 1x8.

When Barney cut 2x4's from a stack of 2x8's the fireman would sometime come and help out also.

7

Berdett - Jim.

Jim got to fire the engine. He worked hard and sweat a lot. He was kept pretty much on the run a lot of the time.

Some of Berdett and Jim's high school acquaintance worked on a rail road section gang for the summer that was on the Turde siding. They lived in workers railroad cars set up for construction crews. They had a cook. One time they came down and played basketball. We had a basket ball hoop on a tree in front of Al's cabin on a house log stood up in the ground.

Barney did some custom sawing for some people from Reberg. A Munne family came up and cut out some timber for logs and lumber for cellars, beams etc. When Jim started to fire the engine I helped Barney turn logs. I also hauled timber away from the mill after it was cut. We used to put the 5" house logs across the track and we'd pull it out on skids about each day. Also I used to load house logs off the 6" pile and take them down and stack them 2 tiers and then cross piece of edging and then 2 more tiers. They dried a lot stacked like this.

Sometimes the slab piles would get so high we'd have to haul them out. Charlie South started the slab tuck idea and we used it occasionally.

I also used the old International to haul with and then I could roll the load back near the point it would balance. Then I'd get in and back it up and hit the brake and this would roll the load back farther.

when the load shifted far enough back it would tip and roll off. We'd put cross logs of old house logs on the ground and then drive out from beneath the load. When the load tipped up it with a heavy load it would take the front end of the truck in the air. It would go up so the front tire could be 6-8 feet off the ground. Then the truck would usually just roll slowly ahead until it reached the point it would drop back to the ground. Usually with a real jarring to the driver.

I picked lumber also from the mill into piles where it dried a great deal. It made real good knotty pine. We'd haul it to Slodden's mill across the north Fork of the Snake near Shotgun Valley to be planed and tongue and grooved. Sometimes we could send it haul it on track it. Sometimes it was taken to Smead's or Montana Idaho Lumber in Rexburg.

Alvin Seaver used to bring in loads of peeled cedar timber for cutting on one side. He usually brought a couple of his boys (Jack was one) and they'd help take it off the saw and load it right back on and haul it off.

We had lots of people coming for slabs and logs. Summer homes started popping up all over. Alvin got a small mill. a small mill was put in at Truck to cut people. and a guy put out Tomson put in a mill upon Moose Creek to cut house logs.

We started a lot of cabins - Barney started

Berdett - Jim

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having me make local deliveries - we went from Hebgen Lake to Bills Island on the IP reservoir to Mac Clear ranch at Shotgun. Hunt Yellowstone - tracks, Buffalo River below Ponds - Box Canyon and Last Chance.

I got to haul a lot of stuff the way, we saw places all over.

Berdett made some deal with Barney to milk the cow. He may have milked a red cow once also. If so it was the Guernsey's 1st calf. Seems like Eddie South may have milked one year. Berdett didn't mind milking.

Once Guernsey got to bulling I guess and Barney and I chased her in the F&S track across the tracks and down the old road from the sheep herder camp towards last chance - we went a long ways before we caught her. She really had a wild look in her eye and wasn't about to have us turn her back.

We also logged south of Cub Creek for a season or two. The timber was scattered a lot in this area. It wasn't as tall and it was more limby but it made some good house logs and it was some it wasn't fully mature it made very good knotty pine when it was cured. Some had few knots holes and nice grain when finished.

Barney started me to sawing, with manna getting custom sawing for rough building construction sawing wasn't so critical as the ~~dimension~~ dimension lumber he usually sold as tie house logs. So I got to saw quite a bit. I had helped turn lots of logs. Warren had sawed too it

Berdett - Jim.

time. One day I saw Berdett reach and take the end of a board on a last cut. A 2x6 was left on the carriage. As he turned it from the edge position where it naturally fell and dropped the end to the floor it had a bad spot of rot about 1/2 way along. It was only ~~a~~ 10 or 12' stick.

It was rotted thru so badly that sideways there wasn't enough strength in the piece to hold it together and it broke. Then the broken end fell toward the floor but the longest end balanced over the spreader roller so ~~it~~ ^{the long end} started falling but teetering back toward the saw. I was watching it and I took off running to get past the end of the mill shed. I saw it would hit on top of the saw. The saw picked it up and it went into the air and splintered into the mill shed above the saw and carriage.

One time when Charlie's crew was sawing after the last cut the off bear pulled the carriage handle lever to run the carriage back before the sawyer ran the carriage back (backed) to the skidway side. Carelessly the handle wasn't pushed back in place. The sawyer saw the lever was going to hit the saw in time to drive or run. The 5/8" round handle was cut off and ~~thrown~~ thrown 40-50 feet behind the skidway. As a reminder ever after it was just welded back in place with a lap joint weld.

Baney finally got a new dog for the front

Burdett - Jim

head block, the handle to lock the dog raised and lowered parallel to the log. The old one was a heavy ball that dropped parallel to the head block, this made a lot more reaching and bending to get the dog released. It was faster and easier to use. The old one was worn so it set down so hard that sometimes you'd have to bump it several times to get it loose enough to raise it.

Burdett made arrangements with Barney to go out early before breakfast and start a fire in the firebox. He was always an early riser so it was a good deal for him and Barney knew steam would be up by time to start the mill, Burdett got a half hour extra pay added each day he did this, at this time we no longer started fires with kindling or a knife and cutting shavings as it used to do. We used a little fuel oil or diesel.

It was nice after Charley stopped running the mill to get back to using the steam for the convenience of using the shower house. We all loved that. On Friday afternoons the crew from Gene's logging camp started showing up looking for a shower. Sometimes we made them wait until after we finished sawing before they could use steam.

Steam would stay up enough for showering for several hours (4-6) after we shut down. A steam bath was the greatest cleansing you could have. It sweated the dirt right out of the pores and the water in the shower washed it all off. The water usually had on

water tanks
 water from the ~~supply~~ pipes' and the well next to the mill shed. The old tank above the shower house developed some leaks. So when you were in showering the dripping water would drip down the cracks of the 2x6's roof and it would bother your showering. We filled the shower house tank with the ejector from the well. So the water was cold. By turning steam into another pipe and mixing it with the water in an S arrangement of pipes beneath the ceiling by the time the water came out the shower head it could be as warm as you wanted according to the amount of steam mixed in with the water.

Jim totally used to come borrow something on a occasion such as a tooth wrench. Barney sent and got a new wrench one year. It broke while setting a tooth and die. It barely missed cutting someone's hand. These kinds of wrenches all looked like they were made out of a cheap pot metal brass or bronze casting. Some handles had been welded or brazed several times. Also some of the new dog handles broke the same way.

Barney got an acetylene welding outfit. He got a generator and had carbide in a can in the warehouse. Burdett and I tried to weld up the leak in the bottom of the shower house tank but our success was limited. So we finally placed a piece of tin on the roof and sloped it off to the edge of the roof to stop the cold water drips.

Berdett - Luke Limb

Berdett was constantly being challenged by Luke Limb to foot races. After work and on Sundays they would get someone to start them and they'd run from somewhere near the Munson cabin to near the front of Barney's house.

Berdett ~~was~~ invariably won but Luke kept coming back for more races. He had to come close to Berdett. Maybe it was hard for Luke to figure out why a long slender guy like himself couldn't out run a well built muscular Berdett.

Barney used to enjoy betting. In the woods he'd often bet a beer with some of the crew. They'd bet on the rain - or what time of day it would rain. They'd bet on how far up a tree from the butt ~~to~~ a spot of black or red rot would run.

Then they bet on shooting cans thrown in the air or hitting bats with a shotgun in the evenings.

Luke one time stopped his truck along the road near the top of the Skinnerville road on the new Chick Creek road to Genes when he spotted a real young fawn deer. He jumped out and started running toward it as fast as he could. It ran and he kept right on its trail. He caught it within a short distance - less than 100 yds. He brought it back to camp. He claimed that one couldn't run very far at that young age and they escaped normally by hiding and camouflage.

The kids played with the deer for several days. It ran around some and was out near the stock yards once when the kids found it. They

tried to keep it in a small fenced area with the little kids by Charlies (Rens house). They still had the little log play house that Ren & Ruth's kids had as kids. They locked it in their at night - Glenn became worried when they couldn't get it to take milk in a bottle very well. Then it started eating and licking dirt. I suppose they considered taking it back and turning it loose near where he'd caught it. Within a few days it died. ~~It~~ hatched in the am 6x6. ^{Sometimes he did off bear when born}

was strong of men
and needed trim

Berrett bought a car, a 1937 Ford coupe. It was black. He drove it up one spring from Shelley. It was a good little car. Jim had a near new Plymouth ^{4dr} sedan. He took a lot of pride in it. Jim's parents probably were divorced. He may have lost one parent (died) He had stayed with an Aunt in Shelley. He had grown up part of his earlier youth in some sort of boys home. He used to tell us a little about some of the things that happened there. It was a rough place on some of the boys. There was a lot of peer pressure and criticism among the boys.

Finally he came to Shelley to live with an aunt. He may have been related distantly to ~~Mayne~~ ^{Moyn} Jensen. They had acquaintances in Shelley in common at least.

We used to go places with Jim in his car. Sometimes he'd leave the car in IP because he didn't like to pound it over the dirty dirty road to Split Creek. Eventually the road was graded to where it was pretty good but in the spring & early summer there were lots of water & mud holes.

So he left it by Berrett's cabin until week-ends. Berrett figured his little Ford would handle a lot of water before it would chawed out.

3

Berdett - Jim & his car.

Once he took it into a service station and garage in Shelly to steam clean the engine. The operator noticed as soon as Berdett finished cleaning it he got in to start it. "You might just as well wait a while to start that thing. It won't start until a half hour or so and it has a chance to dry out." he told Berdett. Well Berdett with ignoring the advice of someone like that who should know what he's talking about Berdett didn't try to start it. However, just as soon as the guy had his back turned and was out of sight Berdett got in. It started right up and he drove it away.

In the spring of the year we often walked to Tom's creek after work. It was a nice walk. Mosquitoes were not so bad if you kept moving. Warren often walked there with us. We'd walk the rail and cross tie until we'd get tired of one or the other. There was a 2 track road along the right of way. There were also willows most of the way and into the mid summer there was water standing in the barrow pit left when fill was taken out to build the road bed before the rail was laid. There were frogs, tad poles, and willows - even some cat tails in places where water pooled for long periods. In early spring a small clear stream ran north toward Tom's creek. The 2 track road crossed this barrow pit in several places between the mill and the creek. Just below the railroad trestle (bridge) was a rail road sign J. P. - 1 mile. There was also a half mile post

Bendelt

for the benefit of the railroad engineer when he'd start tooting the whistle as he approached the siding and the grade crossing.

If you flogged down the train they'd give a short toot or two also. It was a signal to the conductor or brakeman that the train was going to stop.

We often walked back to camp around 9:00 pm about the time the train passed up. We'd be at camp. It would be ~~rough~~ twilight. The first place where the road crossed the barrow pit was near Claudia's cabin by a small road going east into an old clearing. There were some old remnants of car & truck bodies in that area. I used to enjoy playing there. Some still had steering wheels and choke & throttle buttons on the dash. Windshields were out and doors maybe off.

This crossing had a good solid bottom and usually a little clear running stream. Along the right of way the road had a good solid bed and was high enough it drained well. It was never muddy. Then the road was right on the edge near the tracks. This was high and well drained also.

At the half mile sign (the sign set out away from the tracks maybe 8-10 feet from ends of the cross-ties) ~~this made it so that~~ which protruded away from the tracks it made it so that the road had to go into the barrow pit before to get around the sign. There was an extension of fill from the track to where the sign was set also. This low spot became real soft and muddy.

Burdett

It wasn't unusual for an outfit to get ~~stuck~~ ^{stuck} there. We often saw cars come into camp and drive up the tracks toward Tom's Creek. Some people came along to fish the stream where maybe they ^{or} an acquaintance had some time fished before. At times they'd stop at the mill or house and ask directions to the creek. There were still some old timers around that may have become acquainted with the area from earlier days logging or even with the old Toughee Co. Except for the road some poles may have been taken out of a small stand near the creek.

With a small car like Burdett's one could sometimes drive between the tracks and the $\frac{1}{2}$ mile post and avoid the mud hole. Larger and larger wheel base outfits couldn't make it. The rail road company didn't like traffic wearing down the fill along next to the tracks. So eventually they dug a deep hole and put a tie upright as a post between the sign and the tracks to ^{prevent} ~~avoid~~ cars from driving thru. The road was very sidling (slanted) at this point going up out of the hole and ^{onto} ~~into~~ the road bed again.

Sometimes we'd see cars that had gone past the mill and up the tracks backing down to where they could turn around and in a little while after going up - they would return. Some got stuck there.

Another $\frac{1}{4}$ mile up the tracks the road crossed the barrow pit again. This time the road crossed at an oblique angle but went straight ahead onto the cleared right of way.

Berdett

Some of the right of way had been grown up with jack pines. Occasionally election crews would come along and ~~at top~~ these young lodgepole pines, then they'd all turn to red tops (or red needles). Usually they made piles of old ties as new ties were removed and in the fall or maybe early spring these piles of old ties would be burned all along the right of way.

This hole was the worst - the only good thing was - it was a straight shot across. There was a good stand of timber along the right of way here for the next 2000 yds to the creek bank. It was a little higher ground than anything else in that area also so it was not too soft. Once across you were home free. Near the creek there was a lot of room on this high ground to turn around or almost any place along this last section of the road since the small jack pines had been cleared one could turn around. There were many places near the creek where burnt embers and coals indicated spots where camper had had fires.

At the point where the road curved there was a very lousy meadow. It was rather oval in shape 3-400 yds long and 150 yards wide. A road curved to the east from here also. At one time a wire gate inside the timber a 100 yds from the meadow allowed entrance to the main meadow ranch.

The cattle from Sorenson's summer range often frequented this meadow from mid summer to autumn. Part of the circumference of the meadow was lined with quaking aspens many large

Burdett

than usual with brilliantly white tundra.

One early morning before breakfast like 6:00 am Burdett and I were driving up the road in his car or mine, most likely his. As we passed the half mile sign we saw a large bull elk cross the track near this opening to the meadow.

The bull paused for a moment at the tracks then walked across. His antlers were in the velvet, like just sat enjoying close up look at this monarch. We sat quietly and watch 2 other bulls cross in turn at short intervals of a minute or two, 50-75 ^{yds} apart. After the final crossing by the last bull we pulled ahead, at the opening to the meadow - maybe 50-75 yds long we could see all of the ~~bulls~~ bulls at one time on the meadow as they moved east toward their summer range.

Many times fishermen would get ~~stuck~~ mired in this mud hole until finally they'd walk back to camp for help to get them out. A 6x6 could go up and pull them out. In late summer as the water ~~was~~ ^{drained} disappeared there were poles, sticks - even old ~~ice~~ ^{logs} laying where they had been thrown in, ⁱⁿ an effort to get a car unstuck or elevated out of the mud hole.

One time someone got stuck so badly that a chain and come-along binder was fastened to the truck to retract the stuck vehicle. One time Jim, Burdett, & I sat there looking at the situation over. Burdett finally decided he'd cross. He back down the road a little ways and took a run at it. His little Ford splashed into the mud puddle into water 18" deep and hit the soft mud

Revels

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before getting across and out the other side the engine died out. This was the only time it died out completely on him.

After that we parked at the edge of the boat hole and backed along the track to a place where he could turn around.

One evening we went to the creek. Jim & I took fishing poles. We sat on the bridge and fished above and below. Below an occasional ripple in the water came from a fish jumping. It was deep slow moving water here. Dad always fished at least $\frac{1}{2}$ mile above where clean bottomed holes in the main channel provided many good pan sized trout - both natives and rainbow (also eastern brook)

Dad figured one or two good fishing trips a season from there to where the spring from the ranch cabin joined the other fork from the head spring was the only real productive fishing on the stream. Barney would not fish this stream and seldom went to the Buffalo. He didn't eat fish and didn't enjoy catching pan sized fish.

As the three of us sat on the ~~tracks~~ ^{bull} bridge this evening a moose crossed the creek above us maybe 75 yds. He appeared quietly from the timber along the south bank of the creek. He slowly crossed the stream. The stream here is very wide nearly 80 yds from timber to timber. 6-8 inch water lays over a soft muddy bottom. Many aquatic glasses grow up above the

Berdett

almost stagnant water to a main channel where it flows slowly at a depth of 2-2½ feet. Then the soft muddy bottom extends again to the far bank. Dead falls connect to the bank making access and providing hiding places for musk, water snakes and frogs. This shallow water is thickly populated with blood suckers.

One time I took David and Barry there. We were wading. It was warm weather and after the mosquito season, we could run and splash thru the shallow water. Each time you lifted a foot out of the water mud would cling to your legs, ankles and feet. Upon getting out on the bank one had to wash this mud from their feet from the bank.

A blood sucker got onto David's ankle. We got out of the stream and he saw it. It made him nervous. He wasn't very old, maybe 2nd - 3rd grade at the time. He wanted me to get it off. I planned to do it. Before I could get a hold of it however it changed shape. They are a funny looking animals any way. They have no back bone and although normally or mostly they appear elongated they can contract and expand their shape. As he watched it changed from a large looking blob into a much smaller size. Petrified he screamed, "It's going in me!"

When I pulled it free and they stick into a suction cup there was a red spot on his white skin where it had attached itself. It surely appeared to be getting smaller

Berdett -

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and appeared to be disappearing alright.

Well this old moose slowly crossed this area of the creek. He paid no attention to us. By the time he reached the north bank we could no longer actually see him. We heard the water ripple as he moved but the dark figure against the backdrop of tall ~~thick~~ pine aligning the back bank obscured him from our vision. In a few minutes he appeared again this time silhouetted against the sky as he moved from the timber ~~west~~ ^{east} of the back ~~to~~ over the rail road tracks. His distance from us was about 50-75 yds - the same as when in the water.

As he went down off the right of way again he was out of sight because of the darkness of the trees beyond the bank.

In the same leisurely manner he circled until he had made a 180° turn around us. Now as he waded into the main stream below us we could see his outline clearly against the water which reflected light from the sky. There was some reflection or shadow as well. At the continual slow pace he crossed the stream this time from north to south.

Jim and I ~~had~~ had no success fishing and were putting our poles and fishing gear away. We had jointed poles. I carried a small 2 cell flashlight lantern. Berdett suddenly said - Well I'll wait for you at the cor. He started off down the track at a jog. We finished putting our gear away and got up and started down along the track, probably walking the ties or just next to them since

Berdett -

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it was dark. I was carrying a pole in one hand and the little flashlight in the other, about the same distance below the bridge as the moose had crossed above a clump of willow bushes on the west side of the track began to stake.

What yelling. I recall pointing my fishing rod tip in the direction of the bush and shining the lantern that way. Jim was scared too. Then out came Berdett. He said "I thought you guys would never get here."

I was staking. I was still staking a little when we reached the car and even when we got back to the camp. It takes a little time to wind down from such a fight. Berdett said he got plenty nervous squatted down in that bush waiting for us.

Luke Limb decided to play chicken along the road to Ponde a few times. Glenna was quite concerned about "the damn fool."

One day he met Berdett just on the edge of the Tom's Creek flat before you enter the timber. There is a barrow pit on both sides of the road here. Maybe even a culvert. The shoulder had been built up by the grades over the years to where the sides sloped at a steep angle. This also was a more narrow ^{place} ~~spot~~ than many others along the road.

So Luke panned on the gas. He would have been up to 35-40 mph at least. He stayed in the center of the road. Berdett wasn't about to be buffaloed. Well somehow they managed to swerve and miss but it was a

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Berdett
test of wheels.

After then one spring day after heavy rain the puddles and roads filled with water. On the flat the 2 track roads were worn into the fine gravel and sand so that the water in the bottom of the tracks was 4-6- maybe 7-8 inches deep in the lowest points. The holes were elongated so they were smooth and gradual.

One could drive so the tires ran to the ~~side~~ edge of the tracks or by going in the center the water splashed far out into the sage and clump (bunch) grass flat where it was quickly absorbed. The ^{tracks} packed by wheel traffic over years of use held the water for days following a heavy storm.

Berdett took his little Ford and sailed across the flat on the trail canyon road. His windshield wipers going and water splashing onto the windshield as in a down pour, the water splashed to the side for 15-20 feet. He crossed the entire flat and returned without drowning out the engine in his little Ford coupe.

In the fall during spud vacation Berdett always got good jobs in the spuds. His Dad knew farmers around Shelly and of course had large size and strength for his age. He was loading, or breaking spuds onto a truck. He'd ride and stack half sacks loaded up from below. He started lining a spud truck - and then unloading the trucks

Berdett

into the work hours paid a lot more than other harvesting jobs. And this time of year the football team also continued throughout the harvest vacation to hold their daily practice and work out.

I ~~once~~ attended 2 football games. One time he was a senior and it was played in Shelley at Spud Day. Another time I watched them play Frith at Frith. It was a ~~hard~~ rout. Berdett would sometimes carry the ~~ball~~ ball and one or two tacklers holding to him would lose their holds and he'd keep on running.

Once I stopped into a hardware store in St. Anthony to ~~buy~~ by a Coleman ~~at~~ mantle gas lantern. While in the store there was a radio with the volume turned loud and the name ^{of} the song was repeatedly being used. I paid around \$11.00 or \$13.00 for this lantern. It was sure a lot nicer than the kerosene lantern I'd had earlier and for reading of course it didn't compare with the kerosene lamps the folks had used.

Mother was afraid of the gas. Kerosene was poison but not so flammable of course as the white gas. Barney always had one or two 2 mantle lights for their house, with a gas light which operated under air pressure you could turn it out and have half a minute of light in which you could see to get into bed before the light went out.

~~When~~ ^{when} you blew or fanned out the coal oil light it was instantly dark.

Barney ~~had~~ used a small hand air pump to pump up the air in his lights. A special valve was built into the base which contained ~~the~~ the

Burdett

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gas (tank)

Usually you pumped pressure into the lamp base. Then a curved tube or metal line near the mantle was heated with a match or tino. When sufficiently heated a hissing noise was heard.

That was a clue to turn ^{open} the knob letting gas escape mixed with air from the tank. A mixing area in the line was called the generator. A small wire extended from a valve in it with a loop or crankend which could be turned to clean the system.

When the light dimmed you pumped more air into the ~~off~~ system tank and it increased the candlepower. By lifting and shaking lightly you could judge the amount of gas in the base. The last light Barney acquired appeared to have an enameled base. It was yellow. The older lights had stainless steel parts. New cloth mantles were needed quite often. They broke easily from vibration or touching, a night flying moth could easily knock a hole into a mantle. It still burned with a hole in it but the amount of light decreased, as the hole grew bigger.

A new mantle was tied on with a string. They were stringy and reminded you of a baby's booty. After tying in place the mantle were burned using one or two matches. This greatly shrank its size and the size of the fabric was also reduced. Following this procedure the lantern could be lighted.

Burdett left one summer for a couple of weeks to play Football in the Idaho Prep east-west game - State high school all stars -

Berdett

I don't know which team won. I believe the west. Berdett was recruited to play ~~base~~ ^{baseball} in ^{mascon} at the U of I. Coach Moughn talked to me about his coming to Richs. Berdett never considered that of I suppose. U of U & USA C recruited him of course.

We hated to see him go so far away - after his first season when he was awarded a letter - he was initiated into the varsity lettermen's club. A school tradition was to take the fresh by upperclassmen to the top of a hill and through them into a water tank, maybe it was the school or city water tank.

Berdett showed his prowess. Two large strapping football players proceeded to take him to the top. He offered no resistance. He went limp and they struggled as if with dead weight. Once at the top he was not the least bit tired. They were very tired of course and that resulted in both of them winding up in the drink while Berdett descended the hill dry and victorious.

~~One~~ While Berdett was in Boise for the all star game - I had to off bear. It got harder and harder. It is hard sometimes to work at such a job and keep the mind occupied with productive thoughts. I dreaded off bearing. Of course I hadn't done it for a long time - not steady at least and I never did really work just as an off bearer.

It was hard. When you have to ride the carriage across the mill and take off the house log and pile it. then bring back across the skid way. You don't walk across. You have to climb up or down the log pile depending on ~~to~~ how high the logs are stacked, you have to step up

Breslett

onto the skidway skid logs. You can't just walk across because the logs are spaced too far apart for a normal step or stride, then you have to step up onto the skid way maybe 26" ~~3~~ step, after crossing you step down again, then you have to step up 16-18 inches to the mill bunk (fume) and across and down again. By this time the sawyer has made another saw cut - first slab on another log. You probably have a slab or a 2x6 or square edged slab from the log you took off the carriage still waiting to be moved. You wish to get those off onto the pile or lumber stack. Then the 2nd and 3rd cuts come close together in rapid succession and you back to the final cut again if it's a house log. It makes it nice to have a lumber log dispersed among the house logs occasionally. So you keep walking as fast as you can, turning in a little here and there.

You step onto the carriage from the track as it moves toward you. The momentum helps get you kind of hooped elevated the 10 or 12 inches up onto the carriage where you grab on to balance until you pass the saw, then you step through the bracing of the carriage - over the head block - pull the carriage back with the scotch at the same time pulling or rolling the house log off onto the rollers. The carriage ~~moves~~ moves away and you carry another green log onto the pile.

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Burdett.

you forget to where you look forward to stopping to fill the saw or cut some edgings or roll logs or shovel sawdust or about anything. Then you take a drink from the water bag hanging under the mill shed in the shade. You take off your glove and the air feels good to the skin.

Well any of this constant walking in carrying weight, ~~Some~~ of significance, the like you carry carefully from the saw walking ~~sideways~~ (sideways) you feel the joints in your hips as you move. They seem to creak at times. One gets tired and tired. All the time your mind is working to silently to defeat you.

After several days of this I told Barney probably on a week end that I wanted to draw my time. I know he took it a little hard. He sure needed me. He had aches no doubt to fill. With Burdett gone he was left in a ^{kind} ~~trick~~ ~~trick~~. Maybe maybe was brought into off hear. Dad was working in the woods. Maybe down the Federal some times.

Blair Hammons was up for the week end. He came to me and sort of asked me to reconsider. Mainly he just attempted to tell me how badly Barney felt having me leave at that time.

I spent part of the next couple of weeks with Barry, David and Steve. We found an old flat bottomed row boat. It was either on or near the bank of Tom's Creek or else along the side of the road to the creek on the Tom's Creek meadow. We patched it with tar and we baled water a lot and we spent days playing with it. Kid

Berdett

play kid games on the creek. We pointed on it. We dubbed it the Tom's Creek Cruiser.

All during this time I stayed with Dad in his cabin. He never really said anything to me. I guess I ~~wanted~~ ^{expected} he would. But he knew off bearing was hard for someone my size. He let me make up my own mind. He let it go and never brought it up afterwards.

Barney didn't say anything to me. He obviously was hurt and stomped it. But he ~~went~~ ^{went} ahead, and sat down at his desk and figured up what I had coming.

One day or two during the time Berdett was gone Luke or one of the offbearers at Gene's portable mill on the hill had to go to the valley. They asked me to take their place. I did. I didn't mind off bearing ties. Funny how a change is as good as a rest.

I asked Gene several times about working for him. He always said he'd like to have me. He figured I was a good man, but he sure would do anything to take me away from Barney. I couldn't see it quite that way at the time. I didn't figure he was taking me away from Barney when I'd quit. But anyway maybe he was wise enough to realize after Berdett came back I went back to work until school started at Riche.

When Arch came up we went to make ~~em~~ to the Sat night dances. One weekend Arch went along - they had an electric horse race game. You put a nickel in it, there were maybe 6 tiny horses. They would move along a slotted track. You could place a nickel

Berdett

in a slot for the house of your choice. Each was a different color. 6 people could play at one time, it would pay off similar to a slot machine, a few nickels now and again. It also had some type of a token inside that could come out with the nickels on a jackpot win that was redeemable at the cash register in the lounge.

After playing for a while and watching others play Arch determined that one of the horses - maybe # 6 was a consistent winner. He started playing that number every time. He got a couple of jackpots. After redeeming a couple of coupons and maybe running out of nickels in the thing on pay off, the management came along and unplugged the thing. In subsequent weeks when we went there, the machine was turned against the wall. It was never used again that we know about. Arch maybe came out ahead \$6-7⁰⁰ that night on it.

Chiff Jensen came along one time with a Sears Catalogue and bet Berdett he could tear or rip it. He did and then Berdett tried it and couldn't. So Berdett got interested in the trick and learned how to do it. He later went thru the U of I football team winning \$1⁰⁰ bets - large telephone directories work the same as catalogue. He probably ran out of books before he did players.

One night we went up with Luke. The Olds was really a neat car with air conditioning and nice radio. We danced some. There was a lot of kids came up from Ashton, St. Anthony &

Burdett
and Rexburg, also with the Rexburg boat club
at IF Belle Island nearby lots of Rexburg
people were there on weekends.

Burdett often wore his letterman jacket.
Some times we'd meet some folks from Shelby
that knew him. We didn't dance a lot. There
were some girls - usually there - but most come
with dates or in family groups like on vacation
the whole family would be there. The girls that
worked were often working on Sat. nights -
that would be one of their busiest times.

Bp. Ovard's girls usually worked at Pondera
Lodge - usually as store clerks.

On one trip ~~to~~^{over the} Shatzem valley and on to
Kilgore with Dad we were shooting squirrels.
At one point in Kilgore there were many many
sage hens crossing the roads from one hay
field to another. They crossed for water often
too from a dry area to where irrigation ditches
were running. ~~we noticed~~ the little ones couldn't
yet fly so they just tailed behind the hen.
We noticed a small car, a Crosley, kept stopping.
It would stop and we'd pass. We'd stop and
shoot some squirrels. After a while they passed
us. Later we'd catch up. We noticed they
stopped ahead of us. A kid got out ran back
and picked up his hat. In a little ways
we saw the hat ~~being~~ being thrown out of the
car window. Again they stopped - the kid ran
back for his hat - but he also picked up
something else.

We started wandering and watching more closely.
They'd drive along and see some chicken start across

Burdett

the road. They'd speed up. with their low car if they stalled some of the small (young) chickens they'd get bumped on the head, the kid running back for the hat would also pick up the chick that had been knocked in the head on the bottom of their little car.

The hat was a decoy or deception for someone wondering why they stopped or what they were picking up.

I believe Burdett usually borrowed Barney's 22 Savage automatic. He may have bought his own 22 rifle eventually. Arch may have had a 22 that he brought along when he was with us.

~~Elinor~~ Elinor had married and no longer lived at home. She married a Burke for from Osgood probably - later they separated. She worked in a cage in the back rooms of Host's bakery for a while - before & after marriage. They separated before she had any children.

Then she married a Dewey Sorenson from ^{Sorenson?} around Twin Falls. They had a girl Lonna & a son.

Arch was real proud of his little granddaughter. She was a petite articulate child. During her 1st county trip - Elinor often stopped in to see her grand parents in I.F.

On these weekends that Arch & Claudia showed up with their kids they set of camped out in the little cabin next to the slab cabin. It had a small stove inside and they used some folding camp or army cot for the family.

At that time Burdett didn't fish and Arch didn't particularly enjoy fishing either. Seldom did he fish.

1953

Burdett

The last summer I was in F.P. I'd graduated. Burdett was there and Ann & Paul were there again. Their third son Robert was a kid with mischief written all over his face. He loved to tease. He enjoyed Burdett. He'd often come up to Burdett when Burdett was sitting down and put his hands over his eyes. Maybe he'd throw a pine cone or some pine needle on him. Then Burdett would catch him and tickle him or something else to make him determined to get back at Burdett. He always came back, even if he was treated a little rough he'd come back. Burdett liked him especially because he was such a good sport.

Sometimes Burdett would catch Robert ^(by his bib) and hang him on a nail on the porch of the Al Smith cabin where the Walker's ^{overhead suspension tower} lived or maybe on a protruding dead limb from a tree near the cabin. Robert would start to scream ^{holler} and cry a little (just a muffled whimper) then when Burdett would get take him down he might say - If I let you down ^{will} you leave me alone. Then he'd say yes - in a few minutes however Robert would be back pestering Burdett. They both loved it. Then I was drafted and in July right after the celebrations in Rexburg I ~~to~~ left for the army.

One time Barney was coanking one of his McCullough Chain saws. It just would ^{not} start. As we were waiting for Barney - he'd work on the carburetor and then on the spark plug or something else - David was swinging the

Berdett

it around his head seeing how close he could come to Barney without hitting him. Any way he was fooling around swinging it and he let loose. It had a small hard wood dowel $3\frac{1}{2}$ to 4 inches long on the unknotted end as a hand grip to pull it by. When he let loose of it it sailed past Barney and hit Barney in the head. Barney just sort of groaned a little in agony. Poor David stopped in his tracks. The color left his face as did the smile that had been there when he had teased Barney.

Berdett had to turn away he couldn't keep a straight face - I did too after seeing Berdett. Later when ~~Berdett~~^{Barney} was ~~near~~ near Berdett said to David. "you almost got it that time."

Once while binding a load in the woods Berdett was up with Barney & Barney. Barney was making the come along. Berdett heard Barney say - "Hey Barney! Youa clampin' my toe" this always tickled Berdett. Berdett forwarded Barney and David a little ~~bit~~. but it seems. Once he told David he was lazy. He said, "why when I was your age I was bustin' spuds."

after the steam engine was taken out and the diesel was put in we had to take a 500 mile bath. We'd often go to Tom's Creek. In the early season you didn't go to the creek. ~~The~~ Not only was the water cold but the mosquitoes was too thick. And the road across Tom's creek flat or meadow - two wet wet. I may had a large

Burdett

galvanized tub. It was alone. About the right of 3 regular galvanized wash tubs. Their family heated water on the kitchen range (maj estie) and bathed there. We sometimes borrowed it and took it to our cabin.

After mid summer - usually the mosquitoes were fairly scarce after 4th of July, and especially 24th of July. Then we went to Tom's Creek. If we went to the bridge - there was a deep hole beneath the trestle. But when the road was dry and we went to the meadow we could dine to the bank if we waded carefully in the tall grass near the creek for large larva were sticking up. At one bend in the creek there was a place where the creek was a little over waist deep in a hole maybe 12-15 feet long.

One trip we talked Barney into going along. We were all undressed. We just skinny-dipped. Barney tiptoed to the edge and put his toe in. He let out a waa waa as though he'd been really hurt. He'd back to the car where he dressed. The rest of us went in. Barney hated cold water. In former times in the shower house he could take hotter water than anyone else. He never went back. But we went there regularly.

Sometimes there would be a little breeze hit us there on the bank and it really was much more miserable than being in the water itself. We got so used to being in. It seemed easier. One cold windy day I was with Dad. I dove in. I believe I was swimming lumber that particular time. I went to deep and scraped my thigh on a larva

Berdett -

rock on the bottom. It ~~didn't~~ tear the skin and bleed but it did certainly sting and smart. It was an abrasion and turned into a sore that partly scabbed over and remained there as a reminder for quite some time.

There was quite a bit of slow moving water between the bridge & meadow. The water was warmer here than at the bridge -

Berdett went bear hunting with Warren - He wasn't very patient and after a couple of trips without seeing anything he soon lost interest in it.

Just before school started he'd usually start training with a run each day - maybe to Tom's Creek and back and a few calisthenics, calisthenics. Warren used to like to tell stories of when he was young in Gaston. Berdett never got too excited about Warren's stories. I guess Arch had talked down bragging so much that his kids were sort of negative about story telling by any family members.

He did enjoy being entertained by old Jack Gibson one of Seneca men.

This old white haired guy came over from Evanston. He drank some like a fiend. He could skin a cat pretty good but he could spin some yarn. Of course he could tell it all with a straight face.

He stayed in at the mill one winter in the slab cabin. He had a little old chery couple he bought there. He drove it to Ponds and drank and then slowly meandered his way home inebriated.

In the spring when the snow had settled and crusted so there was only 3-4 feet he dug out his car and using planks drove it up onto the crust. He headed for Ponds. Just after he entered the timber across the flat the car dropped

Burdett

From the coast beneath a large pine near the roadkill where the snow had been protected and had not crusted heavily. He shimmied and got it up again only to have it sink again a short distance further along the road. Facing 2+ miles of timbered roadway he gave it up and walked. After the snow was all melted from the road he came back and drove the car away.

Burdett enjoyed visiting with the sheepherders. He went with me to set and check my barrel trap a few times.

Jay Whalay bought Robins Road. Some guy built a small garage size store on the bend of the highway above Moche Dam where the road enters Henry's Lake Flat. ^{North end of the} ~~A~~ loop road also takes off there to Big Springs. Jay a fellow built it after buying logs from Barney. Old Don McFee had built his big cabin just back from the ~~road~~ ^{road}. He had owned a lot of property there which he sold off for building lots. Several of the early lots there were bought by builders. Ray Peterson who sold his dog team to Warren did some cement work such as chimneys and fireplaces. Another builder was a guy that came in from southern Utah.

He arranged to get building materials from Barney for several cabins he wanted to build ~~besides~~ beside his own and a barn. He was a real b. s. er. He once said he was nervous about bears - but mt. lions - they were such cowards you could walk up and pick one off from a cliff. His name was Nickerson. Nick was his nickname. His wife was into furs. They stayed there the year around. They were only 1/4 mile from the main road.

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Berrett.

After a few years - Jay Wesley went to work for the Idaho Highway Dept. He was pretty knowledgeable with heavy equipment. We saw him for many years with the state road trucks along the I P road.

His wife ran the little store. Her prices for groceries etc were much better than Ponds or Macks who put all their prices up for tourists and. Dad always liked to shop there. The last year or 2 I boarded with Dad. He did most of cooking & dish washing. Sometimes I did the dishes. carried water. After Dad would say go ahead. I'll dry the dishes. I would shoot a basket or something else - maybe make a banel.

Sometimes we'd go over to the siding and talk with - watch - and occasionally help Gene or some of his crew unload ties into Goodloe. He had built a ramp along side the siding so they could pull up and unload and then drive on over the other end. They'd pull the cars along side.

The brakeman or conductor of the regular freight that came thru on Saturdays used to drop a sack of candy off the caboose to M' Jean. She was certainly a little golden haired girl. This man would stand out on the rear steps of the caboose and gently take the little ~~so~~ brown paper sack of candy off near the telephone box. When M' Jean heard the train whistle she would run out of the house and headed for the tracks. She'd wave and then run up and pick up the sack before the caboose was past very far. This went on for several years.

Berslett

after school started she was still home on Saturdays which was the regular day for the freight train.

Our Uncle Lee Robertson worked for a short while cutting with Charley Whittrip. Mrs. Whittrip cooked for the guys at the camp, Jim Taylor and Jay Whaley. Jay said once. You could never tell what class on the mern by the color, Jim said they always got some left overs put back in. Jay sawed some and then ~~then~~ Gene. They used the portable mill as soon as the woods were dry. In fall they sometimes decked out ties for late fall and early spring sawing on the mill at the siding.

Petersen's sheep spread -

1

Archie Petersen brought his sheep thru each year. One year a header showed up in his overhalls on a hay horse riding in an old saddle. It was his first time to visit the mill. He came back again and again. He'd tie his horse to a tree and sit near the back of the skidway and watch Dad saw or Warren or Barney or who ever was sawing. He'd stay for several hours.

He'd move his sheep thru the Ripley Butte country and there was a time when he surely knew that country better than anyone else. His wife, Sovie was a small frail looking woman. They had come from So. Carolina likely and lived in a little house in Rexburg during the winter.

They had several children and all grown. One son, Kebler, was a bachelor. He'd occasionally come around on a week end to visit them. One or two of Archie's sons helped out in tending camp by coming in to bring supplies. On week ends they'd occasionally ride out to Ponder with their son or someone else in a car.

They hauled their sheep camp on a rubber tired wagon and also pulled a water wagon along. They set up ^{many} ~~several~~ camps. The last few years they were in that country the forest service had a regulation requiring they could only bed down their sheep in one location for so many days or nights. 2 or 3. Maybe they didn't have to move far but they always had to keep moving. In the timber the grass is not heavy anyway and it's not like grazing a pasture. The Ripley Butte area and the area between the rail road tracks and the highway had lots of open country - small parks

Aniel's sheep

2

The country is broken up with patchy timber and uneven terrain, many low spots and many small knolls or ridges of lava outcroppings. Generally there is some sloping from Rattles Butte itself to the south and west. A lot of lush and woody shrubs grow there. Open patches of scrub sage and sparse flowering plants as well. Various grasses and timber grass in bunches seemed to ~~thrive~~ ^{thrive} there. Some low spots seemed to hold water, and these areas had willows and ^{other} plants where water-loving plants.

Generally the area was so flat and yet broken up so much with the lava outcroppings that a person walking in the area ^{could} ~~was~~ easily become lost. One time in a hunting magazine Warren had some so called expert claimed he'd hunted all over the world and never saw a place so difficult to hunt without becoming lost as an area in the Island Park country - referring to this area.

The natives all knew this.

One time I was hunting in this area with a brother-in-law Paul Walker. I shot a deer. I blazed a trail back to where we met on an old road and where he'd left the car. He was late getting back. He was surprised how he'd lost his bearings that day and become lost. On an overcast day when there are no shadows it's difficult to keep one's bearings, well he had heard about this phenomena but never experienced it before.

So after he'd ~~wandered~~ ^{wandered} around a while

Chief's sheep -

he became a believer that you should carry a compass. That day as I hunted I discovered that I could hear traffic (cars and large trucks) on the highway and that the sounds of the ~~the~~ ^{traffic} were getting nearer. That meant I was going west away from where I wanted to be. So I changed directions and blazed a trail out to the old road and ~~the car~~.

We followed the ~~road~~ ^{blaze} back into where I'd shot the fawn, Anna was with us, the doe was with the fawn but I had been unable to get but one clear shot thru the timber. I sighted them in a rather heavy stand of pole size lodge poles.

One time the first year I was in J.P. Dad and I went elk hunting in that area. They just walked out from camp. There were quite a few hunters that liked to go out on saddle horses, but Dad had had previous experience hunting elk as a young man when nervous snort horses seemed to spook the game and gave the game the advantage notice of their arrival and in timber that is enough to keep them out of range even if you'd see them at all.

So they just walked out from camp. There was a foot of snow at least. It may have been snowing lightly also as they walked along. Finally they crossed the tracks of two other hunters. They followed the tracks for a short distance and discovered they were following their own tracks.

One of the rules if you loose your whereabouts is

Ariel steep range

to go downhill. You'll usually find a trail, a road or a stream. Such a ~~system~~ usually ~~is~~ tributary system usually leads to a main stream or road that leads you out. The Ripley Butte country had no natural stream drainage system.

There was one place where water settled in a small basin. A pond or lake. No one from our camp ever talked about it or knew of it until Mr. But Miller the shepherd told me of it or he'd been in the country for many years. We eventually went there when I had my 39 Ford and set a barrel trap baited with fish heads hoping to catch a bear.

There were few places in this terrain where one could get to a high enough elevation to see any natural landmarks such as mt. ranges or peaks such as Mt. Sawteel to the north west. And of course on an overcast day you'd not be able to see out that far and with no shadows you just couldn't keep your bearings.

If atmospheric conditions were right you could hear cows on the highway from the mill at night. You could hear Women's dog team barking & howling from Ed Ryberg's. You could hear the whistle of a locomotive from Split Creek and from the moon meadow you could hear people talking in the camp at the mill in the evenings (some evenings)

But anyway it was a difficult place to be traveling if you weren't prepared and aware of what you were doing.

Archie's sheep range.

Barnesy timber cruised it some. One big butte itself there was an old slab shack. The slabs were fir slabs, many old fire stumps were there. Ren had logged there. It was there that the Swede, Andy Seelander, had been cutting fir for Ren. Ren decided to send another man out to help Andy. Later in scaling out their logs, they were paid so much per M (thousand) they discovered Andy cut more alone than with a helper. Pat Knapp + his family (wife included) cut there for Ren.

Well Bert Miller did have some roads and trails down thru that country. He probably traveled thru the area twice a season. Part of it maybe 3 times. He'd move thru the area and if it was a good year they'd ship their first lambs in early July. They'd come into the stockyards to cut out the lambs. Buyers would show up. They'd take out the heaviest lambs and ship them. They weighed at the scale house provided there.

They had about 3 campsites within sight of the mill. They usually placed one horizontal pole between two trees where they hung the harnesses of their team. They usually had a blue roan team and some bay saddle horses. One campsite was very near the railroad crossing a hundred yards out from the wing of the stockyards.

Another camp was south and east in the edge of the timber and the third camp was on the edge of a small ^{clearing} meadow in the edge of the timber west of the stockyards. Just in front

Archie's sheep range

of this clearing was a prominent circular grove of aspen, the most conspicuous and largest aspen grove near the mill. A road crossed to it. It was the only and best traveled road leading into that area. Eventually it was cut out to take one all the way down to this lake Bert told us about. Then the REA put their line thru and this opened up this country to traffic as it had never been before, yet it really just cut thru the north west corner.

As Bert moved thru this area he knew where the closest water would be. They'd take their water wagon to Warm River where they filled it with a small pump from a gas engine (just, Biggs - Stratton) Once Barney or his Dad or both tried a Biggs + maybe appears to work at the mill - cut a little and maybe fixed the engine, or maybe another guy fixed the engine. Were a black stetson) dark complected - tall thin guy.

Bert sometimes trailed his sheep to Tom's Creek to water. He also had a couple of camp sites along the edge of the Tom's Creek flat (meadow) One of Archie's boys did a lot of the hauling of water.

One spring he let me ride his horse. It was an appaloosa - I rode to Tom's Creek. As you near the creek on the west edge of the meadow there is a lot of pole ~~cut~~ size timber and some wet swampy area with lots of willows. This horse was make well. A tall young horse. Near the creek riding just inside of where the bushy trees line the edge of the flat there is a low spot. It is filled

Armed sheep range

with water like a bannan pit except it is a natural low spot. I don't know that it is connected to Tom's creek. just a low sandy area. Just across the water I noticed something. The horse did also. I stopped. The horse had his head up - ears pointing to a large willow bush. Evidently watching. I finally made out the top of antlers among the tallest willows. Then ant came on a average eyed bull moose. still in the velvet of course. when it walked out into view the horse whimpered to it. Probably it trotted ~~leisurely~~ off leisurely off into the timber. I was surprised and pleased the horse showed no fear. I enjoyed riding the horse back to their camp near the stock yards. the boy was quite proud of his new Heiser saddle. It had a basket weaver design bordering the fenders and skirts and the Heiser, Denver, Colo saddle makers stamp boldly across the cantle. It had quite large smells - the largest I'd ever seen maybe.

Warren became friendly with Beak. Sometimes we'd drop by to visit with them on a Sunday afternoon. They rode into the mill when they were near by with their camp. One Sunday we rode over to sit and visit with them. He joked and got a kick out of David & Barry. He called Barry cotton top because of his light (yellow) hair.

Sometimes Bert would ride by to ask if we'd seen or heard of any of his sheep. It was difficult to keep the herd together. In Ripley Butte they often scattered and easily became separated with the uneven terrain being what it was.

Ariel's sheep range.

When they'd ship quite a few care of people came and they were kept busy cooking with their camp stove. Ariel's wife showed up too in later years. She'd sometimes stop in and visit Barney. After Ariel wintered Barney's house they stopped by the house more often and Barney sold him lumber & logs. He and his wife began to frequent dances in J. P. & Pond's etc.

Beet's bachelor son began to show an interest in Sharon. She was only about 12. He was maybe in his 30's. He had a nice car. Don't know about a job.

~~At~~ Late in the season Beet would bring his sheep back over the range and the late lambs would be sold and shipped. Then he'd take the ewes out again and they'd graze toward Lost chance and trail down country, possibly across Antelope Flats south west of the Railroad ranch and out past St. Anthony or across the Shotgun Valley to Spencer.

Some of the winter they may have fed sheep near the home ranch at Burton near Rexburg. I don't know ~~was~~ where they lambled. Also they may have had more than one lambing area for different herds. I'm sure Beet's herd was only one of several.

After the lambs were shipped Beet usually camped along the Tom's Creek meadow and then cruised over to Cub Creek and out to the highway.

Over the years Beet had trouble with beans. Some years were worse than others. Some years it was dry and hot. Sometimes the berries were scarce and beans seemed plentiful. He'd suffer a

Arctic sheep range
heavy loss. Coyotes usually leathened some but
not nearly as destructive as bears.

Warren could easily get bait from dead carcasses
for his trap. One time Warren built a Vee trap
from gnarled aspens he dug together and piled
lumps on lumps against a large tree where he
fastened his trap. At the peak of the Vee the
height of the logs was 6-7 feet so the bear
would go around rather than over the top.

Warren used bait of a sheep that the bear
had killed and left. The bear returned and
several days after the trap had been set
Maureen had come up to see Warren. It
may have been a Sunday. We went to check
the trap. Warren had a 30/30. Mayor Deal,
maybe "Poppier". He handed the rifle to Maureen.
At 25 to 30 feet away the old black bear
sat in the Vee so quietly after we arrived. Warren
told her where to aim. She shot one shot off hand
and the bear hardly moved.

One time in the Ripley butte area near the
logging road to the butte Bert was with
his wife and one other man when his sheep
dogs set up a ruckus. They followed after
the dogs and the dogs jumped a bear. There
were 2 small cubs. The cubs tried and the
dogs drove the old bear off. Bert and the
other man went off on their horses after
the dogs and the bear. His wife stayed there
and waited with her horse. The Stegat
off the horse and waited.

In a little short time Bert heard Susie's
shill scream. She really sounded like she was

Arctic Sheep course

in real trouble. They about broke their necks getting back to where she was screaming. She was terrified.

The cubs had climbed down out of the trees and in all the confusion and noise. Shots were being fired by the men - Dogs were running and barking and the scared cubs may have been so confused they ran to Susie for protection. This terrified her. I don't know if the cubs were shot or if they ran off. I don't know if this caused them to abandon following the bear and losing it too.

But I do not that poor Susie was so unnerved by the experience she nearly had a nervous break down because of it. I think it was a while before she left camp again.

One time Bert got onto a bear with his dogs. It ran into a rock pile - lava outcroppings and disappeared, with his dogs Bert found it had ran into a cave. Going back in a day or two and looking down into the cave one could make out the dead bear.

Well all him may have remained there or maybe was pulled out. My guess it he remained until squirrels, beetles, etc carried his remains away. Maybe Porcupine knamed the bones. But a year or two later there was no evidence that a bear had ever been in the cave.

This I do know however. His head departed his body and it was carried away.

In later years Bert still came by the mill where he visited with Dad and others. He always asked lots of questions - about Warren - his family - everyone - he had

the dead woman's so evident all the vocabulary - down the road
to
to
and how the voices
and Warren and his family
remains for

LeRoy Walters

Cousin Roy came with wife Mary in his car and brought fishing equipment.

He had worked in or taught at college in Cedar City, taught airplane mechanics, while Barney & Mary were down there they became better acquainted.

Then he came to Keysville and taught diesel engines at Vocational school later SL Trade Tech.

I met him at some state vocational meetings & I found that Cy Benson on our faculty knew him. And Saul Catham a teacher I ~~never~~ revered as the dean of teachers at Proud Trade Tech had done his student teaching under LeRoy. Can't remember which school.

At Roy's funeral it was surprising all the things he had accomplished. It was on a very cold winter day. Some of the Idaho folks made it down - chaimp vils. Aunt Evie & Elsie.

Roy came one time to visit Mary & Barney in the old house in F.P. He brought a friend, one long time friend. Cordingley - maybe Lee?

They had worked as young men helping to be dressed on trails in Yellowstone horse pack. They packed back over trails around Fishing Bridge. They told of turning the pack animals loose coming back to camp, they'd go on lead, they were used to the trails -

When they met a black bear along the trail the bears ^(s) would leave the trails and the horses went on down the trail. They could always tell if they came upon a grizzly because they could see ahead along the trail where the pack animals left the trail. They knew the difference - they knew when

LeRay

2

they got up there they'd find a going by. Don't know if they left the trail also or if they hauled the bears^(s) out of the trail -

They occasionally saw where a dead black bear was washed up on the shore of the lake - drowned. And sometimes elk skinned attempting to cross the Yellowstone Lake. But they never saw a moose washed onto the shore. Moose were strong swimmers.

They worked there summers to earn money to help put themselves thru school. LeRay may have had a scholarship to Utah State in Logan also.

Roy got real enthused about the diesel engine. He seemed sort of charmed to be around it and hear it run. He usually had a few suggestions on how to winterize it - etc - keep anti freeze in it.

His youngest son Kim was a real likeable boy and the Smiths got to know him. The older boys were married and gone by this time.

Roy developed a problem - he'd occasionally black out - the last few years he couldn't teach but the school kept him employed on the custodial staff.

His sister Dorothy got to where she couldn't walk around and became an invalid in an E nursing home. Roy rode with someone to Uncle Jack's funeral.

The Walters family always were friendly and always seemed to talk in a distinctive way inserting the name of the person they were speaking to into the sentence part way or at the end.

Jack Hillman & Dyal did the same thing -

3

LeKay -

His oldest son Jack - taught school and went to school and then on to graduate school. Kim after a Spanish speaking mission became a seminary teacher.

For many years Barry & David expected LeKay to give them a snowmobile with an airplane prop engine to move it. The chance to have it from Keysville to I.F. or I.P. never seemed to come.

Glen Walters built Jack & Erice house. Barney got out the logs for Jack's new horse barn. It was a nice big barn. It was up off the ground 3 feet maybe. It had a wide aisle behind the stalls. The first was a tack room. Then 3 double stalls - maybe another one and a box stall. Sometime during calving a cow with calving problems was put in there.

Just behind the barn or at the west end was a cow barn - pretty probably could have had 3 or 4 stalls in it and a small separate corral.

Their house was real nice. It had siding and brick. It had a central cleaning system with a water tank and float and was designed to filter the air and never needed to have cob webs swept up in the house. Even kept the flies down. It had some sort of humidity control built into it.

It was a lovely home. The front entrance was seldom used. It always seemed that Jack & Erice had a nice home - as long as I could remember it seemed like a nice large home. When the new

home was built the old house was moved west to a 40 Acres down the road a ways. Leth Dyal and other hired help lived in it.

Inside the door facing east was a coat room. So the entrance had a double door, a hall way door separated it from the hall. Inside the hall a room off to the right had a wood range. Arnt Evie of course started out as a brick of 16 and he just home wasn't a mansion. I don't know how old Beth would have been when they went into the house I just remember.

Beth died between 16-18 I guess. This was a tough blow for Evie. Harold & Rulon were fortunate it seems in many respects being as they were no one else could bore them around too much. They had didn't look for the things they needed in life in a temporal way.

They had a cooler with a regular freezer type door. They had a small jump house in the yard at the edge of their lawn with a deep freeze in it. There were 3 bedrooms on the main floor. The hall separated into a tee - going to the bedrooms and past bypassing the kitchen except for a small opening for the telephone.

Their living room and dining room were joined with picture windows and a fire place on the west end of the living room. It was a white brick & marble. A small entrance way faced the counter and the road. A closet there and a cushioned boot box. She joked that was for me when I came to their house with my girl. The kitchen was large with a table on one end lengthwise.

the diesel engine

Le Roy

1

I don't know the exact spring when the diesel was brought in. Barney went to the west coast and took his family and arranged to get the GMC marine diesel.

A marine diesel rotates a different direction than regular diesels I believe. He got it from surplus it seems. It may have been out of a vessel of some type.

Our Cousin Le Roy Walters had become acquainted with Barney and Maj on a more personal basis while working in defense. Le Roy had taught mechanics and flying in Cedar City at the Utah Southern College of Utah there. He later taught diesel mechanics in the SLC technical or Vocational college. He enjoyed coming to IP for fish and vacation.

When he came up he loved to come and start the diesel & listen to it run. One year after Barney had had the diesel several seasons. Roy took it into the school shop and went all the way thru it.

Roy came to visit one time with a friend of his from Ashton. Cordingly was his name. They told many interesting stories.

working in Yellowstone with park strips & dwell.
skizgly & Black bears -
woose -
animals drowned in the Y. lake etc -

Ryberg

1

After moving to Goshen, Dad suffered so much at times with hay fever he just about had to get away and go to the woods. A few days in I. P. helped him. The cool nights tho. I'd fish and it was cooler along the streams - the Buffalo River was of course where he'd head. Sometimes he went with Bill Forbes. He seemed to have a good car - at least he had a new ~~model~~ Ford V-8 couple some time while we knew him. And Joe Nielsen went with Dad at least one, at got to go, maybe Anna once & Nielsen's took their daughter Mary Jane.

On one trip to I. P. with Bill F. Dad went to the head of Buffalo. We often called it that. It wasn't really the head but a large spring is located there and the size of the river below the spring more than doubles - the amount of water flowing in above the cabins.

Dad was fishing along this stretch and came to this place and a cabin was built there. A man came out of the cabin. He was friendly and visited. He said, well if I had supper ready I'd invite you in to eat - or maybe if he had his biscuits biscuits ready. Anyway he never did actually invite them into his cabin. He talked about his mining there. He waded to the edge of the stream and convinced Dad that there was some sort of sparkly stuff in the stream bed - He called it gold.

In later years some folks figured Ed used the mining claim right to establish and hold his cabin on that National Forest land. He'd spend so much money each year in improvements to hold a valid mineral claim. He did dig some

holes along the river bank a ways above his cabin. They were filled with water when I saw them. Supposedly he had a stationary engine. In fact he did have a least one that he used to pump out the water from this shaft.

So Dad subsequently saw Ed on an occasional fishing trip. Ed stayed year around there. He had a shed and there were two log cabins. May have had a sod roof. Dad normally fished below that section of the river. Once Dad had a dream in which he saw a place and there was gold there. One time later he was fishing above Ed's place a 1/2 mile or so where the Buffalo River does actually bend from a good sized spring and it seemed familiar to Dad. He always wanted to go there and prospect. He had a very earnest desire to find some gold. He said if he ever did he would use it to do some things for his family.

When Dad grew up in Goshen I'm sure he was much more thankful for his family than some people might have thought. He was proud of them. He must have been very much aware that the kids suffered being poor. Not too many people there rented unless they were young married couple just starting out. ^{most} ~~Some~~ of them ^{probably} ~~usually~~ had a car. When the kids were in the upper grades they had to be conscious of the lack of clothes compared to most other folks.

The folks were appreciated a great deal by people with good sound judgement and principles. Mother for her work as sec. of the Relief Society -

Ryberg

3

You think of the hand written records the key for Goshen Ward. When Dad was ward clerk for many years - she was the "Secretary" or scribe. The records were largely written in her handwriting you can be sure of that.

Most of mother's writing to any family members was with ~~the~~ penny post cards. I don't know that we visited any relatives that didn't seem well off. I remember going to see Uncle Joe Hall. He had a radio and a mounted deer head in his house - He may have done the taxidermy himself. It was a white tail. He shot it while living in cover'd alone. I felt sorry for Rex and his sister one year at Christmas. They didn't get any toys - just clothes.

Then visiting Dad's folks in Rexburg, Adrain had a nice little coat iron air plane. He gave it to me. Uncle Jack gave me a Rulon windup train one year - said Rulon didn't like it or use it anyway. They always had big white turkeys roosting in the trees in their yard. So we ate turkey at these places. Aunt Elsie put on a big feed at her table - She raised turkeys also.

I don't remember Heber Ward had much of anything. He lived around in ~~the~~ different little places and raised rabbits at times.

So Dad always wanted to hope the dream ^{held} had some real promise. Dad did have some faith in dreams. Once he had a dream while living in Goshen. His brother Warren visited him, at the foot of his bed. He wanted something - Dad couldn't tell what. Dad discovered it with some one a church leader - bishop - state president or patriarch -

Ryberg -

4

? Don't know who? Did he have the dream twice?
They asked if Warren's temple work had been done. Well no temple work was done because Warren died at about age 10. So Dad got the records sent thru the church clearing house and went to the temple (in Logan I'm sure) and had the work done for him. The dream never reoccured. Dad figured that was what Warren had come to ask. So he placed some validity to dreams. When he saw a place in I.P. that looked like the place in the dream he was surprised.

Well seeing Ryberg claiming he was there for gold made Dad feel more than ever that the dream could come true.

I've mentioned before of a time when Ed came putting into the saw mill in his rattling old Ford pick up, and fighting "Old Nig" I was riding Nig at the time skidding something around the mill.

He bought some lumber that day and raved a bit. He talked of Hitler and how he (Ed) was protected by blue electricity and Hitler was after him. He had something they wanted from him. He talked about maybe having a large store of gold that someone was after. His eyes shone with a sparkle that was piercing and very evident.

Ed always cleaned up and dressed well when he went to town. He wore high top boots and trousers that flared about the knees. The name I don't remember?

In these days of I.P. some men wore a sort of

Ryberg

5

denim waist trousers. They were identified by a name (brand or otherwise I don't know) they were not Levi's. (Chingalee) ? Seems like another name than that. He seemed tall and slender to me.

Well anyway he was dressed well having come from town. I didn't have occasion to see Ed again. Maybe I saw his truck go past. Once I know may told of meeting him above Tom's Creek when she and Barney were hunting on snow shoes. He broke trail for a ways - and had a very long stride.

Ed trapped in the winters. Once Al came down in the fall of the year and told that story about Ed. He'd been shipping ^{marten} ~~marten~~ ^{marten} there was no trapping season on them. The game warden had learned about these shipments - then the post office at Ponds no doubt. They were afraid to go to his cabin so they watched until a time when Ed came out to Ponds for mail and supplies and maybe a time when he had some marten hides with him. Then they took him into custody.

In St. Anthony before a judge he apparently launched into a tirade that he didn't need ~~to~~ ^{to} stay the law. He had a right to the marten and the judge had him placed in an institution. Because Ed was a veteran of World War II he may have been sent to some federal center rather than Blockfoot. Anyway he did not go to Blockfoot - that seems sure. Maybe he was in Evanston, Wyo. Don't know for sure. But he was gone. Well Charley Pond and maybe Horace Pond was his friends I suppose and took some interest in him over the years. His rifle a 25/35 Winchester was left with Charley Pond for safe keeping. I don't know what

Ryberg

may have become of his Ford.

The year Al got married in the spring while he and Loie were in IP the first few weeks Ed stowed up. He was walking between IP and Ponds and they gave him a ride on the wagon. He walked from the mill on to his place ^{going around the road.} ~~on the road.~~

~~The next year~~

That winter Waven stayed out near the highway in a tent ^{along} ~~near~~ the IP road. In early spring Ed stowed up again. Don't know where he had spent the winter but it apparently wasn't in Fremont County. He couldn't get ~~in~~ over any roads. Waven had a chance to talk and visit with him some during the time he was waiting for the snow to melt off the road. Ed acquired a little "cherry" I think coupe.

Waven mentioned once he didn't think Ed was much of a mechanic because he was so concerned about the engine on his car falling out. He was going to wire it to the frame. ~~It~~ It was mounted on rubber and Ed thought it must be loose.

Well Ed did come back. We saw him pass the mill often in his little car.

During the year Ed had been incarcerated - fishermen, hunters, and scavengers had literally hauled away every thing the poor man had left behind. He had his rifle back from Ponds.

One time Barney talked with Ed. He told him he had held his stone for him, ~~the~~ Sometime Fred Wardel or someone from the mill had driven up to his place and hauled the stone off.

Ed had not trusted some of the natives at I.P. Ed's said John Back once told him he had been up to his place. This was at Ponds where they

Ryberg

was talking. Ed replied - I know I was watching you thru my sight, whether he said this or not who knows. John was a BS & set away. But one thing for sure John was scared of Ed. You can believe John wouldn't go snooping around Ed's place after that.

John may have wintered in IP some years. He mostly would have gone out in winter. His place may have been sold to Sam Cookers. Later after moving to Last Chance he maybe stayed in the winters. He built a garage near the highway. His cabin wasn't far from the new highway that went thru Last Chance.

Barney took occasion to tell Ed he'd bring his stove up to Ed some evening after work. And they bobtailed the Ford and hauled it to Ed's place. Ed had set to work and tore down the two log cabins and salvaged logs to put up one cabin. He built it back from where the old cabin sat. The door faced east from the side. The only windows were in ^{the} front end facing the spring.

In conversation it was talked about getting game for meat. He indicated that if he took a game animal like a moose he didn't shoot anything near camp but ~~packed~~ back packed it in. He indicated that his trapline took him three days. He stayed at the cabins above Section 6 and maybe used a cabin at Skinnerville. Maybe there was another location. All the other cabins had been burned down by the forest service.

We passed Ed many times along the road. Sometimes he would pass the mill on foot. One time he carried a car battery from Ponde in a gunny sack on his back. He occasionally would be

Ryberg

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picked up and given a ride.

Barney told of one time it was told before he went away a couple of fishermen left their wives at their car and went off down the river. Before they returned Ed got the 2 women in his cabin and really had them scared. They didn't dare leave. He probably got started on his lingo about all his "blue electricity power" etc. Don't suppose he threatened them with any bodily harm. Apparently they were relieved when their husbands got back.

~~When Ed left~~

While Ed was gone his huge piles of wood piles of split wood disappeared. He had a lot of it. Some was stacked behind his cabin between two trees along the road.

After returning Ed cut ~~a channel~~ ^{three the} windfalls all along the river so that one could get a boat thru the main channel. Ed used to pull supplies up the river in a boat. This way he could bring things into his camp in winter time when his ~~the~~ ^{vehicle} ~~road~~ ^{was} was snowed in or out. I don't know if he left it out at Ponds.

~~Ed told~~ Ed told sometimes passed the mill on foot late in the evening walking ~~home~~ ^{home}. That meant he had to walk down those roads in dense with thick timber on both sides and virtually no light even if it were moon light. Sections of the road near his cabin were probably shady all day. I marveled at his bravery. He never carried his rifle and he didn't carry a pistol.

One time Dad, Berdett and I went to pay him a

Ryberg -

His eyes were soft - a well built man but didn't seem tall as I'd remembered him when I was a kid.

visit. I guess we just were spending an evening driving around for something to do. Berdett had heard of him - never saw him maybe. When we drove into his place he came out acting quite surprised. I was glad Dad was along. He knew Dad.

I remember we stood in front of the cabin and talked. Dad ran his hand over Ed's head and sort of ruffled his hair a little in doing so and commented that his hair was turning white. Dad meant it ~~was~~ ^{as} a ~~gentle~~ friendly gesture I'm sure but I was shocked and wondered what a guy as independent as Ed might have thought of someone putting a hand on him.

Dad in my head called this eye and if so it was near 60

We (Dad Berdett) asked if he didn't ~~ever~~ ^{ever} get scared. I guess actually we expressed some admiration such as his walking the road in the dark. He took it modestly and told us two incidents. Once he had a bear trap set and at a later time came along near the set without any thought of a bear being in it. It very likely hadn't been set long.

The bear raised up when it saw him. The trap was on a short paw and Ed ran when the bear began to beat the trap against the tree. He returned of course with his rifle and shot the bear.

He told us on another occasion he was unshowered and a cow moose was walking on his porch. This may have been when he had the other cabin. But anyway the moose would have been just next to the window. He said to quote "It nearly scared the sense out of him"

Ryberg.

60

In the fall of the year he'd make trips out almost daily and return in the afternoon. He kept busy hauling things into his place. One day I passed ~~Ed~~ of ~~the cutting~~ him on the flat near the 3rd crossroad and we both pulled off the road to get by. He was in his little car. He commented on the team I was driving Pet & tops at the time. He commented that he liked horses. It was a short but pleasant conversation and we went on.

Another time we were going to the woods. I was riding behind the car. We often stood up facing forward after leaving the flat. On the flat we'd face too much wind. But in the woods they drove more slowly. Also we had a better chance to see any game along the road and if there were puddles we wouldn't get splashed on the face and arms so much from the drizzle if we were standing.

We crossed the cowdway and turned right at the white sign Chick Creek Road. Just as we came around a little bend onto the ~~street~~ ^{first} small flat we met Ed. We were going too fast to stop. Ed headed off the road and almost into some aspens coming to a sudden stop. We swerved to the right side of the road and drove on. It happened fast. As I looked back the last I saw he was still sitting there - never once turned his head. Probably killed the engine in the sudden stop.

In the writings from Edna Ricks creative writing class - I have notes on the next episode of and last one of his life.

She noted on my paper it was written to

sentimental.

When a piece came out in the IF Post-Register and was read aloud - my - said tears came into Barry's eyes.

Subsequently I visited the cabin site before the forest service burned it. A calendar on the wall had the days marked off with an X or a slash drawn thru it, up to a last date.

Boards had been torn from the ~~wood~~ floor and burned. There was hardly anything in the back room - all the flooring missing.

An old mattress was on the bed which was in the front room with the stove. It was a small room with a low door.

A double-bitted ax laid in the back room. There was hardly anything in the cabin by way of dishes or utensils ~~utensils~~.

During the previous winter there had been a cold snap that lasted several days, ^{nearly a} ~~maybe~~ week perhaps. Ed didn't come out to Ponds for mail or supplies. The Ponds became concerned and notified authorities. People from the sheriff's office and game warden went in on snowmobiles. They found him in his bed.

It seems he became ill - maybe had the flu - and with the cold snap didn't venture out. Possibly if the weather had been more mild he'd have tried to make it out to Ponds. Whether he was receiving a regular pension check or not I don't know. Maybe he hadn't had the financial means to put in a supply

Ryberg

of food as in years past. His wood pile was gone
evident from the fact he'd cut boards from the
cabin floor to put in his stove.

The Post-Register carried an article on it. As
it was read aloud at May's she said how
tears ~~she~~ coursed Barry's cheeks. Barry would
have been around 8 or 9 at that time I suppose.

~~Some~~ as I was taking a class from Edna Ricks
in creative writing, I wrote something about it.
She put a note on my work when she handed
it back stating it was too sentimental.

He was probably buried in St. Anthony by the
VFW's. He was a World War II veteran.
It had always been rumored that he had
been shell-shocked. It seems in the
obituarie that he had a surviving sister
in the mid west - maybe in Minn. or Wis. or Mich.

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

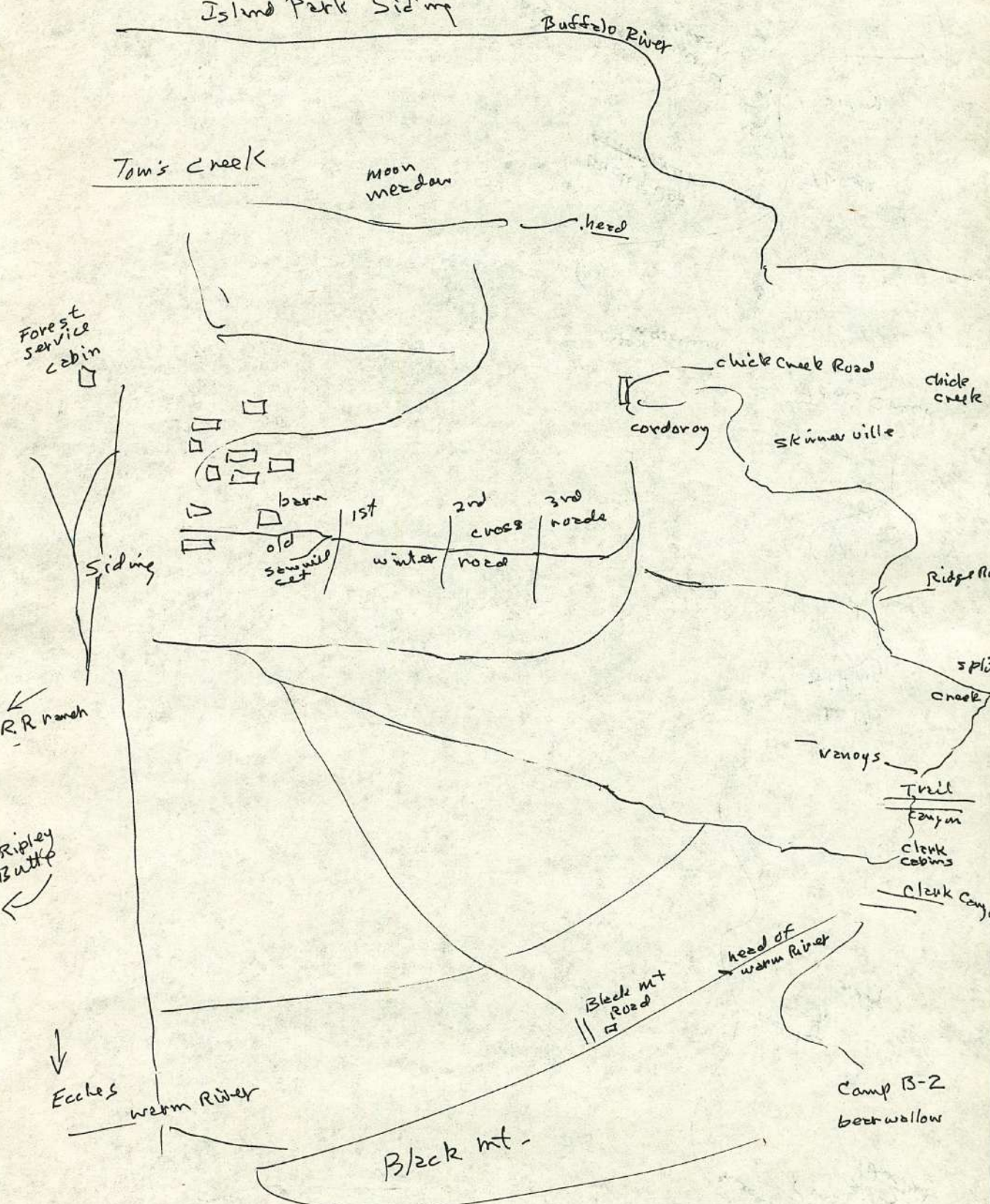
Osborn Springs

Pineview
RR water tower
u.s. or state
hatchery

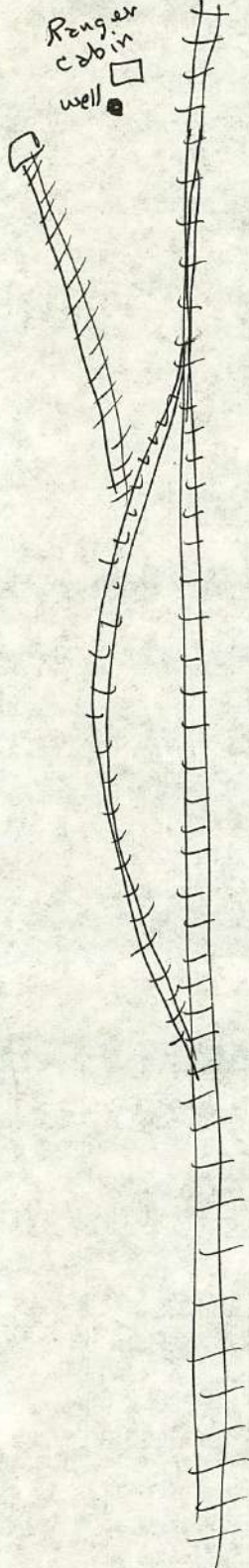
Garnett

← warm River

I P map II
Island Park Siding



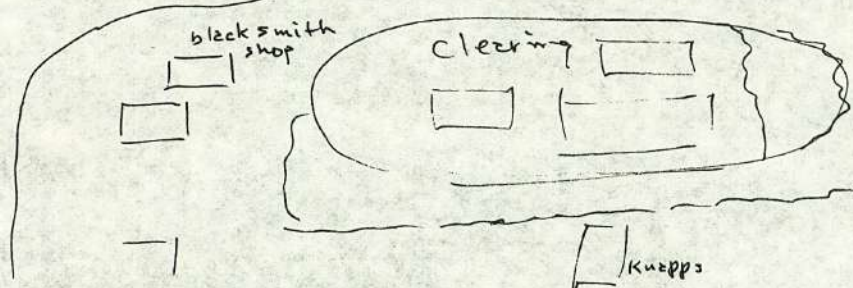
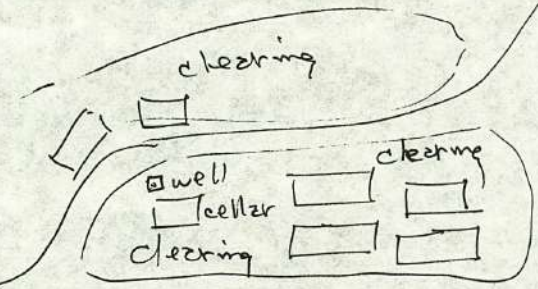
I P Siding map III



Ranger cabin
well

clearing
claudia's cabin

To moon meadow

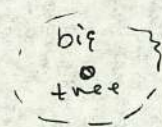


school house

Kuepps

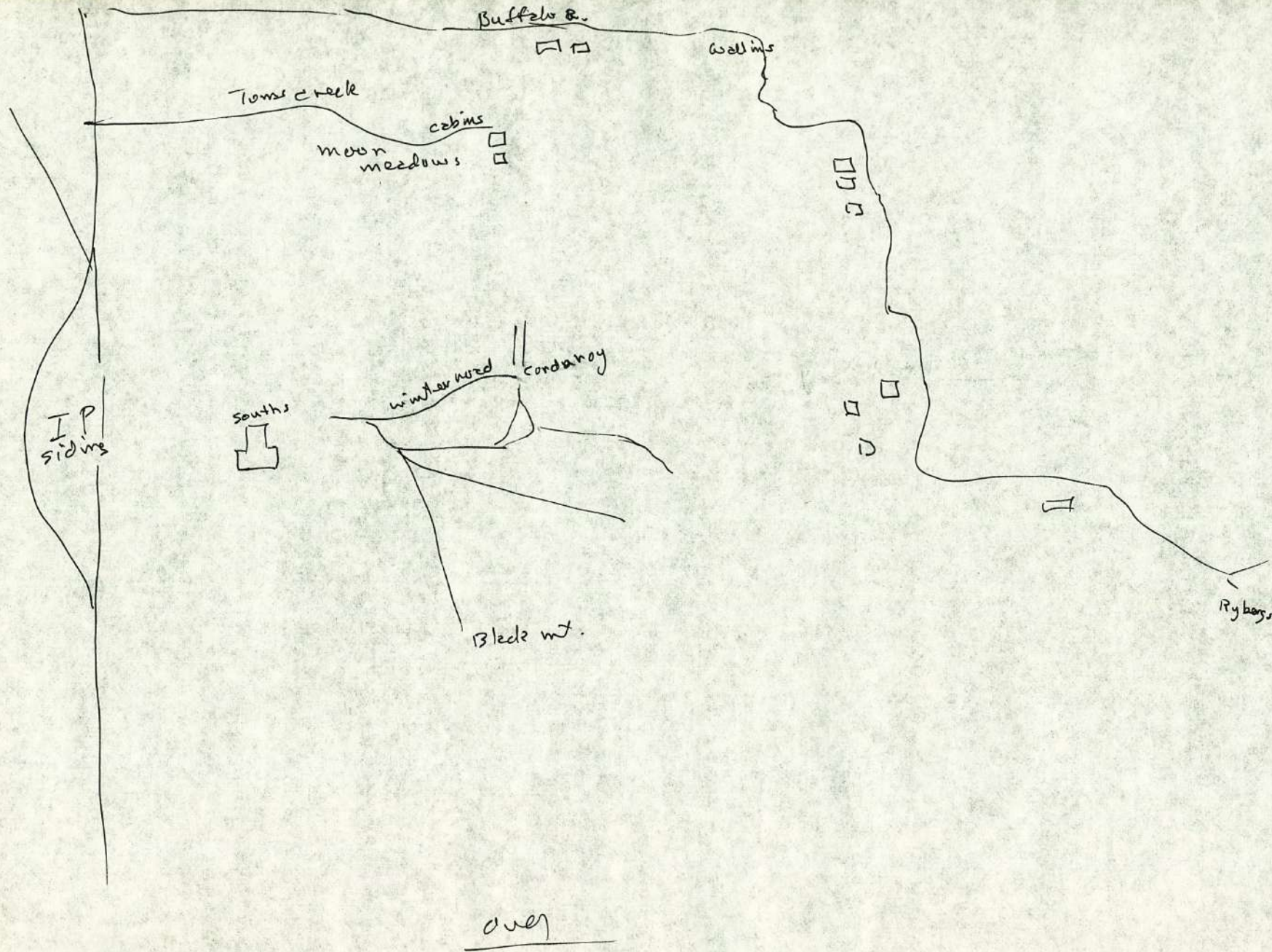
Al Smith

South
well
bunkhouse



cabin

Ren's house



over

Trail canyon

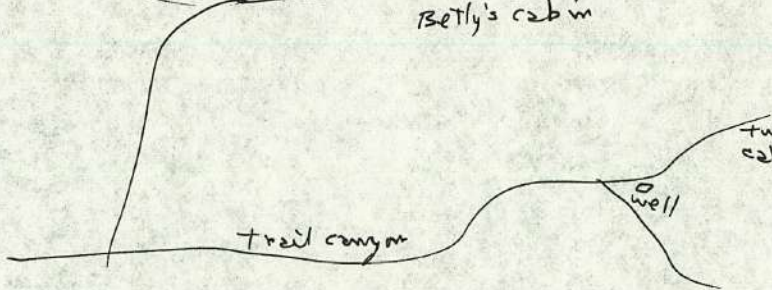
Skinnerville cabins

split creek



old moe

Betty's cabin



twin cabins

well

section
6 cook house