

The Memoirs of

Bernard Elden Knapp

History of Family Cars

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The print edition contains some of the same info covered in the Trapper Keeper files, but also contains some unique information. It is uncertain when these memoirs were written.

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 chum 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 Tanglethorn Park. a 1939 (late model) Ford. I went to Sears and got a teeth 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

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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 too much for that -

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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 Thormock was in this class. He was from Bamcoft. He was a raw boned kid. We boxed and wrestled and played volleyball.

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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 girl 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

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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.

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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 Sageshades, 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 Mangrum 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.

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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.

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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 Andrew from Thornton got 100% on it. I took Ed. psychology with Keith ^{Hyrum} from ~~Thornton~~ ^{Thornton}. 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 Biddiept 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} 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 Rich 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~~ 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 skill. Occasionally one would get ~~go~~ grounded. They had tools in their 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 Starbuck 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 car 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 turned 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 unexcused 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 80 degree turn or when ~~steeply drop~~ ^{drooping}.

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 Repling 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 T.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 T.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 T.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 knows 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

5

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 Gonzalez there. He had been in our Friesberg 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 Dawn 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 courting 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 dating her in it. It was a 4 door sedan. It was a smaller car than the 49. But it seemed to vapor-bac. 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 Shirley 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 Shirley 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 dish at his house. We returned to the nurse 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 may 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 erandled 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 Dan 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 lambled 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 & Zara. 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 misthought 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 were in the two 1st & 2nd period classes. The 1st half of the semester they'd 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} their 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} Dr. 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 these -" 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 Crowley in 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 Ballif 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 \$2000⁰⁰ 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 swerve. 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 stanked 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 a sleep. 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
jr 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 dnm high school Dv. Ed teacher and from Proun High Bert Asay, Leonard mckey all helping part time. One other from Proun, 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 SLC 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 week 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 beginners driving at night were 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 Lennie 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 Lennie. I don't recall. I took Lennie to J.P. to Warren's stud, King in July 1965 also.

Lennie 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 loaded 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.F. (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 Ammon. 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 Orem 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.

Printed Cars Memoir

The print edition contains some of the same info covered in the Trapper Keeper files, but also contains some unique information. It is uncertain when these memoirs were written.

all the cars that dad ~~had~~^{owned} and
our family —

Grandpa Krapp had a model T Ford
in Goshen and left it in a garage in Rexburg
along with some other things - including a
movie projector given us by our Aunt Fannie.
They disappeared the car was made into a 4
wheel trailer.

First car a ¹1935 Ford 2dr sedan - black
was traded for to Al for a bicycle and
paid for rings and inserts.

Then he wanted a 1940 LaSalle but finally
bought a ²1939 Ford. Later his father drove it.
Then he got a ³1941 ~~LaSalle~~ DeSoto, when he went
to the Army Grandpa Krapp bought it.

Home from Army in Denver he bought a ⁴1949
Mercury, blue 2 door with Overdrive. Then he
bought a ⁵1952 ^{52 or 53} Mercury. Later he bought a
1946 DeSoto sedan. His father took it. Later
parked it in Warriner yard in Parker Lake.
Grandpa's 1936 was abandoned and left on
its' side in Island Park, then he bought
a ⁶1956-7 Volkswagon bug. Then went to
Tanner and it was sold.

Home from Taiwan he bought a 1954
4 door Mercury. It had power windows and
power seats. Then at Provo he sold it
and bought a 1962⁸ Ford - King green.
Then later he sold it at auto auction in SLC
and bought a 1963⁹ VW squareback (vanish)
then he got married - honeymooned in it.
Louise had a 1955 VW bug with sigrok
(arms on sides)

Bought a 1962¹⁰ Ford - blue - then at
time we got married dad had a 1953¹⁰
Ford pickup truck, then we bought about a 1963¹²
Rambler station wagon - drove it to Lovino to father
Juniata, then got a 1964¹³ red chev 1/2 ton from a
SLC dealer. Later from an ad in paper also got a
1966¹⁴ Ford with overdrive from same dealer - car
was formally owned by N. Mexico state government.
We bought a 1968¹⁵ VW ~~van~~ bus later a Ford van 1968¹⁵
then we got a (Daddy) VW^{18 19}, then we got a Dodge
Van, 1971²⁰. Then we got a 1973 VW bus with
camper & a CB radio and external speaker. Then
sold 1964 1/2 ton got a 1966¹⁷ blue 1/2 ton chev from dl.
sold it and got a 1965²¹ toyota pick up the day ^{dad} we left it

End of Aug 1980
A
Q
to car in 1980

List of Automobiles of Bernie Knapp family

When I was 5 yrs old my father had a Model T Ford. We lived in Goshen, Ida. I remember riding in it to the store and he'd buy gasoline at one of two stores. Usually he bought gas at Cortez Christensen's store. He had a son, Barlow who was my age and a daughter, Rachael a year or two younger than I. Often he would buy a piece of candy for me when I rode with him to the store.

I remember my mother's parents coming to visit us when we lived at Forbes place in Goshen. It was at least a mile from the townsite, to the north I think. Mother was the secretary of the Relief Society for many years in that ward. I used to walk to the church with her for her meetings in the daytime. On the regular day of R.S. meetings a lady that lived farther down the street, a Mrs. Killian would stop and give us a ride in her buggy some days and then tie it at the hitch rail at the church. I was always glad to get into the buggy. A mile along that graveled road seemed long to my short legs. It was next to Wilford Christensen's farm. My father worked for him, driving teams doing farm work. He was our bishop. The first one I can remember. His youngest daughter, JoAnn was my age also. We played together sometimes. There was a Mexican family named Dominguez, that lived in a box car between their house and ours. There was a stream that ran between the box car and their house. It was lined with trees along the banks. Yet on the upper end of the fields from the house was a canal which was against the foothills. So I don't know if the stream was man made or natural. If natural I don't know how it transversed the canal. Across the road there were two families, Howells and Olsens. One Howell boy, Ronald, I think was Al's age. Later he went to Ricks when I did. Hazen Olsen one of the brothers later worked at the Lincoln sugar factory. I met him while picking spuds in Lincoln when I was in either the 7th or 8th grade. He had rented ground and lived in a house that belonged to the factory. I remember one day in the potato field a Siddoway kid was picking with me. His dad also worked for the sugar company. He asked me when I was going to get married. I said not until I am 35. He laughed and told Hazen who was coming around checking on the spud pickers. Hazen said. Well, that's not too old or too young either. One year while at Forbes there were sugar beets in the field adjoining the house. Our family were all in the field loading beets. I was on one side of a beet wagon. It had sides that were held in place by chains that could be flipped loose and the sides would drop down and unload at the beet dump. I was on the opposite side from Al. The beets had been topped and thrown into a windrow. As the wagon was moved along between two rows of beets people threw the heavy beets up over the sideboards into the wagonbox. Al threw a large one. He heaved it really hard because of its size. I was looking up attempting to throw one up on the other side. I got the beet Al threw right in the kisser as it came all the way over the wagon box. I remember Dad giving Al a talking to about it.

I remember when the Olsens hauled beets they would go past our place with their teams on a high trot coming back from the beet dump which was below town with their beet racks empty. But loaded it was a good pull for their teams. They made many trips

each day. It was maybe 2-2 1/2 miles.

Later we moved to the lower side of Goshen on a farm owned by my second bishop, Rafael Larsen. He had a tenant house on his farm near his own home which was on a corner. I remember there was a natural stream across the road from his house lined with many trees. I still recall hearing the sounds of the mourning doves that must have been plentiful in the trees along the creek. It had to be Sand Creek; maybe the same one that ran behind our Taylor trailer. There was a crossroads at the corner near a bridge. When I was small and we rode to town, Shelley, we passed a farm with a big round gabled barn with a hay loft. I was always told to look up on the top of the barn and see the horse. I was always disappointed, I never saw the horse. I realized much later in life that I was looking for a horse but since it was on a weather vane, from the fast moving Ford, no wonder I never could pick it out.

On this farm there was an old potato cellar. A part of the roof may have caved in. I was warned never to stray off near it. Dad had his Ford parked off toward it. I remember being told not to play in the Ford anymore, after getting in it one time and playing like I was driving I suppose. Anyway I ran the battery down tooting the horn.

Bill Forbes, was our bachelor landlord when I was 5. He lived in one side of the house. It was a non-painted frame house with the typical brown stained lumber siding of houses of that day. Bill used to invite me to ride to the store with him; he went to Shelley with me more often than to Goshen. He had a Ford V-8. It was a coupe and had to be quite new. I guess I was really living and didn't know it. There used to be a song about herding cattle in a Ford V-8. Whoopie Ty Yi Yi Yi!

When my grandparents came and we went someplace in the Ford Grandpa Hale would ride in front with my dad who drove. The women and kids rode in the rear seat. I don't know if it had four doors or just 2. When our family went to church in it I often rode in the front seat. A few times my dad let me sit on his lap. I used to think it was great fun to reach and pull down on the throttle lever which was on the steering column like a turn signal except it was on the right hand side of the wheel. Ford tractors has similar throttles in later years. The car would suddenly go faster. I guess he tolerated it some when we were out on a gravel road. But I was also warned it was dangerous and was discouraged from doing it. I remember hearing the Ford starting up and leaving the driveway one day. I ran toward the man gate in front of the lawn waving and shouting to my father to stop. He was headed down the road toward Goshen. I remember crying when he didn't hear or see me and drove on.

We had a Jersey cow when we lived at Forbes, called Old Cherry. I remember drinking warm milk in a tin cup at milking time. Mother kept the milk in the bottom shelves of the cupboard and this kept the flies out. Then she skimmed off the cream and made butter. We didn't have a churn so she made it in small batches with a wide wooden paddle sort of like a short handled spoon. Some of the milk would curdle in the pans. Maybe there would be some left from making cheese that they called clabber.

Anyway my father used to come in the house and eat clabber as a delicacy. I used to eat it with him. Today we eat yogurt. I suppose it's about the same thing except that had no flavoring and was lumpy.

I recall my father coming in the house one day with a small hawk in his grasp. He saw it perched on a lower limb of a shade tree at the back of the house near the porch or shanty. He said it saw him but didn't realize he could reach up that high. He was an even 6 ft. tall. He grabbed it by the legs and feet and after putting a string on one of its legs, tethered it on the kitchen table. I don't know how long it stayed there. I'm sure it had to be removed before a meal was served. I don't remember it being turned loose, but I'm sure my mother would have persisted in seeing that it was.

There was a chicken coop out back near the outhouse. Al would catch young pigeons in a big barn with a loft and put them in the nests of the coop. But he was often disappointed because snakes or something would get them. There were two rooms on the side of the house we rented and a porch. In the summer Al slept on the porch on some kind of a cot. The porch was screened. Bill lived in the other half of the house. You could hear people talking in the other side. Bill got a live-in girl friend. This situation irritated my father. I'm sure that's why we left. But also we moved closer to school and church. Dad didn't make it any secret he did not approve of such an arrangement. Mostly from the example to his family, I'm sure. I heard it said one time that this lady was heard to say, loud enough to be heard plainly thru the wall, "I wish Mr. Knapp were standing in that doorway and I'd throw this knife" obviously talking about a butcher knife. After we had moved from Goshen quite a few years later we heard that Bill married this lady. Warren's girls met her and liked her.

I remember ward teachers coming there. One of them would ask me if I was a Scandinavian? a Dutchman? an Indian? and a lot of different nationalities and I'd always say no until he'd ask if I was a white man. Then I'd say Yes. It may have been Joe Christensen and if it was he's the man that blessed me when I was given my name. He had been a missionary in Kansas with my dad. I may as well tell the origin of my first name. When the folks lived in Island Park before I was born, Al was the youngest. The South family lived there. Sam, the father was in the branch presidency with my father and George Muir, a man that came from Rexburg and later lived out his life there. The next to the youngest of South's sons was Bernard. When I was born, my oldest sister, Claudia, who was probably 4 or 5 years younger than he, persuaded my parents to give me my name after him. I don't know where they came up with my middle name of Elden which has often lead to confusion since it is spelled ending with "on" as often as "en". In the years since I've been married I've tried to see that "en" is used on any church or official spelling of it.

In about 1936 or '37 when we lived in Rexburg, Marjorie was teaching school in Sugar City. She lived with us on Main Street in Rexburg. My father worked thru part of the summer and fall as a sawyer at South's sawmill in Island Park. That winter, Bernard South and Marjorie got married. She continued to live at home

with us. In those tough times during the depression a school marm as unmarried young women teaching school were called, getting married during the school term could mean losing one's job. So she couldn't afford to lose the income, so it wasn't publicly known that she was married during the Christmas holidays of that school year. The next year we all lived in Island Park. She never went back to teaching school until many years later after her husband died and her youngest children were both attending school. Having two Bernards in the same family led to my being called, Bernie. He had already acquired the nickname of Barney. I never heard either of his parents ever call him that however. Now there are two pronunciations of the name. Notice the spelling of this common name, Leonard. Say it. Now say Bernard using the same sounds for the nard part. That's how our family and the South family pronounced it. I never minded that. Neither did Barney. But what I disliked was the common British way which seems very common and natural when used with the Swiss dogs, St. Bernards.

Through my 4th-6th grades my principal, Anna Johnson was my history teacher each year. She always called me as in the dog. One year we read a story in world history about Switzerland and when she came to St. Bernard, she pronounced it the way that was not common for it. I was disgusted!

Well back to cars. Warren had a DeSoto roadster. I remember one ride up thru Wolverine, which was below Goshen. There were lots of switchbacks and you could look down and see the road below you where you had just been or were going depending on whether you were climbing or descending. There were conifers. Some no doubt would have been fir, some lodgepole perhaps. But I remember riding there with the folks in the rumble seat. I loved the rumble seat. I always wanted a car with one. I remember seeing a pine squirrel run across the road that day.

When we used to travel to Rexburg to visit my father's sisters, (Evie's was always my favorite place to go) Esther, and Elsie all lived near each other. I recall riding in the Ford. I can still remember and recall a nostalgic feeling when I think on it of riding in the back seat at night along the paved highway. Probably between Idaho Falls and Shelley. Sometimes dad would drive south of Shelley nearly to Firth and then cross the railroad tracks and drive to Goshen. Maybe the road was better. Maybe it was when we lived at Larson's. It seems like we would have been closer to Forbes if we went out of Shelley. But I can still get the feeling and remember the rear end made a whine. At night it may have seemed more noisy simply because some of the kids may have been sleeping so there was less talking and activity inside the car. With the low candle power of the headlights of those old cars I'm sure my dad would have been concentrating very hard on driving. He was not a person to put up with distractions. So it was quiet at night. Also I was probably cuddled down in the seat or on someone's lap so I too would have heard this humming noise more than in the daytime sitting up looking out the windows. The other thing that I remember about riding at night was the flashing beacon lights all along the way west of the highway. There would have been airplanes going between Pocatello and Idaho Falls and this line of beacon lights

stretched out west of the highway for miles. I even remember them many years later when I was driving.

I remember going with my father to a blacksmith shop or a shop or garage on a farm near Basalt, maybe or near a Utah Power and Light substation. I think it was called the Goshen substation which is still there. It is east and a little south of Shelley. A large man lived there, Bill Stringham was his name. He used to weld the front fender of the Tin Lizzy. (another name for the Ford) The vibration of the engine would cause the front fenders to develop small cracks which would get longer and longer. So occasionally it was necessary to have them welded. So a welded bead on an old fender was common place. It removed the paint of course and rust would appear along the bead after a while. Since they had no spray paint cans, I don't know what they did about painting them. I don't recall seeing anyone paint them with a brush.

My father carried a large scar on the thumb of his right hand from cranking a Ford. If the magneto was not properly set and the spark retarded when it was cranked by hand for starting it could backfire. If this happened the crank would suddenly and powerfully swing back the opposite direction of the cranking. It happened and caught his thumb next to the palm of his hand and laid it open with a gash about 2-3 inches long.

I learned when you cranked a car to keep your thumb next to your fingers and on the same side of the handle as your fingers so if it swung back it couldn't catch the handle between the thumb and fingers. All of Barney's trucks had cranks, although usually the starters worked.

The last year we lived in Goshen the folks drove to Montana to see Warren and Carol and their two girls, Maureen and Sharon. He lived not too far from Dillon near Bannock at an even smaller place called, Armstead. I remember seeing rabbits all along the highway that had been ran over by cars and trucks. We left the highway and headed out over some bare ridges. We had to climb one steep hill and I remember all of us were out pushing the Ford. We would push and go a few car lengths and then someone would put a large rock behind a wheel to hold it from rolling back. Then we all rested and when everyone was ready we'd push some more. We finally got over the top of the hill. Then I guess the folks didn't know which way to go so it seems we spent the night there, anyway early the next morning Warren showed up on a saddle horse. We followed him to the ranch.

My sister Thelma was staying with Warren and Carol. She went back to Goshen with us. Maybe this was part of the reason for the trip. I remember a lot of things about the place. I'll write those later. I was told to look, and I strained my eyes looking out toward the horizon to see the wild horses. I guess I saw a couple of horses a mile or so away in a small cloud of dust.

There was a creek or ditch just in front of Warren's gate to his yard. There was no bridge so they just drove thru it with their cars to get to the garage. I'm sure the lawn was fenced to keep their girls in. Warren had lots of dogs. He had a pup here and he showed me how to take a gunny sack and try to keep it away from one of the pups. I think they called it Kickapoo. It would

*near there on Anderson
used to weld
In later years one of Bill Stringham used to
come to our place on Cleveland Street
Ford fender and wood saw and cut
a saw
Barney hauled the land
down to Island Park*

growl and tug and pull me all around the yard with the sack in its teeth. I remember lots of rabbits on the highway that had been killed by cars.

Anna told me recently that we stopped in Bannock on a Sunday morning and needed gas. Nothing opened before noon. Dad was exasperated since everyone seemed to be overcoming their hangovers and no one would open up and sell gas before noon. In Bannock I remember a famous jail being pointed out to me. I don't know if it was one of the first in the state or if it had held some famous outlaw. But I remember it. It seemed it was red brick and was on a corner or isolated and had big bars on the windows.

I don't remember when we got the Ford. I was born in Goshen and the night I was born, Warren was sent to Shelley to get the doctor. He must have gone on his saddle horse. It was a cold and snowy November 14th I've been reminded of most my life. The folks lived in at least a half dozen places in Goshen. The first place I recall was called Braggards or Braggerts. It had two rooms. It was on the townsite. Warren told me he used to walk to mutual at night and coming home thru the back lots his dog, Gyp, which he brought from Island Park, would lay in wait for him and jump out at him and nearly scare him to death. He also said Claudia was dating Arch when they lived there. Arch had a younger brother called, Cleo and he and Warren used to pull pranks on him when they could. There was a ditch in front of this house which really was a shanty. It is still standing, by the way, now in 1993. Arch rode a motorcycle. One night when he came calling these boys moved the planks that were the foot bridge over the ditch and in the dark Arch rode into the ditch. Arch's dad was known as Ace.

Several things I recall about living here I'll mention now. I didn't feel well and Anna and Thelma made a bed in the front room for me so I wouldn't have to go in the dark bedroom. The folks were away from home. They put dad's captain chair up against another chair and used quilts for a bed on the chairs.

I was left on the iron tired wagon with a hay rack on it in the driveway along side of the house by myself. I guess Dad had gone inside. I began pursing my lips and making a noise for the horses to go. They did start up and there was a lot of commotion as people came running out to stop the team and rescue me. I know I was reprimanded not to do that again.

In the house next to the big Majestic stove was a woodbox. One time my father told me to do something. I don't remember what but I said no. He told Al to bring him a stick of wood from the woodbox and I remember Al never had to get the stick. I complied.

Warren lived just across the street from us here. He had a dog. He may have called it Jack. It was black or dark brown and had light brown eyebrows. It was always tied up in his yard as most of his dogs were not allowed to run loose. He had a grey saddle horse he called, Laddie. He took me for a ride one time and I sat straddle of the horn. He rode up the road and over the canal bridge past where Heatons lived and back home. He claimed I used to cluck to Laddie making it hard to keep him slowed down.

I remember Maureen coming to our place and she was just learning to talk and they taught her say Uncle Bernie. I know Sharon was born in the house of some of their friends, the

Lachilmletts, who lived just around the corner and at a crossroads. The road going up the hill to Nielsen's where they had a girl, Mary Jane about Al's age and a boy, Steve, my age.

The last place we lived in Goshen was across the road from the school house. There was a store at each end of our block. Both had gasoline pumps. When Dad got gas they had to pump the gas by a lever on the side of the pump. You could see the bowl at the top of the pump filling with gas. It had a reddish or orange color and you could see the bubbles in it as it filled the glass tank or bowl. It had a scale along side that showed the gallons in the bowl. After pumping the number of gallons wanted, a lever was operated and then when the nozzle on the hose was at the tank spout the trigger let the gas down by simply using gravity.

We lived here when I was 5. I started school that fall but I got sick soon after school started and missed quite a few days. I remember raising my hand in school one day and telling the teacher that some kid on another row ahead of me had some candy in his desk. I had seen him taking pieces out to eat. I learned you don't chew gum in school. After I was well the teacher talked my mother into holding off another year before starting me in school. She felt I was too far behind to catch up. So I started first grade at Adams school the next fall in Rexburg. It was the Adams school just on the corner of our block on Main St. next to the Madison High School.

That year when we went to Plano to visit Dad's sisters, Uncle Jack gave me a windup train that had been bought for Rulon but he hadn't liked it and showed no interest. I played with this little train for a long time. After the outer tin shell came off, it was a streamliner, we still operated the basic engine and wheels on the small oval track where it went faster than ever. I called it a speeder. The railroad used to have little units they used to run maintenance with small iron wheels. They were the updates of the old hand cars which were pumped along by two men using a long horizontal handle. Section crews used to use them to get around. They had a small engine mounted to move them.

I don't remember riding in the Ford after we moved to Rexburg. But I remember we moved to Island Park after I finished the 1st grade. That year we left Island Park and moved to I.F. on New Year's Day. The folks had left some things stored in an old garage behind the house on Main street where we had lived. When they finally went back to get their belongings much of it had disappeared. A home movie projector that Aunt Finnie, my mother's oldest sister had given our family was missing. And someone had taken the Model T out and made a trailer from part of the chassis. I always felt bad about that.

My father used to tell this story about the Ford. He was called to Jury duty one time when we lived in Goshen. He was being screened by the judge and the judge asked. Do you drive a car? He answered, Well I drive a Ford. There was a lot of laughter. He enjoyed telling that!

He used to say that one of the Dodge brothers took Henry Ford for a ride one time in a Dodge car. He passed a Ford along the road and said, See Henry these cars can pass Fords. And Ford replied, You just keep driving and there will be another one

ahead of you.

During the summer in Island Park Barney had an Oldsmobile coupe. Souths had a Model A 4 dr sedan. Sam South drove a Pontiac I think. It was a 4 door. Ren drove a 4 door Buick. Ren had their only truck, an International. During the summer the folks went to I.F. and bought a building lot. (actually 2 legal lots) So our family spent some Sundays cutting and hauling enough logs that Dad would have a set of sawed logs to build a house. He and Al used the mill and he sawed them out. Barney hauled them to I.F. and helped construct our house on Cleveland. They began work on it the first week of Jan. after we moved into a basement apartment of South's apartment house. We were able to move into our log house in about March.

I used to think that when we were getting logs out of the woods we'd find a dead tree and cut it into logs, then someone would go drive the truck up near so Dad and Al could load it on the back of the old International that Ren let Dad borrow. I am sure that is right. Now what I may not accurately remember is this: It seems like I'd want to run, get in the truck, start it and drive it up to where the logs were to be loaded. But Anna would run faster than I and drive it. Now thinking back about it, I can't believe I could have reached the pedals. I find it even harder to believe that Dad would have allowed me to drive a truck loaned to him by someone else. Maybe at times he'd let me turn the starter. But that doesn't sound too good either since the starter was no doubt down on the floor and hard to reach.

No 2

After Dad began working at the temple the man from SLC over him, Brother Woodruff, helped him get a car. His job required a great deal of traveling throughout the temple district to obtain workers for different jobs. As work director he needed carpenters and many other trades as well as common laborers which were used on jobs such as pouring cement. Then all the cement was elevated to scaffolds and wheeled about with wheel barrows. (Irish buggies)

The car he got was a 1936 Chevy 2 door sedan. A light green color. It had a 3 speed on the floor. Dad had a time getting used to the clutch. At first he'd start out in high gear and he'd give it a lot of gas so it wouldn't stall. Bro. Woodruff showed him how to start out in 1st and shift gears. But until he mastered the clutch the gravel really flew on our street when he left for work. It was a big change for our family after walking everywhere for such a long time.

Al drove it sometimes when he was dating after he came home from the war. I drove it to an Ag Bowl at I.F. high once. I was asked not to haul any passengers. Dad let me drive it when we went to Island Park fishing sometimes on some of the graded roads and on the flat to the mill. It finally came to rest in Island Park along side some other abandoned cars on an old road going out from north of the mill past where the old commissary had been and headed in the general direction of Moon Meadow. In fact in the dry season the Jensens hauled their milk to the railroad on this road as it cut straight thru the timber rather than the long road which came around on the flat. I have gone back and taken

off parts. I even have the old wood screws in my box of misc. screws, nuts and bolts. These screws went into wood framing which was around the windows and kept the framing in place.

One time mother and I rode with dad to Driggs, Ida. so he could contact a stake president there concerning having men come to the temple to supply workers. He was the work director and often made trips to contact leaders in the temple district concerning the program in order to have the kind of help on hand when it is needed. He parked downtown in Driggs and we stayed in the car while he took care of his business. The school let out and kids were walking by our car. At a corner one girl called to her friend like see ya tomorrow using her name. Enid, My mother laughed and laughed. She didn't often laugh very loud or long. But she had never heard that name before and it really got to her funny bone. I was with her once soon after we moved into our house on Cleveland. We were walking south toward First Street and we came to a street with a street sign reading Lomax. She started to laugh. She thought of it as lumox. a term for a big dunce or awkward clumsy person.

One time we were walking to Emerson school along Emerson Ave and there was a retaining wall about 2 1/2 feet high by the sidewalk as we came to 4th street. The second house from the corner there was a Chow dog sitting on the lawn. Another dog just came dog trotting along going from yard to yard. When it came to this lawn it just trotted up to the Chow sitting there and picked up one leg just as if it were a tree, hesitated as a dog does and then trotted off. That was more than mother could stand and she turned her face away and laughed and laughed.

From some notes that I got at Al's place from things that Susan and Karla brought to his place from Marj's storage in Dec '93 I am going to copy her account of another trip the three of us made in the '36 Chev. It is dated 30, Nov. 1940. Mom's words

It was good weather today. We went to Island Park. There was some snow and ice but it was not bad until Warm River hill. Then it was icy up past Bear Gulch, the snow is about 15 inches deep- but it was so beautiful. Nature sends a mantle of snow to cover the tired grass and flowers playfully making tiny white pointed tents to cover the tree stumps. The whole earth seemed still land calm, a changing splendor breaks at each turn we make in the road, and far down the mountain side, deep in the canyon the river rolls in majestic grace on its way toward the sea. The trees bow hooded heads. The sun has scattered gleaming diamonds all about. We ride another mile, round another curve, when low, the river again spreads before us, a very paradise for the wild ducks that glide gracefully on its slow cold surface. Others circle high above. Here the river is not in the canyon but moves quietly across the open flat as if to wait until the herds have had their holiday.

Then a little creek peeks out from her covering of white and hides again as it gurgles and laughs on its way, covered snugly and tight under the blanket of snow. Again there is a wall of trees washed clean from the summer dist, adorned in ermine caps, the white laden branches reach out snow covered fingers to make a canopy over our head. Once more we are in an open flat and

winding about are two tracks cut in the snow. Here the way is not straight, but it is narrow and few there be that find it. But woe to him who follows not in these narrow white tracks, these lead to a few little cabins hidden away in the feathery stillness, drowsing in the arms of winter. Wait. There is life about. A boy with a smile on his face, a girl, eyes filled with welcome. We are at the mill. They call a greeting to us. It is Alma and Marjorie. (Bernie and Alma had so much fun riding skis and the horse.)

Now I'll add from my memory of this trip. I remember after we arrived. I played with David and Barry. How cute they looked in their little 4 buckle overshoes. They were about 4 and 2 yrs of age. There are some photos around in albums of that day. One has Barney and Marj by the side of the old '37 Ford truck with a load on in front of their house. Al went to the Barn and watered the horses. They had old Nig at that time. Al watered the team and then tied a rope to Nig's tail and we took turns riding Nig and the skis. It seemed funny to tie a rope to the tail and not have the horse fuss about pulling by it. A little knot is used in such a way that the pull is on the vertebra and not the hair of the tail. A loop is made in the hair and a half hitch placed over it and the pull is on the bone of the tail. But I do know we did have a lot of fun. And we hated to have to say good-bye. We may have left that evening rather than chance possible more snow.

No. 3

The year I started school at Ricks, Al had just returned from Burley. He built a cinder block house at 550 East on Cleveland. He moved back with a 1935 Ford. The engine needed some work. It sat out in a vacant lot among the tumble weeds. He had taken the engine out and it was torn down to be overhauled. It needed rings and insert bearings. He told me if I would pay for those parts and give him my Western Flyer bicycle he would put it back together and help me get it running and we'd trade. I agreed to do this. Barney came over and helped him pull it to start it when he initially started it up.

I drove it to school at Ricks that winter. I went to Ricks took the freshman orientation and registered. I loved Hugh Bennion. I'd heard a lot about him from Marj. Following the orientation I decided to go back to the mill and work. I did. I came down from the mill that fall and started to drive the Ford.

I bought one knobby tire and put on the outside rear thinking that was where I'd need the most traction. It worked out quite well. Often in the winter the inside track on the highway would be bare and the outside of the lane would have snow. It was a 2 door sedan with no trunk. Some '35's had trunks. Some didn't. Many '36's had good sized trunks. This one had a greyhound on the radiator cap. The hood hinged in the center and raised from both sides. The back sloped down concave to the bumper. Al had built a small wooden platform that he fastened on the rear bumper and trailer hitch and wired it in place. He had used it to haul small loads of cinderblocks, bags of cement or whatever other small building supplies he needed while he was building his house. The left window was out of the door. For a long time it was just filled with a piece of cardboard and a small hole cut in the

cardboard for a peek hole.

It had a little old fan mounted on the dash with small rubber blades. They were round and checked a bit from age. But it did help to keep the windshield defrosted. It wasn't too big of a problem, usually the temperature inside was about the same as outside, except for the chill factor.

When school started Winter Quarter I started. A high school friend, Keith Larson who had graduated with me and lived in my ward asked me to find a room with him. We found one just across from the front lawn on campus on the east. It was also kiddie-cornered from the Fourth Ward chapel which served for our auditorium. All the devotional assemblies were held there. Also MIA. We were in a basement with about 5-6 other guys. It was too crowded. Keith said after a few days that he couldn't keep any food around. He was going to bring food from home in order to live more cheaply. Other guys kept eating his food. So he was soon fed up with that. NO pun intended!

So we looked around and found another basement apartment up the hill. It was two blocks farther to walk. Rexburg blocks are long. It was in the house of Berkeley "Brick" Parkinson. He was then the head coach at Madison High. He always had good teams. His basketball teams went to state about every year. They had two little boys. Within a year or two they got a little girl. So I parked my Ford on the street on the north side of their house. I covered the front end with an old canvas in the cold weather. It sat all week and on Saturday mornings I'd go out and pump the accelerator 3 times, pull the choke out all the way, and put the crank in and one quick turn and it always fired. I would run to the car where the door was left open purposely and push the choke half way in. It would keep running. I'd pull the throttle out enough that it wouldn't die and let it warm up a bit and head for I.F. Sometimes I'd go home on Fridays, but I'd stay over on nights when there were ball games.

In the winter of 1948 record snowfalls were recorded all around the western states. Blizzards trapped cattle, Indian reservations in Arizona and other places were snowed in and hay and other supplies had to be air dropped all over that winter.

One morning after it had been recorded 37 below (Fahrenheit) in Sugar City, I started it right up. There was frost on the engine when I looked under the hood. The roads were snowed in and blown in that winter. For several weeks, maybe a month the car sat covered with snow. The coach tried to get home one night after a high school ball game and couldn't get up the hill to his house. Finally the east road was opened to his house. He could get to his garage again by going around. He couldn't get up from the college. The road in front of the college was divided with grass islands and also nice evergreens. It was closed and no attempt was made to plow it for about a month. When we walked out of the apartment and to school we'd just walk down the road over high snowbanks, 4-5 feet deep. It wasn't until late in March perhaps that these roads were opened up. Major roads of course were opened earlier. More than once that winter the coach walked home leaving his car several blocks from his place where the snow plows has stopped. On weekends I rode the Greyhound.

During the spring quarter Keith and I decided to move home. We commuted to Ricks the rest of that school year. I drove every other day or every other week. His parents let him drive their '38 Ford sedan. It had a manifold heater and hydraulic brakes. We picked up another boy from our ward, J. Earl West, Jr. He occasionally drove his dad's '36 Ford. Richard Brinkman, also from our ward rode with us part of the time. When he missed us he just hitch-hiked. He hitched for 2-3 other years.

The next summer I drove the Ford to Island Park. We drove to Ashton occasionally to a movie. Burdett and his friend, Jim Taylor and I and one time Sharon went with us. The headlight switch was a small toggle switch on the dash that pulled out or in. The regular light switches on Fords of that vintage were built into the steering column around the horn. They were turned to park or headlight position. Since they didn't work someone had put this little switch on the dash. There was no dimmer switch. So when we'd be driving home and meet a car, Burdett or I would push the switch in for a second, turning off the lights. Then pull it out and turn them on again. Most people just dimmed their lights for us. Occasionally a driver would flip his brights up again. The lights were not the brightest anyway so it's doubtful we caused anyone any great problem.

Sometime during that summer Burdett and I drove to I.F. Between Rigby and Ucon the car made a sudden violent jerk and then coasted. The engine wasn't running. I pulled off onto the shoulder. When we raised the hood we could see oil over part of the engine. There was a trail of oil behind us also. WE hitched a ride to my folks place. Burdett had someone come for him from Shelley. I had the car towed. Maybe Al towed it. We took it across the river to Blair Hammon's garage. He was a man Barney knew quite well. He found an engine for me from a wrecking yard and put it in. So I was back on the road again in a few days.

One summer, maybe the next Barney offered to buy the Ford from me. He didn't drive it long. I don't know why he wanted it. He ended up selling it a few days later to a young guy from Roosevelt, Ut. who was offbearing for Gene. Jay Whaley was his sawyer. He drove it pretty rough for a few days. He would get it going around 25 or 30 and cross the railroad tracks. It was light on the rear end. It would nearly go airborne. He really abused it but took it back to Barney after a few days. Barney took it back. Burdett thought it was foolish after how rough the kid had treated it. But in a few days he was back and wanted it. He was going down to college that year and drove it to Utah. Otherwise he may not have had a ride home.

No 3 '39 Ford.

After selling the '35 Ford, I looked at a lot of cars. I probably looked at cars before I sold it. But I test drove a '40 Ford 2 dr. sedan. I was loving it. I wanted it so bad. It was on the lot at the Ford dealer. I talked Barney into going with me to check it out and test drive it. We talked about getting it and he and Marj would drive it part of the time. I guess it is good we didn't do that. It would have been an awkward arrangement. But Barney did get interested in looking and ended up with a '46 Chevy two door. They preferred a 2 dr with their small kids.

I don't know how long I waited. I'm sure I talked my dad into taking me to see a '39 Ford down in south east I.F. I read about it in a want ad. The older man was selling it. I don't remember why now. It had been driven by him during the war years. It still had the old tires on that were marked from the time during the war when tires were rationed and they all had a number embossed on them that indicated a grade. With normal ration stamps you couldn't get the best grade. So this had some old tires. If I remember correctly they also had been painted with a black paint to make them look better and not so checked.

I bought it. In Island Park that fall I ordered a heater and hoses from Sears catalog. I had quite a time getting it installed. It never was real good. The defroster hoses were hard to get into place. But I learned quite a bit about it. During the fall I drove to Island Park hunting with my dad. This was one trip I'll never forget. He probably didn't either.

East of Ashton the snowplows had not been ahead of us. It had been snowing hard. It was heavy wet snow. It was 8-10 inches deep. I was driving along just staying in the two ruts on our side of the highway. Suddenly one front tire caught against the edge of a rut and we were across the road, off the road and in the barrow pit still headed east. I must have continued going and drove back up onto the road. I'm sure I drove more slowly after that. My poor daddy, He just yelled! I don't know what he yelled but it was near the top of his voice, I know that. Well we made it. If I'd have stopped I doubt we'd gotten out without a tow. But later on when we got to WArm River and on up it must have been less snow or the roads plowed. I don't recall the snow situation after we got to Island Park.

Dad ended up driving this car after his Chevy gave up on him. A rod may have gone out the oil pan of the Chevy and as mentioned earlier it was left in Island Park.

I had grown up around Warren and heard his bragging about how great DeSotos were so I started to paying attention to them. One day I drove past Highland Park, which was about 3 streets west of Ada Ave. where the Souths lived and I saw a 1941 DeSoto sitting on a vacant lot by a basement house. There were several vacant lots between it and the road. I inquired and finally I went back and talked to the man that lived there. He worked at Sears. I also talked to him at Sears a few times after that. I found it was running when he parked it there. He had another car and just hadn't done anything with it. It had sat there 2 yrs. He told me he'd sell it for \$350. I think. Finally when I got serious I got Al to go with me to look at it and talk with the guy. Al gave me what was probably good advice. When you buy an old car, especially one that is considered a big car, you take some risks that you don't with smaller less complicated ones, like Fords and Chevs. But I'd heard so much from Warren I just had my mind made up. Well the guy finally agreed to get a battery in it and start it up. I may have been there once when he started it and primed the carburetor. I think Al was there then.

I learned from Warren that there was this one real mechanic at the DeSoto Plymouth garage that was a whiz with DeSotos. So I started going there. It was a new toy. It was neat. It was the

first time in my life I ever had a car with an owner's manual. I will never forget one year I left Island Park to I.F. It was fall. Probably after hunting season. Dad was in the '39 Ford. I was in the DeSoto. As I came down Warm River and started up the other side it was getting cooler and toward dusk the windshield began to fog. I turned on the defroster and pulled out the thermostat control and couldn't believe how efficient it was. It worked. Also it had electric wipers. I didn't have to take my foot off the accelerator to get the wipers to work. I was livin'.

At night if your speed got to 60 the speedometer needle turned red. It had fluid drive. You used the clutch to shift gears on the column. It had two positions, forward and back which was high and low range. Reverse was toward you and up. It had a good parking brake. It had backup lights. I loved it.

I was anxious to have Barney drive it. He got in it and was amazed. It had soft seats. Barney was heavy. He weighed around 200 lbs most of the time. But he was stocky and not very tall. Maybe 5'6". He just sank down so far in the seat he had trouble seeing out. He hated that. He was not impressed. It also had a spotlight mounted on the driver's side. I loved that. You could shine it on a skunk along the road when you came in from the highway after dark. It was great. I loved it. I parked in just outside the window of our room at the Viking Hall dorm at Ricks the year I was a senior. A couple of years I had had the '39 Ford and lived at Winter's place one year and Aards the next.

My second year at Ricks I only went winter quarter. Many students used to do that. When Al was there a prof once asked a boy what he wanted to do for a profession. He replied I want to be a dry farmer in the winter time. Many students attended only winter quarter. They worked at farming in the fall and spring. So it was popular. But then Uncle Sam started breathing down my neck so I applied to attend school as a deferment to the draft. I was given that privilege, but it required you had to be a full time student and attend as such until graduation. It just happened that my 2 quarters in '49-9 and the one winter quarter in '49-50 gave me one full year. This qualified me but from that time on I had to attend full time.

I began school for my first fall term in '50. I lived at Winters that year. The next year I lived at Aards. I probably had the '39 Ford. The last year as a senior I had the '41 DeSoto.

I had become acquainted with Morris Wright from Ammon. He was 6-8 yrs. older than I. He had just joined the church. His folks never joined unless possibly his mother in her old age after his father passed away. Several of his brothers joined and maybe a sister. They were all raised there in Ammon with mostly Mormon friends. Well he talked to me about coming into the dorm with him. He had a three man room. I had joined the dance club because of pressure from him. There I got better acquainted with Rex Bateman from Etna, Wyo. They had a sheep ranch just as you enter Star Valley going from Swan Valley. All of us were majoring in agriculture so we'd had some classes together.

So I moved into the dorm. Our dorm supervisor was Ferron Anderson from Sterling, Ida. It's near Aberdeen. He had returned from a mission and was on the track team. So the dorm worked out

to be a good deal for me my senior year.

I went to Island Park in the spring after graduating. It was my best year at Ricks. I had been asked by Brick Parkinson to be the athletic manager for the basketball team. He gave me a scholarship with it. Also he extended the scholarship to spring quarter and I operated the towel room for the baseball and track teams. This was a big financial boost for me. And I got my 1 yr. Ricks sweater with the big block R on it.

Well how about the DeSoto at college? It was parked a lot at the dorm unless I was home on weekends. I didn't drive it to class of course. The dorms were just behind the cafeteria. And the 2 quarters I was on scholarship the dorm meals were included.

Well it was different having roommates. I had lived in single rooms other years except the first winter term when I lived with Keith. There were other guys in other rooms in the basement at Winters. That year I took Freshman English. I got along with Miss Ricks. She was notorious for being on her students all the time. But she had been there when Marj was there and Al and had really developed a strong interest in them and an affection for them which she carried on to me. So I had it pretty good.

Then I had to take a full year of Chemistry. I don't know if I took it this year or the next. But I got thru it somehow, again mostly because of caring professors. Dr. Chapman made up a passing grade for me I'm sure. I didn't savvy Chemistry.

So I went to events with Morris and Rex. I would have been really involved in the Dance Club my senior year but I was saved by the coach, Brick Parkinson. That kept me out of the dance club and I went on some great trips. I got to be around my heroes, the top players in the conference. Small 4 year schools and some 2 yr schools. This fall being on campus and eating at the cafeteria we saw all the gals from the dorms as they trudged up the walk, rain, snow or shine to eat. It was new to me to get so well acquainted with so many new students. There were old army barracks on the hill just above the dorm where married students lived. One unit had some cousins living in it from Driggs. The Bates and Fosters. They were great guys.

A football game came along and Rex and Morris decided to go and I was going. If I didn't get a date by a certain day they would get one for me. Well I finally got a date to the game and a dance. I don't know if it turned out to be a victory dance or not all I know is I went. The girl I asked was a Bates girl and lived in the barracks just mentioned. She was from Driggs. I had had classes with several of her brothers and a sister. She was a junior. Rex and Morris were both juniors. Rex had been on a mission. He drove a '50 Mercury, big old 4 door. Morris may have had a Dodge? So getting into athletics got me out of the tight threesome. I liked that better, not so much pressure.

Just to the east of the administration building was a parking lot. The tennis court was just next to it. Then near the tennis court were barracks housing. They were often referred to as the laaaming sheds. It was married housing. This year I noticed a little short girl swinging a tennis racket. She was something else. She was a little bit stocky. I learned that she

was from Plano and had gone to school with Rulon Hillman. Not in the same grade but same two room school house. Aunt Evie showed me a picture of her when she was little. A real cutie.

She rode in the DeSoto several times. It was a club coupe. And I was invited to a few parties. I was red faced more than once since I was so naive about certain games that were played at parties. After I was drafted I came home on leave from Ft. Ord. I went to the nurses home where the girls transferred after 2 quarters at Ricks. Sometimes they spent time off to other hospitals, such as Blackfoot (State Hosp.) Gooding, (deaf) and this broadened their experiences. She was in I.F. when I came home from leave before going to Germany. She dated liberally for a few days prior to my leaving.

I took her to a movie one night and parked just past the post office by the Idaho Dept. Store. It was only a block from the old Montgomery Ward store. It snowed a little bit while we were in the theatre. We came out and walked to the car. I opened the door and she got in. Before I could get around to the other side she had unlatched the driver side door for me. I got in and started the engine. I had left it parked in reverse. In reverse it has compression. If the fluid drive which also had overdrive was left in overdrive there was no compression in any forward gears, low or high range. So I always parked in reverse.

I had discovered that if the car was left sitting with a bumper against something so that it couldn't rock or move at least a little bit, it would not come out of reverse. Well we were parked parallel. Someone had backed a car up against my rear bumper while we were attending the movie and the car wouldn't budge. I could have backed up and pushed the car so as to gain some slack, except because of the snow the tires just spun and so I was unable to get any slack.

Well she was immediately suspicious. So she grabbed onto that shift lever and I thought she was going to yank it free. But it would not budge. Finally she took me serious when I got out, opened her door and we walked to the post office where I called a taxi from a phone booth inside. I took her to the dorm and we played a couple of games of ping pong and then dorm hours stopped our fun. I walked back downtown, maybe 5-6 blocks. The other car had been driven off in the meantime. I got in, started it up and drove home.

While I was in Germany, Dad got rid of the green '39 Ford and started driving the '41 DeSoto. He was still driving it when I returned from the Army.

My first ride in downtown Frankfurt was traveling in the back of a covered duce and a half from a train station (troop) to a reception center. At one intersection as one of the trucks made a right turn a VW bug got between the truck and the curb and squashed like only a bug can get squashed.

After leaving Germany we got off the troop ship in New York and onto a troop train. We had a lay over the next day in Chicago and half a dozen of our LDS group went downtown. After a movie we were walking back to the train station along Michigan Blvd. It was at least an 8 lane highway. All of a sudden someone yelled, Oh Look! There goes Comrade! And we saw our 1st VW bug

in the USA.

no. 5

After we arrived at the separation center at Camp Carson, Colorado, we were told they could not begin to process us until Monday so we could have 3 day week-end passes. We were just outside of the city of . I met a Sgt. or Corporal Chuck Gonzales, who had been in our Friedberg LDS group. He had been transferred there when his wife became critically ill and sent stateside. She died of leukemia soon after. He was finishing his military time there as a clerk to some officer. We arranged with him to give about 5 or 6 of us a ride into Denver. It must have been within an hours drive to the north.

We went around looking at cars in car lots there. We all stayed in a large hotel room. Of 6 of us, 4 bought cars. We paid for them when we came back the next week with our mustering pay. I bought a two door '49 Mercury. It was a dark blue V-8 with column shift and overdrive. I learned for the first time in my life that liability insurance was required. A nice gentleman came up to us and sold us a policy. He represented Preferred Risk Co. and sold each of us on his because all of us could qualify since none of us drank. Preferred Risk only insured non-drinking drivers and thus offered a discount.

We attended church Sunday in a local ward that we found. I don't remember if it was in Denver or the other town. I found out that the state of Colorado would not allow me to drive there because my Idaho driver's license had expired while I was in Germany. I had a military license for Germany and they would not accept it either. So there were 3 other Idahoans riding with me to I.F. Some of them with valid licenses drove until we were out of Colo. I remember driving thru Ft. Collins. Then we drove all night. My good friend, Norman Reece from Aberdeen got off at his sister's place at Fort Hall where she was post mistress. The other two boys were from Thornton, Idaho, Darwin Anderson and Calvin Cook.

I loved that Merc. It was a little light in the rear end. I loved its design. It sloped off on the back. It wasn't nearly as bulky as the '50 Mercs. I went to Logan that fall on my GI bill. One weekend I drove thru Logan Canyon and over the top into Bear Lake. Near the summit on a curve to the left on the steepest part I finally downshifted. The highway was snowpacked and just as soon as I let out the clutch in second gear it spun out and with the super or banked curve the rear end spun around to the left. I stopped of course. I got the trunk opened up and took out the chains and chained up. Then I had no trouble getting on over the top. I took off the chains and descended to Bear Lake. Up the canyon a bobcat crossed the road, ran thru the sagebrush and into the rocky ledges. It was a cold Saturday morning. The road was really slick as I went thru Randolph and on toward Evanston. It seemed funny to drive there and past the old creamery on the edge of town going toward Evanston. I went thru basic training with a kid named Barnes from there and it really irritated him when people called his town, Evingston.

It was good to see Steve again. He's changed a lot. He was a teenager now and attending high school. They joked about deer

hunting there. When the season opened in Utah all the kids there wore red to school. He and Warren had gone out deer hunting. I met Beth for the first time. I learned what a wonderful cook she was. And in the bedroom in a crib was Natalie. She could not have been over a few months old. Warren was sawing for Ren and Gene. I went back to Logan on Sunday.

I rode to I.F. one weekend with a kid that lived in the Delta Phi house from I.F. He was older than I. He was near Al's age. His name was Sessions. Nicknamed Foss. On the way back to Logan he got sleepy and asked me to drive. He had a 1955 Chevy and they were sharp looking cars. I couldn't believe how it held the road. I figured Chevrolet had definitely come out of the old days by the way they improved on their road handling. He had attended Ricks during the early 40's when there was just a handful of fellows...lots of coeds. He had loved it. I think he had been back to Ricks like the year before and got to know my good friend, Morris Wright from Ammon.

I spent the summer in Island Park. I parked the Merc out in front of Dad's cabin under the trees near the road going to the barn. It was in the shade most of the day. I drove to West Yellowstone occasionally to a movie on Saturday nights. David, Barry, and Steve went with me a lot. And sometimes Dad would go.

I drove to Ricks that winter. I had gone to USU in the fall and quit at the end of fall quarter. Neither Morris or I went back. We had been in a Vo-Ag program. It was a good program and a neat prof, Richardson was our advisor over the program. He we not left school we (I) would have been student teaching at Box Elder high winter term. I commuted for a while. I dated a gal whose mother worked in the laundry or linen room at the temple with my mother. I wasn't eager to make a lasting relationship with this gal. I needed an excuse to get away from my home ward so I found a basement apartment in Rexburg and moved up there. I enjoyed being there for Sunday meetings and MIA.

I soon found someone to attend the B. ball games with. I remember driving her home one night. She lived in a basement apartment up on college hill. It had snowed while we were at the game and with a lot of fresh snow and there hadn't been time for the snow plows to clear the side roads yet I got stuck even though I had gone up the back way which was less steep. So I got out and pushed while she drove. She did a good job. I was proud that she could handle the clutch. She was a Miller from the Driggs area. Driving home from a ball game one night I went downtown to get to a hamburger place, maybe the old Evans ice cream store. They were playing a game in the new high school gym on Main St. As I drove past the tabernacle block going east an oncoming car turned on its red light on me. I pulled over. I explained to the officer that I was just home from the army and the last time I had driven in Rexburg the stop signs at that intersection had been reversed. It was true, he agreed to that but said tell it to the judge. I was really disappointed with the judge when he simply said, well the ticket has already been made out now so there's not anything I can do about it. Each one passed the buck. I hated that. I wished the judge had just gone ahead with the fine rather than pointing back to the officer to

make the call.

I can't remember the details of getting rid of the '49 Merc but likely it was taken on a trade for my next Merc. a '52. no. 6

I saw a '52 Merc. It was a smaller car than the '50 or '51. It was a 4 door. It was 2-toned, a dark green and maybe a light top sort of tan. It also was a three speed on the column with overdrive. I learned a bunch from it. I have been underneath working on the overdrive unit of one or the other of the 2 Mercs with mosquitoes gnawing away at me. It is no fun. You try to blow them off your nose, lips and face and then chance getting greasy hands all over getting one loose that's nailing you.

I learned that fuses have to be replaced when a short cuts out the overdrive. And it is a small solenoid underneath behind the trans that causes the problem, sometimes from a bare wire worn against jackpines or other contact coming from roads with high centers. But they are fun to drive.

I expected a certain girl at the I.F. nurses home (school) to show a little more attention to this car than the older Merc. It's funny how after you own a car for a while you suddenly notice all the worn things, a tear in the upholstery, or the sun visor. A worn spot on the door arm rest, the oxidized paint on the hood and top, etc. Soon they are almost too numerous to fix. And then you want someone special to ride with you and not feel ashamed or apologetic. So you trade up not seeing the flaws in the one you are getting until after the new is worn off it.

Well it was real fun. It had straight pipes, enough so that when you drove under the big underpass in I. F. on north Yellowstone you could give it some throttle coming out and hear that nice little rumble from the cement sides as you pulled up out of it at about 30 mph. But Oh was it ever embarrassing to stop at a traffic light and have it die. There you are out looking under the hood and the gal you wanted to impress is sitting there watching the traffic going by and the traffic as watching her and you. You know she is hoping no one will recognize her. It had dual cabs. When it died while idling it usually had gasoline running from the carburetor or overflowing. I finally made a trade for a regular 2 barrel and traded the intake manifold for a little to boot. After the trade I discovered the problem wasn't the dual cabs but the rubber fuel line from the fuel pump was the wrong material for gasoline and it deteriorated from the gas. The tiny specs of rubber coming off it got into the needle valve and seat and that's why the float would stick and the gas ran over in the bowl. I changed the flex hose to one that was intended for use with gasoline and had no further trouble.

I took this car elk hunting up on the Buffalo. We drove to Ennis. We went to West many times. I did occasionally have to put in a new fuse for the overdrive. But I went quite a few miles in it with Steve, Barry and David and we went deer hunting in it. I possibly even went after my moose in it. Then got the 6x6 to get it out of the woods. I don't remember the circumstances about the disposal of this car. I don't really remember how long I kept it.

I do remember that in the fall about time for school to

start I picked up a VW bug. I got it from a Goodwin, an older brother of Lennis on ADA ave. a block north of Marj's place. I wish I could remember what I paid for it. Or even what it sold for later. It maybe had about 34,000 miles on it when I got it. For the first time in my life I had a car I could sometimes fill up on gas for a couple of dollars. I remember a gas war in Provo when I got gas for 20 cents.

I drove it the fall '57. I don't know if it was a '56 but it must have been. I don't think it was new enough to be a '57. I never owned but one car that was that new. It was a '62 Ford bought from a dealer after the '63 models had been out several months. I must have bought it in the late summer or fall. That was after my mission.

Back to the bug. I discovered how stable they were on slick roads. Coming home from Logan I was between Bear River and Downey and the road was packed snow. It was so slick that cars were creeping along and fishtailing. I passed and went on by them at about 40mph and it held the road perfectly.

I took the folks to see Warren and Beth at Parker during the holidays. Steve was in high school in St. Anthony. He rode with me and we went out of town to the north and west and along old country roads that were snow covered and only a depression in the snow showed where the two tracks of the road were. We would drive along and there were barbed wire fences along both sides of the road. There were just enough of the big white hares out that we'd seen one about every half mile or so. I'd step on the gas and the hare would try to outrun us. Pretty soon it would disappear from the headlights and we'd hear a thud. Steve would jump out and retrieve it. We threw them in the trunk and drive on. Some of the roads of course had been driven on. We turned around on some and backtracked and then when a hare got on the road it would cross from track to track and still we could outrun it and hear the familiar thud and stop and pick up the bunny. Well the Hares were not wasted. Warren had a dog team in his backyard for a few years after he first moved there. At least he had a Great Dane.

I even ran down a bunny when the folks were in the car either going or coming to Warren's place; most likely going home since it was after dark. Mom loved to ride in the little car. I guess she liked little things.

I drove to school in Logan that year. I made 2 trips to SLC. One to be interviewed by Bruce R. McConkie a Seventy (one of 7) in those days. Later I took the folks with me to the church office building again and S. Dilworth Young, another of the Seven presidents of Seventy set me apart in his office. He invited my father to stand with him. I took it to Aunt Lella's on Wall Ave. several times and to Aunt Finnie's in Springville accompanied by my mother. She enjoyed traveling. It was probably the newest car any of our family had owned that she ever rode in. Arch was the only one that regularly had a new car. He used to get a new Studebaker each year. In the late 40's when they were streamlined like a fighter plane on the front end. Paul Walker got a new '49 Ford once, I remember that. He said it was the first car he'd ever owned that he had to shut the heater down because it got too warm in the middle of winter.

Finally the day came that I had to leave it behind and go to the mission home in SLC. Al placed a want ad in the paper and sold it after a while. It didn't sell right away. But it did sell and that helped me on my mission. At the time I went to Taiwan it averaged \$65.00 a month. Of course it was more at first getting clothing, etc.

no. 7

After returning from Taiwan, my father was driving a white DeSoto. 48 ? I had picked it up in Preston. I saw it on a lot one time going home from Logan. It was a white 4-door. It had the fluid drive which he had become accustomed to with the '41. I looked in the want ads. Also my friend Morris Wright was now teaching chemistry in I.F. High. It was a nice new school. He told me of a fellow teacher from Utah, SL area that wanted to sell a car. It was a 4 door '54 Merc. It had power seats, windows and overdrive. I don't remember what I paid for it. Maybe \$550. I drove it to the mill that summer and to school in Provo in January. I had it until the summer of '62 when I got a '62 Ford.

I got a few parts from a wrecking yard in west Provo for it and finally after teaching school I started to notice the '62 Fords. I fell in love with their design and had to have one. Then I sold it thru a want ad to some young fellow who hadn't had a license long. It took me to A.F. for student teaching the spring term. I went to several family reunions. I went to many missionary reunions and homecomings with Dennis Crossley and others. It was a good old car. The speedometer broke and one day I was stopped coming down the Orem hill on State Street into Provo and given a talking to by a Provo police officer, Tracy. He got pretty emotional. He said. If you had been going just a few miles faster I would have to give you a ticket. Dennis was with me that day. After I got the '62 Ford I had Dennis follow me across town in the Merc one time.

He told me that's the way to learn how to drive in traffic. Just follow behind and signal when the car ahead does. I think it may have been the first time he had driven in the city. LaMonte Bee went with me to Island Park one trip from Provo. He was driving when I got tired. I stomped my foot on the floorboards some where along the way in the traffic between SLC and Ogden. He was pretty put out that I would do that while he was driving.

no. 7

I saw Ming Green '62 Ford 4 dr. sedan at the Tri-city motors in A.F. I loved it. They were nice looking cars. They were low and trim. I test drove it several times. It had the small automatic trans however and a small V-8 engine. It had a great radio. I could get a Calif. station with nice (really nice) music and I liked that. I spent several weeks deciding on it.

One fall before going to Taiwan I had come down to Provo with Rex Bateman on a blind date. We attended a homecoming football game at the Y and the dance that evening. The girl from Wyo was a roommate of his date. He had met his date in the mission field in Texas. He drove to Spanish Fork to see his mission pres. and wife. He owned the Smith Ford garage there. My date was Doris Robinson from Robertson, Wyo. When I arrived in Hong Kong a year or more later she was there. She had to come

home early because of her health.

So I went to Smith Chevy garage and they had a '63 Ford. It was a Fairlane. A smaller car. It was a two dr. coupe like. I didn't like the looks so well. I was told it was really a young man's car. The salesperson was from I.F. He'd grown up there and played ball with Ben Allen, my former bishop, the veterinarian. His name was Bowen. He'd married a daughter of Smith.

I finally got the Ford. Morris signed a promissory note at the bank in I.F. with me. About \$1900. I picked it up at the garage and started on my way to I.F. for my first trip home with it and just out of Lehi I saw a smoke screen in my rearview mirror. I pulled across the 4 lanes to a service station. There was oil all behind and under the hood. I called from the pay phone there and the service manager came out. He looked at it and discovered that when they had changed the oil and serviced it for me the oil filter had not been put on tight. It had pumped most of the oil out. So he sent back for a new filter and some quarts of oil. He assured me that no damage had resulted to the engine. I was always skeptical about it.

I took it home. Mom loved it; though probably not as much as the bug. I drove to Island Park with the folks. As I came to Lorenzo on our way home steam came pouring from under the hood. I was very distraught. I called Al. It was maybe a Saturday. He came. He helped me. It had gotten so hot that bubbles were coming from around the head gaskets. There was a short hose not over 2" long on the intake manifold. It was an inch hose and it had burst. I couldn't believe it. It only had 12 or 13,000 miles on it. Anyway I got it fixed and on our way.

Except for that I really loved the car. Dennis used to go with me in it. The salesman had me drive it for a trip. He suggested I drove to Nephi. I think we turned around at Mona. But it was a good trip. Good music on this Calif. station and Esther Lam, a girl Dennis and all the returned missionaries from H.K. knew rode with us. She was just like a little girl in her association with the elders. We took her to Bear Lake when she, Monte Bee, and I went to visit the Crossley family in St. Charles one trip. We were amazed how she reacted to his father milking a cow. She was so shocked. We said. You thought it came in bottles didn't you? She said no but I didn't think it was like that. She was so delighted to hold a bottle with a nipple for a calf they were feeding that she wanted to feed it more. So they put some water in the bottle and let her have her wish. So kids in St. Charles had spray painted GO on one of the stop signs near their place. I drove to I.F. and took the folks to Weiser, Idaho to the funeral of my mother's younger brother, LeGrande Hale. On the way back there was a section of freeway out of Boise. I was tired and so I let Dad drive. He started down the freeway. He only went a little ways. He had been so used to driving old cars without power steering and some play in the wheel that he instinctively moved the wheel back and forth as he drove. The sensitive power steering was so responsive that it swerved a little each time and that so scared him that he pulled over and said he couldn't drive so I drove. It was a long trip. I'm sure I pulled over and slept before we got home.

There used to be two signs near the highway east of Boise. One in a desolate area with a lot of small rounded boulders on the surface of the land, read, petrified watermelons, take one home to your mother-in-law. The other, Methodists, Watch out for Mormon Crickets. We probably turned off after Rupert and went thru the Craters of the Moon. It was almost getting daylight and along the road the willows had been placed on the far side of the shoulder of the highway so that in the winter the snowplows could locate the road in storms. Suddenly there was a buck deer standing there rubbing his antlers to remove the velvet. I got stopped just in time to get him entirely in my headlights. It was a pretty sight. It was hunting season. I wanted to come back and bring Al. We never tried it. It must have been just before coming into Arco. AT Ricks there was a farm boy from Arco named Acor. I always thought it was funny his name had the same letters of Arco

I liked the '62 Ford. I found out one time when I hauled some things from Logan for one of the Gu sisters to Provo that the '62 Chevs had a larger trunk. I couldn't close the trunk with her steamer trunk in it. But when she put the same trunk into a '62 Chevy to take it on to Calif. that the trunk lid closed easily. I was surprised. Both cars are quite sleek in design and appear about the same. Even though I liked the Ford, I didn't like the radiator system. It had a separate tank for the cap. I hadn't trusted it after it overheated. My teaching partner, Lynn Asay got looking at cars after I got interested. I guess my constant looking and asking his opinions got him started. One of his old crony friends, from St. George was selling at Given Ford. He sold a '63 Ford stationwagon to Lynn.

No. 8

One day I saw a '63 VW 1500. It was a squareback. They had not yet been imported to the states. A returned missionary had brought it home. His dad ran a pharmacy across the street from the college. It was in his parking lot. He said he was selling it because so many people in his neighborhood, the Jensen subdivision on 800 South and 600 W in Drem were giving him a bad time for having a car not produced by US steel that he decided to sell it. also his kid needed money for school.

no. 8

So my next car had to be that. I loved it. I drove it all over and in the woods and over windfalls during one hunting trip in Island Park with dad along. Then I found out the hard way they weren't really made for such rough use. I had problems with the front end. And even the German mechanic in Provo didn't understand the alignment and made it worse instead of better.

When Morris Wright drove it, He exclaimed this drives like a Cadillac. I took it to Blair Hammon's garage in I.F. and he came running out. He was the VW dealer there. He said, let me drive that. He had to drive it. He had only seen pictures of them. They were not yet available for retail in the U.S. It gave me good mileage. I enjoyed it. It was a small stationwagon. I got over 40 mpg on some fillups. I expected mid to high 30's. When I had it tuned up and it dropped below that I took it back and they had to tune it over again and then it was better.

I took two different students of mine driving in it for a

little extra driving time. One was real rough on the clutch. She really jerked it pretty hard. The other got pretty good with it. One day in SLC she just about put us into the rear end of a stopped vehicle at a traffic light change. She happened to get just the right amount of brake. It didn't skid the tires but when we were stopped we were only inches from the back bumper of the other car. She looked over at me a little sheepishly.

WE left one morning about 4:30 or 5:00 and went to Mirror Lake. We stopped at the parking area at Mt. Baldy. I had taken some kindling in the back. We had a frying pan, eggs, bacon, rolls and built a little fire and cooked breakfast. She had never cooked anything over a fire before. We hiked to the top of Baldy after we ate. We came back and were tired. We took a little nap in the back after the climb. The rear seat folded forward and we left the back door opened overhead. There were no mosquitoes and it was pretty nice. After a couple of hours we were on our way to Evanston, Wyo. Then we drove back thru SLC. It was there that she tried out the brakes.

It was my dating car in '64 and '65. It took me on our honeymoon. I'll not put details of that trip here other than to mention the brake problem that took place. Our reception in Lava was held in the old Lava church. We looked out from upper level of the stairs to the car parked below and saw nephews and nieces (both mine and Louise's) standing around the car having written on it with wax and tied on tin cans behind, and streamers, etc. I have a photo in mind that shows them standing there. Someone took it with a flash. There is a little sparkle in some of their eyes as you'd see if you took a photo of a deer or some other animal after dark with a flash.

We went off to Island Park where we stayed in the Island Park Lodge near Henry's Lake flat in an upper level room before returning to Lava. After the reception we stayed in Marj's cabin at the Island Park Siding (sawmill site). Some of Louise's family joined us there later, after a few days and we went into Yellowstone Park on at least 2 different days. We also visited Steve and Shirlene Knapp with their 3 little boys in West Y. Later we picked up my parents and took them to Yellowstone. They had been there on their honeymoon many years before (50 maybe?)

We were going to go over the Cooke City Road/Red Lodge Rd but when we got there the road was under construction. It was a dirt road. No asphalt at all making it dusty, and my father was not comfortable about going on it. It appeared to be high and winding. At this point in his life he was extremely nervous of riding on mountain roads, so we turned back and headed for I.F.

I began to hear noises when I applied the brakes. It got progressively worse as we traveled south. In I.F. I went to the VW dealer. Well of course this was the first 1500 series VW in the area and no parts were available. So we wound up going to a special brake shop that removed the linings of the brakes and riveted on new heavy duty pads. At this point we discovered that the linings had worn out prematurely due to the relatives putting rocks inside the hubcaps at the reception to create a rattle as we drove. What wasn't known at that time was that the inspection holes into the drums on these VW wheels were behind the hubcaps

and not on the back of the backing plate as they are (were) on American made cars. So the rocks got into the brakes and wore out the pads in just a thousand miles or less. It was fixed and ready to go within a day. When we returned to Provo the lady we bought our place from had not yet moved out of the house so we drove on down to Manti (Sterling) where we stayed with Keith and Erma, Louise's oldest sister. They incidentally had been in Yellowstone and Island Park with us and in Idaho. Their son, Brian rode with Louise to Provo in the VW. I brought Laurie to Provo in the back of the little old '51 Ford pickup. I had a tire problem just north of Brigham City and had to leave the freeway and go to Honeyville where a service station ran by Japanese fixed the flat tire. I discovered that there were many Japanese in that area. There used to be a sugar factory near Tremonton and these farmers raised lots of sugar beets.

Partly I suppose because of the trouble I'd had with the front end of the car I decided to sell it. One attempt was made when I drove it to SLC to the car dealer auction. I went with a dealer from Orem named Potts. It went thru the auction but it didn't get a bid above the minimum of \$1900. so I didn't sell it. Just a little later 2 '65 Chevy's went thru. They were rental cars. One was a 4 door standard trans. It was white. It only had about 13,000 miles on it. I wanted Potts to bid on it. He had stepped outside the building at the moment it went thru so he didn't get a chance to bid on it. The other he missed also. It may have been an automatic. After I found him and told him about it he talked to the dealer that had picked them up, but he wasn't interested in letting it go. They sold for under \$1400. I would have been willing to run the VW back thru and taken the \$1500 offer and brought the Chevy home had I had the chance. So we kept it and I drove it back to Provo.

I'll have to ask Louise what happened later, I think we ended up letting it go on a trade.
no. 9

Louise had a '55 VW bug when we got married. She drove it all around. She hauled her friend, Mazie Lee in it. Mazie took Dr. Ed. at my school during a summer session if I think and Sherald James from Spanish Fork was her instructor in the car. He taught the dr. ed. at the Y for several years although he was a track coach for distant runners there. Mazie had to learn to use a clutch in order to take the driving test in Provo. She took it in the bug. It had signal arms on the door posts. Little arms about 8" long that came out when you used the turn signal arm. They had a reflector on them and if working like when new they may have had a light showing, though it didn't blink. When I was in Germany we called them maux nicht sticks. A G.I. term taken from German that meant it doesn't really matter. That's what was picked up on as a result of the drivers there in their little maneuverable bugs darting in and out of traffic. Shows what we thought of their credibility for signaling.

This little white bug sat in our backyard quite a bit of the time in Edgemont until finally Louise took it to Sterling and left it with Young's. She will have to fill in the details of that. It was eventually driven up nine mile canyon road and it

rolled with Irene driving. She was not seriously hurt and one of her brothers I think went up and rolled it back on its wheels and drove it home. I don't recall its demise.

No. 10

One day while we were in SLC visiting Harold and Laura Winterton I saw a '64 Chevy pickup truck in the paper. It wasn't far from where we were so I drove over to look at it. Harold rode with me. It was red with a light colored cab. The chrome strips along side the bed looked like they had been wrinkled the full length on both sides. Other than that it looked good, it drove well and turned out to be a very good truck for us. We drove it a lot on miles. We bought a camper for it. We had a special window put in with a boot allowing persons to go from the front to the rear while on the road.

After acquiring the '64 I needed to use the '51 to haul some of our Morgans so I let the Stutz family use this truck. I had a stock rack for the Ford. So they drove the red car until Sister Stutz felt so embarrassed putting so many miles on it she insisted we trade the trucks. They had arranged to buy the Ford after we got the Chevy. I finally got a rack for the Chevy. But I hadn't had it long when I went to SLC in response to an ad I saw and we picked up a sort of home made customized horse trailer. It was big and it was sturdy. I even hauled Grandpa Andrus' Belgian mare in it from Lava to Sterling. She weighed about 2,000 lbs. She just fit on one side. It had tandem 600x16 tires on a walking beam. It was a pleasure to haul after hauling in the back of a pickup where every motion on the horse is felt and many times it seems that motion was magnified. I was never really relaxed with horses in the back of the truck. In the trailer it was so much better. On curves and slowing, braking, you didn't get that feel that the weight above you in the truck might take your control from you. One time I was nearly to Devil's Creek DAM on the freeway when a left front tire blew. I was tooling along about 60 and was on the inside lane. It was violent. I really was hanging on for all I was worth with both hands. I got the feeling that in just any second I was going to lose it. I had a death like grip on the wheel. I went against what I had been teaching students, never brake when you have a blow out. But I did. I felt I was going to lose it and I did get the speed down. That put me back in control and I held it then and gradually slowed sufficient to get off on the shoulder and change tires.

There was a fellow in Lava, LaVerl Johnson. He had two artificial legs and one arm with a hook. He had an old green Chevy pickup about the same yr. They looked alike. He welded a rack on front so I could carry the spare tire right in front of the radiator. It was handy. He also welded an extra set of coil springs under the rear to act as overloads. This really helped with the heavy camper loaded with its cabover bed.

Twice we started for Alaska in this truck. Twice we made it into southern Alberta. We made it into parts of western Montana a couple of times. We went to Grand Coulee Dam and up thru B.C. to central B.C. one trip with the 3 oldest kids. We did get onto the Alcan highway but we didn't go beyond Fort St. John on one trip north. We went to Clint and Connie Andrus' reception in Arco, Id.

and on into Montana and looked at some Morgan horses at a ranch there. It was the most uniform band I've ever seen. The main stud was just there in the pasture with a regular barbed wire fence. He was a well mannered horse. It was at Harrison, Mt. It was a 3rd generation Morgan horse operation. The kids got sick to their stomachs and we headed home. WE did see the Lewis and Clark caverns. WE shopped for ranches from our United Farms catalog and the best one, one with a nice creek running thru it had been sold. We saw some lovely country. We found cherry crops in the area around Flathead Lake as nice as any in Utah County.

We crossed Lake Francois in central B.C. on the ferry a couple of times. This was a highlight to Lisa. She enjoyed being up on the upper deck and using the rest rooms. She wanted to stop at every available outhouse along the way. We came back into Montana one Sept. just as it snowed for the first time. We were stopped over night near Monida. Then we cut across to Island Park going past REd Rock Lakes where we could see the white trumpeter swans there. We saw a cow and calf moose early in the morning and drove along between them for a mile or so until finally the calf jumped the fence and crossed the road to join its mama which had jumped and crossed earlier. We stayed near DAD's cabin for a while. I went with Sheila Mason out to feed and water an old horse she had at the old Simmons ranch out on the flat. She was a smooth rider. She seemed only about 16 but was probably 18.

When we moved to Shelley we had this truck and a white VW bus. We moved the camper also. We used a Jimmy diesel of South's to move much of our stuff from Edgemont. We hauled it in several trips. They were building a dome for the church welfare square in Linden at the time so I just loaded the truck after they took a load down to the site and hauled it to Shelley. I slept one nite on the wood floor of Dennis Chapman's place. I slept on my right shoulder. The next day I had to reach over with my left hand to shift the gears. I had bursitis in that shoulder for several years. Al had had some similar trouble. He began eating Vitamin C tablets about like candy. It seemed to help after trying many things. I used them quite a bit too and it helped. I seldom have trouble with that shoulder now. (1993-4)

The first winter in Shelley it got bitter cold. I had Laurie and her last colt, Zingo. I found a place just about a mile south of town to winter them. The owner a Cox had gone to Arizona for the winter. But we had quite a bit of snow too. Occasionally I pulled the kids behind the truck when I went to chore. I had to give them hay most of the time and water from a hydrant at a shed near the house. Our VW bus sat for weeks in front of the house its tires sitting frozen in 4-5 inches of ice in the gutter next to the curb. I kept the Chevy in the garage at nights and drove it to work in the daytime just across town. In Jan. that year, '79 it got so cold a few days into the month that a new skin that was blown up went down. The diesel fuel jelled in the lines and the little Litton Diesel engines stopped. They were pumping the air to keep the skin inflated. It partly collapsed letting the foam on the inside crack. When we arrived there I remember that the price of gasoline at the Philips pumps was at 80 or 85 cents per gallon. When we left Provo in the fall I just used up the last of

the gas from a 55 gal. drum I had bought from a wholesaler for 35 cents. We brought our little Ford tractor and its Rhino blade.

On the 24th of that month, Grandma Andrus was at our place. She stayed with the children when Louise got into the truck in our garage, I backed it out and drove over packed snow-covered roads to the LDS hospital in I.F. where Kathy was born a few hours later. Dr. Kindred, a boy that grew up in my ward there one year behind me in primary delivered her. She turned out to be a little angel. Lisa was so happy to have a sister.

No. 11

My brother Al had a Chevy truck that looked like ours. The same body style, it must have been a '66. It was a light blue. He decided to get a newer model so I bought his and sold our red one. It had gotten a lot of miles. During the 2 years I worked for South's occasionally they had had some of their young hired hands drive it. I could always tell after they had driven it. The young drivers always seem to push a truck nearly to its limit and older vehicles just don't respond the same to that treatment. The boys got to drive it in the potato fields when we gleaned some spuds. They liked that. We once went with our Bishop's wife to a field just north of Shelley for spuds. The bishop, Lyle Shamo was a seminary teacher there. An old friend from Ricks College, Lavar Thornock from Bloomington, Ida. near Bear Lake was the seminary principal and regional supervisor. He was also the pres. of the Shelley Stake. In about March we moved to Taylor east of town onto an acreage with a nice double-wide trailer we bought from David South's brother-in-law, Harry Ames on 1 and 1/2 acres. That turned out to be much better than living in town.

There we put up corrals, fences, had a shed, our little tractor and blade, a creek, a garden, big trees and Barry lived on one side and David and Judy on the other. It was as friendly a ward as we've ever been in. There was something unusual about this '66 Chevy. It like our red one had a straight six engine. They were good running trucks. But this one had a gimmick. It had maybe some fine sand or other sediment in the gas tank which was behind the seat. I could drive it a long time without a problem but then if I went up onto the Marj's Menan butte to David's dome I always had trouble before I got home. If I could pull off even if it meant taking a detour of a few miles to where there was an incline, I could then drive it up onto the hill, put it in a forward gear, turn off the engine and let it roll backwards down the incline then let out the clutch. It would sputter and chug but it usually would start up and run smooth again. Occasionally I would have to do this twice.

I came to believe it caused the gas in the tank to be stirred up driving up and down over the steep rough road over the butte and then these fine particles would get into the carburetor and plug some jets or the float needle valve causing it to run rough. But rolling down hill backwards and letting the clutch out would cause the engine to turn over backwards and it usually seemed to clean it out and I could drive on. I learned to detect this when it first started to occur and I could find some place along the way steep enough to roll it. Often just about a mile from the trailer, the Bro. Arave who had sold the ground off his

farm to David had a new home up on a rather high elevated dune. his steep driveway was very convenient to use and it always seemed to work its wonders on the old truck. We left this truck and camper at South's in Shelley when we moved back to Provo and they sold it for us.

When we moved I missed a box of photos and an album with pictures of our place in Edgemont and our Morgans. I hunted all over for it. Then one day over 10 years later we got a phone call from a lady east of Shelley. She wanted to know if we'd sold a camper from Souths. When I told her we had she said she had found a box in the camper and pictures of Lisa. She wanted to know if she was our daughter. So I arranged to stop there during one of my trips to visit and she gave it to me. It had been in one of the narrow shelves of the camper beneath the bed. They were cleaning it out and sold it. It was nice to get it back. One a subsequent trip to I. F. I stopped there. They were not at home but I left some lettuce and bananas and oranges with a note.

No. 12

A maroon Ford van. WE bought it from a highway patrolman that moved into our Shelley ward. We didn't keep it long. It was alright but nothing special. It had more seating room than a sedan of course. That's why we bought it. Well we drove to the hospital to get Kathy in it. It spun around on the Park/Taylor road on the way to town. The 180 degree turn on the snow packed road excited the kids. I don't know who was the most excited, Shaun, a first grader or the older kids. No other cars were on the road. Again, Grandma Andrus came to stay with us for a while.

One time Louise was going into I.F. and when she crossed Sunnyside Road on the Park/Taylor Road she was hit broadside. It was just dusk and the car that hit her did not have the lights on and the woman driving had been drinking and had no drivers license and as it turned out the van was hit near the rear axle and very little damage occurred to the van, but the other car lost its radiator. The kids were all in the car. They were shook up of course but no one was hurt.

One day in Shelley we saw a little Subaru van. It looked like a miniature VW bus. It was white. It had a For Sale sign in the window. I followed it to the west side of town near the new elementary school. We test drove it. It got great mileage. You put oil into a reservoir where it mixed with the gas as you drove. I had seen one like it in Provo. Also there was a little pickup model I'd seen in Provo. A few years before we'd have called the engine a washing machine engine. After seeing how the van withstood the side impact collision and no one was hurt, I felt had that happened in the little van the kids probably would not have had a chance of not being injured or worse. So we never went back to look at it again. Louise concurred with me on that. So we almost got another.

After we moved to Taylor, Harry had a VW van in the shed. It was one with the windows above the doors all along both sides. He had intended on restoring it. Finally someone did come and tow it away. But there was a Dodge or Pontiac sitting out in the little field across the ditch. We let Dan Andrus have it in trade for a beaver pelt. He had trapped a young beaver with a prime hide. I

took it and eventually strung it on a drying stick which I made from Kinikinic that I got along the Provo River. Then I shaved it and made a silhouette of some pine trees and left the outline of a bear in the center. Different hair lengths gave it the appearance of a picture. It hangs on our wall in the family room. If I turned around at this moment I would see it on the east wall.

No 21

We had some trouble with the joints where the axles fasten to the wheels on the white VW. We disposed of it. Then we got a red VW Dasher from the South's. It was front wheel drive. It had a leak in the water pump. I got a good buy on one from the little parts store in Shelley. I took it to a guy that bought a dome from South's in the Shelley industrial park called the TNT garage. As a young man he had been in scouts under Warren. He was in our ward. He installed the pump. He had never put one on a VW before. He learned a lot. He also spent a lot of time on the project and consequently it cost me over \$100. in labor. The new pump leaked. So it was warranted. I then took it to a VW shop in I.F. for the next installation. They had to take a lot of things off the front to get to it. But they were used to VW's and it cost around \$70-80. this time.

One time Louise was taking the kids with her to Connie Andrus to tend while she went to a doctor's appointment. She was expecting Tim. She carried some of them out to the car. She left the engine warming and went back for the Joseph. He wasn't feeling well. When she came out of the trailer the car was gone. There was snow on the ground. Tracks helped locate it. Jess had been in the front and moved the shift lever. It had gone out into the garden spot and was stopped with the wheels spinning in the snow. She was carrying Joseph when she walked out onto the porch. The kids were excited. Ruth was looking out the rear window about to cry. Joseph has some advice to give to Ruth.

One morning I was driving to Shelley to work in it. As I was going west into town I suddenly found I was off on the shoulder and headed for a mail box. There was nothing I did that changed anything. Steering, braking, nothing changed my course. I sort of resigned myself to hitting the mailbox. It was nothing to do with my driving but it just moved back over onto the road. I have been a little leary of front wheel drives ever since. WE sold it soon after that. I said, I should have known better than to buy a VW with a radiator. We sold it to a young couple that needed a car. I don't remember the year. Susan had driven it when she worked in the shop. It wasn't bad looking and it was fairly new.

No 22

We found a red and white VW bus. It was up in the foothills east of I.F. in a rural subdivision. It belonged to a doctor. It was nice. It had a hammock. It had a pop-up camper. It was fun for the kids. It had a sink, etc. It had a cb. with a loudspeaker on the front. The kids loved it. When we sold there and moved to 640 So. in Provo we came down here in it. We had it quite a while. But eventually poor Louise had to push start it so often it became very discouraging. There is not always a hill around.

No 23

Roy Andrus told me of a fellow that worked with him welding in Pocatello that had a nice little Toyota pickup with a camper shell. He lived on the edge of Shelley by the park on the road to Woodville. I test drove it. I liked it and bought it for \$2500. It was a '75. It turned out to leak a little oil. It had as good a starting engine as I've ever driven. It always started the 1st time when cold. It also started in the very coldest weather. I drove it to Shelley. I had to watch that it didn't get too low on oil. I once drove it to the great Salt Lake to meet Barry at the site of a dome they were building there. I had just changed the oil and put in Conklin oil. It didn't lose any on the trip up. When I got home it was a little low. I always regretted the leak since it was so good in every other way. I drove it to work for years. In the winter I took Willis and Justin to a subdivision south of our place and let them drive in about 10 inches of new snow. We drove around and around and they had fun. We also drove south along a road that runs east of the motor view and observed the deer that came down in that area in rather large numbers due to the heavy snow fall. We had deer on our lawn many times during that winter. I bought a round Conklin decal and put on the doors and they remained there until I sold it. I didn't take it to Idaho in '88 because it was leaking oil so bad. We had bought several cars after returning to Provo. We had a '78 Dodge Colt that we drove to Idaho. Now I'll go back in mention the cars in Provo.

No.

A white VW Rabbit. After driving the red and white VW bus for a while in Provo it became a nuisance to start. Louise often had to get a push or shove to start it. It was handy. The kids loved the speaker on the CB hook-up. It provided room going to the BMX bike track out in the river bottoms near Lion's Park. She traded the owner of the Rabbit for the bus. After a while we got rid of the Rabbit also.

No.

A green Datsun wagon was picked up. We used it a while and it ended up in Lava where John and Margie Andrus drove it until it quit. It was sitting along their lane with weeds grown all around it after a while. Finally it disappeared and was no longer in sight. Without safety inspections in Idaho they were able to get more mileage out of the tires that were getting worn down when we stopped driving it.

No.

I went to Drem and found a white Toyota wagon. It had 4 doors. The year Lisa was at Ricks we drove it and during the summer we went to Yellowstone in it. Justin and Willis were not here. We got a lot of use out of it. I ran into a fellow that lived near the Kiwanis Park thru an ad in the paper. He repaired cars at his place. He helped us a lot. He understood Japanese cars pretty well. He did give us one bum steer once when the car was running rough. He said it could be the fuel pump. I changed it and it was inside the gas tank. After removing it the gas tank leaked on the bottom where the plate for the pump covered the hole. So after getting some liquid solder and monkeying around a lot I finally got the leak stopped. The car ran the same. So I

put a new inline fuel filter on it and it corrected the problem.
No.

We saw an ad in the paper for a '78 Dodge Colt. It was a 2 dr. It had over 70,000 miles. It was a clean little car. A fellow in Salem had it. He had driven it to Logan daily for some time. So the miles were mostly highway miles. It was a 4 speed. WE debated and dickered on it. Finally we got it for around \$1800. Justin drove it to Timpview part of two years. ABOUT this same time we bought a little yellow '77 Colt from Lynn Asay. Lynn had had a blue 4 dr that he really liked. Since he had had such good luck with it I bought these two. Willis didn't have such good luck with the yellow one. It had engine trouble, maybe clutch problems too. So we didn't keep it too long.

No.

The yellow one we finally sold and Willis got interested in a bus

No.

Willis enjoyed the bus. Justin painted a nice emblem on the vinyl tire cover over the spare tire on the front. Everywhere he went you could spot the car from the tire cover. Willis left on his mission and we put it up for sale. A boy he had known at Timpview H.S. bought it a while after he left on his mission. Then that boy went on a mission and we saw the bus parked at the side of the road on So.State street with a For Sale sign in the window for a long time. It was a sort of tan or beige color.

No.

Joseph bought a '66 VW bug from a boy from Timpview. It was supposed to have a good engine. The old orange car looked like the fenders could fall off anytime. The kid claimed he could keep up with any of the kids at school in their newer bugs. Joseph had made a TV commercial for a hot dog company out of Magic Valley, Idaho. So we put the car along side our house behind the fence and raised it up on blocks. We let him run the engine and shift gears sometimes during hours when it wouldn't disturb our next door neighbors, the Bingham's. He had a lot of fun with it.

No.

One day as I came from the BYU lab farm on Canyon Rd. up to 9th East I spotted a little car in a driveway on the bend just west of the Temple. I went back and inquired. I arranged to buy it. It was a one of a kind car. It had a fiberglass body. It had real parts such as tie-rod ends on the steering. The man said he would put his lawnmower engine in it and give his grandkids rides so we bought it. He had taken it out of his garage while he was cleaning and I happened to see it.