

The Memoirs of

Bernard Elden Knapp

Life Around Al and Lois

My Life around Al and Lois

Known affectionately as Loey by Al

written by Bernie (as my memory serves me) Sept. 1997

I decided to put down some things I remember pertaining to Lois and Al. Al came home from the service and began working for Barney in the spring. Sometime after returning home he went to Burley to see Wayne Call whom he had met in the service in England. There they had gotten together at times and read their patriarchal blessings and contemplated the future when they would be home with their families. They made it thru all their flying missions and were now home safe. Wayne had a wife and Al was well treated by them. He met Wayne's parents and family, two single sisters, Lois, the oldest was a secretary for Mr. King who owned the Kings chain of 5 and 10 stores. She was a couple of years out of high school. Maxine was maybe a jr. Jay a sophomore and Ray may have been in the service at the time.

Later that summer Al took a few days off, went to Brigham City and double dated with another Army pal. Seems Lois was with the other guy yet providentially they only SAW each other. So the story ended with the other guy being left in the dust.

After their marriage in the Idaho Falls Temple our family made the trek to Burley. We'd never been that far west in Idaho before. Ann and Paul went over. I went over with the folks. We stayed with the Call's in their home. While there they had a terrific rain storm and the water came thru the roof around some of the gables. Bro. Call was surprised and felt bad for it to happen when they had guests....it never leaked before.

At their reception there was dancing in the cultural hall. Lots of local people knew the Call family whose boys were all active in the church in that area of Idaho. Jay about my age was interested in basketball and we got along pretty well.

Al had been telling us at home about this black saddle horse Bro. Call had in his corral that was such a great horse. We went out to see him the next day. He was a well built horse and full of life. He had ran away with a couple of people. One of those times the bit broke in his mouth. Bro. Call was afraid to let me ride since he hadn't been ridden much recently. Their farm which was on the edge of town was going into subdivision.

An open house was held in I.F. also. That summer Al had got out a set of logs and built a house on 2 lots across the street from the folks on Cleveland that he bought from Warren. So the house was ready to move into when they were married. Al did a little finish work after they moved in. The open house was well attended. Thelma was there. I was helping in the kitchen with serving and so was Maxine. We were joking and having fun and Thelma leaned over to me and said. Watch it, one in the family may be enough. (something to that effect anyway) My father's family were well represented. Dyal Robertson sang a few songs as he played his guitar. One was THE SOLDIER'S LAST LETTER. It was a sad song. Poor Aunt Jennie sat and wept. Her son, Adrian, was a bomber pilot in the Pacific. His plane was shot down and he was listed as missing in action. Aunt Evie was there and as always laughing and getting everyone else to laugh. She and Esther sang

their duet, Two Little Sailor Boys. Not a happy song to poor Jennie. Probably their would have been some mouth organ numbers.

Aunt Lella suggested they move the chairs back and dance. Al wasn't for that. He could just see the new linoleum on their floor after being danced on. His concern: likely every joint in the pine flooring would have shown through with that much traffic on it. So they settled in and lived there several months until time to go to the Island Park in the early spring.

Al and Loey went to the woods early. They had Barney's team and wagon. That was all, no car. They went over to Pond's once at least on the wagon. While returning they saw a man walking with a sack of goods and gave him a lift as far as the mill. It was Ed Ryburg. He got off at the mill and walked. His cabin, on the head of the Buffalo River, was another 5-6 miles.

Al built a cabin during the few weeks they were there before Barney moved up. He placed it in among the trees across from Ren's house and near the big tree in the center of camp. He built using 5 inch house logs. Most customers used 6" logs. The 5 inch logs were not as popular for one thing; so there were plenty of them around. Another thing was they were lighter and easier to handle. So working alone it was easier for Al to lift them up into place. Although I'm sure Loey helped a plenty.

That year when I went up to work, Al invited me to board with him and Loey. So using a folding army cot I slept in the front room that summer. The cabin had 2 rooms. Often during the summer they tended Barry and David and sometimes M'Jean. Al usually could borrow the Federal truck to drive to Macks on Sundays so Lois could buy groceries. We went on a picnic up the old Split Creek road one time. There was a large windfall across the road and Al had to turn around in a very narrow place. It was quite something how he could turn around with that long wheel base truck on such a narrow 2 track road along the creek bank.

One Sunday while shopping at Macks we saw Pres. George Albert Smith. He also spoke at the Church of the Pines. People were standing outside the building listening. It was a warm summer day and all the windows were open.

Loey's parents came up with Maxine and Jay and spent about a week around the 4th of July. I got the day off the day they went to Yellowstone in their Chrysler. We saw lots of bears that day. We had a good time. I guess I sort of hammed it up. I don't know if Al was embarrassed. He never said anything of course. I just know I enjoyed it; performing and getting laughs to which I wasn't really accustomed. One thing that happened that day, I'll always remember was Loey's dad sticking his finger in a hot pool. He jerked it out and danced about on one foot and then the other. That is really Hot! He said. His wife laughed and laughed. What did you expect? He was really genuinely surprised. She was fun. She was jolly. It was fun getting acquainted with them.

While they were there every chance I got to drive somewhere in the Federal I did, taking Jay with me. I obviously thought I was a great driver, driving it around and shifting its 2-speed. Warren lived over at the old ranger station across the tracks and north of the siding. He had a dog team. One day he hooked the team up to show the Calls. As the team came along his narrow

driveway thru the trees past where Bro. Call was standing his Airedale pulled out from the team and made a run at Bro. Call as far as her harness would allow. It probably surprised everyone except Warren. She was pretty anxious to get after strangers. Warren was ready, jumped on the brake and Bro. Call moved pretty fast avoiding trouble. Several years later Al and Lois bought that Chrysler from her parents and drove it for years around Idaho Falls. It made quite a few trips to hunting, fishing and choke cherry picking spots.

Al got some timber spotted by the ranger, Ned Millard in Bro. Call's name since farmers could get timber from the Forest Service at a reduced price. It was spotted near the flat so it was handy to cut. Al got it out on week ends and holidays. It represented a lot of work. Chain saws hadn't been heard of then. When Al left Island Park that fall he shipped a full boxcar of lumber and logs to Burley where he built a large nice home that winter. After a couple of years working with Wayne delivering milk in his dairy Al's back started bothering him so they returned to Idaho Falls.

Warren was alone a lot that summer. He got out wood around Tom's Creek flat and blocked it. Truckers came up and hauled it to the valley. He spent a lot of time at Al's. Lois was kind and offered many Sunday dinners which had to be very much appreciated by anyone, especially a bachelor. While tending Barry and David one time we were all seated about the table. David could read. He had been to school. Barry wasn't that old yet. Barry said. Please pass the Pepper. David inched the Salt shaker toward him. They pushed it back and forth a couple of times and then Barry chimed S-A-L-T does that spell pepper? We were all amused.

That summer I put a basketball hoop up on a tree near Al's cabin. One fellow who was an offbearer for Charlie South at his mill named Randy Scouten had gone to high school with Al in I.F. He was a really good player. There was lots of huffing and puffing playing in the dirt there in front of their house. Bud and Mildred Hiatt lived at Moon Meadows, a ranch near the head of Tom's Creek. The ranch belonged to his brother-in-law, Nate Young. They used to stop by to visit. They sometimes brought milk. They milked a cow and put the milk in a can in the spring house at the ranch. It sat right in the water of a sizeable spring. It was almost ice cold. They were a nice couple to visit with. You never heard Bud swear. Mildred was a real character. They had no children and they fussed over Marj's kids, especially M'Jean with her golden hair. Mildred liked to visit with Loey.

Jess Reid worked for Barney again that year as he had the year before when Al first came home from the service. An older Scouten brother, Cliff worked for Barney. He was sort of lazy and trashy. He always wore an old black cowboy hat. He and his wife had a pair of twins, a boy and a girl. They always made you feel sorry for them since they were poorly dressed and usually ran around with dirty faces and uncombed hair. One time Cliff was helping roll a log up skids onto a load in the woods. Al and Jess accused him of just laying his hands on the log and not exerting any effort. He got quite indignant about that. But it

was true. Whenever he could find an excuse to leave and go drive the team he would rush to do it. Barney also hired a neighbor boy that summer, Bob Baird. He was young and awkward and large for his age. He was always getting his feet tangled up and falling down. He was a pain at times. When asked to do something; he often questioned it, making it unpleasant for Al when Barney wasn't out in the woods with us.

We loaded a big load of cellar timber onto a semi in the woods one time for a hauler from Utah. The man had a large coarse looking wife. She would get right along side of him and heave on the logs. We were helping top out a load in Trail Canyon. As was the case with many truckers they got tired and irritated with what went on while loading. Al was on the load with a pick-a-roon and was hauling the poles up pretty fast. This guy with just his hands and back bent over was getting some pretty good bumps on the shins and some words developed between him and Barney. Then Jess Reid said something and here came the guy's wife out of the cab. She was a large woman and we all wondered if Jess was going to have to defend himself, literally.

That afternoon Barney went over to Ponds and they were there with their loaded truck out front. By this time the guy had had time to get a few beers under his belt and he was hot under the collar. He made some accusations inside the store to Barney. "Well you don't have your henchmen here now to defend you. What kind of a man are you?" Barney suggested they go outside. None of us were there so we got everything second hand. Barney wasn't going to start anything so when the guy tried to get Barney to throw the first punch he wouldn't. But finally the guy made a lunge at Barney. Barney sidestepped and then his lace-to-the-toe loggers slipped on the sandy gravel in the street and he nearly lost his footing. Later I think Barney got a solid punch to the solar plexus and it was all over. It made for a lot of conversation for a while around Pond's.

In August before I had to leave for school I went with Al and Lois on a hunting trip. We drove up the Chick Creek Road and walked in below Ryberg's place. We walked a lot that day. We walked thru a lot of that kind of timber where there is hardly any downstuff. Lots of little huckleberry bushes and open views between the pines. Instead of tall thrifty stands of lodgepole, it was of uniform size and mostly young immature thick stands of branchy stuff of the same age. Not very tall for its age and no standing dead stuff. It was nice woods to walk thru, more like a park than woods where a timberman would find any useful trees. Lots of mushrooms grow in that kind of woods along with little huckleberry bushes. It is a good place for game.

Finally we hit an old road and followed it a long ways into a draw with jackpines and old growth and lots of dead stuff, some standing, some fallen on the ridges on both sides. Occasionally we saw outcroppings of boulders which was rather unusual in the areas where we generally logged. We stopped and ate our raisins. We each took a package with us, tied to our belts with a buckskin string. (a leather shoelace) Loey never let up reminding us about how we nearly starved her with nothing but raisins. We had no water. We followed roads and discovered others that took us

into country we were unfamiliar with. It was interesting. After we had hiked several hours we discovered where we were. We were amazed to learn how far we'd come. But we knew how to get back to the truck much easier after that. Some of the country that didn't look familiar turned out to be just a ridge away from the Chick Creek Road where we drove every day. We heard an elk bugle about 10:00 a.m. The squirrels were very active and we heard the pinecones falling onto dead timber as well as the squirrels chattering much of the day. We talked softly as we hiked.

Al delivered a load of logs up above Macks and took Lois along. Warren was with them. Coming back just a few bends before Macks they passed a bear near the side of the highway. There were only a few low jackpines there so it was out in the open. They were so startled seeing a bear unexpectedly like that they drove well past it before they got stopped. They were in the Ford and it had mechanical brakes so it didn't stop very good at best. Al tried to back up the highway to where the bear was and in the excitement didn't back too well. Loey said they were really excited. Warren had his Smith and Wesson .32 special. They waited until there were no cars and Warren blasted away. The bear just stayed there unconcerned as he shot again and again. Finally Al said. Let me try and he took some shots. Cars came so they waited. The bear meanwhile just moseyed around along the side of the highway, finally wandering off into the timber. They drove away disgusted. Loey had the last laugh that day.

That summer Charlie ran the sawmill and Barney just logged. They each piled their lumber and logs separately as it came off the mill. Barney picked up a relinquished timber sale on the east side of Henry's Lake Flat. It was past Big Springs on the Mill Creek Road. If you traveled from Island Park Lodge out on the upper Big Springs loop road you would come to this road just before you got to Big Springs Store, post office and cabins. They are all gone now. There were stockyards and a railroad spur also with a Y where locomotives could be turned around. Often a double-header would run up from Ashton as far as Big Springs where the lead engine would unhook, turn around and go back down. The Flyer would continue over Reas Pass, cross the Continental Divide into Montana and into the West Yellowstone terminal depot.

The Mill Creek road skirted the flat just inside the timber around the east end of all the meadows lined with willows and came out near the upper northeast end of the flat. A mile or so up this road we turned off to a timber sale of lodgepole where we logged several months.

On one of Al's trips with a load of logs he came around a curve at the top of hill about a mile below Macks and some cowboys were out on the road with a dozen or so dude horses. They hadn't anyone out ahead or behind to flag or warn traffic. Another curve at the bottom of the hill was so close that when Al saw the horses on the road there was no way he could stop on a downgrade in that old '37 Ford loaded with logs and mechanical brakes. The trailer didn't even have brakes. One or two of the horses took out the grill. I can still visualize the truck being towed across the flat from Ponds to the mill with the damaged radiator and smashed grill. I think it was several weeks before

John Reas Pass

it was repaired and serviceable again. The wranglers couldn't understand why Al didn't just stop. They had no idea of the stopping distance required by a loaded semi. Al was disgusted; they seemed so ignorant about that fact. Seeing a disabled outfit like that being towed into camp was a sad sight. But luckily Al wasn't hurt and the truck was fixable. A good driver wouldn't chance rolling a truck to avoid an animal. And Al was a good driver.

There was the remains of an old sawdust pile in the area where we logged. Also there were lots of large fir stumps and a few butt-offs. One time Al took an ax and cut into a butt-off and got quite a bit of pitch which he took home. It was very good for starting fires in a stove. One thing different about that country and Island Park where we were used to logging was there were many small streams flowing out of the draws we crossed along the road. The canyons where we usually logged were dry.

There was one place where I could barely see down through the trees that appeared to have some Canada Geese swimming on the surface. It may have been a small beaver pond. It was hard to see because of the trees and brush between it and the road. The geese characteristically sat on the water with their heads held high on their long necks, perhaps straining just as much as I to see through the trees. This road crossed a bridge over the Henry's Lake Outlet. If one travelled on the other loop of the Big Springs road one crossed over Moose Creek below where Lucky Dog Creek runs into it. Moose Creek is one of the clearest streams one will ever see. Both of these streams join the Snake River as it flows to Macks from Big Springs which has the largest flow of any single spring in the U. S. Al sometimes drove there when they went to the Macks Inn for groceries. It was always fun feeding the large Rainbows that came out from under the bridge.

Occasionally Al would drive to West Yellowstone and shop in a grocery store. At such times he would drive the Federal bobtailed. It was roomy and had a comfortable cab compared to the smaller Ford. One time I rode to Ripley Butte with Barney and his sisters, Dorothy and Zelma. We were all in the front seat. We had little room for expansion as we bounced over that winding rough timber road. Sometimes Warren would offer to drive them someplace in his '36 Studebaker President. It was a big car. He got it from Paul Walker. It had an overdrive which was rare then.

I had an enjoyable summer that year. It was a good change to be around Al and Loey after so many years working there with just mostly wood cutters and some guys that worked for Barney that didn't have too many ambitions in life. Loey always cooked good meals. She really put herself out to please Al and me. She enjoyed Marj's kids. She provided Warren with a lot of nice meals that had to be great to a lonely bachelor. Part of that summer Steve was probably in I.F. with Carol, his mother, so it had to be an especially lonely summer for Warren.

I was glad when Al moved back to I.F. from Burley. He built a cinder block home at 550 Cleveland. There is a city park on the block across the street from that house. Al sold me his '36 Ford 2 door sedan when he moved back. He traded me the car for my bike and I paid for the rings and insert bearings for the engine.

He had the engine torn apart lying in the weeds on the vacant lot next to his house near his backyard. He put it back together. One day Barney came over and helped him finish hooking everything up and pulled it to start it. It was a good old car. He had put a heavy duty hitch on the back. He also placed a wooden rack on the back about the size of a pallet. This he used to haul his cinder blocks, cement, etc. while building his house. Later he added on to the east end using house logs he bought from Barney.

I drove it to Ricks. It always started when cold. Al taught me how to start it. You pulled the choke all the way out. You pumped the gas pedal twice. Then you went to the front and turned the crank a quick turn. Oh Yeah! You had better remember to turn the key on too. It started and you ran as fast as you could to push the choke in half way. It worked every time. One Saturday morning after it had been 33 below zero at Sugar City I started it up after it had sat all week and drove home. In the spring I commuted to Ricks. Another student and I traded off driving every other week. In the winter I put a knobby tire on the outside rear and never got stuck again all winter. The passenger side door had no window when I first got it. Al brought the car from Burley when they moved back. It was black of course with dark green pin stripes.

After Al moved back I spent many hours at their home on Cleveland. Al used to coax Lois to play the piano. She seemed to enjoy playing the fast music like some of John Phillip Sousa's marches best. 'Twas was thrilling to listen to her play so fast. She explained to me that after she froze her fingers as a little girl she played the piano and it was like therapy for her crooked fingers and probably helped straighten them some, although they were always crooked. When I came down from Rexburg I usually landed at Al's. My mother would often call them on Friday afternoons to find out if I had come home for the weekend. It was fun being around their lovely children as they grew up. I received a most memorable letter from Al and Loey while I was in the army in Germany. One I've never forgotten. I still have it!

After returning from the service I went on a double date with them. They were so cordial to the girl. I am sure she felt good being around them. Then I brought a date to their house one time and again they were very cordial and the girl appreciated them. They never got pushy with me and I appreciated that.

Subsequently, Lois was talking with Beth and told her I had been to their house with a girl. The girl wasn't skinny. I guess Lois described as a little plump. Anyway, I was helping Marj clean out her apartment house preparing to sell it and ran across a photo of a girl standing beside a young horse holding the halter rope. Instead of throwing the picture in the fire with the other trash; I kept it. The girl in the photo was really a large girl. She could have weighed 300 lbs. One day I pulled it out of my wallet and jokingly said to Beth, How do you like my girl friend? I had no idea that Beth had been told I had been dating a plump girl. Beth didn't laugh or respond in the way I had expected. She was just serious and didn't have anything to say about the photo. So I too, kept quiet. It was quite a while later that I learned of the conversation between Lois and Beth. Then I

guess I discovered why she didn't think I was just kidding around.

I've had some good times with Al when we've been out hunting before and after he was married. One thing I've regretted. That is, I can no longer go horseback riding. I know Al would have enjoyed it if we could have gone together. I wanted to but I can't physically seat a saddle any longer. I love horses as much as ever. I enjoy Al's point of view concerning horses. He has a lot of horse sense himself. He learned a lot of what he knows about horses from the man both of us know knew more about horses than perhaps anyone else we have ever known. At least I can say that for myself.

Another thing I wish I could change. We have lived most of my married life over 200 miles apart in different states. I miss it and I miss him. I wish my kids knew their cousins on my side of the family as well as they do their cousins on Louise's side.

When I was small and growing up, Al was my ideal. That image hasn't changed much. I like his home grown down to earth humor and his way of putting things. I've never been to a wedding that he has conducted or performed that I wasn't proud and pleased with what he had to say. His family is the crown to both his and Loey's successful marriage. A family to be proud of and I am proud of every one of them as an uncle.

I have written this to present a perspective from my point of view of a wonderful older brother that cared for me and took the time to give to a little brother when he could have been off having fun with guys his own age. And later sharing with me and with a lonesome older brother the wonderful life he spent with Loey. She too very unselfishly gave lots of time to us and to our parents in the years when they needed it most.

While I was in Wyo I rode with Al in an International truck that he drove for Ren. He hauled a load of props to Evanston. Later I rode with him to move one of the Swedes that cut for Ren. He moved his things from a shack in the woods to another location to cut and the Swede rode with us. On the way to get him we had to go up a steep hill. It was raining and the gumbo roads there were slick. The more it rained the slicker it got. Al spun out on a dugway and had to chain up. I remember being in the cab alone and watching the tops of the tall Lodgepoles bending over a long ways in the wind. I was really afraid and did some praying and felt relieved when we got out of that place. From the place we were stopped there was a great view off the edge and out over the pines below. I learned a lot about driving a truck from Al. He was good at shifting. I really learned a lot about shifting from him. Especially downshifting in the middle of a mud puddle.

When Al came back from Wyo. he and Glen Harding joined up. Glen went into the Marines and Al into the Army Air Corps. I had picked spuds that fall during spud vacation and saved my money but I didn't have enough money to buy a bike. Al pitched in and added to what I had and I got my first bike. It was a used Western Flyer put out by Gambles Stores. It had wide handle bars, balloon tires; I rode it through jr. high school and much more.

I always had trouble with math. When I was a senior Al talked me into taking plane geometry. He told me it was just common sense. And it was to him! As he went thru and explained

theorems to me, such as equals added to equals are equal, that really did make sense. So I enrolled in the class. All the kids in the class were sophomores except me and maybe one junior. I did well in the class encouraged by Al. I was able to take the class from Fanny Hodges, an old maid teacher that had taught Al that same subject. Our school counselor, Miss Norris was glad to get me into an afternoon class. It was the only class I had after lunch at 1:00. My senior year I needed only a few credits to graduate. I had wanted to take woodshop for 2 periods each day. The shop teacher, Art Heinke had been my favorite teacher during my junior year. He was a war veteran from Ohio. I think this was his first teaching job after the war. He lived across the park from Al's house in Cutler's home in a basement apart. He let me do a lot of things in his class. I even made tools from nails to tool leather. I made several leather projects in his class. I made a nice vanity of Philippine Mahogany with a waterfall drop front and a large 36" round mirror. But he felt that I had taken woods for 2 years and there were many sophs & juniors that hadn't had the chance to take the class. He felt it only fair they should take the class rather than letting me take it for the 3rd year. His classes were popular and very crowded and when I couldn't get in I didn't want to take any other classes and I didn't want to take geometry the second term. It would have been about cubes and circles and algebra was used. I had gotten into the class in the first place without algebra as a prerequisite because the counselor was so anxious to keep me in school, so she dropped that requirement to keep me in class. So when I wanted to drop it and not have to pedal back to school in the afternoon for just one class; it was Al who came to my rescue by signing a note that I would be helping him in the afternoons. So I was happy. I did help occasionally but I was also free to go to the Monday horse sales at the stockyards near our home as well as doing other things more enjoyable than going to school.

During those years visiting with Loey and Al and their kids we had lots of fun together. After I came home from the Army I have gone with them in the Chrysler to a movie at the motor view and for a frosty at a drive-in. (Soft Ice cream cone) It became Grandpa Knapp's favorite refreshment.

Al took his little 2 wheel trailer and took me to Cody, Wyo along with the folks and Loey Labor Day weekend 1964 to pick up a Morgan filly at the LU ranch. We stayed over in a motel in Cody, and picked up the filly the next day at Dickie and returned thru Yellowstone Park. The filly was roped in a corral and taken from her dam. She was completely wild. Her dam was wild. She fought like a tiger. After we got her halter on and into the trailer she tried going up over the top. We had to put a rope over her withers to hold her down in the trailer. She fought valiantly for quite a while but after many miles she settled down. We went thru Yellowstone and it was interesting to watch a bear walk behind the trailer and look curiously at its contents as we drove past a bear jam. It was a nice trip for us.

Lois Ann probably was in charge of the family at home. Doug was left to milk the cow and other chores those couple of days. I had left my yearling filly, Laurie in Al's pasture. Al fixed a

place so we could put the filly inside his barn when we got back. The filly around 3-4 months old. She didn't even know what grain was and was not used to alfalfa. I hauled her to Provo in the back of my little '51 Ford pickup with Laurie in an old rack I bought. So you see Al has always been a big brother to me and looked out for me in lots of ways.

When I was attending USU in Logan, Al notified me that veterans had preference in working at the post office during the Christmas rush. I hurried home as soon as the holiday break came and was hired. I worked for several winters on that job. I was a sub carrier the first couple of years. Later I was graduated to delivering parcel post. Dept. of Interior and Soil Conservation pickups were used by the post office during this period of time. It was much more enjoyable driving than walking. Most patrons were happier receiving packages than letters also. For a college student such days with good hours and good pay helped a lot.

One day Al called me from the post office and asked if I would be interested in a good deal on a shotgun. One of the postal workers had just bought a new Winchester model 12 gauge and on his first trip out stopped at the bridge over the Snake River below Last Chance. He no more than got out of his car when he took a shot at what he thought was a goose. Unfortunately, it was a Trumpeter Swan. A warden was nearby and the guy was caught. Upon returning to work at the post office he said was going to sell the gun. He was so discouraged and facing a stiff fine he just decided to end it. So that's how I acquired my 12 gauge.

Al and I had several excellent hunting trips. One time we went to Island Park when he drew a moose permit. We jumped a pair of moose from their beds early in the morning near the bottom of Split Creek where it sinks among willows on the edge of the flat. There wasn't enough snow to track well so we were forced to road hunt. Near the end of the last day Al could hunt, we ran across a calf near the head of Tom's Creek and he filled his tag. It was excellent meat; just not much of it. We figured another hunter probably had taken the cow, since the calf was just running around alone and looking lost.

In 1956 Barry and I had drawn moose permits. Al was with me and dad when I got my moose near the bottom of Trail Canyon just above the old Clark Place. (an old homestead with some run down cabins and barns) I was next to dad when we walked onto this young moose grazing in the timber. Al was not far away and after hearing the 5 shots came to where we were. It was about a 3 year old bull. It had only one antler. It fell with the antler up. So it looked good on the ground. The other antler had broken off and grown as a stub curled around one eye. Probably how we got near it; from behind on the blind side. It never saw us. After the first shot into its neck it walked slowly toward us; still confused and acting dumb; it continued toward us at an oblique angle and I kept shooting it in the neck until it dropped from the slugs of our 30/30 Winchester. (Dad and I owned it jointly) Al really helped getting it drawn and loaded onto the back of Marj's army truck. He always made it look easy and simple. We hauled it to camp and hung it from a 5" house log strung between 2 trees next to the cabin Al had built.

Al and I went hunting ducks at Tom's Creek early one October morning. It was dark when we left the mill on the old Hoover wagon. (a rubber tired wagon) We had been there on a previous morning but hadn't had any luck. It took a little coaxing to get dad to go along. But he finally gave in. We tied the team up near the top of a little hill overlooking the Tom's Creek bridge and walked quietly down the road, across the bridge and along the opposite side of the creek staying well back in the timber to a point out on a bend in the creek near a spot where we had seen a flock of ducks on our last trip there. We were sure they would be back. We all stood there in the trees not moving or making a sound. We heard the sound of ducks flying in. They circled the spot and came in with out stretched wings. We whispered to dad, Don't shoot, let them land. We watched in amazement when instead of landing they rose again without touching water and were gone. Not a shot was fired. Dad felt bad. He said, I knew better than that. "The time to shoot is when they're coming in". He knew that. We didn't. We learned the hard way. A hard lesson, but one he had no doubt learned years before.

Dad and Al went hunting elk west of the mill the year we stayed in 'til New Years.(1936) They were walking in rather deep snow and came across the tracks of two other hunters. It was a cloudy day. They decided to follow them for a ways. In so doing they discovered they were following their own tracks. It is a really strange feeling. Some people sort of poo-poo that this can happen. But when it does happen to YOU it's strange alright.

That fall we got our Christmas goose when dad and Al went up along Tom's Creek. After traveling to the creek across Moon Meadows on a bobsleigh with Mom and I and Gene Jones and maybe one other person with Gene; they split up. Dad and Al went together and had some geese fly over. Dad knocked one down and Al went after it. It was wounded and floundering in the snow when Al got up to it. It turned and started toward him. He pulled up his shotgun, shot and ended it's life.

One fall Al and I went up on Section Six hunting. It was a weird hunt. We became separated for a little while near the old cook house. That area on top of the mountain was quite flat. It was grown up with Jackpines and you couldn't see very far in any direction. Occasionally I'd hear a high pitched whistle, not real loud. I wondered if it was Al. I didn't get an answer when I whistled back. Later found out it wasn't Al. So I never knew what whistled. We went east towards Split Creek canyon from there. As we approached we could hear a loud noise. It was a sort of rumbling sound. We finally came to an old road leading to the brink of the canyon. Along this road we saw piles of chips left by the old tie hacks of Targhee Tie days. It was incredible that these piles still laid after all those years without having rotted completely away.

When we got to the brink of the canyon which is really deep we discovered the source of the noise. Across the canyon we could see Split Creek Falls. We were surprised that so much noise was coming from a small waterfall. Falling from the east side of the canyon it was quite a bit below the rim where we were standing on the west rim. It fell and cascaded into a pool and

then fell again. In later years, I with Barry, David and a friend of theirs hiked up to the falls from below. It was a rugged climb among the rocks. There are several rock slides in the area. There are several rock slides on both sides, some quite large.

At no other time that I've been there has it been that noisy. Obviously some years it may be reduced to a trickle. The year I got my moose there was a large spring coming out of a hillside below Trail Canyon and Clark Canyon about half way between the roads going into each canyon. It was running a good stream of water. All other years it was a dry hole at the base of the hill. It ran through the timber without hardly any channel like you would expect a creek would have. It just saturated the soil below, making it boggy and when it got to the old Trail Canyon Road it ran along the two tracks as a small clear stream in the bottom of each track and sank in the dry sandy soil characteristic of that part of Island Park.

Here I'd like to point out a condition that exists in Island Park. In the early spring after the snow melts the woods are damp and wet. The soil is soft. If you drive out on a timber road the tires will likely sink. It wouldn't be unusual for a car to drop all the way into the frame or the ex (axles) as my dad would say. That's a term associated with wagons and buggies. If you are driving over a road that has been used for many years the tires won't break through if you are careful to stay on the part of the road that has been well packed. In the spring when we would start water across the flat in the ditch that used to bring water to the mill it would take several days before the water would make it the full length of the ditch. It took a while to fill up the gaps where the water seeped through the dry gravel and sandy bottom before it would flow.

The same thing happened with puddles in the roads. After a rain storm the puddles on the well travelled roads would hold water and stay full for weeks. Where the roads were new or unpacked one could get stuck easily when the soft muddy bottom gave way to the weight of the tires. So where the water seeped easily into the ground from this spring; the water that did make it to the road would remain on the surface and flow down the narrow packed portion of each track without sinking.

An interesting thing happened after a heavy rain storm on those roads across the flat; the tracks would fill with water. One year Berdett Hess brought a little 38 Ford up for the summer. He loved to take it up on the flat after a hard rain where he'd drive it up to 40-45 mph and water would spray out on both sides of the road for 20 feet or more into the sagebrush. You couldn't do this with just any car. Fords had the distributor down low on the front of the engine and normally drowned out in no time at all in such weather. But this particular car was amazing. He could drive it in lots of water and it still ran. It was fun!

Al and I went to the Split Creek Falls another year. A fellow by the name of Johnny Collet worked at the post office with Al. They came up to go fishing. They decided to go to Buffalo Lake just across the line into Yellowstone Park. The park line was perhaps 4-5 miles east of Split Creek Canyon. It was a lake we had always heard about. It could be reached by crossing

this canyon the South Fork and hiking into the Park. There were no roads to the Park line. It was a deep rugged canyon with steep walls. We inched our way down the steep slippery slopes. Mostly barren from great erosion one slid and scrambled grabbing for brush and branches of the scattered shrubs that were there. Occasionally a partially covered rock sticking up would allow a solid toe hold for ones boot to keep from sliding endlessly down. Some of the way we crossed over rock slides. Climbing out on the east side was equally tough. We were accused of being mountain goats by Johnny who stopped often huffing and puffing. We travelled east for a couple of miles after we got on top. It was typical Yellowstone wooded country. There were lots of small low places filled with water from the melted snow among low growing limy dwarfy pines. We finally gave up and turned back as it was starting to get late and the daylight hours were dwindling and we knew we'd not want to cross that canyon after dark.

In later years other trips were made to Buffalo Lake. And it was discovered there were no fish in the lake. The one time I got there I heard and saw a loon out on the lake. It appears to be a shallow lake. It is a catch basin for melting snow and is not fed by a stream and has no flowing outlet.

Quite far up Trail Canyon the road forks. One road goes to the left and up what we called the Little Dugway. Off to the right from the top of the dugway there is a special hill that catches your eye as a large grove of aspen grace the west slope with white trunks and shimmering leaves that glisten in the sunshine. It became known as Huckleberry Hill after it was discovered that among the trees there was a large patch of berry bushes often loaded with the purple berries.

In later years Barney built a road on beyond here and dropped down into a draw running north hitting Split Creek where Betty's cabin used to be. By putting in a bridge he was able to take the timber from the steep south slope out to Trail Canyon rather than up over the mountain to the Chick Creek Road. To old timers, Betty's Cabin was a landmark. Thus Barney gained access to the School Section to log the timber he bought from the state on the south and north side of Split Creek without having to skid or haul up over the top to the Chick Creek Road.

He built another road going east to a turnaround where he was able to get many loads of rafter poles from a great patch of poles he had found while timber cruising. At the end of this road with its circular turnaround was the bottom of the huge mountain which on top was known as Section Six from Targhee Tie days. An old road from Split Creek angled up this mountain to the old Cook House on top. This is the same mountain from which we were able to look out over the canyon and see the falls. Al and I ran onto this old cabin among the jackpines while on our way to the falls. It had 2 rooms. The roof had caved in over part of it. The other half had been shored up and closed off making it so half of it could be used. It was obvious it had been used in recent years. No doubt Ed Ryburg had used it as a line shack on his winter trap line. This old road to this area left Split Creek about a half mile above Betty's Cabin. It was the original road used to take supplies up and haul ties off the mountain.

The steeper Section Six dugway had been built later. Our dad probably built it. He hauled off it for sure. It was reached by going up the right fork of Trail Canyon past the Twin Cabins. There was also some pole timber and lots of huckleberry bushes just below where this dugway started east up the steep rocky hillside. For about a mile along this stretch of the Trail Canyon Road from where the dugway began down the canyon there were steep slopes towering on the south. On those sloping hillsides some of the most thrifty stands of lodgepole in all of Island Park had grown and been logged over. Souths logged there. My first experience skidding logs was off that hillside. That is another story. It will be told in a different text.

The Section Six dugway was truly a marvel. During the time it was in use men who considered themselves teamsters looked at it and refused to haul off it. Yet dad brought two teams off with wagons loaded with ties. Warren was around 14 years old at that time and he drove one of dad's teams. Someone when told that a 14 year old boy was hauling off it said. "His dad must not think much of the kid." They didn't know of course what kind of horses Justin Knapp had. Erosion had made a gully of the lower side of the road for most of the distance, over a quarter of a mile. It was grown up with jackpines, some up to 12 feet tall. The many windfalls across it made hiking a slow climb. Many of the large obsidian rocks, some black, some brown varieties, were left exposed and sticking up from the original roadbed by the erosion that has taken place over the years since it was built. Just to the left of the road if you're going up is a small rugged ravine. Should a wagon go off it would undoubtedly overturn.

On top of this mountain at the west end one could look out over the Split Creek canyon and see almost as an eagle, the lofty craggs of the rugged cliffs where the North Fork cascaded down out of the boulder strewn box canyon filled with gullies from the obsidian cliffs above to a small clear stream. This point is known as Ole Moe's. At one time a Swede had a cabin there years before. Then the south fork flowed from the deeper and longer canyon running north to where the two forks join and flow merrily westward in a wide level canyon meandering along in oxbows with creekbanks a few feet below the surface of the grassy meadow-like wet soil loaded with horsetails, sedges, mountain water-loving flowers amid stands of dying pines, water killed by the heavy water holding soil. Some jackpines, some firs, and balsam firs (white fir or Alpine fir) dot this level meadow-like creek bottom as the old growth trees stand as tall sentinels of the past while others lay fallen across creek and earth among grass and shrubs making it possible for the enrichment of the earth that new growth might flourish. It is a beautiful and primitive area. Occasional changes take place along the length of the stream caused by beavers making dams. Tracks show that it is frequented by elk, deer, moose and bear not only for the fresh water to drink but the shade and coolness and the abundance of plants that are absent from among the timber of the ridges and steep hillsides. It's hard to visualize a time when this area, so primitive now, was bustling with tie hacks and timber haulers. Sam South had a sawmill up the South Fork which had to be nestled

among some rugged and jagged steep hillsides and cliffs.

Al and I after leaving the edge of the canyon opposite the falls which were on the west side of the canyon and below where we stood watching the falls traveled south for a ways planning to swing back to the west. We were looking for game sign all the time. We came into a jackpine thicket that was quite large. It took us a while to get through it. It would certainly qualify for the old saying, thicker than the hair on a dog's back. It was so thick you had to slide sideways much of the way between the many small trunks mostly from 1 inch in diameter to 3" maximum. You had to work your way around many places that were impenetrable. It was a job to get through at times carrying a rifle and wearing a hunting knife. It was as thick and covered as large an area as any thicket I've probably ever been in. We finally came out of it after going west possibly over a quarter of a mile.

What a relief; getting out of that thicket. We were now at the top of a hillside among large trees where we could see about. What a feeling to be back in woods where we could see about us. We soon began a descent off the plateau where we had been wandering around for a half hour or so. The hillside became a little more steep and there was more open space among the trees. Some scattered boulders were strewn along the sidehill. When we reached the bottom we found ourselves in another different kind of a place. It was wonderfully different. We found ourselves in a basin filled with mature pines. As we wandered about we were in awe of a great stand of timber. What great house logs they would have made. They were thrifty and tall. Each tree would have made several long logs (perhaps 3 16 footers and a couple of 12 footers to boot) This basin obviously held moisture well as we walked through Timothy hip high and other undergrowth was abundant. There were not many windfalls as the trees were close together and protected from the wind by each other and also sheltered by the surrounding nearby hillsides of the basin.

The moisture and richness of the soil in this basin must have contributed to the lovely stand of pine. It was certainly a contrast to the poor soil on the high ground we had left earlier with the many crowded little pines in the thickets vying for existence. I've never seen a better stand of mature lodgepole. After walking about a while admiring the timber we headed north since in every other direction we would have needed to climb to get out. We realized also that we had to go north to get back to our car. At the northeast end of the basin we came upon an old wagon road which we followed through a low place that turned out to be an outlet. To our amazement after a short distance of less than a few hundred yards we were again on the road just a ways above the Section Six dugway.

It was to me one of the great discoveries made while hunting in Island Park. Finding such a wonderfully beautiful place. I don't know how many acres were in the basin. We must have walked nearly a quarter of a mile to the east and south after we entered it and then back to where we walked out in the little gap along the old wagon road. So it must have been about a quarter of a mile in diameter at least.

Earlier before getting into the thicket while at the edge of

the precipice overlooking the canyon and falls we rolled a few large rocks down. My, how they thundered down that mountain! A great roar echoed out of the canyon accompanied by dust and the smell of the rocks as they collided with each other was almost intoxicating. (Al may snort at that description) But we enjoyed it. That's for sure! We of course looked around for larger rocks and pry poles from dead jackpines to use as levers to pry even larger rocks loose. One of the greatest commotions was caused when we were able to dislodge a windfall that teetered on the rim of the canyon. It was a full length tree maybe 40-50 feet long. How it fell and slid far below, perhaps for hundreds of yards! It was a thrilling experience of sight and sound. The canyon walls were so steep we were unable to see all the way to the bottom where the rocks and debris came to rest. So we just listened to the crashing and thundering of rocks and debris until finally the echoing ceased and silence told us they had reached the bottom. We gave no thought about the noise that may have frightened all the game out of the woods while we enjoyed this unusual pleasure.

One fall Al and I went up the left fork of Trail Canyon and then went off to the right to the bottom of Huckleberry Hill. We didn't carry a bucket for berries. Al had his 30.06 Enfield. Forget about all the Huckleberries, Twin Berries and other brush and shrubs and beautiful aspens that grew abundantly on its slopes. We were here with rifles for a more serious purpose.

We started up from the bottom at first light. Among the aspen there were also some pine and some young Balsam fir. The lush growth made it a prime area for ruffed grouse and maybe a Snowshoe Rabbit. We inched our way up the mountain. This early the air was crisp. We slowly and quietly moved up the slight grade on the logged-over slope toward the mountain. Everything was quiet. It was too early to hear the chattering of squirrels still in their nests or even the cackle of the camp robbers.

We had hardly started up the steep slope when Al spotted something move. He whispered a warning to me that he had seen something. He hoped I could help pick it out in the predawn light. I had moved a little ahead of Al. He raised his rifle but put it down again as I was at an angle blocking where he wanted to aim. Afraid I might move unexpectedly in front of his barrel he didn't shoot of course. He moved slightly to change his position and get a better view past my shoulder. That movement sent the animal bounding up the hill. It crashed thru the timber as it bounded up the steep hillside above us.

The way it bounded left no doubt that it was a heavy animal. Elk move like that in the timber. When moving undetected elk may move silently. When flushed they pay little heed to being quiet. They may crash through the woods making sounds as if 4-5" dead trees are breaking in two. This animal bounded straight up the hill away from us rather than going to the right or left along the sidehill. On a timbered slope this puts more brush between it and the hunter below than going along the sidehill. It was crafty. The antlers and color showed it was a deer. It made very little noise once it disappeared well ahead of us among the pines and down timber, beyond the aspen grove.

It was a monstrous buck, with a large rack, a magnificent buck. Over several years that followed this buck became a legend of Trail Canyon as others saw it. Cliff Jensen, a timber hauler from Shelley saw it once on a ridge overlooking Split Creek above where Betty's cabin used to be. Cliff was so impressed all he could talk about for a long time was that deer. Occasionally others spoke of the large tracks they saw along the creekbank and on the roads leading to and from that area. One wondered if there was such a thing as a hybrid, half deer/half elk when considering it's size. No hunter ever came out of there with a mammoth buck however, so it may be surmised that eventually this mighty monarch died of old age. Who knows that answer?

One year Al and I hunted in Swan Valley. We went up to Rainey Creek and crossed into the timber covered hills. It was a week day following a weekend and we arrived early. We didn't see any signs or tracks of any other hunters. We crossed the creek on 2 logs and started up a trail into a box canyon. We hadn't gone far when we spotted a faun. It was down. It had been shot thru both hind legs and probably died from shock. We gutted it out and turned it belly down and left it in the snow in a shady place beneath some very limy and shaggy pines. We hiked on up planning we'd pick it up on our way out.

We hadn't gone far when we jumped a small bunch of deer on a steep pine covered hillside. We took several shots but the deer soon bounded out of range and sight in the trees ahead of us. The visibility was poor as they were above us and kept climbing. After about a quarter of a mile we saw them well ahead of us. They had reached the end of the draw and had to make their way around the end of it or climb the steep mountain ahead which would have taken them into deeper snow. They started around. One was limping and Al was sure he had hit it earlier. As they moved across the head of the draw they were perhaps a quarter of a mile away. When the wounded deer paused between two large pines to rest we both shot. She moved on. Just then another doe moved up into this same spot and stopped. I shot holding well above her with my 30/30. Down she went, plummeting all the way to the bottom of the draw. The rest of the bunch crossed over to the ridge on our right (which was to the West) and continued on around and then up toward the top of the ridge to the south. Al dropped down into the draw and started up the ridge. He was going to look for blood and trail the wounded deer. I went up the bottom of the draw to the end where I found my deer. It was a young doe. It was dead. Hit in the spine, it had tumbled maybe 50 yards all the way to the bottom of the draw.

I drew it with my knife, put some twine on it and pulled it down the draw to the point where Al had climbed out of the draw. I left it there and climbed up following his tracks. At the top I saw no sign of Al. I waited a while, I called. Finally I heard a single shot fired. A little later I heard a familiar whistle. I answered and soon we were calling back and forth to each other. Al came to where I was. He had gone over a mile when the bloody trail ended and he could no longer track it among the many many tracks in the snow. On his return to the ridge where we met he saw a large rack of antlers over a log. They didn't move. He

took a little time watching and then pulled a bead. The one shot hit the deer. It didn't run off. Al wondered if it had been shot earlier since it stayed down behind the windfall. So we did the necessary things you do with a sharp knife to a dead deer before moving it. With a piece of rope Al carried around his waist we tied it to the buck and slid it down the steep mountain which was easy enough in the snow.

At the bottom I picked up the twine on my deer and we each drug our deer on down the trail in the bottom of the draw to where we had left the fawn. It had not been disturbed. It was around 4 o'clock in the afternoon by now and the sun was getting low toward the juniper covered hills to the west. The fawn was cold and stiff having been in the shade all day. We tied it onto the deer I was dragging and pulled them in tandem the rest of the way down the trail. It was all downhill except for a short distance just before the creek where we had to climb up over a little knoll just before reaching the creek. We managed to get them across the creek and to the rear bumper of the Chrysler. We loaded and tagged the two we had shot. I guess we figured if a game warden stopped us we could plead that we were salvaging the fawn. It was obviously not a fresh kill.

We got home and unloaded in Al's driveway. There was just a little snow on the lawn. I have a colored slide of Al holding up the head and rack of his trophy on his lawn. When we unloaded I discovered that in the trunk of the car my tag got put on a leg of Al's buck. His tag was on the antlers and the other 2 deer were untagged. Funny how buck fever can get ahold of a guy. Paul Walker came, picked up the fawn and took it home to his family.

On a subsequent year I went with Al and dad to Rainey Creek to hunt deer. Dad didn't feel up to hiking in the snow so we started a little fire not far from the car and Al and I went off to the south and west on some rather open hillsides with some juniper and brush cover. The timber covered woods where we had hunted the year before were across the road and creek east of the road where we left dad.

We hiked quite a ways; saw lots of tracks in the snow. Some we thought were fresh. We heard some shooting off to the south but nothing very close to us. We did think we spooked some off to the north. We heard a single shot fired behind us while we were down the ridge.

Dad was walking along the road not far from where we parked; just off the main road and headed west toward the juniper covered hills when a deer appeared on the hillside a hundred yards or less from him. He downed it with one shot from our 30/30 carbine. He tagged it, then drug it near the fire where he dressed it ready to load. We could see the little fire burning near the car between the two forks of the road as we looked down from the ridge above. There was dad all comfy and cozy by his fire. Dad greeted us with a happy smile and a cheerful heart when we returned to the fire where he was seated waiting for us. Then we saw what made him so happy. We were pleased and suddenly it was worth all the hiking we done that day. We had an enjoyable trip home. It's a nice feeling after a successful hunt. Venison is good too when properly cared for and well cooked.

One year Al drew a permit for a deer on a special hunt below Pocatello. I think it was the Mink Creek Special Hunt. He invited me along. We arrived early, parked the car and made our way up into some pines and firs on a north slope by the time it was first light. We were startled when suddenly several shots were fired above us on the ridge. Then we heard the brush pop above us as a cow elk and maybe a calf crashed through the brush and crossed the hillside in front of us 30-50 yards away. Soon we were surrounded with hunters wanting to know if we saw them and which way they went. After a while we saw a few deer. Since it was a draw hunt I was not allowed to carry a gun. I tried to spot deer for Al. But it was hard. I'd see a deer tippy-toeing through the brush and before I could point it out to Al it was gone. Then a deer finally came in sight. It was slightly uphill from us about where the elk had been earlier. After Al shot, it came crashing down the hill and fell just ahead of us. We hurried over to it. Another hunter was there immediately, claiming he'd shot it. The two of them stood looking at the deer trying to determine where it had been hit and whose bullet knocked it down when it jumped to its feet and bounded away without another shot being fired.

We saw glimpses of other deer throughout the day but Al never got a clear shot. We were driving over a sage covered park surrounded by aspen on a two track road when a spike bull trotted across the road in front of us from one side to the other and disappeared into the trees. Al of course did not have an elk permit. How some of those with elk permits would have liked to have traded places with Al then.

Toward sundown as we were driving out we saw a huge bull elk slowly but steadily making his way up the slope of a tall peak far from the range of any rifle bullets headed for higher ground. He must have been a mile away at least. We stopped and watched as this monarch make his way up the slope with the last rays of sunshine lighting his path and reflecting from his magnificent body and antlers. He'd survived a hard day of hunting.

Al and I used to sometimes go out past Roberts and shoot jackrabbits in the sage bordering what is now a bird refuge. That was fun. Lots of people did it. The farmers whose haystacks were always under attack by the rabbits appreciated it. Al probably went on some all night hunts to Mud Lake with Barney, Marj and Gene Jones when they used spotlights and hunted from the cars shooting rabbits that came into the haystacks some years before.

Al and I were in on a couple of other hunts when I was quite young. I won't go into details of those hunts. My memory needs to fade on those. There are some things I guess you'd just as soon forget. But on one of them I stood along side of Al and I was never so scared in all my life. A large cow moose turned her head and looked over her hump at me with such a wild look in her eyes...as she was lying there wounded in the early morning light....I just wanted to disappear. I wished I could have been somewhere else. I never felt so scared before. I'd have liked to have been a little mouse and just disappeared right there in a hole or somewhere so she couldn't see me. I've hunted a great deal without having any luck getting game but it's been enjoyable

getting a close-up look at a lot of nice country. We've covered a lot of fine country road hunting as well.

Warren began trapping bears. He found that they were plentiful at the garbage dump between Pond's and Phillip's Lodge. Then the dump was relocated west of the highway near the junction where Idaho Hwy 22 goes over to Shotgun Valley and on to Spencer. Warren located bears there and in the fall of the year it seemed many bears came to that area. So one night Al drove to the dump with dad, me and Warren in dad's old '41 DeSoto club coupe. There was a spotlight mounted on the driver's side. We sat quietly for over half an hour in the dark. It was pitch dark and silent. The window was rolled down so that you could hear every little sound. Perhaps a mouse tipping or rolling a can in the dump, but you could hear all these little sounds. There were no loud sounds. You could hear yourself and others breathe. All were bound to remain silent.

Around 10:00 pm, I imagine, someone thought they heard a slight sound and maybe something moved off to the left side of the car. The spotlight had been trained on the dump just less than 20 feet to the left of the driver. The light was turned on. It was indeed old Bruin, standing broadside in the circle of light. He was standing there on a large dirt pile that had been pushed up on the opposite side of the pit when it was dug. It was Al's turn. That had been predetermined. A shot rang out. A bear roared as loud as any lion. What happened was something hard to describe. The spotlight was kept on the bear which at first whirled and bit at its side as it rolled over on the pile of dirt. It jumped in the air. It swapped ends as the dirt flew; all the time roaring like a lion. It ran along the dirt pile at top speed only to swap ends and go in the opposite direction at the same speed. This went on for quite a few seconds. Warren shot once after all the action started and maybe someone else got a shot in while all this display of action and noise was taking place. Then all was quiet. It was over. Warren got some bear steaks and another bear hide to salt. Others could say they had shot a bear. It was a very exciting night out.

We all saw something magnificent. A wild animal displaying the athleticism only seen in the wild. What power! I've often thought if all that energy had been going in one direction that bear could have ran a great distance. Or had that energy been spent intent on doing damage to another bear or a human it could have had catastrophic results.

I was happy to learn that a few years ago Al had the opportunity after Alan drew his moose permit to be present when the hunt took place and ended with a successful climax. It may have helped pay for the hunt the year when only a calf was seen.

One time we were in Island Park and a fellow came up from Little Warm River and said a bull moose had chased him into his camper. We all said, Why couldn't that have happened to us?

One summer Dad took Al and I fishing on the Buffalo River. We drove over across the Tom's Creek bridge and on over to the river. Dad drove his 1936 Chevy down to the river where there was a place cleared to camp and turn a car around. It was a steep pitch down a rocky hill to the river. The road was rough

with deep ruts washed in the road and large boulders exposed and big rocks sticking up on the road.

Having planned to spend the night we had quilts and blankets. These were spread out before dark and we retired early. I was between Al and Dad. It turned out to be one of the coldest nights I ever spent sleeping out. As they would roll and turn during their sleep the bedding would be pulled tight and I in the middle would be left lying there with the bedding several inches above me with no quilts or bedding touching me; surrounded by the cold night air.

One fall perhaps during spud vacation the elk and deer hunt opened Sept. 15 (possibly Oct. 15) But it doesn't seem like it was that late in the season. Anyway, Al, Warren, I and dad all left the mill in the afternoon the day before the opening day of the hunt with Barney's team and wagon. We headed for Chick Creek. We went up the logging road and took the fork to the right past where Barney had been logging. We stopped on the ridge and waited a little while as Warren ran over to where they had been loading logs to retrieve his ax. He ran back and we were on our way. We took the road to the right and down the old Chick Creek dugway. We were glad we picked up the ax as a windfall was across the road on the dugway. Across the creek and up over the hill is where the old Chick Creek Burn was located. It was often talked about as a favorite elk hunting spot.

At the bottom we followed the road down the draw to where the old cabins were. We unhitched the team, Old Nig and Bally, and tied them to the sides of the wagon where they could reach the bale of hay we had brought. We laid their harnesses on the tongue and front of the wagon.

Soon it was dark. We had a little campfire glowing and sat with our backs to trees for backrests, wrapped in quilts and looked between the tops of the tall pines at the star studded sky. It was a beautiful night. We were surrounded on every side by high timbered ridges. I shall never forget the magnificent bugling we heard that night. What a sound! While sitting before the campfire with stars and tops of tall pines for a ceiling we were serenaded by nature's buglers. It was interesting how the elk sounded that night. Some have long beautifully drawn-out notes with a trill. Others are short. Some display notes in between these other two extremes. There is an undescrivable thrill that comes as a bugle suddenly comes from this direction. Then another answers from another direction. In the dark one doesn't have a clear perception of distance. Some sounded so close in the clear night air.

We were camped in the main draw where the little creek meanders back and forth along the tiny oxbows toward its destination over a mile away where it disappears into the headwaters of the Buffalo River. Always present was the sound of the horses as they munched their hay. Occasionally when a bugle was heard that sounded unusually loud or close the chewing would stop and the horses would be quiet momentarily while they listened also. Then they would continue their chewing. Toward midnight the bugling dropped off to almost nothing.

Early in the morning before first light the bugling began

again. A variety of bugles came from the hills surrounding us on every side as it had during the night. As daylight came the bugling grew less until it almost died away with the rising of the sun. In the bottom of the draw it was several hours before the sun broke through enough to take the chill from the air and the frost from the leaves of bushes and grass. After all of the activity of the night we knew that we were surrounded by elk. Warren and Al soon headed out to climb above on the ridges where the bugling had been heard.

Dad and I took a walk and stayed along the road going down toward the Buffalo River. The old road crossed the tiny stream many times along the course of a mile or so. The widest spots on the stream were encountered where the road without bridges had been worn away by wagon wheels and hooves. Some other places along the creek were so narrow the banks could have been spanned with a large shoe. It couldn't have been over 6-8" deep in the deepest spot. As dad and I returned along the wagon road about noon we saw a huge bull moose walk leisurely over to the creek. He looked at us, but paid no more attention to us however, than if we had been birds. He sipped water from the tiny creek in a wide place. We could hear the gentle splash as water fell from his mouth back into the stream.

I was surprised when I watched my father pull the rifle to his shoulder. He had borrowed Barney's 300 Savage with a scope. I whispered. You're not going to shoot are you? He didn't shoot. He looked at the bull through the scope. Later he told me the bull's eyes appeared red. He wondered if they are red during the rut. The bull appeared to me to rush his drinking just a little since he drank such a small amount. Perhaps he just wasn't thirsty. But then as he moseyed away into the timber, I realized he was not being hurried. As he walked beneath the dead branches of a large tree twigs snapped as his antlers reached skyward and plucked them from the main branches. He certainly was not excited by our presence.

We met back at the wagon and finally after what seemed a long time Al and Warren came back. They had been on ridges with lots of jackpine thickets. They could hear the animals about them but the visibility was so limited they could never see one. It was frustrating. Once Al heard sounds that made him think there were animals all around him. They were in the same thicket. From the noises made by the elk it seemed they were sometimes startled too. Yet the only clue were the sounds of movement in the brush...never a look at an elk. Once there was a startling sound like a snort or a woof and they wondered if they had surprised a bear. We left that hunting trip disappointed at not getting any game when we were so close but having enjoyed an experience never again repeated to this day.

I've since dreamed of such a chance happening again and having a tape recorder to pick up the sounds. It was thrilling.

The worst case of buck fever I've ever had was while on a ranch in British Columbia about 1970-71. I went there to help truck some cattle up from Highway 40 just inside Alberta from Montana. I stayed over at the ranch several days which was above Fort St. John around mile 62 of the Alcan Hwy on Cache Creek.

On a Sunday afternoon after returning from church in Fort St. John I walked down from the house past the sheds, garage and bunkhouse to the barn perhaps a 100 yards away. Seated leisurely on top of the corral I noticed an animal appeared across a ravine directly in front of me in the corner of a field of tall oats. Supposing it to be a large dog standing there I didn't give it a second thought, supposing it was from a neighboring ranch. All at once I realized I was looking at a wolf. It was tall and black

I carefully slipped off the fence and ran toward the house keeping the corrals between us to stay hidden from its view as I ran. I kept looking over my shoulder. About a 100 feet of the house the old dog belonging to the family let out a bark at me. I looked over my shoulder and was amazed that the wolf jumped at the sound. The wolf was perhaps 200 yards away. It immediately disappeared. I've never had a case of buck fever that bad. How I would have liked to have had a rifle at my side. This led me to inquire of the family about taking their rifle. The lady didn't feel we should use it on Sunday. After her husband came home and learned what had happened he wished I'd taken his .06 out. He took down his rifle and showed me where he kept the shells and showed me how the action worked. He offered it to me anytime.

Next morning, as the sun comes up there by 3:00 am, I awoke, took the rifle and walked down past the barn to look around. I looked across the creek from the corrals where I had seen the wolf the afternoon before. In the dim light and cool air I watched for awhile. I heard nothing. I walked a ways to the left of the corrals and down a slope toward the creek. I stood behind a 50 gallon drum using it as a shield and waited as the light increased. Then I caught a glimpse of a black object as it moved up from the creek bed in the tall grass and disappeared. I watched carefully to my left away from the corrals and toward a poplar grove covering the slope down to the creek and extending 50 -75 yards to a wire fence bordering the hayfield where bales were laying out. Feeling a bit nervous after being there for several minutes without seeing any more movement I retreated to the porch of the vacant bunkhouse.

After a few minutes I saw movement to my left among the bales of hay. I watched and a small black bear came out from behind a bale. I felt my heartbeat increase. I waited until the bear was facing away from me and I took 2 steps to the corner of the porch so I could take a rest on the corner post. I was amazed that the bear detected that motion. It whirled around and reared to its hind legs and looked directly at me. I found it in the scope and squeezed off a round. It still stood there. I snapped the bolt open and closed and fired another shot. The bear disappeared. I walked slowly toward the house. After 20 paces I could see a black object in the field. It had fallen behind a bale out of sight after the second shot. I walked on up to the house. Their teenage boy, Mike was watching out his bedroom window. What was the shooting about? He asked. I told him I had just shot a bear. Oh, no you didn't. He replied. The shots were too close together. But I had! And we all walked down for a look. The father was glad. He didn't like bears or wolves coming that near the house with their family of small children.