

The Memoirs of

Bernard Elden Knapp

Railroad Writings

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The Evolution of the Covered Railroad Trestle

by Bernie Knapp

Many years ago the cowboy author/artist, Will James, told a story perhaps in a book titled Horses I have Known of an old cowboy who was blind. Yet he would go riding every day on a trusted old cow pony. It seems he was making his way home one day and for some reason the horse had to cross over a rather long railroad trestle. Maybe due to a sudden summer thunder storm, the creeks were swollen and the pony chose to cross over on the trestle. Whatever the reason, there were some tense moments as the old horse carefully picked its way over the cross-ties, being careful not to step between them. The suspense of the story was heightened at the sound of a train whistle signaling an approaching train. The cow pony reached the far side just in time to clear the tracks before the train arrived.

Today in the back country riders do sometimes cross streams on railroad trestles. It can save many long miles of riding at times, and also keeps the boots dry. Some places, too, there are bogs and unknown stream beds where jumping a horse into them could mean a lot of trouble, not to mention the inconvenience.

How long have railroad trestles been covered? I grew up riding across covered trestles. Personally, I can't remember when they were not covered in Southeastern Idaho, where I grew up not far from Yellowstone Park. The sound of a horse's hooves on the sheet metal covering the cross-ties may spook a horse until it becomes accustomed to crossing over. The double-headed nails used to hold down the metal protrude up and help prevent slipping. A rider may feel no more comfortable leading his mount across the first few times until it becomes used to it.

In the early 1900s tourists traveled to the west entrance of the Yellowstone National Park at West Yellowstone, Montana by Union Pacific Railroad. About 45 miles to the south at Ashton, Idaho, the railroad maintained a roundhouse to service locomotives and railroad equipment. There were some long, steep grades along this scenic route which crossed the continental divide on the Montana-Idaho border. A half dozen sidings serviced the timber and livestock interests present in this area near the turn of the century. Local trains,

mostly freights, carried cattle, sheep, and timber.

It was a seasonal line closing down in early winter when the snow depths reached three or more feet. In April as the snow began to settle and thaw and the six to eight feet of snow had dropped to three or four, the spectacular opening of the line took place. A large rotary snow plow was brought in on the lead of an engine throwing the snow from the rails 20-30 feet onto the right of way. Entire camps of loggers and trappers turned out for this annual event. During the wintertime when the line was closed, any mail service was provided by dog team. This opening of the line represented the coming of spring and another season of commerce and business. It was an event looked forward to with a great deal of interest.

During the tourist season a passenger train, the Yellowstone Special, complete with dining cars, coaches, sleepers, and pullmans ran daily connecting the eastern lines from Ogden and Pocatello to West Yellowstone where stage lines carried the tourists into the park. Inside the park tours and lodging facilities were available. No car roads were open at that time into the park from Idaho. An extra engine was put on the lead of the Special at Ashton. This double header shortened the time necessary to make the climb over the continental divide into Montana. Once over the divide the lead engine uncoupled and returned to Ashton for the

next day's run. Local trains, mostly freights, were sidetracked onto sidings along the way allowing the Special to make its run uninterrupted along the main line.

In 1925, Justin W. Knapp was forced by the bad economic conditions at the time to leave his homestead near Rexburg, Idaho following a mortgage foreclosure and go looking for work. After selling off his small herd of registered Holstein cattle for a fraction of their original cost, he was able to scrape up two horse teams, two sleighs, and some household belongings and with his family make the trek into this country where he had been able to land a contract to haul railroad ties to the sidings from the woods where the tie hacks had hewn and piled them.

The trip north from Ashton, about 30 miles, was made in two days. The first night was spent camped at the railroad ranch. This ranch served as a halfway house for travelers between the two points. A sheep camp on one of the sleighs provided protection for the family as they traveled. Since they traveled by sleigh they followed a blazed trail through the woods. Occasional stops were made and an ax laid to a dead tree along the trailside to keep a supply of wood for the camp stove inside.

After leaving the railroad ranch and crossing the Snake River, most of the travel was over flat terrain covered by lodgepole pine. Occasional lava outcroppings, some rising

to heights of 20 feet and sometimes several hundred feet long, prevented traveling in a straight line. Someone from the tie camp had arranged to have Justin bring in two horses. These had been tied behind one of the sleighs. Several miles out from the railroad ranch these were turned loose to follow behind in the sleigh tracks. Since the snow was belly deep off the trail, they followed behind without any trouble.

About two miles from their destination they crossed over the railroad tracks, where they hit a well-traveled sleigh track going north alongside of the railroad tracks. A train had recently been along the track and the snow was pushed out from between the rails. One of the loose horses turned and walked along between the rails. Within a half mile they came to the Warm River. Being a small stream near its headwaters, fording it with the sleighs was no problem.

At the railroad there was a trestle over the stream. Justin had supposed that the loose horse would leave the railroad at this point and come along the stream a short distance to the sleighs when it reached this point. However, the horse had a different idea and attempted to cross over on the cross-ties. When the horse stepped between two of the ties with one foot, he went down, and in floundering soon had all four legs between cross-ties and was helplessly laying on the trestle with all four legs dangling above the water. The procession stopped and they tried to free the

horse by rolling him onto his side and pulling his legs out. However, the heels of his shoes caught on the underside of the ties and they could not free his hooves. Then they heard a train whistle. The train was switching at the siding ahead. Justin unhooked one of the horses from a sleigh and rode on ahead.

He arrived at the siding before the train pulled out. Quickly gathering up a pair of horseshoe pinchers at the camp, he and several volunteers boarded the train and returned to where the stricken horse was trapped. After pulling the shoes, they were successful in getting the legs out from the ties by rolling the horse on his side. Then they pulled him from the trestle and got him onto his feet. They parted, going on their way, and the train went on down the track.

In later years Justin often told this story as he walked with his sons or friends to one of several streams traversed by these same rails to a favorite fishing hole. Now the cross-ties were covered with galvanized metal that creaked under the weight of man or beast crossing over it. The trestles provided easy access to otherwise inaccessible places where no bridges had been built. No doubt over the years these coverings have prevented a great deal of injury and discomfort not only to livestock, but wild game animals as well. In addition, it has surely made it a lot more convenient for the horseback rider to cross these kinds

of streams. Justin always supposed that incident had something to do with the railroad covering such trestles in the years following that winter day of '25.

U.P. Railroad
of
Island Park

The U.P. Railroad of Island Park as remembered by me.
Bernard "Bernie" Knapp

Prior to my birth on Nov. 14, 1929 my parents lived in Island Park, Idaho over two winters. My 6 older siblings were all born in Hibbard just a few miles west of Rexburg. They moved to Island Park in the winter (of perhaps 1925 or 26) into a log house that was put up and readied for their arrival. They traveled by team and sleigh. The sleigh had a sheep camp fitted on it with a woodburning stove. Along the way they stopped occasionally to cut wood from dead standing trees which were plentiful to the sides of the timber roads which wound through the woods from Marysville north up over the Warm River hill and on to the Railroad Ranch, which in those days afforded travelers a place to stop and rest for the night. Then they crossed the Snake River going east and north to the Island Park Siding. Here a tie camp had sprung up with many cabins near the siding occupied by workers associated with the Targhee Tie Company.

Upon arrival neighbors had a fire going in the old Majestic stove with its warming ovens and reservoir on the side to provide warm water for kitchen use for the family's first night. Several prominent families living in cabins in close proximity of this cabin built for the Knapp family were: Al and Ruby Smith with their son, Lyle. George Muir and wife from Rexburg. The Paul Bjorn family had moved up from Ashton. Charley Pond and his wife ran the company commissary. The Sam South family with 3 sons and 3 daughters had moved up from Utah bringing a sawmill which they located up the South Fork of Split Creek. In later years they moved into a three room cabin at the siding and placed another sawmill just east of the siding about 1/4 mile. In the fall of 1937 this mill burned to the ground and a new mill was brought in and set up near the grade crossing at the siding on the northside of the Chick Creek/ Trail Canyon Road.

Other residents whose names were associated with the camp were George Pelcher, Jim Alison, Merrills (he was in charge of directing the affairs of the tie company). There was a Kuch, who was possibly the ranger. (If not he must have been the woods boss for the tie company). Woods Skinner, a brother of Mrs. Bjorn. Blacksmith and horse shoer, Noah Dennis. Tud Kent and Charlie Martin had dog teams.

I grew up with access to two grand books. They were called Books of Remembrance. One was my mothers, the other my fathers. In my father's book were photos of him and his family. In it I saw the pictures of his parents, himself as a young man, a missionary and group pictures of missionaries, his mission president and wife, his own wife and children. I spent many happy hours looking through the pages of pictures in his book. It spawned many questions which he patiently answered, often with a story. This book featured large full page photos of his parents at different ages of their adult lives. Pages were devoted to each of his sisters and their families. A family portrait of his parents and all of their children. These I learned to cherish, especially since some were deceased, as my father's parents. I never knew them in life. One full page was devoted to an

enlargement of a photo of my own family. It was taken, during World War II when my brother, Al was home on leave and dressed in his Army Air Force uniform. I was maybe 12 at the time. Among some of my favorite photos were the ones of Island Park with the spectacular snow scenes of winter. I've heard my father say that Targhee Tie Co. shipped over a million ties out from Island Park to the Oregon Short Line Railroad during their years of operation.

Some ties or props were floated down the Buffalo River. As a boy I remember many fishing trips to this river. We waded up and down stream from access roads several miles from the railroad. I remember seeing posts that had been driven into the stream bed where poles were tethered to channel the floating ties into the main flow of the stream. It was a broad river and unless the floating logs were kept in the main channel they could easily get stuck in grasses, reeds or other aquatic plants in the shallow water along the broad stream bed. Also windfalls into the river would cause a blockage unless the floating ties were guided around them. I remember at one place there were short piles driven down in pairs in such a manner that a short cross piece could be tied to them and long poles formed a foot bridge that spanned the wide river so that a tie hack from a cabin on the edge of the river could cross this narrow pole foot bridge to the other side to his timber cutting area.

My mother's book had similar photos of her family and a few of herself when she was young. Her book featured photos of my older siblings, their husbands and wives and children. Their marriage certificate and other important papers were there. Even the brand my father and his father had used on livestock registered through the State of Idaho was in the back of his book.

Among the photos of Island Park that formed an indelible impression upon me were those of the Rotary coming to Island Park and the large arch of snow ahead of it as it came toward the siding. Another outstanding photo showed the spur at the siding with a windrow of ties piled high and covered with deep snow. If my father were alive he could tell us how many ties were awaiting shipment from this spur when the railroad began its spring run after ties had been hauled and decked all winter from 7-8 miles back in the canyons east of the siding. Trail Canyon was both a summer and winter haul area. Several photos showed dog teams in the area. One hauled the mail from Ashton to West Yellowstone stopping at points along the way.

I can remember there were two roads leading east to the woods where timber was hauled. One was called the winter road. It ran along the edge of the large Island Park flat just inside the timber for over a mile. Four other roads crossed it from north to south. These were denoted as the 1st, 2nd, and 3rd crossroads. The last one was called the corduroy. This special section of road ran across a wet area. It was boggy most of the summer. In order to cross with wagons 4-5 inch poles were laid crosswise side by side for a distance of maybe 100 yards to the west to where the ground was higher and dry. From here the winter road skirted the upper end of the flat staying in the timber. Just on the edge of the flat below Trail Canyon there was

a place called Van Noys. It was a homestead with a cabin, several outbuildings, and a pond where Canada Geese could be seen. They were fed by the occupants. This road never drifted in the winter as did the roads that ran across the flat. By using the same road each day several teams could keep this winter road open all winter. Unless the temperature dropped to extremely low temperatures the teams went out daily except Sundays and holidays. One time a thermometer outside the cook house (a company owned log building used in connection with the commissary for meals of single residents) dropped too low to be read. The last visible reading was 60 below and it stayed out of sight for one week. Needless to say a week of little outside activity.

The tie hacks after cutting and hewing the ties along 2 sides were required to pile the ties in large piles. They also had to pile the limbs and brush. Smaller piles of the chips or shavings were also required of these cutters. The teams therefore were able to keep roads open to the cutting areas in the woods. The piles of ties were easily visible throughout the woods with snow piled high upon them. No roads were necessary to these individual piles in winter. It was just a matter of driving the sleighs from the main road to the piles of ties and shoveling off the snow and loading. Most teamsters worked in pairs helping each load the others sleigh. I have heard my father tell of seeing the green huckleberry bushes when the last tier of ties was removed. At this point it was not a matter of loading ties from a pile but lifting the ties up from the hole left in the snow. The ties were cut to the required length of 8 feet of course, so when the last ties removed were stood on end on the green shrubbery beneath the snow the tops would be just even with the snow level which was eight feet. When hauling from their most easterly boundary they were within 4-6 miles of the Yellowstone Park boundary. It was marked by blazes on both sides of mature trees and occasional metal signs nailed to a tree in a prominent location denoting the boundary line and trail of the park. Park Rangers patrolled this boundary even in winter. Line cabins were spaced out along the boundary to provide protection when bad weather required it and for the necessary over-night stays. These patrols moved slow. Dog teams were not used in the park.

Only by staying on the same sleigh tracks were they able to haul over these roads throughout the winter. Experience is a good teacher and they learned that some horses were much more adept at walking a narrow sleigh track than others. Sometimes a horse would get off the beaten trail and flounder in the snow. At such times the snow shovels which they carried had to be used to dig out and get the horse back upon more solid footing. Occasionally a horse would thrash about in the snow until only the balls of the hames could be seen above the level of the snow.

In the dead of winter the small streams were frozen over and the ground water dropped in the wells to such a level that snow had to be melted for domestic use. Wash tubs were placed on the woodburning kitchen stoves where the wives of the teamsters melted snow throughout the day to provide water for the teams when the men returned at night. One spring my mother was surprised as she was scooping snow near her cabin and the bucket

struck something with a metallic ring. Closer examination disclosed the top of a wagon wheel where it had been buried all winter. Some teamsters had their own log barns while others used company barns provided. All of these log barns had wooden floors, made of heavy planks. The logs had to be tightly chinked. Mud, rags and mostly gunny sacks cut in strips wedged between the cracks with knives or chisels prevented the cold air from going through these cracks. Horses not protected from such drafts were at a high risk of catching pneumonia. Some residents had chickens and ducks as well as a milk cow.

A log school house centrally located served as a recreational facility on long winter nights where entertainment of many varieties took place. Boxing gloves were sometimes brought out, chairs and desks moved aside and contests took place in the center of the one room. Dancing was the most common entertainment with some of the residents playing familiar tunes on the fiddle, harmonica or an accordion. Plays were put on, poetry written and read and on Sundays the little school house became the church for many. Over 70 people attended one such dance. Several weddings took place during the winters there. No doubt a reception was held after the young couple returned from a chaperoned trip to the city where a marriage license and Justice of the Peace was available or a church wedding performed.

Dances were also held at other camps and occasionally some would travel to attend those activities. The railroad ranch cut a great deal of hay on some of its lush meadows and large stacks of wild hay could be seen from the highway along with some of the large barns. Most of the cabins were hidden from view by trees surrounding them. One fall the owners of the railroad ranch decided to send some elk to Blackfoot to exhibit in the Eastern Idaho State Fair. I remember the story as follows: These were privately owned elk at that time. When they were loaded into the truck it was necessary to cut the antlers from a young bull so that it would not injure any of the other elk being hauled with it. One of the top railroad persons happened to come to the ranch and when he saw the antlers had been removed he was very upset and nearly cried. Then someone explained to him that the following spring a new set would be grown.

In the !'s when elk were being loaded from the old Reno Park and Zoo (later named Tautphas Park) in Idaho Falls, one of the bulls became excited once inside the truck and gored another elk that was in the truck, killing it.

Some of the cutters stayed in their cabins in the woods and cut during much of the winter. They would have to dig down a bit in the snow before falling the trees. None-the-less forest service regulations required that stumps left above the regulation height had to be cut down the following summer. These were much more difficult and bothersome to fall than full length trees. So the cutters hated to do it. Some must have moved on to cut in other areas also. Therefore the tie company contracted with one particular cutter to go about in the spring and summer searching out these tall stumps (up to 5 or 6 feet) and cutting them off. It was such a miserable job that the man taking on the task was dubbed, Dad-gum-it. There's even another story of how

he got this nickname, but it's a rather repulsive story, so I'll pass on it for now.

The tie company maintained a bunkhouse and a cookhouse. Single men stayed there and the company withheld the costs against their wages. Barney South didn't like the cold and one winter when he stayed there he would go out every third day and cut in the snow and cold and his earnings were enough that he could remain inside 2 of every 3 days and break even on wages. Thus he avoided a lot of cold miserable weather.

There were also some other sidings between Warm River and West Yellowstone equipped to load livestock and spurs to hold cars for loading timber products. A state fish hatchery was maintained at one of them, called Pineview south of Island Park. It was established there in that remote area because of the ideal temperature of the water from the spring for raising trout.

I shall now depend upon my memory as a 7 year old child to recall the railroad as I remember it. In the spring of 1937 my family moved into a cabin in Island Park after living the previous summer and winter in a rented house on Main Street of Rexburg approximately 2 blocks from the passenger depot. On the opposite end of the same block was the Madison High School. Across from it were two houses of the Hillmans, well known lawyers, Hoot Hillman and a son. Another son, John (Jack) married my father's youngest sister, Evie (Eveline). Jack's father and an uncle had acquired large land holdings. All of Jack's brothers were ranchers. They ran Hereford cattle at Edmonds on the west end of Egin Bench. One brother, Russ raised sheep. Another brother followed the trade of his father in the family law practice.

My mother's older sister, Elizabeth, was known as "Aunt Finnie" all my life. Her husband, Jesse Hammond worked for the railroad in Ashton after having ran a state fish hatchery in a remote area called Hays Spur for the first years of their married life. He gave up that occupation after their oldest daughter was old enough to enter the upper grades of school since the isolation of the hatchery kept her from attending school and her younger sisters faced the same problem. He moved to Ashton and worked as a mechanic for the railroad in the round house in Ashton. Since this job gave him half fare riding for his family on the U P line, his wife and children often visited relatives in northern Utah and southern Idaho by train. I became used to going to the passenger depot in Idaho Falls to meet Aunt Finnie.

One of my first memories of the railroad in Island Park took place at the stockyards. One day cattle were being roped in the large corral. Whether they were branding or what I do not know. But there were cowboys there and a crowd gathered watching from atop stockyard fence. The corrals were high. The posts were at least 8-10 inch posts with 2 X 8 planks with gaps of a few inches between each. I was at the camp when I saw my father begin running toward the stockyards. It was at least 50-60 yards across the tracks to the yards. When I followed him we arrived to see an argument in progress. One fellow was contending that it would be more natural after a steer was roped for the horse to face away from the critter and pull in the opposite direction of the

roped animal as if pulling with a collar and harness. The other contended it would be better if the horse faced the animal on the end of the rope. I know nothing of their reasons. One was Glen Alison, a young man from Ashton that worked in the timber in Island Park. He had been drinking. A wing of the corral ran parallel to the tracks for a distance of maybe 150 feet to the south. The road over the grade crossing ran northwest past the corrals forming a triangle of about 40 degrees to the wing. These two men were there between the road and corral wing when the fight ensued. This was what caused my father to run to watch. Obviously someone had called out "fight" and the commotion brought people from the camp running across the tracks to the stockyards. I remember my father talking to my brother-in-law, Barney South. A comment was made, that Alison was at a disadvantage being under the influence. I suspect among some of the spectators some betting occurred. There were certainly some cheering going on, some for one and some for the other. I remember a comment by Barney, why Glen fights best when he's had a little to drink.

As I remember there was a lot of scuffling it seemed. Island Park has a unique dark sand. It is basically from the obsidian rocks broken down over eons of time. In some of the canyons to the east obsidian outcroppings are spectacular. There are boulders and rock slides of such rocks in some places also. Yet west of the railroad the outcroppings of lava resemble the lava found throughout the lava areas of the Snake River Valley below and north and west in Shotgun Valley and all the way out across the Idaho desert to the Craters of the moon and south to the Idaho border.. This sand is hard, some coarse and round. It rolls beneath ones feet. All roads made in the area across the sage brush flats by merely driving over them repeatedly have no need of being graveled. Even foot paths after extended use have this type of surface. Graded roads quickly form washboards. The deepest wells hand dug in the area still yield up this sand, bucket after bucket from slow digging with a short handled shovel. These wells were dug deeper as the summer passed, fall came and the groundwater level dropped. Periodically someone was lowered by the well bucket on its rope and the sand was hauled up and dumped a bucket load at a time. As the sand was removed water rushed in. Digging stopped when the level of the murky water rose too high to allow the digger to stoop to shovel. In a few days the water would clear and the added few feet of water in the well would be sufficient for several weeks of use by the camp. When the water became so shallow that the bucket wouldn't fill the process would be repeated. As the digger removed sand from beneath the wood casing those working above would alternately pound on the 2 X 6's standing upright at each corner forcing the casing or crib deeper into the sandy bottom. Boards were added horizontally to the top of the crib as the well was driven deeper so that the top of the well was a little over 4 feet above ground. This was to prevent small children and animals from climbing over the top. If the cribbing was too high it was difficult to retrieve a full bucket of water. Even the ant hills dotting the flat among the sagebrush have a distinctive color and

formation due to this black dark sand being hauled to the surface surrounding the mound and center opening of the ant hill.

I now need to get back to the scene at the stockyards. I was a small boy. I had never before seen grown men fight. I think it turned out in favor of John Kuck, who had not been drinking. He lived along the Warm River in a very nice cabin with his wife, Lyda. He cut and hauled props mostly to the Eccles Siding. In later years he began shipping from Island Park. It may have been that the railroad closed down the siding at Eccles due to lack of use. Kuck and his brother Frank had come from Germany. Frank had a gas station and cafe at Last Chance. Later he added cabins facing the Snake River and fronting the old highway. Today the highway runs behind these buildings and many new businesses have been built along both sides of the present highway.

John Kuck was a rather colorful character. He bragged a lot and talked loud in public. He told of having won Olympic Medals. That in those days was a real novelty. Most people just took his talk with a grain of salt. One evening when my sister, Marjorie South and her husband, Barney went to Kuck's cabin by invitation, Marjorie was taken aback when Olympic medals (many medals) were on display on his mantel. None of the medals were for boxing but for discus, shotput, perhaps the Hammer and javelin.

One thing I remember about the stockyards was that I was not to go there alone. It didn't seem far away. It was actually close. But as a 7 year old it was ruled off limits to me by my parents. Over the years following I have seen moose and bears come into the camp. So it became understandable why my parents made such a rule for me. Later in the summer when other children moved to the camp I was allowed to go there, but I was not alone. During the early years with the depression on there were a lot of hobos followed the tracks, even in that remote area where the rails dead-ended at West Yellowstone. That no doubt was another concern to my parents; that I not stray off alone. From the previous years they had spent in Island Park a few instances of children becoming lost in the woods made such parents especially worried that children might wander out of sight.

I remember older children would put pennies on the track before the train arrived. It was a no no and so they did it well before the train arrived so they wouldn't be seen doing it. Some would take copper wire and bend it into words or names and lay it on the tracks. After the train passed they would rush to the tracks to retrieve their prizes.

One year when my brother, Warren was about 14 and our family lived at Island Park he got a dog. It was part Chow Chow and it pulled a sleigh for him. He spent a lot of time playing with it. One day it was attempting to cross the tracks when a train was coming and didn't make it. It was beneath the train and rolling over and over. Finally it came out from beneath alive. It seemed fine except my brother, Al claims its tail never curled above its back as it did before this happened.

A few summers later I learned more of the railroad there. I felt the ground shake as I lay in my cot in a cabin as the double header thundered past on it's early run toward West Yellowstone. I saw the rear car of the Yellowstone Special with its red light

swinging in a figure eight as it passed slowly in the dark of the evening on its way toward the valley. The lighted coaches showed passengers relaxed in their seats as the train passed rather slowly. We could see people in the dining car and watched the sleeper cars pass often with curious eyes returning our curious gazes back at them. A common thought was that these people were very different than ourselves. We saw the black porters moving in the aisles. We seldom saw blacks on the streets or among crowds in public places in Eastern Idaho.

In Island Park there was no electrical power. Kerosine lamps or Coleman gas lanterns were used. In the evenings during the first half of the summer the mosquitoes were bad. Almost everyone in the camp would follow a routine of closing the windows of their cabins in the early evening after the supper dishes were done and go outside. Lights were used sparingly since they attracted insects. Fires in the stoves were allowed to go out as early as possible to keep the cabins cool as possible before bedtime. Someone would spray the inside of the cabin with Flit or later DDT and leave the cabin for an hour or more. Then the windows with screens would be opened allowing the smell to dissipate. In the meantime many of the group would gather around a favorite spot in the middle of the camp and sit on logs or blocks of wood next to a fire. If the mosquitoes were really bad some green pine boughs would be thrown on the fire to make a smudge (thick smoke) to drive off the bugs.

Barney did have a battery operated radio. On evenings when the President of the United States spoke (Franklin D. Roosevelt) the men particularly from the camp would all gather to listen. And when Joe Lewis was the heavyweight boxing champion of the world and a scheduled fight came along everyone around would crowd around Barney's radio to listen and give their opinions.

After returning to the cabins one could sleep free from the annoying buzzing for a time until the cracks between logs let the pesky mosquitoes filter in. On cool evenings mosquitoes were not too thick. On warm nights when coolness didn't set in it was really hard to keep free from these pests. What a bad night when you continually heard this unwelcome buzz in your ears. Going out and sleeping in a car just didn't give a restful sleep but at least one could keep the mosquitoes off. Small children all had mosquito nets over their cribs. I don't know why the adults didn't. Perhaps it would have been too hot. I never saw a mosquito net over an adult's bed until many years later while serving a mission in Taiwan. Another alternative there was having electricity; one could sleep with an electric fan blowing across the bed at night.

Another activity to keep free of the mosquitoes was to go swing in a swing made by hanging ropes between two tall pines in the yard. The motion of the air as one would swing kept the mosquitoes off. Mosquitoes seldom bite in moving a car. The motion of the car seems to keep the mosquitoes from their normal hunger for blood. They spend their time flying about the windows trying to escape. But stop the car and in no time they are again after blood.

Many many evenings after work some of the younger members of

the camp usually accompanied by at least one older person would walk the tracks to Tom's Creek, one mile north. Some became quite skilled at walking on the rails without falling off. Walking Between the rails provided the most comfortable walking as the sandy roadbed nearly covered the ties. Walking outside the rails required changing the length of ones stride with almost every step since the ties were not perfectly parallel nor evenly spaced apart. Many of the ties had been there for years. Many were still in place from when all ties were hand hewn. More recently laid ties were sawn ties and many of these were black from creosote. Some had tiny marks indented into the face of the ties from some sort of machine or belt that had been used in the process of moving them. Older ties had small short round spikes driven in them. These carried 2 digit numbers molded on the heads indicating the year they were placed in the track. It was interesting to try to find the ones with the lowest numbers. Some of the newer sawn ties had the year stamped into the wood of the face or possibly the end of the tie. Walking the tracks one might see a ruffed grouse along the willows that grew on the right-of-way. Deer might come out in the mornings or evenings and cross over the tracks. Early one June morning 5 large bull elk with fully grown antlers appearing larger than ever being in the velvet, warily crossed the tracks in single file spaced about half a minute apart. Once on the track they paused to look about and then continued on through a small grove of quaking aspen and then began to feed on a meadow behind it before disappearing into a stand of thick jackpines another 50-77 yards from the aspens.

On one walk up the tracks a large Hereford Bull laid near the tracks where it had been slow to move out of the way of the train. A section crew came after several days to remove the carcass. The anxious owner was concerned about placing a claim with the railroad. His fear was that they would not pay the full value of the animal which had been purchased at a purebred auction for a considerable sum of money. The forest had grazing permits in some areas which adjoined a state school section and also some BLM land. This grazing lease ran from Tom's Creek on the north all the way to Osborn Springs which was on the fence line of the Railroad Ranch and the old highway going to Warm River and passing the Mesa Falls and Bear Gulch.

Near the longest days of the year we would finish our walk just after sunset but before dark, just in time to be back at the siding before the Flyer came through. It was probably the fact that we spent a great deal of time outside the cabins in the evening that so often we were near the tracks when the Flyer went by and we enjoyed looking at the lighted coaches as they passed with the many passengers, most perhaps unaware they were being watched. Some looked curiously out the windows. Some would wave. Because of the grade crossing just beyond the siding passengers would be alerted by the whistle of the engineer and would look out the windows to see what the whistle was about. The firemen and the engineers always seemed amiable and waved with a smile.

Many hours of story-telling took place around these fires. Some would spend that hour before retiring for the night driving the 4 miles to Pond's and back to pick up the mail. A convenience

offered by Ponds was to get the mail out for local residents when they arrived after normal post office hours.

I knew that my family moved from Island Park to Shelley in box cars. I think another family moved in conjunction with my family. They had furniture, house hold goods and livestock. The railroad allowed them to ride with the doors open so that there was fresh air for the livestock. My father also rode in the boxcar with the animals. I think the younger children and my mother must have traveled in a separate coach on the train or at another time. One of my father's tender stories took place on this trip when his favorite horse looked out through the open door as they crossed Main Street in Rexburg and whinnied (nickered) at the sight, having recognized it as home after being away for two years. This horse was foaled from the first mare my father owned. When my father was a small boy his father had given an older sister, Jennie, a filly. My father somehow acquired a shiny new dime. She saw it and wanted it so bad that she traded the filly to my father for the dime. This was a wonderful mare. She threw her 1st foal as a 2 year old. She had 21 foals in succession before she died as a result of another horse getting loose in the barn and kicking her. She was tied in a stall and could not get away or defend herself. She died as a result of injuries inflicted to the area of her stomach.

This colt had to be the most intelligent of any my father ever raised. I will not take time to relate the reasons why at this time. I will say that if with horses there are exceptions in intelligence such as a genius among humans he was such in the equine world.

I remember in about the summer of 1939 the train service to Island Park was such that in addition to the Yellowstone Special in the early mornings and late evenings there were other passenger trains. They were not so long. The cars were black or maybe a deep green. They were pulled by a single locomotive. I don't know if they ran daily or just occasionally as passenger service dictated. I believe they may have ran daily for a part of the summer. I think they ran before the Special began its season and later in the season. I doubt the Special ran after Labor Day.

This train had a baggage car. It sometimes stopped and a mail bag was dropped off. Someone would be there to accept that and take it by car to the Island Park Post Office which was located inside Pond's Lodge four miles west on Highway 89 or 91 just north of the Buffalo River bridge. There were times later on when I think the mail was dropped at Trude Siding which was 3-4 miles north of Island Park Siding. It was closer to the highway to Yellowstone and much closer to Mack's Inn, a large resort on the North Fork of the Snake River a few miles below Big Springs. It also had a post office. At one time there was a post office at Big Springs and it was not more than a quarter mile from Big Springs Spur, Siding, water tank and wye.

I remember a Jensen family that ran a dairy in the summer on what was known as the Moon Meadow Ranch. It was a little over a mile as the crow flies northeast of the Island Park Siding. It was located near the head of Tom's Creek. The buildings, cabin and log barn were next to a large spring which ran about a

quarter of a mile north and joined Tom's Creek less than a half mile from the head of the main spring. They milked the cows by hand. There was no electricity in Island Park except at the highway. They placed the milk in the milk cans commonly used in those days and cooled the milk in a milk house constructed of round logs over the head of the spring. The water rushing from the spring was about 40 degrees, the same as the deepest wells in that area.

The ground water in Island Park was near the surface. After the completion of the Island Park Reservoir the ground water level throughout Island Park seemed to raise. In early spring the water in the shallow dug wells was often less than 6- 8 feet below the ground. Often in early spring woodchucks, squirrels and other things might be floating in the open wells. Perhaps they fell in while the snow was still several feet deep.

The Jensens would meet the train and load the milk cans directly from their old truck (model A Ford or a Chevy of the same vintage) up into the baggage car. It was shipped to Rigby, Idaho where they had their farm. In later years the Jensens bottled some of their milk and delivered it bottled to West Yellowstone and no doubt other places along the way such as Mack's Inn, Phillip's Lodge and Henry's Lake. There was a bridge made of slabs from the sawmill laid across round log stringers that spanned the shallow barrow pit. A ditch from the sawmill emptied into this low place which continued north along the right-of-way nearly to Tom's Creek. A long sloping sandy bank rose all the way to the level of the roadbed of the track making it possible for trucks to back near the baggage car. There was water beneath the bridge from the runoff of early spring and when spring was heavy. Later in the season during the late 30's a ditch was used to bring water from Split Creek east of Van Noys from the lower end of Trail Canyon to furnish water to the sawmill for use in the steam engine. The ditch ran past the engine shed and through a barrel buried in the ground which served as a tank so the water could be drawn into the boiler through the injector on the engine. The ditch continued from the barrel to the barrow pit. At one time 3 bridges spanned this ditch plus a couple of foot bridges consisting of single planks. Above the bridge the water ponded providing kids the pleasure of hunting pollywogs and frogs during summers leisure days. Cattails were also abundant along its course.

After midsummer when the ground water went down fishermen would drive along the sides of the right-of-way getting as near to Tom's Creek as possible in their cars. About 3 different locations along this road it crossed the barrow pit. In early spring trying to drive through was nearly impossible. The bottom was soft and muddy and the water was deep enough to drown out most engines, especially the late 39 or early 40 Ford's with their distributors sitting low on the front of the engine.

After the steam engine was moved out, the engine shed taken down and a diesel engine brought in to replace it water was no longer needed in the ditch. Culverts remained in place but bridges were torn out and ditch banks eroded away. In fact the last few seasons when the steam engine was used a well was dug

next to the corner of the engine shed. The injector on the engine wouldn't draw water from the depth of the well past about 10 feet so Barney installed an ejector which under steam pressure pumped water from the well into a water tank placed next to the well. It was a tank that had been used to haul stock water or possibly water on a trailer or wagon following the steam engines used to travel about operating grain threshers on farms.

Often times fishermen came to the mill seeking help to pull their stuck cars from one of the mudholes. Eventually motorists would drive up next to the ties on the right-of-way rather than to cross the mote. The railroad tried in vain to put up some kind of barricade to prevent motorists from driving along next to the ties and tearing down the fragile sandy roadbed. In late summer these areas dried up sufficiently to easily drive across.

The first I remember of the siding there was the spur that ran back possibly 100 yards from the crescent siding where another track switch could place cars onto the spur awaiting later use. Along the spur which ended with a solid barricade were various loading devices. One of these was used to load corral poles into Gondola cars. It was called a beaver slide. Another device was used to lift poles by a derrick sitting parallel to the track. It was referred to as an overshot. It was a derrick consisting of two arms or logs fastened together so they were raised at the same time by use of a cable and pulley. These two arms or logs were so constructed that they could be anchored on the ground next to the track. A boom had to be placed on the opposite side of the car being loaded. After timber was placed near the ends of the two horizontal arms the cable was attached with a double purchase, that is, a cable on a pulley hooked to the ends of the 2 arms after the timbers to be hoisted were loaded, then to a pulley at the top of the boom where a single cable ran down the boom to near ground level to a pulley and out horizontally to where a team of horses was hooked to the end of the cable. When the horses pulled the cable running thru the pulleys lifted the arms to a vertical position and forward momentum of the arms would throw the timbers forward falling into the gondola.

Of course the simplest way to load a box car was to simply drive along side with a truck and lift the timber whether it be lumber, logs or ties from the truck into the boxcar. But it was very hard work and slow. It meant lifting the first of a load from atop a truck down into the boxcar and then later lifting the timber from the bed of the truck up into the boxcar as it was loaded. This was very hard labor. In Targhee tie times men that were hired just to load and unload ties onto railroad cars were called tie bucks. Bucking ties was hard work. Some of the hewn ties had a hewn face of up to 12 inches which meant that a freshly hewn green tie could weigh well over 200 lbs. And this was lodgepole pine. Yellow pine by comparison would be much heavier. No doubt there were some contests to see who could lift the heaviest ties. Those who handled ties used a shoulder pad. These were mostly homemade. The ones I have seen used belt webbing. One had a small horseshoe attached with the short but sharp calks outward to prevent the tie from slipping when carried at an angle to the ground. This way of carrying prevented the

entire weight from falling on the top of the shoulder and it kept the weight against the front of the shoulder rather than directly on top of the shoulder. After months of shouldering ties even with a pad the tie bucks shoulders developed callouses.

You can imagine any type of device that could be implemented to reduce this heavy lifting was greatly appreciated. There used to be a saying in the logging camps. Working in the woods makes young men old and old men a damsite older.

A ramp was built later so that trucks could drive up and unload along side the cars. This was used for loading wood and props that were loaded crosswise on flatbed trucks. After the spur was removed the ramp was torn down for wood and the large spikes were salvaged for reuse in nailing corral poles to fence posts. A new shorter ramp was built for use in the 50's to load sawn ties from the South and Jones mill.

I never saw any sign of a depot at the siding. I remember just a little below the Island Park sign along the right-of-way there was a turn out built for motor cars. As kids we called them speeders. The railroad operated these in connection with the section crews. They occasionally dropped off a work train, consisting of special cars where carpenters and other crew members stayed at night and worked out during the day on projects in the area. They would travel off on motor cars, pulling small trailers with equipment. They worked on scale houses at the stockyards. They performed preventive maintenance such as painting scale houses, repairing stockyard pens gates, etc.

One year an older worker lived in one for over a month at the siding. He was accompanied by his wife. Summer section gangs were often manned by college students. There was a line along the right-of-way that we referred to as a telephone line. At the siding there was a pole opposite the stockyards with a small wooden box. It was painted yellow. The hinged front was padlocked shut with a hasp. Often times the section boss would go to it and make calls. It was connected to Ashton or Idaho Falls in the Snake River Valley. I'm sure it was used to check train schedules.

I remember times when in late morning or noon a passenger train would pull off onto the siding and let another train pass. Sometimes two passenger trains would pass and sometimes it would be a freight train. When Jensens came to load milk cans they would stand next to the track and wave as the train approached. The engineer would whistle two short toots and the train would slow and stop where the baggage car would be adjacent to the truck. In the case of flagging the train by a passenger when the train stopped the conductor would come out of a coach, bring out his little stand and assist the passenger onto the train.

I once rode the train to Island Park early in the month of June where I worked that summer at South's sawmill. I boarded the train in Idaho Falls. It had several coaches filled with young people that were traveling to Yellowstone to work for the summer in the park for the concession businesses there. Most of the kids on the train were probably college age and some I talked to had come all the way from Chicago and points east after having signed up for summer jobs. They were nice looking, well groomed

and probably kids from middle class homes.

Now I'd like to take an example of a typical day after the Yellowstone Special began making it's summer run. About 5:00 or 5:30 in the morning if you were up you would hear and see a motor car slowing at the siding. The operator would get off, lift one end of the car around and roll it off to the side of the tracks on a special little spot leveled off with just enough space that the car would clear the track when a train passed. Then the operator might go to the telephone and use it. Then he would retire to some spot near the siding where the grass was sparse and build a little fire to warm him after having ridden from Ashton to the south up through the Warm River Canyon in the cool morning air. Remember there would be no sunshine along the route which followed the Snake River from Ashton to the Warm River. There it followed the Warm River canyon up along the river over the top onto the flat country (Island Park) directly north nearly to Big Springs where it veered to the east before heading for Reas Pass. Every morning ahead of the Yellowstone Special this man would travel the rails looking for any possible problems with the route. An unusually tall tree might fall near the tracks although most tall trees adjacent to the cleared the right-of-way had been removed to avoid such things happening.

Above the Snake River there were dry farms and also some irrigated farms. One morning as I talked with the driver he told me of a morning when a farmer had let his irrigation water get away and it ran over the edge of his farm and washed boulders down the steep embankment onto the right-of-way. He had to call Idaho Falls and the Special was delayed several hours that morning while the tracks were cleared of rocks and mud. He said he always approached the tunnel cautiously in the dim light of early morning. One has to understand the cool mornings in the shadows of the canyons prior to the rising of the sun to appreciate what a cool ride this man endured. Also he had to travel rain or shine. I often saw him wearing a rain slicker when the weather was bad. He'd usually find a place to rest on the ground his little campfire until after the Special passed. Then he'd be up, lift his motor car onto the tracks pointed toward Ashton and putt off. The car was equipped a windshield. Top speed was not very fast. You could watch several minutes before he disappeared between the converging lines of the track as it followed its perspective course to disappear into a single dot across the big flat. He told me of one trip where he waited several minutes for a bull moose to abandon the tracks; then he proceeded along his way.

Occasionally if there was an emergency a person other than a railroad employee would open the door to the phone box by removing the hinges. The railroad as far as I know always obliged such calls by relaying messages of importance to proper channels.

At night if a person needed to board the train to travel south to Ashton, Idaho Falls or other towns they could watch north along the tracks for the headlight. It could be seen after it rounded the curve from Trude Siding, about 2 1/2 miles. One could then wait a minute or two and when it was about 1 mile away according to the railroad sign which was near Tom's Creek a

flashlight could be waved back and forth. About 3 or 4 swings of the light and the familiar short 2 toots of the steam whistle would signaling the conductor and the engine would begin to slow. Once aboard the conductor would make necessary change and issue a ticket; then show the passenger to his seat. I never knew of anyone not being treated politely.

One fall my brother and I needed to go to the sawmill in Island Park. We were given a ticket and boarded the train. It had no coach car north of Ashton so we rode in the caboose. I saw the little pot belly stove. We could see out but the view was limited and we were not invited to sit up near the top where the brakeman could see from the observation deck high enough to look down over the freight cars. It was still an interesting ride, however. I remember seeing the rapids along the Warm River above the tunnel.

Late in the fall of each year crews would come to the grade crossings and remove the timbers from between the ties so that in the spring when the snow removal equipment came over the route it would not interfere with the rotary plow or other snow removal equipment. After these timbers were removed automobile traffic would need to be careful in crossing to avoid being stuck against the rails. Occasionally if a vehicle got stalled they could dig some loose sand from the road bed or right-of-way to gain sufficient traction to make it up over the bare rails.

Hunters in Jeeps occasionally drove along the tracks in order to cross a stream where no fords or other bridges were available. These trestles have a rather interesting story. I will tell of it in another place.

Railroad ties in the 40's and 50's were occasionally shipped in box cars. This meant a great deal more hard hand labor in loading and unloading. Lumber also was shipped along with other wood timbers in boxcars. When available however, shipping railroad ties was much easier on Gondola cars.

In the late 50's entire trains of pulp wood were shipped on flat cars with a mesh wire along the sides of the car insuring the logs would not slide off the sides of the cars. Saw logs were shipped to the mill in Rexburg lengthwise on flat cars. Some had some device at each end of the car to avoid the load shifting forward or back.

Freight trains ran on a schedule that eliminated conflict with passenger trains. Cars were ordered ahead of time to allow time to load before the train would come. These trains didn't run on a daily schedule. Two or three times a week was the most and it was often a weekly train. In late fall especially it seemed to be a Saturday run. During the war the Special did not run and passenger trains were not very common. Some freights would have a coach or two added to train.

M'Jean South was a little 4 year old blonde girl in ringlets when the freight train would pass. As usual the children would hear the train whistle when it passed the siding at Eccles to the south. Several minutes later it would near the Island Park Siding and out the children would run to wave to the engineer and fireman. A more than middle aged brakeman rode the caboose. After a while school started and the older children went off to school. M'Jean was the only little person to run out and wave as

the train went past. This brakeman started to carry a small brown paper bag. Inside were penny candy and all day suckers. He would lean out over the rail at the back of the caboose and gently toss the little paper bag out onto the sandy roadbed side and wave with a friendly smile. Then M'Jean would run forward and retrieve her prize. This went on for several years, probably interrupted by school or retirement. I know not which.

One time when the engine was on the siding loading cattle some of the crew from the locomotive wandered over to the engine shed at the sawmill where I was firing the steam engine. They were shocked when they walked inside the shed and saw this old battered engine sitting there with grease and oil dripping over the sides of the boiler. The boiler had a cast of asbestos placed over chicken wire such as a plasterer might apply a coating. The insulation helped keep the heat in the boiler. It had long since had lost its white appearance showing oil and grease stains. They were appalled at the sight. They could never have operated like that of course. They acted as if they were surprised it didn't burst into flames before their very eyes.

When the railroad shipped cattle out in the fall it was an unusual thing to watch. I'll take an example from about 1956. By this time the REA line had been extended to West Yellowstone from Ashton. It had a wide right-of-way. Just beyond Last Chance on the bend of the Snake River north and east of the Railroad Ranch the REA right-of-way extended toward Big Springs. The Railroad Ranch used to trail their cattle thru the timber east of Last Chance to the Island Park siding. The other route was to trail up the highway near the Island Park ranger station and then cut thru the timber to the Island Park road to the highway. After the REA line was cleared it was much easier to trail the cattle along the cleared broad right-of-way until it intersected the Island Park road. The REA line ran behind the Buffalo Ranger station about a half mile before reaching the Charley Simmons Ranch. The Railroad Ranch foreman was Dan Clark. He had a grown son that worked with him. Dan was getting quite old. He sat stoically on his well broke and fancy horse. It was a well marked sorrel with white stockings and a white blaze in its face. He wore chaps and spurs. He wore a colorful neckerchief, gauntlet gloves and a broad brimmed high hat. He rode on lead. One fall I was riding with my sister, Marjorie South to the highway from the mill to take her children to meet the school bus at the highway. Along the way we met Dan Clark out in front of the herd. He rode up and waved her off to the side of the road. He asked that she turn off the engine so it wouldn't disturb or excite the cows and remain quiet until the herd had passed her car. That was unusual because any other outfit would have just driven their cattle along slowly and the driver would have driven ahead slowly through the herd as they drove, staying in the middle of the road with the herd splitting along each side.

One year it was interesting when the cattle were shipped to market from the railroad ranch a special train arrived. It was really unique. The crew were all specially dressed. The engineer was wearing a tie. He appeared older than the regular train personnel we were used to seeing. Normally those riding in the

cab wore colorful (red) bandannas around their necks. The entire crew were noticeably different than the usual train crews. Ordinarily when cars are moved up after one car is filled with cattle one hears the hitches clank and the cars jerk and move noisily and suddenly and stop suddenly with a characteristic loud noise and jerk. Not so this day. The cars moved so slow and carefully that no loud sounds were heard. We watched in amusement and wondered if this special crew would stay with the same stock cars all the way to its destination wherever that was. We supposed they had traveled all the way from Omaha or Chicago together. Perhaps they were being well compensated by being given vacation time or other incentives. Maybe some were office personnel that had earlier been on train crews and had worked their way up into administrative positions for the U.P. Perhaps this was a nostalgic vacation for them. Who will know that?

After a double-header went up within an hour or so the lone engine would come back past the siding at a speed quite reduced from that which it was going when hooked onto the train. Is it possible that pulling the heavy load upgrade made the locomotives puff smoke and sound as if they were traveling faster than they really were? So by contrast a lone engine traveling down grade could pass with little smoke emitting from the stack, with no cars and only 2 people aboard, the engineer and fireman, who appeared relaxed. Did it just appear to be going much slower? The smoke stack was not billowing smoke on the homeward bound trip. Perhaps the difference wasn't just speed but the lone engine running quietly without the noise of a train seemed slow.

Sometimes we could be out in the woods far from the camp and hear the train whistle. When on a ridge even 6 or 7 miles away the whistle could be heard clearly on the night air. At the head of Tom's Creek one could hear the voices of people talking at the siding on a still calm evening. My brother, Warren kept a dog team for several years in the late 40's. When they would bark and bay as they often did when he drove into camp in his car one could hear them for miles away from ridges above the flat.

From the train one might see wildlife. On the morning I rode to the mill on the train carrying the college students going to work for the summer in the park as we came to the Island Park flat I looked out the windows to see 3 large bull moose. They had apparently been drinking or feeding in a deep barrow pit that held water at least half the summer. It was on the east side of the track. They had crossed and were all three galloping through the sagebrush toward the timber about 1/4 mile distance. It was an interesting sight. Not many people realize that moose do gallop at times. Their heads were held high showcasing their velvet racks of palmated antlers.

While growing up my mother always baked bread. Buying a loaf of bread from a store was very unusual for our family. When we would go to the store for my mother, we all knew that she expected us to return with a 50 lb. sack of Yellowstone Special flour. It was milled in St. Anthony. On the sack there was a large logo of the Yellowstone Special along with that name printed boldly across the sack. The engine was facing toward the observer and some scenery was depicted in the background. I'm

sorry that I don't remember those details today. Flour sacks were commonly used by wives for dish towels and other uses, even laundry bags. They were seldom just thrown away. Wish I had one today.

There was a point in time when the stockyards were expanded. I remember on the west side there was a sheep chute for the use of separating the sheep after the herds were brought in before shipping occurred. This chute was alongside the regular tall fence and allowed the sheep to be separated with one group going directly into a pen next to the scales. There were also more pens added along an alley way going from the south end with the wing to the north end where it passed the pen leading to the loading chute. The main pen was made much larger than the earlier one. In later years a loading chute was constructed that allowed loading directly into stock trucks. The Railroad Ranch after shipping their cattle used to send part of the roundup crew back to the Railroad Ranch with the saddle horses. Some rode while others led unsaddled horses whose riders returned to the ranch in the buckboard. The old buckboards used by the ranch were probably Fords or Chevys. They were the fore runners of our stationwagons. These early ones had the panelled sides. I remember they used to bring a chuck wagon and they would have a coffee pot over a small fire surrounded by stones near the scale house. All participants had cowboys boots, chaps, hats, neckerchiefs and leather gloves.

It must have been frustrating to the railroad to maintain the stockyards for their use and have others come and use the facilities. Signs were placed about which warned of trespassing on private railroad property. These seemed largely ignored as locks were taken off the scale house until it seemed useless to put them on. Truckers used the pens for loading and unloading. Some folks even kept a few saddle horses in the pens for weeks at a time and drove in on the road to check on their cattle grazing in the area. Sheep herders had to appreciate the opportunity to place their herds inside the pens for a few nights of the summer and not have to worry about coyotes or bears troubling or scattering their flocks. Also it gave them a reprieve from the grazing regulations where bedding grounds on the forest could only be used for a few days without moving on to another bed ground. They often came a few days before shipping, sorted their herd, drove them a mile to the creek before weighing and shipping and enjoyed sleeping peacefully near the stockyards knowing the sheep were safe throughout the night.

A sawmill was placed between the Warm River and the Snake at the bottom of the Warm River Hill just before the two rivers join. Some logs may have been floated down the Snake and taken out into a mill pond. Most logs came by truck. Chet Issacs from Ammon built the mill there in the early 50's. He built a rather long and elaborate bridge across the Warm River. Why he didn't build on the near side I don't know. Perhaps he felt the bridge was like a fence or gate and protected him from theft. He had a burner at the mill. It's possible that forest regulations required it at the time he built his mill. The newer mills like Stoddard's near Shotgun Valley used burners and also the mill at West Yellowstone had one. The other smaller mills didn't.

Sometimes in off season (tourist) mixed trains ran with coaches and box cars. Even a couple of coaches might be included on a train. At one time there was a prop mill built on the siding at Trude. It was built so close that when the door was opened on the rail side the props could be placed directly in the railcar from off the carriage of the mill. Near Trude there was a sawmill located near Moose Creek not far from Big Springs. It belong to Art Frandsen. He lived in Ashton in the winters. He sawed mostly house logs that were sold locally rather than being shipped. Occasionally Souths would end the season sending out loaded boxcars with lumber and logs on one of the last trains of the season after the snow had come to stay. They would unload near the freight depot in Idaho Falls just below Broadway on the South Yellowstone Hwy. (Highway 91)

I used to go to the Idaho Falls Livestock Auction a great deal since I had such a keen interest in horses. I would hurry home from school hoping to arrive at the stockyards before the auction ended. Our house on Cleveland Street was only two short blocks from the auction between the North Yellowstone Highway and the railroad yards in Idaho Falls. North Yellowstone was also U.S. highway 91. Where the north/south streets intersected the highway it created a crossroad far from a 90 degree angle. At one intersection near the north end of the stockyards a two story wood siding building was built out to the sidewalk. At the corner the building was very narrow. It was pie shaped and widened as it extended from the corner. It housed the infamous 91 Club, a business that many residents opposed but was legally licensed and by all indications did a great deal of business.

The stockyards in Idaho Falls were always busy. Apart from the business of selling and shipping some pens were used by residents of the area to keep animals penned up while being ridden, trained and conditioned for use as riding horses. One could also purchase wild hay by the bale or ton. It was hauled in by the semi-truck load from outlying areas, Swan Valley, Indian Creek, Camas, Henry's Lake and Idaho Falls. The stockyards did not use alfalfa hay at that time. In the rear of the building and under the same roof where the auctioneer sat, hay was stored in a loft. Horses kept by the auction for their own use were kept in pens also under the roof so they were protected from the weather. Other livestock of course were kept in pens with no overhead shelter, but many pens had feeders where the wild grass hay was fed and water troughs were also available to these pens.

I just sat down and began to type from memory some of the things I've seen and heard throughout my life related to Island Park and particularly related to the railroad. I remember when I was in the 3rd grade. Just about a month before school was out my sister, Thelma Snowball had her first child. My mother traveled to Randolph, Utah to be with her for a couple of weeks. My parents arranged for me to accompany her. I was delighted of course since I got out of school a few weeks early. We traveled by train. I remember we used to hear people talking of railroad travel, mentioning Cache Junction. It was somewhere in northern Cache County in Utah or near the border near Preston or Franklin, Idaho. Franklin was the first town in Idaho. The first settled by

the Mormons for sure. My grandmother, Anna Eliza Lemmon, was the first white girl born in the settlement of Smithfield, Utah.

Our route to Randolph took us by train from I.F. to Pocatello. We were met there by my cousin, Zarah Hammond Tonks, (Aunt Finnie's oldest daughter) and her husband, Warren. He worked as a druggist. He had taken his degree in pharmacy at the college there. At that time it was known as the University of Idaho, Southern Branch. We stayed overnight there and made connections to travel to Bear Lake. I remember when we lived in Rexburg there was a small one or sometimes 2 car passenger train. It may have been called the Bamberger Express. We would hear it pass through town. It must have serviced the upper Snake River Valley such as making runs from I.F. to Ashton, maybe Tetonia and Roberts. It was sometimes referred to as the Galloping Goose.

Well anyway, on with the story. After leaving Pocatello we ended up on a one or two car train similar to that train. I don't know what powered it. There is a similar one or possibly the same one sitting off to the side of the highway on display as you enter the city of Soda Springs, Idaho from the west.

I remember it moved slowly. We passed other trains along the route. At some point we were switched to a side rail as a train loaded with troops passed us. There were many many passenger cars brimming with soldiers. We entered Bear Lake country and I distinctly remember water was standing everywhere. It was right up lapping at the roadbed. The lower ends of the fence posts in the entire region were covered with water. I feared lest the water would come up onto the tracks. Thousands of ducks raised into the air as this little train plugged along. Finally our destination was probably the town of Paris, although I remember Montpelier was the name of a town I heard mentioned for perhaps the first time.

At the end of the rails we got off and as prearranged by my brother-in-law, Elmer Snowball the mail carrier that took mail daily from the railroad terminal there on to Randolph was waiting for us. We rode in his vehicle. I don't recall what it was. It may have been a small van, or just a sedan. I don't recall a back seat. I must have ridden on my mother's lap from there past Bear Lake and up the canyon toward Woodruff and then onto Randolph. I think the mail carrier made a few stops at small towns, probably Laketown and others. We finally arrived in Randolph. I got to see my new little niece, Shirley Ann Snowball.

When we returned home after nearly a month it was arranged that we ride with a brother of Elmer to Cokeville, Wyo. where he owned a restaurant. We stayed there for several hours where we were treated with great hospitality until train time and we returned to Pocatello on a regular passenger train.

One time I went to Logan with my father. He visited relatives there, some aunts and cousins. I remember going from Logan to Smithfield and on to Richmond on a street car. This was the only time I ever rode one. He also took me to the Agricultural College where he met some former acquaintances and toured the college livestock pens. He had a great interest in Holstein cattle. I remember seeing a single draft horse pulling a feed wagon along the alleys between the rows of pens where

animals were kept. It was probably the first time I had seen a draft horse hooked to a wagon with shafts. I'd only seen teams of horses pulling wagons before that.

My father had been involved in keeping records of dairy production and had acquired one of the first herds of registered Holsteins in the Rexburg area. Until the depression changed his occupation livestock had been his life. He believed in having the best horses and cattle available. His father, Justin A. Knapp had helped import the first Belgian stallion into Rexburg area. He formed a company to buy it. Each member buying a share for \$100.00. It was imported from Belgium. As the years passed he soon bought out each of the other members of the group until he was the sole owner of this stallion. With this stallion my grandfather spent the summers traveling around the countryside upgrading grade mares in that area as draft animals of good quality were in heavy demand. It was many years later that tractors became common in the valley. He also kept stallions of lighter breeds up until his death. He was only in his mid-50's when he died. He did not live his prize stallion, however. My father was too busy trying to farm to run the stud service and sold these other stallions soon after his father's passing.

I think I should end here. I do intend to write other things at a future time but I shall stop with a final story of the railroad. We lived at 347 Cleveland St. The old Hart's Bakery was a landmark on the highway just a few blocks north of the new subway (the underpass) where highway 91 went below the UP railroad in I.F. Pope's Drive Inn was on the west side of the highway opposite Cleveland Street. Then there were multiple tracks at the railroad yards. There was a round house there. We often walked thru the yards rather than going around to the underpass. It saved over a half mile of walking. We used this route to visit our relatives that lived across town. If we were going to downtown then we walked along the highway and through the underpass. We lived there for many many years before sidewalks were built along the highway. The first sidewalks were not built there until after the local paper, The Post-Register, moved out onto the highway from the downtown business district.

Often locomotives would be sitting idle near the round house on short switch tracks waiting their turns to be used. In the winter time the fireboxes would be fired up to keep the boilers and water pipes from freezing. Living near the railroad yards afforded us a special pleasure annually when on New Year's Eve at the strike of midnight the whistles of all the engines in the yard would toot ushering in the New Year.

THE END