

Bernard & Louise Knapp

Family History

Journal of
Mabel Hale Knapp

Trip to Salt Lake
&
Yellowstone

FROM THE FILES OF BERNARD ELDEN KNAPP

Note: Alma H. Hale jr
 oldest child: Fannie
 2nd child - Mabel
 Mabel married Justin Willis Knapp

Note: Journal account of 1st trip to SLC
 and trip to Yellowstone prior to her marriage

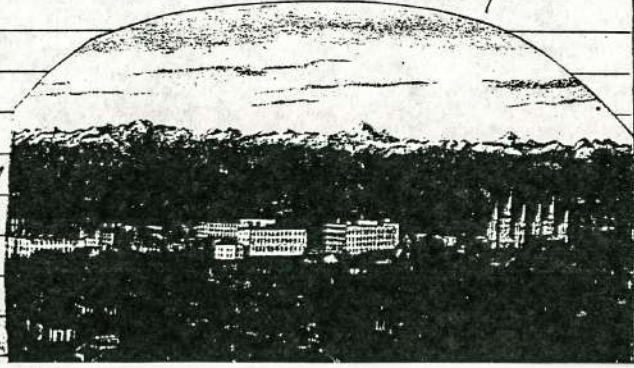
FAMILY HISTORY
 Trips

visit with us, my correspondence with them was a
 been pleasure. But greater than all was to see health
 coming back to Fannie, to all the imprint of grief
 and worry erased from the faces of Father Mather
 and Jesse her husband. Zara, the lovely little thing
 was so sweet.

During the summer of 1906 Fannie and I
 spent a week - with a number of other girls -
 across the river in the hills camping near
 the home of one of our friends. The next
 summer on the 24th of July, Fannie and I with
 Alice, Mary and Zara Whittle went up to the Rail
 Road turntable which was at that time was
 Buffalo - Island Park - we always enjoyed our
 trips into the hills.

One summer some relatives of ours - The
 Milans - came up from Salt Lake to visit with
 us and go thru Yellowstone Park. They were fun
 and we enjoyed their visit the next spring ^{Laura}
 Lucy Salisbury our Mutual President, Alice and
 Mary Whittle and I went to Salt Lake City to
 to attend the June

conference and
 visit again with
 those cousins of
 ours. Altho Mary and
 I were sick for a
 day we very much
 enjoyed our visit.
 Some things of

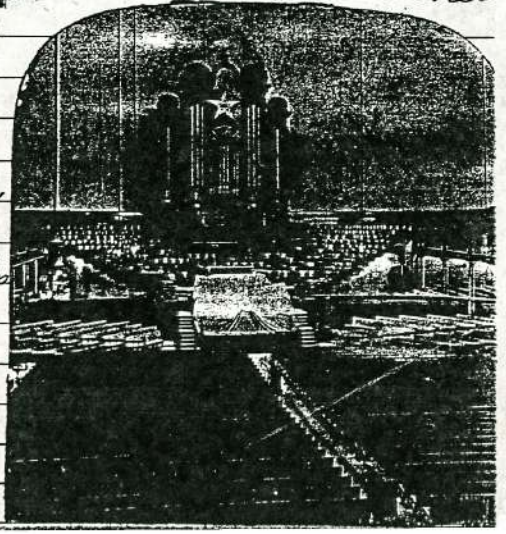


special interest to us were - The Eagle Gate -
 The statue of Brigham Young, Liberty Park, Salt
 Air and the Lake - The Salt Lake Theater, in
 which we saw Marie Doss play. Of course



the most interesting of
 all to us was the Temple
 grounds, that sacred and
 holy place which we had
 always longed to see
 But to see, gave us the
 desire to enter this wonde
 ful building and partake
 of the blessings therein
 given unto the faithful
 members of our church
 then we went into the
 Tabernacle and listened

to the heavenly music
 of the Great Organ -
 and one meeting we
 attended in the
 Assembly Hall - It was
 announced that the
 Hale and Whittle families
 would meet at the
 south gate so we
 went over there and
 met some of our
 relatives who had
 come from Stansdall.



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Yellowstone -

My next trip was to yellow stone Park - Gars, Alice, Marion, Mary, Ernest and Jennie. A little invited Mary A. Whittle and I to go with them. 27 July 1908 - we started went over the river and hills where it was pleasant and cool, we camped for noon at a pretty little place near a small lake - rested among the trees and flowers while the horses fed. For we had two teams and two white top buggies our afternoon drive was much like drive being over much the same kind of country - We camped at night at 'The Bridge'. here we met some friends and strangers too - here was a change of scenery. everything was fine except Mary had sprained her foot and it was very painful.

Tuesday 28. we left The Bridge and passed by many large ranches some of them were Porters, Udens, Osburns, and The Dograuch. We went thru parks large and small that were interesting, the largest was called Flat Rock. We nooned at a very pretty place on the river north of Buffalo. In traveling on we passed near Henrys Lake, I was delighted with the scenery there. The plain was dressed in tall waving grass swaying as gently as a hammock in the trees, with a view out upon the lake, silvery at sunset, and the valley surrounded by valleys and trees, we drove on and camped by an old mill

setting. This was charming too. I could weave into this picture of the old deserted mill and little shanty of the sleepy waters of the ditch - a story of the busy happy life of love and peace, or of the mad rushing waters of the river as it surged and sank beneath the bridge a tale of treachery and sorrow and unrest.

Wed. 29. We traveled among the hills some of them reminded us of the Egyptian Perimids here and mysterious, some were covered with timber, others were but rock beds and cliffs. About noon we entered the Park our first road led us past Duxley and End of Track and along the Madison River. We registered at the Soldier Station, passed many cold and warm springs along here was the division of the Madison River, whose branches were called the Fire Hole and Gibber. we passed by an other Station and camped near Fire Hole river, some soldiers came that night and told us of their homes and of their army life they had been on the look out that week for a boy who had deserted their ranks he had been so homesick and his officer so "hard boiled" that he could not take it and the fellows were taking some food and change with them to give him if they saw him -

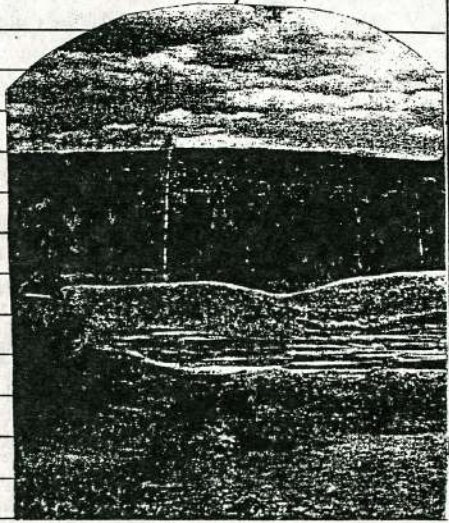
Thursday 30. We started for upper Geyser Basin, we first came to the Soldier Post, their home consisted of several buildings. We went over the formation across the Nez Pine Springs. The

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Fountain Hotel was a large pretty structure. We happened to see it play. It is well named a beautiful fountain. It was a cloud-burst of rarest jewels which had seemed suddenly to crystallize into a million radiant forms as it sprays out into the sunlight. a glittering mass of diamonds, moonstones, pearls and opals dancing like fairies far above our head. All around this was hard formation broken by smaller geyser and boiling springs.

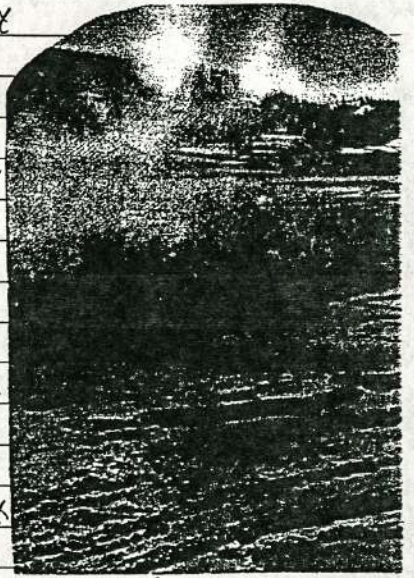
The white sulphur Springs were tiny lakes of clear boiling water so deep it was blue.

The Mammoth Paint Pots were places of hot mud and lime interesting but not pretty. Beyond these were some petrified tree stumps. Next we went over a dug-way across a little bridge down some steps to see the Pelecheys Geyser - it was prettier than we expected it was so large like a lake deep and blue out in the center clear water was thrown high up in two places. This has been called the King of Geysers; it is said that at one time the Russian force hurled the entire lake to a height of 250 ft.



This was often repeated for a few months then was calm for seven years - Then tons of rock were thrown up with the water - The Turquoise was a clear, blue lake. The Pinnacles Lake deep giving a dark blue color and was calm except a boiling place at the back - A little further on was the Biscuit Basin, this was a place of rough uneven little forms broken here and there by steaming springs. Here should you ask for bread you might be given a stone. The Gull and Artemisia were not in action when we saw them. The River side was in a rocky place on the bank of the Fire Hole River this one we saw play. The Grotto was very different but interesting. The formation was grand, was in white arches of rock in unparallel places the water having been thrown up thru - all the openings over the rocks. The Indicator and Giant were both still when we were there, the Giant had built up a high formation one side of which seemed to have been broken in. The Castle is like some old ruins and its name describes it.

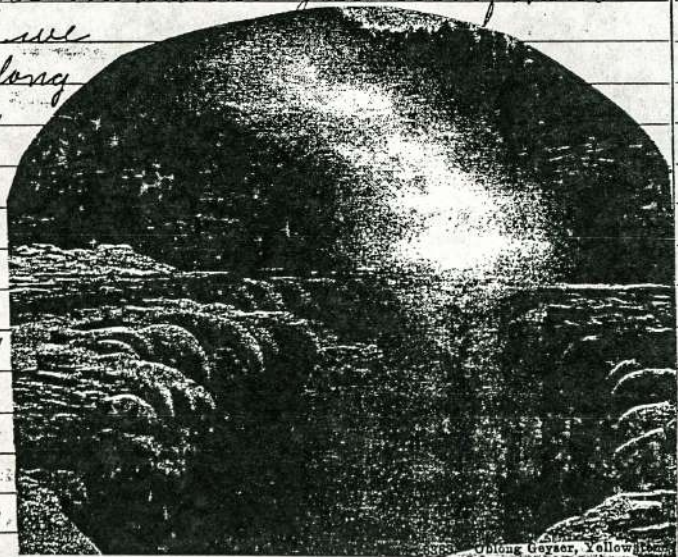
The Old Faithful we first saw play at a distance it was indeed pretty, then we saw it again.



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while standing near its base. After lunch we drove around Old Faithful Inn, its beauty and grandeur can only be realized by sight it cannot be well described; it is large made of rough rugged logs even the large knoths are left as braces to add to its charm it is in keeping with its surroundings from foundation to chimney, the bridges, store and other buildings near were of the same construction. The floors however were made of cement. Again we saw the Old Faithful in action every 70 minutes it sends its silvery cascade to a height of abt 180 ft, it is the most reliable and perfect of the geysers - at each eruption they tell, it pours forth about one million five hundred thousand gallons of water.

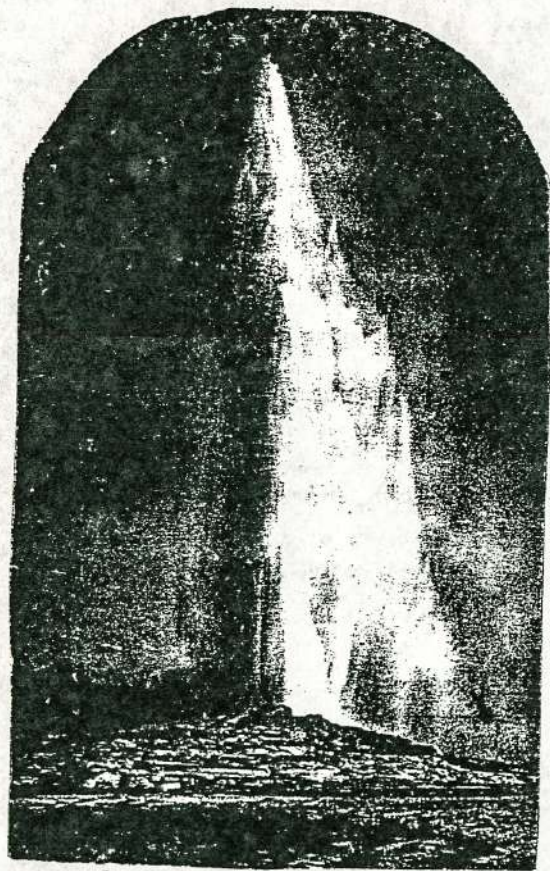
Returning we passed the Oblong the interesting feature about this one was the high rocks about its sides like sea monsters about to plunge into its depths. It was still as were the Motoc



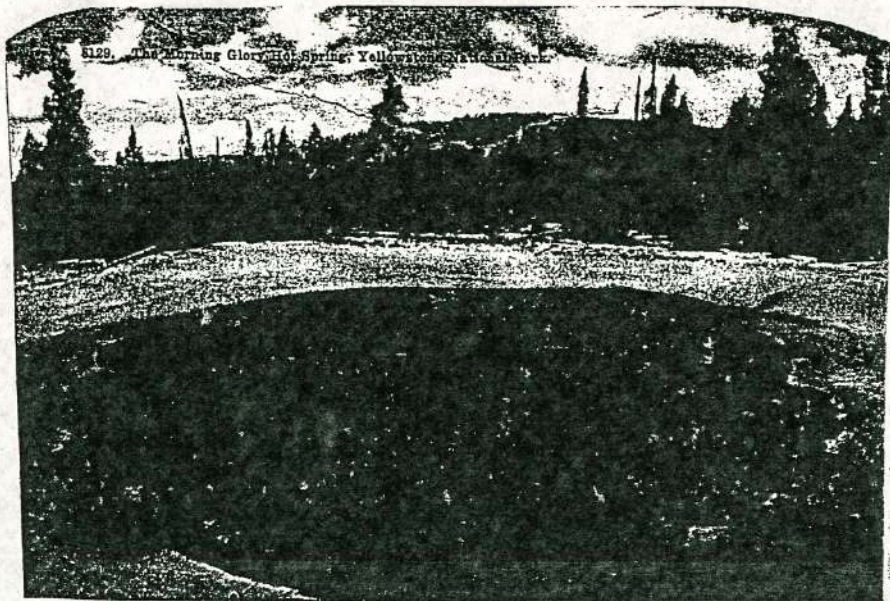
Oblong Geyser, Yellowstone

and The Saw. The Morning Glory was also calm and was just the color and shape of the flower the center was a deep blue, at the edges where the water was shallow the formation showed yellow and brown - Red hill tiles of its self. I cannot describe Gibbon Canyon we road along the river high above, at times almost directly over the river on a road built out with rock and cement. On this drive one could get a wonderful view of the marvellous canyon scenery the river course and the Gibbon Falls. This day we drank of the strange mineral water of the Iron Spring - We camped at the South Gibbon Meadows just north of Schurz Mt. This mountain was high and covered with trees mostly pine, was here we first saw Elk in the Park.

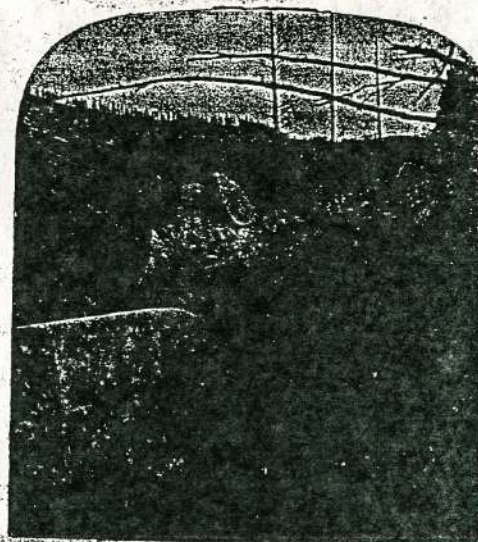
Friday 31 - We went thru Elk Park and over a mountain road to the Norris Geyser Basin. The Minute Man was small and did not play high. The Black Growler and constant were near neighbors, but such a difference. The Black was like a giant monster bound in captivity growling and muttering whos angry voice can be heard, the soldiers say for a distance of four miles. The constant was like the good faeries dancing a bout on the sunbeams, hiding away in the crystal brightness only to dance forth again gaily in the splendor of the fountain spray. There was also a Hotel called Norris and the



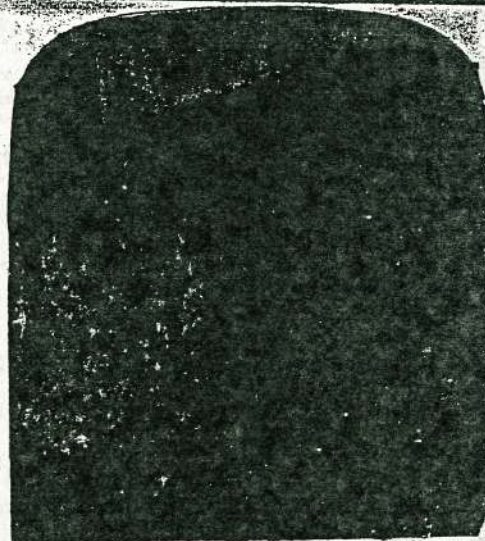
OLD FAITHFUL.



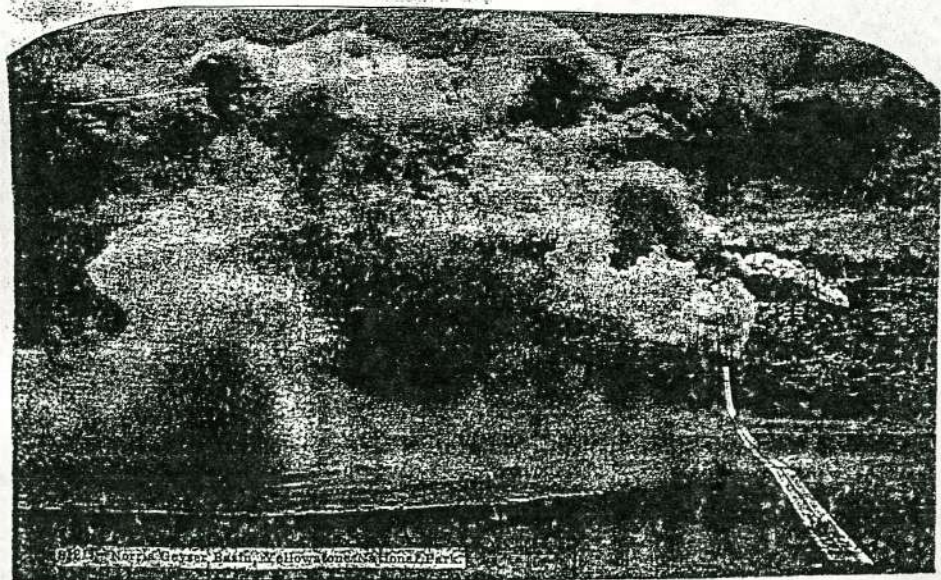
5129. The Morning Glory Hot Springs, Yellowstone National Park.



5130. Geyser, Yellowstone National Park.



Top SILVER GATE
Bottom - GIBSON RIVER



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Norris Station. The 'Frying Pan' was our next stop it was a pool of constantly boiling water. Near Big Horn Springs we saw the first deer on our trip. The Twin Lakes and Beaver Lake & dam were so peaceful and calm and in such beautiful settings that one longed to stay in the willow fringed dell.

The road led us almost over the foot of Obsidian Cliff, it is a dark ~~land~~ mountain rising almost straight out from the lake. It is said to be composed of jet black glass produced by volcanic fires, to make the road they first piled timbers at its base and set it on fire, when the glass was hot they dashed cold water upon the heated mass which broke it into fragments then with fish and shoel and huge leavers they piled the shining broken pieces into the lake and thus made a wagon road of 1000 ft. We are told that to the Indian Tribe Yellowstone is a place of horror, but this cliff is precious to them all its substance is as hard as flint and well suited for their arrow heads, set was an Indian armory and as such was a neutral ground, here all tribes might come for implements of war and depart in peace. The cause here a sacred tribal oath protects them, tho' an hour later on other ground they might meet in deadly combat. At Crystal Spring

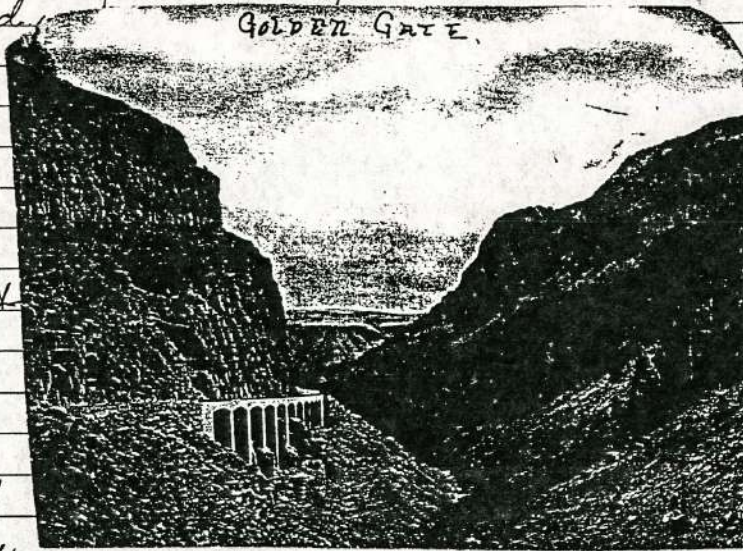
we had a good refreshing drink of mountain water, but the Apollonaris Spring was so very different it was strange to the last three stages stopped and ask us to give them a drink which was of course fun for us to reach a cup of water to them and see the surprised look on their faces as they drank. It was in the side of a grassy hill which was covered with trees. The first bear we saw in the Park was here - a small black bear. Poisoning Mountain was a frightening thing, it just seemed that some awful force would burst its way thru from its sinister depths of mystery. Willow Park with the creek running thru was such a contrast it was so peaceful and quiet and inviting. Swan Lake, Snow Pass, and Basin Peak were only some more of these beautiful spots.

Electric Peak the highest mountain of the wall of the Park it reaches up toward the sky more than 11000 ft. above the sea - It appears to be a storage battery for all the Rocky Mountains. Such are the mineral deposits on its sides that the best instruments of engine are thrown into confusion and rendered useless - while the lightning on this

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 favorite home of electricity is said to be

unparalleled. Golden Gate is a noted pass we we eager to see and we were not disappointed, the pictures of this place cannot show half of its beauty.



GOLDEN GATE

The cliffs above, the rocks and river below the mountain side across the river and the tussel work all seemed to harmonize so well. The Hoodoos were new or so different to any thing we had seen before these were uneven rocks, white in color in a confusion of shapes and sizes here was another pass called the Silver Gate.

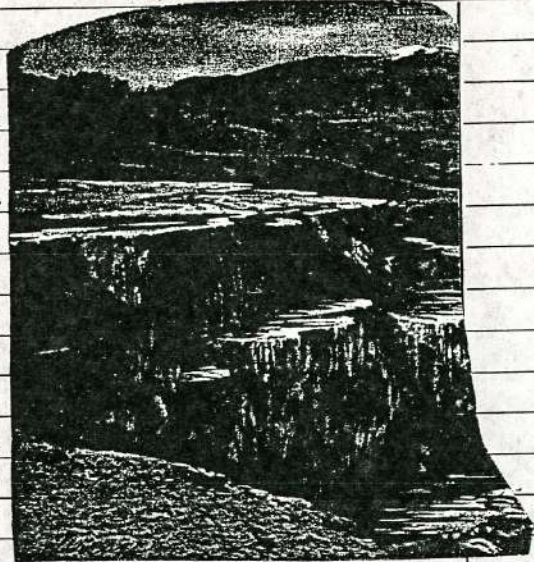
The Mammoth Hot Springs are grand, there are many terraces, these have been called by different names according to their shape sizes and color, these springs building up the mountain by its peculiar sediment leaving a coloring more marvelous if

if possible than the terraces themselves. This mineral water no man can equal. Yet all this wonderful building and coloring is produced so quietly, just the low murmur of a sweet cascade as the boiling water passes over one mound to another.

Its tiny wavelets touch the stone work like a sculptors fingers molding the qualling mass. The colored formation gives it all a very beautiful

making it appear as if the shades were in the water. The nearer one comes to them the more wonderful they appear. Down lower in the valley we saw from the surface Mc Carters cave the opening of this was small, we could hear nothing about it.

On our way to Mammoth or Fort Yellowstone we were greeted by an impetuous river shouting a welcome, above arose gray, desolate cliffs. They are volcanic in their origin, the brand of fire is on them all, - thru the Park fire and water for ages have struggled for supremacy. - No human being dwells upon these dreary crags, but at one point we looked up and saw poised statue like above a

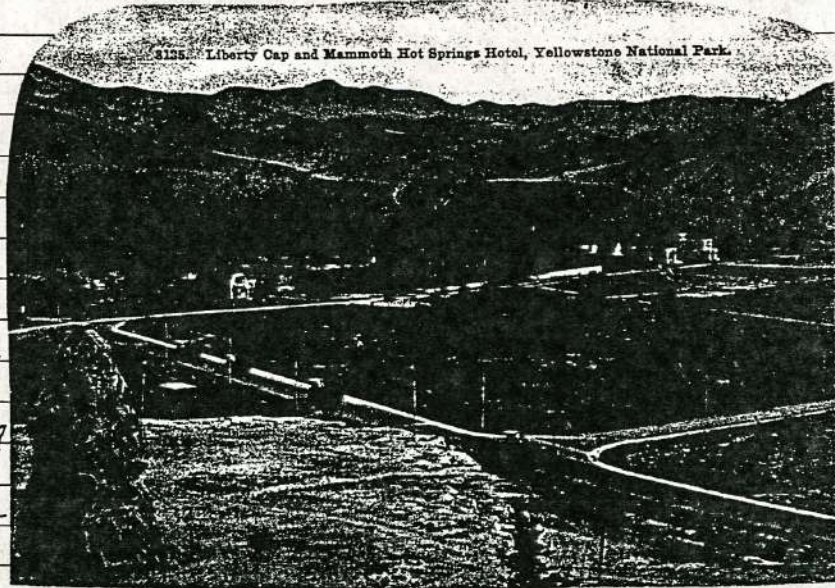


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mighty pinnacle of rock - a solitary eagle, pausing without stretched wings above its nest. It seemed to look disdainfully upon us so far below. This king of birds living in voluntary isolation, thrilled me to find that here above the very entrance to the wonderland of our Republic there should be stationed between earth and heaven, like a watchful sentinel - our national bird - the bird of freedom! - The Fort was the only place resembling a town, it is a broad plateau surrounded and guarded by a mountain wall with a good view of the springs and Liberty Cap. Most of the houses are homes of the officers, with barracks in the rear for the soldiers, we saw many of the soldiers on duty at the Fort and also at the Guard House where some of their number had been confined when drink had made them insubordinate.

Liberty Cap is a natural shaft of stone 52 ft. high, it stands not far out from the bottom of the springs and is one of the first objects of notice there - It appears from some points like the head dress of the Revolution from whence comes its name. It is the cone of an old geyser long since dead, its dark throat is of unknown depth thru which, like the others, it sent a stream of boiling water. but time has stilled its play and its building and placed upon its stony lips the seal of silence.

Our camp that night was out near Buffalo Pasture. Before leaving next morning we



drove back thru Mammoth again, the well kept lawns and flowers the style of the buildings, made and kept by man was so strange set down here in the lap of rugged nature. Leaving we passed East and West Gordon Rivers after following its course some distance; another place near the road was called hot except.

Needles Canyon or The Needles, were again very different than any thing else we had seen. The canyon is deep and steep all along the banks of the river and up the side of the canyon are high peninsulas of rock worn away until some of them

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have pointed summits which merit the name, at one place on this road we looked up a head of us and there was a very high overhanging cliff these rocks were broken in several places some of the large cracks went the entire length of the cliff and looked as if it were on the verge of falling. with awe and trembling we passed this point of danger. A few days later we learned that the road was condemned and closed because some of the rock did break and fall. Lower creek ran thru this place and we saw Lower Falls these were so lacy and white like a fairy curtain. We started to go down to the Falls but the soldiers told us the pass was unsafe. At Lower Falls station we regenerated again. Next we went upon Mt. Washburn, the road wound round and round to the top, at the summit we gathered snow from one side and daisies and forget-me-nots from the other. The air was filled with sweet perfume of the flowers all the way we were above timber line and there, spread out to our view was a panorama of hills and trees rivers and lakes; going down the mountain thru "Dunn River" Pass near Mountain Creek; we saw many elk and deer, they seemed not at all afraid. it was late when we reached the base and found a camping place near Canyon Hotel this

Saturday night. Our camp was a little north and east of the Hotel, we stayed over here until Monday. Here we saw many bears the brown, black and silver tip. We saw what they called the Roaming Six as it passed us like a streak of fury. These were six silver tip which it was said always ran together. After the dinner hour at the feeding ground a soldier stood guard until most of the bears left.

The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone of which it has truly been said, "not half had ever been told". No voice disturbs the solemn stillness for the only voice within this canyon is the roar of its magnificent fall. It is well that man must halt upon the borders of this awful chasm. The Infinite allows him to stand on the brink and look down, and listen spell bound to the anthem of its mighty water fall. It is as if God had kept for His own use one part of His creation, that man might not change but gaze upon in awe and wonder, and worship and retire. How dare men say there is no God who controls this wonderful universe.



GRAND FALLS.

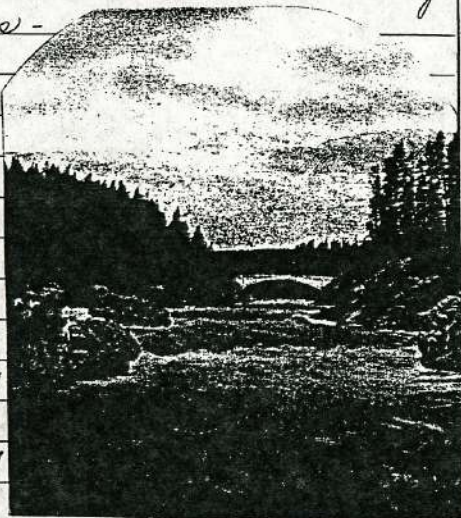
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Monday Morning we broke camp and from the Great Falls we went to the Lower Falls we descended the steps to get a better view of these. Our next stop was at Cascade Creek and Falls, these falls are almost directly beneath the bridge which spans the creek. These falls are but one part of this grand canyon of scenery yet it is said they fall 310 ft. At Grand Canyon Station we saw men and boys

from home - stage drivers -

Here we entered Haden Valley crossed the concrete bridge of which the smoothness and beauty was new and attractive. The valley is said to be fifty miles square and is a favorite range for Elk and Buffalo during the winter, the sand crane and other birds seem to like the peace and quiet of the place. And to add to its beauty the graceful yellowstone slowly around the lower part of the valley.

The Mud Geyser! So terrifying yet so fascinating, we crawled up its sides to see this horrible object, its open yawning mouth filled with boiling mud which rose and fell in awful gulps as if some monster were struggling and strangling in the slimy gaste



from which with all its mighty struggles it could not free itself, and as the tortured wretch would sink back in despair for a moment then far beneath that hollow crust with unearthly growling and rumbling the eternal struggle began again and with an explosive force sent up a spray of steam so sickening that we shudderingly hurried away.

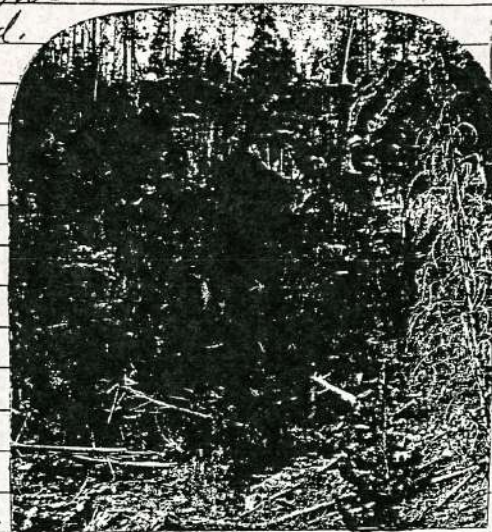
Lake Hotel is a large, trim well-kept, fine looking building of frame, situated among the trees overlooking the beautiful yellow stone Lake. The Lake Steamer and Sail Boat were launched when we drove up. We could but wonder what an undertaking to bring into this region so far from Rail Road or water course over the steep canyon and rough mountain roads a thing as massive as the parts of a Los Steamer. The moonlit lake was so beautiful it carries one away on a hundred trails of fancy of beauty and romance, story and song. A Black bear stood guard all night near our camp feeding with the horses. In the morning before leaving we saw the Boat set sail for the Thumb or the other side of the lake. The only steamer we had ever seen and it looked majestic riding proudly over the mirrored waters gleaming in the early morning sunlight.

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The Natural Bridge is at the side of the main road.

This is an arch way over a very small river that seems to have been - at one time a creek coming down from the hills.

Then we went into a forest called the Knotty Forest, here the small pine trees seem to have tried to out do each other in



forming the largest and strangest knots.

Lewis Lake was small compared to the Yellowstone, but it was beautiful as were the Lewis Falls.

From this road we saw the sleeping Giant; this mountain is some distance from the road. The Infinite Master who fashioned these other wonders in nature stooped to carve in the mountain top the head and face of man placing him above all nature as he did in the beginning, one cannot fail to follow the well formed lines and we ponder over the thought of how many nights have silently drawn a veil of darkness across its cold sculptured face, to be lifted lightly

again as the day approaches. Through storms, sunshine, and winters icy grip its features remain unchanged confronting the elements as if in defiance of their destructive powers. As we turn away we also remember Hawthorn's "Great Stone Face."

At the Thumb the thing of interest was the Dick Ppt Hot Springs, here they told us a fisherman would catch his fish in the lake and turn about and cook it in the cone like kettle of boiling water a few feet out in the lake. Also a woman doing her washing did not trouble



to build a fire and heat her wash water but hurried over to nature's boiler and dipped from a boiling spring the water she needed.

Leaving the Park, we entered Jackson State soon we came to Snake River and followed its course for some distance, crossed at a mill site. We were traveling by some large well kept ranches. We were interested in the dam across the river near the bridge. Our course took us over a bare rocky flat then back to the river again. The river is wide and deep where we stopped to fish it

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was perhaps backed up by the dam - but the fish were not good so our interest lessened. Then we were soon among the little farming towns near the Tetons. It was harvest time and beautiful. The Tetons from the other side were so much different than our view from home. The picture below gives a beautiful view of them across the

Jackson Lake. All too soon we had passed this beautiful country, and were ready to make the ascent over the pass thru the Teton Range. This road was very rough caused by washouts. Mary and I walked the entire five miles slowly and resting often in the tall grass because her foot had been sprained early on our trip and was not entirely well.

It has been said, "Distance lends enchantment" and

truly Jackson Valley was more beautiful if possible when seen from the openings in the mountain pass than when we were in its lanes. Going toward the other side we were much alarmed once when one horse stumbled and fell nearly throwing the other off the road - which would have hurled us to what seemed an almost bottomless canyon. At the foot of the mountain in Teton Basin the soil was of varied colors. It was Saturday evening when we came thru the Pass. This Sunday we did not stay over, we were so near home we decided to come on down. We came thru Driggs, Victor and some other smaller places we arrived home some where near noon. Mary and I hurried to get ready and went to the After Noon Meeting.

I enjoyed the work in the store and Post Office. In Jan. 1910 it was sold to Mr Roberts of St. Anthony. I had one bad experience one evening when I was putting up the mail some one took 100.00 dollars from the safe. We could not get the sheriff to come in time to recover any of it but we felt sure we knew who it was. Once I came to Sunday School.

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convention to Peaburg at that time I was teacher in 1st Int. Dept. but two other teachers of our class were in attendance and none to represent the 2nd Int. Dept. our Supt. asked me to visit that Dept. I was disappointed about leaving my own class but I did that which he had requested me to do and that day in that class a life long prayer was answered to me. I heard the speaking in tongues and the interpretation. I have always felt that prayer was answered. That desire granted because of obedience to authority.

When I was 21 my Sunday School class paid me a surprise visit after Sunday school and in the evening my church came to see me. I was teacher in Sunday School from 4 Feb. 1906 till I was married and left the Ward Aug. 1910. May 12. 1910. At three a.m. this morning I watched "Orion" come rise I watched it till 3:40. again later I looked for it, it was still visible but fading. June 8 - 1910 - Jesse returned from his mission and came up to Mansville to see us. I went back to his home with him to the farm on the river. The wild roses were blooming

every where and it was pretty. I went with Jesse and his mother to the Home Reunion which was held at Rigby. A little later I heard him give his report in his Ward. That summer some of our people from Gentle Valley and Oakley came to visit with us. The folks all went away on a camping trip I stayed to keep the Post Office. In the picture below is Lucy Salisbury our relative friend and Mutual president she worked in a store further up the street we all loved her so much. The next one is myself at the right is my cousin Harriet Hendricks Winigaw

CAUSIN ANDREW. 79.
the picture above is of my cousin Andrew Hendricks who had been to me like a brother for about five years. he died early in life leaving his wife Betta and 3 small children. The picture was taken at Grandpa - When they returned from their camping trip.