

The Memoirs of

Bernard Elden Knapp

Adventures in Canada

TABLE OF CONTENTS

HUNTING IN CANADA	3
HAULING CATTLE	5
CANADA BY CAMPER	35
CANADA WITH BOB	41
CANADA WITH LOUISE	93
LETTERS FROM CANADA	125
CANADA IMMIGRATION	156
JUSTIN'S WEDDING	168

THE TITLES AND ORGANIZATION OF THESE FILES ARE PRESERVED IN THE
ORDER THEY WERE FOUND

Hunting - ~~Canada~~ Canada

One year ⁷⁰⁻⁷¹ Louise sister Emma and her husband Keith Young who lived in Sterling just south of Manti were invited to help drive a truck to Canada. They felt they could not go and told us about it. Louise was not interested but her younger brother, Jim had recently returned from his mission in Chicago.

We called him and he said he would go. This must have been in July, past mid July. Keith's bishop or former bishop lived in Manti. His name was Don Olsen.

He and his brother had some interest in some Canada homestead land. Also they had a cousin Jan Christensen who was supposed to be a financial genius. He had arranged to take over a large homestead in B.C. about 60 miles up the Alcan highway from Dawson Creek, B.C.

~~He~~ A nephew Dave Olsen drove a truck up from Manti to Provo and picked me up and we went to a truck stop in SLC and picked up a stock trailer. The trailer had front and rear duals and pulled like a wagon. Both had stock racks but the trailer was covered. So we left SLC and stopped in Lava to pick up Jim. Jan was almost legendary to Dave and we never saw him in SLC. He was a "big" operator and was busy out of town developing some Colorado property into acreages.

We drove straight thru - each taking turns when another got tired, sleepy or drowsy. As we got up north of Great Falls Montana we saw quite a few antelope. We were surprised to

Canada - Hunting

see the vast open rolling grain fields broken into strips alternately being summer fallowed.

We arrived at the border at a place called Coutts. It was a ~~very~~ major crossing route for trucks. We had to wait there. We were there around 6:00 a.m. We were told trucks had to wait until they opened at 8:00. Dave started the truck up to pull ahead into the parking lot and the siren was turned on as soon as he moved the truck ahead. This surprised us but also made us feel very conspicuous. The siren was as loud as a city fire alarm. Of course we got stopped quickly. We waited. Cars were allowed to pass after 6:00 a.m.

Finally we were admitted. They spent a lot of time. The most official personnel there spoke with a strong English brogue. Dave had to make several long distance calls and finally had to walk into the nearby town to see a broker. As it turned out he couldn't pull a trailer with a Utah license with a truck with a Canadian license.

The background was this: the truck had been used to haul several loads of cattle from Utah to Alberta. After all the cattle had been hauled into Alberta then they were hauled on ~~back~~ north to the ranch which was north of Ft. St. John. After 2 or 3 trips north with cattle the young fellows driving the truck had tipped the truck over. The frame was bent and some work had to be done on repair. The transmission or rear end was damaged and according to Dave

Canada - Ft. St. John trip

were shifted as smooth as before the wreck. Finally then the broken Dave was able to get that ski straightened out and get the necessary permits to go on thru - but then we were all detained and waited in an upstairs room until finally an official came in to interogate us.

He told Jim and I we were not allowed to work in Canada. We could accompany Dave but we could not work. Dave would have to load, unload etc without our help. We were invited to go in the first place for the ride. We'd be given board and room for helping drive up and back.

Well finally we were able to leave. While there we saw a hippy come in from the U.S. side with a large St. Bernard dog on a leash. Before we left we saw him turned back and walking away with his dog southward along the highway. There were several years when hippies went into Canada and camped out in the parks and made a real problem for the government. Many had no funds to live on or buy a return passage by bus or plane back to the U.S., so they stopped them at the border unless they had money or reason to travel into Canada.

Dave especially felt like the border control was strict to the point of absurdity. We left around 10:00 am finally and went into Alberta about 1 hour or 1 1/2 hours to a place called Highway 40 feeders. It was a large ^{commercially} feed lot and the cattle had been unloaded there to water and rest while others were hauled in from the states. Then on the second leg of the trip they would not shrink so badly. Dave arranged

Canada - cattle shipping

4

for the brand and health certificate to take them on into B.C. Every thing was to be ready the next day. So we went to the nearest community which was ~~Led~~ Raymond and got a hotel room. The proprietor was a little old Cantonese man. We caught up on some of our sleep - ate in a restaurant and slept some more. We walked around the main block of the town and I mailed a letter home to Louise and the kids.

At the highway feeders tests were being made on cattle. Progeny testing on bulls of comparative breeds were being run. The Simmentals and Charolais were becoming popular. The U.S. had more strict quarantine rules on cattle being imported so many cattle were shipped to Canada to wait the quarantine period prior to being allowed into the U.S. One of the young people there was a BYU graduate. He'd worked in the meat ~~to~~ lab while Ken was affiliated as herdsman at the farm science lab farm. He'd done the work of skinning our Lannie's first calf for Dr. Hoopes and oprey when she died from aneurism by uric acid.

Some of the guys working there talked about the primitiveness of the country where we were headed. They called the Royal Mounted Police the Queen's cowboys. They ~~at~~ warned us to be on the lookout for Indians using Indian credit cards - (a gasoline siphon hole). They told us there wasn't any Mormons in the north country.

We left with both racks full of cattle. some spotted, some Herefords and some black ballies, as well as some Angus. We had numerous problems with tires. We were following directions from

Canada - cattle shipping

something given to Dave. It was fascinating to travel north. Sometimes it rained and it was often overcast with low cloud cover. I often felt like as we traveled on long straight highways that the earth was round and the sensation we were coming to near the top of the globe.

The well kept farms and ranches around Red Deer were impressive. Many beautiful acreages adjoined towns or cities such as Calgary. The huge towns we bypassed as much as possible. We skirted Edmonton by an alternate route, where we traveled west and took a secondary highway north to join the main highway north again.

At a place called Valley View we had a bearing go out on ~~our~~ front trailer axle. We had to take the truck on ahead and unload in some stock yards near the edge of town.

However at a place called Whitecourt we had serious tire problems and we pulled into a Goodyear tire service center. A very friendly and cordial man that maybe in his late 40's helped us. He knew it would take some time to fix us up so he drove his pickup and we followed him to the village rodeo grounds. Here Dave backed the trailer in to the chute to unload. We'd stopped a few times along the way because one or two head of cattle got down in the trailer and couldn't get back up because it was so crowded. Also there were two large round houses in the covered trailer with those cattle. Since the trailer had a top on it it was difficult to get an animal up once it

Canada - cattle shipping -

got down. So we unloaded here and took the outfit back to town while the tire problems were fixed. Some spare tires or wheels were odd sized which didn't help any.

While we began unloading in the stock yards Indians came out of the woods it seemed from nowhere. They thought we were a rodeo outfit unloading stock. They must have been disappointed along the major highways here they had frontage roads to the businesses. Service stations included. Many service stations had a cafe adjoining. These seemed good arrangements and good planning in an area with such a vast land mass.

While the country was rolling generally and many farms from Red Deer north seemed to be cut out of forests with the square cornered forested areas adjacent to farm land we occasionally came to a river or stream that would be several hundred feet below the surrounding terrain.

Even in southern Alberta near Lethbridge when we crossed the Bow River it had cut a channel across the plains that was far below the generally flat prairie land.

In the north we would suddenly come to a crest of a hill with the familiar international road sign indicating a steep down grade. We'd descend a considerable distance and probably there would be at least one switch back in the road before crossing a bridge over a creek or river.

I had expected to see clear streams as in L.P. but they were not clear, but brown

7

Canada - cattle handling,

and moose. Some had considerable stream flow while others seemed slight. The bridges seemed high above the water and the stream beds or channels seemed much larger ~~than the~~ ^{than} the present amount of water would indicate they should be.

Then there was a climb up out ^{from} the river bridge to the level of the surrounding terrain where we travelled on north. We passed some areas where the woods seemed somewhat scrubby, the soil appeared light color and deficient. Then we passed areas of very heavy stands of lodgepole. It would have been great house log country. We passed some stands of pole size timber occasionally but mostly small patches. There were lots of poplar trees. They replace the aspen of Idaho & Utah. Then we would pass oil wells. Donkey pumping away near the high way. Occasionally we passed oil and gas lines and pumping stations.

Then we crossed the Peace River and it was far below a large expansion bridge. A gas line crossed parallel to the highway with a large pumping station on one side. Large electrical transmission lines ran near the Peace River. There was sort of a Delta along the river bottom. We found out they could grow sweet corn there in truck gardens along with some other vegetables.

We passed an area above the Peace River where it seemed grain fields existed from horizon to horizon. Then again we crossed thru patches of timber. Near Valley View there was a large government experimental farm with well kept white frame buildings. Houses along the road

Canada - Cattle haul

varied, Some low ~~cost~~ ^{cost} housing consisted of stonier colors to us, Pink, blue, gray, and two two houses. Occasionally Indian reservations were passed where all the houses conformed in size general shape and colour.

Sign stating (Nuisance Area) we learned were leading to road side garbage dumps. Few side roads were paved.

after unloading the trucks near Valley View we drove back to the place we left the trailer. The bearing had given way just at the top of a steep climb out of a stream. We unhooked near a house at a small community and a roadside store. We backed the truck up to the trailer and unloaded the 3 horses and cattle into the truck and went on our way again. There were some good sized grain elevators at some of the northern towns. Painted on some elevators was Alberta Grain Pool. (a coop)

Finally we made it to Dawson Creek. Here as we crossed into B.C. Dave was charged a fee or import duty on each head of cattle at the border just before arriving in the town. In the town at a traffic circle was a monument and a large sign indicating mile 0 of the Alcan highway.

There were railroad tracks and yards on the north end of this town as we pulled out we passed them. Dawson was booming with oil discoveries increasing in the area it seemed to be a hub of activity in that area. It was near Alberta and the largest town in BC east of Prince George. We later visited a

museum and visitor center there which was ~~kept~~^{kept} up real well. Of the North American animals displayed there the most spectacular to me was the wolf. This specimen was sort of kind of black with real long hair. But it was very large. It had long claws that could have understandably been used to dig out rodents, etc. Its forelegs above the first joint were larger than a man's (my) wrist. This size surprised me.

When we came to Ft. St. John we fueled the truck. Dave usually was able to use one of half a dozen credit cards Jan had sent with him. The city itself was off to the right of the highway and several frontage roads serviced tractor sales, a new grade school and several car shops along a stretch of highway nearly a mile. On the north end of town and to the left (east) was Charley's Lake. It offered recreation as well as the culinary water supply for the town of Ft. St. John. This was the town where Birdell had lived for the 1st half dozen years or so of his married life while working as a field geologist for the oil company when not playing football for the Calgary ~~Stampeders~~ Stampeders.

We travelled north changing drivers occasionally until we came to mile post 62, then we turned left at a wooden road sign marked Cache Creek. Here there was a rather steep pitch to the top of a ^{low} ridge. We had driven along a paved highway with houselog sized logpoles on both sides since leaving Charley Lake. Just before turning we had passed

Canada - Cattle haul

a homestead and a gas pumping station. It was the only homestead for a dozen miles. Within a half mile of the turnoff we passed a patch of thick jack pine and passed another ranch on our right. Behind the house was a cleared field planted into hay. Just beyond we crossed a small creek with a culvert. About 1 mile to $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles along the road forked on a ridge. We stopped and looked the roads over. We could not tell which was the most traveled. With the on and off rain the tracks looked fresh but there seemed to be as many one direction as the other. We took the left fork and after a mile or so Dave decided it must be the wrong one. We found a place to turn around and went back. After traveling the other road less than a mile we dropped off the ridge and soon could see a large clearing. Then a sort of valley. Some timber had been cleared along the sides of the road and fields laid ahead of us.

We continued and came to a place where we could see out across this basin. The roof of a metal covered barn glistened in the sun next to a small neck of timber part way across the clearing. We finally crossed a cattle guard and finally a small muddy creek, where the road turned 90 degrees and we drove along next to poplar and pine until we neared the buildings. There was a tall barn with a hay loft and high pitched roof. A low log bunk house and a common looking Canadian house with dark green paint and

a large picture window facing east towards the ~~farm~~ ^{barn}.
A couple of sheds and some canals were next to
a postural fence where baled hay lay in the field.

We stopped. It was the right place. Kids were
running out to meet the truck and we met,
Dee + Juvenita Jones and their family. We soon
had the truck backed into the chute and unloaded.
The house was put into a canal. A couple of
saddle horses grazed in a pasture north of the
buildings that was fenced off from another hay field
into maybe a 4 acre pasture.

Behind the barn was the creek which was
eroded maybe 40-50 feet into the loess.
This entire area from Red Deer north except
for a few cuts in the highway mainly
appeared to be a huge rolling country of
top soil. The fact that all the streams were
far below the surface seemed to indicate too
that these streams ~~over~~ ^{had} cut their way through
layers of silt and loam & clay deposits.

The next day we were anxious to get back
for another load of cattle. We jacked up the
trailer and removed the bad bearing on the
trip to Alberta. The first night we slept in
a small trailer house parked near the end of
the house. Jim and I slept there. There was only a
trail thru the tall grass and other vegetation
from the front lawn to the trailer. It really
seemed a wild place to Jim and I.

I had read in a ~~sports~~ ^{hunting} magazine
about some homesteaders in B.C. and the beavers were
so thick and came in onto the oat fields
and tramped (trampled) the oats.

Canadian cattle haul

So they told us about four after the first 2 loads of cattle had been put in the fenced off pasture that Jones' son Dale had ridden down the next day to check on the cattle and he saw 3 bears. All were looking curiously at the cattle thru the fence.

This boy had gone off on a hunting trip with his high school shop teacher. They were taking some dude out hunting in an area for big game. He was to have been there and helped us. He would have driven back and forth to Highway 40 Feeders with Dave had he been there. And I was to get a vacation.

But I went on this first return trip with Dave. We were to have picked up the trailer but it was too much of a problem so we left it. It may be that Dee & Dave went the next morning and returned with the cattle left at Valley view or after the second trip Dee & his wife left early while Dave was still asleep and spent a day picking up these cows.

From the ~~first trip~~ ^{trip when} the truck overturned there were several head scattered and not recovered. We stopped at one place to check on a cow reportedly found. It was the right cow and Jones paid the farmer for keeping it until it could be hauled. They also bought a dual purpose cow from a homesteader - maybe the same one and took it to Cache Creek for a milk cow.

The house Jones lived in set into the edge of the trees on an elevated spot

Canada - cattle haul

13

with a lawn in front and some poplars on the lawn. There were wild berries - raspberries all along the road. The house had a front door facing east and a back door on the south with a porch inside.

They had a custom of removing their shoes before entering the main house. Kitchen and living room adjoined, the kitchen sink to the west. A large front picture window was the only window leaving the kitchen dark part of the day. Propane lights were built into the house.

It also had a propane furnace. I can't recall a stove unless it was in a room they used as a bedroom. A hallway connected the bathroom and 4 bedrooms to the north end of the kitchen. One room was a girl's bedroom, another the small children and a boys room with bunk beds where Dave slept with their son Mike. Then a master bedroom on the west. It had no basement but sat up on a high foundation so that a half dozen steps were placed at each entrance.

On the one trip back for cattle I helped Dave drive and we stopped at the Goodyear place. The guy was good to us. He had bought some registered dairy cattle - (Jerseys I believe). He had a long tandem stock trailer with a sleeper in the front end above the 5th wheel. He intended to use it when going to shows. He was anxious to take us out to his place, just out of town to see his setup. We never had the time.

We stayed in a hotel in Lettbridge one night and picked up the cattle next morning and started back. The truck without the

Canada - cattle trail

trailer traveled fine without any problems. When we turned off the highway toward Cache Creek it had been raining and the soil there had enough clay to make it a sort of gumbo. The road was a little bit sidling on a very slight grade near the first homestead inside.

The truck would spin and the truck moved sideways more than forward. It became evident it would pull off to the right and end up in the borrow pit that had been recently graded with a grader (road patrol) so we finally abandoned it. We walked on to the homestead.

The older gentleman living here - Percy - had a large shed in his yard. When we got there they had a moose hanging in it. Freshly killed they had just finished dressing it and were getting ready to quarter it. It was unbelievably large. The size of the hump was amazing. It had a terrifically large gut. The antlers were not particularly large or wide but were heavy. Percy's son-in-law had shot it the day before which had been the opening day of the hunt.

He'd brought it in with a truck with a winch. So we got a ride with this man over to the ranch. I sat in the middle between him and Dave as we drove to the ranch. The road was soupy all the way. At one place a creek crossed under the road with a culvert, and ran across Percy's place. Across the creek was a long grade. This dinner poured it on. He'd constantly spin the steering wheel to correct for

skids but he'd keep the power on until he reached the top. It was slick when wet. It was something else to observe his driving. He had trapped and still did but complained about how the government had made trapping so difficult. Mainly by setting areas for each trapper - some of which were too small for the volume of fur beaver available in one licensee's area. He told about how the country was changing and getting all too ^{crowded} with so many people coming in, and then he talked about the Americans coming in.

So anyway we made it to the ranch, after a while the rain let up. It seems a slick clay like this can dry off on the surface fairly fast as long as it doesn't actually rain on it. So Dee & Dave took their big dual wheel 4-wheel drive tractor and went after the truck. The tractor pulled the truck all the way in to the ranch. They unloaded.

While I was away Mike & Jim went down to check on the cows. 1st, the cattle we brought in after staying in the corals one night were taken down and placed in with the other cattle previously hauled. Then Jim & Mike went down to see how they were getting along. Opposite the pasture was a new hay field. The nurse crop was oats. The oats stood as high as a man's shoulder. They spotted a bear in the oats. They shot at it. One of them hit it. It ran across the field and into the woods on the other side of the field. They rode their horses around and found its trail. They followed a little

weaps and found it in the edge of the woods, partly cleared stands of poplar and pine and many stumps from bulldozed trees. They finished it off and took it on one of the horses to the ranch where they hung it on a gamble in a shed where they kept a tractor and trucks and other shop equipment.

Both were real proud, Mike called it Jim's bear. He said he'd get a chance to get another one. So it was dressed out and hung on a gamble in the ~~shed~~ shop.

The family milked a goat. They had a freezer and frig ran from propane. When she set a meal it was a tasty one. We had one meal where bear meat was prepared from the remaining piece in their freezer. It was delicious. Their smallest girl was Cindy. Then they had a boy, Matt. Cindy hardly talked. Matt wouldn't stop and was at the why and because stage. He also liked to tease. Then there were two other little blond girls - Cecelia "Celia" she was called and "Becky" (Rebecca). Becky had a few freckles - and she looks like her mother. Lisa was next and was nearly a sophomore in high school. She was at the age and stage to notice boys - Jim included.

Then Mike a Soph. or Jr. except he did poorly in school. Very high strung and a dare devil kid that was always trying to do something and acted as if he wasn't afraid of anything. He took to Jim & Dave. The oldest son was graduated from high school there. An older son and daughter had married and stayed in

Canada - Cattle hand



the state. the boy was in the army.

The Jones had worked at a large feed lot operation in Calif. They ~~be~~ tired of the rat race hustle-bustle life style - T.V., etc. They met missionaries and joined the church. They heard about homesteading prospects in B.C. and came up. Dee had flown over the area to locate a place. He'd picked a place north another 40-60 miles off the road 25-30 miles also ~~also~~ across the Half-way River. He'd brought an old Cat in with a dozer and filed on the land and started to clear it.

The first winter they built a log house by standing logs on end. They covered both the inside and outside of the logs with black visqueen plastic. They kept 2 or 3 stoves in going inside the one room cabin during the cold winter. Dee kept warm cutting that much wood. They located in an area covered with black spruce. The natives refer to black spruce as a sort of balsam like alpine fir species. It grows where it is really wet and boggy. Actually it is probably mostly peat moss below. It is rich. When drained by trenches dug by draglines every way it is some of the most productive land that can be homesteaded. Between Edmonton and the Jasper National Park some vast areas were drained like this and put into production.

It is also a very primitive area. Pink mt is so called because of the solid growth of the pink flowers that grow there. This happens to be the official flower of the Yukon territory also by the way. It is the same flower that got transplanted into

Grandpa Knappe back yard when he moved a little balsam down from Trail canyon. Those flowers bloomed for years near the trunk of that tree. Fireweed is the common name of this species.

There were grizzlies in that area. They saw tracks and according to Mike one came after one of the kids on horseback one day near their cabin. Mike ~~told~~ rather embellished some stories but later one was verified as factual. He said the latest thing to do was kill a grizzly with a single shot 22. The fact was an Indian girl did meet a grizzly on a trail near Ft. St. John and she was carrying a single shot 22. She killed the bear with a single shot being fired. The other amazing fact was that the bear was of record size for that entire area. Berdett verified these last facts.

Mike told us not to be surprised if we saw a ~~moose~~^{bear} that it probably would be the first human the bear had seen and consequently would be unafraid.

Dee indicated they ate moose and like most natives considered taking moose no big deal. However, one of the Americans in the branch Jerry somebody from around Brigham City had killed some game during a hunt the fall before and because he hadn't lived in Canada long enough to qualify as a resident had been fined and required to wait an additional period before becoming eligible to legally hunt big game there.

So Jim and I went out along the ~~old~~ road and picked wild raspberries. They were ~~not~~ really

plentiful, after a while the flavor dropped off and then I noticed a tiny white worm infested some of the berries. ~~the~~ after that the flavor changed even more. Suddenly they weren't nearly as flavorful.

From the north end of the oat field on a south sloping hillside we (Jim & I) saw 2 moose about ~~1/2~~ 1/2 mile off to the west at the edge of the clearing where the cattle were turned in. We climbed across the brow of the hill but never saw them again. We hiked back behind the house onto a tree covered hill that sloped gently for at least a mile to the summit. Much of this hillside had been logged years before and an old sawdust pile in one spot attested to the lack of mature timber in that area.

One day however, Jim and I went with Dee and Mike and cut a bunch of poles for posts in an area near the pasture and between the sawdust pile and the road into the ranch.

On a Sunday we went out to church. We took two vehicles. Dee took an old red 1963-6 pickup truck. He was a district counselman and visited different branches on assignment from the district president. He arranged to have Dave speak in Soc. Meeting. We enjoyed the meetings. There were some very nice people there.

One in the branch presidency was from Alberta. He was over the dairy pool in that area and ran the milk processing plant in Ft. St. John.

There was a Zollinger family from Vermont.

Canada - cache head

there. They were east of Ft. St. John. acquired some large acreages, two brothers were involved and the father & mother spent the summers there helping the boys. They left the home place with another son in Tremonton.

She told Jim and I - this is the land of opportunity. People come up here and see so much land and so cheap they invest too much money in land and don't keep enough back to use as operating capital - especially in case they have a bad year.

The place at Cache Creek had been taken over by some Beatty's from Hurricane, Utah. They'd put every available acre into wheat and after 2 successive years of frost damage they were done for. That's when Jan got involved with the place. He was raising hay and going to make it with cattle. That was his plan.

While visiting the member of the branch presidency with Dee & his wife he told of a situation where some relatives had a bear killing cattle. They went out one night after hearing a disturbance and killed a huge brown (black) bear that had killed a registered Hereford bull. It was the largest bear killed on record in Saskatchewan.

Later Kelly Falsness, a missionary companion from Tanium who was farming in Hillspring just out of Cardston told of someone with a Scottish - Highland bull that reportedly turned on a bear that had battered a calf. As the bear went to get up a tree the bull caught it and broke it down in the back.

Canada - Cattle hand

We met in a building like a rotary hall. So the beer bottles etc had to be cleaned before services were held, the kids enjoyed seeing their LDS friends weekly.

There were often visitors at their branch. There was a lady and her teen-age daughter there wondering why their husband and father wasn't back from a goat or sheep hunt. He'd gone out with a guide, they thought he'd surely be back for Sunday.

On a daily radio program there all the natives listen in and messages are sent out, such as I'm still hunting so I'll not be in tonight - and country of the station such messages are sent out each day around 5:00 pm. This is real beneficial to people in such remote areas. Or perhaps, so & so requests so & so to call in when you hear this message.

Dee often made calls to Sam then a credit card. Dee went on to his meetings after their own was held and we drove home. Juanita & Anita may have driven or possibly Dave. On that Sunday afternoon I went down to the barn and corral. There was no livestock in the corals. I sat on the pole corral and just enjoyed the place. While sitting there a large black wolf trotted up from the creek below onto the side of the bank and stopped at the level of the oat field where a former wagon road and gate had been.

I saw it as soon as it came into sight but my first thought was that it was a dog. I expected to see a person appear with it. Then I thought no! not out

Canada - cattle haul,

here. There are no neighbors and dogs. It had trotted up very casual. When I realized what I was watching I carefully slipped off the canal fence and headed for the house. With the canal between me and it I ran along without alarming it, as I looked back it was still there. Large and coal black. Near the lawn Jones' dog barked at me. When it barked I glanced over my shoulder. The wolf jumped at the sound of the dog. I was surprised at how timid it seemed now. It had boldly trotted up onto the open bank.

I just had the worst case of buck fever of my life. Oh how I'd loved to have had a rifle then. I rustled into the house noting the wolf had loped off to the north along the border of the field.

I said to Mike, get your gun there's a wolf out there. His mother objected to his using a gun on Sunday so it was no longer considered. I took Jim with me and we walked down thru the canals and down the bank to the stream. There was evidence of beaver having been along the creek and then we found the large clear prints of the wolf tracks on both sides of the creek in the mud along the banks. They were large and showed claw marks.

We walked to the top of the bank where the wolf had stood. We walked south along the field to where a few poplars grew along the bank. We never saw any more of it. It had been such a thrill and a surprise, I'd never even known anyone

that had seen a wolf. at this time of the year it seldom gets dark before 11:00 and its first light around 3:00 a.m. So Dee got home before dark. When the wolf was discussed he said yes you should have taken the rifle. We don't want them coming in that close to the house with the kids here. So he got out his bolt action 30.06 and showed me where he kept his clips. One was loaded. He showed me the rifle and the action and told me to feel free to use it any time I wanted to. Mike took it out and shot some bottles off the corral fence. Mike had a 30-30 that Jim had taken when they got the bear in the nets.

We no longer slept in the trailer. Maybe it was too cold out there. I can't remember but we folded down the dewan and slept on it. Well about 3:30 next morning I was not sleeping. I got up carefully and dressed. I took the rifle and left the house near first light.

I went down to the barn. I walked down the hill past the bunk house and came to the corral and just crouched down behind an old 50 gallon barrel that was laying there and waited and watched.

Sometimes in that country at first light it would be clear then a haze or mist would rise and the basin was covered in dense fog for an hour or so and then as the sun appeared the haze disappeared.

Well it was cool. There was a lot of dew. My boots and pant legs were wet. As I was crouched there I saw a very dark black object across the bank below me. It crouched

the stream to my side far enough to the left that the poplar kept it hid from my view. I was cold to the point of shivering in the early morning air, after a while not hearing or seeing anything else I became just a little nervous also not knowing but what in the tall grass something might get past me without my seeing it. So very carefully I hopped up the hill about 75-100 feet and moved onto the porch of the old abandoned bunk house. There I stood with my back to the door. I listened intently and watched.

Finally off to my left moving quickly about the balls of hay in a small field opposite the house was a small black bear. I watched it as it turned head and there sniffing around one or two balls of hay. Then I decided to move about 3 or 4 steps off the porch to a ~~close~~ clothes-line post and take a rest. I waited until it appeared the bear was at an oblique angle to me with its head away from me. Then carefully I moved to the post. To my great surprise the bear whirled and stood on its hind legs looking directly toward me. I couldn't believe it. I took careful aim thru the scope and squeezed off a shot. The bear still stood there. I quickly placed another shell in with the bolt action and fired again. Just as I squeezed the second round off I saw the bear bolt starting to drop onto all fours. As I removed the scope from

my eye and looked and couldn't see anything. I ran toward the house watching along the edge of the hayfield which was bordered by the poplars. As I moved along I could see the black string bear after passing a bale lying between me and where the bear had fallen. I kept walking to the house. When I got near the house the black spot was still there.

When I got to the house Mike was looking out his bedroom window. What's the shooting about? I shot a bear! I replied. Oh you did it shoot anything - the shots were too close together, he said. Well I finally convinced him if he'd come out I'd show it to him. It wasn't far away. I could see it from the lawn.

So in a few minutes Jim, Mike & Dave were dressed and outside. We walked down to the road, crawled thru the fence and over to the bear. When we got there a little blood showed. Mike said, that's just a cub - I'd better watch the old bear will be around.

Well I suspect it was just a yearling but it was small. I dragged it, helped by Jim to a spot on the edge of the field near the corner of the bunkhouse. Then I got a hunting knife and with Jim's help dressed it out. Mike & Dave took off with both rifles and walked the creek bank and circled the patch of poplar on both sides of the creek. They came back and said they saw a larger track along the creek banks.

Canada Cattle haul -

Soon we had the bear skinned and hung in the shed. Some of Jim's bear had spoiled in the hot and rainy weather it had not cooled - also some of it got fly blown.

So after a night to cool. Dee cut it and put it in the cooler. By the way their cooler was at Percy's place. They only had a fridge there on their place.

Well Sister Jones put milk out on the table to drink. Jim drank his also. I learned later Jim seldom drank milk. But they always put the milk directly into the fridge so it was cold when ever served and that makes a big difference in the flavor.

The Jones showed us some pictures they had taken earlier. Mike came in one day and said there were a pair of orphaned moose calves on the place. They were real young so they brought them to the house. They took a snap shot of both calves sucking their nursing goat. One on each side. After a short time the calves got to moving quite a little ways away from the ranch buildings. Then one day they disappeared. They didn't know what happened to them. After I saw the wolf Dee suspected the wolf being in so close to the house had something to do with the moose calves.

Sometime later in a letter or or on a subsequent visit Juanita told me they found the remains of a calf inside the pasture fence near the culvert by the oat field along the main road.

On the return trip of the second load Dave was pulling a long grade as we approached the BC line. He passed a semi, then the semi passed him. Then he immediately pulled out to go around the semi to pass again. He was just along side and holding his own. We were approaching the top of the long hill. We weren't gaining. The driver was next to me along side and I could tell he was irritated. He motioned the same message. I was irritated also and I gave Dave a piece of my mind. Dave was laughing and holding up one fist as if signalling the foot of a diesel horn.

Well Dave then dropped back and didn't hardly say anything the rest of the trip. The next trip Dee let Mike go with Dave for another load. One load was of bulls only. There were both black and red Angus. They had been raised in Colorado. It was now getting near August.

One day while Mike was gone Dee took the family and I and Jim rode along to see one of his neighbors. We went out to where the road forks and took the other fork to near the end of it. Along the way we rounded a bend just as a good sized black bear ran across the road in front of us.

It probably weighed 200-250 lbs possibly. It was near the car but stayed in high gear. Farther along we came to a place where the hills on our left rose high above the road. A small black bear was feeding on berries and leaves just 40 yds

perhaps from the road on the hillside. I finally got out of the car and started walking up the hill toward the bear. Finally it ~~turned~~ and started off. But honking the horn hadn't disturbed it at all.

Farther along we came to another ranch house. Their corals and house were below us on a flat spot. The main road was cut into a bank and passed along a hillside. Below us a brown bear that appeared skinny and blond and old and cranky walked past the end of their corals and beligerently out of sight at the end of the corral into some brush. We honked at it. Then a dog appeared by the front door of the house.

Finally we got to the ranch we were going. The guy had some bee hives in his yard. He had placed a fence around them. He considered using an electric fence. He said he'd had a bear into his bees recently and had shot one bother about a week or two before. When ~~we~~ ^{we} told him we'd seen bears on the way over he said pointing up the hill behind ~~him~~ us there's been a bear feeding on berries up there all afternoon. We looked and sure enough within 4-500 yds was a big bear feeding on the hillside.

On the way home we saw the little bear where I got out of the car in order to move him.

The next day Dee was gone and Mike and

Jim and I went in the old red chevy over to the same place we'd seen the bears the day before. We looked and hunted. We walked around the hillside where we'd see the other bears feeding and never saw a thing. Finally we came to a place where a little stand of poplar extended across the road and up onto the slope of an otherwise bare ridge about 75 feet. There was a sort of oat field (dry) on our right. As we approached a rather blond brown bear crossed in front of the truck from right to left.

We stopped. Jim and Mike got out onto the back of the pickup and I drove slowly ahead between the ~~two~~ two patches of poplar. ~~In the~~ midway I stopped. We watched carefully and the old bear reared up on its hind legs and faced us, Mike was ecstatic. This one's mine. This one's mine. He shot and the bear dropped. It was out of sight. We watched for a long time. I drove slightly forward and then backed away, then stopped we watched some more. Then Mike and Jim got out and started into the patch of poplar and hustled from the open slope behind the truck. When Mike got about even with the truck his voice was a little shaky as he said - there's blood and it's behind us.

Well, they turned around and back tracked. Then in the open they followed the tracks which crossed the road within 75 feet of the back of the pickup. It is almost

unbelievable that an animal that big could ~~cross~~ an open-ticeless area, cross a road and travel 75 yds thru an open patch of dry tall grass and not ~~be~~ ^{be} seen by 2 guys standing on the back of the truck watching to anything to move. It was uncanny. Even that I might have seen it in a rear view mirror. It's uncanny.

Well I turned the truck around. I had a camera. I didn't have a gun. So I stayed with the truck. They followed the bloody trail into the "bush". It was bush. It was popular with pine and windfalls and lots of ~~low~~ low shrubs and small new growth popular in a low area that appeared on the wet side. A little ways into the bush they heard it ahead of them. It was having a hard time moving, they got a look at it and shot. I aimed a windfall and started to bawl. So they knew where it was, Jim shot it with the 30-30. When it was finished he called and I went to them. It was a pretty dense and heavily wooded spot.

It was a relief to have it over. Such close quarters with a wounded bear has a potential that could have very serious consequences. It was an old bear. Its teeth were worn and broken and we quickly removed the hide and took it not salvaging any meat.

at the ranch we salted all three hides

Canada - cattos head

31

and rolled them. Dave felt sort of bad since he wasn't able to shoot a bear. Mike hated to give up the bear he called his own but he figured he'd have a chance to get another one.

One day we helped turn all the bales on a sunny day and helped load and haul some. We saw a lot of mice when we turned them. Their dog caught some of them.

Finally we had all our business finished and headed back. We picked up the trailer and stopped near Calgary to buy some treated posts. The posts were all turned as with a lathe and also were pressure treated - They were stacked onto a small car on rails and pushed into a round culvert (tunnel) like ~~star~~ structure. Then a door was closed which looked like a giant auto close door and under pressure the post were treated with a creosote solution which penetrated the wood. We put some posts in the back of the truck and drove home.

Occasionally we stopped to straighten some that worked out the endgate of the trailer. I was driving along the Clark Fork in Montana after leaving Great Falls area on the free way. As I made a curve around a rocky ledge I noticed a highway patrolman going the other direction really looking us over. Soon I saw a red light in the side mirror and pulled over.

It turned out that the particular credit card that Dave had used to fill up

at the last town was expired. The station operator had checked it but not thoroughly before we pulled out. When he got notification it was expired he called the patrol. Dave paid the patrol man in cash and he took the gas money back to the service station and we went on ~~our~~ way.

We traveled thru Butte in the night. It seemed like a city full of down grades in the truck. We let Jim off by the Benson place early the next morning and drove straight thru to Pecos. At Utah's part of entry near Bingham City Dave had to pay a fee for the posts.

Bob Young told us that Dave Olsen used to stop at the Montic high school drinking fountain and get on his knees to drink.

In Lethbridge we stayed in a very nice motel. It had pictures on the walls of the rooms painted by an Canadian artist in water colours.

Dave laughed a lot about the hol. homely-ness of the girls in Canada and the high pitched voices of some of the men.

I noticed the ayes, been (been) and about, and house - the pronunciation of these words is typically Canadian.

It was an enjoyable experience. We brought the salted hides back beneath the truck frame fastened in with 1 inch boards. I took Jim and my bear hides to a taxidermist in Pecos who sent them to Seattle. They came back in good shape.

Canada in a Canyion.

I was enthused about my Canadian trip and wanted Laurie to experience what I had so we loaded up the camper and headed north within a week after I got back from the trip. We'd gone up to Kamus. Ken & I and talked to Wablen, about Canada. He and his son, Kendall had gone up there and bought homesteads in central B.C.

That morning in Canada he really told us about how great " " was. It made me want to go take a look, He was down with a truck to haul back a load of equipment.

He told us about the Columbia ice fields and the forest in the Okanagan valley. He said how the Canadian government had written after his initial inquiry about immigrating there to see what else they could do to help him.

Well Ken decided to go to Canada. He wanted to check on some deals about sheep he'd heard about. So he went taking Jim and Bob Kellogg another person working at the meat lab at BYU. They looked at some sheep in Canada. They also went to Burn Lake in Central ~~Canada~~ and saw Kendall & visited with one of his neighbors, a retired veterinarian who had sheep and a Russian wolfhound. They said they heard a commotion one time and a ~~wolf~~ ^{beaver} went charging out of their yard and the dog caught up to it and grabbed on and the last they knew it was hanging on to the beaver as the beaver was crashing thru the timber. They claimed the dog enjoyed getting out after coyotes in the winter time on the frozen lake.

We went up thru Washington. We stopped at Coule's place and saw Shirley & Chive and we stayed in our camper and missed them.

We went to the Grand Coulee Dam and from on into the Okanogan. It was beautiful. We passed some gorgeous lakes. There was a variety of country. Some was pretty high & dry except for some irrigated spots. Everything level and with water had a jolla. A year later Bob Young traveled thru there with me and it appealed to him most of all. I guess that's because it was narrow little valleys surrounded by dry hills and quite reminded me of Salt Lake and Gunnison. Then we went thru Williams Lake and more logging and mining country and along the river, finally coming to the valley where Prince George lies. There were some dairies there.

We traveled west to Burr Lake. It all looked quite typically homestead country.

We visited with Kendall Lambert and his wife, then we went on to Prince George again after stopping at Vanderhoof and went up and across coming out past Hudson's Hope - past the new big hydro electric dam, and then before getting to Dawson Creek we took a cut off and came into Ft. St. John.

It was raining. We went to the Cache Creek turn off and it was so wet slick we couldn't get up the hill so I backed down and we stopped and visited at the 1st homestead near by. An elderly couple were very friendly and gave the kids some

Canada by Camper

cookies. They went out in the winter and had a caretaker come live in their house while they were out to Vancouver or south in Aug. etc.

When we went to Wablen's place he was on a lake. We had to cross the Franconia Lake by Ferry. One left each hour. At Wablen's he had company. His relations were up visiting. He joked about coyotes being right out near all the time - a girl ran out to dump some garbage - looked up and there was a bear.

She came screaming to the house white as a sheet. He laughed thinking it funny. Jason was talking now and said he was going to kick a polar bear in the ditch. As Jason turned to walk down the trail from Wablen's house to the camper a little dog (belonging to their guests) ran up leaped onto Jason and jumped up on his back nearly petting him.

We quite liked his place. He'd bought it from someone that had let the guns run down. But he showed us the place. From one spot up above one could see a range of snow capped mts to the west toward the coast. It was beautiful and certainly green.

We found a sort of supermarket there with a bakery in the basement. It was nice. It had some good day old bugs and seemed real reasonable. Kendall's wife was real nice and seemed to be very contented there. When in Kamus he was in the logging business and with long hours in a truck on the road she hardly saw him.

Canada in Canyon -

4

She enjoyed this slower life style and having him at home so much.

Ken & Jim had been there ahead of us. So we left Cache Creek and went to the air port at Ft. St. John. It was a big place. It was built up during the war by the U.S. Air Force. The car rental outfit located there didn't have any 4 wheel drives left.

So we went back into town. We were there waiting at a laundry mat to do some diapers etc when in rolled a car. by coincidence it was Dee Jones. He'd brought Dave Olsen's brother and wife to the laundry mat. They had moved into the trailer next to Dee's house.

They arrived in Ft. St. John the day we had left in the truck. Going back to that day we were waiting while Dee got some money from the bank for Dave to have on his return trip and we had walked thru a couple of stores with Jaunita Jones. An Indian gal came moisinging out of a pool hall bar with a glass in her hand and some guy running after her - hey that's my drink. We were standing on the sidewalk next to the store steps and she walked past and she draped her neck around and obvious to everyone made a flirty glance at me and just kept looking me over as she walked on past.

Sister Jones got a real kick out of it. Well the Olsens said hey that ^{truck} ~~car~~ has a Utah license. Dee came around and visited with us. I told him how we couldn't get

Canada in Campen.

off the road, He said well well take you over. I said I'd brought Louise to Burn Lake but then felt I must take her to see Ft. St. John. He said his wife had a primary presidency meeting that night back in town so we could ride out and back. So we followed Dee to the home of one of their member-friends houses and we left the truck and camper parked there by the curb.

We rode out to the ranch in their Dodge Carry all. It had several rows of seats. We had a sloppy wet slick road and he drove pretty good. They seem to get going as fast as they come down hill in order to get momentum to take them up the other side. And we sure did hurry along. Louise was impressed with the driving.

So Janita seemed genuinely happy to have us. They cooped us to stay. I said I needed to get an early start back and I thought she had to go to a meeting. But by the time we actually left it was nearly dark - maybe 9:00 p.m. so it was a slow road in and in fact Dee had to chain up to get past Percy's place. So late I felt bad because it was a trip in for them for no other reason.

These kids the little girls were so happy to have Lisa especially to play with and our 2 boys also. On the way home I took some shots. I think I had a camera with me on the trip in the truck with film but I didn't have any film in it and didn't know it until after I got home.

Canada in Company

We stopped at Hellsping and saw Kelly Falsom and Karen then we came on home past Dillon Mt. It snowed in the mts near Monida. I gased up at Stoch Stocicks station and we went over Red Rock Pass. Wamen was living in Dad's cabin and working at the Rail road ranch. Monie was out riding King around in a round ~~stable~~ slatted house by canal. Sheila Mason was baby sitting. I guess Beth was working at Mochs or Ponds cooking in the restaurant.

I rode out with Sheila to Charlay Simmons place on the flat. She had a horse tamed in the fenced pasture there. We got some water from the pump and she rode the horse a little showing off its leads. It really was a regular old horse but she treated it like the most elegant there was and she rode it bare back like she was part of it. She was a smooth little rider.

We passed thru TF and Liza and went home arriving in time for my school to start following Labor Day.

Crossing over past Red Rock Lakes I got between a cow and calf mare. The cow jumped the ~~road and~~ fences and crossed the road. The calf ran up and down the fence. I took pictures of it and drove forward and backed up to keep the calf from crossing the fence for quite a while finally it turned and ran back past me and crossed behind the truck. It was glad to get back with its mother. Then they trotted off into the timber. We saw 3 or 4 deer along the same road

to go to the
main
camp
at
Hellsping
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over
the
night

we slept in the camp at monida and started out at first light or just before the next morning. I felt like I was

2nd trip to Lake County,

1

I we bought a 1966 Ford from an add in the paper (SL paper). It turned out to be the same guy we'd bought the '64 Chevy truck from. This white 4 door Ford had been previously owned by the State of New Mexico. It was a good car. It had three speed with overdrive.

I got Bob Young to go with me. He had returned from his mission. We took a couple of cases of quart sized Shasta soda pop. Orange Strawberry & Grapefruit flavors. We drove up thru Salmon, Idaho, and thru Hamilton Mt. I looked around there for teaching jobs, at the next place past Hamilton we located an LDS family from Utah. The mom was from Cuckville. The lady had a picture in her living room of Mt. Trip painted from south of P.G.

They lived in a large older ranch home out of in town. They had some Hereford cattle. The lady that owned the place lived in a nice trailer house there on the place. It was a well kept up place. We were made very welcome by this lady and her husband. We arrived there on the last day of school. He was the school principal of a good school.

She told us a lot of helpful things. She also told us about a polygamist cultist group living there. They had a sort of communal place on the east of town. If any of them went to the hospital they put LDS as religious preference. So local people that didn't know the real Mormons were confused. They put some sort of sign up above their gate and the state president

threatened them with a law suit if they did not get the sign down indicating affiliation with LDS. They had a new chapel built in Stevensville. It's so close its like Plover & Brem.

The superintendent told me they had an opening for a qualified librarian in their school the next year.

We went on from there and passed Missoula. Then we came to St. Ignace. Bob had been there there on his mission. It had been part of the northern Indian mission. A lot of that area was reservation and was therefore included in his mission.

We spent some time traveling around Polson. We found there were two roads the main highway in which comes in from the south over a rather dry high bench area. But by leaving the highway and traveling east a few miles about 20 miles before Polson one can drive up a secondary highway that is very beautiful. Nice farms and stands of timber - some private which are squared up like any field and well cared for.

We looked up a guy Laine and I had met on a previous trip to Polson who'd moved up from Utah to get away from the "rat race". We located him. He was now living at the rodeo grounds. He could pasture his few herd of horses there and park his trailer and get a little income from being caretaker. We slept in our sleeping bags in the grandstand since the weather was threatening a little rain. However, the mosquitoes kept

us ~~awake~~ ^{awake}. We moved on at daylight. He said the old times said the last winter was the first one they could remember when the Flathead Lake was completely covered over with ice.

We continued on to Kalispel, where we took off to the west and crossed the border into Canada at Suncok. We were there early in the morning but found that such a small place didn't open early. So we waited until 8:00 am. So we went into the town and bought some milk in a carton and other things to munch on.

Finally when the border station opened the old man asked me if I expected the car to get me to where I was going and back. I told him that I had a rifle in the trunk and he said you don't have a hand gun do you? So I drove on. We had ~~planned~~ planned to go in there in order to go thru the Canadian Glacier Park. (or Rocky Mts) At the entrance I again asked about the rifle, I expected they would seal the barrel. They just said don't take it out while in the park.

It was early June and as we went thru. It was interesting how shales still covered parts of the road. In places only one lane of traffic and we could see trees & rocks and snow covering the railroad tracks in some places. There were very few cars and we didn't see a single head of game.

After leaving the park we traveled nearly due west to the Okanogan valley where we headed north. We passed a 100 mile house and other similar places. We saw a stopped school bus

4

Canada - Bob,

and Indian kids came out of the woods to catch the bus.

I had had a student in Dr Ed whose husband was attending B.Y.U. Her parents had lived probably in Penticton along the lower end of the Okanagan. They had been the only L.D.S. family in that area. They operated an outdoor theatre for a time but then some of the movies by popular demand were so bad they felt it was no longer right to expect their kids to operate the projectors and be submitted to such trash. ~~He~~ ^{the Dad} was a native Albutan. He had always wanted to ranch so now he made arrangements to buy an old abandoned homestead near Hasefly, B.C. Several sons had filled missions and a boy and at least one daughter had graduated from the U.

She wrote to her family and told them I was coming. Her mother was very friendly and especially to Bob. They put us up on their living room floor in our sleeping bags. The man drove a school bus. They had moved to Williams Lake, after seeing their outdoor theatre. With the spring run off the water in a creek from their ranch was real swift and high. They were a little concerned about crossing it ~~in~~ on a horse.

They told us where their place was and we went out there. We mailed some things home from the Hasefly post office. It's a big area for flying fishermen in and out of lakes and taking guided hunting tours.

This family had also lived for a time on

the gang ranch where the husband was well qualified to handle the cattle. The ranch was so large about no. 1 in BC in size that he was given just a certain class of stock to work with. It seems like it was the young marketable cattle.

About this time Billy Walker worked there for a while doing a ~~big~~ cement finishing project. One of the owners or the owner was ^{Ray} Skelton from Fifth or ~~Stell~~ Shelley. He at one time may have been owner of the IF livestock auction. There was a Siddoway involved also in the operation of the ranch.

Headquarters of the gang ranch may have been 30-40 miles from Williams Lake. It had quite a history. Some say that it was sold and later a careful round-up turned up a lot more cattle than had been included in the original sale price and the seller tried to sue to recover for some of the mavericks. The ranch had its own school teacher hired. There was also a commissary etc.

This lady after her husband moved there started a primary. She learned the Idaho people were Mormons. They were also party-goers and held parties on the ranch but she finally got one wife to help with the primary in spite of apparent discouragement from her husband. So a primary was started and until this family left the ranch continued. With their 10 children they made up over 50% of the membership of their branch.

Then the married children came back boosting the branch membership.

They had a lot of drug problems in the high schools in Canada. This was a real tough problem for such families.

Canada - Bob

One girl had just graduated and returned from the Y. A boy also the year before after completing a mission. Neither were yet married, there was one recently married son living at their home. They lived in a rather small subdivision off the highway a bit. Because of the timber one didn't see the homes driving by but it was also on the outskirts of town.

The father was up early in the morning to run his bus route. They had one girl that had finished high school. They figured she was about one of two graduates that wasn't involved with drugs or liquor and cigarettes.

The mother told us of being down at the Y and going into the Wilkinson Center where she saw a couple embracing and kissing in a way she felt was inappropriate on such a campus. She broke it up by walking up to them and putting them into the viewfinder of her camera.

They expected to send the girl that had graduated that spring to Povo to stay with her married sister there. One son worked as a janitor at the school, watching for a better job. The girl just graduated from the Y expected to land a teaching job near home. Her first applications had been refused since they came from the states and BYU but when she got there and insisted she was a Canadian the provincial government had to go back and look again at her application. Some prejudice did exist during these years concerning Americans in western Canada.

Another girl who was a sophomore in high school was by far the most attractive of

Canada - Bob

all the daughters. She was very active in athletics at school. In fact that very weekend coming up she planned to go with her school's track team (girls) to Ft. St. John to compete. The girls team was far ~~more~~ superior to their boys team. Some schools had a difficult time fielding a team even in basketball it seemed.

The girl just older was her daddy's girl and helped him on their ranch. He went ~~there~~ ^{to} there to fence sometimes. He wanted to get into raising sheep. One of his sons or son-in-law wanted to go in as partners with him. The Canada government had stopped giving the Queen's land to aliens for homesteading. They preferred cattle to sheep but felt they could afford to get into sheep easier and with less capital than cattle. The father looked forward to the time they could build a cabin or house on their Horsefly property. ~~There~~ Their property there adjoined some open undeveloped ~~the~~ Crown land which they hoped they could eventually fall upon to expand their operation.

We were certainly well treated there and having Bob along had to be an attraction to them all. He may have been the first single elder they'd seen in years and years.

We left their place after breakfast and all had gone to school except the mother and drove to Horsefly. There was a tiny cubby-hole post office. It looked like the out post one might expect. Most of their clients probably came in by plane to fish or hunt with guide that furnished everything. So driving in by car probably surprised them. We did stop

Canada - Bob

810

at one ranch near their place that they told us might be for sale. An old guy that had been a sailor or merchant marine lived there in a shack. He wanted to sell out and go to Australia. He had a diesel engine sitting out in his yard. It was one of the 1st ever brought into that country. It was a real antique. He had a little saw mill on his place. It was sitting up on blocks at least 4 feet off the ground. There may have been a cat in his yard also. His place appeared run down. He'd cut off all the timber on the place. His price seemed too high considering there was so ~~much~~^{many} places for sale. One could certainly be fussy about buying.

As we drove out we saw cattle loose in the timber unfenced grazing throughout that entire area. Williams Lake had been featured as the cattle country of B.C. No doubt the stock yards and auction was there and the railroad shipping point. However, for sure the town was more like a timber or logging area than cattle. It was in a sort of valley with high timbered mts on all sides. We didn't see any meadows or ranches along the highway. Obviously the Caribou cattle country was back country to this shipping point.

We saw very little open or ranching country until after we left Prince George. Prince George was a wide flat valley where mt. ranges seemed to come together. There were some farms and several dairy farms were conspicuous as we came into it. After going west we just saw lots of sawmills with the ~~reduced~~ burners and ~~very~~^{heavily} timbered slopes.

9

Canada - Bell

Finally we came to the Vanderhoof area. This looked like ^{ranching} ~~something~~ country with its cleared land and open meadows.

We looked up the church here in and we had some addresses of church people. I also had some literature from real estate ads from Vanderhoof. We stopped at one place that had a 4-52c sign up. It was a dairy. an older couple ran their cows. It wasn't very modern and looked like a cold job anytime the thermometer dropped. Like many a homesteader they'd grown old seeking out a living on the place and about the time they reached the point it was paid for and they wanted to let it go none of their kids were interested in it. They had all gone to the city and wanted nothing to do with it.

We called a number or two from a phone booth and were unable to learn much. We found where two missionaries had lived but had been transferred out of the area. The ~~woman~~ ^{woman} ~~there~~ was from another church and the missionaries had lived in a sort of apartment and used this small protestant church building for their meetings. She was very friendly and said her husband was out of town or she could invite us in to stay. We thought it quite good of her.

We visited the realtor from the ad I carried and he had us come to his home. He had some tanned calf hides with the hair on. Some were various shapes, they were quite decorative and attractive on the walls of his home and den. We went to one dairy which was supposedly a co-op type with mormons principally setting it up for the good of a number of ranchers.

seems like an article in the church news had indicated a slaughter house and feed lot was being established to care for the ranchers of that area. However, upon arrival only a kid was home. The principle man was out of town and we learned the project didn't really get the financing to get it off the ground.

We wound up staying in a hotel downtown. There was a theatre near by and it seemed that the place was buzzing with Indians mostly. That's how past bedtime. It was a noisy street at night. We travelled on the next day to Burne Lake. It rained a lot and after going to town we saw that a rodeo was being held at _____ Downs just outside the village of Burne Lake a mile or two. We drove out to it. We hadn't been there long when I recognized Kendall and his wife walking toward the grandstand seats. He spotted me at about the same time. He came up to us and began visiting. About the first thing he asked was if we had a place to stay for the night. He invited us out. After the rodeo we drove back to town. There were many Indians there and liquor was being sold at a booth set up on the grounds behind the grandstand. The RCMP were set up within a mile of the rodeo grounds. They stopped every car. Local cars were checked for color of gasoline in the tanks and also the condition of the driver. I was asked for an insurance letter as proof that I carried liability insurance on the car. I went thru all the people in a small

size file cabinet that I had looking for it. I couldn't find it and finally he said "go on". I did find it later. Kendall gazed at the service station at the bottom of the hill going into town and then we followed him out to his place. His road was pretty slick and we left the Ford at the bottom. Maybe he went on ahead thinking I would come up and it was too slick so Bob and I hiked up. I carried my carbine with me from the trunk.

Kendall had a pretty bad road. It was narrow and there was a real deep wash along one side most of the way up. I got up a ways and had to back down on the slick mud. I stayed left the car near their gate at the bottom. It had a couple of real steep places on it also.

It was probably Sat. night and they had a spare bedroom. Kendall had no plumbing in the house. It sat on a south slope facing an open cleared field. Also part of the south open area was a neighbor's land whose home was farther down the slope near the road and lake.

We were certainly treated ^{sp} Royally. Royally. They did have electricity and a T.V. They enjoyed their T.V. He told us that they had heard the government was going to restrict the radio + T.V. stations so that only a certain percentage of air time could be devoted to American produced programs in an effort to stimulate Canadian producers to supply a greater percentage of the productions aired in the provinces.

Candace - Bob

We saw some good shows - one was of steeple chase racing. Some were educational in nature but more mature than Mr. Rogers & Sesame Street.

It rained a lot. In fact it poured down. Kendall had a wood ~~store~~ shed and we went to it to help him carry in wood. He split. Also they'd picked up some baby chicks that had been shipped in. The shed leaked and had partly flooded some of the ~~egg~~ box where Kendall had placed them. He had put an electric light bulb on an extension cord into the box.

A few more lost. He covered them with a piece of plywood and hoped they'd stay warm until morning. They had an outside privy above the house in the edge of some trees. There was a nice log barn with a ^{style} ~~barn~~ roof maybe 75-100 feet from the house. The rain ^{came} poured in a down pour. We had to put jeans around and in an attic style bedroom we had several containers. They had a nice wood range in their kitchen. It was a very comfortable kitchen and a door led into the living room. The two rooms about evenly divided the house except for 2 bed rooms. There was a bathroom but no water was hooked up in it. I don't know what their laundry facilities were. It's possible they did some washing at Kendall's dad's place.

The next morning we walked down and got our Sunday clothes and walked back up to Kendall's or maybe we started down. Maybe

Canada. Bob

Kendall had started down to meet us in his old pickup the night before when we didn't show up at his house behind him. So anyway, we didn't make it up in the Ford and he or Donna started down. The road was slick and the truck went off on the low side of the road and was abandoned. We then came tugging up in the mud.

The next morning we got ready to go to church. ~~At~~ we rode down with Kendall and Donna. Their oldest boy was about 5 or 6 and they had a girl maybe 2 years younger. The road around the lake wasn't much higher than the water along the shore in many places. In some other places it was well above the level of the lake and there were some cabins and even farmsteads below the road.

Within about a mile of Kendall's toward the ferry there was a very old low built log house without any foundation. The water had encroached around the cabin until ~~it~~ the water was nearly up to the door. Their chicks in a shed behind the house had been inundated from the rain.

Kendall had a sister, Moonleen who lived there with her husband. He had been a librarian at a school in S.C. He was a sort of frail man but very plucky and had taken some hard physical labor type work there. They had come up the year before to see Kendall and Wablen and both loved the country there. We got some information about them from

Gordon met ~~McVie~~ McFee, a local real estate man that had sold places to most of the Mormons that had moved into that area. He was a nice guy and many of the folks there thought he would become a Mormon. He didn't smoke and his language and habits were clean. He seemed to work very well to be fair to people coming in from the States. He was with the Wrightway Agency.

It seemed Mooney's husband had taken a job cutting timber, maybe a right-of-way for a power line or a new road. Gordon admired him for being so plucky but he was fighting against a lot of odds. He didn't know much about chain saws. He bought a boat from Gordon so he could cross the lake to work rather than have to drive all around the lake and catch the ferry.

One day we spotted him in a cove apparently having trouble getting the boat motor started.

Finally it was going and he was out riding the waves. It was raining, and windy and some rather high waves. He was in a flat bottomed boat and Gordon wondered if he'd done the right thing by selling such a greenhorn a boat. He was almost sorry he'd sold it, to him.

They had put some money down on this place upon an old cabin and some acres hoping to build but they had had to settle for this little cabin that was vacant and they were able to lease.

I believe they started out following us

in their car. Kendall had a mustang. after about a mile we came to a place where a creek ran into the lake. It was only a few 100 yds. from the lake. It had some meadows and several branches of the creek with willows along the banks. But with all the heavy rain ~~it had the stream had~~ ~~swollen so much~~ swollen so much that the bridge had washed out since the night before.

There were some road crews there with equipment working on the bridge and barricades had put up to warn traffic and block entrance to the bridge. So we didn't go to church. We turned around and went back to Kendall. We were treated well and watched the Canadian rain storms with the low clouds ~~raising from dark~~ ~~and coming and going~~ low clouds and heavy rain to higher ~~rain~~ clouds where visibility would be allowing us to see across the lake. Kendall had some of the fattest cattle one would ever see on grass.

This place was a great place. It had many things. It had a south slope which was nice in such a cold climate at most of the time. One field near his barn and to the left of his road he'd disk up the fall before intending to reseed it. A good portion of his Dad's place had been in timothy hay for 20 yrs and never reseeded. It needed some rejuvenation.

Kendall expected to do the same thing on this field. In the spring ~~it had~~ ~~been~~ rained so much that he hadn't got the place seeded. However, the growth was heavy and it was up 4 inches when we were there so he figured he couldn't seed a better crop than was coming

Canada - Bol

along so he forgot about it and figured he'd just wait and harvest it for hay. It had clover, glauc and maybe some alfalfa.

Kendall had a couple of saddle horses there but said he wasn't much of a cowboy like some guys so he used the better broke horse and left the other alone. I believe the two horses were on the place when he bought it.

It must have been that during the previous year when Louise and I were there that we had mentioned ^{my} getting a bear at Ft. St. John. Kendall asked Louise if she wanted a bear. She said yes. She said if she had a bear hide she'd take it back to her bishop, Bp. James Kimmel.

He said he'd seen bears everyday while he was haying the field east of the barn. So he took his rifle which I believe was a 270 and he and I walked out past the barn up across the hay field and above the field where he said he'd seen an old bear and cub every time he'd been in the field on his tractor he'd seen them. It was still raining but had let up to a slight drizzle or even stopped as we walked along. Above the hay field there was an area of gentle hillside that wasn't cultivated that was open except for a tall ground cover. It was up to a man's waist. It was a coarse plant with tall flowering heads similar to nigger-heads of I.P. But I'd never seen it before and it was thicker like cat tails rather

Canada - Bob

17

them growing in clumps or bunches - but a lot of it was down similar to heavy grain.

We'll ~~hardly~~ ~~it~~ quite an ^a ~~start~~ ^{feeling} of elation ^{came} ~~came~~ over me walking around in this tall grass where Kendall had told of seeing a bear and cubs. It was almost a relief not seeing one that day. We skirted the field moving up hill near some rougher country where there were rock ~~to~~ outcroppings and some boulders protruding from the hillside. We walked thru ~~the~~ ^{an} extension of a neck of timber from above the house and barn running down to the barn and crossed a small stream from a spring above the barn less than $\frac{1}{4}$ mile and returned to the house. Kendall seemed genuinely surprised at not seeing a bear. Like his Dad he'd had no reason to shoot anything before and being a truthful man he'd left the house that day confident that he'd get a shot at a bear. Whether the rain changed things or the season being later (it was at least 2 weeks since he'd cut his hay) and the bears had moved elsewhere for feeding we didn't know.

Louise had bargained for the hide and I don't know what we would have done to get the hide across the border had he shot one.

Kendall also said that a boy who lived with his dad (it may have been

Canada Bob

been a shirt-tail relative of Wolder or his second wife, whom he hadn't been married to very long ~~had~~ maybe had a ^{teen-age} boy who came up with them. Anyway he'd been coming up the road from the main road below or going down and met a bear on the hill near the main road. They threw rocks at it and either tired it or it ran off. The kids were quite excited over the bear and frightened.

Kendall had lost the sight in one eye when a child playing with fire crackers while living in Kansas. Louise had often used him as an example when warning our children not to play with pointed sticks or poke things near the other children's eyes.

Well, Louise and Kendall had many many things in common to talk about having gone to the same schools in Kansas while growing up. Ken whom Kendall knew better than Louise had visited them a week or so before our arrival. He and Jim were traveling in his green VW bug.

I was really impressed with Kendall. How they were so cordial that they treated one like they had known them all of their lives. And his wife was totally supportive of his being in Canada and living in a house with a leaking roof and no running water but no complaining. I was very impressed with that. Well they had their morning and evening prayers while

Canada - Bob

we were there and also blessed the food at meal time.

About half way between their dinner way and the ferry there was a sawmill located on a bend of the road. They used a mill pond and dumped the timber in full length.

During the time Kendall hadn't been too busy with his own place he'd worked at the mill operating one of their large front end log loaders. Probably unloading trucks and moving stacked timber to the pond. The pond was too small to hold a ^{many logs} ~~great deal~~ of it served only as a washing vat and the saws were on the upper story. ~~As~~ Someone from the mill had contacted Kendall about running the loader for them again, ^{so} ~~he~~ ^{he} gave good help and they sought him for employment.

Well the next morning we rode with Kendall in the rain to where the bridge was out. There was still equipment working there and the bridge was closed but a foot bridge had been put up which allowed the kids to cross over where the school bus met them. In Canada the schools go until the end of June.

We stayed at Kendalls perhaps 3 or even 4 nights. The bridge was never opened and we finally left by driving around the lake. At the west end of the lake there was an outlet. It had filled with water until it was backed up and nearly a foot of water covered the road. A dirt or gravel road.

Canada - Bob.

We crossed this area diving thru water for well over 100 yds. We followed the road back to the east and then south to the ferry. One year when Kendall was helping his Dad he crossed over the lake ~~also~~ directly opposite his road in a motor boat he kept tied there and drove an old pickup truck parked on the opposite less than a mile to his Dad's place. They were clearing a bunch of land and fencing on that place. They also planned to reseed his fields. Ken Walden had located a seeder that looked like the ~~making~~ cylinder of a toy music box and when pulled across the ground it punched into the ground and left grass seed. He was anxious to try it out. They also had decided to go with Reed's Canary grass. They thought it would yield well in ~~that~~ soil climate.

Kendall had plans to alternate bulls, using Simmental, Hereford and maybe Charolais on each generation, ^{or 2} it seems.

Bob and I met up with the real estate guy and went in his car. Gordon was a nice fellow to be with. He had been around and knew all the people in the area. His wife sang in a protestant choir. His first wife had ~~been~~ ^{been} a ^{chis} as ran out on him or something and he'd married this woman. We saw her at one time at his office when she met him. She was certainly a charming woman. Her involvement in her church particularly their choir probably kept Gordon from really becoming interested in the Mormon church. He seemed to be impressed with the

Canada - Bob

mourner and certainly was fair in dealing with them and they always refused others coming in to meet him.

One day he met us at the Ferry and we rode in his car to see several places. He had the underneath of his business car - a Ford Station Wagon covered with a shield made of sheet metal. This protected his car from high centers on some of the roads. He certainly knew how to drive it and get over some bad roads. He may have taken us out twice himself. He told us which places belonged to all the mourners etc.

When you left Burnie Lake going toward Kendall you left from the east end of town and passed by the edge of a mile lake - Burnie Lake I suppose although Burnie Lake was the name of the town and geographically speaking was also designating ^{this} ~~an~~ area that extended from the major towns along the highway from east to west. A bridge was crossed here and one traveled several miles past typical homesteads, that is some barbed wire fence string on trees as well as posts, shaky looking cabins and a house or two grazing with evidence of a dog or goat and some extra vehicles - old truck or pickup as well as a car in the yard. Some wood piled or stacked in the yard etc.

There was a beautiful lake along the highway out several miles. It was a sports fishing lake and there were some summer homes in this area. Some were on a rise of ground above the highway where the view of the lake was spectacular. Just past this lake

Canada - Bob

there was a loop road. It went off to the right and looped up over a large exposed hill. It appeared a large mountain rising to a height of nearly a thousand feet existed here with a gentle slope to the summit. It was all tree covered, mostly this timber was lodge pole pine with some spruce mixed in and poplar in scattered places and bordering creeks and open parks. It may have been a couple of miles to the top or what appeared from the road to be the top of this hill. The road circled back for a mile or so onto this hill and then looped back around to come into Lake Francois near the ferry.

At the ferry there was a small store and a large number of mail boxes and quite a few houses facing the road there. The main paved highway ended at the ferry. The ferry was officially a part of the provincial highway department. There was a road around the southwest end but it was over 40-45 miles around and the ferry ran every hour from 6:00 or 7:00 a.m. until midnight I believe. It started and stopped on the other side. The old sea captain - he dressed like one and carried a ^{nod} ~~hook~~ (pipe) in his mouth lived in a house no doubt provided by the province near the ferry landing.

Actually there were two shifts by the captain. The old captain with his cap and pipe was a typical English sea captain. A younger man came on board and relieved him one time when we

Canada - Bob

were there. He walked off the ship and got into a car parked near the ferry and drove away to the road not 100 feet turned up the road and had to turn across between the line of cars awaiting to load onto the ~~ferry~~ ^{ferry} in order to drive into a driveway of a house where he parked on a cement pad, got out of the car and walked up the front steps of the house and went into the house. The house wasn't 100 yds from the ferry landing. We got a big kick out of that.

Farm equipment and machinery could be taken across on the ferry ~~too~~ but it had to be arranged for and could only be taken across certain hours of the day. On ~~a~~ regular runs no bottles of oxygen, etc. tanks of propane etc were to be in cars or trucks using the ferry except again at certain hours and then the ferryboat captain or crew should be notified. One time a fellow was crossing in his pickup truck and he had his empty oxy-acetylene tanks in his pickup. He noticed they were visible and went and covered them with a canvas. They were laying down. This man was Cox from Grassie Plains.

When we had crossed in the camper the kids loved to go top side to the deck and watch over the rail. A sort of spiral stairway went up. Lisa wanted to go up each time and use the rest room. It was a convenient rest stop while driving since most people seemed to prefer getting out of their cars. The cars were directed onto the ferry much like driving onto a grease rack and after crossing they all just drove off the other end of the boat. I believe it could

Canada - Bob

hold about 18 cars. Some time there were two many cars to load and one had to wait an hour for the next crossing. I believe school children of high school age crossed and boarded a waiting line on the opposite side.

We had to cross the ferry to get to where Walden lived. Walden was in an area called Grassy Lake but he was not on the main road. At one time I had most of the roads figured out and names of the main places. If we went straight up a hill after crossing on the ferry ^{on} a switchback road then we traveled straight for several miles to another major lake. That was a sawmill there and a store. There was a grade school along this road also. We went on out to a large place about 700+ acres. Much of it was cleared land. A great deal was not cleared but could have been. It had a very nice log cabin which Bob loved. From this cabin one could see a lake. The former owner had some teenagers and they had built a sort of small wharf out onto this lake. It had evidence of use. Some kids with skiing equipment was ~~staying~~ strewn about the place. A barn was open on one end and it had horses and mules running loose in it tramping over harnesses and a sulky type buggy with rubber tires.

There was a lot of new Allis-Chalmers equip. like, plows etc and a large nearly new tractor diesel with cab that was to go with the place. Supposedly there was about $\frac{1}{2}$ million feet of lodge pole standing on the place. It was

Canada - Bob

house by size. It had a sawmill on beyond the house then a little patch of timber. It was built up above ground quite a bit but was still more or less a portable type. It may have had a plane on the place also. But it may not have had an engine or maybe it was powered by electric motors and the power source was a bit questionable.

The man and woman had divorced and left - both abandoning the place - there were a pair of dual wheels and tire for the tractor sitting next to a shed. Several sheds were on the place. The house was occupied by a young couple who were renting. Gordon took us in and showed us thru. There was a damp musty basement with a narrow dark stairway into it. Gordon used the phone while we were there. The young woman's husband worked at a sawmill down the road a few miles. We walked up onto the place. It was a little bit rolling. The hay fields were not anything to brag about. The place was quite run down. Gordon said there was fishing in the lake and in the fall geese came into this lake. Across the lake was heavily timbered with black spruce. It really looked like moose country. It seemed vast. It really looked good. Not all of the equipment was clear of debt and there was a mortgage on the place.

On one of the sheds about the size of a small car garage above the door on the gable end there were many many fish heads. They had been nailed on having been cut off at the gills. The mouths were opened

and the skin dried up so they looked like skeletons. When you got close you could see the teeth. It sure seemed amazing to think of catching fish that size.

Next Gordon drove us to a Menominee farm. The elderly couple had an immaculate house. They had a well just recently put in. They had their own ~~house~~ slaughter house and a place to scald and clean pork. They had a little Ford tractor and had cleared a field of rock. There were piles of rock on the farm. The house was open upstairs without any partitions. ~~In~~ the ground level there was a bedroom at one end but the house was open - kitchen, dining and living area all one large room with a clean waxed linoleum floor concealing with simple furniture. There was electricity onto the property.

Generally it seemed a poor place and the only near ground was poor and rocky and he'd sold off all the saw timber that was on the place ~~was~~ just recently. The stumps were still in the ground. He probably had about 80 acres and maybe some leased ground ^{which had the} ~~with~~ timber on it. It wasn't the least bit enticing.

Along one road we saw some Charolais-crossed cattle and some Simmental. We passed thru an area east of the ferry that was mainly Indians. There was one timbered area there which the crown had set aside for use by homesteaders on a free use permit. Sawmills couldn't use it commercially. It was a good stand of thifty lodgepole with ~~various~~ varied timber - some would make 8" lumber - on down to canal pole size.

Canada - Bob

Some places for sale and some places Gordon had sold people developed gravel pits. Selling gravel for private and provincial use for roads was quite profitable.

Gordon took us to a hamburger stand near the ferry. Here the teenage girl working there belonged to a family that had immigrated from Rigby, Idaho. They had the hamburger stand in an effort to make some cash. The homestead they bought and tried to get going of course didn't produce any cash up front on which to live. They did have good hamburgers.

Later Bob and I stopped there and quizzed the girl about how she liked it there. She didn't say a lot about it but we felt she'd prefer school in Rigby. There were typically some young fellows around the place. One day we stopped and picked up a boy and girl that were hitch hiking away from this ferry landing. The girl had a relative at one of the resort lakes and was going there. They each carried their bedrolls with them. They were both from the states.

At Walden's place there was a lake also where they could catch some ~~char~~ char. It had some little pools on it and lots of sandbar at one place where it had apparently been heavily logged some years before. At first it seemed his wife hated Canada but now it seemed she was getting more used to it. Of course her family hadn't come unless one teen-age daughter possibly came and my memory isn't very clear about that. She may have been the one that saw a bear when she took some kitchen

garbage to dump it near their outhouse and came face to face with a bear.

On another day Gordon took us down past Kerdalls to near the west end of the lake. He took us back into a place where an old guy had a portable sawmill which he ran by power from ~~the~~ a gas engine. He may have even used a belt off the rear dual of his old truck. Seems he could move the mill from one location to another on the back of his old truck. So it wasn't much of a mill. He had just a little acreage cleared and the place was entirely surrounded by timber. The road in was so wet we walked. It was nearly swampy. We jumped about a yearling moose as we walked along. I was the first to see it. We walked past it before it moved. It was off to the side of the road in a heavy stand of mature lodgepole.

The old guy just seemed passive about selling the place. It was listed but he didn't seem very excited. His mill and old truck were his. Along near here Gordon told of a place that was about 2500 acres. Part deeded, part leased with 3 lakes. An outfit from So. Africa had tied it up with an option to buy and soon that would end. It had been intended for developing into a hunting camp and recreational area with the lakes. The lakes were special because they were also deeded. Some lakes were owned by the crown and in such cases the stone could not be deeded only within so many feet of the shore line.

It was supposed to have several million feet of good standing timber on it and none of it

Canada. Bob -

was too steep for easy logging, the price however, was over \$100,000. But it never did come up again for sale. It had several cabins and buildings on it.

Bob and I went back to see the place with the albino-Chalmers tractor - the lake was also decided. The lake had no outlet. We passed one place on a knoll of nice clean hay land on both sides of the road. There was a sign indicating a farming district of Canada and it had a small weather station fenced off from the hay ground. This was the best hay ^{we} saw and the best developed looking farms along any of the roads in this area. The place was owned by Cox. The following year it came up for sale.

One day Gordon could not meet us because of other commitments and he had us meet a lady at his office. She took us out in her car. She had immigrated from Germany some years before. She took us out ~~us~~ part the first beautiful resort lake and up a lane or road about 1/4 mile off a newly paved section of the road to the ferry to a place where an old rancher who had raised punched polled Herefords for years was forced to retire. His wife had a bad heart even though she was much younger than he. She had had a family before marrying him. He had come there about 10-14 years before after selling off a ranch in Nevada.

He had developed the place to where it was pretty nice. A new graded road had been put into his place from the highway which

also had recently been rebuilt - brought up to a higher grade and widened and neatly blacktopped.

One of the nicest things about this set up was that it had several lines of sprinkler pipe which could be used in a dry year and water available but the greatest advantage was it was close in and yet could not be encroached upon except by selling off land from itself.

Away from the road it bordered the beautiful lake. It was high enough that it would never be threatened with being inundated by floodings. Beyond the deeded land a Crown grazing lease extended for 5 sections end to end fronting the lake on one side and nothing on the other. Only one neighbor had even had a place further to the south along the highway and the Crown land extended back as far as the Lake Francœur in an area that was not and had not developed. So it may have allowed for possible grazing expansion.

We went thru the house. It had a furnace and plumbing. A couple of children's bedrooms. It was insulated for winter and had a garage opposite the house on the end of their lane. It was a wet time of year so there was mud everywhere. It had a nice barn with a loft. This machinery was all neatly arranged in a row along the lane leading to his hay field. We walked along the lane and crossed ^{over} a small poplar & pine covered ridge to another very nice hay field on a gentle slope. He had equipment to

Canada. Barb

chop and ensile his hay on years when it was too wet to put up loose hay. He had a couple of hay sheds and a ~~silage~~ ^{silage} pit near the canoe. He had several nicely fenced pastures adjacent to the house. There was also some land that was with too heavily timbered that could be cleared. The soil seemed good about mostly not too steep so as to cause erosion problems.

In addition to the ranch across a ridge and slope down toward the lake maybe a little over a 1/4 mile there was a trailer court. There were pads in for 20 trailers perhaps and a central laundry. All plumbing & ~~hookups~~ hookups were in. A spring on the hill provided the culinary water. The government had required that the sewage system be processed by using 3 lagoons, where settling ponds took the water and waste from one to the other and from the 3rd it was pumped up over the hill and he used it thru a sprinkler system out onto one of his fields.

One could buy the place with or without the trailer set up. The trailer set up provided some cash income but also was potentially trying if any problems developed such as common rental properties pose - broken pipes, malfunctioning pumps - plugged drains etc. Near town and a resort lake it ~~would~~ ^{should} have been popular and easy to keep filled it would seem.

As we walked along over the ridge we saw a beautiful white tail buck deer in the edge of the trees. I spotted it and ~~stared~~ pointed it out to the lady. This was a thrill to her. She was usually

in the office.

One time Bob and I went back and took a second look at this place also where we took some pictures. He had an old saddle horse that was in a nearby pasture. It was palomino or gray but ~~looked~~ as if it was ~~totally~~ hobbled. He said it had foundered. He thought it got into the silage and foundered during the winter.

Across the street main road and within a half mile a loop road lead off to the right to several ranches and returned again to the main road just before the ferry landing. On this road we found another LDS family and we visited them.

They had come there from Star Valley, Wyo. The man had been in ^{the} sawmill business in Star Valley for quite a few years. He had also operated the sawmill at Inkom, Idaho between the freeway and the old road south and east of town. In fact he had sold it to come here and the buyers had defaulted putting him into a rather bad financial situation - yet he was very optimistic. Calvin's (Swenson?) first wife had died and he'd remarried. They had at least 3 children.

They invited us to stay and gave us their daughter Debbie's bedroom for the night. We hardly knew how to act. It seemed we could sink into our knees in the carpet and such a lovely bedroom. The shomer was the first we'd seen with an entire fiberglass unit shomer was placed into the wall. It was in the attic portion of the house.

Canada Bob

They were enthusiastic people. Their dad had been so busy in the states with all the hustle bustle of running his business that he didn't get time for his sons. Now he planned to be able to work with them. He had a very large and expensive house and this was another large new home on the place near the road. They lived in the upper home which sat near the timbered slope on a rise with pasture like a large beautiful lawn extending below to the tenant house. Across the road from this house were canoe and out buildings.

Their driveway was very muddy and badly rutted. The school bus stopped at their home. He told how one time bears had come to their garbage can in the ~~drive~~ driveway. Then they moved the can across the driveway from the cement pad at their built on garage where the can had been sitting. He said they were going to have to get a dog or two.

They had a lovely home with a beautiful view. They'd spent a lot of money remodeling. He told us it wasn't plumbed when they came there. They'd lived in the other house first while remodeling and then later put some hired help in it. They had had a young couple from Star Valley there living in it; the fellow as a hired hand. Then they went back to Star Valley.

They had family prayer - night and morning and appeared to be a very well-knit family. Debbie was about a sophomore in the high school. Her wife was obviously younger than he. He was a broad shouldered man and quite rotund. They

Canada - Bob

had a large kitchen table and it was well set and furnished as lavishly as any country home you could imagine. (probably city as well.)

For breakfast there were places set - after we were called and in plenty of time to stare etc we surrounded this table with a large logy Sconce in the center with eggs, bacon, ham, hot coffee and glasses of fruit juice and milk.

He sat at the table with his sleeves rolled up like a man enjoying a kingdom. They had an elegant style. Their children were all clean cut and neatly dressed for school and each gave their parents a kiss and farewell hug before running to catch the school bus.

He told us of his plans and how there were many possibilities there. He told us one could sell railroad ties and rough lumber to a shipping company in the village that would market them by rail. He figured a small mill could do well also selling boards to local farmers. So much of the local lumber produced was processed and shipped out that local people couldn't buy a 1x12" and that was the most popular board to a farmer. How well I knew that. A farmer would much rather have a 1x12" or 1x10" than 1x6 or 8's.

They visited for a while after the school bus came and then we went on our way to look at some other places. We were ~~so~~ cordially invited back. One day we were in town and looking thru a sort of what not store when some kids came in from the school in the afternoon. One was Debbie - she was very friendly and came over to introduce ^{herself} and visited for a little while before hurrying back to school perhaps to catch the bus home.

Canada - Bob

One evening we had a problem with the muffler and tail pipe dropping down. It had been joined loose perhaps on a high center ~~in~~ on one of the rutted roads we'd traveled although the roads were pretty good generally, except wet and muddy from almost constant rain. I backed the ~~car~~ car up to the rear end hung out over the back top of a new parking lot for a new super market on the edge of town. It was late enough that the store had perhaps closed.

As I was underneath trying to fasten it up with some baling wire a car pulled up - It was a mounty. (R.C.M.P.) He was rather terse in his opening remarks. He really looked us over and ordered me out from beneath the car. He asked me what was in those jars. We had the 2 or 3 cases of Shasta Soda water in quart size bottles in the trunk. I couldn't figure out what he meant by jars - the first couple of times he used the word. We explained why we were there and he saw the tool box and seemed satisfied that we were okay. Then he said he'd received a call from the store. They were suspicious of the car being off by itself on their parking lot after closing hours. So it was quite all right of the store employee to call the police.

We stayed one night in a sort of motel a building with rooms. It was old and it was off season - usually their busy season was hunters and some fishermen. There was a noisy bunch of guys in one of the other rooms.

We stopped at the local radio station. It was in a hotel on the main street. We didn't get anything out of

Canada - Bob.

stopping.

I had written to the Ft. St. John radio station and they had sent me a report of the weather from 2 or 3 years. The averages for the months for several years and the last 2 or 3 year daily forecasts. They were so helpful to extend that information to me. I had supposed the Burns Lake station would do the same. But all we got was a lone chic jockey perhaps that had no interest and maybe didn't have access to such information.

One day we started ^{out} early and headed west on the high way. I'd received maps and government reports on agriculture etc all thru the winter which I'd studied and I wanted to see some of the farming country to the west. We had read where they have 4 or 5 crops of alfalfa there. We got only part way however and found out that a major highway bridge had washed out and closed the highway to the coast.

We spent a little time in the next town we came to. There were some old tractors at one place. I looked over a steam engine that had been placed out by the highway in a parking lot. It was cleaned up and painted.

On an implement lot Bob saw a different kind of John Deere tractor that he liked. It was a big thing. Built heavy more like a steam engine than the small model B's etc one usually see.

We headed back after seeing only one dairy which was situated almost on the highway. They would not have found it necessary to shovel snow in a driveway to get a milk truck full to their holding tanks as they were at the edge of the highway as close as a driveway often.

Canada, 35b.

We traveled east again to Prince George - had the road not been closed by the washed out bridge I believe we would have made it all the way to the coast to Prince Rupert.

One of the large rivers along the route to the coast held records of the largest steelhead caught off the Pacific inland streams. The picture of a young man holding his gigantic record brook trout was impressive. We'd seen the picture in a newspaper advertising the area.

We stopped at ~~an~~ place advertising Indian trade post. It was an Indian home or store. The front room was full of furs, trinkets and Indian handicrafts. The man was well educated. He told us his father was the chief of their group and was away to meetings to try to help the Indian cause. Many Indians no longer worked in handicrafts. It was hard to get things to sell. He showed us some wolf pelts and some beautiful polar bear skins, around \$1500. I was ~~very~~ envious. They were beautiful.

He told us a lot about their culture. He seemed a little uneasy with the kids running around. He kept sending them outside to play. He seemed to apologize for them and indicated they were not all his own. Some climbed on the roof and played there. I believe he rebuked them to get down as the roof would break.

He pointed the mountains out to us far across the valley. He told how it had become difficult to hunt there as traps and that the wolves and game there was maybe withheld from the Indians in a large hunting refuge. He had heard of moose and seemed a very little bit interested in leaving now. A young woman came and went that may have been

this wife. He may have had more than one wife. There were some frame shacks nearby that must have been their regular homes. I don't know that we bought anything. This was ^{west of} ~~above~~ Burn's Lake.

At Pin & George we took a highway north east to come out at Dawson Creek. We followed a river most of this route. It was a long drive. We stayed in a motel ~~and~~ cabin type at one place. It was comfortable. It was off season yet for tourists and rates were reasonable like \$8.00 - 12.00 for a double bed & here we had a ~~bad~~ kitchenette. There were no towns. Occasional service stations. Finally we were in a canyon. It was ~~an~~ immense size. The river below ~~had~~ ^{was} lined with the largest cotton woods I'd ever seen. They were tall and not many limbs for several log lengths. They could have been made saw timber. There was a wide river bottom over and then the swift flowing river in a somewhat meandering course. These tall large trees were throughout the entire flat area along the river on both sides. The ~~high~~ ^{high intense} ~~mountain~~ ^{rise} several 1000 ft in ~~above~~ the river at a steep angle. They were covered with timber and brush. We drove mile of or mile without leaving this canyon. Recently crews had cut a right-of-way and ~~made~~ ^{placed} large steel derricks to hold the electrical transmission lines carrying power down from a large new dam that had been constructed on the Peace River near a place called Hudson's Hope.

In literature Hudson's Hope had been dramatized as an out post in western Canadian history as ~~an~~ a chopping off point of civilization.

Canada - Bob

All along this route - the highway by the way was a newly constructed route. There were streams cascading down the mountainside all along where they would fall beneath as they roched up culverts. It was such a vast and wild appearing country I always expected to see a bear or moose or a wild life along the way - yet I never did.

On one stretch of the road we passed an occasional abandoned cabin - dating back to early trapping or gold mining days. One always wondered what tales these abandoned places could tell. We passed one rather large lake. The road was well above the water and there was an abrupt drop off from the road ~~last~~ to the lake below. I saw a large bird with a white head flying parallel to our course. Then suddenly it swooped down to the water and came away with a fish in its talons. I don't know if it was a bald eagle or an osprey. I suspect the latter.

We drove out to see the large hydro-electric dam. We drove on then Hudson's Hope. The previous year we'd stayed ~~over~~ night here in our camper with our three oldest children where Lisa as usual had enjoyed going to the rest room of a park side facility. We may have met a member family there that Jim and I met earlier at church in Ft. St. John.

Then we drove across to the ~~Chis~~ Alaska highway. There were a lot of places for sale. We saw some places developed along the river where there were wide plains - some were now had been inundated from high run off. Gradually we left the high Rocky mtns. As we traveled east the places seemed more bleak. It was not a pleasant area. The places all appeared on the edge

of disaster. Instead of crossing to Ft. St. John as we had the previous year in the truck and camper we took an alternate highway that looped to the south and came in to ~~near~~ Dawson. I wanted to see the places there. I'd read about money for sale in the catalogues I'd received throughout the winter. It just wasn't the country to the north or west that had looked so good. From Dawson we went up the route alone to Ft. St. John. When we arrived here it was raining. I figured there was no way we could make it to the ranch.

We looked up a member who came up from Bighorn City to teach business courses at the high school. He put us up for the night. In his living room we listened to him talk & talk. We discovered we didn't have much in common. It was a relief to all of us when we left. We went to visit the Zaehngers. They had quite a place. The parents had a trailer set up quite comfortable. The lady was as enthusiastic as one could be. One of her relatives had come up and was planning to get into the honey business. The potential was great. Their own two sons were clearing and cropping a large acreage. Each had large tracts of land tied up and were clearing even more. They lived on a main road but still it was steep and winding. They had a large shop. It was the largest private shop I'd seen on a farm. I couldn't believe the number of gun belts hanging on the walls, more than many for service stations and supply houses. They worked on their equipment in the winter inside the shop.

We learned that during the winter the maintainers

41

Canada - Bob

Content of their grain stored in their own granaries was so high it was starting to crack. They had to take it all out in, but zero weather to save it.

Some people even combined their grain from windrows where it had sat under the snow the entire winter. We then went on to Cache Creek and were able to drive in. We stopped at both the places at the edge of the Cache Creek road, the one on the highway still had the home made for sale sign out. A black bear crossed the highway between Ft. St. John and this place.

He took us out on his place. He had some fields of rape and other seed - maybe Reed's Canary Grass. He harvested the seed, also also maybe some blue grass seed. He traded equipment with neighbors to keep their inventories down. We walked over his place and were bothered with insects (mosquito like) which they called "no see-ums". He had some decent stands of ~~lodge~~ ^{lodge} pole. About a section of cleared land with ~~300~~ 320 Acres cleared.

Then we stopped at the first ^{along} ranch inside the road, Persija. We ate with him and his wife. They wanted to get out and retire. None of their own family wanted the place. He had a nice looking place. He had two fields. One behind his house and another across the creek and road. His house wasn't much. He had a large shop however.

They always talked about the Americans. They had enjoyed the Jones & their kids. Jones got with eggs from them and kept meat there in their freezer.

He told us of when he was a young man in southern Alberta and stood on the steps of a

Carroll Bob. Pink Mt.

building one time where "the mormons" were going to hold a dance. Some fellows jumped all over him for having a cigarette in his hand. So he never had anything to do with the mormons after that. He liked the Jones and had no personal disagreements with any mormons but he figured if they were like the one guy he wasn't interested in anything they preached.

He had his place listed for sale and until the bidding came out he couldn't do much. He had the place listed with an outfit in Prince George or Vanderhoof. He had some Crown grazing land to go with it but you had to have so many head of cattle to qualify on using it.

The road surface dried off quickly once it stopped raining and we soon were able to drive to the Jones' place. It looked inviting. The cattle were out along the road near the first cattle guard we came to. It was a happy reunion.

We heard about Dee's homestead above Pink Mt. we also heard of a new L.D. family near there. We headed north to look it over. Also a family named Larsen lived in off the road to from Pink Mt. toward the Half-way River. It was for sale - we went to see it.

We got in all right. We came to Pink Mountain. It was past 120 miles on the Alcan. Along the road which was paved to nearly 100 miles we passed a great deal of lodge pole stands and some mixed stands of spruce. It was really great looking timber - thick and mature with size ranging from house logs up to small saw logs. There was a store and service station at

Canada. Bob - Pink Mt.

There were a few scattered cabins and a garage. One fellow ~~there~~ along the way we stopped to talk with had a for sale sign out. He said people in Southern Alberta didn't even know what Canada was like. His place was really run down. They appeared to be living in a half finished house.

We got directions and headed on west toward the halfway river. Finally we came off a mt down a rutted road with numerous mud puddles and deep mud holes full of water to a large open basin. There were some nice fields here. It looked like real ranch country. Sort of reminded me of Railroad ranch setting except it was more flat and no sagebrush ~~and~~ knolls.

We came to the ranch and found a very nice log cabin. It was well cared for and attractive. Mrs. Hanson was home. She said her husband had gone to town. She said they'd talked of selling but hadn't settled on an exact selling price and then part of the price would depend on how many cattle would be included. He had some old loose hay equipment. The hay was all grass and meadow variety.

We drove on over toward the Halfway River. I had wanted to see their river there and had expected it to look like I guess I signed I.P. looked in the early days or primitive days before so many people came there. Instead it looked much different. The water under the bridge at the Halfway River was thick with mud. I'd expected to look into the water and maybe see some fish. It had an old style covered bridge over it, narrow too. We crossed and drove

Canada Bob - Pink Mt.

along for a mile or ~~there~~ ^{more} where small poplar had been cleared off the land and a new regrowth had started to take over and was up in varying heights to 8-10 feet but mostly lower and bushy. There were cattle scattered throughout. We drove on a mile or there and saw a few large sleds. Some were partly set up for as outfitters in the hunting season. Had we continued far enough we'd have been able to come to a place where Dee had built or cut a road crossing the river (ford) and going back to his homestead where black ~~spice~~ spruce and peat moss covered a vast expanse for many many square miles from what he'd described to us.

We turned around at the end of a ranch road and headed back.

At the Larion place this told us a lot about the country. She told how her husband had spent his life developing that place. He'd worked out on the road to earn cash sometimes.

She explained how the cold severe winters were hard on them. One year a moose came and remained in their corral for several weeks. One calf was born in 40 degree below weather. When he found it and brought it in; they put it on the kitchen floor & got it started breathing and thawed it out. They had had some hard times.

There was ground water come up just behind their house. It bubbled and ran a small stream like a spring at times of the year such as now. He'd dug down and put a pitcher pump into the sink. It had to be primed sometimes.

The water was nice cold spring water to the taste. She fixed us something to eat. She was pleasant to visit with. She told us the gas company paid them so much a year to use the road and also kept the road open in winter.

Once she had ridden in from the highway at Pink Mt. with a gas co. truck driver and they had to stop the truck and wait for a small herd of caribou to finish crossing the road. She indicated once they started to cross you wouldn't stop them you may as well park and watch. It was a small herd however, so they didn't have to wait long.

She talked about the Jones family and their children. She'd felt sorry for the little kids having to live in such primitive circumstances and riding over long trips to town. She'd wanted to keep them with her sometimes when Dee & his wife went out but they would never leave them. Then Juanita had taken the tiny new baby in for the winter and the children never came out to school.

Dee & Juanita like Canadian parents that live in an area too remote from a school bus could teach their children at home. However, they needed to get materials from the ~~pro~~ province and the children could be accredited for passing them the grades if they could pass certain tests again given by the provincial government.

As we started back from the Halfway River it began to sprinkle. The clouds closed in and by the time we ~~reached~~ ^{crossed the} meadows it was getting dark. I chained up the fuel and we were able to get enough momentum to carry us thru the mud holes the worst

one however, was questionable. We just barely got thru and I drove into it so fast that we heard the ~~bottom~~ bottom of the car hit down a few times. After we climbed out of the basin we passed Larson coming in in his old pickup. We stopped to talk with him. He was a bit intimidated and was very much aware of it and as a result he declined to talk any about price of his place. He indicated that he would not talk ~~there~~ terms under his condition and drove on.

Lath & I corresponded with them but he never gave a very definite price. Finally the suggested price was well above what Dee figured it should be. We were able to drive into Cache Creek again. I took my 30 carbine out and shot two shots at a coyote as we came into the ranch where the cattle had grazed the first year. Some of the hill land had been cleared off that season and the piles of brush burned. We may have helped set a few fence posts. It seems that Dee's oldest son there - Dale had gone to Mantle to work for Don Olsen and go to school there.

While walking from the culvert where the creek crossed under the road not 1/4 mile from the ranch I heard a wolf howl. It was a thrilling experience. A crew came in surveying timber for the government. We wondered why they didn't carry a gun. They said it was too cumbersome. They had had snakes with bears occasionally. One guy had been tied

Canada - Bob

417

once. In Canada hard game can ~~be~~ only be owned by special permit. Carrying them on one's person in the field is illegal. They can be kept in the house on permit however. Dee had a 214 magnum. Dave's older brother was there helping Dee this season. Dee had some nice equipment for C. had bought for him to use.

We rode out one morning with Dee to take the girls to catch the school bus. On the way back a lynx crossed the road. We just sat in the car and watched it. It didn't seem to be at all frightened of us. It stood 25 feet off the road by a small windfall and watched us. ~~It~~ There were a few jack pines and small poplars growing there next to a low knoll. When we drove off it was still there. When I mentioned shooting at the coyotes. Dee indicated what a benefit they were in catching mice and how one had followed the tractor and caught mice behind him in the windrows.

He told us the tall stand of oats in the field where Jim had shot the bear grow so tall they couldn't cut them. It was difficult to get them put up for hay.

We stopped at Dawson to see a real estate man. I'd written to, during the winter. He was out of town. I got an update listing from the office. At White Court I stopped to see the tire man and he was not around.

We stopped in Calgary and visited Berdet. He put us up on a folding bed (levon) in his basement. The next morning he left early for work. It seemed strange to see him in a tie

Canada - Bob.

48

and suit. He left around 6:00. We got up a little later and Yvonne fixed us bacon & eggs and we left. Shelley was running about the house in a short-short nightgown. She was only about 13 but was noticeably becoming a well developed young lady.

We passed through the Bow River country - Ft. McCloud, where we visited the fort & museum and went to ^{Will} Spring and saw Kelly. We stayed that night in town with his folks. Next morning I went to the tangle. I got there a little late but with help and encouragement still made the 1st section. After that we headed for home. It seemed nice to be across the border and in the U.S. again. There is some nice country along near the border.

We went to Helena and visited the capital and then went to the Charlie Russell Museum. It was interesting. There were some nice displays. They had a white Buffalo mounted there. There were some very interesting dioramas. We called on ~~the~~ ^a Mormon bishop in Helena but he seemed real busy so we didn't stay there. We passed a reservoir south and east of Helena. Near Helena was where the 1st gold was reportedly discovered. One of Russell's paintings depicts the historic event. We passed this reservoir and stopped in Townsend. At this service station was a man named Brown. He was one of the Repting Growers. He put us up in his home for the night. His wife was out of town so he had an extra bed room. He'd come to Montana after hunting elk with an army buddy after the war and found it so enticing he ~~was~~ moved there. He loved to go to the

Canada - Bob.

foothills snowmobiling. He claimed the winter where they lived really was not too cold or severe. He answered questions Bob had about working possibilities on ranches. He talked like he'd like some good help in his service station too.

It seems like we may have gone on down and past Bogeman, then across over the Gallatin area and ended up in west Yellowstone. We checked out a few places along the way. This area was prime summer home development land and was 6-7,000 an acre along the Yellowstone River. There was a nice appealing area here. They had raised mostly grain and meadow hay and small creeks and ditches were grown up with small cotton woods and some willow. The willow hay was tall.

Between here and west Yellowstone we passed an area of aspen sage on a large bench. It was dude ranch country. This highway cuts thru the Yellowstone Park. On the south west corner. There is no gate only a sign informing motorists are in the park and another a few miles farther stating you are in Montana on a national forest. We saw a dead cow elk along the highway. It may have been hit by a car. There was a lot of dry pine standing along this road. It always seemed a shame to me the government ~~doesn't~~ doesn't allow it to be cut and removed as wood for stove use.

We probably stopped in I & J to see Warren. We made it home and used dinner a lot of miles. Once I kept track of gas from \$ Ft. St. John on home and the cost was more 35.00.

Canada

Bob never got as enthused as I thought he would about Canada.

We were at Ft. St. John one a Sunday and Dee was visiting his own branch on assignment from the District president as a councilman and asked me to speak. It was on Father's Day.

One member at the branch was a very husky fellow, well over 200 lbs. He had just lost a small child, maybe a daughter. He was the oldest local member in the branch. That is he'd lived there longer than any other local member.

Dee was telling us about ~~some~~ some Dahl in the branch setting up a large ranching operation and getting a slaughter yard set up to help to market local rancher's beef.

The Zallingers told us about a young man that worked for them who was a Mennonite.

In I F Randy took Bob & I for a ride on an air cycle in ~~the~~^{and} creek behind David's house. I didn't flip it over but I turned it so fast I got water in my boots. It was quite a machine.

It had a 10 hpr. engine. It had a heavy rubber skirt around a platform and an air chamber from a large propeller to leading into the air below the platform. One rocked it backward timing the sudden acceleration of the engine and it traveled across the water on an actual cushion of air. It could attain great speed. Randy put a plastic cover like a ankle length clear plastic rain coat over us. It sprayed a lot of water up from the force of air from the prop.

Canada Bob.

The day we left Coase Creek we left early enough to drop the girls off to school. There was Lisa; Becky, and ~~Ed~~ Celia. We dropped them off at the elementary school at the edge of town; ~~they~~ the little girls gave us each a good bye kiss.

On the way out that day we saw a cow and calf moose between Percy's and the highway.

We also saw a moose one day between Lamberts and the saw mill.

Bob and I visited the mill one day where Kendall had worked. We went upstairs and watched. There was a young Canadian boy there that really was friendly. He was off bearing.

That was the largest mill I'd seen operating. The trees were brought up out of the pond on a chain, a man standing just inside the spool where the trees came in had two controls. One stopped the chain, the other operated a chain saw. The chain saw had a 4-4½ foot bar and was electric. He had a scale so that he could measure the length of each cut as it came in. I couldn't believe what I saw that day. We'd heard the mill wasn't paying its way. This guy didn't cut out any crooks or work to make the logs into the lengths for best advantage for the most lumber. After cutting them he'd send some one away onto a skidway where they went to a gang saw.

If they went the other way they went to a head saw. They had cut off saws toward the back of the mill that cut everything to length. So it cut off both ends and winged edges etc.

Canada-1316

One guy just stood inside the mill with a Red Cross insignia or First Aid on his hard hat, He apparently was there because of government safety and union regulations. The unions were real strong in B.C.

Some of the tip work was so bad that the young sawyer running the head saw would roll them onto the carriage and send them down unsawn. Then the offbearer would man handle them across the rollers to a chute that took them down and into the ~~burn~~ burner. It seemed such a waste. The guy could have ^{cut} ~~cut~~ them off and sent them there in the first place, had he been doing his job. I couldn't believe it. If he didn't know that much I'd have thought someone would have educated him or got someone else on that job that did understand what they were doing. If he was qualified but that sloppy he should have been fired.

Canada. Louise & I in 66 Ford.

I arranged with Louise to go to Canada in the spring the next year after Bob & I had gone up. The children stayed with Emma in Sterling.

We went up thru I F and Salmon. We looked at the Simnash valley in Salmon. I was disappointed. It wasn't what I'd expected it to be. We looked at a Chinese museum there. We went onto Derby and at Stevensville, we visited the people there Bob & I had met the year before. We attended church there and heard about the fundamentalists that moved in. We were told of a couple that came to one of the branches very faithfully until they'd gone thru the Temple and then never came back there to church. We traveled on to Missoula. We picked up Club radio on our car there. At a junction which leaves the free way here we stopped at a large truck stop type service station. While there Louise got some bumper stickers that read "Read the Bible, it will save the Hell out of you."

We looked at several realtors in Polson. They weren't very impressed and showed us ^{us} virtually nothing. We went to church the next day after sleeping in our sleeping bags on the Polson chapel lawn to Whitefish. We attended Soc. Mtd. there. We also attended a meeting in Kalispell. We met an LDS realtor there. We went to see a couple of places. One fellow out of town a ways was getting a little old. His wife worked in town. It was hard for him to get decent help. He'd bought ~~out~~ ^{over} a section or two earlier and now his cattle business was real poor. He was having a tough time. He told us the banning of poison had made it so that the Columbia ground squirrel would take over the country. They undermined the dikes and canal banks and ate ~~into~~ the crops.

Canada - L & I

He ~~remained~~ reminded me of Gary Cooper. He'd had a bachelor in a bunk house but the guy left. He didn't know how to get the hay up into the barn loft. He used to hire boys from town to haul his hay but they wouldn't work any more. Like kids picking cherries in Utah country. His daughter graduated from college and married so she couldn't help him and the son-in-law didn't have any interest in the place.

At one of two words in the chapel I met a Jacobson girl I hadn't seen since I was a jr in I.F. I also saw a brunette who was as beautiful a young woman as I'd ~~ever~~ ^{ever} seen. Her husband looked like the hustling type. They came in and sat down with 2 or 3 small children. The guy looked familiar. I couldn't tell if I'd seen him or if he just matched a type. Mr. Shane - Bravo High Dr Ed a track coach and Scott Warner of SL C - BYU basketball player type -

We visited one LDS family there whose home was for sale. He was being transferred. They lived it there. They had gone antelope hunting each year and killed a lot.

I inquired about some property and teaching jobs. One member of the high council had a saw mill. I never met him. I didn't find any teaching openings. At Poulson the LDS teachers a David Smith were off to a state convention. We visited around a tree farm at 3 Forks. Louise enjoyed visiting with a guy that had been raised in Coleville, and his family left the church. Here he was a member of the Baptists along with his wife. Above his place I inquired about an old property on a hill. An old school yard I see or more - but state law abandoned such land back to the

original property ~~owner~~ ^{owner} before it ~~was~~ taken for public use.

We stopped and visited a museum several miles before Glacier Park, we visited a mystic place where the natural magnetic forces of the earth cause strange things to happen, such as standing at an angle to the earth.

We had already been thru the Park and to Waterton Lakes in Alberta so we bypassed the park and passed St. Mary's Lake. We stopped in to see Falsows. We also attended a temple session.

Kelly was buying with a stacker - hay stacker. It was quite a unique system it had some good possibilities. Kelly was trying to get involved with manufacturing it or selling it to an eastern manufacturer.

Stacked hay was bales standing on edge in the fields. They could be in 5's 7's or 9's. With the large front end loader he handled 9's, a triangular shaped fork on the front end loader could change the apex and allowed stacking. Off the ~~grass~~ ground on edge the bale strings didn't rot and break. And the sloping sides caused the water to ~~run~~ run off the bales and stacks.

We stopped in Calgary to see Berdett. Shome was sitting by the window when we arrived. He was a growing young man. Just seeing his name I thought it was his Dad. He visited with us cordially.

Berdett had to excuse himself and go out and jog in the drizzle with his neighbor. But he was back soon. Next day we traveled on. We went to Edmonton where we visited Craig & Priscilla Stutz. They'd been in our ward in Edgemont. His dad was an 1st bishop there and I'd home taught them. She was from Canada and he was doing graduate work there. They lived in

mained campus housing, we may have stayed overnight. We left Edmonton and traveled west to the Parks. We saw some Bighorn sheep that came up near the car. We drove down a long curving high way and at one place we saw two young men standing by a car (maybe a VW) holding a giant fish. I wished I'd stopped and taken a picture holding the fish. This was the Fergies River.

Keith Young's oldest brother, Smith, had told me about visiting this area. He almost moved here at one time. Now we were crossing over a new high way connecting the upper part of Jasper Park to this area of central B.C. Along this route we saw a ~~lot~~ couple of black bears. One was sullen acting. The other just quietly slipped out of sight in heavy evergreens much like one would consider rain forest. It was only a short ways to the next house. I almost felt like stopping to tell them the people at the house there was a bear nearby.

There was a place driving up to Prince George from the south where for several hours we drove thru a great sight, a forest of cedar. I suppose western red. Some were being cut for utility poles. It was tall thin stuff.

I always expected to see game along the way but seldom did. On previous trips in the camp we'd see elk in the park and once going up thru the park we saw moose bears and mt. sheep in several places. Never saw a grizzly or a large bull moose. Saw a few Coyotes -

We passed where there was a town Mt. Robinson.

Canada L & I

Highest mt. in Canadian Rockies.

We drove to Kendalls. Just as we pulled up near his gate he was leaving the shore in his motor boat. He saw us and came back. Then he went on across the lake to see his dad and help him.

We went to Swansons. They invited us in. Sister S said you must be tired from all that travel wouldn't you like to take a shower. Louise without thinking said - Oh! is it Saturday already? Well we did stay overnight. The next time I saw Kendall he said we expected you back and I guess they had fixed supper and waited for us.

Gordon took L & I to several properties. One place out of town where the river ran thru it. Also it had a highway thru it and a power line right-of-way. So the power line had that narrow land cleared and was in grass. He said his wife had caught a 35 lb fish in the river. It was low at the present and when you looked at it you wondered how it could come ~~that small~~ such big fish in what seemed so small a stream. It was real low. He took us around over the place. It had a barn for removal from the house with hand made Dutch doors. He got his car stuck. He jacked it up with a handy man jack and then tipped the jack over sideways. This got the car out of the muck and he drove off.

Louise gave him a bumper sticker for his car. He had a jolly laugh and we enjoyed him. He took us across the ferry and past a Walden's place and back into a somewhat remote cabin.

It was a nice big cabin - It was locked and we didn't ~~see~~ ^{get in} in. It had a sleeping loft. It was mainly wooded and there was a

quarter section between the place and Waldens which was timbered Crown land. There was an old antique tractor near the cabin with the engine sitting sideways rather than parallel to the frame. There were some small lakes surrounded by clearings but it was Crown land, the lakes were not deeded and no one could own up to within so many feet of Crown lakes since a new law had recently been passed.

Louise liked this place about best of all. There was a neighbor who came ~~in~~ from Alaska. He had a gravel ~~truck~~ truck. Kendall laughed about him and said they were at a get together in the winter and his wife called him "Punky". "Well let's go Punky" that hit Kendall's funny ~~bone~~ bone. The woman was supposed to be quite a big tough lady.

The South Africans had not done anything on the large timbered acreage with the 3 lakes. The veterinarian had run low on funds and went back to Calif to earn more money. Gardener said he was operating a pet cemetery in LA where they buried the pets on end to conserve space.

Then we went to see the place at Grassy Lake with the weather station. It belonged to a man named Cox. There were two houses on the place. He had a large lake pontage and a section of grazing or grass hay another mile up the road. He'd just had part of it logged off.

He bought heifers fed them and had them pregnancy tested there and sold at auction on his place annually. He had electric water heater troughs or rather drinking cups.

Canada. L & I

He had cattle chutes and canals. It was a top notch place. He had horse & traps and a small garage for an antique car model A which he would not sell.

The government paid so much for reporting the weather station info, about twice a day throughout the year. His wife ran that. He had just bought the loose hanging equipment that puts hay up into small stacks. He claimed his baled hay was responsible for discouraging his boys from farming. He'd come up Oregon a while, about 10-15 yrs before. He'd sell with or without the equipment. He had several tractors and everything else one needed.

He couldn't figure out if I was a school teacher or if I didn't have long hair or a beard. He liked his neighbor, Bigler, but didn't like him pushing "Mormonism" at him. But he was a good guy himself - a golden contact as far as word of wisdom - no problem and just wanted to retire and be left alone.

We went to see the Biglers. We stayed overnight. His wife had gone to Arizona and was due back but hadn't come yet. He sure told some tall tales. He had about 3 boys there. One was married and had a couple of young children. One real young. One young boy about 14-16 was a real impressive boy. He could do a lot with motive. In the summer winter or he chased coyotes on the frozen lake carrying a shotgun. His dad rode horseback lots of places. He was in the branch president. We finally got thru his stories (tall tales) and went to bed. The oldest boy said his dad knew lots of stories and they were all true -

Canada - L & I

We attended church & Bro. Sorenson arranged for us to talk in Sec. Meeting.

A couple of older ladies in the branch said I hope you can help Gordon. He should be a mormon. The branch pres. was a ~~Good~~ Canadian cat skinner. He didn't look like one. He was just a little guy.

There was one family that flew in to church. The father may have had a plane that landed on water. It seems he did. But they had a large family and all could not come in the plane so some came in a station wagon. Then after arriving they would meet him at a point not far from the ferry landing, and they met for church not far from the landing in what was an old elementary school with ^{only} about 3 rooms.

Walden was in charge of the Sunday School and introduced us saying he'd known Louise father well. Bro. Sorenson was in the branch presidency and asked us to speak in their sacrament service.

First, priesthood meeting was held followed by SS and Relief Society and Sac. Meeting.

The Sorensens had invited us to have Sunday dinner at their place. They also invited Kendall and his family there. We had stayed with them or during that night. ^{Bigler} a very scrumptious meal was prepared for us. She did not attend service or else she went home following the first meeting. After eating we lounged in the front room on soft sofas and chairs. Bro. Sorenson was a quite a guy. He was pretty convincing in what he said.

He had a mannerism that was peculiar and entertaining (interesting) as he sat rather

Canada - L & I

sprawled out in his easy chair with both arms on the arm rests and talked he'd slide down in the chair. Every few minutes he'd raise himself up ^{by} his arms and scoot back up into the chair seat a bit but and soon he'd have slipped down aways and then he'd do it again.

He told us their daughter Debbie had stayed with her grandmother, his mother, and attended school in Star Valley that year. They didn't say but drugs were a real problem in many of the high schools especially in Canada and they ~~to~~ may have been partly ~~by~~ trying to avoid a problem there. And of course they had also left many friends behind in Star Valley.

As to the weather he said the winters were really no colder than in Star Valley, Wyo. except the wind blew much more in Wyo.

A day or two before we arrived they had had a visit from a fox to their hen house. It was across the road from their second house. He had shot at it with his rifle with a scope mounted. The rifle was out in sight in the room and that may have been the reason he mentioned the fox.

He was helping one of his sons break a horse. The boy had been thrown off once but kept trying and was doing pretty good. His son or sons were off to Vandervoort or Rine George. It seems with scouts and friends for a week outing.

He also told us they had been troubled with bears. One bear may have killed a neighbor

Canada. L & I

calf. So he and all the ranchers or homesteaders in that area got together and formed a line and scoured the woods for several miles and on this drive they exterminated several bears which ended the problem.

He had big plans of developing his place with his boys over some years he anticipated that they would be able to take up more Crown land. His immediate problem was that in order to hold his leased land that he took along with the deed he bought the government required so many head of cattle be placed on it. He was short. Kendall figured he'd sunk far too much capital into his home or homes and there was of course no return from any of that and the capital producing part of ranching (cattle) he'd left himself short. But anyway Calum was a good example of optimism.

Kendall had helped his dad out a great deal but it took a lot of time to travel back and forth to his dad's place. They talked about moving over onto the place which had enough land if cleared for both of them. Kendall was clearing land with their ^{cat} ~~cat~~ whenever they had any spare time.

They also cut timber off Kendall's place and in the winter cut it into rough lumber, hauled it to town and sold it to an outfit that planed it and shipped it out of the country. So this gave them off season work with the results of a cash crop.

Donna & Sister Swensen both exclaimed how unfortunate we'd been to miss seeing Sister Bigler. Kendall said

ted listened to some of his tall tales also and some were a little too much to swallow, (He didn't use those exact words)

One day while crossing the ferry Mr. & Mrs. Cox crossed with their pickup. He covered an oxygen or acetylene bottle with a piece of canvas that was laying in the back of his truck. It would have been a long ways to drive around the lake.

Gordon once told us when he was a teenager they used to purposely miss the last ferry of the day when they were out with a date and then they'd have to drive all the way around the lake to take her home and that gave them more time together.

The Bigler's older sons worked as mechanics ^{for} a logging outfit in their off season. This gave them steady work in the winter when there wasn't much to do at the ranch. In summer they helped with their dad's place. With the long hours of daylight they could do quite a bit in addition to the mechanic job. One boy had studied at the trade-tech in Provo.

He said if you were reliable and willing to work finding work was no problem in the local logging industry there was such a high turn-over of men all the time anyway that jobs were always becoming available.

Cox told us that one of his boys cut timber for some special clearing project about 4.5 miles from their place for over \$5.00 an hour and liked it ~~much~~ ^{much} better than farming.

Cox bought young heifers at the auction in Williams Lake and brought them to his place. On one trip his

Canada. L & I

neighbor Bigler went to the auction also with his semi-truck and stock rack. After the auction Bigler arranged to haul Cox's cattle home for him. Cox arranged to have the billing ticket made out into Bigler's name as owner.

In B.C. the unions are very strong. Some of the ladies told us that if one drives down to the Okanagan to get fruit and fills their pickup or station wagon they may be stopped along the highway and asked whether or not all the fruit is for them. They cannot haul goods like that for someone else. It's an infringement against the trucking industry according to the union.

Well Cox and Bigler had another neighbor from Grassy Lake that ~~got~~ was at the auction and got wind of what they were doing. We heard talk of one "mormon hater" living in the area. This may have been him. But whatever his reasons he turned them into the "Queen's cowboys." So along the road the RCMP stopped Bigler. When they checked he had his name on the billing slip. Cox said Bigler wouldn't lie so he wouldn't directly answer yes or no to the question of whether or not the cattle were his. He just pointed to the billing slip.

So then they detained him by starting a very scrutinizing check of his truck, the lights, brakes etc. Finally Bigler told them that if they made him late so that he missed the ferry he was going to be very disgusted if he couldn't sleep with his wife. He'd come over to their house to sleep with one of theirs. Then did Cox ~~start~~ laugh.

with that they let him go. In Alberta the unions did not have such control.

A new government which was very liberal had just been put into B.C. the government had completely taken over the car insurance industry. Gordon was in insurance and real estate together as a combined business. He was really against this move by the government yet it didn't bother him to have government railroads and electrical power plants and medicine.

^{the married} ~~the~~ Biglers ^{boy} had said how their new little baby had only cost like a couple of dollars. The hospital and doctors services were provided by provincial insurance that cost something like one dollar a month.

Sister Sumner had a small infant to care for also. I don't know how many of their children were here. His first wife had died. Res Bateman of Astoria knew Calvin of course. He'd left a large home in Star Valley situated in a high prominent place with a view.

We went on our way. Just out of Prince George headed west we had slept in the car one night near some sawmills. It had been cold and uncomfortable.

We went up to a junction and took the road across coming out near Ft. St. John. The weather was good and we were able to drive right into the ranch. The Jones were at home. Mike was gone and Dale had remained in Utah or had gone back there. Dale had met a young girl in Mantle and rusted her off her feet and married her. Then went to Ft. St. John but she wasn't happy there and she was like on 16 years old and she just couldn't take it and went back to her parents. This

Canada - L & I

possibly happened within a year after we were there.

I first met Dale by going to Don Olsen's place in Manti. He was driving a big tractor discing a back yard garden spot near Don's house in Manti. He stopped and we visited briefly.

Dee's & Juanita's oldest daughter were living there. Also their oldest son who had completed his time in the service was out of the service and may have been there. If so he worked as a mechanic ~~for~~ ^{was at} an implement dealer in town. The husband of their daughter smoked or else their son smoked. Dee wouldn't let anyone in his house that smoked. This may have caused some friction between them and led to dissatisfaction. But there was a daughter in the trailer. The brother of Dave Olsen that had lived there the year before had gone back to the states even though he entered as an immigrant he didn't check out or advise the Canadian government he wasn't still in Canada. And mail was still sent to him at Ft. St. John.

Sometime during the winter the Canadian government or at least in the 2 western provinces had made a law giving amnesty to all illegal aliens in Canada who would go in and register with the government during a certain time period. Many many sheepherders and others came forward who had been living and working there for years and registered.

Dee took us down to see the most prized of all his implements. They had bought a large new tractor with a cab. I remember how he'd justified the nice cab. A person wouldn't work in an office without being clean

and clear of dirt and noise as being heated or even air conditioned- why should he be expected to be different.

this machine was a giant sized rototiller. It had its own diesel power unit and needed a large tractor to move it. It almost needed more force to hold it back than to propel it forward. It could take about an 8 or 9 foot swath. When it crossed over a field the field was left somewhat fluffy and loose and ~~as~~ aerated. It could be followed with a seeder and planted directly without needing any further land preparation. It could handle up to about a 4 in poplar stump and so the land didn't need to be a clean before it was used as conventional plows and discs. It pulverized most of the trash left on the field.

He was able to take us to the field and show us where they had used it in a ~~the~~ strip along side of land prepared in a conventional way and seeded at the same time. The results were impressive with the new stand of grain and hay coming up.

They had cleared some more ground and expected to burn off a large tract the following winter. They had used the tiller going south from their horse pasture and went about a mile in one direction before turning around. They had taken hay off some of the ground after the snow came. The frozen hay was preserved and as the cattle opened it and fed it wasn't spoiled being preserved by the

Canada - L & I

Cold of winter.

Dee had also got his Heston stack land. It cut the hay and ~~put~~ took it by belt and blower into a large box, then it was compacted and when it was filled dumped. It was a small head box shaped hay stack weighing a couple of tons perhaps $2\frac{1}{2}$ or even 3.

Another machine a stack mover was then employed. It had a long frame that had endless chains. The bed tilted also. This was backed into these stacks on an angle and as the tractor backed into the stack the rotating chains moved the hay forward onto the bed. It could carry 3-5 stacks at a time. These were then hauled to a stack yard where the direction of the chains were ~~revers~~ reversed and the stacks were undocked as the tractor pulled ahead chapping out from beneath the stacks. Dee showed us the stack yard and showed us that when the stacks were unloaded too close together - melting ~~then~~ snow and rain ran into the stacks from the tops but if the stacks were placed apart the moisture would go all the way down and into the ground.

I believe the year before I and Bob went into the field one day while Don was there and he showed us their newest seedlings. Each year they had cut back on the amount of Timothy and alfalfa seed used and in that soil and the long hours of daylight the growth was so great that the ~~ye~~ yields were more than adequate. In fact the more crops of oats were so heavy they were difficult to cut. He said you could grow more here than in Montana, by accident

Also the year Bob was there - we went to a Sunday church meeting and Don drove the Power wagon. Along the way I ~~asked~~ asked Sister Jones if she'd ever seen my girl friend in town. She didn't have to hesitate long to catch on and burst into laughter. Don sort of raised his eyebrows. Girl friend? Well she explained the drunken Indian girl of the year before in town.

Mike had joined the US Army and was gone. Don wasn't there this spring but there was always a possibility he'd come up. By coincidence I'd been at the temple once when they came to Mantu and went through with Don & his wife. They also went thru the Logan temple I believe for their first time when the children were sealed to them with Don and the Zealings from Tremonton attended.

The Jones had a great deal of respect for Don and also Jan. C. They sort of revered them in a way especially I suppose since they were so new in the church - They had many many books in their book shelves, many church books and wild life books. I enjoyed browsing thru them.

The spring Bob & I were there her brother came in. He worked in Wash. for the post office. He seemed excited about John Birch and also some national organization to foster the right to bear arms. But it was not NRA. He was a bachelor. He really was radical and Dee sort of stayed out of his discussions and appeared to ignore him. He was also a recent convert to the church. He had a morgan stallion in Wash.

On this last trip in I inquired about the houses

Canada - LAI

we had brought in, the younger horse that Dee expected to break. It had some bad habits and was green broke had left with some other horses that stayed in from the south somewhere and had never been located again.

There was at least one of the black Angus bulls still laying next to the barn. Another carcass partly decomposed was inside the barn. They had frozen to death. Dee finally admitted. He felt they were never acclimatized. Having been brought in from the states. They had tried to get it into the barn but it just laid down on the outside of the barn and froze. Some of the other cattle just fed right in around ~~the~~ the stacks in the stock yard.

It there had been one cold snap where it was so cold that the propane lines stopped flowing to the house so Dee had to take diesel fuel torches and warm the propane tank. Also he would get up every few hours during the night and go out and start all of the engine in the shed-garage in order to make sure they kept running and then they hauled the kids to school.

This year Dee had a new car. It was maybe a Chevy or GMC suburban. They had had a Dodge. He didn't want 4 wheel drive but he insisted on positraction. The 4 wheel drive just didn't hold up in that country he felt and repairs were costly and expensive.

After leaving Ft. St. John we drove home. We stopped to see Kelly Folson. He and Karen were real enthused about Black Welsh cattle. They

Canada - L & I

were really into it. now this was the year before that they had both flown to England and toured Wales at the expense of the Black Welsh association of which Karen was secretary. She proudly took us to their home and showed us their best cows. She maintained the registry. She had brochures. They all had good points of easy calving - good mothering - fast growth etc.

It amounted to someone seeing what had happened to the Simmental and Charolais and trying to get something going with another new breed. Because Canada had less stringent rules on getting foreign cattle into their country while the U.S. ag. Dept. quarantined cattle for several years before entrance these new breeds were first brought to Canada even when bought by U.S. promoters. Artificial insemination was widely used and in $1/2$'s $5/8$'s $7/8$'s strains were soon available in the states. The black Welsh after a half dozen years were no longer heard of.

Kelly took me to a place along a mile stream several miles from their farm where he had acquired a half section of hill grazing land. There were fish in the stream. It was the best looking stream I'd seen. It wasn't muddy. He hoped to sell it off for recreational property and they went there with their family to camp occasionally.

Karen's mother had at one time made a saddle from the raw hide tree skin and given it to Karen. It was beautifully tooled and was a prize possession to her. It was a nice looking rope saddle with a low Cheyenne roll.

We stopped and saw Berdett and Yvonne. She had told Louise if we wanted to really get informed on Canada to send for a catarrh

Canada - L & I

newspaper. It was from Calgary ~~but~~^{on} Vancouver and really kept me informed about the political scene in B.C. So Lavinie ordered a 3 month subscription for me for my birthday one year. I received a lot of literature from the government on agriculture in different specified areas - soil maps, climate - homesteading regulations etc. Finally we did apply for immigration - we did everything including meeting an appointment with a representative out of the consulate office in San Francisco, at a SLC hotel, after an interview she said our chances of acceptance she supposed were very good - although she would not be the one to make the decision, that would come out of Ottawa.

The only remaining thing to do was to take a complete physical including x-rays - but she suggested we not go to the expense of those tests until just prior to being certain we would go since they would only be considered valid for a short time 6 weeks or 2 months following examination. That step we never did take.

One time I talked with Dr. Howard Stutz and he told of a friend or relative that went to Canada to homestead and was really excited with all the adventure, but it was a hard life and after a while the family of the couple had to rescue them from an almost destitute condition.

All the reasons I'd wanted to go seemed to be come more dim and less reasonable. There was talk of getting big money out of our 6 acres like \$10-12,000 per acre but no concrete offers were ever forth coming. Some ads were placed in the local Reno Daily Herald classified section but no results came.

Canada - L & I

Another thing discussed with Badett and Yvonne was that when ever they went someplace in the winter time ~~in~~ when they hired a ~~at~~ St. John ~~was~~ with the kids in the car when it was real cold was that they took sleeping bags and quilts in the car just in case they should get stranded.

Badett told me about hunting.

One time soon after he'd been up north he went out to get a sheep or goat. He climbed and got the animal. He skinned out the head and cape and started back to his car. It got pitch dark before he could make it back. He finished in the dark stumbling along carrying that bloody hide over his shoulders and thru brush. Finally he came out at the place where he had left his car.

He also told me of a place he went one time to get a bear. He shot a bear but wounded it. He went carefully thru the brush looking for it. Another bear showed up. He shot it. Before he was ~~there~~ ^{thru} he had shot 4 or 5 of them. It was uncanny how they'd hide. He was near a river so he didn't think they could get away. He said they were like pheasants that come off into holes and hide. He got a few goose pimples before he got out of there. He felt a little guilty leaving them there but it started getting dark. He may have gone back another day but still found nothing. It ended a puzzle.

Once ~~we~~ Dave Olsen and I stopped at a homesteaders place near Valley view to check on some cattle that had disappeared from their truck tip over. These people had recovered one critter. They told us cattle were disappearing and they suspected some of the workers on oil rigs

22

Canada - L & I

were taking beef. In Alberta the government had designated community grazing areas and people turned their cattle together in large fenced tracts of set aside crown land.

We asked a small boy 10-12 years old how he liked living there. He said it was okay except he couldn't go out to play much because of bears. One had come to their house and stuck its face to a window and maybe even broke a window out at the back of the house.

When I told Dee about it he said they did it have to put up with that. They could organize a group and go thru the woods and clean out the bears.

Burdett one time went hunting with a friend and they shot an elk or deer and Burdett said I'll run back to the car and get a knife. He wasn't far from the car. As he started off his friend said you'd better take your rifle. He had leaned it against a tree. He thought well maybe he'd see some other game so he shrugged his shoulders and took it along. He was jogging along a trail and came to a little rise and met a bear face to face. They both stopped and looked at each other. Burdett decided not to give the bear time to think about it when it didn't show any intention of moving and raised his rifle and shot it. He was glad ^{for} his friend's advice.

After leaving Burdett we got as far as Ft. Mc Cleod and had some car trouble. I carried two extra rear wheel bearings in my tool box. There was a terrible sounding ~~noise~~ noise in the gears. We found a Ford garage in Lethbridge and they

Canada - L & I

treated us real well. It turned out to be something to do with the transmission or axle drive. It may have been a seal. They had one in stock and we were able to get out of there and on our way for something like \$50⁰⁰.

At the border we had quite a few dollars left of Canadian money after gassing up so we went to a grain elevator and bought a few things among which was some cleaned wheat.

At the border at Coutts the customs officer seemed gruff. He said do you have anything animal, vegetable, or mineral. I said no. He wanted to see in the trunk. Before I opened it I asked do you consider wheat and flour as one of the items you mentioned. Then he acted real strange about the wheat. He wanted to know what I intended to do with it. I said we had a home grinder and would use it for making bread. He finally said make sure you don't plant any of it.

There apparently was a U.S. embargo against wheat, because of price differential. He asked us several times - are you sure you aren't carrying any gifts etc. No one gave you anything?

It made us glad to get across the border. Louise started missing the kids a great deal so we headed directly home except maybe a stop in I.P. where we visited Warren. He was off working and Sheila Mason was there tending Mober. Mober was getting into King's back in a round canal. I took Sheila to the Simmonds place on the flat to get water. She kept a saddle gelding there also and rode it around in a small circle changing lead and ^{containing}

Canada - L & I

We got back to Montie and the kids were all glad to see us. If Shawn was a small baby ~~then~~ ~~an visit with Sheila would have been at the Elk Creek ranch~~

Lisa had had her birthday while we were gone. Emma had seemed to keep all the children happy and contented but ~~it~~ ~~was~~ was a happy reunion.

We may have stopped to see Sheila. She was living with her sister and brother-in-law and at the Elk Creek Ranch where they ran a dude string.

Dee Jones told us about a Dahl inter rancher ~~in~~ at Ft. St. John who was organizing and buying up a great deal of ranches below Ft. St. John. He'd gone to England to borrow millions of dollars to develop a large spread.

Then Dee himself told of flying over ~~the area~~ and locating a great deal of Crown land below Ft. St. John and west of Dawson that could be cleared and developed into a large ranch. Several sections were available untouched and adjoining more crown land that could be developed.

Calvin and Gordon had told of a large area with a great deal of natural meadow with a stream thru it that could be developed into a large ranch. It was remote and the Crown would not allow it developed as an isolated piece unless an access road was put into it. That would require considerable capital. There were probably quizz lies in that area and a ranching operation would have to plan to deal with them. Gordon felt it would be a great ranching empire.

It might require several people going in together to accomplish it. A Canadian would have to be involved since the taking up of Crown land by aliens had ended.

One winter when it was real cold Kendall had got a shot at a couple of moose on his place. He'd sent to Kamour to an Uncle that was a gun smith to rig him up with a mil rifle & scope. Once when Kendall was helping to turn their cattle out for summer he'd ridden up on a calf moose that was very young. The cow came after him pretty eager. He said he put the spurs to his horse and finally the cow gave up the chase but not until Kendall had received a thrill out of it.

~~In~~ Along with Kendall's place he had summer grazing where they just turned the cattle loose into the "bush" as the Canadians called it. Behind Kendall's there was nothing but Crown land section after section. By habit the local stock that were turned there year after year returned to the ranches when fall weather and the snows came to the hay stacks and meadows. Most of Kendall's Hereford cows were bought with the place and so returned along with the others.

Kendall was real proud that he could market 600 lb calves in the fall off the great feed there and the mother cow's milk. The cows on his place in the spring when we were there were so fat they looked like feed lot cattle yet he hadn't had any calving problems.

On the home place he fed his hay in the thick spruce grove ~~on~~ above the house. This seemed

Canada - L & I

to provide adequate shelter. We were told when the real cold snaps hit in the north there was no wind - all was still and cold and ~~was~~ white. Had winds accompanied the really low temperatures the chill factor would ~~have~~ have likely annihilated any life out in the open or wind.

On the one place Bob and I visited along the beautiful ^{resort} lake ~~so~~ with the trailer court his cattle were turned back into an area 5 sections long end to end. He'd go up the lake in a boat and put salt out at designated ticks enabling him to keep some track of his cattle until fall when they'd pick back and bring them in.

Near Hillspring and into Cardston we crossed a Blood Indian reserve. Along this rolling prairie mainie country the Rockies loomed tall in the background against the sky. Some pictures of the Cardston temple show the tall majestic peaks as a backdrop on the horizon.

Sometimes in winter during the warmth of a Chinook (warm wind) Kelly & Karen had gone into the foothills near these mountains on snowmobiles to get near the mt. sheep. The bighorns perhaps weakened from the long winter came down to escape the deep snow searching for browse and seemed gentle and tame as snowmobiles glided over the snow ~~searching~~ moving into close range to observe the Bighorns.

Following the trips to Canada I still received literature from some real estate groups. The way the land seemed so fertile and the hay and other forage crops responded to the long daylight hours in the Ft. St. John area was

a real enticement. Seeing the bears was wild but also it was gratifying to see the moose were there, and the lynx and the wild chickens on lower lawn.

But the problems with the B.C. government seemed too restrictive to really be desirable.

One real estate man from Dawson Creek which was very near the B.C. border ~~was~~ corresponded to me in a couple of personal letters which were gratifying. He had gone there from the U.S. many years before. He believed the Alberta government to be more stable and less restrictive than in B.C. The schools were better too he felt. The taxes were lower. He gave comparative figures for vehicle taxes, there were tax credits allowed for a house also and it seemed Alberta was the place to go. There was also available good land and timbered cleared land for sale but the grazing of open crown land was pretty well restricted to communal grazing areas which were fenced and a ~~small~~ ^{moderate} fee was assessed with some benefits from fencing and heading to keep an eye on stock turned in.

When it came right down to it. Moving north to homestead was a big risk. Lots of hard work and raising a family in the mission field in areas where the church was very young and vice & drugs were prevalent in the schools and communities. Some how the desire to follow through seemed to wane and circumstances that developed taking me into Canada didn't continue to develop fostering ~~the movement~~ ^{moving} there. So it all died on the vine.

After some years of looking back I'm not certain that it should have ended as it did - but when I hear this joke from Kelly

Folsom a few years later - I felt relieved somewhat - a fellow rancher hurried to his neighbor and said Hey! there's a big cattle transport out in your field. Well! Are they hauling cattle away or are they unloading some.

The price had dropped drastically out of the beef market. Costs were still high. Getting land with timber had seemed a way to go with a cash crop ~~effect~~ as a possibility, but then the recession in 10 years and the drop off of lumber and many mills closed. The one in Burns Lake ~~and~~ Bob & I had visited ~~was~~ burned down ~~and~~ ^{over} the winter so that when Louise and I returned it was gone. The B.C. provincial government took ~~over~~ the ownership of several large mills including one of the largest shake mills in B.C. U.S. investors in natural resources (timber and mining) were being legislated out of business. They were no longer permitted to hold the controlling shares of businesses there.

Looking back at that aspect I ~~suppose~~ ^{cannot} feel but what I am not going north was a good thing. On the other hand maybe something very much while might have possibly developed. The ~~qu~~ quieter life may have been real good for me but maybe the kids would have suffered. Those questions are ones for which there are no conclusive answers.

From the experience of others it is hard to say. ~~Over~~ ^{Over} several years I corresponded with the Jones. The Lamberts answered one or possibly two letters and then failed to return Jones cards.

Kendall's sister & her husband had to return to S.C. there she had a baby at home. Some difficulties

Canada. L & I

took place or complications at birth. They had no insurance. We visited them in S.I.C. Because the baby was born at home no doctor wanted to begin caring for her for fear more complications might occur and they would be blamed for a condition they were not ~~and~~ initially involved in.

They hoped to work and save and eventually get back to Canada. Moonyeen especially and perhaps her husband but it seemed he'd had to accept the fact that a ~~fat~~ frail man lacking experience in manual labor was greatly disadvantaged ^{as} a homesteader.

I received occasional replies from the Joneses. I had to take the initiative to keep track of them over the years however. Then Don Allen in Mantle. I learned Dale had gone into a special branch of the service "The Rangers". A select - super he-man "commando" type service branch.

Mike got out of the service and did some cat skinning ~~at~~ around Ft. St. John. Got married and soon after divorced.

I heard they were coming to Soda Springs to a ranch that Jan. C. had there. I made at least 3 trips there. They did not arrive when they were due there. Finally I did see Juanita's parents there - and a brother. They were going to work that place for Jan. It was south across the river.

Her father told me they had been to visit them in Ft. St. John. There was a lot of sentiment in the schools about Americans. He felt the kids reacted in a way to bring some persecution upon themselves from Canadian

school children. He told them they left Ft. St. John with temperatures ~~below~~ around 90° below and down the highway (50 - 200 miles) the temp. change ~~was~~ differential approached 100 degrees.

I met Jan. C. there one time ~~and~~ ^{there} and he asked if I'd like to go to Ft. St. John and run his place. He put cattle onto the my father-in-law John Andrew and for years was a drag on John. He seemed to be filled with promises but never delivered.

Finally I located Jones. They were ~~on at Montevideo~~. ~~I went there to see them~~ ^{Montevideo}. I found them. Dee was working here and there, waiting for Dahl to put together a large Charolais operation made up of a half dozen or more large ranches in the area. Lee Dahl's brother lived in an area. He visited and consumed one of his brother's kids on a fast Sunday because the brother was inactive. I was assigned to home teach there for a while. I was not at the meeting and afterward Lewis told me he'd been there. I talked with him by telephone.

My last trip to Kelly Falsowis he told me the name Lee Dahl was ^{like} a bad word in Southern Alberta where he had solicited a lot of funds from church members for the Ft. St. John project in which they never received any returns.

So I supposed Lee Dahl's big operation at Montevideo would be a similar deal. Dee was expecting to run his cattle operation for him with his expertise. He stayed around Montevideo for a year or two and disappeared.

After we moved to Idaho about 1978-79 I contacted them at Montevideo. Dee was running a equipment for a land leveling outfit

Comadre, L & I

31

when the weather permitted. It was at best seasonal and part time. Once I went there with Jim Andrus and we had a good visit. They still removed their shoes when entering their house. They had a new lawn and a new house. The house was built by the church at the Montevideo ward across the ~~street~~ ^{street}.

Dee's family were the custodians. They made a trip to the Manti pageant once or twice with a group of young people.

I received an invitation from them to come to the Salt Lake temple for Lisa's wedding. She'd met an elder and he'd come to see her at Mordida. They lived there for a while where he was going to work taking care of the the vehicle and equipment on Dahl's big place. However it never developed and the boy went back to Las Vegas area where he was from within a year. I never heard much except a nice thank you note from Lisa.

The day Jim and I went to see Jones - Becky was not there. She was off visiting Lisa as school was out for the summer. When she graduated from West Jefferson High School her picture was among all the other graduates. She was cute. She probably was ~~precocious~~ precocious as was Lisa and had a boy friend. She'd stayed many before going on to school.

Soon after leaving Ft. St. John the Jones went back to Oklahoma for a while where Dee tried ~~to~~ ranching with his dad. When he wound up in Mordida I figured it just plain hadn't worked out. I know Jim owed Dee quite a bit in back wages and maybe some other promises for other things. I don't know how he eventually ended up with Lee Dahl. Dahl sold and his

Canada L & I

mentone interests. While Dee was just existing in monida in a little rented house next to an old depot by the railroad Dahl was in Billion ~~taking~~ living I suspect quite high with big care, house and luxury.

I always hoped that Dee would not become too disillusioned by such men and drift from the church. I assessed Dee as a man that once soured could turn real bitter.

Well Jim always inquired about Becky. She seemed more like her mother than any of the other girls. That was a big complement. She ~~from~~ Juanita always seemed cheerful. She'd lived those years ~~in~~ ^{at} ~~the~~ ~~the~~ Cache Creek with Olsen, and Olsen and their relatives and some hired ~~men~~ men and as always in ~~the~~ her home. Their own kids got teased and rough-housed around by all. And with ~~the~~ in Dee's discipline the kids couldn't on the other hand get ~~so~~ unruly.

At the SL temple I went in in street clothes. I waited in a lower room with many guests to await many weddings to for a turn to go up to a ceiling room. Pres. Kimball came thru while I was there. Many people surged forward to shake his hand. He was very gracious and generous.

In the ceiling room I met Dee & Juanita & Don Olsen & wife. Following the ceremony I went to a restaurant for wedding breakfast. It was nice to see them. Dee & ~~Juanita~~ Juanita were told how all thru the ceremony and seemed an especially close and lovely couple. At the time this was becoming an envious ~~side~~ sight.

Letters from Canada

Raymond, Alberta.
Canada



Mrs. Bernard Knapp
Rt 2 Box 478
Provo,
Utah 84601

Aug 9th

Dear Louise Liza, Wilbi, & Justin.

Hi! How are you? I've had a few misgivings about this trip since I started. But I guess that's why it's a good thing I got started or I would have backed out. It's actually gone really well. We've had some delays but we are very likely about as far along as we could have possibly been anyway. We found that trucks can't cross the border until 8:00. And they aren't on daylight saving time here either. So we waited on down this morning until 8:00 am at the border to get processed. It was about 3 hrs. They said it's illegal, you can haul things in and you can haul things out but you can't come in and haul things about.

Finally - well you know it's really illegal but I guess we'll let you. Jim is in the hotel sitting some sleep. I couldn't sleep

so I walked to the post office and
some stamps - envelopes and am
waiting this. Post cards take the same
postage 7¢ - and all 8 were of
Watson Lake anyway - so not
much to send you.

Your folks will fine. Ken's sheep
were moved and the prophetic one
was seen up Jim said.

When we leave here it will be
another 24 hour trip. I'll be
glad when we arrive. It's been
96 - 97 degrees here. It's nearly
90 in the town today I guess although
it's a little overcast. I'm hungry
because I don't know when will
leave. The cattle one at a feed lot,
a large one. one the scale house - office

I saw a large sign

Roger
Holt

Production Testing
Phone us.

I asked if he had
been to BYU to
study. The guy said yes - He's a quiet
guy isn't he? Every thing he says
he says in a loud shout.

He's on vacation. Wasn't back yet.
I'll just leave a note telling him Ken's
Dad's

as many as you want - from me to you
I don't know when they'll come. I wanted to drop you this note to
brother in law was here, well good the cattle this afternoon
after a few hours to rest, when they get away to feed they'll come

Fr. St. John
Alcan, Hwy
B.C. Canada



Mrs. Bernard Knapp
Rt 2 Box 478
Provo, Utah 84601

Dear Louise & kids,

Hi! Again. How are you? Louise are the kids being good? Lira are you helping mommie take care of the boys. Well Daddy has slept in the truck with Jim for three nights - Sun, Mon, Tues. So I didn't get a chance to write. So it's late to write this - but Willie "Happy Birthday - you big old 3 year old" Did you have a party?

Last night Dad and Jim slept in a bed in a trailer house. It was sure good to sleep. And we did. It began raining this morning about day eight. And this morning it's heavily over cast. Well the fellow that was supposed to go back down for the next ride to bring up the other cattle isn't here at the ranch. So maybe Jim or myself will have to go back to Raymond for another load of cattle. That isn't much to look forward to. But I suppose I'll have to go.

The 16 year old boy tells us this is the biggest potential ranch in BC. It's in a valley back off the alcom highway about 12-17 miles. It's

about like driving into Wrench Valley and saying this valley is my ranch. You can look way ahead and see over some low hills of timber and see another cleared spot - it is ~~cleared~~ cleared and planted. about 3 miles - that's the next ranch neighbour - It's pretty country. They don't get their loads of hay hauled so they have the same problems as other ranchers. The oats and alfalfa look good. I guess they'll pasture their

get sign off for new Daddy
try to get a second crop.
The kid says they can summer a cow to the area -
their alfalfa in the fall - rather than try to get a second crop.

Louise

I found the place. There's no

T.V. here

There is - but two people

living here moved from Calif. left two TV sets there. They say they are glad. They have a wall 11 feet long or 12 feet. with 5 1/2 shelves of books and another shelf of encyclopedias and books of knowledge and sets of life magazine books on animals etc and all kinds of subjects.

These people came in early this morning with the cattle. The man & his wife went out and brought a load in from a few hundred miles down the road. We had trouble and had to leave a horse and one load behind. The

cattle trailer broke down we had to leave it. So we unloaded them in a stock yard until they could go back for them. Now there are two more trips to Raymond to be made. That's one full night of driving and maybe two nights for each trip.

Jim and I climbed up on a hill the other day while it was nice and sunny. We didn't take a camera. Today it isn't picture taking weather.

We went and picked wild raspberries. They are really thick. I've never seen wild raspberries that big and they were pretty tasty too. They said when you go berry picking carry a gun. So the 16 yr old boy took his 30 30 along. We saw one moose. Saw a buck moose track this morning just outside the yard. A bear crossed the road in front of the truck yesterday they said. Well I'll sign off - and get this mailed today -

talked about getting a mouse in den.

you will visit you. Hope everything is good. Dad - Love

B Knapp
c/o Highway 52 Feeders,
Raymond, Alberta, Canada



Mrs. Bernard Knapp
Rt 2 Box 478
Provo, Utah

Friday "the 13th"

Dear Louise and kids,

Hi! How are you? I'll just drop you a line. Well I was in the truck 23 straight hours again. We got back to Lettbridge about 1:00 today. We have to drive about 20 miles to where we had the cattle at Raymond. It's about 70 miles to the border. We slept a while in a motel here and will sleep more after we eat our supper. We'll go out now for supper. We ate breakfast at a restaurant along the way - around 9:00 - It's about 6:00 now. I've picked up some oranges etc along the way.

Since I wasn't supposed to have been making these trips the meals are paid for, and the motel of course. I surely would have rather stayed at the ranch with Jim. When we left Jim it was drizzling light. The dirt road was a little slippery - One place we had to back down and take another run at the hill, we made it alright.

I'm seeing the country of course some I don't really see. When you drive clear through the night. It isn't seeing much. Up on the upper end of the journey especially there's a lot of traffic. All night long - truck after truck passes you. Both directions. We can't travel as fast as the big diesels so they constantly pass us along the way. I haven't seen any game animals along the highway. I told you Jim and I saw a moose at the ranch - it was a long ways off.

Well this is really a big outfit. They expect the boys to show up at Ft. St. John on Sunday. They have about 200 members of record at the St. John branch but 50 percent aren't active - I guess it's about like counting 600 in Edgemont First Ward using the Provo Canyon to amount 200 members. But if everything goes well we may get there ~~for~~ Sunday morning. I don't have any dry nice clothes. We hope it's stopped raining up there. In the way down I hit a little fog a couple of places. I hit some very light drizzle almost a mist a half dozen times along the way, and it hasn't been wet at all -

I haven't used my windshield wipers since 10:00 this morning. The sun is shining here and it has cleared off. The temp. has dropped a lot. So we hope the road up there will be dry when we get back. Then we will be able to drive into the ranch. I drove about 14 hours since we left there at 1:30 Thurs. until we arrived here. We ate along the highway on the south end of Calgary. I called Berdett between 8:00-8:30 but no answer - I called twice.

On our first trip up with the cattle we really had problems. In fact we unloaded twice. We had to leave the trailer and the cattle.

We took the truck into a stock yard, dumped them and went back to the trailer. Hooked the truck up to the trailer and loaded them into the truck and then threw a couple of bales of hay into the trailer and closed the door and left the 2 horses loose in the trailer with a couple of buckets of water.

Well I'll tell you more details ~~later~~ later. On our way back we fixed the trailer started back. We didn't go far until we had to stop and because wheel bearing on the trailer. Then a ways farther along we had to put another spare tire on the trailer. We stopped at a service station 24 hr one to fix the flat. We were there 2 hours. So many cars and trucks kept stopping for gas that after 2 hours there we put on an old rough looking spare - threw the other tire, wheel, and tube into the trailer and came on.

So even though this last trip down was our last one - we were stopped at least ~~by~~ 3 hours along the way because of problems with the trailer. This next trip up will be without the trailer. That means

2 more 800 mile round trips with the truck rather than 1 trip with the trailer. The trailer carries more than the truck, 2 houses more. The houses are both around 150 or 200 pounds lighter than Jods - heavier not much taller perhaps.

Well I may call Falmers I don't know.

I'd call Donna Chie if I knew how.

She's not in the phone book here. There are 4 ^{Chinese} restaurants in the yellow pages and I don't know her husband's name so I guess I won't call her.

We really aren't far from hill spring.

Well Louie - Jim is so excited about the ranching prospects up here - we can hardly wait to get home so we can bring you back to show you. We won't take you to Ft. St. John. We can hardly wait to go out to Kambezi and compare the Caribou and Burns Lake areas to what we've seen. You know we expected to see only pine forests in B.C.. Well it's not that way. If you could see the best farm areas in the upper snake river valley like Salmon Falls. And see nice farms as far as you could see on

the right as well as on the left and then
drive 600 miles like that you'd see our
trip. Here in southern Alberta it is more
they say ~~but~~ like Utah County, you can't
believe how high the crops are. Grazing land
once cleared they figure a cow can eat in
the summer. That doesn't include all the
pounds of moose and bear meat produced.

Jim and I both are a little squeamish
about all those bears. Especially after
they tell us they probably have never
encountered a human before. Jim thinks
maybe part way down where the best
rancher and farms are established looks
the best - some civilization - of course at
the rate they are settling ~~in~~ you have to
realize many of their well developed areas
were like Ft. Ld. John 10-15 years before.

Well I think I'll have to stop for now
and I'll go eat. I'm starting to get a
head ache - it's my fault. We can eat anytime
I want. If I just get ready so I better get going.

Did you hear from Berdett or Kelly Folson?

I'll tell you where you can write me or contact me. If you needed to do so. You could contact me c/o Roger Holt at the Hiway 52 Feeders, Raymond Alberta.

I just saw a car with a license plate for the Northwest Territories.

It was shaped like a large bear. Well I had a Salmon steak. It was really nice fish. I hope I get a chance to fish while I'm up here. If I can get to stay up instead of coming back the next trip for cattle then maybe I will get a chance to fish. This motel has a swimming pool and a colour T.V.

I'm going to send a little brochure of a few things to Lisa. I didn't see there. I just picked it up in the motel office.

I thought she might enjoy the pictures of the Totem poles.

I did see one Totem up here but it didn't have much color.

Well dear - are you getting excited about Canada? Hope you are all well. Pick up my check from Lynn about you. Take care of the kids and yourself.

I'm curious about about who's being mentioned and at what. I suppose having no more breakdancers we may be home

Love Bernice
3rd grad sign-off

But all our breakdancers have happened at convenient times and places - lots less problems & less stress than they might have been about Thursday of next week.

H. St. John, A/b. Cund
Alcan Highway 86½ mile



Mrs. Bernard Knapp
Rt 2 Box 478
Provo, Utah 84601
USA

Bridge Town House Motel

1026 Mayor Magrath Drive

Lethbridge, Alberta

OWNED & OPERATED BY

H. P. KJELDGAARD & SONS LTD.

Dear Louie, + kids,

Hi! How are you? How are things going there - fine I hope.

I won't try to tell you all that's going on. I'll fill you in on everything when I get back. There is still one full load of cattle for the truck in Raymond. When we arrived Sat afternoon 2-3 hours before dark we started in off the alpine highway got about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. The road was so slippery and muddy that we had to leave it. We walked about $1\frac{1}{2}$ miles to a ranch. a guy there had just killed a moose. He had some weight in the back of his pickup and put traction so he brought me over the other 9 miles to the ranch. Then David Olsen went back with the rancher's boy Mike. They took a 4 wheel drive tractor back over to the truck and hauled it in. It rained a lot that night and the next day (Sunday) we went to church. We borrowed some clean Lewis from Mike. I wore my D.I. plaid shirt. You'll probably be glad to have not been there to claim me aye? All the Canadians say aye - about like the Chinese say me?

Or we sometimes say huh.

We were the only ones there in Lewis. But had we gone in nice clothes and ~~not~~ ^{slid} off the road - we would have gotten them muddy. We are waiting for the road to dry enough to drive the truck out and then go after the final load of cattle.

Well Jim is really excited about this country - in many ways. We've seen a few deer. Sunday afternoon (evening it stopped raining) I went down to the barn and stood around a while just looking. just across the corral on a sloping bank going up to a field of oats trotted this big black dog. I looked at it. Suddenly it dawned on me like a bolt of lightning - I was watching a timber wolf. a big black fellow - sleek sleeker and beautiful - but oh! how I wished I'd had a rifle. He was maybe 150 yds

He hadn't seen me. I saw him several times later. I ran to the house for a gun. When I neared the house their dog barked at me - the wolf leaped off away. I saw him going through the willow scrub even after I got to the house - Jim went with me later and we found his tracks. It's amazing how large they were. There were quite a few tracks in the mud bank on this side of the creek also. We saw a large beaver in the creek too.

Did I tell you while we were after the last load of cattle Jim shot a bear - maybe a 2 year old? I guess I must not have.

Probably I didn't know then. He's got it all skinned out. He's planning on a bear rug. He's really excited.

Guess what -? This morning from the bunk house porch I got a little Smokey. Went a Smokey the bear rug like?

Jim has it all skinned out for us too! I missed the first shot. Second shot knocked him. He was a yearling I guess. Standing up in the bales of alfalfa looking at me. He just started to turn to run when I fired the second shot. He never moved again. People at the ranch say ~~that~~ his mommy will come looking for him. We will get the truck out tomorrow and go for the last load. We've waited for the roads to dry. Today as they came to town (to do work & business) I came along for the ride. The road has dried out a lot.

Well we are at the Royal Mail
Post office at ^{Foot} St. John.

I'll sign off and mail this.

Love all of you

Benne

Kwa PPS

Description
of our trip
Barn's Lake &
John, B.C.
Canada
1971

to
Lt.



Andrew
Rt. 2 Box 478
Pinto, Utah USA
84601

Sept 1, 1971
Just out of Prince George

Dear Folks

I'm writing in the camper as we travel so I hope you can read it.

We left Cam & Alene about 6:30 a.m. Mon. and drove all ^{the} day. We went to Grand Coulee Dam & into Canada. Just across the border in Canada is orchards. We got some apples & tomatoes, apocats & plums. Bernie bought some apple cider & chernie cider. I like the chernie. We took Canada hiway 97 N. & slept Mon night at 100 mile house. It rained on us Mon. afternoon & all night & most of Tue. We left 100 mile house at daylight Tue & went on to Burns Lake. We got there about 3 or 4 in the afternoon

and then went to find
Kendall Lambert. He had
a steep driveway & it
was too muddy & slick
for us to go in so his
neighbor took us up the
mile in an old jeep truck.
We ate supper with them.
Kendall & Bernice went to
see if they could find a
bear to shoot but no
luck. Kendall said that
usually they come down to
eat berries but he guessed
the rain drove them into the
timber. Kendall drove us back
to our truck & we went back
to the ferry landing & took
it across ^{St.} Francis Lake &
spent the night there. Wed.
morning we drove about 15
miles & found Waldon Lambert.

He is married. He said to tell you hello & that his Dad was sorry he didn't see you that time. We looked around Wadena place & then went back to Burns Lake.

We left there just afternoon & started back to Prince George. We now are on hwy 97. again headed to St John. We ~~left~~ left Prince Geo about 5:00 p.m. I don't know how far we will get tonight but we hope to get to St. John Thurs (tomorrow) morning. Since we passed the orchards Tue. afternoon we have seen trees, trees, trees, & lakes. Bernie says will see something different ahead.

It's now Fri morning Sept 3, 1942.
We stayed Wed. night at Hudsons
Hope & then Thur. morning went to
The Peace river dam & hydro electric
plant, then on over to Ft. St. John.
It started to rain & when we
tried to go out to the ranch it
was too slick. We staired back
to Ft. St. John & stoped & visited
a man & his wife who had
a place for sale. He wants \$33 an
acres. He has just over 1,000 acres.
We then went to town & found Jones
friend & he said he doubted if
Jones would come in to town that
day. We went to find Hertz rent-a
car to see if we could rent a
4 wheel drive outfit to go to the
ranch in. We went clear to the
airport & didnt find the Hertz place.
We went back to town to the
laundromat & just got there

5

when Jones pulled in.

He took us out to the ranch. It was slick. We ate supper with them & then came back to town. Boy! was it ever slick when he brought us back to town. He broke his tire chains. We really had a ride.

We slept at Ft. St. John Thurs. night. We got up at daylight this morning & started again. We ate breakfast at Dawson Creek. That's where we are now.

We will see you

Love
Louise

Mon

Dear Folks

We left Provo about 3 am
Fri & stopped to see the Lava
folks. Jim was down to Johns
milking. Jim wanted to come
with us but felt he shouldn't.
He can't get help now so he
& Paul are hauling the hay.
We went on to Idaho Falls
& saw Al & Marg. We stayed
all night at Marg's & left
there about 6 am & headed
for Boise. We went back to
Pocatello & took the Freeway.
We arrived at Bernie's sister
Ann's place about 1:30 p.m.
She took us out to the fair
grounds & to see some
vacation homes built out of
gunnite (^{sprayed} sprayed) cement. They
had an A frame & an igloo.
That evening we went to

a free horse show at the
 fair grounds. We missed
 the 5 gated class & the
 jumpers but we saw the
 Tennessee walkers and the
 Arabians in costume. We
 stayed there at Arms all
 night. They showed us some
 home movies of Mustanging.
 We ate Sunday breakfast
 with Ann. We had planned
 to stop in Emmett & look
 up Jensens & then decided
 instead to drive on to Coeur
 d'Alene & see if we could
 catch Shirley (Thebma's daughter)
 & her family & go to church
 with them. We arrived at
 5:45 their time but they were
 gone. Her husband is the
 Bishop here now. We ate
 supper with them & stayed

Our maps are in the bottom right hand desk drawer
under the genealogy sheets. The kids are still well.

all night. Its now
Mon morning, about 7. I'm
awake & ready to go but
Bernie is still asleep so
I'm writing this. Out of Boise
we took US 55 & then it
joined US 95 which we
followed the rest of the way.
From So. of Lewiston to
north of Moscow there are
miles of dry farms. It is
pretty country. Bernie says
it looks too dry after seeing
Canada.

Hope you are both feeling
good & that things are going
fine. We plan to return
home via Id. Falls. Bernie
has to be home the night of
Sept. 7.

Love
Louise

Sept 3 1971

Dear, Folks

We drove from Dawson Creek to Edmonton, Canada where we found Craig & Pucilly Stutz. We visited with them & spent the night in the camper in the University of Alberta (where Craig goes to school) married student housing parking lot. That was Fri Sept. 3, 1971. The next morning we started about daylight. We went south a little ways & looked at the beautiful dry farms. We then came back & went west to Jasper & Banff National Parks. We saw some Mt. Sheep, a bear, and a elk. We went to Lake Louise. It was real pretty but much smaller than we expected. It is a glacier lake. We also went to the

Columbia ice fields. Lisa, Willis & I walked over to the Glacier. We went into a rest room at the lodge service station. Willis is 3. & Justin not quite 2. I helped Willis use the toilet & was helping him cover up & he wet some more. It went right on Justin's stomach. Although Justin can barely talk looked at Willis & in a very disguised tone simply said, "Dummy".

We drove long & hard & got to Berdett Hess' cabin near Windemere just after dark. We spent the night there. We got up early Sunday & started for the panhandle of Idaho. We saw some coyotes & deer.

We got to Sandpoint Idaho
a little too late for fast
meeting. We left there &
took hiway 200 & into
Montana. We drove clear to
Lima that night. It started
to blow in the night & we
left early & went to Monda
& then across the Red Lakes
road into Island Park, Idaho.
We missed Barry & Warren & Beth.
We stopped in Rexburg a few
min. & saw Linda & Dan &
then went on to David Souths &
spent the night there. We left
Tue. morning & saw Claudia &
phoned John & Margie & drove
right on to Pecos & there you
were waiting for us & had had
a good time going to senior
citizens.

Love Louise



Sikanni Chief River, Alaska Highway, mile 162, showing the new bridge and highway in the distance and the camp grounds.

Hi! we're at Pink Mountain. Should have been here for the ride out - It rained - no it almost poured. But the farther we got back - the nearer the highway the drier it was even though we were lucky? well hope you are all well and happy we'll see you by Monday I think. (hope anyway -)

Ektachrome by Earl Bartlett

Love
Dorothy

Published by E. Bartlett, Box 314, Fort Nelson, B.C.

Prismaflex COLOR
WILSON, DRYDEN, ONT.
Lithographed in Canada



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ADDRESS ONLY

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Provo, Utah
84601

14486R

IMMIGRATION TO CANADA

During his prior trips to Canada, Bernie had fallen in love with the beautiful scenery, wild landscapes, and good people he had met there. Inspired by Jack London's novel *Call of the Wild*, John Wayne's movie *North to Alaska*, and the dream of having his own cattle ranch, in May of 1973, Bernie filled out immigration paperwork to apply for permanent citizenship in Canada.

Due to his previous experiences—many recorded in the earlier sections of this PDF—Bernie's hope was to find a piece of land on which he might be able to have a cattle ranch with his family. He looked for land in British Columbia and Alberta.

According to his wife, Louise Knapp, Bernie had set up an appointment to meet with the Canadian Consulate in Salt Lake City, but never went to the appointment. She had never verbally objected to his plan and figures that he may have become overwhelmed about the logistics of making the move a reality.

Not long after, the price of cattle dropped and Bernie believed that the price drop was significant enough that it could have put them in financial ruin. Though he never specifically expressed this, Louise thinks that Bernie's loss of interest in the plan could have been due to spiritual revelation he may have received, and the difficulties involved in actually making the dream come true.

For historical purposes, I have included the immigration form and correspondences with the Canadian Consulate that I found amongst Bernie's journals. Also included is a map of places he may have been looking at for land. No information is known about this map, but it was found tucked inside his immigration form.

—Morgan Knapp (Grandson)
March, 2020



APPLICATION FOR PERMANENT RESIDENCE IN CANADA

BEFORE COMPLETING - PLEASE READ CAREFULLY THE INSTRUCTIONS AND CAUTIONS ON THE BACK OF THIS APPLICATION

1. MY FAMILY NAME IS KNAPP			MY FIRST NAME IS BERNARD		MY MIDDLE NAME IS ELDEN		2. MY SEX IS <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> MALE <input type="checkbox"/> FEMALE	
3. MY PRESENT MAILING ADDRESS IS Rt 2 Box 478 Provo, Utah 84601						4. MY TELEPHONE NUMBER IS 801-225-3460		
5. OTHER NAMES I HAVE USED OR BY WHICH I HAVE BEEN KNOWN ARE (if married woman give maiden name) "Bernie" KNAPP								
6. MY DATE OF BIRTH WAS DAY MONTH YEAR 14 November 1929			7. MY PLACE OF BIRTH WAS CITY OR TOWN PROVINCE COUNTRY GOSHEN IDAHO USA			8. I AM A CITIZEN OF USA		
9. IF I WERE MOVING TO CANADA I WOULD: (a) take with me the following assets: (b) leave behind to transfer later: (c) leave behind the following obligations or debts:			CASH (money) PENSION (transferable) OTHER (specify) TOTAL VALUE CASH (money) PROPERTY - LAND OTHER (specify) TOTAL VALUE PERSON OR COMPANY NONE			TOTAL OWING		
10. MY PRESENT OCCUPATION IS School teacher(Public)			11. INTENDED OCCUPATION IN CANADA farmer- livestock rancher			12. I DO NOT INTEND TO WORK IN CANADA <input type="checkbox"/>		
13. I HAVE A JOB ARRANGED IN CANADA <input type="checkbox"/> in writing <input type="checkbox"/> by word of mouth			14. SHOULD I GO TO CANADA, THE FOLLOWING PERSON HAS OFFERED TO ASSIST ME AFTER ARRIVAL (name and address) See attached sheet					
15. RELATIONSHIP OF PERSON LISTED IN 14.						16. MY DESTINATION IN CANADA IS CITY OR TOWN PROVINCE BC		
17. MY PRESENT MARITAL STATUS IS: ("X" the appropriate block) NOTE: any change in marital status must be reported to the office handling your application <input type="checkbox"/> SINGLE (never married) <input type="checkbox"/> ENGAGED <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> MARRIED <input type="checkbox"/> WIDOWED <input type="checkbox"/> SEPARATED <input type="checkbox"/> DIVORCED								
18. THE DATE AND PLACE OF MY MARRIAGE WAS DAY MONTH YEAR PLACE 26th July 1965 IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO - USA								
19. THE NAME AND ADDRESS OF MY CLOSEST RELATIVE IS J. Al Knapp 1333 North 2500 East IDAHO FALLS, IDAHO				20. RELATIONSHIP brother 21. COUNTRY OF HIS OR HER RESIDENCE US		22. IF THE ANSWER TO 21 IS NOT CANADA, THE NAME, RELATIONSHIP AND ADDRESS OF MY NEAREST RELATIVE (if any) IN CANADA IS: Berdett Hess nephew		
23. THE NAMES OF MY SPOUSE, AND CHILDREN UNDER 18 YEARS OF AGE ARE LISTED BELOW: (children 18 and over should complete separate applications) In the Code Block. Mark "X" for those who will accompany you to Canada. "F" for those to follow later and - "A" for adopted children								
CODE	FAMILY NAMES	GIVEN NAMES	RELATIONSHIP	DATE OF BIRTH Day - Month - Year	CITY OR TOWN OF BIRTH	CITIZENSHIP		
X	KNAPP	^{maiden.} LOUISE (ANDRUS)	spouse	5 March 1939	Marion, Utah	US		
X	KNAPP	LISA	daughter	15 June 1966	Provo, Utah	US		
X	KNAPP	Willis John	son	10 Aug 1968	Provo, Utah	US		
X	KNAPP	Justin Warren	son	26 Oct 1969	Provo, Utah	US		
X	KNAPP	Shaun Alan	son	24 Feb 1973	Provo, Utah	US		

29. DURING THE PAST TEN YEARS I WORKED FOR THE FOLLOWING EMPLOYERS (if not enough space, use separate sheet)

DATE		NAME AND ADDRESS OF EMPLOYER	OCCUPATION	MONTHLY EARNINGS	
FROM	TO			INITIAL	FINAL
July 1962	Present June 1973	UTAH TECHNICAL COLLEGE / PROVO	INSTRUCTOR		

30. SINCE MY 18TH BIRTHDAY I WAS (OR STILL AM) A MEMBER OF, OR ASSOCIATED WITH, THE FOLLOWING POLITICAL, SOCIAL, YOUTH, STUDENT, AND VOCATIONAL ORGANIZATIONS (if not enough space, use separate sheet)

DATE		NAME AND ADDRESS	TYPE OF ORGANIZATION	POSITION HELD
FROM	TO			
July 1953	May 1955	US Army - Calif. - West Germany Taiwan (Free China) assignment	infantry - artillery	corporal
Mar 1958	Nov 1960	LDS church (Hdqts) Salt Lake City, Utah	Christian church (restored)	missionary

31. PLEASE ANSWER THE FOLLOWING QUESTIONS BY PRINTING "YES" OR "NO"

- (1) Do you have any physical disabilities No
- (2) Have you or has any one of the persons included in this application ever -
- (a) suffered from mental illness No
- (b) suffered from tuberculosis No
- (c) been convicted of, or admit to having committed, any crime or offence No
- (d) been refused admission to or deported from Canada, or any other country No
- (e) been refused a visa to travel to another country No
- (f) resided in another country Yes
- (g) applied previously for a Canadian visa No

IF THE ANSWER TO ANY OF THE ABOVE QUESTIONS IS "YES" GIVE DETAILS ON SEPARATE SHEET

32. INDIVIDUAL PASSPORT SIZE PHOTOGRAPHS OF YOURSELF AND YOUR WIFE (IF LISTED IN 23) MUST BE ATTACHED

33. MY PERSONAL DESCRIPTION IS

COLOUR OF HAIR		COLOUR OF EYES	
HEIGHT	FEET	INCHES	WEIGHT LBS.

I HAVE THE FOLLOWING MARKS OF IDENTIFICATION

34. I WISH TO LEAVE FOR CANADA AS SOON AS POSSIBLE ☐ , OR ON

DATE:

35. I UNDERSTAND THAT ANY FALSE STATEMENTS OR CONCEALMENT OF A MATERIAL FACT MAY RESULT IN MY PERMANENT EXCLUSION FROM CANADA, AND EVEN THOUGH I SHOULD BE ADMITTED TO CANADA FOR PERMANENT RESIDENCE, A FRAUDULENT ENTRY ON THIS APPLICATION COULD BE GROUNDS FOR MY PROSECUTION AND/OR DEPORTATION.

SHOULD MY ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS 17, 23 AND 31 CHANGE AT ANY TIME PRIOR TO MY DEPARTURE FOR CANADA, I UNDERTAKE TO REPORT SUCH CHANGE AND DELAY MY DEPARTURE UNTIL I HAVE BEEN INFORMED IN WRITING, BY THE OFFICE DEALING WITH MY APPLICATION, THAT I MAY PROCEED TO CANADA. I UNDERSTAND ALL THE FOREGOING STATEMENTS, HAVING ASKED FOR AND OBTAINED AN EXPLANATION ON EVERY POINT WHICH WAS NOT CLEAR TO ME.

May 20 1973
DATE

SIGNATURE OF APPLICANT

DO NOT COMPLETE THIS SECTION NOW—YOU WILL BE ASKED TO SIGN IT IN THE PRESENCE OF A REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT OR OFFICIAL APPOINTED BY THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT

I, SOLEMNLY DECLARE THAT THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN IN THE FOREGOING APPLICATION IS TRUTHFUL, COMPLETE AND CORRECT, AND I MAKE THIS SOLEMN DECLARATION CONSCIENTIOUSLY BELIEVING IT TO BE TRUE AND KNOWING THAT IT IS OF THE SAME FORCE AND EFFECT AS IF MADE UNDER OATH.

DECLARED BEFORE ME AT

SIGNATURE OF APPLICANT

THIS DAY OF 19

WITNESS — AUTHORIZED OFFICER

I, DO SOLEMNLY DECLARE THAT I HAVE INTERPRETED FAITHFULLY AND ACCURATELY THE INFORMATION PROVIDED BY THE DECLARANT, IN HIS OWN LANGUAGE, AND HE HAS INFORMED ME THAT HE COMPLETELY UNDERSTANDS THE CONTENTS OF THIS APPLICATION.

DATE

SIGNATURE OF INTERPRETER

WITNESS — AUTHORIZED OFFICER

BEFORE COMPLETING, PLEASE READ THE FOLLOWING CAREFULLY

INSTRUCTIONS

- ANSWER THE QUESTIONS BY PRINTING IN BLOCK LETTERS OR BY USING A TYPEWRITER. AN ADDITIONAL COPY IS PROVIDED FOR YOU TO KEEP AS A RECORD AND PRELIMINARY PREPARATION.
- ALL QUESTIONS MUST BE ANSWERED. REPLY N/A (I.E. NOT APPLICABLE), IF THE QUESTION DOES NOT APPLY TO YOU. THIS WILL ASSIST US IN PROVIDING YOU WITH AN EARLY REPLY.
- IF THERE IS INSUFFICIENT SPACE ON THE FORM, ANSWER ON SEPARATE SHEETS, USING THE SAME NUMBERS WHICH APPEAR ON THE APPLICATION, PLEASE ATTACH THEM SECURELY TO THIS APPLICATION FORM AND INITIAL THEM.
- CHILDREN 18 YEARS OF AGE AND OVER MUST COMPLETE SEPARATE APPLICATION FORMS.

CAUTIONS

- PAYMENT OF A FEE TO A THIRD PARTY WILL NOT ASSIST OR EXPEDITE YOUR APPLICATION.
- DO NOT LEAVE YOUR EMPLOYMENT OR DISPOSE OF ANY OF YOUR ASSETS UNLESS OR UNTIL YOU ARE ADVISED BY A CANADIAN OFFICER OR REPRESENTATIVE OF THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT THAT YOUR APPLICATION IS APPROVED. THIS IS AN APPLICATION FORM ONLY AND DOES NOT CONSTITUTE AUTHORITY TO PROCEED TO CANADA.
- OTHER APPLICATION FORMS ARE AVAILABLE FOR PERSONS WISHING TO GO TO CANADA FOR A TEMPORARY OR SPECIAL PURPOSE, E.G. VISITORS, TOURISTS, STUDENTS, ETC.
- SHOULD THE ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS 17, 23 AND 31 CHANGE AT ANY TIME PRIOR TO DEPARTURE FOR CANADA, YOU ARE REQUIRED TO REPORT SUCH CHANGE, AND DELAY DEPARTURE UNTIL INFORMED BY THE CANADIAN OFFICE DEALING WITH YOUR APPLICATION THAT YOU MAY STILL PROCEED TO CANADA.
- YOU SHOULD ENSURE THAT YOU UNDERSTAND THE IMPLICATIONS OF THE FOREGOING AND OTHER STATEMENTS IN THIS APPLICATION.
- YOU SHOULD ASK FOR AN EXPLANATION ON EVERY POINT THAT MAY NOT BE CLEAR TO YOU.

This page is included to allow further detail to certain items specified on the application.

No. 9 At this time I cannot accurately make an assessment of the cash, assets, that I would bring to Canada. In your letter you advise not releasing my holdings here until I have final approval from your department for permission to permanently move to Canada. Therefore I hope the following information will suffice. Once approval is given I would assume in last minute details many items would be chosen to be moved - others to be left behind. Transportation arrangements likely would have a great deal to do with the amount of cash as compared to equipment that I would bring in to Canada. May I generally specify in this way.

- (a) trucks, car, trailers, household goods, personal items, some stored foodstuffs, shop and farm equipment and tools. Some purebred livestock.
- (b) I would hope to locate a place in Canada prior to leaving the U.S. Depending upon the particular place located I would have to determine how much of my present assets to sell and what to keep. Some farms have equipment listed along with the sale price. Therefore I would have to determine at a later date the amount of assets I would bring.

Also the disposal of my present home and deeded property is a problem. It is located in a rapidly expanding area for homes and will soon be included

into a city. This will undoubtedly change the evaluation somewhat. How much is now unknown.

Also there is a question as to how much of the sale might be cash and what other terms could be arranged.

Generally let me state it this way. My entire real estate should bring at least 50,000. It is not far-fetched to imagine more than double that figure. The location gives it a certain aesthetic value that could far exceed the real or average value.

I own some registered horses - the value of which fluctuates with the taste of prospective buyers. Here again transportation may be a key factor in determining how many animals I will bring to Canada.

I have also previously inquired with your government and know that before horses can be brought into Canada certain rather stringent requirements pertaining to health need be met. This has to be done within a certain time limit before entry but also not too long prior to entry. There is always a chance that a negative test would change these plans also.

I have some assets I will sell after the application has been approved. Hopefully on a cash basis. I have some savings and retirement funds that would be available upon termination of my present occupation here.

However, I would expect part of that will be used up in the actual expense of moving, that which would be left would be declared at the border and would be used to start - operating expense and working capital.

(c) I expect to have no indebtedness here, when I leave. I also have an insurance policy listing my wife and children as beneficiaries. It is of sufficient size to care for them until they could make the necessary arrangements to work out their own independence.

I would hope to come to Canada with ^{\$}15-20,000⁰⁰ operating capital at least. Hopefully more.

(12) I believe there are times when persons starting into an agri-business must work to acquire capital - during the building up period (the period when full capacity and production are not yet attained.) In many small farming businesses this state of full dependence upon the farm may never be realized. I fully expect to be required to supplement the farm income but as to how many years will be dependent upon many factors - weather for example which is not always predictable. (13) I do not have any jobs arranged in Canada.

I do not even have a specific location as yet.

(16) I have made previous trips to Canada and I intend to be in Canada this coming June. I think I have narrowed my choices of location to Central B.C.
(over)

Burns Lake and vicinity or Dawson Creek
within 100 miles of D.C. west - north-west or
within 50 miles radius of Ft. St. John, B.C.

(14) I have met friendly people wherever I have
gone in Canada. Some specific families and individuals
have been extremely helpful in many ways in the
past and I am sure that they would be in the
future. However on regards this item no. 14. I have
no arrangements with anyone there for assistance (financial
or otherwise.) I don't doubt I could get it to
a limited extent but I am not planning for it.

(31)

(2) (f) From Dec 1953 to April 1955 I was
stationed in Germany with the US Army.
from March 1958 to Nov 1960 I was ^{assigned} stationed
^{to} in Hong Kong and Taiwan (Free China) as a
missionary for the LDS church.

My wife was in Taiwan from June 1962
June 1964 as a missionary for the same church.

(34) I hope to leave in early June for B.C. to look
over real estate listings that I have recently
received and am still receiving from recognized
real estate brokers in the various areas of
Vanderhoof, Burns Lake, Dawson Creek and Ft. St. John, B.C.

If conditions and circumstances permit I
would hope to locate a suitable sight by July.
Possibly the necessary arrangements could be made
and I could plan to move my family by August or the
end of August at least.

Canadian Consulate General



Consulat Général du Canada

Consul, Manpower and Immigration
One Maritime Plaza
San Francisco, Calif 94111

December 11, 1973

File No: 035-C326601

Mr. Bernard Knapp
Rt 2 Box 478
Provo, Utah 84601

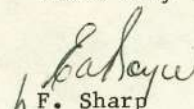
Dear Mr. Knapp:

I am writing further to your interview at this office
on June 5, 1973.

We would be obliged if you could let us know when
you were medically examined and on what date the results were
forwarded to Ottawa. Also, we need to know your destination
in Canada.

We look forward to hearing from you with the required
information.

Yours very truly,


F. Sharp
Consul, Manpower and Immigration

Replied Dec 17th

Canadian Consulate General



Consulat Général du Canada

Consul, Manpower and Immigration
One Maritime Plaza
San Francisco, Calif 94111

File No: 035-C326601

May 8, 1974

Dear Mr. Knapp:


I am writing further to our letter of December 11, 1973 and your letter in reply.

To enable us to proceed with your application, you should comply with whichever of the blocks below are checked :-

- ☐ Please return to this office the application forms which we sent you for completion.
- ☐ Please send back to this office the application forms which we returned to you for additional details.
- ☒ Please advise us whether you have been medically examined, and, if so, on what date you forwarded the results to Ottawa.
- ☐

In the meantime, should you have decided to defer your application or to cancel it entirely, it would be appreciated if you would advise us so that we may properly notate your file.

Yours very truly,


F. Sharp
Consul, Manpower and Immigration

EXAMINATION

PLAN

BRITISH COLUMBIA LAND SERVICE

SURVEYS AND MAPPING BRANCH

LEGAL SURVEYS DIVISION

 132878
 332119
 Victoria File

 Request No.
 949/SW F5
 Reference Map

 Description of Area *Unsurveyed Vacant Crown Land, (Would cover N¹/₂ & SE¹/₄ of Tp. 86, R. 21, W. 6) (Subject to survey)*

Location Near Mile 66, Alaska Hwy.

PEACE RIVER

Land District

KAMLOOPS

Land Registration District

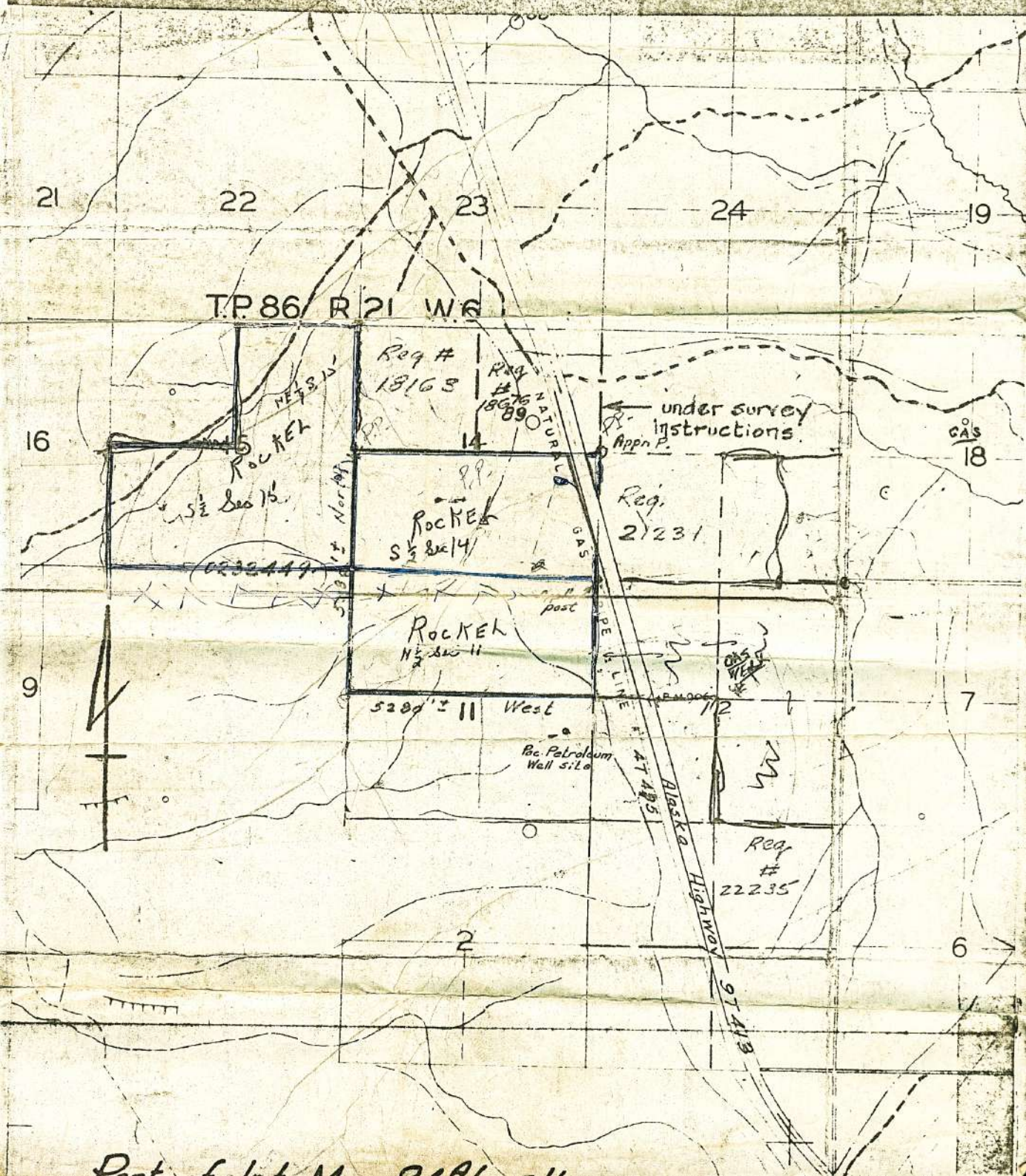
Assessment District

Land Inspection District

Vinger District

Lot No.	Field Book	P.I.	Surveyed By	Date Surveyed	Int. Map. 949/6 E 1/2	Plan 2812 AT495	Air Photo
					Made by <i>Jan</i>	Date 28/8/61	2/11/61

Scale AS SHOWN



D-1 61111 21111

Justin's Wedding

Canada Trip

Aug. 16, '93

Monday

Our family in Provo left in the Prism for Lava on the first leg of a trip to Canada for Justin's wedding in the Cardston Temple. At Lava we met Doug and Audrey and family at Ken's. Ken and all of his family went. Also Brandon Andrus and his sister, Mindy went. We left our Prism in Lava and Nicole Andrus drove over to Ken's; we loaded all our things into Kim's van and the back of Doug's wagon. Jay came up from Logan with Mindy. He left his little wagon there and rode with Willis and Jen in their VW. Ken had a new van and took his family. Most of the kids piled in Kim's van and listened to music tapes on the way. We left Lava around 8:30-9:00 am.

Ken stopped off at Pingree on the way in order to pick up a key to Colleen's uncle (Williams) cabin on Henry's Lake. We were able to cancel hotel reservations in West Yellowstone after she was able to get access to the cabin. In I.F. we shopped D.I. then we drove past the temple and headed north. When we drove past the temple, Audrey couldn't believe the hospital and nursing home were gone. Completely gone! This was interesting since Kathy and Tim were both born there in a new wing in '79 & '80. Tim is only 13 now. There is a large new stake center on the very same spot.

Clint no longer works at the temple grounds. He has recently remarried and is moving to Arizona. We met at Ashton at the parking lot across the street south of North Fremont High.

We drove up the old highway. A sign announces a "state scenic byway." The old cabin on the Warm River hill is still there. It is very well preserved and the new and present owners have it painted more beautiful than ever before by previous owners. We slowed so those watching carefully could see all the way through the railroad tunnel as we approached Bear Gulch. We stopped at the lower Mesa Falls. The kids threw a nerf football around in the parking lot as they had done in Ashton. Ruth picked up a padded soccer ball at the D.I. about 16-18" in dia. Later it worked as a seat cushion over a plastic bucket that had been hauled along between the front seats in the Kim's van.

The Upper Mesa Falls have been enhance after a take-over by the state. The forest service has joined to care for it. A secure platform with plank floor about 5' wide goes along the bank and has stairs built in that takes you from the upper bank down to where the old trails edged out near the brink of boulders. With steel shafts drilled and secured into large rocks forming the solid footings the structure winds down and around allowing one to venture out to where they can comfortably look down upon the river and the falls at several places and different levels.

A sign states that the old building there will be restored. It was used as a stop-over for travelers to Yellowstone before the railroad was put in. A land trade between government land and Montana Power Co. a few years ago put the private land back into public ownership. I used to wish I had the money to buy it when it was for sale. But it is probably good that the government could afford to make it as accessible as it is now. The road and parking lot have been put in and paved and rest rooms added. We ate in the parking lot. Sandwiches were made on the front of

Doug's wagon. We drove on after the brief rest to West. We all went through the gate. I got Doug's car through with my driver's license because I'm over 62. The others paid \$10. We stopped at Old Faithful. While people were wondering what to do and where to park it started to erupt. Some hardly got to see it through the parking lot. So some stayed there and toured the Inn and saw the next eruption. Doug embarrassed some of his kids in the Inn when he impersonated a guide explaining little known facts about the Inn.

Doug went on to Grant Village near West Thumb. We saw Heather working inside the registration office. She didn't know where Joseph was. We checked his cabin and the trailer... no Joseph. I went to where the employees eat and he was having his supper. He had become tired of waiting and went to eat. It was getting toward dusk when we arrived. He got off work at 3:00 and expected we'd be there near or soon after that.

We waited quite a while for Ken to arrive. Then Ken wanted to go to the falls. He also wanted to go up where they could see some buffalo. Joseph said there was supposed to be a big herd on the way to the falls. They were in their breeding season. So they left hoping to get to the falls before dark. It was about a 30 mile drive according to Joseph. Joseph, went with us back to West, then to the cabin at Henry's Lake. Willis, Jen and Jay went on to see the falls. This was his first time in the park. Willis stopped at the upper falls. The upper falls are nearer to the old Fishing Bridge. Willis didn't know that you had to drive on a few miles to the large falls which are called the lower falls. (The ones featured in all the famous pictures.) Anyway, while at the falls looking out over a rocky ledge his camera fell and he saw it plummeting down over the rocks, bouncing again and again. He crawled out and down over the rocks in his sandals after his camera. I guess poor Jen wondered if she'd lose him too but he retrieved it. So they didn't go on to the lower falls. They became separated from Ken. They drove out and spent the night in West Yellowstone. (actually at Hebgen Lake in a cabin belonging to some of Jen's relatives.) He didn't see any more of Ken until the next morning. We all met at a service station just above Henry's Lake within 1/2 mile of the new turn-off to Ennis.

We stopped again at Howard Spring and filled our gallon water containers. Everyone agreed the water was cold and fresh.

At the cabin we didn't wait for Ken to arrive; sandwiches were made from the shopping we did in West. I had Doug drive around a bit before we went back to a small grocery store on the main drag coming in from the North. The nice supermarket we'd gone to when we were there when Lisa was at Ricks was no longer to be found. The town has really changed a lot. Most of the old board walks have been replaced with curb and gutter and cement sidewalks. While Louise and Audrey shopped Doug and I looked into some on the shop windows at tee shirts and other oddities. One was a skinned rattlesnake mounted on a nice slab of dark hardwood, like walnut. It was \$350. We were surprised it was so cheap. The snake had to be over 4 ft. long. It was split open and mounted the full width of the stretched skin and had many many rattles. It had a tag indicating it originated in N. Mexico.

Doug saw a post card with two old prospectors looking at a map. One said. It says here we should be just behind Mt. Rushmore. In the near background scene were the back-sides of 4 naked bodies carved out of the mountain. All were facing away with their heads peeking over the top of the skyline of the mountain all looking off in the other direction.

We found the road to Henry's Lake Park and drove toward the lake. Near the lake was an over-night campsite. We finally found some other roads going beyond the park toward the lake. We followed one of these and found a grid of roads. Finally we got on the road closest to the lake and drove along it. One clue we had was that it was the only place with a basketball backboard. We saw it in the backyard near the road and turned into the yard. Then I recognized the tall barn-shaped north end of the cabin which I had seen several years earlier when I came there with Ken and Colleen and her parents to look at the fireplaces before they had their fireplaces built in their new home. I had the key Colleen had given me. As soon as I opened the door I found an outside light switch and it lit up the backyard. The cabin had a deck along the side from the rear to the front where it continued across the front just above the lakeshore and along the other side of the cabin to the rear. When I walked forward to the front deck I was startled when I came upon a large owl on the railing of the front deck. It stood out in the dark against the lake as the background. But it didn't move and later with additional lights turned on, I looked again; it turned out to be a ceramic owl. There were two of them. One near each side. Maybe they were used to keep swallows away. The first time we were there the swallows had built nests on the buildings near the lake and the droppings from the nests and the mud used to make the nests made the gable ends of the cabins very unsightly.

We ate sandwiches and enjoyed the comfort of a cabin with three levels. The loft had a large bed. Also a bath and one end a bedroom with three single beds. Downstairs two bedrooms and two on the main floor all on the north end. The front room included a kitchen with all the modern appliances. The fireplaces had big stoves. Large picture windows give a great view from the entire south end of the cabin. Looking out on the lake it appears to be about a mile above the outlet. The large globe on top of Mt. Sawtelle appears to be a ways to the west. The water from the sink seemed about as cold as the water we filled our jugs with at Howard Spring, just below the continental divide.

It may have rained a little during the night. But there was a lot of dew and Joseph slept out on the deck but not under the roof overhang in the front. When I asked why he said he wanted to be able to look up and see the stars. For the same reason he took his glasses to bed. I was afraid they might get broken. He said well I can't see the stars if I don't have them. The next morning they were laying on the deck near his sleeping bag and covered with drops of water splashed by rain or dripping eaves. He slept sound with 2 sleeping bags. Doug commented on the stars in the sky. He said they're twice as many stars here as in Provo. The Milky Way was impressive. Marjorie told me not long before she died that Barney used to say the stars seem closer in I.P.

Next morning, Wed. we met Willis at a gas station on highway 20 just below where the road starts up the hill toward Montana. A new highway has been built that crosses past the lake above Staley Springs and goes north to Ennis. Then connects to the highway coming around past Hebgen Lake from the highway going west out of West over the Madison River and around the lake, then past Cliff Lake and past Quake Lake where it joins this new highway 20-30 miles south of Ennis. We used to go that way to Ennis to visit the old ranch where the sheepherder, Dan Bara had his gold dredge. Barry, David, Steve and I went there a couple of times.

Louise wanted to go to Virginia City. It was a real disappointment. It wasn't at all like we'd remembered it. We did get to see a harp that played for a dime and two violins and the piano strings placed horizontally behind the violins which was coin operated in a cafe. So the music was violin accompanied by piano. We were told that a few miles up the road at Nevada City they had a collection of old musical antiques. But we lost nearly 1 1/2 hrs here so we didn't stop again. Also you had to pay to get into that section of the town; so much per head or family. A lot of the old city has deteriorated and has not been kept up. The roofs leak and the old things inside are badly neglected and are weathering and falling apart.

We went on toward Butte and got onto the freeway north. We finally decided there was no way we could make it to the border before closing time. Megan had emphatically told me the border closed at 6:00 except at Coutts. Finally at Wolf Point, Audrey called a toll free highway patrol office. A man politely called the border and passed on the information that during summer months it stayed open until 8:00. So we went on thru Browning and across a corner of Glacier Park and thru a border gate at Chief Mt. Here we were asked a lot of questions. Any fireworks, any guns, any mace, or bear spray? None of us had heard of bear spray. We were told that if we were searched and they found any such products the vehicle could also be confiscated.

We arrived at Waterton Park just before dark. We followed the directions Megan had given us and soon after a couple of turns in the town while looking for the fire station and post office someone hollered. There's Justin. He was waving from the front lawn of a nice log cabin. Waterton has a big hotel called the Prince of Wales which sits on a hill overlooking the lake. The kids were soon throwing their nerf football. And while they were playing I looked over on a park lawn and saw deer. WE saw a lot of deer. One doe and two fawns hung around the cabin. Next day we saw mt. sheep on the lawns in the town. No one had fences and they just roamed about the buildings and from lawn to lawn. For all the nice grass I thought they didn't look very fat.

Some of the kids slept on the trampoline. Megan and Justin took all the kids in the back of her brother's pickup thru town. We toured the hotel and looked out over the lake from the parking lot. We saw the falls (Cameron Falls) in town under some flood lights. The next day I walked about early in the morning. I saw deer and sheep. I didn't see any with horns of any size... none with a curl. Later Megan's dad said there are some with curl

that do come right in town. I thought maybe the big ones kept away in the summer. We saw several 4 point bucks on the edge of town. The Inn looks nice from the town at night where it is well lighted and stands out on the hill above town.

Early next morning we left for Red Rock Creek. The kids went up the stream jumping from rock to rock and trying to keep from getting their feet wet. The stream was generally shallow but swift. It came down a steep stream bed. There was a trail going up both sides of the stream. A high chain link fence kept hikers on the trail on one side and steep banks in most places prevented going down to the stream from above. It was steeper the farther we went until we came to a bridge about 75' above the water. The canyon became more narrow and the sides steeper and higher as it continued up. The bridge was about a quarter of a mile above the parking lot.

As Megan had explained at the outset, the object was to go up stream as far as possible without getting wet or into the water by jumping from side to side and crossing on rocks. No one went very far without getting shoes wetted. They wore old shoes for the occasion. But the stream was swift and dropped over rocks and as the ledges were closer to the sides the farther they went they were forced to get their feet wet. Some places the water was rather deep and they passed along channels by hugging ledges of red rock finding toe holds and clinging to rough places with their fingers. They could sometimes reach over the top of a ledge and hang on with their hands. At some places the bigger ones, Willis, Jay, Jess, Justin would get past and then help the smaller ones get past the worst places. Kathy was right behind Jess. In trying to get by along one ledge, Tim lost his footing and went into the stream. It was early in the morning and although the sun was shining no rays were getting down into the canyon where the kids were. After Tim fell into the water, Ruth seemed pretty nervous about getting past the rocky ledge that jutted out so even with Willis helping, she was pretty slow and careful. Above where they were climbing we could see far ahead up the canyon. They could not because it was a bit winding. We saw pools and at one place there was a swift deep channel between straight ledges on both sides.

Jess was the first to arrive there. He finally just dove right in and swam hard. He barely could overcome the current and finally by grabbing onto the sides he pulled himself ahead in the strong current and got to a place where he could get out on one side and climb up beyond a fall of maybe 6-7' and on along a ledge until he came to a pool under an overhanging of rock. He stayed there and did jumping jacks to try to keep warm. He could see us plainly and yelled back at the others encouraging them to keep coming. He went back and helped Kathy. He got into the deep channel and helped Kathy as she tried swimming up thru. He reached out to her and after she got past him he stayed in the channel and held her from coming back down stream until she could grab onto the side and pull herself thru the channel. He stayed there and helped Ruth and several others. I wondered how he could remain in such cold water nearly up to his neck for such a long time. Justin carried Megan piggy-back thru one section of the

channel. Then Justin made it up over the falls to where Jess and Kathy were waiting. Then Megan arrived. She tried to go up thru by keeping her feet on one side and she threw her body across to the other side where she braced with her hands. She tried to go up by working her way along the two opposite sides. But the sides became too far apart. At one point she was almost horizontal over the swift current where the others had swam thru. She stayed there for several minutes. It was interesting looking down from above on the bridge. There were a lot of us watching. Mom, Ken, Colleen, Doug, Audrey, Mindy and the little kids. Amber and some of the younger ones including Milo got out and went back down before the ledge where they had to climb around. Then they came up and joined those of us on the bridge. Some had cameras. Some tourists also came along. Ken went down and got their video camera and came back up. Then the camera wouldn't work. Finally after a long time of trying to decide what to do and not wanting to give up, Megan started looking for Justin to help her. He scrambled over a large rock next to the falls and got into the stream. He finally worked around to where he had solid footing and leaned out and took her by her right hand. She jumped free of the sides at the same time, he jerked her and she landed in the water next to him. He lifted her over the rock past the falls. I really thought she would pull him in. Kathy was the only one that sat down and came over the first fall as a slide. She went into the deep current and came up swimming and crawled out onto the bank under an overhang of rock from the swift current where they had swam up earlier.

They all made their way down and were shivering when they got to the bottom. Megan said there was more water this year than normal so that usually more rocks were exposed and the holes were not so deep. It was an interesting experience. I think all the adults that watched were concerned that kids would be sick or ill from the exposure and cold. Amber made it up with the others and her folks were surprised as were we about Kathy being right on Jess's heels going up. When Ruth came down over the falls and thru the channel we were all watching. Knowing it was deep, having seen Jess in it earlier, I said. Look, Ruth will have to doggy-paddle.

While the kids were drying off with towels at the parking lot we saw the man that had checked us thru at the border. Ken recognized him. He talked with him. Ken asked if he remembered us and he said he did. You are going to a wedding? He said to Colleen. You're the one that didn't bring a gift, right? At the border crossing he had asked if we were bringing in any gifts and she'd said, Oh, I forget my wedding gift. So he'd picked up on it here rather humorously. He had some friends there showing them around. Ken asked him about bear spray explaining that we had never heard of it before. He said it was like Mace except it was for animals only. He said it is illegal in Canada unless it is specifically described for animals. He said one lady had some in a cabin and was shooting it directly into the face of a bear at a screen door and it didn't phase the bear. But usually it blinds them. It has cayenne pepper as a major ingredient. The other kind which is illegal has effects upon humans that has not been proven

harmless to humans, causing permanent impairment in some cases... so in Canada it is band.

He told us 5 minutes before they had seen a bear down the road. He said you have to just watch the side hill. After a while you will see a black object. Keep watching and it will move. They are feeding on berries.

We went back to the cabin for lunch. In the afternoon we went to the Waterton Lake. Her brother's pickup was there and Justin drove to the lake. They backed the trailer down and unloaded the boat. It was a good sized boat. Megan showed a lot of self confidence taking groups on the lake. She took them quite a ways out and out of our sight around a point of timber and back. She went fast. After everyone had taken a ride then they started to pull some on water skis. Dawn did real well. Got up out in the lake once also, after her first ride. Kathy got up at first try. Justin said he'd give her \$5.00 if she could. She didn't get a chance to get up in the lake. Every time Megan would go to gun the engine and pull her up it would die and so Kathy was floating in the lake with her life jacket for a long long time. Finally Megan idled the boat over and picked her up and brought her to the wharf. They loaded the boat on the trailer. Then some people there with another boat that knew Megan took her out on one ski. She started out from the wharf where she dropped off into the water. She did some tough looking moves. She did them easily as if she'd been doing them forever. She probably has. Justin did well when it was his turn. Brandon was the first one and didn't get up. When the boat engine acted up Megan said they had just had it checked out for doing the same thing and thought it was fixed. So leaving the lake early helped us get ready and off to Lethbridge on time.

In town we saw deer. One doe and 2 fawns were close around their cabin and near the Cameron Falls in back yards and on park lawns. Also we saw several young big horn sheep. None had horns with a curl yet. One was a ewe. We saw several 4 point bucks near the edge of town. None got very excited about being photographed.

We left Waterton in Kim's van. Brandon went with us. We followed Justin and Megan in the pickup. There was a detour on the way to Cardston. They drove past the temple. We got out and asked questions at the visitor center about sessions for Friday. The started at 1:00, 2:00, & 3:15. But since the wedding was scheduled at 1:00 also and was followed immediately by a photo session we were not able to attend a session. Joseph especially had wanted to go thru a session.

It was farther to Lethbridge than I had remembered. It was over an hour. Our first stop was at the church where Megan's mom was decorating. Megan had one sister-in-law that had long dark brown hair and was built much like her. When I saw her walking in the church where they were busy getting tables set I mistook her for Megan several times. From behind she had such a strong resemblance, even a bit bow-legged. She is about the same height and built very similar. Her husband was Rory, Megan's next older brother. Then we followed Megan's mother to the home of the Lowe family. It was across town from their place. She opened the house for us and left us the key, since we would be staying there

that night. This was the night before the wedding. We changed clothes there, unloaded sleeping bags, cleaned up and got ready to go to meet Megan's family in an informal get-together planned.

We went to meet Megan's family at their house near the stake center. Her oldest brother and his wife and children had flown in from Virginia where he works for a law firm. Her grandmother had flown in from eastern Canada..Ontario. She is nearly 88 yrs. old. Megan's dad is her only child. She has always been partial to Megan since she is the only girl...according to Megan's mom.

Megan has a brother living in this town and another living in Calgary. Her youngest brother, just 19, lives at home. He's the only one of the boys that has not served a mission. He's deciding about it now. Her father and grandmother are not LDS members. He seems very supportive, however. He smokes quite a bit and in their home on a bulletin board I saw a full page cartoon of 3 dinosaurs. Why did they become extinct? Then it shows all 3 lighting up a cigarette. A note, handwritten on the margin read, Dad I thought you might enjoy this.

We had nice barbecued hamburgers. And fresh corn on the cob. It was the first corn of the year. It is grown in Taber, a town to the east where there is light sandy soil, which her dad said makes it the only place in Alberta where they have good success growing corn. They do not grow field corn there. I remembered there was a place down on the Peace River where corn would grow. People that grow it there take it to town and set up signs and sell it from their pickups. It was young and tender and of excellent quality. Tasted great!

We visited in their backyard. They had a nice patio with a small lawn. They said when the kids were little they flooded the lawn area and the kids played ice hockey there during winter. A neighbor used his barbecue stand and passed hamburgers over the fence to help keep all of us supplied with plenty to eat. Their grandkids enjoyed playing with each other and Justin, Tim and Brandon. The ones from Virginia had not been out for a while and so the cousins were getting acquainted again at this time.

We stayed that night in the Lowe's home. It was nice. It had a family room in the basement and two bedrooms. Joseph slept in the laundry room in his sleeping bag. Others slept in various rooms in their sleeping bags. One room had a hide-bed. Next day we got up, showered, got ready, and left for Cardston. Justin stayed that night with us. At the cabin he slept in a single bed in the room where Louise and I had the double bed. He had a separate bedroom in Lowe's basement. One bedroom had a hide-bed. There was a plaque on the family room mantle indicating the Lowes had been in the New Zealand/Aukland mission... recently. They had a little different shower head than I had seen any place else. We noticed the toilet seats in Waterton were padded and soft and you sank down in them when you sat. odd

We had access to their frig and made sandwiches there for one meal and breakfast the Sat. morning that we left. This family had a cabin in Waterton, we didn't know which one it was. There are only so many cabins there and tightened up regulations now prevent further development in the town. Louise did see a couple of For Sale signs on houses there, however.

We met at MacLennan's. From there I rode to Cardston in Megan's car. Justin drove. Cory Childs, a young man that works at Sundance and was dating Jodi Tollstrup, Megan's roommate, rode in the back with Megan's mom and me. Months before he had set up a blind date to go dancing between Jodi's roommate, Megan and Justin for their first introduction. So he was an honored and invited guest. Since then things have sort of cooled down between him and Jodi, Megan's former roommate. Neither has any expectations of improving their relationship at the present time.

At the temple grounds we met Doug and Ken and their families Louise and the kids spent some time at a park while the rest of us went into the temple. It was nice. The inside foyer area is open. After showing our recommends at the desk we went back down a few stairs to a waiting area while the bride and groom were taken inside for instructions. Justin finished first and came out and visited in the foyer area. The president of the temple came to me and had me sign as a witness on the official forms as well as the temple marriage certificate as a witness. I was given an escort tag. The guests traded their street shoes for white slippers in the foyer waiting area.

The noise of so many people visiting became a little distracting to some of the workers near the recommend table. The inside is largely unpolished stone just the same as the other stone used in the buildings exterior. But there is a nice open atmosphere. It is sort of like having the front entrance enclosed with a glass. It has a fountain just below the recommend desk. Joseph arrived and we visited together while we were waiting for Justin. We found out that they were the first wedding of the day. It was scheduled at 1:00 and also the first session was at 1:00. There were sessions at 2:00 and 3:15. Due to the photo sessions the family had planned following the wedding Joseph did not get to attend a session. Willis would also have gone to a session had the scheduling allowed. The sealing room was full and some stood behind chairs next to the wall. Jay, Willis and Jen, Joseph, Ken and Doug and their wives were all there. After the ceremony we were asked to go to the foyer to pay tribute to the newly-weds since the sealing room needed to be made ready for the next wedding.

It was busy and people without recommends could come into this area and mingle with the others. Megan's father and grandmother came in. We left the temple and went out in front and then onto the lawn for the picture taking session. A friend of their family took the pictures. It was a bright sunny day. The huge mountains, including Chief Mt. loom up beyond the temple. It is a great skyline behind Cardston of the Rocky Mountains.

Afterwards we drove to the center of town and met at a fast foods place that Lawauna directed us to for lunch. She left for home saying she had to get home to can some peaches that had been shipped in. We drove back to Lethbridge. We stopped at the church and helped a little with decorations. We then went to the Lowe's place so the Andrus's could unload their sleeping bags and suitcases and get ready to go to the reception which was to begin about 6:30. But some thought there would be more photo taking and that the reception would begin at 7 or even 7:30. This was too

bad since it caused Ken to arrive after it had started. A few extra tables had to be put up for the guests after he arrived.

Between events after leaving the temple we learned some interesting things about Waterton. After waterskiing Thursday we left to go to Lethbridge. The Andrus families went back out on the Red Rock Creek road to where they could observe the large side hills and watched and did get to see a bear. They also saw a couple of four point buck deer. Doug got up to one of them and had a chance to feel the velvet on the antlers and stroke its back. A photographer took pictures and told them he was from the National Geographic. He indicated that an article might come out in a future issue on tourists and animals. So maybe Doug will be in it. Then they watched and were able to see several bears feeding on berries on the open sidehill. So that was a highlight for Ken at least of the entire trip to Waterton.

We drove to the stake center and met some guests and were seated next to Jess on a raised platform with tables already set and were lined up from Justin who was on the left of Megan to Jess and me and Louise at one end of the table and platform. Then Megan's roommate, Jodi, Megan's mom, her dad and grandma on the other end, seated in that order.

All of us on the stand stood for an introduction. Then the blessing was given on the food and the wedding feast began. Our food was brought to us on the stand. The guests were invited to leave their tables and make their way to serving tables. The tables were set up in such a way that 4 lines could go to each serving table. There were two. So 8 lines could move at one time and pick up roast beef, baked potatoes, and other food. The salads were already set at each place as well as glasses and pitchers of ice water. It was an amazing banquet taking all the space of the cultural hall of the stake center. The food was excellent. During the banquet some guests would strike their glasses with silverware, making a racket. This was a cue for the bride and groom to stop eating, and kiss. This happened many times during the course of the dinner and the evening. After the meal was finished the program went along from the stage on the side of the cultural hall. Some of Megan's nephews and nieces sang some little songs. One little ditty about how Justin and Megan were kissing unexpectedly.

Megan's father was called upon to speak. He did very well at keeping everyone entertained. He said he wasn't used to speaking to such a large group and NEVER before in the church. He did give an interesting talk. He said Megan had never done anything to disappoint him. Then he told in a humorous way how things started happening at home in preparation for the wedding. First his wife wanted the fence painted in the back yard. Then the white trim around the house. Then something else. Now after all the guests leave maybe we will start inside to replace the worn out carpet. it was cool.

Then some of Megan's brothers told some stories of her life and theirs growing up with one sister. Then Justin was called up to express his views. They were well put. Then Willis talked about some of the experiences growing up. He told how Justin had had an imaginary boy friend named Scott. He told of being roped

from off his bike in our driveway by Justin. Justin didn't let loose of the rope after the throw. After that for a while Justin wasn't his favorite brother. He mentioned that our family had travelled to Canada when they were little. Justin used to wear his cowboy boots and said he was going to kick a polar bear in the ditch.

He mentioned some of the hardships of Justin's mission. He told how he had learned from a contact in New Jersey that two North American missionaries had been killed in Bolivia. No names were given at first and he wondered if his brother was one of those killed. He called home to find out. Another parent had called home to let us know it was not our son, Justin. Then he said, I'm sure it was difficult for him losing his friends like that, now he can worry about losing his hair.

Joseph talked a little bit also. He gave a good report. After this the bride and groom left the stage to go have a picture taken at the wedding cake. Then the line formed. It was interesting meeting people there. So many were cousins. Since her father was an only child, the cousins naturally were all on her mother's side. Many roommates of past years in school in Calgary as well as Ricks came thru the line. Many commented on the good talks given by our boys. Many told us we must have brought the sunshine and good weather.

One of Megan's former roommates, was from Hill Spring and knew the Folsoms. She had done Karen's hair a few days before. While in her home Karen saw a wedding invitation and asked how do you know them? I have one at home just like it. So in the temple they told me they were from Hill Spring and that Kevin, my missionary companion from the days in Miao Li, was planning to attend. I didn't see them until they came into the dinner. We visited their place several times during those years we traveled to Canada in the early 70's. One time when we were traveling in our camper our kids were all very and we were able to park our camper in their yard. Then Karen got us an appointment in Cardston at a clinic with an LDS doctor who prescribed some medicine to help the kids upset stomachs. We then left for home. It was good to visit with them after the dinner. They only had boys. We attended a reception for one in SLC a few years ago. They only have one boy left at home. One is finishing a master's degree at the Y this semester.

The Lowes came thru the line so we had a chance to thank them for the use of their home. They didn't look like the pictures of them that we saw in their family room. They were gracious folks. We met one daughter in Provo the next week. After the dinner we stayed and put chairs and tables away. We carried things out to cars... gifts, left-over food, decorations, etc. Finally we went off to Lowe's house. We said our goodbyes.

Mr. MacLennan told us emphatically, go over the Road to the Sun. So we did. The next day it was a bit cloudy as we left and drove thru Cardston. But we could see the imposing skyline as we past Cardston. We went thru the same checkpoint at the border where we had entered. This time of course we only stopped at the US side of the border check point, called Chief Mountain, after the large Mt. visible from Cardston, which stands out from among

the others. I felt very relieved after we were thru. I rode in Kim's van with the kids. Jess was driving. I was in a rear seat on the side opposite the driver. The guard asked, Who are all these people? What are their names? He kept asking who are they? The kids were a little bewildered at the questions. Finally he asked who is in charge here? I said I guess I am. And that the parents of these kids were in other cars behind and in front of us. They are my cousins, Jess said. So he waved for us to go on thru.

When we stopped at MacLennan's house on Thursday night I walked up along side the driver's seat as the door was open and Jess was driving. Beneath the seat there is a small opening and a money pouch had been laying there which covered the opening. It had been moved and I could see beneath the seat. I said, I hope that is Drew's toy cap gun. Joseph looked and said. It isn't Drew's. I reached in and picked it off the floor..... a leather holster with a pistol in it. I told those that were there, don't even breathe you have seen this. I laid it back down and put the money bag carefully over the opening covering it from view. So I was relieved when we were out of Canada without any incident arising because of it. When we entered the border into Canada they ask if we had any firearms of course. He even asked. If I were to search your car would I find any? And we said no and didn't know any different. I never did get to tell Kim.

Then we stopped and gassed up at St. Mary's. When we entered Glacier Nat. Park, Ken had gone thru ahead of us and paid the \$5.00 fee for each car. I rode with Doug after the last stop. We were following Ken and Jess was behind us. At Yellowstone the car I was riding in went thru the entrance without a fee because of my driver's license with my birthdate, showing I was over age 62. So when we showed the ranger my license she refunded \$5.00 saying the lead car, Ken had paid for all three. We noted the fees at Yellowstone were double those of Glacier.

There are many great and expansive views as you travel into the US from Canada. We went into Glacier Park and we saw the road climbing ahead of us and up and up. There is a great view of the lake. St. Mary's with the surrounding mountains. It is so vast!

As we climbed however, we found the clouds were at a level much lower than the towering peaks in the park. So we drove along thru the scenic high road of the park seeing only the tail lights of Ken's van. At one place we pulled off and got out. We could look far below next to the mountain side and see a stream below. But we could not see the mountains directly across nor the tops of mountains next to us.

Finally we descended below the clouds at the lower end of the park. It has many stands of conifers, some may be Western Larch; some were spruce. There was one of the most scenic rivers one could expect to see as we neared the southern end of the park. We stopped and everyone got out. The kids went back to a bridge and some went over the edge and climbed down trails near the water. There were many huge boulders and the water was deep in many of the channels. It had such a rich deep hue to the holes in the river. It was a river you would expect could be full of large trout. A few miles south we drove several miles along side

a large lake. Finally we left the park and headed thru Whitefish and soon were on the outskirts of Kalispell, Mt. We saw many signs advertising berries... Huckleberries. David South told me once if you ever go to Kalispell you can go into a restaurant and order a huckleberry pie.

Willis and Jen had left Lethbridge after the reception and gone west of Cardston into B.C. and down thru the panhandle of Idaho, then on to Oregon where they were going to stay with Jen's brother and attend a Grateful Dead concert.

Just below Kalispell where we were going to turn left to go down the west side of Flathead Lake there was a very bad accident at the junction which held up traffic for several minutes. There were police, fire vehicles and ambulances there, even a helicopter. A motor home or trailer had overturned and perhaps several cars were involved.

After 4-5 minutes delay we were directed on our way. As we neared the lake we passed a sign that indicated a special point of interest. It was a run down looking place. We had gone there once when we were traveling with the 3 kids in the camper. It was a place they claimed had a natural magnetic outcropping of rock and there was some sort of a vertex there. They had an oddity in that a building was on the premises and a wooden pathway that appeared to be off level. But when you walked in the building it was as if gravity was weird and things didn't appear to be plumb.

We didn't stop. We were nearly past when I saw it. I was in Doug's wagon. It looked so run down I didn't suggest stopping. It is a beautiful area. There were lots of signs offering huckleberries for sale. Some cherry signs, too. After we had passed a packing shed a little off the road but open with obvious shoppers there; Ken stopped and asked if we should go back for cherries. Tonia and some others in his car were not really interested in stopping, because there would be cherry pits all over in the car.

I told Ken I was sure there would be others all along the lake. It turned out I was wrong. We didn't see another one. It was a long ways along the side of the lake. We saw a lot of orchards and some had ladders up in the trees and we saw fruit on some trees. Finally we came to the end of the lake and were headed west across the bottom of the lake to Polson. Here we turned south without going into the town. The big sawmill on the edge of town was standing abandoned. A small fruit stand was open on the edge of town with a Cherries For Sale sign out. We stopped. A heavily bearded man was sorting some large dark cherries into small containers. He told Ken there were many acres of cherries just wasting. There were no pickers. It had been raining he said and the pickers had left the area. He wanted over \$2.50 /lb. He said even the cherry packing shed had closed down. Ken worked out some deal with him and went thru some of the cherries that he had sorted out and Ken put them in a 5 gallon bucket and took some along. I don't know what he arranged with the man or how much he had to pay.

We went near Bozeman and then off to the east toward a freeway that took us to Butte. At Butte we separated. Those going to Lava went south and stayed over at Ben Andrus' place on their way to the freeway into Idaho thru Monida. Jay went with me

and the kids in Kim's van to Ennis and on to Henry's Lake. We got thru Ennis about dusk. We stopped at one rest stop a ways past and a California car followed us in. A fellow over his 40's maybe 50 was in a sports car with a younger Oriental lady. He was lost. He wanted to know how to get to West. He said he figured we knew where we were going. At Ennis I traded driving with Jay. Jay drove fast and tailgated the guy a ways until he could pass. The guy helped him pass. Then he said he figured we knew where we were going because we drove so fast over a road that was strange to him. So he followed us to make driving at night easier. I told him if he followed us to the junction on the highway going from Idaho over the divide into Montana he would be near West. Also over the divide a few miles there was a KOA park where they could pull over for the night. He had asked if there was a camping area along the way. He wanted to get into West the next morning which would have been Sunday.

I had Jay stop when we got to the junction and got out and told him which way to turn. I had gotten mixed up on the road map because I had recognized the road as being new coming out of Montana. I had always left Ennis and gone into West from the west past Hebgen Lake and over the Madison River. This new road cuts off and goes directly into Idaho, while the old road goes past Cliff Lake and Quake Lake made from the time of the earthquake in the late 50's. The old road around the top of Henry's Lake went past Staley Springs, past the Wild Rose Ranch, and on around the lake. The old Stewart Ranch with its museum and the famous guyuscakutus, a mounted dog-like predator was along the road dotted with signs telling of its wonders. I wondered if the Jacobsen Ranch was still intact. The owner used to help the railroad ranch ship cattle. He came and rode on some of their drives from Last Chance. He was an active member in the branch when not many LDS members were living in that area.

Cliff Jensen and I went around that road one late fall hunting elk. We drove over the base of Mt. Sawtelle, forded an ice-covered stream, got caught in a driving snowstorm and finally less than a quarter of a mile from the highway near Island Park Lodge had to turn back. When his jeep would no longer push the snow which was over the front bumper we were forced to turn around and backtrack. We could see and hear trucks on the highway. It was still snowing. They had started turning on their headlights. We went back and found the stream swollen well above its banks from a dam made by the broken ice chunks we had made from our previous ford. So Cliff got out and kicked some of the ice until the water receded and then we made it thru again. After we came off the edge of the mountain we skirted some flat sage covered ground and meadow against the timberline where there were occasional old buildings. Some were possibly summer homes of ancient origin, mostly old buildings of slabs and lumber...a few of logs. No nice big cabins.

The needle on the fuel gauge was actually bouncing off and on the empty post. At the extreme end of the lake we saw a truck loading at a ranch. We pulled in and found they were loading a final load before buttoning the place up for winter. He had a little gas in a 5 gallon can in a shed that he gave us. We went

out ahead of him and made it to the highway where there was a gas station.

His name was Johnson. He had been on the boxing team from Ricks. He also married a little Nelson girl that had been sort of our neighbor when we lived on Main St. in Rexburg the year before we moved to Island Park when I was 7 yrs. old. She also had attended Ricks when I was there. We were in the same First Grade in the basement of the old grade school next to Madison High School. (end of story)

We drove on to the cabin and unloaded our sleeping bags. The kids soon had the TV going and watched Saturday Nite Live. I got into one bedroom with Joseph. He went downstairs and worked on a talk for the next day to give in the Grant Village Branch. The next morning Kathy and Ruth felt too tired to go along to the park. Nicole was the only one that was willing to get up and go. Maybe she felt some responsibility since it was her dad's van we were using. She slept a part of the way there and most of the way back. Well, Joseph drove into the park. I was going to show my driver's license to get in. The ranger walked over to the car and said we're not open yet, just go on. It was just past 8:00 am

I got after Joseph a little bit for tailgating right after we left the entrance. He was following a small motorhome. I said if you stay right on their tail you can't take your eyes off the road and see any sights or look for animals. And you don't have to hurry to get where you're going so why not drop back? He took a little side road along the Madison River which he always takes. It runs parallel to the main road but closer to the river. We stopped when we saw a pair of Trumpeter swans. They seemed to come closer to him as he made his way thru a few trees to get near with his camera. Maybe they have been fed popcorn or other things. They were not afraid.

Up stream we saw several elk. He drove so fast by the time I saw the elk and told him we were past them. They were off in the trees with the highway between them and the river. Finally we happened to see a bull in the river coming to the bank. Joseph got stopped just past the elk. There was only about one other car at the time that had spotted the elk. He made a 3-point turn and drove back to a paved turnout above the river, which was only about 8-10 ft. above the level of the river. As he got out with his camera, so did Nicole. And she got into a position so that as the elk walked across the parking area she was in line with it to get in the picture. The bull crossed within 15-20' of those with cameras. He had all the velvet off his antlers and they looked well polished. He wasn't a big bull but had a nice mature rack.

We passed two herds of buffalo; one before getting to Old Faithful turnoff, one just beyond. They were in the breeding season as Joseph had told us they would be. So they were moving around quite a bit. Tourists were stretched out toward those that were within 3-500 yards of the road. It was interesting how active they were.

After arriving at Grant Village we failed to locate Heather. Her car was in the parking lot. There was no mail waiting in the post office box for Joseph. We only stayed about 1/2 hr and left. We didn't go in his quarters since his roommate was asleep

inside.

On the return trip we saw more buffalo and a few elk. We saw some very unusual shaped trees near the divide on the north side of the road. It would make a great tourist attraction if properly promoted. The swan were still in the Madison but downstream to a point where they were mostly obscured by a small stand of lodgepole. So we didn't stop. We entered the park at almost 8:00 that morning. Rangers were just opening their little check stations but weren't ready to check visitors in. Now it was after 11:00 when we left the gate.

We stopped and I filled a jug at Howard Spring. One day before two Idaho Dept of Health and Welfare men were there taking water samples. I asked what the temperature was. I had to wait on their instruments for an answer but it was about 40 degrees which is what I expected it would be. Some of the best wells in I.P. used to be about that temperature. The water in the cabin was about that too it seemed and it was very good water. The water at the trailer at Grant's Village was cold and good also.

When we arrived at the cabin on the lake side there was a basketball game going on between the boys, Jay, Jess, Tim and Brandon. We fixed some sandwiches and cleaned up the cabin. We put the towel back on the rack, turned off all the lights and closed all the drapes, locked up and left. Jess drove a while. Ruth drove a little ways, then I drove a ways and then Jess ended up driving the final miles to Lava. We went to Ken's and no one was there. We talked to mom on the phone; they were at John and Margie's visiting grandma. We passed her with Doug going to Ken's and then they headed home. Jay got out there and loaded his stuff into his car. At Kim's we unloaded our things into the Prism and headed home.

Kim has a new business located just east of his house. He has a dealership for double-wide homes. One on display and one for an office. He was there. I saw him as we drove away. He was leaning on one elbow by a window talking with people. Jay had walked down and busted into what was apparently a meeting in session, so he came back a little taken aback. And I didn't see any of Marcie either. So we left Nicole and drove into Lava to drop Brandon off at his place. His mom and Mindy who had arrived earlier with Doug had already left for Poky in Karen's car to check on some medical supplies for Mindy. Mindy seemed to make the trip without any difficulties to speak of.

I drove from Lava to the state line and Ruth changed there and drove to the rest stop past Brigham City; Jess took over. We were in Provo a few minutes after Mom arrived.

Tonight 'tis Sunday, Aug. 29, '93

Reflecting on events in Provo around the open house:

This is an eventful day. It is the conclusion of about 2 weeks of rushing and anticipation of coming events. Today they are history. I'll try to cover a few highlights and more detail will follow later. You can read it sometime in the future.

When we got back from Canada, we learned that Ranny Young was a grandmother. An 11 lb. 3 oz. baby girl born to DeAnn and Toby. She should be a volleyball player perhaps like her mother or maybe a b.ball player like her two aunts. She weighs more than

one tenth of her Aunt Mandy.

Tonight in semi-annual stake priesthood meeting they read the names of all the missionaries serving from our stake. Shaun Alan Knapp was one. The elder that was called to Spain from our ward and couldn't get a visa was there. He was also at church today. He has been in Texas with his parents during the summer and just returned to attend the Y again starting tomorrow. He lives with Kitty Funk, his grandmother in our ward. He asked. How is your son doing? (in Spain) His name is Evan Ward.

Tonia came to Provo last Thurs or Wed. Willis also will be starting school tomorrow at the Y. And Amy Knapp should be back. Maybe this year we will see her. We didn't last year. Mom is just now talking with Tonia. Sounds like she has a lot going. She is living in one of the Helaman Halls. (Chipman Hall) southwest one

After we left Canada, Megan's father was taking his oldest son to catch a flight out of Great Falls, Mont. when he hit a doe deer about one mile before the U.S. border. It ruined the grill of their car. It was disabled so the son went on to the border and met a family from Calgary on their way to Provo. They gave him a lift to the airport. Don drove the car on to the border and then had it towed. It is supposed to be fixed if the garage could get the parts by the time they return from here. They brought their truck instead of the car. Justin and Megan drove it. So they had plenty of room to bring all of their gifts. (belongings) Her parents came in her car. A brother brought a van. They all left on Sunday a.m. heading back to Canada. two brothers and the parents and grandmother, (Don's mother).

About Thursday Justin and Megan pulled in here with the pickup. They unloaded mega boxes etc. in our family room. Friday nite at the Springville Art Museum about 7:00 people started to arrive at the open house. I spent the morning helping get things organized around here and cleaning. We cleaned junk out of the backyard. Moved old trash that has accumulated there for years and hauled it off. I took a load to the salvage yard and got \$21. for old copper pipe from the air conditioner unit I dismantled in our backyard a couple of years ago. So our backyard looks better.

Then Megan's mother came over and prepared dried flowers she brought down from the Canada decorations for table center pieces in Springville. She had to steam them over a boiling pot of water on our kitchen stove. Then she formed them on a card table on our front lawn in the shade of our birch tree.

After that was finished we got the cake ready to send to Springville. One of the boxes blew out of the truck in Montana and lost. Another was picked up by someone in a Fish and Game truck and he caught up to them on the freeway and returned most of its contents. They think another box must have blown out.

Then Jess and I went to the museum at 4:00 to help Judy Johnson set up the tables and chairs. Ron was there also. We did get quite a bit done but it was slow. After we got the tables set up in a room it was decided to have the tables in an adjoining room. So they were all moved. But it worked out pretty well. We came home, Jess put on his tux and I my suit. We went back and stood in line. There was no guest book. So Cindy Caldwell was there early since Greg was helping Tim serve along with Shane

Crandall. So Cindy came to Provo and picked up the book from Megan's apartment and brought it back. Sister Brandenburg and the Bushman's prepared all the goodies in the kitchen. Mom got them from the Y catering service. Brownies and same size cakes with pineapple centers were served along with Sprite.

We cleaned up after and got home around 10:30. On Sat. her family drove to Park City and back. Her father said he enjoyed the trip. They and Justin also played some golf. Then at 5:00 we went to our church and had joudza and hoggies and fruit, cantaloupe, watermelon, etc. for desert. Lisa had a yardsale with the Johnsons from our old stake that are in Amway most of Sat. We got the kitchen cleaned up about 8:30. We came home as Justin and Megan open their last dozen presents in front of their family and ours. Later we watched a video of the reception. It was interesting. Last night we went to see Justin and Megan's pad and it was decorated. One bedroom was like a jungle in a Tarzan movie with Hanging vines, straw on the floor, etc., dimly lit by one small red glowing light bulb. Well I think that is better than having their car all decorated and cluttered. Her roommate did it.

Doug was there with Amber and Guy. Audrey was in Wash. to a family reunion. Keith and Erma, Anita and family, Ed and Maxine were there. They brought fruit and helped prepare the joudza.

Her brothers went in together and bought them a VCR and TV. Last night Willis and Jen, followed them to their apartment, picking up John and Lisa along the way. Where all we watched the video again with them. It was the first Justin and Megan had seen it. John did a good job; some good takes of relatives and guests.

So it's over. We are about back to normal, except there was a lot of joudza left over from Sat. at the church, so tonight we are having more joudza here. Jen's folks are coming and the Johnsons. I don't know just who else. So I guess we'll finish up the joudza that's in the fridge and we will be eating left over Brownies, wedding cake, etc. for a week.

There were a lot of people out of town over the last weekend so that is why many of Justin's friends and invited guests didn't attend his open house. Like the Algers were at Lake Powell.

The Lowes whose house we stayed in, in Lethbridge sent a \$20. bill back with Megan's mom and a ring they found. It was Jess's T ring that he made. Brandon lost in Lowe's house. It is over at their apartment. I sent 2 bushels of peaches home with Megan's dad. He wanted to pay me for the fruit. I said no not after all you did for us up there. Maybe you could give a few peaches to the Lowes. He said Okay he'd be glad to do that. I liked him more the more I saw of him; also her mom. I got a chance to visit with them here on Sat. quite a bit.

Someone said that her brother, Rory was pretty surprised and maybe a little shook after traveling all the way to Provo in a van with his grandmother and after they arrived here she turned to him and asked. What is your name? Well she was very patient and quiet whenever we were around her while they were here. She seemed pretty good. I know she must have gotten mighty tired. But she always seemed pretty bright and alert as far as I observed her. But old people just naturally have those kinds of things

happen sometimes, so Rory should be glad she's as good as she is. Well, their kids, Brody and others kept asking Where's Tim? They stayed here one afternoon while their mothers shopped. One little guy cried half the time. He was so excited when he saw his grandma drive up in their truck and stop at our curb. I thought, I'll bet that little kid will have a hang-up about going to the states for years. Maybe by the time he comes to the MTC he'll have forgotten it.

I haven't seen Justin for two days. Megan did stop by on Monday nite for a little while. Justin called this morning and told me Megan had her car inspected and emission tested in July. When he went to get a parking decal at UVSC he couldn't get one because the license sticker was expired. I told him the tests were good for 2 months. So he'll have to go get the paper work filled out at the court house. She worked nite shift so that she was asleep when he called.

Lisa just came with 3 kids. I think today James is starting school (some special pre-school). He'll be the only one in their family to ride a school bus. And we've always heard how he loves buses. I guess I'm about out of things to say. I need to run.