

The Memoirs of

Bernard Elden Knapp

Early Memories Pt 3

(aka Trapper Keeper)

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COMPILER'S NOTE

After much debate, I determined it best to keep these files in their original order. All of these files came out of Bernie's Trapper Keeper (a binder of sorts). The writings are somewhat in chronological order, but not entirely. There are almost no dates included within the texts. It is unknown when these memoirs were written.

The titles in the table of contents may not reflect all of the titles that Bernie wrote as page headers. I have noted the titles that seem most interesting and relevant. At the end of each part, I have included the same maps that Bernie created for the Island Park area.

As there are over 700 handwritten files that came out of this binder, I decided to split the files into five sections—mainly to reduce the digital file size.

— Morgan Knapp (grandson) April, 2020

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

Al
returns

1

Al had written letters home regularly while in England. He went to see Paul Walker once in a convalescing area in England. Paul was wounded in France and shipped to England. Then later shipped on home.

Al Mom had a cloth emblem in our front window indicating that we had a son in the Air Force. Many homes displayed similar things for sons, husbands and daughters in the military.

Al met Wayne Call, an LDS serviceman in the Air Force from Burley, Idaho. They got together occasionally between missions. When they could they read their letters from home I suppose and they read their patriarchal blessings. This gave them hope and helped their faith. Al served many missions over Germany and one mercy mission where supplies were dropped in to the Dutch. He used to joke that the only time they got shot at was on this mission came over the sound some old guy shot at them with a shotgun or maybe a rifle.

So after Al came home he had enough points to get mustered out before Wayne he went to see his family. Of course they were elated to meet him. Eventually, Al became interested in his sister Lois. There were 5 or 6 boys in the family but only 2 girls. Maxine was younger and still in high school. She was cute, very outgoing and excited quite a few fellows but Al noticed ~~Lois~~ Lois. Lois was once on a double date with Al and a guy

Al married

2

from Big Horn City. But Al never enjoyed the other date and Lois from then on had more interest in Al than her date of that day.

Al kept working on his house and had it up to square and closed in. Then he brought Lois up to see it.

When Al was married we all went to Buxley. I'd never been there before - maybe the folks hadn't either. Ann & Paul drove down. We stayed in Call's house. They had a nice home but it rained so hard while we were there that rain ran into their house under the eaves.

There was a nice ~~at~~ reception. They danced. Call's had a boy Jay just younger by a grade or two of me in school.

Her Dad, Will had farmed all his life. He had a farm on (Moreland Drive). His farm was taken into the city and he got a good price on it when he sold. He liked horses, Al used to tell us about a black saddle horse he had. I'd liked to have ridden it but it wasn't a ride horse. It had broken a bit and ran with one side we were told.

Paul mentioned after attending the reception what a close knit family they all were.

Lois moved in on Cleveland. It was fun having them there. I used to spend a lot of time with them. It was interesting as they started their home and used many of the gifts that had been given them at the reception.

They told an open house in their home in I.F. People like her Dad talked about how much they had compared to what he and his wife had when they 1st got married.

Bp. Ovard was at the reception - all our Ite relatives came. Dyle sang a song or two and played his guitar. Bp. Grant Ovard said he had a good voice if he'd train it. Ester, Fanie & Elsie sang the song "Sailor boys". Some harmonica music was played. Dyle sang a song about a seniceman. The Postman delivered a letter. (the last letter). It was a poor selection at the time with Aunt Jennie there and Adrian having been missing in action.

Aunt Lella wanted to have a dance. Al was a little put out. He figured it would ruin the up. I was helping with refreshments in the kitchen and joking with Maxine when Helma came up and joked - hey one in the family may be enough. Of course I liked the thought Maxine was cute and had a real sparkle in her eyes. But she was at least a senior in and quite mature. She was far ahead of me. But I enjoyed being around Jay. He was active in his school and played BB on the jr varsity. Bro. Cal was a card.

In the spring they (Al & Fanie) moved to I.Pearly in the spring. The snow melted off early so they were there several weeks before the crew was moved up or before it was dry enough to get into the woods.

Al married

↑

Barney arranged for Al to build a new cabin. They built it next to a big tree and set it back in some trees facing the mill. It was in front of the Smith cabin front door. Out in front and a little west was the big tree that was in the middle of camp.

Al built a partition partition in the cabin so it had 2 rooms. The back room had one window facing the railroad. Just inside the front room a small window faced east so you could see Smith's cabin. There was a small clearing left to it where the school house foundation was still visible. A double window faced south in the front room and there was a double front window in front facing the mill and Charlie's house.

In the front corner was the door and the stove was ~~centered~~ ^{centered} in the room facing out. They had some cupboards put in not ~~at~~ attached to the building. They invited me to live and board with them this summer. It was fun. ~~they~~.

They didn't have a car but Barney let Al use the Federal a lot. When it was new it seemed pretty luxurious. It had some nice features - heater that worked - electric windshield wipers (I believe) - wide front seat cushion and a 2 speed axle. On Sundays we'd go to markets and get groceries.

A couple of times during the summer

the calls came up. One time they went thru Yellowstone Park in their Chrysler. I was invited along. It was fun. Jay and Maxine were there. I took a little liberty and stowed off some - taking Jay for a ride around camp in the Federal.

Maxine took enough interest in Warren or at least gave him enough come on and encouragement to make a little scene and a little difficult for Al. Calls were a little put out with her behavior. We went over to see Warren's dog team. He hooked them up to show calls. His little airdale made a lunge from the trail sideways as if she really wanted to get at Bw. Call.

At one of the hot pots Bw. Call wondered if the water was really hot. He stuck in his finger. He really pulled it out and hopped and danced around holding it after. It was funny.

When they were leaving there were some wet eyes and Maxine sighed - "Parting is such sweet sorrow."

Lois used to watch and tend May's kids a lot that summer. M. Jean could walk and run around camp. She had a habit when she got really mad "she'd hold her breath." A few times she scared some people. She was a cutie.

Once David & Barry were eating at Lois's table. Barry asked Please pass the ~~pepper~~. David passed the salt. The set was a square porcelain ~~table~~ finished set - with the words printed on in caps.

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Al married

Benny looked disgusted and in a deliberate voice said loudly S-A-L-T does that speel pepper?

Al and Lois invited Warren over a lot that summer. Warren didn't work for Benny but got out wood and sold it to Clyde Ness or someone else in the valley. Most of his wood came from Tom's Creek. He had old Chub and maybe had Birdie back from Noto Young.

We went on a picnic to Split Creek once. We drove up from the bottom - We came to a cut and there were several deadfalls across the road. Al turned the Federal around it wasn't easy. He kept the drive on good solid road while the front end almost dropped over the edge. It took a few times back and forth to get it turned in such a narrow place.

Once early in the summer Al was coming in from Ponds with the wagon. They picked up a man walking along the road. It was Ed Ryberg. Ed stayed but a short time, while he'd been gone nearly everything was hauled off from his place. So he went off to West Yellowstone to find work. Apparently he didn't get any pension checks at that time.

after he got off at the mill and Al told Lois who he was she was pretty shocked. But Ed seemed alright. He was certainly different than a few years before.

They went up toward Island Park Lodge -

magee

in the Fall one day. It was probably to the Lees. I.P. lodge wouldn't have been married at that time. Coming back around a curve just before coming to the Snake River they saw a bear. The bear was rather unconcerned along the road side. They stopped almost in disbelief. Al backed the semi along the highway. In the excitement of it all he jacked it and had to straighten up and look again. Wainen had his pistol 32-20. He shot several shots at the bear. It didn't flinch - it didn't run. Then Al tried a couple of shots. The bear finally wandered off. Laise had a good laugh about that quite a few times.

When Laise's Dad was there Al got him to take out a permit for some house log timber near the flat on the Ripley Butte road near the flat. We spent a few Sundays and holidays there cutting out a set of logs and some extra for lumber. That fall Al sent a box car of materials to Buxley to use to build a house. He built a nice home in Buxley.

He went to work with Wayne in a milk delivery job. But it was real hard on Al's back - and as it sometimes happens - wives and families together in business have rough places. In a few years Al sold the place and came back to I.P.

Well that fall Laise was glad to say good bye to I. P. and its ruin which was quite deep when they moved out. Barney had a dog they called Pecky.

Al married

8

I'd kept him one fall in F F at our place until they moved down from the mill. I bought a dog's old bread for 5¢ a bag to feed him. Both he ran all over town. I'd see him at O. S. Bell and all over town. He was white with black and gray mottled spots like a bird dog. I don't know if he were one of a litter of Fred Wardell's pointer female or not.

Something did happen to it and the kids named their new dog "Perkie" also. It was a little black shepherd with a white ring and nose. He didn't last too long running loose most of the time.

One day while we were working in up the Chick Creek road - Jess Reed told Al he could see quite a difference in how Al worked now and before he was married. He was a funny guy. He said Wendell "Stuckie" was long legged and could wrap his legs around a horse about as good as the next guy when he was in Bear Lake.

He also said concerning the fact he and his wife Irene had no children - some people's guys stood blank.

One time Al, Lois and I went for a walk in the area of Ryberg's road. We walked down a road from just behind his cabin site and then parallel to the river just in the next ridge over from the river. The road took us out way down to near the little flat at the bottom of the Chick Creek road near the cordway.

Al, Warren, and I walked from the

Al married

truck parked near the road at the upper end of where the road goes down to the Skinnerville spring. We walked down thru the timber quietly. We stopped on a ridge opposite the spring and sat quietly. After a little while Warren perhaps spotted a movement. It was a deer. They shot but missed. Warren had his pistol. We decided Al would go back and get the truck and we'd come over the ridges to the east and meet him on the road.

We waited a long time. Al said he'd really been surprised how dark it got suddenly going up the hollow. It was hard going also with all the down timber in the bottom of the draw. He could hardly make out enough silhouette to follow the ~~road~~ road. He was relieved to finally get to the truck. It was pitch dark by then. We were to the road before it was dark, very dark.

The Hiattle came around a lot. Many ~~evenings~~ ~~mornings~~ especially in the spring when the mosquitoes were thick we sat out between Abol's cabin and Barney's around a fire. Many weiners and marshmallows were roasted. Some red tip limbs were burned as a smog for mosquitoes. Most people flitted their houses or cabins and there went outside while they aired out. During this time they usually got together and visited and a fire made it a nice setting.

al married

One time Bobbie Bains came over to al's truck to get a pickup. Al said to take a different one after Bob rationalized why he should put back the one he already picked up. He was something else. Al finally lost his patience with him that day and then of course felt bad when it was over. I'll never forget the look of shock on Bob's face.

Al used to milk the cow so we had fresh milk. ~~Louise~~ Laila was really a fastidious house keeper. She must have had it difficult with the IP setting - but she really did a good job to keep her chin up.

Some of the people working there were sort of different. Skouten worked for Barney. He was a sort of loud mouth. He went around with an old black cowboy hat. He had a wife that looked less than normal and a little boy that appeared the same. He was a lazy guy at doing his share on loading logs on the skidway. Barney had him come for the horses. He may have milked some of the summer but I don't know that Laila would have liked his wife ~~even~~ caring for the milk.

On ~~one~~ trip down the highway (we call it the old highway today) between Mack's and Phillips lodge with a load of logs - Al came around a bend and some guy was heading a

al married

whole string of houses up the highway, al couldn't stop with a heavy load and he hit one of the houses. The radiator was broken and it had to be ~~fixed~~ (repaired) before he could drive it again.

Bammy shows the Federal a lot and al the Ford. One head light was bent or turned partly back on the fender. We left the skid house up by the timber. We had to go up and feed and lead them to the creek to drink on Sundays. On one trip I went back into the cutting area to get my ax which I had left out there. I found it and as I came back carrying the ax I held it hanging down at full by the handle loosely. I jumped from a windfall and the ax hit a sapling causing it to swing into my leg. It hit me on the shin. It really hurt. When I got to the truck I could see my device were cut vertically in front. I was surprise surprised when I looked (pulled up my pant leg) and it had opened a slit about an inch long vertically on the front of my ~~skin~~ skin bone. It didn't bleed too much. It seemed to be opened to the bone. Part of the hurt was the ~~too~~ bruise to the bone more than pain from any cut tissue or flesh. The wound pulled apart naturally and it took a while to mend. If it happened now we'd pull it together with stitches.

I slept on an army cot in the front

room of the cabin.

I think Al and Ladd took a little time off during the summer on one or two occasions, when they did I stayed with May a few days.

Baney hired 5 G.I.'s to cut for him that summer. Al had just got out of the service. They were from Pascoella area. The sturpiest of all ~~then~~ ^{Douglass} was pretty level-headed. He was going back to school to study engineering. He had a brother there. One boy was named Lemon. (Lemmon). One was a little guy that could immitate an Englishman. The other was a big guy. He had sort of thick lips and his complexion was a little dark.

The other G.I.'s nick named him good naturedly - Nigger. His parents visited in the summer and when they heard this they persuaded him to leave. He was the biggest one and very likeable. One time he made a cake. May said according to all the fine points of an excellent cake - this cake had them all.

They used to ride to work on ^{back} top of the truck. Occasionally they'd travel somewhere in a car. Some went to Ponds trying to find some gills that worked there. Ken probably had a gill in Pakey.

They used to sometimes come and play basketball. I had a hoop up on a tree near Al's front yard. One of the Skautens worked for Charlie. He had ~~was~~ played high school ball in I.T. He was a nice kid and not at all like the other ~~one~~ ^{clit} -

One night Mr South didn't come in he lived in the little cabin. The next day Charlie & Barney got all their crews and the ranger Ned Mallard (millard) organized a search. We spread out to where we could all see each other and marched toward Tom's creek. Then turning we came back. I was near al - as we were $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from camp I came across something strange, a ~~walrus~~ ^{perhaps} ~~hump~~ ^{skull} in the woods in an area of small dwarf plants and saplings. Then I heard al speaking softly to keep quiet. I saw a small fur covered leg of a faun. We went on and no one else noticed anything. The search continued for several days. Air planes flew over head. Then one afternoon perhaps the 3rd day Mr. South came walking down the railroad tracks from the direction of Tom's Creek. He was very tired and hungry and asked for a bowl of bread and milk. I don't know if he still had his ax or not.

Later he indicated that he didn't know where he was but he worked all of one night in water. Everyone figured he must have gotten into the swamp north of Tom's Creek. He said one day he was walking and he came onto a bear. He stood and looked at the bear and it looked at him apparently unafraid. Finally they both went their own ways.

Al married

after that Charlie & Barney were able to persuade Mr. South to go down to I.F. If he came back it was for a brief time and probably wasn't allowed to get out of sight.

Warren got some squirrels one time when they fell out of a nest of a tree we cut down. He raised one as a pet, he fed it with an eye dropper. It would run in and out of his pocket and when he'd go to Ponds or around stonages the squirrel would run around his neck to hide as if he were a tree.

Lain made fun of Al and I tramping thru the woods with her and carrying raisins for lunch. We heard one hell elk bugle that day along a draw in Rybergs area. It was a long ways off and only about one note - not a long or beautiful trill.

all married

1-4

going back to using Dick + Belle - During the
spud harvest when I came up I was told of
how they went to the woods one day morning after
a slight snow fell. Both horses were standing
with their front feet in the manger. Behind them
a ways away stood a bull moose - This was
a ~~mange~~ manger built between trees using
poles. The horses had been very nervous from
after that. If a twig snapped in the woods
the horse might jump.

So the next morning when they arrived the
horses again were standing in the manger
with their front feet. However no moose
was in sight. The cautioned me not to leave
two chains hooked to the single tree ^{while} ~~and~~ I
was for hooking onto a drag because either
Dick or Bell might take off in an instant
at the sound of a noise.

So I had to learn to be careful. They were
~~we~~ logging in the area along the chick creek
west above the Skinnerville draw. It was the
last or farthest east manger built and used
with this stand of house logs. It was the same
area where the Stinson logs came from except
the Stinson stuff came out of the first cutting of
this patch when we went it. You could see
far across the area - few trees were left
standing. In a few years going back to this
place all the standing timber was down from
the wind. One some of these ridges the amount
of butt rot in the logs was very great. In
many trees it ran the length of the 1st or
2 cuts. Occasionally we hit red rot and the

entire tree was ~~can~~ rot. It was a pinkish color. Round and took out the heart of the tree. The stump cut was black or nearly black and varied in the length.

The ranger Ned was out marking timber one day and as he marked Barney asked him why he missed a certain tree. There were quite a few trees that were forked and some not very tall. He was marking a lot of these. Ned complained a little that Barney wanted that tree. It was tall, straight and so often they discussed it at lunch he marked it. When we cut it down it was full of rot nearly the length of the tree. Ned laughed out loud about that. Well he didn't know it would be rather any more than Barney did. But he was arrogant enough to laugh as if he did. We were sitting north of the road to Ryberg on a ridge just off from where the road forked to Chick Creek dug way.

Skidding with Old Bell wasn't too bad. She was a chunky mare. She could have been a pumper or even Reckon. I remember riding and skidding on Dick one day and he had a big rather long ugly head. I called him old Angel face.

I'd read that in an illustrated drawing in one of Will James books where a rodeo contestant recognized an old horse in the chute as one he'd known before and called him by that name.

Al used to tell some interesting things about England. Two GI's were walking down the street in a little village in England. Just as they passed an old guy sweeping the street one remarked to the other - this is sure a one horse town.

Al married.

3-A

the old man said - If you had my job you wouldn't think so.

He told how the English girls seemed so strange and the humor of the English catching on to jokes such as in a theatre. One girl told a GI dancing with her. Don't hold me too close!

A red headed guy came up to get out some dry cellar timber for a cellar order. Barney helped him get it out. Then he wanted help loading. He had a big truck so he could stack his load pretty high. For some reason this guy, Brown, sort of got a little hot under the collar. He probably drank some and that didn't help his attitude. We, Jew Reid, Al and I were out with Barney loading him. We were in Trail Canyon. He got to arguing about something - we came along and there were some words at one point - and it got a little tense.

I can't remember if Jew Reid told his wife to shut up or if she came up to the cab of our truck and told Jew that. But she (Mary I think) was a very large woman - dark hair and features and was considerably larger for a woman than her husband was for a man. He was short and squatly.

That night we got him loaded - this was like the second load or so. Maybe it was the final load. Anyway Barney went out to Ponds that evening for the mail and Brown was there. He no doubt had had some beer and maybe more. He confronted Barney, I don't know if they went outside or if he surprised Barney ~~by~~ outside by suddenly coming up to him. But it made a lot of talk around camp and at Ponds.

The guy would have been younger than Barney.

..Al married

A1-A

He wasn't drunk enough that he was struggling or having too much trouble staying on his feet to start with maybe. Barney slipped on the sandy driveway in front of the lodge and went down on one knee. Brown tried to kick him in the face. When they were thru Brown had had enough. Barney got him a solid blow in the solar plexus that tamed him some.

I remember Al saying, Any ~~one~~ fooling around with Barney better be careful because if he hit them it would be like being kicked by a cow. Anyway it ended up like a draw to the extent some onlookers weren't sure if they saw a winner but Brown had so much ~~was~~ force he couldn't keep coming back. He finally was off his feet.

I don't know if they ever came back to the mill or if they had ~~seen~~ hauled out the last load. Jess Reed was excited about it. He may have either gone to Ponds to be there or said how he ~~was~~ wished he'd gone. His confrontation with Brown's wife may have been a result of telling her to keep out of it - meaning the argument or disagreement between Brown and Barney in the woods when it appeared she was going to jump in in defense of her husband.

Some said it would be better to tangle with Brown than with his wife.

Once a guy showed up at the mill for house logs. He worked a while and finally he came over to where Warren and I were just talking or sitting around. Barney wasn't there. It was either not a work day such as

al married

S-A

Sunday an after work and supper was finished. He was a tall - lean guy - raw boned. He was carrying a blue streak. Why one man can't load those plankety - blank logs etc. He went on and on. ~~He~~ ^{He} sure wanted some help bad. I interfered to Warren - maybe you should tell him that he isn't a man yet. Warren said yeh - maybe he'd whip me for saying it. Well it wouldn't have been the most appropriate thing to say at the moment - Warren got some glue and we went and helped him.

When May was in Sugar City teaching 2nd grade ~~she~~ ~~was~~ stayed with a family named Campbouse. One of their daughters showed up in I P once with her husband. They stayed for a while, several days at least. The guys seemed obnoxious to me. I don't know if they went fishing during the day or just stayed in the kitchen and chatted with May. The gal probably helped dry the dishes at least.

Seems like Dick Wright - one of their mutual friends may have been discussed. Dick may have shown up in L. P. sometime.

One time while I was small - maybe still
lived in Gaston - may' was in a car with Dick.
They saw a ~~to be~~ hobo walking along
the railroad track - next to the highway.
A train was coming from behind. The guy
must have been deaf. Dick stopped the
car - ran toward the guy - seems to didn't
get there in time.

Mary wanted to go across the railroad tracks
once. She must have been in Rexburg, a

al married

6-A

freight train was going so slow she would have been late for school or wherever she was going. It was going real slow. She crawled under between the front and back wheels of a box car.

In college she used to eat bottled cherries. The guys and gals ate together occasionally and had contests to see who could spit the pit out the fastest. It turned out the winner kept one pit in his mouth each time before he put another cherry in his mouth.

Stimpson's

When Dick and Bell were first used it was for a few weeks or a few months. Later they were kept in the barn part of the time, then they were used occasionally on the wagon. Usually however, they were left in the woods and water was hauled to them in barrels. It was a daily chore to pull the truck up to the well. One person stood on the bunk and reached the well bucket while another pulled the well rope. A large galvanized funnel was left hanging on the end of a 2x6 crosspiece sticking out from the top of the well casing uprights to fill the barrel with.

One ~~fall~~ ^{near} summer two people from Ogden moved into the ^{new} Warm River. June Stinson and Claude Malin. They bought the old Clark homestead. This included the small dry flat next to the head of the spring and also another part of the sage brush flat between there and the main flat. They built their summer homes against the hillside and in close proximity to each other. They built a garage as well also.

At the old Clark cabins there was a barn. Stinsons had several horses and a small brown 1/2 shetland looking pony for their son J.C.

Later they adopted a girl. Part of the time Stinsons lived in L.A.

When they arranged with Barney to get a set of logs we were cutting on the Chick Creek road. It was there and we were just above the road from the top of the Skimmerville spring and southward along a broad ridge. They came early one spring and wanted to help get

their logs out. So Barney arranged that they could come and peel the logs. So they came June, wife & J.C. to peel.

As they were felling trees criss criss June asked if that wouldn't bruise the logs. All snorted at that one remark. Well they did peel a set of green logs, after they had dried a while and the weight was lightened we took them to the mill. So when they put up their cabins - they were nice looking clean peeled logs - sanded on 3 sides. We also cut ridge logs for them.

Warren made friends with June and in the fall he took June's horses over to Moon Meadows where Nate Young or Hattie arranged to take care of them and hauled them to the valley for the winter I believe.

The Clark place wasn't really fenced. The buildings were largely covered in. One was used as a barn. Warren put stables on the prong for J.C. When Warren took them to the Moon Meadows I was along. We rode thru the Varnoy place and cut across the road splitting the flat to the corralway.

They built a heavy jack fence across the trail canyon road where it opens from the canyon onto the flat. At the other end near the Clark cabins they had also built a jack fence extending across the road and into the timber on both sides making it very difficult to go around in a vehicle. They didn't entirely fence this ~~entire~~ place but just at the roads.

Stinson

Malin had a construction company in Ogden. He had several grown boys - one named Tim. They used to stop to see Barney and seemed friendly enough. One of the crew once asked Barney about ^{his} appearing not to be very receptive to an offer by Stinson to go out together - like for an evening. Barney indicated that he didn't have any desire to associate on a personal level with people so affluent.

Gene once drove a bread delivery truck in Ogden. He was coming out of Ogden - Weber canyon one trip when the wind blew the truck over. He was unhurt. By the time he came into I.P. he owned a chain of Stinson's Markets in Calif & Ogden - Clearfield.

Barney had lived in I.P. when the principals of the railroad ranch had spent time there. He maybe had some experience with the Guckenhimers and Harrimans that made him feel that they were actually aloof and not sincerely interested in associating with common working class people. He didn't say anything bad about them - just cautiously aloof.

Barney built a road over a hill by passing the Clark place coming out of Trail Canyon. The water table rose and some springs began to flow above the head of the Clark place (meadow). One time there was so much water flowing across the road and running down the backs of the road it was like a creek. Al and I walked to the source of the water and found two flowing springs. We were ~~very~~ surprised at the size of the springs especially when they didn't flow every year. At the bottom of the hillside which may still have been on

Stinson

a portion of the potential land there was some thin, timber - mostly mature some big sized trees and quite a few dead ones. a rather deep cut had eroded away at the spring ~~where~~ on the upper side. yet it didn't have water ~~across~~ ^{as aquatic} plants or moss like an a perennial spring usually had.

About the time Banner built this road around over the hill the water had become a great problem and the water saturating the sandy soil made it treacherous for vehicles. This may have coincided with Stimpson + Malin's fencing off their road. Prior to that when we came down and out of Trail Canyon we followed a road right thru the two places. Clarks and Rancho. We used to watch for the rock chucks when we'd approach ~~in~~ the wagon or in the truck. It was a favorite place to spot chucks.

A ways off you'd see them running thru the grass. When you got close you'd see one on top of a building if a windmill was laying on a slant against it, or you would see them sitting next to the burrow going under the barn or shed ready to instantly dash out of sight.

Ditches had been originally made to convey water to these places from Split Creek. Split Creek came down a draw north over a main ridge. When it came down near the flat it branched off. One stream went south toward the Clark place and Warm River. This part of the stream had been tapped for irrigation many years before. When we crossed the

big flat to Black Mt. we crossed one dry ditch. At one time a sizeable ditch had been put across nearly to the railroad tracks. This was a distance of several miles.

There was a smaller ~~dry~~ drier flat before you reached the warm river. There were roads crisscrossing in a diamond shape on this flat. It was easy to make ~~a~~ roads across the flat. Just drive over the same place for a short time and the wheels and gears were soon worn away and ~~the~~ even the sage. Once the surface ~~and~~ vegetation was worn off the remaining underlying surface of the flat was sandy and smooth.

The well used roads ~~were~~ had worn tracks into the ground several inches to nearly a foot in some places. But these same tracks had been ~~used~~ for years. With the iron tired wagons gone the roads ~~were~~ ~~did~~ did not rut and the wear was very gradual.

Ditches too were easy to make across the flat. There were virtually no rocks. In Island Park you didn't use a flapper rock flipper or sling shot unless you imported the rocks. ~~There~~ the only place I know of cobble stones were at the siding and along the railroad right of way next to the tracks where ~~a~~ rock imported for sanding and filling stock cars for the railroad by section crews spilled out.

Near the mill you could dig a well and never shovel the whole thing out and never have to change the point of the shovel to avoid a rock. If we occasionally screened some sand for a little concrete not many rocks

were screened out. They would have been small and coarse. No round smooth river bottom rocks. On the east and south edges of the flat and especially the smaller flats the grass was more sparse. Sage was very short or missing from being railed off or over grazed possibly. These areas did have some small rock and the sand was more coarse. In these places a few rocks could be found. They would have been rounded but pocketed and rough as a lava type rock rather than smooth round river bottom rocks.

So as we came to the timber line at Vanoy's we ~~for~~ saw higher sage. We seldom had bridges. We forded these small ditches. One ditch rather deep and wide came along the knoll ~~with~~ north of Vanoy's. ~~There~~ ~~the~~ ~~there~~ had timber on the banks on both sides. Some of the trees ~~here~~ ~~probably~~ ~~there~~ grown there since the ditch was originally dug. Dad could remember when Vanoy's had a pond on the edge of the flat and kept a flock of Canada geese (Canadian Honkers as Dad called them.)

Near here, South's ditch crossed the road and to the south and ran along side the trail canyon road to the culvert at Jack Jones cabin where it ~~crossed~~ crossed the road. Near the little cabin it spread out against the railroad right-of-way.

Once Mrs. South had a garden - fenced off near the cabin behind the main house. At this same point where water was taken to her

garden the banks were established with grass and sod. That portion of the ditch was extended to the sawmill where it ran behind the engine shed and dead ended at the bank used for the injector.

East of Vamoy's the deep ditch thru the trees had been abandoned by Louisa and a ditch was planned behind the cabins. It went up a tree partially tree lined row in a straight direction to where it was taken out of a main str stream that flowed to the Clark place. This ditch could be crossed over a ~~str~~ slab covered bridge, then the road went thru the Clark place where the ditch was forked.

After the jack fence was put up preventing access onto the Clark place the road from Vamoy's went east into the timber about $\frac{1}{4}$ mile and then cut up over a somewhat rocky hillside and around a ~~knoll~~ knoll and back into the main trail canyon hollow about $\frac{3}{8}$ of a mile above the Clark place. The upper part of this road was not blocked off with a jack fence but it became softer through disuse and no one would venture on it knowing the bottom had gone out of it.

One has to understand the I.P. country to perhaps appreciate this fact.

One spring Dad and Wagon and I went to I.P. to fish. Probably the upper roads were full of water. In the spring water stood in all the low places. Where cuts were worn into the earth water stood. When rubber tired vehicles traveled these roads they acted like

Stinson

a compactor and packed down the dirt and mud on the bottom over a period of time. If you crossed a puddle that was deep you wanted to stay with the main tracks. If you tried to straddle the mud on the side would probably be slick and you'd stick in anyway. And even if you skirted it too far to the side it would be soft.

So with the road to the Buffalo usually filled with water in early spring a person took a chance to drive it in a car until the roads had had a chance to dry a bit. So Dad decided on Tom's Creek. Dad didn't like to fish on the creek within a half mile of the railroad tracks. So he decided to drive to Moon Meadow and cross the meadow on foot.

We drove past the Munsen cabin and took the road to Moon Meadow. It was mostly winding, tree stumps and trees. Near the meadow there was a fair stand of pole timber. We parked and went fishing. There were some favorite holes along the creek up to a bend near the cabin where a fork came in from the ranch spring house. Dad always felt like he could expect to catch a good mess of fish along this stretch if no one else had been there ahead of him. He was right. Warren fished one direction and Dad and I another. Then we met back and crossed the meadow to the car. (1936 Chevy - don)

On the meadow we too waded in water. We wore tennis shoes. I was quite a lot older when I got my first hip boots for fishing. At the car we changed our wet trousers and

shoes and wet socks full of sand (white mostly)

When they went to turn the car around it went down immediately when the tires left the ~~the~~ main tracks. We dug out the wheels ~~per~~ but it dug down deeper. Finally they jacked it up and put poles and broken pieces of rotting logs into the ruts, then we pushed and backed it onto the road. We did not get it turned around.

Dad may have started to back it down the road. The tire got off to the edge of the tracks of the road and it began to sink.

We drove it ahead onto the solid main tracks again and then Warren ended up backing almost all the way to the mill. We got it and Warren backed with his door open and leaning out where he could see the tires and the tracks. To appreciate this fully you have to understand the entire width of the track on each side was maybe a foot wide, most of the time on the road with the narrow tires on the early cars would have been in the center of that 12" track. and if the tire got off that center 8-10" wide portion ~~the~~ the ground was too soft to hold it up. On the sharp curves the tracks were naturally a little ~~and~~ wider than the straight stretches. When we came to a clearing near the camp where some old parts of relic cars were abandoned among the jack pines and we could see the clearings where the old tugboat the bums and buildings had been we came to a fork and Warren backed into the fork and turned and we drove on into camp.

From the stream crossing over to the Clark place a ditch ran straight (due west) to Charlie Simmon's place. That ditch had been established and made continuous use for so many years that willow lined it and you didn't drive across it in a car or truck in the upper (east) end of the flat. Dad used to comment concerning the sages being taller and thicker here. ~~He~~ like pioneers, considered, that a sign, that the soil was more rich than where the sage were especially scrubby.

One fall I came down from that Canyon and about opposite from Simmon's place where there was a ford I saw a large sage hen. It appeared to me the size of a wild ~~turkey~~ turkey. Jere Reid may have been with me. I went back looking for it, I never saw it again. I never knew of any other sage hens on the flat. I'd seen some on Coffee Pot road.

Some mud holes developed on the upper end of the new hill road Barney built before the road bed had a chance to get packed real good. In the timber the upper soil layers were black rich dirt. The soil was shallow down to the underlying sand. The sand was a coarse volcanic or silica black.

Farther east some outcroppings were Obsidian rock also. And most sand was predominantly of that origin in granular form.

Digging was easy except for numerous tree roots.

binders - unloading

Barney used to have a sticker ~~stuck~~ tape on the edge of the drivers door on the Ford. He wrote a list of the things to take daily into the woods. Before they'd pull out of camp they'd check the list. Axes, saws, pickaxeone, stakes, hunkies, file, chains, tools, water bags etc.

It was a big disappointment to get to the woods and be short of a binder for the load or find out that when the truck was unloaded at the skidway the stakes weren't put back on the truck.

The stakes were made from old car or truck axles. Pipe extensions from drive shafts ~~and~~ or other pipes were used to slide over the top of these heavier stakes when more height was needed.

The hunkies had stake holes. Wooden hunkies usually had a metal strip on top as well as on the bottom. The metal front hunkies had a larger hole on top and a smaller one cut out with a cutting torch on top and bottom of a hunkie which was ~~not~~ like an oversized channel iron or rectangular tubing. The holes were not always the same size that is ^{on} the hunkie on the truck could be different ~~to~~ from that of the trailer. So you put certain stakes in certain holes.

When traveling empty the stakes were placed behind the cab in a wooden box spanning the frame. An empty hunkie and ~~low~~ trailer bounced much more than a loaded one and if left in they would bounce out. Occasionally after unloading the last two stakes were left

in and one would bounce out. Sometimes we carried a spare.

Over the years they developed a unique binding system. With the old wagons they sometimes used a single logging chain or skid chain. It usually had a ring or slip hook on one end and a grab hook on the other. In referring to a ring hook I don't mean a ring or complete circle or ring but a rounded curved hook. It could also be described as a slip hook as compared to a grab hook.

So the slip hook was hooked to the reach underneath or to the frame on a Hoover wagon (a rubber tired wagon made from a car or truck chassis. The other end of the chain was thrown over the load and ~~the~~ threaded around something and the end brought back with the grab hook hooked back into the chain with the amount of slack adjusted in the chain that a roller binder could be made by placing a round 5 or 6 inch short piece of log or post crossways over the top of the load. Then the chain was laid over the log on one side and the center with slack was wrapped around the log with enough slack left in the middle that a sapling maybe 4 or 5 inches in diameter could be placed in this loop of chain. Sometimes an ax was used to hew the end of the sapling to a point or tapered at least in order to start it into the loop of chain which needed to be as small as

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possible. A rope was then tied to the other end of the sapling which may have been 6 to eight feet long and tapered down to $2\frac{1}{2}$ - 3 inches. It was pulled back then over the pole which acted as a lever and a fulcrum. Sometimes after tightening it would pull slack into the chain necessitating ~~tightening~~ loosening completely and taking out slack in the chain with the grab hook and starting over again. After several successive or progressive attempts the right tension was gained. Then several men if available would get on the binder pole (sapling) and bear down while another tied the end of the rope to a log on the back end of the load or the wagon frame in a slip knot of some kind.

The sapling made it flexible and it always kept tension as the load shifted as ~~it~~ the wagon bounced over bumps along the road. Occasionally the load would shift enough that the binder needed to be retightened. Usually it was checked along the way prior to going down any steep places.

~~Save~~ ^{Save} were laid lengthwise in between logs teeth down. Double-bitted axes were stuck into the top of a log near the back of the load. Pickaxeone were stuck in any place along on a top ~~load~~ log.

Sometimes an old car seat or cushion was hauled back and forth to the woods for a ~~seat~~ seat.

Dad used to often carry a jumper along. It was a denim jacket with a flannel lining. It or a mackinaw (plaid coat) were folded and used on a log as a cushion.

South's developed a binding system where two binders were used. A chain binder with two grab hooks was the most common one in use. It required repeated tightening and loosening until finally it was tight enough that an extension (pipe) needed to be used on the handle to gain more leverage.

Later Barney bought come-a-long chain binders. They were so much better. They had a chain several feet in length with a grab hook on one end and a small safety ring on the other to prevent the chain from sliding out when no tension was on the binder. One end of the binder which was a cast metal harness in actuality that fit over a chain had a grab hook. This hook was fastened to a chain coming up onto the load from the bunk. Then the chain on the binder was positioned so several feet extended out of the binder and then that grab hook was hooked into a chain thrown up from the bunk on the other side of the load. Then the action of the binder was like a pump handle. As it was moved back and forth it alternately pushed the chain thru itself by two catches. One catch hooked the chain on the forward stroke - the other on the

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return stroke. An extension could be used on this handle and one man could put herd enough leverage to break a chain if it wasn't a stout one. A log could be cinched up to the point that sometimes the logs were pulled away from one or both stakes.

This was after the case with sawed logs and lumber. It was much easier to unhook also because it could be released in the opposite manner to tightening the lever of its own chain if necessary.

after the final tightening the handle could be forced all the way down against its own frame - parallel to the tight chain. This was a locking position which was just a pivot point so to speak with a fulcrum. From this position it could not be released except by ~~force~~ ~~for~~ force taking out of the lock position.

Then a home made binder was made of a steel rod (maybe $3/4$ " or 1" rod). a ring with a grab hook was attached ~~to~~ ~~to~~ or 7 or 8" from one end on a ring. The ring was bolted or welded to the rod in such a way the the ring could turn on pivot. The end of this rod was bent into a slight curve with a ~~little~~ ^{slightly} hooked end at the point. On the opposite end of the rod a ~~small~~ ^{stout} piece of small chain such as a halter chain ~~was~~ was fastened in some flexible manner like a ring or wire through a drilled hole. the other end of this chain had ~~had~~ a bolt snap on it.

The grab hook could be hooked to a chain from one side and the hooked ~~end~~ ^{or} curved

end with the hook was placed into a ring or slip (round) hook of the chain coming up from the other side. This should be from the side where the load would be unloaded onto the skidway. Then the handle acted as a lever with the fulcrum being the point where the grab hook was fastened to itself. When tightened which may take several attempts pulling slack up successively and rehooking the grab hook the snap on the binder chain was hooked into the binder chain over the load.

The bunks were fitted with a ~~wire~~ welded chunk of iron parallel to the bunk. ^{about 5-6 in} ~~inside the~~ ^{stake holes.} notch or groove was left in the inside next to the bunk just large enough to allow a link of chain to be inserted and it acted as a grab hook to hold the binding chains. The groove was ^{about} 3" long. The pull on the chain was ~~never~~ horizontal to the edge of the ~~the~~ load near the stake holes. So the pull never came sideways or vertical to the iron or notch.

The unloading was done by first removing the stakes. Sometimes this was done by pounding the stakes out with a sledge hammer or another stake. Usually one person held the stake and lifted it out as it was pounded. Usually one good blow would loosen it and it could be lifted out. They were heavy. If a good hard blow was given the stake

could be knocked clean out of the bunk entirely and it would land on the ground.

Sometimes the stake could be knocked up high enough to get the point of it free from the bottom of the bunk. This ~~may~~ made ~~stake~~ slack allowing the stake to lean out at the top. The extension could then be removed and then the stake. If the load was bound too loose and kept shifting against the stake sometimes a smaller pointed stake had to be put up thru the bottom stake hole from beneath and used as a punch to punch out the stake from the upper hole.

Occasionally a load might shift on a top log might swing out over the stake when no extension was being used. This might call for binding the load tighter with the come along in order to remove the stake.

Safety was always a factor when unloading. If a load of logs was unloaded onto an empty skidway ~~that was empty~~ the entire load might ~~be~~ roll off once the binding chains were loose. The home made binder was called a sweed. The come along was taken off first, then ~~the~~ on chain on the side being ~~unloaded~~ the unloading side the chain was unhooked from the bunk or at least the end was thrown back beneath the truck so it would not be buried under the logs coming off the truck.

Then the sweed binder was taken off last. A person unhooked the snap by pulling

the binder a little tighter while unsnapping the snap. Then the end of the Smeed could be released. As it swung around the curved hook would come out of the ring and the logs would begin rolling off the load. One could usually expect the logs to roll. Sometimes a few would roll off. Limbs and knots sometimes held logs together so that a cant hook or pick was needed to ~~roll~~^{start} them rolling.

Usually when the Smeed was turned loose the person grabbed grabbed onto the ~~top~~ ~~extension~~ ~~near~~ extension pipe for balance and just kept stepping on the top log as the others rolled out from beneath him.

If the load really went off fast one usually jumped off the other side holding to the extension to ease himself to the ground. If a load didn't roll or when the skid way was filled to near the level of the bunks the Smeed could be removed and unhooked and the chains removed from above. From on the load a chain could be flipped and the bottom of the chain flipped out of the bunk hook.

When a loaded of house logs was turned loose sometimes an entire tree or part of several trees of logs might fall off at once. When this happened you about needed to let the Smeed go. Seldom was a Smeed ~~ever~~ ^{ever} damaged from this. Occasionally on a specially large & high load or with a load of only a few large fir logs a rope

might be tied to the end of the chain near the snap on the Sunde. Then when it was unwrapped a person on the ground would hold the Sunde until the person on the load got down. Then the Sunde would be let loose.

And sometimes the person would unsnap the chain and hold the snap end in one hand until he climbed over the edge and his feet were on the bunk or the ^{side} rail between the two trailer bumps and then let the Sunde go.

One time a person stayed on the load and after releasing the Sunde ~~let the logs slide~~ ^{only a half down} off the truck except a half done log remained on the truck when the drive cleared. The logs picked up a lot of dirt and dust from the road when driving over the dirt logging roads. In dry weather the logs picked up a lot of dirt from the skid trail. The loader knocked off a lot of it too but not all and the ^{tree} ~~road~~ on the road put it back.

~~The muddy road~~ The Ties threw a lot of mud and water on the loads from mud puddles in wet weather and following storms. Some of the ~~traps~~ deeper puddles held water for weeks. We dug little ditches and drained some of these puddles off the side of the road where it was easy and/or practical.

Often we'd remove the stakes and then place a pipe, a heavy slab - a 4x5 or 4x4 inside the front bunk and extend it out a few feet away from the truck. On the back we could push a thin slab 2 inches between the logs and the side rail and trailer ties. This helped

to ease the load off and also put it further over on the skid way. all the logs that were put on the skid way had to be rolled over to the carriage eventually. So at times extensions were used to unload over another load if it wasn't higher than the bunches to the front end of the skid way.

Fir logs were harder to unload. Sometimes several men with cant hooks had to work together to roll one in start it rolling.

One time Dad threw all his weight back onto a large cant hook on a fir log on the truck and the handle broke. He fell backwards onto his shoulder. This really hurt his shoulder. In later years he had a hard time raising one arm high. He attributed it to this injury. He also had the same thing happen another time and fell on the other shoulder.

When the skid way was full sometimes loads had to be loaded up higher than the bunches. We used slabs for extensions and usually someone on each end and also working on top walked out on the logs on the skid way and pushed the logs up onto the pile and ~~slabs~~ stacked them. Occasionally a log rolled over the top and all the way down to the carriage. If some one was saving it could be startling. If the carriage was ahead the log could roll onto the truck.

This caused a shut down until the log was removed. Usually everyone tried to be careful not to have the front end of a log

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so close to the ~~spine~~^{mill ched} that a person could not walk between the mill post and the logs. On occasion the Sawyer may want to dash off out away from the saw.

One learned to be careful when unloading of a truck with a cant hook. The hook could slip in the bark and let go. If you had to reach high on a load you maybe took both feet off the ground in order to reach the higher logs. If so you learned to keep one leg dangling back behind you should the hook slip.

Usually you could turn a bottom log and let the pile down. A pick carried on behind the cab was very useful for hooking top logs dangling or nearly balancing on or on the load. If the front of the bunk was unloaded at times the top logs would stay undisturbed on the back half. This uneven weight on the front bunk would cause the loaded end to settle down and raise the front or near side of the bunk several inches or even higher than the loaded side.

There was never any real danger of a bunk breaking or a load tipping but it was uphill to roll a single log across an inclined bunk.

The front bunk on the Ford and (the '47 Chev later) had a king pin that held them in place. They pivoted on it. The Federal had a 5" wheel which turned on a large round track of roller bearings over 3' in diameter. It didn't tip much as did the bunks on a center king pin.

We also had ~~to~~ 2 skidways behind the first

or main skidway that were offset from it, we unloaded on those back skidways occasionally when there was a need to stack pile logs or when the main skid way became too full to unload or stacking was too much work.

The main skid way soon was filled up with bark between the skid logs up ^{to} within a few feet from the track. Occasionally this area had to be shoveled out to keep chips, bark etc from spilling out onto the track.

Rolling logs was a job I was involved with many many times. I'd roll over from the back skid way using 5 or 6 inch poles to connect the skidways. As the area where we unloaded built up with dirt and bark it was higher than the main skid way. Sometimes we used the slip scrapers to cut it down. The back skidways were up off the ground to within a foot of the bunks on the wagon. The wagon was bound by nearly a foot of the track. The bunks sat over the dials and the trailers had 10.00 X 20 tires. That required a high bunk on the trailer. The trailer bunk may have been 1 or 2 inches higher than the truck bunk.

Sometimes ~~between~~ we'd stop the mill and the crew would roll logs across. One person could roll logs to the sawyer on the main skidway and keep up and help turn logs on the carriage when sawing houselogs. But one person ~~could~~ could not keep up from the back skid way.

Usually the crew would roll logs over until the skidway was full.

When sawing house logs sometimes one person would turn logs and offbear the house logs onto a pile behind the skidway. I used to watch Dad saw and help turn logs.

Barney too often had me help turn logs. Barney kept a wooden ~~wood~~ hardwood wedge in the back pocket of his ^{hike} overhauled pocket. Since many logs taper so much a wedge was needed between the head block and the log on the tapered end to make the best uniform cut for house logs especially.

Barney told me to always carry a 6' ft steel tape when sawing. He furnished me with one. You had randomly measured both ends of house logs. It was critical to good building to have each end uniform 6". An ~~with~~ eighth ~~eight~~ of an inch occasionally was acceptable.

One time as I was sawing a stack of minne edge, Berdett and Jim were offbearing. Jim was nearest to the saw. We had made the second cut. They had carried off the edging and I returned the carriage, raked the head blocks back. Then I returned the carriage to them after pulling the dogs.

Berdett picked up half the stack of boards. Jim picked up the back end of the same stack. As he was getting a hold on the stack he mistakenly slid the bottom half of the ~~saw~~ ^{remaining} stack out on the blocks a few inches. I shoved the mill feed lever forward to back the carriage out of their way enabling them to ease cross the track to the lumber piles of ($\frac{1}{4}$'s $\frac{1}{6}$ " and $\frac{1}{8}$ ") inch lumber.

At the moment the carriage started back I noticed the end of the lumber had been set over to where it would hit the saw. I instantly turned and started to run to get behind the mill shed. I just saw the stack of boards ~~set~~ rising one at a time on the back of the saw. That's the last thing I saw.

By the time I returned from behind the shed all the boards had cleared the saw and ~~had~~ lay strewn in a line beyond the skid way. Some overlapped each other length wise. Some were nearly out to a bushy tree near the edge of the sandvick pile. Others just beyond the skid way.

Beedell and Jim saw it happen. The ~~box~~ boards zipped off the carriage and in a moment were landing into the dirt and sandvick 30 to 60 feet away.

It is amazing the power of the saw. Some boards had tooth marks etched into them at intervals of several inches apart. Imagine a saw over 4' in diameter with large insulated teeth having a $\frac{1}{4}$ " curl (width) of teeth 36 in number and the mandrel turning about 600 RPM. Then the teeth nearly 3' out from the center. What a terrific speed at the circumference at that speed. And the leverage that far out from the center. When they picked up those boards the terrific awesome thrust they would have.

When I realized the boards were in

line with the saw I almost instinctively moved the mill feed lever out of the reverse position to neutral - but the momentum of the moving carriage carried the load into the saw as I turned to exit.

Demonstrating the power of the saw, Barney told me when he first started me sawing - If you want to live long keep your eyes on the off bearer. Many times he emphasized that advice ~~in~~ his own example and no matter who was off bearing.

A lot of the custom sawing for Munn was into lumber. They had a lot of poor stuff. Some would hardly make a decent 2x4, as far as using edge was concerned, good.

Dad used to tell me that a 2x4 was the hardest dimension lumber to saw.

Ties were fun to saw. I've turned logs a few times and I enjoyed watching Jay ~~watch~~ what he saw. I've watched ~~him~~ here saw with the portable mill they put up on the hill above Split Creek.

At one time Jay, ^{when} sawing across from us at Genie's mill - we were shut down before he was. He was hollering at his two off bearers - Hurry! Hurry! Hurry! He sawed 25 ties in 25 minutes once I believe or 20 in 20 min. When the ties were all just the right size - no do lumber. He could have done it.

He sometimes made a cut without setting the dog even I believe - and he dropped the dog without securing it with the ratchet or tightening lever.

On the new dog that Barney ordered the tightening lever on it worked on an ~~set~~ eccentric. Sometimes you could push down ~~ward~~ on it 3 times before having to lift it up again to the top (vertical) position.

On the old dog if you released the dog handle first this lever (which was a long one) would fall all the way down to the head block horizontal when no pressure ~~set~~ held the dog into the log. A latch held it in the upright position when not being applied.

The dog would set into the log. It fit over a bar and moved vertically on the bar. After setting the dog the dog handle acted to wedge it against the bar. The old dog handle was like a thumb screw in larger size (same principle).

The newer dog was more like a wedge. If you jammed the dog into the log and tightened the dog handle it couldn't move up. Sometimes however, a log could move or a ^{small dead} knot on the bottom could rest on the block or one of the blocks might break letting the log drop down $\frac{1}{2}$ in or maybe more. If this happened the dog would be locked above and wouldn't move down with the log. However, if the other lever was set it moved the entire bar to which the dog was secured up and down. So after you set the dog this lever would apply pressure in the same way as a lever and tighten the dog into the log. With the old dog the weight of the lever always kept pressure on the dog.

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The old dog got to sticking a lot. We often oiled them. We used fuel (or diesel oil) in one oil can after we used diesel fuel. Before that kerosene was available, we also oiled the carriage. We'd use kerosene or diesel to cut the saw from the head blocks. It would build up on them otherwise in spite of always turning logs on them. We kept the blocks greased (oiled) with a heavier (30 wt) oil from a can or a 90 wt. the 90 we used on the mandrels.

Occasionally we'd ratchet the head blocks all the way back until sometime even the front of the blocks would raise off the carriage. Then we'd clean out any sawdust that worked in between the carriage frame & blocks. On the back side of the blocks we'd clean away saw dust and oil them and ratchet the blocks forward again to where they normally would be used.

If you too ratcheted the blocks forward past the 2" point. (We never attempted to saw anything on the carriage past 2 inches) the back end of the blocks would ^{come} ~~fall~~ off the round toothed dogs that ^{moved} ~~moved~~ the blocks back and forward with the ratchet handles.

Taking time to clean the blocks ^{to} this degree wasn't a daily ~~task~~ task. Once or twice a week maybe. Often depended on how busy we were while getting ready to start up.

If we were wait waiting to get steam up or the diesel to warm and had a little extra time we'd do this extra cleaning job.

It was always interesting that often a

a little rain with the sawdust matted down by the rain. The carriage and blocks always seemed a little sticky. So we'd sometimes give it a little extra cleaning following a sprinkle or a rain.

We used an oil can on the carriage wheels. Eventually Barney put on zinc fittings. We had a zinc grease fitting on one of the carriage cable drums. The main drum had rabbit box bearings which we oiled.

On the old mill feed we used grease cups which we turned. On the newer feed we were able to use zinks and an oil can. We had less ~~to~~ belt feed problems with the new mill.

The old mill had a friction disk and it wore slick. It had a leather surface on leathery surface against a flat spinning fly wheel. If it got too wet it would slip, a bucket of oshes from the engine shed helped to ~~go~~ dry it off and give better friction.

On the belt feed a loose belt could be tightened by throwing water onto the belts.

With the main belt of the steamer Barney occasionally ching that weather put water onto the belt from beneath the fly wheel with a garden hose from the engine. This tightened the belt. ~~So~~ Everyone stood back when water was thrown on the belts.

When belts get too loose a section was cut out and shortened. They stretched especially in hot dry weather.

Barney told me two things he expected always - a sawyer was to ~~also~~ always have a measuring tape and a bucket of water at the corner of the mill truck. Many times I was sent to get a bucket of water.

If for some reason the saw became hot and began to wobble - you needed to throw water on it and cool it down before you start it off. This to prevent warping.

A saw has a disk in it. The disk is set for a certain speed - R.P.M. When the saw turns at the speed for which the disk is set it stands up.

Disk is adjusted on a saw by hammering. It is a special technique where the saw is taken off the mandrel and placed flat and with measurements with a steel square is marked off and pounded at certain points.

Sometimes when a saw is not standing up one can do as Dad occasionally & Barney did - take some of the thick paper pages of a Sears catalogue and mark them in a circle with the mandrel ring or washer and cut out a hole in the center for the mandrel threads and place them between the washer and the saw. The number or thickness of a few sheets to dozen

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can paper a saw so it will stand up properly. Dad did this once with a saw in Green River where (manila) he was having trouble sawing yellow pine. Following that seemingly simple procedure he had no more trouble with the saw.

The lead of the saw so called was also adjustable. There were two adjustments. The main saw mandrels were fastened to the mill track (frame) with heavy bolts. The old mill was a hardwood frame. Later Benney had a heavy frame built of I beam and channel iron. The mandrel itself had a set screw on each side of the mandrel on the saw end of the shaft that could be moved either direction toward the log or away depending on the setting of the two set screws on each side.

Also on the ~~back~~^{front} of the saw there were a guide. The guide was adjustable. It had ~~two~~^{two} arms. One set against the saw with an opening where ^{piece} of hardwood was inserted. Home made from a broken ax or cant hook handle. The outer arm of the guide could be loosened to pivot up and down over the saw and opposite the other guide arm - This also had an inserted wooden hardwood plug. They were adjustable and then a set screw was used to tighten them. The fine adjustment was down while the saw was running, a small amount of play needed to exist between the guides. If too tight it would cause the saw to heat,

Working a few feet from the saw, sitting on the track with feet over the track required care and safety.

Always the carriage was backed away from the mill and the feed lever was left in a reverse position.

Sometimes if the lead belts were not about equally tight the carriage would creep one direction or the other.

When the set screws were loosened or tightened with a $\frac{7}{16}$ or $\frac{5}{8}$ " wrench one was very careful working a few inches from the saw.

Precautions were made to loosen the nuts that were often very tight. Sometimes the diesel was shut off as the clutch disengaged to loosen an ~~extra~~ tight nut - then started up for the adjustments.

The lead was checked with the carriage and a small stick on the front headblock, held by a house log or a 2x6 dogged on top of it ~~in~~ a clamping manner.

When passing the front or leading edge of the saw it would cut of the stick - then the back edge of the saw or trailing edge should not touch this stick, a small clearance $\frac{1}{8}$ -of-an-inch more or less.

By having this angle the saw would not rub on the log as it passed by the teeth beating the saw.

also the teeth - new ones had a curl curl "kerf" of over $\frac{1}{4}$ " when ~~new~~ newly inserted and the saw was less than $\frac{1}{4}$ inch thick, but more than $\frac{1}{8}$ "

~~When~~ ^{own} teeth - bad circles etc could beat a

can and cause it to run uneven. On a long tooth could cause rough cutting and make a ticking noise.

we used a piece of an old grind stone for the long teeth. A special too tool called a swage was used to widen worn teeth - called bits in catalogues.

And then hammers could be used to pound the circles - the swage had two recesses on the head end. It was placed down over the tooth. By striking it with a hammer when held at the proper angle it widened one side of the tooth - pushing it out from the center. If turned and held the other way the opposite side of the tooth could be forced out. Normally the side against the log received the most wear. Also the ~~bad~~ log sometimes ~~was~~ rubbed against the saw when the carriage came back. Some green lodge pole ~~sticks~~ as it is cut. Tension in the stick (log) is released as it is sawn.

In immature timber this shows up mostly. And on the final cut on a lumber log - a 24 6 or 24 8 may actually curl or buckle as soon as the last cut is made even with front and rear dogs set.

It was not uncommon to have such a stick buckle away from the saw and then the Sawyer ~~was~~ ^{turned} ~~turned~~ over before the final cut. Thus a more uniform 24 6 came off with a ~~stop~~ tapered

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one in piece coming off on the mill side. Also holding pressure against the stick as it went into the cut to pivot or hold out an end beyond the headblocks to get a more uniform ^{cut} ~~cut~~ was possible by the alert sawyer -

Changing teeth. When it was necessary usually two people worked on it. When the steam engine was used the sawyer always made sure the wheel handlelled start off valve on the top of the engine was turned down. One time Barney was filing the saw and the engine started up. Just the throttle lever had been pulled and it at least happened to open enough on this occasion to start. He had a heavy file in both hands on a tooth and it pulled him clear over the mill. After that he never worked on the saw until the steam valve was shut down. It was on a heavy worn thread and required many turns from all the way open to all the way closed. It was a slow way to shut off. It was always closed at night and at noon hours.

A special wrench was placed over the circles. It was grooved in such a way that you could put it over the saw, slip it past the tooth and it had a heavy wire like rod that was pushed through a hole in the circle and into a hole on the other side of itself. Then you pulled up on it and jerked the circle loose. Once a wrench broke and when it came away - someone's

hand was cut a bit. It could have been much worse, after it was welded up - a sort of brass like cast handle we always used a pipe extension, that way you didn't have to jam down so hard on it, and if it should break again the operator's hand would be back away from the saw and the downward ~~thrust~~^{thrust} of his hand would not be immediately above a sharp tooth.

We got it down to a science, we'd get a bottle lid or shallow dish and put motor oil in it. Then one person would take a nail (16 penny) and ~~was~~ working on the front of the saw punch the pitch and sand out of the holes of each circle. A person sitting at the ~~back of the~~^{back of the} saw near the spreader would guide the open end of the wrench and put a nail or rod through the cleaned out hole. The third person would lean up on the handle and turn the circle which sat ~~in~~^{on} a ridge in the cut away circle of the saw. When it opened it released tension built into the circle and the tooth was rotated with the circle to the point where the tooth could be lifted out. Sometimes if pitch was built up in the groove and ridge where the tooth fit the sharpened end of the old bit could be used like a chisel to remove it. Then the one punching the holes would dip ~~the~~^{the} back of a new bit from the box (container) into the dish of oil and hand it to the one running the wrench. He'd insert the bit and turn down on the circle making sure the

bit fit evenly in the recess of the circle and between the ~~the~~ ^{saw} and circle. When it was straight and even the handle would be put down snug with the extension. This is where the downward thrust was made toward the other teeth of the saw. A slip here or a break could bring one's hands down toward the sharp new bits just placed in the saw.

To open the circle took a good deal of effort too, but the thrust of the hands on the lever was upwards and away from the saw rather than downward toward the teeth.

With so much leverage a small slab on a heavy machine edge board ($1\frac{1}{2}$ " x 1" or 2" was placed in ^{front of} both end circle restrip against the guides. This held the saw while the men turning while jarring the circle loose. The one punching the holes moved this stick each time the saw was rotated. About 2 circles - 3 at the most could be conveniently changed and then the saw had to be turned to another position. There were 32 - 36 teeth.

It required 15 - 20 minutes to change them. New teeth in the saw threw more sawdust around the sawyer and also cut a little wider keef. However the gauge for ratcheting was never changed to allow a difference in width between old and new bits. Barney often used an old oil quart oil can (usually Quaker State) to deposit old bits. He ramed them. One

never know when they'd be needed. In dry timber, in dirty-stuff with nails in, etc. Occasionally stuff was brought in by Sam Souther that may have been used in an old building etc. As a tree from the camp may have had nails driven in for purposes of kids' tree houses to saw jacks to tent uprights - poles to hanging game from trees.

also in the fall after the pitch in the
legs sometimes freeze the old (narrow) body luts
may cut as well or better than new ones.

And occasionally a bit could get broken.
One time of the cutting into a dog that was
left sticking out by a careless off-beam-
wheeler Jim - as the carriage came back
it hit the saw. Too

As I started the carriage back I saw ^{too} late that the dog was intended. I reached to change direction on the feed and then ran out the back of the shed. The carriage stopped just as the teeth hit the dog. After the ~~saw~~ ^{mill} was shut down we examined the saw and only about 4 teeth ever touched the dog. They cut a groove in the steel dog. It was about the same hardness as an ax, not quite. And tooth marks were left in the dog for that remained in it for as long as we used it. They appeared as grooves, near the slender tip end where it was pointed to set into the wood. Again alertness in seeing it prevented maybe a serious accident.

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A fellow named Art Franden had a mill up at Moose Creek. He supposedly was standing in the sawyer's box when a tooth flew out of his saw and hit him in the forehead knocking him off his feet and maybe unconscious for a moment or two.

When one rotated the saw they would grab into a circle with both hands, a different circle with each and turn the saw back. When you filed you'd turn the saw just from one tooth to the next.

Filing needed to be done accurately. And it was done by getting a comfortable sitting position. We used a stout 2x8 which we laid on the mill hook next to the saw and the spreader. We leaned over the saw and sat cross-legged next to it. Our left knees braced against it.

It may seem surprising but the actual physical effort of filing a saw is great. When you consider you have a heavy file at least an 8 inch mill bastard and you have a gloved hand on each end of it and across the face of a tooth which is at least $\frac{1}{4}$ inch wide. ~~at~~ A new bit maybe nearer $\frac{3}{8}$'s than $\frac{1}{4}$. The length of the bit ^{saw} may be $\frac{1}{4}$ " also and as you draw the file across cutting towards your right hand you pull the file into the tooth with a great deal of force. So much so that if the tension broke suddenly ~~for~~ it would be the same as pulling hard on a rope and having the

other end suddenly come loose unexpectedly, you concentrate on holding the file as square or flat against the tooth surface as possible to avoid changing the angle of the tooth. You carefully measure the length of your stroke so that you ~~do not~~ do not pull your left hand into the tooth with the right end.

After filing you feel it in the stomach muscles exerted in apply such force. to aid in keeping the same angle you try to turn the saw so that the next tooth is precisely in the same position as the last. you like to be able to look down across the plane where tooth and file come together with your eye also.

after new teeth are put in if a circle doesn't line up flush on both sides of the saw on a tooth a weight - small steel block or a heavy hammer head held on one side and pounded against on the other with another hammer usually will center the misaligned tooth or circle.

new teeth sometimes are longer. that is one or two teeth out of all those placed in may be a little longer than the others. In sawing these long teeth hit into the cut prematurely. this make a pounding noise on the saw cut. It also would cause uneven cutting or saw marks on the lumber or cut of the log.

Barney often checked this just before filing by running a cut into the log.

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Usually several boards such as ^{edgings} ~~edgings~~ or a cut of a 2x6 off from a house log would be used so that the top of the piece on the carriage was flat.

The cut would be made in several feet and then the carriage backed off a few inches from the end of the cut. The piece of grind stone would then be held carefully - having been placed on the flat surface - then making sure (the Sawyer that is) that he was properly balanced. Always keeping away off balance in the direction away from the saw or carriage he'd push the emery stone carefully to the saw. Sparks would fly and the long teeth only would strike the stone cutting them down.

After that at the next filing - those long teeth were easily identified by the flat surface ground off the back of the tooth. Then it could be filed down and the proper angle placed on it making it uniform with the rest of the teeth.

Whenever a new offbeaver came along a demonstration was usually given to impress him concerning the power of the saw. If one had a limb held on a log or slab and it hit the saw and was picked up by the teeth it could easily pull a man into the saw. Most likely it would not but it could certainly be torn from his grasp and thrown across the mill where the Sawyer and sometimes log turners and others were working -

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When the big belt broke or was thrown off occasionally it required the entire mill crew to put it on. This was done by raising the idler pulley. A pulley sitting just in front of the pulley on the mandrel opposite ~~the~~ end from the saw, then the belt was put over this mandrel pulley, usually between 14-18 inches in dia. then everyone gathered at the other end in the engine shed. Someone - maybe two people got up on the top of the engine and the top half of the belt was hoisted up to them. They started on edge of the belt over the edge of the fly wheel.

Others pulled on the belt toward the fly wheel from the mill. Others manned crossbars or pry poles working taking alternate bites than the spokes of the fly wheel turned the wheel in the direction toward the rear of the engine. Those on top held the belt edge tight against the edge of the fly wheel while everyone else turned and pulled until it was on.

Wind could blow the belt. Sometimes ^{winning} ~~winning~~ edge boards were nailed along the side of the mill from the engine shed to the mill shed to posts to make a windbreak to keep the belt from slipping from the wind. Just outside the engine shed a pulley on a long shaft extended to the other side of the engine shed where another pulley at least 14-16 inches was attached, from this pulley a belt (short) 6-8 feet x 6" turned the cut off saw -

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this pulley was turned by the main belt simply looping on top of it and passing over as it ran. Once the belt was in place - the idler pulley at the mill truck was lowered. It was lighted of by one husky person (Berdett) or two others.

It sat in a slot on each end of a steel frame.

Its weight held it down and it moved up and down a few inches as the tension of the belt changed as the load on the belt changed. When the log was in the saw the belt seemed tighter and raised the idler pulley. When the cut ended it changed back an inch or two.

Sometimes the good slabs (ones people would buy and use for fences, cellar covering etc) were piled on the south side of the mill. The offbearer ~~to~~ could pinat and push them over the belt - a 2x6 nailed along as a rail several feet above the belt was used to slide these slabs across onto the pile. The slab pile acted as a windbreak. But most of the time but occasionally handlers would clean them out to the last slab. At times they'd wait while enough more slabs were cut to top out a load. And unfortunately at times - slabs piled so high it was all up hill to pile them as they came off the saw. And occasionally it was necessary to take a team or a truck and chain and drag some out away from the mill to make room for more to be piled.

an old man money Charley? Chandler used to hang around the mill and watch Dad & Barney saw. He occasionally rolled a log or two down on the skid way.

With our blocks set around 9 feet apart to handle 10' logs (our shortest logs to of log or lumber) when the carriage was stopped with a 16 foot log for example about $3\frac{1}{2}$ or 4' extended past the blocks on each end.

Logs are not round as a person might suppose. They are slightly elliptical. This is noticed more in specialized sawing of house logs or even ties. Saw logs may be less noticeable. Logs usually taper. Some much more than others. So a wedge is used to place between the head block and the log on the small or tapered end usually. This forces the tapered end out and puts the butt end in away from the saw. This makes it possible to get a straight side cut and allow the ~~the~~ log remaining to be cut as evenly and have ^{the} largest face as possible on both sides and the full length of the log. Sometimes this is done after the log has been turned twice on the 3rd cut for the same reason.

We usually cut one side and turned the log 180 degrees for the second cut. This was a dimensional cut. That is this cut determined if it would be 6", 8" 10" or 12" lumber. Then the 3rd cut and any subsequent cuts brought out slabs and lumber in thickness.

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such as 1", 2" etc. Or in the case of house logs or timbers (ties) the last 5 1/2" was the house log and any other cuts would bring a slab - a slab and weenie edge or lumber.

Dependant upon the size - the amount of lumber and size of slab. On poor sticks - logs not having a desirable round side for building logs 4 slabs were removed and the last cut yielded a 2" piece.

When a piece was turned and the 3rd slab cut and it was all going at lumber, it could be cut back for a ways but the last cut or 2 had to be made with the flat side turned to the blocks, a slab side to the head blocks after 3 or 4 inches would not leave a flat bearing surface against the horizontal blocks and it could fall off the carriage. It could do that in the cut if ignored.

Once in a while the carriage could be turned knocked off the track. If a stake stick got on the track unnoticed. Once an offbearer's foot on the track threw a carriage. It may have been Al's too. Once it was thrown off when a saw log (Doug fir) twisted in the cut it seems. It took the entire crew with cross bars and pry bars lifting from fore and aft and both sides. Usually one or two remained on the track. It took a lot of lifting to get the wheels near the back of the carriage high enough to come up and back on. Even though the carriage

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was sturdy it seemed to sag on such occasions. A flat track was placed opposite the saw. The ~~head~~ beaded track was placed next to the mill track. This arrangement did allow the carriage to be knocked off easier than it would have had the beaded side been away from the saw. But for some reason Benny put it that way.

The wheels on the beaded track were grooved, the others were flat of course.

A piece of belting or an old whittled broom was fastened to each end of the carriage that pushed sawdust and sticks from the track as it moved back and forth.

To turn a log in place a wedge against the rear head blocks of the carriage often meant stepping ~~and~~ up over the skidway logs. Each 12-16 inches and up on a 6 inch block. When one was tired after a day of sawing it ~~was~~ sometimes required a conscious effort to step up over those skids - long big steps - carefully and deliberately taken to avoid skinning a knee - shins or legs and knees.

Also there was head blocks near the carriage used to turn back larger logs. And you had to watch out for the metal handle or blocks to avoid skinning a knee or shins on them.

We often ~~turned~~ turned the logs over with a canthook. Nice straight timber was fun and fast to saw. Poor stuff took more time. Some logs don't yield much. Occasionally a log was just on the carriage and back up to

end of the truck and thrown off. ^{then} Hand used as a cast off for a skid or pole. A single 2+4 occasionally come off. Usually men were unevenly edged, most such stuff come with custom sawing.

Cutting long cellar timbers or ridge poles or rafters took a long time and extra help and monkeying.

Sawing ties was fast. 8 foot lengths went quickly thru the saw.

Jay set his feed so it was tight. no play. One day Jim said he set it to tight. He said now it will jump. And it did - the first move the carriage jumped off the back of the track.

The railroad inspected the ties. They had to have a certain size face on them only made a number 2. Less than a #2 were a cull. It was best to not ship these. Farmers liked them for posts. The railroad likely didn't pay anything for culls.

A number one was allowed ~~1/4~~ ^{1/8} inch to vary 1/4" from end to end. On that short a piece that's not very accurate. So it wasn't as busy a sawing job by far as railroad house logs. If we varied 1/8 of an inch it was bad. Sometimes tolerable but bad, laid up that would make very noticeable cracks. We also made 5 in house logs. Usually these were ^{used} made for sheds, barns and garages.

Sometimes when the logs got out too far on tapered ends - Barney would put a chalk line

on the back with the head. It occasionally had to be straightened. Sometimes skims in the head blocks made from strips of tin from tin cans needed to be put in to allow for wear on the blocks and carriage. Even the carriage wheels could get out and sometimes needed to be adjusted and set screws tightened to hold them in the bearing bores.

We always kept a baby canthook leaning against the nearest skidway log where the sawyer could get it with his right hand without looking.

In sawing you become aware of many things. If a canthook slips the handle vibrates and it falls before you cut is made. You always look and locate it before reversing the carriage. Not taking a chance that it could hit the truck or bind between a skidway log and the carriage.

You kept an eye on every change that poked his head around the mill post. And always you watched the saw. Barney devised signals to be used for different things. It's hard to hear around a saw any way so yelling doesn't help.

A signal for leave it alone -
one for shut it off -

One for go ahead or start up.

One for time to cease -

" " " " eat.

" " " " turn logs.

fill the saw - positioning of the carriage

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could mean wienie edge etc. Signs back and forth to the off beam on what to do with certain boards or cuts etc.

Barney once told a guy he could feel a chip of sandblast under the soles of his loggia boots the thickness of a dime.

Barney wore lace to the toe boots usually, 8" ones, we mostly all wore 8" boots. We'd grease them with shoe grease - occasionally mutton tallow was used.

We kept a scoop shovel at the mill post. We'd clean up the sandblast from the floor of the sawyer's box. It sure helps keep the feet from being a feeling so tired.

Barney & Dad were like overhauled. Dad almost always held his shirt collar closed with one hand when he sawed wienie edge. There was a lot more sandblast thrown than usual. Doug fir had a lot of fine sandblast also.

Barney often buttoned his top ^{shirt} collar button. I sat to where I wore sunglasses a lot. a good chunk of sandblast beating you on one eye lids really could hurt.

Always around sandblast trees are timber bugs. The largest were shiny grey beetles. Large and streamlined like an air ship.

Slightly ship shaped or almost dappled. Flaw right at you. You wished they'd circle and come back maybe a few feet lower. They didn't fly real fast so you could often bat them down if you saw them coming in for a landing.

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I guess we had a name for them. Air
plane bugs.

Then two long black beetles with long long
antennae (feelers). They crawled a lot on the
logs.

If logs (green) sat on the bank side way
for several weeks and then we rolled them
over they'd be especially ~~com~~ thick with a
small gray beetle. We called them red-
ailed bugs. Some had a bright red segment
on their posterior end. Why some did and
others didn't I don't know. But one thing
we all know. They could bite and usually
they'd get on your shirt collar on the
back of your neck and that's where they'd
nail you. Also two long-horned beetles
were often detected on your shirt collar
when a feeler reached over and touched
your neck.

It was never a dull moment.
Once some women were nearby watching
the mill. Budetti felt a terrible pain in
his leg. He dropped his pants to his
knees. Grabbed a yellow jacket that
was straining him - and jerked his pants
back up before you could say Jack Robinson.

He liked to work with his shirt off
but during the house fly season he
got to wearing his shirt pretty
regular.

We usually had a blue bird nest
in the top of the mill shed. Sometimes we
had robins. In a tree by the sawdust

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pile we had the red-black & yellow western tanager. The ~~not~~ blue birds were always nice.

Barney set up rollers behind the skidway and the house logs were taken off there. a pile of 5" ones at the rear. we had 2 piles of 6" ones at times. The offbearer would turn the log as if a board and mount the carriage and ride it back with house logs. If a board stood edgewise he'd turn it with his toe. As the carriage came toward him I'd put up a foot and step onto the far beam. The momentum of the carriage would lift you onto it with ease compared to stepping up onto something 10" high. Then reaching for a galvanized upright of angle iron bolted to the carriage to steady himself the rider would ride back. As the log cleared the saw he'd lean over and lift the dog. as he stepped over the head block and off the carriage he'd pull the ratchet to move the head blocks back according to the size of the next log on the skid way.

Sometimes this was done by the sawyer as the carriage went by.

Burdett piled some high piles of 4" logs. Occasionally a cut is made that brings off a 1/2 inch board more or less. We usually saved these from the waste slab pile. We used them to build tiers of logs. It stabilized the logs so ~~that~~ the

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piles didn't fall and also made an air space between tiers causing ~~more~~ rapid drying. This lightened them for loading and handling later on.

One time Berdett got me up early in the morning - we took the old International and loaded a heavy 34-36 foot green ridge log. It had been sawed on one side.

We hauled it to the railroad yards. At the stock yards we got it onto the scales. It weighed like 480 lbs or 385 lbs. Anyway Berdett had put both hands around it and locked fingers and picked it up off the rollers at the end of the skid way.

He then bet Luke Limb - one of Gene's men (a young unmarried man) that he couldn't lift it. Berdett won the bet. Warren lifted on it. We didn't see it wiggle but he said he lifted it.

I saw Berdett lift it 6 inches above the rollers - both ends free.

Sawing was interesting as my Dad told me it would be.

When I first sawed you had to look down over the log to see the head block to read the scale. It would get warty and we'd rub a piece of our broken emery stone over it and shine it up.

John Barney got a scale that worked a little above eye level. It was easier to read and see and you didn't have to lean over the log to see it.

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When sawing lumber you had to keep in mind as a mental count down your boards and the kerf, $\frac{1}{4}$ inch each. So each cut you'd pull one inch and $\frac{1}{4}$ or if cutting 2" lumber $\frac{1}{4}$ " for each 2 inches.

It was interesting. On the old carriage a metal stop was put in a hole on the ratchet wheel so if you pulled too far a full stroke it would stop at the stop and you had an automatic $1\frac{1}{4}$ " cut unless you pulled it too hard. Then it might pull past and sometimes you had to pull the headblock back beyond that point and ratchet it forward again stopping at the right place.

Bud (Bucking Belly)

1

at this point I can't tell the year that I acquired Bud. There must have been 1 or 2 summers between Rocky & Bud.

One spring I went to T.P. Al was there and we took Nig & Belly to the woods. I had got to the point I enjoyed skidding with Belly. I could send him in with a dog. at times I could be above him on a ridge quite a ways away from a height. He'd stop along the long dog trail to rest. I'd talk to him and he'd go on again to the wagon. It was difficult to get a skid horse to leave the wagon and go out a dog trail however.

I thought Belly about the best skid horse I'd used. He wouldn't get down and pull too much. He was either lazy or had a tender spot when it came to pulling.

We went up the chick creek road to the turnoff at Rykers. There we went along the ridge until we came to a place where an old road went down a draw to the Skinnerville spring. we cut out this old road for a ways and went down and branched off with a new road and logged an area of several acres on the side slopes. Some of the hillside were covered with jack pines and an occasional scattered stand of mature trees.

The Rameys had winter Ramey horses and came. His quarry had had a heifer calf at two. It was the first of the season and Wagon wasn't there this year. Al was and Jess Reed was. We had the truck turned and on the road with skids to load. I started out skidding.

We'd skidded maybe half a load. I was going thru some brush and tips to pick up some other logs on the hillside above the truck. As I skated some brush (heavy red tip limbs like the clumpy type that sometimes comes out on the side of a tall pine. Well a jack pine caught in a big chain or "dee" of sing & tree and it (pole) vaulted the single tree in the air. I turned looking back trying to keep from getting a snag when Bally lit into bucking. He bucked high. He threw me over his head. He whirled on the next jump. He ran and bucked all the way down to the truck where he stopped.

Al rushed over to see if I was alright. He was near enough to hear the commotion. When I got up I had a scratch near my eye. I had landed head first in a pile of brush from limbs trimmed of the logs. It was a near miss to my eye. We went down to the truck. The Dee had been torn from the tug. ~~to test~~ whether it was too kicked out or hit a stump or between ~~two~~ two narrow trees we didn't know but we did know it took a real jar to break the Dee out of a heavy tug.

I don't know if I rode Bally again that day or not but I did keep skidding with him and later on perhaps within a few days I rode him again. He seemed as good to ride as usual from years before. But suddenly without warning he stacked me again in one or two jumps.

Bucking Bally

3

This time I brought him into the truck with a drag. Barney said ~~let~~ let me ride him. Some one gave Barney a leg on. Bally bucked straight in the air. He made about 3 jumps. He snapped ends each time. Before the second jump Barney was climbing down hollering 'Whoa! Whoa!'. I've never been on a horse that jumped that high he said. An amazing thing was that the chain still looked to the single tree too hadn't been pulled free from beneath the drag where it lay unhooked.

One other time I ~~rode~~ rode Bally that season. I was riding along the road to Rybergs. We'd logged and skidded all morning. I was near where the road drops off the ridge down into the draw that goes to Rybergs. (the last draw going to his cabin)

I noticed Bally ~~stop~~ stop. raise his head and arch and cock his ears. By now I knew what he was going to do. I jumped off to the right and landed on hands and knees just as he started to buck. He probably whined. I can't remember that he actually bucked me I was off. I don't recall ~~to~~ that he whined or kicked. I never rode him again. I always wanted Warren to ride him. Some suggested that he do it on the sawdust pile. Warren Warren was in D. B. and he was living in a tent or tent frame at the old sawmill station north of the stockyard ~~and~~ just inside the timber.

One fall we logged in on the Coffee Pot road during spud vacation. I rode Bully over there. I rode him occasionally along the road to Ponds. He had almost a canth. I was feeling smart and big and I'd take off my hat and fan his ears. I thought it was fun. He didn't like it but he didn't buck or do anything about it except try to get his head down away from my hat. I wasn't do didn't do it to be mean or hurt the horses ears. I probably thought I was fanning a horse like I'd see and read in Wild James' novels.

We probably took Bully to Henry's Lake two years or so. I was lined there in I.P. We sat out some stiff east of the outlet. This timber had been sold and may be resold and Barney got it at a better than usual price.

Barney built mangers and left the horses in the woods for extended periods. We hauled hay and there were considerably more creeks in that area than in the I.P. riding area. So we watered the horses at the nearest creek. On Sundays we'd travel there to tend them once a day.

I drove them there on the wagon at least once. It was nearly 20 miles.

Mr. South used Bully a big.

Over a period of years Barney met some B Jones from Rigny. One Dave Jones had cattle on the main meadow ranch for one season at least. One fall we went to

Hauling.

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Sometimes I hauled from the woods in the Ford. One day Warren came in at noon. He'd asked Barney to let him off '12 day to go to the valley. So I unloaded the Ford at the skidway.

Warren warned me there weren't much brakes, I drove it around to gas it. The gas pump (tank) sat at the edge of the road across from Barney's kitchen door. I wheeled around thru camp and remembered too late about the brakes. It was too late to stop. So I steered away from the tank. I headed out between Maj's clothesline between the ~~pump~~^{tank} and toilet. There were no trees there. There was a small load of staves. Wood shabe I suppose, and the front wheel drove up on this ^{slow} pile and the drive went up a ways before it rolled to a stop.

The Ford had mechanical brakes, after driving thru mud puddles as Warren had done that day - the brakes were noticeably changed when wet to being of little value.

Often Barney adjusted the brakes before making a delivery to the valley or over the highway in the Ford.

One fall I got in on the move to the valley. From Rigby on it was snowing. The old highway was wet. It was a very narrow highway compared to our roads today. I was on lead by design. Barney followed in the Federal. The dimmer switch was a small lever on the steering wheel on a ring in which the horn was recessed.

When we got into Ada Ave and stopped. Barney asked me what happened right after we'd turned the bend at Beecher's Corner. He said when

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he came along some guy was off the road blinking his eyes and looking bewildered. Barney wondered if I forced him off the road or crowded him off with high beams.

The Ford usually started good. Sometimes Barney would wake on a distributor or other ignition problem when an outfit wouldn't start and the crew could take time cranking by hand. The Federal came with a sort of vice crank. That is the actual handle rotated. Instead of turning in your hand or glove it rotated on the end of the crank like a bushing or a bicycle pedal.

The Ford had a crank too of course.

One fall I came down with Al - probably a week-end trip - hauling out lumber or logs. maybe even some of Al's own stuff. It snowed real hard. The vacuum operated wipers didn't work when the engine was pulling. If you took your foot off the gas pedal then there was enough vacuum to make them work. So climbing a steep hill you couldn't afford to keep doing that and lose your momentum. So we stopped and put a string or a wire on the wiper and one end in Al's window - the other in mine and we'd pull the block across one way and then back the other way. We made several stops besides. It wasn't too satisfactory. The heater wasn't very good and the defroster hardly any good.

The Federal also had vacuum wipers and when turning around in the woods especially in

Hauling

order to get into position to back one would often turn in a limited space. So the front end would be driven as far as possible usually in an area cleared for turning such as at the end of a road. As the front wheels rolled up against a dirt embankment or a windfall it might stall the engine and if steep enough and often it was the truck would roll back a few feet. When you roll an engine back works with the clutch engaged and in a forward gear the wind shield wipers would suddenly work even though they were not turned on.

When I rode in and out of Ripley with Barney when Dub was skidding with the crane there was one real stump I came through a rocky timbered spot. There was no way to drive around. We'd cut all the trees along side that it was ~~practical~~ practical to cut and we'd cut the stump at ground level as much as possible. Still there was one sharp pointed rock. We'd broken some rocks and dug some out with crow bars. This one was solid as Gibraltar however and it remained. Barney often told me get out of the car and watch the trailer wheel. If the cut the corner just right he could turn the bend putting the duals on one side of this pointed rock and the trailer tire on the opposite side. If I saw it was not going to miss I'd signal him. I'd stand to the side where he could see me. He'd have to sometimes back up and jackknife the trailer now to clear it. He didn't often need to back home.

Hauling.

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He was a good driver.

~~One of~~ The summer Al & Joie were there Al was bringing a load of logs down from Henry's Lake flat and someone with some draft horses were trailing them along the highway. There were some pretty good birds in the ~~road~~ woods between Mass Inn and Philips Lodge. ~~On~~ ^{one} ~~once~~ came below a gentle grade. Al came around and there were the horses in the road. He was in the Ford. There was no stopping. He slowed as much as he could but he hit a horse.

We were in the woods logging. The 5 & I's were cutting - Al didn't come back. I guess we must have all ridden on the load behind the Federal that night. The grill was smashed and the radiator was ruined. It was several days or maybe a week before the Ford was repaired to drive again.

Al was put out that anyone would have a herd of loose horses on the road.

Someone commented to him - Why didn't you stop. He was perturbed at that - You don't just stop a loaded truck.

Al & Barney were bringing a load off Bear Gulch one fall during the elk hunt. The roads were snow covered. They were in a hurry to get everything hauled out before the snow got too deep. ~~as~~ So they were ~~hauling~~ making a trip as often as they could, maybe daily to I.F.

The road was snow packed. As they dropped off Bear Gulch after stopping at the look out point on top and tightening the

Hauling

binders they were in low gear inching their way down. On the curve at the bottom which had a lot of super (bank) a pickup with hunters was coming up. They spun out on the banked turn and the pickup was sideways across the road. They honked their horn and the guys below ~~could~~ looked up and realized they couldn't stop. All the hunters grabbed a hold of the pickup and just slid it on the pack snow sideways out of their way and they drove on through the curve.

When a tire went flat and we had to change it - it took a lot of work to pump up a truck or trailer tire with a tire pump, the crew would take turns. ~~It~~ Each man would put in 100 strokes. It could take 7-800.

If we weren't caught out in the woods it was easier to get it ready and send it to Ponds and pump it up with with the air at their service station. When hand pumping it is better not to have a high pressure pump. It takes more strokes because one doesn't put as much air in with each stroke but with so much volume and pressure ~~one~~ ~~don't~~ ~~doesn't~~ want to have to pump 2 or 3 times as hard by using a high pressure pump. In other words you put in less air per stroke - but it is easier to pump a low pressure one.

A fellow named Goff moved into the West Yellowstone (from Utah) and began building. He built summer homes and built a home and a motel in West which he operated. At one time he took people into the Park in the winter in snow machines - Larger type track type that carried

Hauling

Rexburg

I. P. Bills

Box Clerk

where

was

maybe 1/2 dozen passengers, possibly more. Often on a delivery ²¹ we'd wind up going to the motel to find him for instructions as to where to go to unload. We made many deliveries to Hebgen Lake area.

One old man - a sheep herder (sheep man) Dan Bera from Ennis, Montana came down in his pick up truck and a sheep dog. He came to see Barney on several occasions. He'd stay and stay and stay. Barney made arrangements with him to get a cabin on his sheep range (summer).

Cliff Jereen, who grew up as a neighbor to Pres. Berkeley Larson in lower Presto (below Shelley and near ~~the~~ where the road to Wolverine leaves the valley and goes into the canyon) had a 1949 Studebaker truck. He got out cedar timber chf stuff for farmers in the valley. He hauled many loads of slabs. He was a likeable guy. He ate supper many times at May's table. He hauled many many loads of slabs as well as canal poles.

He sometimes delivered for Barney in the summer home areas as well as to the valley. So he delivered Dan Bera's (Bera's) cabin.

Cliff had two daughters younger than Berdett by 4-5 years - the oldest Judy and the other about 2 years younger than Judy. (Nancy?)

Cliff lived on Alice Ave in south IF near the cemetery near Tautphaus Park.

Many times we'd catch a to the valley with Cliff such as a Sat night or occasionally maybe a Friday. He'd bring things up to us

Hunting

from the valley.

He had a little dog, a yellow dog. It got run over I think. Warren had gotten two different dogs for Steve. One had some Collie in it. I sort of kindle blue. This big dog - just a pup would play with Berdett. Would get out in front of the cabin he built - and the dog would race around and between us and everyone would try to catch it. It was real clever at dodging and keeping away. Steve loved it.

Steve got a small terrier one time and for some reason gave it up to Cliff after his dog got run over. So Cliff kept it with him. Sometimes Cliff stayed over night in a cabin at Ponder or maybe Lost Chance. Eventually Cliff used a cabin vacated at the mill by Gene Jones - after Gene went back to Wyoming.

Cliff was a good story teller. He could really put you on. He liked Berdett and they knew many of the same people in Shelby and Reeds + Firth.

He told us about an old guy once that lived in that country. He maybe lived back in the Wolverine area or Bone even. Bill Sippert? This guy had a string of horses. He'd come out to a rodeo and ride one and lead the others - He'd use his horse in the rodeo. Few riders could stick on his horse - but he could get on and ride any of them at any time - they didn't buck with him. Then this guy supposedly had a brother that was a better cowboy than he was.

Cliff was quite a sportsman. He got excited over bow hunting. Once Barney got a bow on two

Hauling

for himself and his boys. So they had balls of straw with targets set up. If you went out from the old house pasture where the electric fence had previously been you'd find balls of straw scattered about behind trees where Cliff had set up an archery course, also around the barn.

Later on Cliff got an old muggle load and brought it around.

Berdeth loved to shoot. They'd often shoot at targets and throw cans up. Also they would shoot at bats. One evening while sitting and shooting at bats - Bony cut shot them with the 410 (He got more bats than they)

After Cliff returned from delivering Dan Baro's load to his sheep range he said it was a good thing we didn't take it on one of our runs. because the road was so bad. Rocky with steep pitches and sharp bends. He even had to cut some trees to get in and out.

In delivering to summer home areas there were times when it would have been a lot more convenient to get back into a building site to unload if a tree or two could be cut. But some people were so fussy about every single tree on their property that cutting a tree at times was out of the question.

It was always a good feeling to get the last one (log) off and throw on the binder and stake and head for home.

If someone was there would leave a copy of the bill. If they were not going to build for a while I'd stick the logs as I unloaded by placing some 10's or 12's crossways every tier or every 2 tiers sometimes -

One time we put a double row of 2x6's on the Federal and I went to Astoria for hay. I left early by 8:00 at least - maybe earlier. I took a full water bag or a jug. (Gallon size)

I went down over Bear Gulch and followed directions to a ranch west of main street in Astoria to a place that belonged to _____. He had been to the mill several times and got stobs. Probably had a potato cellar or two. He'd got some lumber. He was a rather tall, slender, raw boned sort of guy. Sandy complexioned. He'd told May, how Aunt Fannie was just like a relative to him and all the things she'd done for him and his advice as he grew up as a young man.

Well I stopped at Curly Kent's place to weigh the truck. Curly gave me directions out to the ranch. Curly had been visiting ^{Barnes} May. He often did along with his wife. She was a nurse in Astoria. Curly had something to do with an getting the hay.

I went out and pulled in the field. I found the guys and inquired about loading. He told me where to go start. The bales were in windrows in the field. I had a real day. It always seemed much warmer in the valley. I just drove up and down the field. I'd load a few and drive up. I finally got the thing loaded on all sides front and end so I'd have to throw several bales up and then climb up and move them up again on the load to get to the 5 or 6 high for the load.

I'd have to put a ball on the ground in order

hauling

to reach to get a bale on the truck once the 24's floor was covered. Finally I got so exhausted after eating lunch and loading another couple of hours I'd load a couple - struggle to get them to the top climb down - move the truck and then carry the bales to the back of the truck to climb up and load again that I'd stop and take a swig of water each move.

Getting up and down got to be work. Finally late in the afternoon after 3 or even 4:00 I saw the farmer and his crew coming out of the field with a tractor and a hay wagon. They stopped and topped the back end of the load - squared it up with bales off the top of their load. I don't know how old boys done it down. I did pull some bales up on top by putting a rope through the string at the end of a bale, and literally hauling them up over the back of the load. So I appreciated that help at least.

I had gone there with the understanding that I would have some help to load. I got back to Curly's to weigh the load and he seemed surprised I'd taken so long. Maybe he was surprised even more to see it was loaded and no one had helped. By the time I got back to the mill it was late - just supper time. I was long overdue and Barney was probably worried. He would have been perturbed except when he learned I'd had no help loading he told me to go get supper and the crew went to the barn

hauling

and unloaded. By the time I finished eating and washed up they were ^{just} unloading the last few bales. It was getting near dark. We brided the load by putting 2 8' x 6's nailed together in a 80° V (vee) in a trough fashion and putting one over the top at front and the other at the back. Then the brooding chain we'd used to roll fir logs on the bunks with skids was thrown up front and rear and a chain come-along tightened them lengthwise.

I sure'll always remember that as one of the hardest days I ever put in. Struggling with every bale having to be lifted nearly shoulder high to get on the truck and most of them 2 & 3 times before finally resting where they would stay for the trip. I never drank so much water in the same period of time or perhaps sweat so much either. And of course I was covered with berry leaves and had them in my eyes, ears, nose, mouth and down my neck and trousers.

One time I took a load of lumber away from the mill to unload at a site if over near the museum cabin on the old International with the loader. I was slow. It was a hot summer day. When I got back to the mill Barney asked me tersely - ~~How~~ Just how long does it take to unload a load anyway? He was a little upset to say the least. Well it's easy sometime to get in the mental attitude of moving at a snail's pace when it is in hot weather especially. I was guilty, and deserved it.

hauling

Barney taught me to grease the trucks. He liked to keep his stuff in good shape that way. He kept good track of his tools. He usually knew where they were. He figured grease and oil were less expensive than going without. So I often greased the 5th wheel on the Federal before delivering a load to the valley or between loads to the woods.

When I drove a lot I really got a ~~lot~~ great deal of discomfort in my neck at the base. I used to try to straighten my back and stretch my neck by ~~put~~ pivoting ~~it forward~~ my head forward and making the greatest angle possible between the neck vertebrae and spine. This gave some momentary relief.

Riding in a car was different. I didn't get a stiff neck from being in a car.

In the spring we used to go to deliver stuff for the first cabins. It might be too soft off the roads. Many of the lots were off roads with narrow driveways. We had to be careful not to get stuck. We carried this chore a part of the year - early and late when snow came.

We delivered logs to Lost Chance where Frank Kuck built several cabins and a cafe & service station. Then his brother, John Kuck built a home there between the new and old highways ~~of~~ after the new highway was put through.

John had at one time participated in the Olympics and had some medals. I don't know that I ever saw any but he was a big talker - loud

Wieling

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and vulgar. One time when Barney's Mary did pay him and his wife a visit at his place on the Warm River - they were surprised to actually see all the medals of him for shot - put - javelin - discus etc.

He used to load pups out into his cone at the siding. He had a ramp for the truck. He drove an old Ford I believe. One time Barney's crew was loading a gondola car with ties and he came along. I was helping trying to move some ties around and he said hey! Kid you'll strain your neck if you're not careful.

Once he stopped at the mill for some wet lumber. He was picking out some boards from a pile. He was at one end and I at the other. He picked up one board maybe 14 or 16 feet long and with a grip with both hands about 24-30 inches from the end raised the other end of the pile and over to the next row. I figured he did it for my benefit mostly.

He once told that he saw Ed Ryberg at Ponds. He told Ed he had been up to visit him. Ed said "I know I was watching you thru my sights to see you didn't pick up my thing."

Lots of people that came to the mill were real funny. They'd go through lumber piles picking this piece and that. Some reached the point of being ridiculous. Others obnoxious. One day Warren just about lost it with some guy that even unloaded some boards off his outfit and put others on from another pile and then complained about what poor stuff

it was.

When we hauled in and out of the dug way at the top end of the section where the road went down and then on up to Gene's camp it was steep and we had to be careful not to overload. The Federal could be overloaded and simply could not pull out.

In the ravine there were always low spots that held water. The dug ways had enough rock that they didn't get slick too much and of course steep and chained themselves with some small washers. At the top there was a sharp curve to the right ~~at close~~ close to 180° degrees.

Since the Ford had no brakes and the trailer had no brakes, Warren dug a log behind. It was about 8 feet long. It was a 6-7" log knotted near each end. A chain was put around each knot and chained to the rear trailer bunk at the bottom of the dug way. The chain length was adjusted so that if the trailer rolled back the log would catch the tires but the chains were too short for the tires to roll over the log, thus the log acted as a block ~~to~~ the wheels.

Just in case the engine died or stopped for some reason it was a safety device. At the top of the dug way one always stopped, and unhooked the log where it was left at the roadside. On the return trip one chain would be hooked to the trailer to make it to the bottom where again it would be dropped by the road until needed.

wheeling.

We usually rehearsed in our minds which way we would turn the wheel ~~if~~ if we got stalled so the trailer would back into the bank rather than down the hill or toward the edge. The only time I ever got stalled and had to get out, it was probably in the Federal. (It could be over-loaded rather easily) of the truck. After setting the park brake, setting the lowest gear and turning off the engine, I noticed that I had cramped the wheels the wrong way.

One time Dad was driving the Federal, he didn't enjoy driving it but of necessity. Like it was in the fall and we were at school (college). Dad got stopped on a dry way coming out of a draw south from Betty's Cabin on Split creek. He came off this ridge and then into Trail Canyon. He sat and hunked the horn, over and over. Finally he was holding his leg with his hand - pushing on his knee. His leg was nearly gone out. The cutter at that time was Jack George. He was over on another ridge cutting. After hearing the horn he came and blocked the rear trailer tire with a large rock. Dad figured if Jack hadn't come about when he did his leg would have given out from holding the brake down and he'd have had to try to get free from the truck before it got rolling too fast. But he supposed he'd have had to let it go. He didn't savvy which way to cramp the wheels.

After it was blocked he got out, after a

little rest he got in and done it on again and over the top. He and Jack never stopped talking about that experience.

Jack's wife was a Carrie withers from Rexburg. Dad & Jack had known each other and knew lots of people in common from ^{the} Rexburg area. One time we were running to mill and Barney got really peeved. Lots of the logs were string and crooked. He felt Jack wasn't getting the most out of the trees. That was a real waste to pay high stumpage for house log timber and wind up cutting a 244 or a poor 246 out of a piece. Some stumps wouldn't even make that - the longer he sawed the more disgusted he became. Finally he left and drove to the woods to talk with Jack or else when Jack came in he was waiting to talk with him.

A cutter can ruin a tree. Even if it is perfectly straight there are ways generally to log it up to the best advantage even if it is to get the butt cuts with the most popular lumber lengths. Crooks can be cut out or minimized at least many times.

Jack and Carrie lived in a small trailer. He had a pickup. They usually went out on Friday afternoons and spent week ends in Rexburg. They had a son that occasionally showed up at the mill looking for them. She worked with him in the woods most of the time. She trimmed trees with a small ax and sometimes carried the measuring pole.

One day following the lunch hour in the woods, on a road in a draw running east of the main draw out of Betty's cabin and parallel to Split Creek we noticed smoke coming up in the middle of the road. A small waft at first and then more. Barney called Jack George over and dramatically emphasized that since Jack was the only one there that smoked he'd better watch where he put his cigarette butts. I'm sure he was impressed.

One fall we were hauling from a road that was a take off of the chick creek road I think. maybe the Ridge road, It was high up. we followed a narrow road that had been little used up a draw running south and then turned and went up a steep pitch to the top of a ridge. There were some good sized rocks in this area. John Alder was cutting for Barney this season and this particular day he came and climbed ⁱⁿ the Ford after putting his ax, saw and whatever else he carried on the back behind the cab.

The road along the draw was rather narrow and had a high grassy center. I just let the Ford idle along. When I got to where we turned up the hill I started to pour it on. The engine seemed to hesitate. The road was not snow covered but it had put down a stiff of snow during the night so the road seemed slick. As I pushed the gas pedal down the engine seemed to hesitate and afraid it was sounding like it was going to stall I stepped on the clutch. The wheel wouldn't hold us and we started rolling back.

Then there was nothing I could do. As we rolled back we went over a rather rounded large

rock and the trailer jacked. I skidded to a stop then at the bottom, as we rolled back our heads probably bumped on the top of the cab. John got out in a huff. He was pretty excited, He grabbed his lunch pail and saw and ax and coat and took off up the hill on foot.

When he got to the Federal he told Barney I tried to kill him. I don't know that he ever rode with me again. Sometimes he did drive his car, a little grey coupe with slatted along the side of the engine covers. Looked like louvers.

I put the tie chains on and pulled up the hill. Barney explained if I could pull the hill with tie chains - that took more power than without chains so it couldn't have been a lack of engine power - but maybe since the engine had idled along at the time of full throttle suddenly the engine ~~flat~~ faltered because of the carburetor not power.

I'd a pretty helpless feeling going back wards in a semi on a hill.

We used to have to chain up. One of the first times I remember I guess I was with Al and coming out of Warm River the Ford started to spin and spun out on the highway on a "super" or banked curve. Al sort of cursed his luck that day. Then chained up and we went on our way over the top.

Words can't describe the sound of the old Ford engine laboring up those hills and pulling over the Warm River hill coming out with a load.

Logging

We always remembered when we put the chains on the duals - "tarts ahead" It was a struggle at times getting the chains tight so they wouldn't come off before you wanted them off.

One wet rainy spring Barney sent me with Burdett and Charlie Oliver up on the Chick Creek Road for a jag of logs. Old Dick was there at a manger. We had to tend him too. We broke into the brush and got ~~the~~ stuck. We ~~wound~~ ^{wound} ~~up~~ ^{wound} up taking off the few logs we did ~~to~~ load. We got stuck in ruts at the brush.

I got real nervous that day. After the truck was stuck - Charlie & Burdett both got in and tried to drive it out. It was interesting but scary how they'd wind up the engine and let out the clutch - somehow thinking that by sudden jolt of power it would leap out of the ruts.

I tried shoveling and putting pieces of rotten log beneath the wheels. We used to sometimes put a pole between the duals and drive up on it. Usually it would be slick and the duals wouldn't climb it.

As a last resort we at times hooked a loading chain in a bulld wheel between the duals and drove along the chain anchored in front to a tree or stump. The dual wheel then acted like a winch and the chain wrapping around the wheels between the dual tires actually wound up the chain which made it impossible for the wheels to spin - If there was enough power it had to roll forward if the chain didn't break or come loose. We didn't have such a chain and

our last resort was to hook old Dick on front of the truck and pull ~~the~~ ^{the} Ford out. We went back to camp early that cloudy miserable day, I was glad neither of them had broken an axle. Barney was sad that after getting out to the main road we didn't skid out and load at least part of a load rather than make the trip to the woods with no logs at all. We could have skidded and loaded some of the smaller sized logs by hand.

A sheepman in Island Park after Charlie Simmons left the range was a Ariel Peterson from Buxton, Teton Independence just out of Rexburg. He shipped out each year and his herder and his boys came thru twice a year with their herds. They came to the mill for water and he came to visit Souths. Barney made arrangements with him to winter his horses.

He had a lot of range land out near Spencer. It was near the highway from I F to Dillon not far from Monda. He moved his stock from his farm in Rexburg where they ran in straw stacks to Spencer in early spring when the frost went out of the ground. Farmers don't like stock on their fields - this time of year if they can help it. So the horses that he wintered were always taken to Spencer before Barney was able to get into the mill in the spring.

We put the 2 rows of 24 6's on the semi (Federal) and annually made a trip to haul horses. Sometimes if it was an early spring we could go over past Stoddard's mill - and cross over on Idaho state highway #22. It crossed the river to the

hauling

Sholgon Valley from a turnoff behind Philips lodge & two Elk Creek ranch - crossed the back waters of the I. P. reservoir on the Snake River and wound around the fence lines and lava outcroppings in the sage brush and partly timbered country below Szwetel Mt. to the US Sheep Experiment Station near Dubois. Finally crossing some meadow land and ranches near ^{Kilgore} ~~Spencer~~ until it joined the highway to Dillon, Montana.

There was a stock yard in the edge of Spencer. Some years the horses would be caught and tied for us.

One trip we went around - at least ^{one} ~~part~~ way because the Highway 22 was so muddy. Some holes were real bad. It was a long ways to any ranches and not many other vehicles passed for on this road.

Pernould was with me, maybe his boy - and Benny & David. We didn't locate the house or anyone that knew where they might be. We went back by way of Meram & Lorenzo, maybe we went that way also. When we got home empty handed Barney was sorry we hadn't stayed out and searched or even made a phone call or two. I had been influenced partly by Pernould so I came back. I don't know what I'd have done had I been alone.

Well Barney called Ariel from Ponds and got better directions. We went back soon and got them. I believe they were tied up for us when we got there. Maybe one of Ariel's sons met us there. Can't remember for sure.

Sometimes I went across Stodgum if it was a dry spring (early) Flowers would be out. I took a little box camera once and took pictures along the way. Barry & David rode with me in the Federal.

Archie had a full section ~~fenced~~ of range land. There was a gravel pit inside. We opened the gate, a wire gate and went in. There were some kind of pens or corrals but not very extensive. We saw the horses turned with many of his own. We tried to get up with our ropes and halters and oats in a bucket. Horses get pretty smart and don't want to be caught. They like oats too but it seems the more horses there are the more difficult. When the smaller saddle stock run and they do more readily than the heavier draft horses usually - than the other fellows. We had no success getting more than about one smell of the oats. But one young horse which I guess about a 2 year old seemed very gentle and did come up. I was able to get my belt around its neck on a rope at something. He seemed gentle enough. I decided to wear boots. Maybe he had shoes on. I don't know what made me decide he was broke but I got on him. I don't remember if I had a hild of corn oat. We usually wouldn't have one unless I took one of my own. There were no hilds for the work horses.

Maybe I made a rope hackamore - anyway I got on it bare back and stationed the 2

hawking

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boys out to help ^{haze} ~~lead~~ them (other horses) haze them into the corral. I started to go out around the houses. Maybe a dozen in all. They started to run. The colt was wilding. I started to urge him onto a gallop. He immediately started to buck. Fortunately for me he bucked in a straight line. I picked out a place to land. I was expecting to go off and then he stopped as suddenly as he started. I was able to get around the horses and we hazed them into the corral.

It seems like horses you've used the year before but that have been turned loose all winter seem strange - when you get up to them they act snottier, they really pay close attention to every move you make. After you use them a while they are of course more docile and quiet. But usually they still have on their long winter hair. Some horses have ~~one~~ reached manes. In spring these manes are all grown out and laying over to the side. They even seem bigger with their long coats still unshed.

We looked into a bank at the gravel pit and loaded the team and drove back to I.P. across shotgun. It was always interesting crossing that country. It was fenced and had many grass hay fields. The all stockers were out in the fields and stock yards along the way.

At some ranches we'd see the snow machines. They had air plane propellers in those days with runners instead of wings for flying in the air they were powered by props to skim over the snow.

A lot of cattle were fed there than the winter.

hunting,

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There were lots of mud holes. There were many small detours around the worst holes. There were sticks, logs and scraps of planks where others had been mired down in some of the worst holes along this road. There were cattle guards and some places the gates were down and you drove around an occasional cattle guard.

We crossed wooden culverts. Sometimes when washed out we forded and there were small bridges. We crossed streams like Ice house creek and others that flowed into the I P reservoir. We saw the reservoir from the other side. We passed the ~~woods~~ old Tule ranch buildings and the Mc Creas ranch & many streams where fishermen loved to go hoping to catch like trout up spawning in their clear willow banked ~~surrounded banks~~ streams.

At the mill we backed into the sawdust pile or along the railroad barge pit where the horse could walk off the back end of the rock. Then we laid the sides and ends of two rock down ^{between} near the toilet and munson cabin until time to move again in the fall.

From Stoddards mill to Elk Creek there were lots of small drains where the road crossed at right angles. This section of road was always washboardy with so much travel. But it was good to get there and out of the bad road with rocks and mud holes.

The bridge was often lined with fishermen and had a plank covering for tires. It was a one lane bridge with a short steep climb out from either direction.

IP Skidding

Working in the woods. I usually worked with skidding. I would have liked to have driven the team a lot of times. I went with Paul Walker and the wagon. Jess Reed didn't like horses too much so I got to use the team a lot when he was around.

One year - the year Charlie South was killed Dub Blect drove the team mares. He was a horse-man. The mares weren't too good at pulling. Probably a few fir limbs were used on their ribs. But we used a lot of small 4" x 10-12' poles to put under the logs when they were skidding. In Ripley Rutte country there were many outcroppings of lava and some loose ones occasionally. The soil was rather light. There was a lot of sage brush and other weathered brush. The soil depth was shallow. Lots of mole hills were everywhere over the ground in the open sunny areas. Beneath the trees there was quite a lot of timber grass.

The boys (David & Barry & Steve) rode a lot when we had the team mares. Sometimes Walter put Steve on Old Dick. I rode Dick a lot too. Many times we'd let the horse pull the drag and walk behind unless a kid was on.

Sometimes we'd be caught up on cutting or near time to finish a load and move to another logging tree or else to start to camp and everyone would help load. Then the kids would ride in and out and the drags would be hooked by someone who stayed out on the trail. At other times the one logging would unhook for everyone coming in ~~on~~ on a skid horse.

Skidding

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One time Barry was riding old "Tops". Dad was in the woods and told me this story. Barry leaned out on his neck and put a gloved hand over each eye as he walked out the skid trail and he walked right straight into a tree.

Steve used to climb up on Dick. He'd grab the tail tug and then put both legs around a point by like he was skinning or skinning a pole. He'd keep working up to where he'd grab another stop on a same ring and finally he'd reach the same ball and get a knee first and then a foot on the tug - then he'd get on. Dick stood patiently for this.

It always helped me to use a stump and then step into the tug. Whenever I trotted on the horse I'd use the heel of my boot in the tugs - between the same and the belly band or back strap. When the horse wasn't pulling some slack would look into the tug between these two points but one could still "post" on a trot and it by so doing the ride was much less jarring.

One day Steve came in with a dog. We were maybe on the ridge road. There was a large stump - high one where the wind checked rotted tree broke off 45 feet off the ground. A couple of downed logs laid on the ground against it. Each dog would catch these logs ~~stood~~ ~~stood~~ ~~stood~~ along at an angle and then swing across.

Dick came in on a gallop and hit this wrong breaking the same stop. As the same and same - belly band included

Skidding -

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were peeled off. Stone was carried right off the two old horses ~~reared~~ and left sitting with the harness in the skid trail as Dick galloped into the tuck and loader.

He wasn't hurt too much, maybe his ribs a bit and some soreness in the groin area where the harness caught him. In a little while he was aboard trying it again.

When you rode Dick on a drag you guided him and you slowed him down some but you didn't intend to stop him.

One fall Charlie Simmons had me go to Warm River where he had a 40 Acre piece. The river ran through it. It had a small knoll on it. He had me park a bunch of poles - some peeled for cellar ~~ridge~~ poles.

When you led Dick to skid you usually threaded the ~~skid~~ ^{halter} chain (thru both rings of the bit. You needed to be careful that he didn't get jerked or step on the end,

We'd usually lead the horse out to where we were on a skid trail and then let him go. With the chain a couple of half hitcher on the horse would keep it up. Often times you'd throw the end of the rope over the horses back as soon as you saw the way was clear. From where you first hooked onto a log - where the tree was dropped it was often necessary to lead the horse or guide it if you rode to a place where it could set to the trail without hitting a stump or down timber. Or swing around a stump or a snag then let the horse

Skidding

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So on ahead, Dick usually started pretty fast. You couldn't take him out on a walk although once past the snag and popping brush onto the beaten trail he'd slow down to a walk. He was always willing to give a good pull. Sometimes a dog would get hung up on a stump - or the end would start making a snag and you had to swing the horse to one side or the other to pull it loose then swing at an angle to get over a downed pole.

If a horse went by itself thru the brush to get to the trail you could lose your dog - the chain would get stuck and unhook or it might get pulled into a wire or fall or snag. It was easier and saved time in the long run to take the horse out of the brush.

Traps were sometimes torn and repaired with lacing baling wire. Broken chains and trap chain links as well as hooks on chains were often repaired with baling wire. Eventually Barney kept some cold shot links in the tool box on the truck. We used wire for Dick's homestap because he went thru the best stap shops you could buy. A leather shop normally didn't hold him more than a few days at the most.

Hay wire needed to be changed after a few days. It just got worn at two points you twisted it. Eventually it was a nuisance to try to thread it thru the bottom of the horse because it had so many kinks in it.

Rocky "

One spring Dad and I went out on 1st street - no doubt at my coaxing to J. Earl West's farm. He lived about 2 miles out - maybe $\frac{1}{2}$ mile beyond the Idaho Canal and $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ mile beyond Ireland's place. Well we went to open school to see J. Earl West for his pony. He had a brown pony, maybe a filly. They had bought it from Bro. George Bittler. He was a rancher in our woods. He dry farmed in Swan Valley in summer.

He got on the fire pony and rode her down the field average (bend back) and brought her back on a good run. I really thought it that was so great to have a pony of his own. George Bittler ~~lived~~^{had} on a farm another mile out on 1st street. There was a long lane past some tall shade trees back to some run down shade and corals.

So Dad said he'd talk with Warren and if Warren was going to be in I.P. that summer maybe I could get a horse. He talked with Bro Bittler because West had said when they picked out their filly he'd had some others. Dad came to an agreement with George Bittler after talking with him and going out and looking at the two remaining geldings. One was quite rangy and tall. The other was 18 mo. old. It was a flaxen mottled roan.

I'd hard to describe how good a pony can look when it is yearling. If it had 2 of everything except a tail I guess it would look great.

About this time Dr. Hatet who had occasionally had me coming in to his office to see him for check ups because

of the earlier heart problem I'd had decided for my better general health my tonsils should be taken out. So an appointment was set up. That was Dr. H. Ray Hatch.

I went out to see the colt on my bicycle one Sat. morning. I figured on riding it. Dr. Earl went with me. The colt didn't want us to catch him. He ran and jumped the pole corral fence. He didn't clear it with his hind legs. For a ~~moment~~ moment he stayed there with both hind legs resting on the top pole between his hocks and fetlocks. He kicked himself free of course and was out. He went down the line. We got around him and headed him back into the corral. We finally caught him and got a bridle on him. He didn't know anything. So he didn't go. He was broke to lead - after a fashion at least.

Then I remember being in the hospital and having the ether put over my face with a mask and ask to take deep breaths. Afterward my throat was sore. I had to sip liquids for a few days. When I got home I was anxious to go see the pony. Dad made arrangements with a Sister Wildrip, a widow that lived directly across the alley behind us to clean out a small shed she had next to the alley for a short time to put the colt in. We fixed a manger in it. And a pole ^{ear} along ^{leaved} one side to make a stall. I got a bucket for water and some oats. I made an oat box.

I bought my 1st bridle. It was a double leather single buckle snap running

"Rocky"

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then he hit on one side and the less than he hit and clunk up the side where it buckled. It was about $3/4$ " wide leather. a sort of soft caligo type leather. It had a brow band and throat latch with metal concha buckles (brass finish). Dad started me out with a snaffle bit. Later I got a cheap curb bit - probably from Wards.

I had the colt a few days before getting a chance to take him to D.P. Dad said we needed to get shoes on him. We bought shoes - probably double "O"s. Dad got Warren to come shoe him. He got tied after a little while and started monkeying monkeying around. Warren had a hind leg up, the colt was hopping around. Warren wouldn't let the hold on his leg go and he circled away from him until he bounced up against the back of dad's wood shed. Warren held him there until he was finished with that shoe. Once when he got tied he reared up and while on his ~~hind~~ hind leg stepped on one of Dad's toes. It must have hurt. Dad always wore soft toed shoes. Dad really had to exercise self-control to keep him from losing his temper. I'm sure. Some men really get mad and beat on horses with the rope or pinchers or whatever was at hand when a horse acted up - especially if they inflicted pain on the shoes.

Warren's method of shoeing was unique. He put all eight nails there before he turned any of them. This was a fast method of shoeing ~~not~~ icky. Risking that while the last 7 nails were put in a sudden jerk could

pull one or several of the untuned nails into a hand or leg. Wamen wore his hat with chapel when he shod a horse. He also always used his bay set scow hatchet rather than a horse shoeing hammer.

A few days after coming out of the hosp. I rode Rocky up to the stock yards. There was a horse sale and there were lots of tax trucks parked along both sides of the highway. I ran into Alvin Isaac there. He was surprised to see me and said he felt I was taking quite a chance riding so soon after leaving the hospital. It turned out he thought I had an appendicitis operation.

We arranged that Alvin would haul my horse to I.P. The day came to leave. The rest of the family had gone up. The Souths. It was early spring. I stayed behind when they moved up because of the operation and the pony.

Wamen moved up. One day I had all my clothes boxed and my other things arranged to go. I had a skate rope - bridle etc and Alvin came along in a one ton truck (Ford) (He always had a new Ford. He had a horse in the truck with a harness on it. It was to be his skid tree. It was just a plain brown horse to me. He charged me \$20.00 to haul my colt. He commented he sure wished the colt didn't have shoes on. He hated to haul shoe horses in the truck with shoes on. The cheap shoes had broken toe and heel corks. I rode with Alvin. No doubt he had a bit to say. He was always talking. He had a

"Rocky"

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slight accent or drizzle. He always talked tough. He could tell about fights where he was either outnumbered or out weighed by a whole bunch. Once later Warren said he probably used a pipe or other equalizer or kicked. I don't know if Warren ever saw any demonstrations to know or if Alvin described in detail a fight to him.

When Dad decided on Rocky as the choice he said the colt had a "kind eye".

Dad advised me to stake him. In Island Park the grass was more sparse. So staking with a stake peg (an iron rod or pipe driven in the ground didn't allow the horse to get enough grass. So I picketed him to an old house log. On the flat near the stockyards there was not much sage brush. Some of it was all gone - either by trampling by the many sheep or combination of that and vehicles being driven close in around the stockyards.

One day while still in T F I staked the colt across the street on ~~Glendale~~ Garfield. That was the street ~~to~~ behind us where Sister Wilking lived. Across from her there was a south slope upward away from the street. It was covered with lots of good grass. I'd driven an iron stake in and staked the colt with a lamp stake rope - 15 iron at least (maybe larger). Dad had got a snap with a buckle and keeper and a ring to put on a front leg for staking him out, on the end of the rope we put a ~~to~~ snap with a snivel so the rope wouldn't twist and tangle.

I staked him and went home. Later I went back to get him and maybe had a ~~at~~ little

'Rocky'

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in my hand. I got near to him. He had his head down grazing rather unconcerned as I approached. The stake rope was perhaps 25 feet long maybe a little ~~more~~ longer. He was facing me and about 10 feet this side of the stake. When I got 20 feet or so from him he raised his head - turned and started away from me on a slow gallop.

When ~~he~~ he came to the end of his rope he turned a complete somersault landing on his back. He was stretched out with the rope long (taut) tight. Holding one foot stretched out in front of him. It was an interesting sight. I stood and watched as he laid there, his ears in pointing ahead looking intently at me - all four legs extended. After a few minutes or a minute or so he rolled off his back and got to his feet. His staked leg still out in front of him. He did not attempt to move as I went up to him. I got a rope on his halter ~~and~~ and then noticed when I led him a step ahead that the snap had been broken by the hard jerk and fell from the ring to the ground.

The colt didn't find that out of course - after that I could approach him without his trying to run off. He seemed to have learned a lesson from that one time.



I took the broken snap to McClaskey's welding shop near by and he welded the snap solid to the ring. So I could still use it.

Dad advised me not to turn him loose in D.P. until he was used to being there.

'Rocky'

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The first time I went out to him after putting him on the dog - fastened to a house log. Hig & Bally were out on the flat just past the stockyards. They'd been grazing loose near the camp. They started off away from me - so he also started away. When the dog started following him all three horses started to run. The team ran into the sagebrush across the road. He ran trying to follow them. When the dog followed they spooked and ran faster. Also threw their heads in the air and did some snorting. I was amazed the colt could go so far on three legs pulling the dog. Finally it tangled in some sage brush and I got up to him. I kept moving the log closer to camp.

Once I went out to get him and only the rope was there fastened to the log. I must have cried a bunch. I really felt bad. I hunted for tracks. I looked all over and finally Barney took me out on the flat. Down near Simmon's place - along the trail Canyon Road he was grazing among the sage. I got up to him without his starting away. Then I got the bridle from the truck and rode him home. I had earnestly prayed that I would be able to find him. When you consider ~~how~~ what a great unfenced expanse I.P. is or was it is amazing he was right out in the open. Maybe Barney or myself took track of him just the edge of the timber south of the barn before heading across the flat looking for him. Dad said once - a colt like that could cross

Rocky

He flat like a deer or a ~~bird~~ ^{bird}.

Sometimes I went with Warren and his girls riding horse back-like on Sundays. We rode up thru the timber to moon meadows one afternoon. ~~The~~ Nate Young and his wife ran cattle there. They were friendly. Nate was a ~~good~~ regular horse trader. Every time he'd see me he'd ask me what I'd take for my pony.

Dad came up occasionally during the summer. Once we had to change Rocky's chaps. Again as Dad was holding him while Warren looked on some stales he got to monkeying around and stepped on one of Dad's toes again.

I tied him to the porch railing in front of the little cabin one day while I gave him oats and curried him. I came out and the cabin door sagged a little and squeaked squeaked when it was opened and shut. As I came up to him he became startled and pulled back. This pulled the post he was tied to loose from the building. That of course scared him and he ~~started~~ started to run. He ran thru camp. He was tied short enough that the post couldn't touch the ground where it was tied.

He finally stopped near the barn. I went running after him and ~~go~~ caught up to him at the barn. He was a little excited still. He was also tired. He'd got both front feet over the post and stood there with his head pulling up against the rope ~~with~~ which was still tied to the pole sticking crossways

under his belly and against the back of his front legs. It was sort of like a tie down. I was always taught to tie a horse with a slip knot so if they became tangled the rope could be pulled loose. So I untied the rope and lead him back, the only thing that had held the post at the top was a nail or two driven in from a ridge log extending over the 2' 3' porch on the little old cabin. It had been in place many years. The posts had all turned smooth and gray with age.

I tied him to a more solid post and brushed and combed him.

We left the young's place once and started across the moon ranch. Part way across we passed their grazing cattle herd. Warren cupped his hands to his mouth and started imitating a calf bawling for its mother. The entire herd came rushing near us & curious to see what was making the noise.

Warren was riding Birdie. I can't remember if he had "Chub" or not at this time. I know the young's had had Birdie for some time. Maybe they kept her - feeding her for her use. They had a big heavy set boy. He told of trailing some cattle from Sugar City where they lived to near Teton basin. They took Birdie along. ~~They~~ this boy claimed that on a cattle drive Birdie gained weight where most other horses gaunted up.

Note used Birdie to break cattle and horses to lead. He'd turn her loose in the corral with a saddle on and the cow tied to the horn.

If the colt didn't lead pretty good she'd sometimes lunge into the saddle and bust the colt a good one. The colts sometimes came away with smaller jaws and heads but apparently they'd lead.

Nate lived on the upper side of the ~~an~~ overpass at north of Sugar City. Whenever you drove up on the overpass traveling south you could see down into his corals and yards. You could see his house and stock in the corals. Sometimes we'd see Bud when we drove past.

They had a ~~for~~ brother-in-law Bud Hiatt and his wife. They'd never had any children. She had streaked grey hair in her black hair. They stopped in a great deal to visit at the mill. Bud was nice and enjoyed the May's kids. Milka (Mildred) smoked. She was loud-mouthed. Lots of jokes and had a to jolly laugh. She and May home played cards - maybe (pinochle, pinnock)

Sometimes they'd bring some milk by from their milk house. There was a log building placed right over the spring behind their house. They'd put milk into the spring in a milk can on a bottle even and it would cool down. It was really great. In those days most milk was used up fresh at room temperature before it soured. We didn't have a refrigerator in our home for many years, I was perhaps in college before mother got her first frig. It was a little E. F. with the motor and unit on a ball on top. Lady & David may have the very same one today mother had.

Nate kept asking me all summer long what

"Rocky"

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was going to dickie with him on that horse. He'd size it up and say he like it, or what a nice colt it was. He was pretty with his slick golden color and flexen mane & tail. Dad used to comment about him by say ing - He had a gait like a pair of haws. I never really understood his meaning.

after ^{Rocky} he became accustomed to J. P. and after the first month or so when the water dried up in the pools and puddles the horses always came into the well for water at the barrel. So he'd graze around the camp and shade up near the barn where the other horses were tied some of the time. When the food dried up on the flat - Barney started feeding his horses hay, they needed good grain to work all day and feed (graze) at night. When the best feed was gone they needed hay to keep up in energy and flesh when skidding every day. In the spring they were often laid off all or part of rainy days too so they could stay out and graze more of the time.

I'd ride to the woods on the wagon with Wamen. We'd come home with a load of dry house logs. I'd carry some pine cones or rocks on the wagon. As we'd come down especially on hills Rocky would get ahead of the team and trot down the center of the road. We were always afraid he'd get rammed by the wagon tongue. He'd get ahead and then keep slowing up. When we peppered him with cones or stones he'd move farther ahead and keep out of the way. Sometimes he'd get

"Rocky"

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ahead away and graze at the side of the road. When the team came along on a trot he'd just barely move before they might hit into him. We probably yelled at him a lot too.

In the woods he'd graze around - sometimes running back and forth in the dog bark or generally being in the way. Then when we fell trees we wondered if he'd keep out of the way. It was a nuisance no doubt for Barney and the crew but they tolerated it.

One time a fellow came to Barney for some help. He had gotten out a cellar up on the ridge road, quite high up. Barney made arrangements to skid them out for him into decks along the road. The guy furnished a skid horse. Barney got me to take a lunch and go one day and park them. I got all ready, I was going to visit Rocky and lead this horse. I got on Rocky and started out. I passed Al Smith's cabin and Rocky pulled a front shoe. It didn't come all the way off so I went to Warren and he finished pulling it. Rocky was reached a lot when he walked.

So it turned out I had to leave him. I had really looked forward to riding the colt. Disappointed I rode the skid horse to the woods.

Al & Warren probably gave me some good advice that day. Barney told me if I got the logs parked in time I could cut them over to where they would be working by crossing down and over Split Creek and

coming up on the trail Canyon side. As it turned out I was nervous all day anyway alone in the woods with a strange skid horse. I handled him carefully. As I traveled along the road I put my heels in the ~~straps~~ tugs between the back strap and harness. I could that part of the way that way and stand up to take some of the jar out of the ride.

Once several years before when we were logging near the little flat on the road to Ponds I rode down Simmons road to Tom's Creek during the noon hour to get them a drink. I rode Nig and led Kit. It was fun, in a way it was real thrilling. The feel ~~for~~ feeling is hard to describe. The horses loved to trot. The road which was typically a logging road consisted of two tracks worn into the coarse sanding soil. There were bends in the road sharp enough that a horse on a good trot would lean as it followed the ~~curve~~ ^{bends} as ~~the~~ ^{the} bent the road curved around the bushy pine trees dotting the edges of the little sage-brush flat.

I tried to stand on the tugs but the ~~straps~~ ^{slack} kept coming out and lowering me so that I'd soon be sitting and jarring on Nig's high boney withers. For the first time I experienced the feeling inside that my insides were being jared too hard. It was terribly uncomfortable and I had to slow to a walk. It was a disappointment to find I couldn't take it. I'd loved to ride horses more than anything else I ever did or dreamed of doing.

It is a thrill also to ride horses on such a road and see their ears working, looking ahead at every turn. alert and

ears bobbing from back to front and side.

The leading horse instead of hanging back on a lead rope is travelling up on the bit. Sometimes having to talk to the horses to "ease" easy bay easy bay" to hold them back a little. The other horse at times being check reined back moves close against the horse you riding. It was really fun except for the pain and hurt from the jarring of the high that which was a disappointment. Also something I never talked over with anyone.

Of course I'd heard people describe how some horses bucked so hard that a man inside would get jared to the point it would make them sick.

As fall came and it was time for school to begin in August Al told me if I'd sell Rocky to Nate for \$50.00 he'd offered Al would give me \$60.00. So I reluctantly sold him. I really didn't have any place to keep him. Mr. Wildings shed was temporary. It was very small. And we could not have afforded hay to feed him thru the winter.

Some time in late summer when the third horses were stalled in the barn "Rocky" disappeared. I don't recall how we found him. Maybe Charles Simmons or Nate Young told us where he was. We found him. Wagon went with me.

"Rocky"

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He was across Tom's creek on the place east of the railroad tracks. Charlie kept some bucks in this pasture. Over a quarter of a mile east a spring came out of a rather sharply rising hillside. It had some bare spots - but also short dwarfed bushy pines for the most part. There were pine thickets throughout that country between there and the Buffalo River farther east and north.

Near the tracks and near the gate a dry knoll with a few pines was where Charlie salted his bucks. Several times over the next few weeks Rocky disappeared. Each time I found him there with the two bucks. We began to wonder if he had been raised before Bro. Bitter acquired him with a sheep outfit. Between this meadow and Tom's Creek there was a stand of timber along the north side. And some where between on the moon ranch cabin and this meadow there was a road but there was also a swamp or bog that no one wanted to ride or walk into. There was a lot of dead timber - water killed - red tips and even still live trees in this swampy area. So we were never sure how Rocky got into the meadow except near the creek along the railroad right of - way or beyond perhaps at a place where the fence was down. Any way it kept the bucks in and out didn't keep him out.

That fall I must have made a few trips with a diving spud hammer on on weekends

Upper Tom's creek has heavier timber - the swampy and water killed timber may have been swampy and because combined.

when he was hauling out lumber and logs to the valley. Barney used to stack pile some stuff in a bunker shed on Ada next to South's apartment house and sell out of it throughout the winter.

That fall during one of the trips I wanted so bad I could shoot an elk. I wondered if I shot an elk - if I could get Nate to take those Rocky back to me for the calf.

I never really knew what happened to him. Maybe eventually Bud or killed Hiatt told someone that the house had been sold or traded to some someone down at Arvins or Archer.

The next year I didn't get a pony. The following year however I did get another horse. This one I bought from George Bitter. He had two horses. Dad helped me pick it out. It was a bay. The other horse was a darker rangier brown. Dad liked the bay. Bitter had named it Bud. It was of Standardbred stock. He was a three year old (long then) He was broke to ride - gentle but didn't seem to be didn't neck rein.

What perhaps prompted my getting this horse was a guy came up from Texas to the auction. He brought along some of the first quarter horses we ever heard of. He was saying how good they were. He tried to sell some outside the auction. He showed me one nice saved 3 year old filly. Dad I pestured Dad constantly and nothing would do until I went ^{with me} and saw this mare. He may have agreed she was a nice enough

Denny Snow ball which seems like such a down up little busy for obtaining by his conversation or to be walked along side of me one day I try mind as I wrote Rocky -

Mrs. Not young always reminded me of my mother sister - and also

animal but he wasn't in favor of my getting a mare. He knew (he wasn't too direct in expressing it that way -) that a mare wouldn't be content to stay around like a gelding and she might be a real problem (he didn't say this) but she got to have on I to be off.

Well I was completely in the dark on that subject at the time. But he was wisely determined it could lead to some problems so we went back to George Bitter and I picked up this gelding. I believe I paid \$75 for Bud. Dad paid 25-30-35 for Rocky, I guess when Nate bought him I pocketed it. I don't recall giving any back to Dad and Al paid me \$60 - as incentive to sell - Al used to gently tease me about Rocky. He was young, not real lively, not a runaway type.

Once Carol came to IP with Ted Bromley to see the kids. She was in a car on the road in front of the cabin. I picked up a coal-burned box and the horse shied. I stayed aboard but I did have to let go of the box as he crossed the road and headed for the barren pit than the coal burst by the roadside.

When Dad came home getting at IP he said he was a fast feeder. I got some hobbles and put sheep skin on to line them.

One spring Barney went to Shelley to fix a porch and a door on the front of Dick's house. While there he saw how big and strong Berdett was becoming. That spring Berdett started working for Barney.

Barney got a team of straberry roan mares from Ramey. The story was they were runt of old favorites with Ramey's or neighbor of theirs. One called pet was very heavy. She was near 1400, the other called Tope was more slender. Pet had a nice head but her stocky build hampered her action. In her eye and ~~as~~ by nature she may have wanted to be energetic but she didn't move easily. She had quite long hooves. She was the opposite of flat footed.

They were gentle enough. When it came house shoeing time they were something else - they'd lay on the horse shoe, that is put their whole weight on him.

The spring Barney came to get me to go to Island Park I had my gelding, Bud. ~~the~~ I got him from George Bitters also for maybe \$75.00. Well Al had let me keep him in a corral made of pine poles in his back yard. I'd ride him after school. I rode bare back. During the summer Anna got a saddle from a friend and I was able to have use of it for the summer.

One day I rode him out onto the park across from Al's place at 550 Cleveland and I went to start him off on a little canter and he lunched about 3 jumps and

then swapped ends and left me looking for a place to land. I got right up and he didn't move. He ~~acted~~ acted a little surprised, I got right back on back and rode him a little more respectfully after that.

Luis' brother Ray visited them about this time. He rode him and we both enjoyed it. He was a great guy. He encouraged me a lot. He was outgoing but not gushy or over bearing in any way.

Banney herd the roan mares in the back on the Federal. He barked up to a horse at the park and I lead Bud along side one of the mares. There were 3 abreast. When we started up the mares got scared and pushed so hard that in order for Bud to defend himself he had to lean and push even harder getting some hooves up on the thinner panels of the ribcage.

At one point along the trip to I.P. we had to stop and cut a box side lead to get one of the mares feet back into the rack. She'd got it out between two of the ~~stake~~ stake. It was good to get to I.P. I kept Bud in the stock yards. I staked him a little. He seemed to stay pretty close to camp.

I enjoyed having the borrowed saddle for him. I bought some #4 never slip shoes for him once. I never used them. I paid to have him wintered one winter out on west Broadway.

I used to ride him at the stock yards

I practiced he was a roping horse. I'd start him from behind an open gate and see how fast he could start. He'd put me to the back of the saddle pretty good.

I tried my hackamore I'd always wanted to use. I found out I had it hooked wrong and when you pulled a horses head in you eventually pulled on the neck with the meate rather than actually pulling on the nose.

He got cut in a wire while being wintered one season. It didn't hurt him but it didn't look good either. ~~He~~ I finally sold him at the IF auction. Dad talked to Uncle Jack about if he'd need a horse and he said he didn't like two horses, too much horse to fall on you.

Once I was riding in Bone with a & Lois and the folks. It was probably - choke cheng time. We passed a wire gate and inside one of these houses was Bud. When I called the window down and called his name he recognized me or ~~the~~ the voice or name were familiar enough he paid more than casual attention. We didn't stop however.

I couldn't afford to keep him and go to school. I got to where I like school better, at least better than the alternative - being dropped.

I tied up a small corral with some handy poles and staks. It was at the Munser cabin. I stayed there

a while. the first year Beckett and I stayed in the little cabin with him. Jim Taylor was Beckett's high school friend. He worked for Barney one year. He worked hard and sweat a lot.

Barney didn't hire him back. He was afraid he was too awkward and would feel down and get hurt. So the next year he went over and worked for Gene. He'd often tried for Jay Webster.

When Beckett came up Gene came back and was back. Dan South came over and took a truck back to Wyo but he worked a while helping get equipment running. They did a lot of road building. We helped. We used two big 2 man mill chain saw.

There wasn't anyone around that I could ride with and ~~it~~ it wasn't much fun to ride alone and no special place to go. I filed a lean to and covered it with the thin weenie edge that accumulated off the saw from miss cuts etc. This closed in an area where Bud could at least have shade and keep out of the flies and mosquitoes. Sawdust bedding was plentiful and ~~also~~ I kept enough in side that the place was clean and neat. I left the gate open sometimes. He could come and go but usually he went. One such time he was at the barn.

Barney bet he could outturn a

have for a certain distance.

Barney ran off and left me. But Elmer Snowball fired the shot to start the race and he timed it so the horses were headed headed the wrong direction at the starting shot. A man can outstart a horse in a distance short ~~less~~ like 25 yds. That's what we ran. We ran under protest.

Elmer lived in the Al Smith Cabin. Dan, David Barry, Steve all went to the woods some days.

One trip to the woods soon after acquiring two roans about at the culvert one acted like it wanted to go ~~back~~ back. It bluffed out Barry & David and they were pretty nervous the rest of the trip. I got behind them on the other ~~to~~ more and was going to have them give head it up the road and I'd take the end of a line or a stick to it. But they put up such a fuss about it I backed off.

The roans were gentle enough. Tops didn't want to pull to much. Pet was heavier by 150 lbs and she'd try a little but never really put much into it. Tops often swung her tail and she'd turn this way and that and unless a little ^{persuasion} ~~pet~~ was used she didn't test any kind of a pull too hard.

David like Pet better than Tops. She wouldn't have had as high a withers for one thing. And she was slower and more tactile for a kid.

We logged in Ripply and in order to skid fir logs we'd have to use a lot of poles for rollers under the logs. -

Dub Beest from Ammon worked for Barney

Bud

6

and Dale Sumner.

One day we were eating our lunch and here came Dale in the ~~Ford~~ Ford. He drove up got out nonchalantly and started over where we were seated probably on a grassy spot or a log. ~~He~~ ^{We} asked ~~where~~ ^{where's} your trailer? He looked and he didn't have the trailer, ~~for that~~ so we went back and a mile or so there was the trailer at the side of the road. He may have clipped a tree on one of the bends and a reach halt brake.

It's sort of strange. In an empty outfit the trailer bounced along over rocks and bumps and was quite noisy. It was summer and his windows were rolled down. The front steel bumps were noisy too but a little different sound than that of the bunk.

Barney's sisters Dorothy and Zelma came to visit. Zelma lived in Boston. Maybe ~~that~~ she was there in connection with Charlie's funeral and just came to visit before going back east.

Any way when they were girls their dad had had them out skidding logs. They lived at the old mill set on the south fork of the Spah Creek. So they wanted to take a trip to the woods. Barney had usually taken me in with him to unload at the skidway.

Then his sister went back out with us. It was a tight fit with 4 of us in the front of the Federal. It had solid arm rests on the door, & about ^{the} ~~right~~ ^{height} to catch you in the hip. I sat next to the door. It made you conscious of how many bumpy and rough spots were along the road.

While hooking tongs one day as I sat the tongs on a bar log one of the room mares hit the tongs and it pulled the tongs into the log. I was setting the top tong onto the top of the log just at the right moment ~~so~~ as the tong was jerked in it caught my ^{little} finger.

It hurt pretty good for a while. Barney explained how to grasp a tong without getting your fingers around it. I probably never made that mistake again. For a while I sure felt sorry for myself and was wondering about drawing unemployment compensation.

Barney ~~lived~~ hired 3 or 2 G.I.'s to cut. They lived in the Munson cabin also. After a while one left and there were only 2 remaining. They didn't seem very friendly and no one knew much about them. One worked with a red head-band in the woods. Barney got some timber on a state school section. These guys cut up there some. They may have cut for two years for Barney.

Dub wasn't a very good houseman but he did do the driving most of the time for Barney.

Burdett was in I P one year when I had Bud but he only rode behind me in the saddle once for a little ride. He didn't have much interest with horses. One spring when he came up he brought a collie dog that was left off along the road somewhere and he brought it along. We were riding to ~~and~~ or from Ripley on the wagon. He had the dog up on the wagon with him and it ~~fell~~ off ^{fell}.

Bird

8

in front of a rear wheel. It yelped as the wheel went past. We figured it was hitting the wheel. Later he discovered that the wheel had neutered the pup "clean as a whistle."

Arch used to come up quite a bit on week ends to see Birdeth. For quite a few years Arch drove a new Studebaker. He traded in on a new one every one or two years. So we got to see Arch and Claudia quite a bit.

~~One spring~~

Wig & Bally one spring -

Charley

from Tennessee

Marion Harding -

a house (boy - named Peomts -)

Dale's broken leg -

~~Real~~ Peanuts.

1

One time in the spring Barney got a brown gelding. It seems like it had some connection with Paul Walker. We were logging in Chick Creek. Probably Dub Beach was there. This horse ~~was~~ ^{was} friendly. At lunch found in the woods he might come right up to where you were eating your sandwich like a dog, and ~~he~~ ^{he} eat a part of a slice of bread ~~etc~~ etc. I guess I started the name peanuts. I don't know all the reasons why, except how he'd eat or maybe eat anything and maybe I'd read a story of such a horse called peanuts.

We were sitting one day eating lunch and a caterpillar a yellowish and black fuzzy one came down from a tree limb ^{on} and a web and landed on Dub's neck. He rubbed it and in doing so smashed it against his neck. There were several years in IP when lots of these were thick all thru the woods. In the area of the Ranger station. We once logged horse log stuff out of the Ranger's house pasture. When the REA lines were put in after the right of way was clear which came from Last Chance ~~from~~ ^{from} back east of the highway and ran behind the r. station some of the timber from this right of way was ~~per~~ picked up and used by Charlie mostly I believe.

One spring Barney thought Glen Harding was going to come work for him. We were all ready to move up and just before going to pick him up he didn't go. I guess his mother talked him out of it. I guess they thought the work would be too hard. Then it seemed he decided he'd come up and just cut. But he never did. It seemed a big disappointment to me. He was even a nice guy. His mother Marion did come up

Peanuts - Dick

however he worked for Charlie. It doesn't seem like he stuck around long.

One summer while we were logging in Chick Creek Dale Swinn was driving the Ford and he'd skid with Dick. He used to skid using lines. When you skidded with old Dick you needed to be prepared that he'd go on a good shot. If he had to start a drag out - over some brush he'd go faster and over on a log. Once he got out on a good skid trail he'd settle down. But the more brush and noise the faster he'd go.

When you skid with reins (lines) you have to be very careful. There is always a danger that the drag will catch a pole or tree or brush on the ground and it will be dug forward. Sometimes the end will swing ahead. Many times as it does it will swing around parallel to the drag. So you have to watch for that.

He used to sometimes stand up on the drag when it was in the trail when there were 2 or 3 logs or if it was one large one that wouldn't roll.

Well Dale preferred Driving Dick. He would get down and pull when you needed him to better than any other horse since Kit. One other advantage was the horse could move away from you before you were hooked on and ready when you had the line next to you. And if you needed to back the horse to back the single tree to the tongs or chain you could back the horse with the lines easier.

I used to sometimes use a halter rope long enough that I could hold up the stock on

Peonets - Dick

two tugs with the single tree and the end of the rope in the other hand and back the horse. Some horses were real deaf when you called "back" to them. It could get real discouraging when you had to pull the single-tree just 6 or 8 inches to be able to reach at the chain, then you'd could get mad enough to go up and jerk the horse right good a few times for his inattention. Paul used to make Belly over for that sometimes. He was real loud about backing like that. All his sometimes just would back. Bell would ask ~~to~~ like she was going to. She'd move one foot and then the other - but she'd move back and forth sideways as much as anything. Most horses would stop backing if they felt a limb by their heels.

So with a rope running thru the rings of the bit you could back a horse in. We used to often unhook the chain while one put the end with the ring hook or slip hook under the log. We used to have to dig or push a hole under the log thru the dirt with a stick. Then push the hook thru and if you couldn't reach it to pull it out - you'd push it on thru with a stick. If you got your hand or fingers down under trying to pull a chain then you didn't need an impatient horse starting ahead while you had your hand wedged in between logs trying to hook a hook.

Then when the dog was started out and going away you could give the lead rope a throw up over the back of the skid horse and he could go on the skid trail ahead of you.

Anyway Dale wasn't watching one day carefully enough and he got his leg and foot caught between the dog and a stump along the dog trail. I wasn't in the woods that day. Warren was backing with Barney. It may have been a few vacation time. We were north of Ryberg's cutoff on the ridge by the forks. Dale really screamed so much that Warren figured Dick was a little unnerved by it. That is afterwards we have sensed something bad had happened. After Dale was hauled off to the hospital (with a splint on his leg that Warren fixed up when incidentally - Dale figured saved his leg, and the doctor probably told him that) Dick acted strange and didn't settle down.

Warren skidded with him and he didn't drive Dick. He led him. I got so I liked to stall with Dick. You had to be nimble around him. We used to drive him on the derrick sometimes. Then it was handy when there wasn't any logs left to load - you'd just hurry out to a near by log or tree and pick up a dog while the other skidders were coming in with their dogs. We used pickers a lot. Sometimes it was helpful when going after a dog.

With a pick you could lay the chain down on the ground next to your log and either reel or swing the end over the chain. Then hook it. Sometimes you could hook into the log and pry it up high enough to toss the hook under or start it. If a log was set down hard in the ground you could dig under with the point and also hook the

step back with the pick point and pull the chain on out the other side. You could also reach ahead and hook the single tree and pull it back to you when you were ready to hook the chain. Barney fixed his single tree so they usually had a ring and 2 grab hooks. Some of our skid chains had two slip hooks also, one on each end.

So Warren watched old Dick carefully for a while. When Dale drove the Ford in at night he drove real slow. He just poked along. Everyone sat a little irritated at his slow pace, and when we were behind in the Federal we had to go at the same snail pace. So after Dale was gone with his broken leg I went to the woods, and the next trip in Warren ~~drove~~ drove the Ford. He said well well not have to go at a snail's pace tonight. We went down one rough place where a large rock was out in the road. You couldn't go around it so you just went slow over it. The bumper side was about 6 inches higher than the dirt below. Warren didn't slow down very much for this spot.

after we got in Barney was a little while getting in in the Federal. He said, It's better to go to slow than too fast. Any time a man drives that road so fast I can't keep up with him he's going too fast. after the load was off at the spidway Barney looked and found a spring broken on the trailer behind the Ford. So he felt bad about that. I suppose Warren learned something from that also.

I used to enjoy it when Al drove the Ford.

Dick

5

Al shifted easier and down-shifted smoother and quieter than any other drivers I rode with I guess. Al watched the logging roads real well. Some people like Dale were sleepy-headed drivers. They just steer down the middle of the road.

Al missed the rough places. Went thru the puddles just right. On the old Ford V-8's they had a crank running thru the radiator near the bumper or they had like the Federal probably had the crank passing beneath the radiator. The Fords had the ~~distributor~~ distributor near the front and bottom of the engine and the fan above it. So if you hit a puddle very fast the distributor would get splashed a lot and you could chock out an engine pretty easy. You had to wait for it to dry off, with a warm engine that might not be too long - 5 minutes or you could remove the cap and dry everything off with a rag or towel.

~~When one uses~~ I guess driving a wagon thru the woods really helped to learn to drive the timber roads. It was a major task missing trees near the road - and stumps and rocks. In a car you had to watch carefully not to high center but in a truck that wasn't usually a problem.

With the wagon you could see all 4 wheels and that helped to see what was happening all around. Your reward when sitting on the old solid iron covered bunk was incentive enough to miss all the bumps you could. When you coasted too flat - a graded road - the washboards were very noticeable - the worst section of washboards

Dick

7

was on the road to Ponds from the end of the stockyards about $\frac{1}{2}$ mile to near the neck of the timber by the Tomb Creek flat. There was a road near the stock yards that curved thru the sage and curved to a small round patch of aspens and a small clearing on the edge of the flat where there were no sagebrush. The sheep herders for Ariel Peterson of always set up camp here when they came thru. We started taking off on that road and then when it swung off to the left you drove straight ahead and parallel to the main road until near the neck of timber at the end of the flat. There ~~was~~ ^{was an} aspen patch here and a deep barrow pit left from early road building. At this point we angled back onto the main graded road. It was smooth - It just was two tracks across the flat but it was smooth.

So we learned as we drove to mire the bad places. You could move around some puddle edges on staddle rough mallee in the road and road. Occasionally Al would stop once or twice on a trip and throw out a limb or a rock. One or two stops per trip didn't take a lot of time. I got it. I did the same. I imitated Al. When I drove back on - I'd throw out stuff here and there also - maybe even use a shovel occasionally to fill a small wash with sod. Or move a trip back away from the edge of the track.

And I'd wear long sleeves in the woods but strip down to the tee shirt when driving back and forth to the mill on a warm day. Driving was a challenge and interesting to see how smooth you could shift - make good time on the smooth straight sections of the road and go

smooth and slow over the rough. A lot of times it was better to slow and shift down before going into a puddle since hitting it too fast could ~~start~~ (shove out the engine). And if you goofed and got stopped in the puddle you could get stuck whereas if you keep your momentum you could drive on out.

~~One fall when I went~~

Barney said notice how when Bernie feels something on his neck or shirt collar he brushes it off and away from him rather than against his skin. These colorful caterpillars really did make your skin itch if they were rubbed against you. They'd cause a rash and itching.

old
Dick

1

Island Park. I always spent my sped vacations in I.P. Dave Jones left a gray saddle horse at Barney's. One night Barney went to the barn with a lantern to tend the horses. This saddle horse was called King. He was back in the corner of the barn - I don't know ~~if~~ he got loose in the stall or not but he was scared and in a strange barn. He maybe jumped around and in the commotion Barney figured to get kicked by King. So they kept him in the stockyard after that and ~~for~~ threw hay into him there.

I was there when Dad was once. I was excited about riding King. He was saddled and I was on his back. It was a cold day. Dad said Don't just sit around on him he liable to throw you. I learned from Dad's advice and kept him moving around after that. He was a gray with ~~spots~~ splotches of red interspersed along his neck and shoulders.

May rode him and really enjoyed it - May had some boots from probably the 1st summer after she was married. Barney had always said how he was going to get a saddle horse out of Randolph for her. The only saddle Souths-bro had belonged to Ren.

The 1st fall I lived in I P Barney used it on old Dick in an all day elk hunting trip - probably to Black m or Ripley Butte.

I once had a picture of King. I prided it. It was fun to ride with a saddle. I

rode about the camp and I started down the towards the railroad crossing and was surprised to see a bull, cow and calf moose standing there in the road. They finally trotted off past the mill and toward the Jack Jones cabin where they disappeared into the woods. King didn't show any fear or alarm at seeing the moose.

I don't remember Dave Jones personally coming here to I P or anything about King after that. I was to his place or past it west of Rigby several times. Barney had deals with them and logs for farms and maybe some cellar timber over a number of years.

There may have been a Webster from Rexburg who was involved with setting some cellar timber out.

Dave Jones had a black Percheron mare Bell. Barney used her. Sometimes they used her for skidding out their cellar timber. Then they'd spend a stint in the woods or in the valley and Barney kept the horses and used them. This made it so they didn't have to haul the horses back and forth several times during the summer. In early spring however they still used them on the farm so they were not always available when Barney first started logging.

They had a black calf - Bell probably was the dam to this calf. They used him to skid with and he got so scared of the amsh he'd run with the star drags.

then one time in the valley he ran with a
harrow and tipped it over on him. This made
him more excited than ever.

Eventually Barney ~~was~~ ended up buying him.
Mr. Santer used his & Betty. Then Charlie
Santer used his & Betty in Trail Canyon.
He had built his own mill across the road
from Barney but after he had spent at least one
the season using Barney's mill, Charlie
brought in a stationary engine. (maybe diesel)

after Barney started sawing again it wasn't
long until he got a diesel. He took the kids and
Moj and made a trip to the Columbia river and
arranged to get a GM diesel (marine engine)

We drove Dick & Bell to Trail Canyon.
One time Warren put a wire on her nose -
she barked a log into truck grill.

Ride to Chick Creek for it.

the 3 head of moose -
tuned back - went again.

Jess Reed - Al Dick & Bell in mangers
with front feet.

The Stinsons come to I.P.

Jess Reid

Cliff Skowten

his brother -

Charlie saws

Elaine Tate's husband Bybee saws -

Bob Tate - fall -

next summer brings Bud Norris to I.P.
Warren again cutting poles

Old Bell

One fall I was in I.P. Barney had to go off and he asked me to ride up on the Chick Creek road and bring back his double-bitted ax. I guess he'd planned to go back then logging and plans changed. He hated to take a chance on some hunter's finding and taking his ax before he went back again.

So I got ~~in~~ fairly early start. I rode old Bell with a work bridle and bare back. She usually had a washed man. I rode up the Chick Creek road ~~on the~~ ^{along} the flat. Then I went up the road east of the corralway - crossed the little flat and started up the draw. There is a straight stretch of road along a low ridge to the south that runs in between Skinnerville Lake and meadow and the road. As I neared the upper end of this stretch the mare started snorting a little and perked up her ears and head. There was a little noise in the timber and suddenly a carm mouse trotted onto the road followed by a calf and then a bull followed along behind.

She stopped and wouldn't go any far further. Finally I got her to go by constant urging and kicking her with my heels. It appeared the moose crossed the road but when I got to the place where their tracks came onto the road they had continued up the road. ~~He~~ A bend in the road at that point made it appear they had crossed from farther down the road. The road climbed gently up a gradual slope to where it became steeper as the hill sides on both sides of the road continued to rise higher. The road was quite

sidling at this point, most of the run-off run-off flowing on the lower track and cutting it more than the other, the trees were mostly jackpine with a few scrubby mature trees left standing from the largest tie logging days. On the upper side there were a large saw tree. It was bright orange and black on the lower bark. It had large heavy limbs and bore an old stumpage notch on a trunk root as well as the partially scab covered main blaze of a forester's marking ax. The back of the marking ax had ⁱⁿ the raised letters (L S) ~~in raised~~ which was stamped on the lower blaze after the back had been cut off to show it was officially marked for cutting.

Just beyond this tree on the opposite side of the road was a dense thicket of jack pines. "Thicker than hair on a dogs back" this was the spot where Paul and I had left Old Bally the day he got azotemia. At this point old Bally stiffened stopped and wouldn't go. I kept kicking him ribs. She kept snorting - low. She kept turning back instead of going ahead.

Did ride a little ways down the road and turn and go back. She always stopped at the same place. From within the thicket the sound of brush could be heard. Just soft snapping twigs - nothing loud and coming intermittently. It seemed as if they were staying in there milling around like cattle.

Just beyond the place where Bally was tied the jack pines were less dense but were more bushy. I wondered if the bull was waiting there to challenge anything following him and his guarded cow and calf.

So I started back rather reluctantly but I figured maybe the more could sense some danger I couldn't.

I ~~had heard~~ ^{had heard} lots of stories about bull moose being cantankerous during the rut. Bell surely could not farm out run one. It was a nice sunny fall (autumn) day. After getting back to camp where I waited a while with May, I huddled the old moose and stuck off again for the as.

When I got to this same place Old Bell seemed to vividly remember the earlier trip. She snorted low as we went along. She was reluctant to pass the point where she had turned around that morning, but with some persuasion she did go on. Past that point on the next ridge she ~~was~~ jogged along about as good as usually. I found the as where Barney told me it would be and carried it home.

One time we were driving Dick and Bell maybe we used rig & Bell on some occasions but she had a habit of throwing her head. When you got situated on the wagon ready to go and the lines in your hand she'd extend her head by flexing her neck and go take the bit (a snuffle) and give such a hard pull it would jerk your arm. I'd watch her for this and try to give her a little jerk. It must have been a long established habit because doing such things didn't stop her. She'd wait a moment and do it again.

Old Bell

41

One time Women told me how to fix her. He put a piece of baling wire from the ring of the hint on one side to the ring on the other running it over the nose. It was just loose enough not to bother her but if she bunted or pulled against the hint the wire would take the pressure of the pull.

We went up the left fork of the Trail Canyon Road just before Tim Cabins where old Savel top had fallen with me. We logged here for a number of years. We got poles and ridge logs out of one stand below the section six road. This fork also lead to Huckleberry Hill and Section-six. There was a "rocky dugway" as we called it going up onto the ridge from the fork in the road.

Because it was so steep we'd put the stop the wagon at the top and hook the back of the wagon to the front frame of the truck with a log chain. Then the truck with compression and brakes would let the wagon down the hill. At the bottom I'd pull off to the side at the fork in the road. One of the crew would unhook the chain - the truck would go on ahead and I'd bring the wagon in.

On this particular day as I got on the wagon and the line were handed to me Barney and others were hooking the chain on the back when Old Bell threw her nose out. It ~~was~~ was a great shock to Bell when she hit the wire with her nose. The result was instantaneous as she started backing up. I ~~could~~ we couldn't get her

stopped and until after a long log on the wagon was pushed back into the grill of the Ford. It was lucky the radiator was spared. Barney wasn't too happy about ~~our~~ our horse breaking, either.

Sometimes we rode down this canyon on the truck and left the horses at the mill. If we were getting strictly dry stuff along the road. Sometimes certain sizes and dimensions were required for cellars and we'd have to travel a long distance by road to find the right sized timber. Then the men shouldered, carried, and loaded the dry stuff by hand and no skidding was done.

On several consecutive trips down just below the "rocky driveway" we saw a large bull moose on the ridge to ~~the south~~ ^{the north}. He ambled over the hill when we stopped for a look. There used to be an old well at a wide grassy place part way down. There was a small round knoll near the well. In the days when only teams were used it was a popular watering place. The well was not very deep. The ground water surfaced there and sometimes it ran like a spring. Below in the bottom of the draw there were lots of small quakers and wild chickens (ruffed grouse) were seen there.

One day I reached down to do the breast strap to the neck yoke and old Dick reached down over my shoulder and just took hold of the seat of my pants with his teeth. He pinched a little but didn't really clamp down. Then let go. It was all very subtle and he didn't lay his ears ~~so~~ back or act mad in any way —

Island Park Maps

(as drawn by Bernie)

I P map I
general

Wild Rose
Ranch

Lalce Henry's Lake & 1st

Henry's Lake
outlet

Meads (Inn) RR "Y" Big Springs

Gill
moose creek
Lucky Dog creek

Buffalo River

Tom's creek

Island Park
siding

Railroad Ranch

Enckes warm River

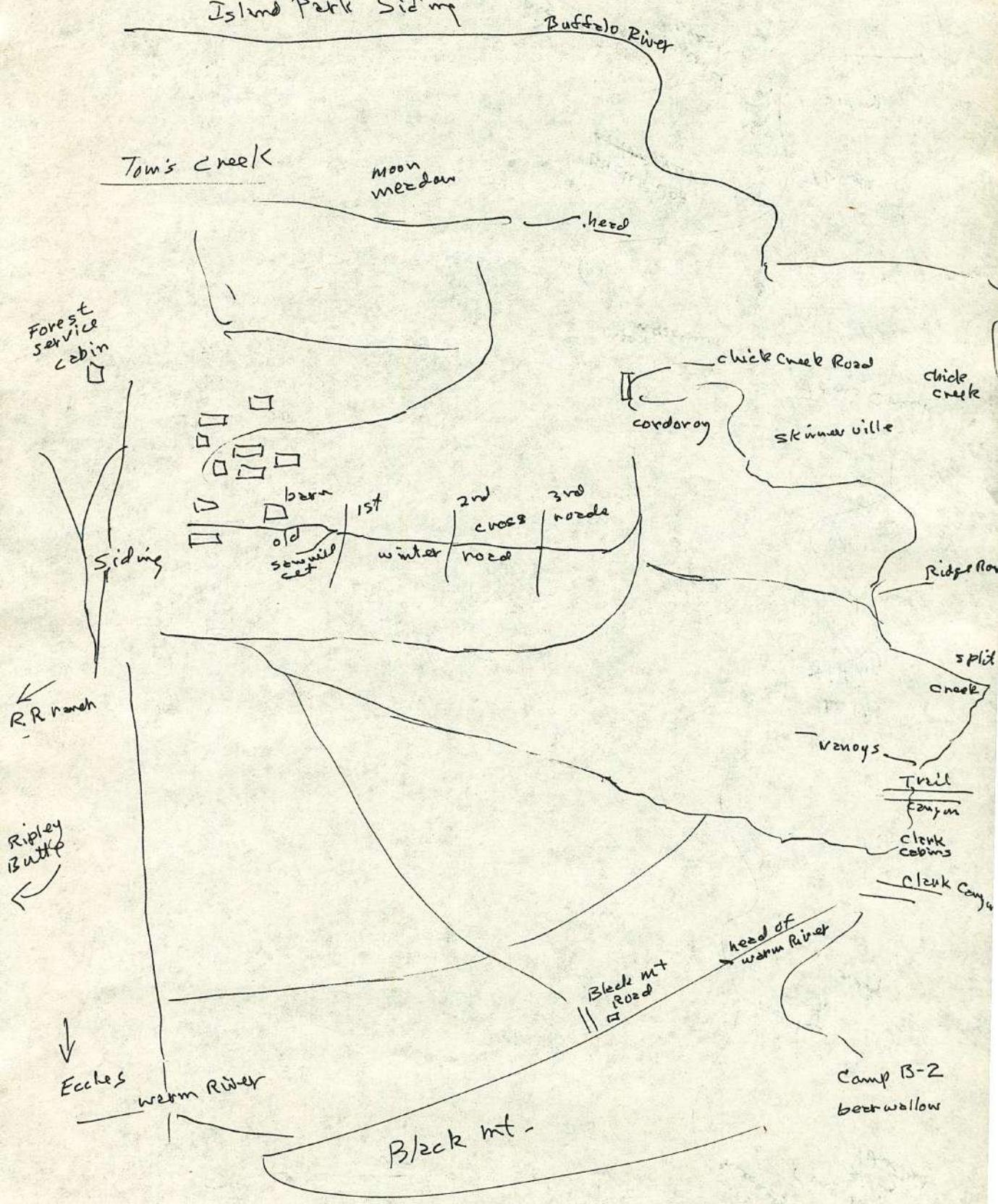
Osborn Springs

Pineview
RR water tower
u.s. or state
hatchery

Garnett

← warm River

I P map II
Island Park Siding



I P Siding map III

Ranger
cabin
well

clearing

claudia's
cabin

clearing

To moon
meadow

well
cellar
clearing

black smith
shop

clearing

school
house

Kuepps

Al Smith

big
tree

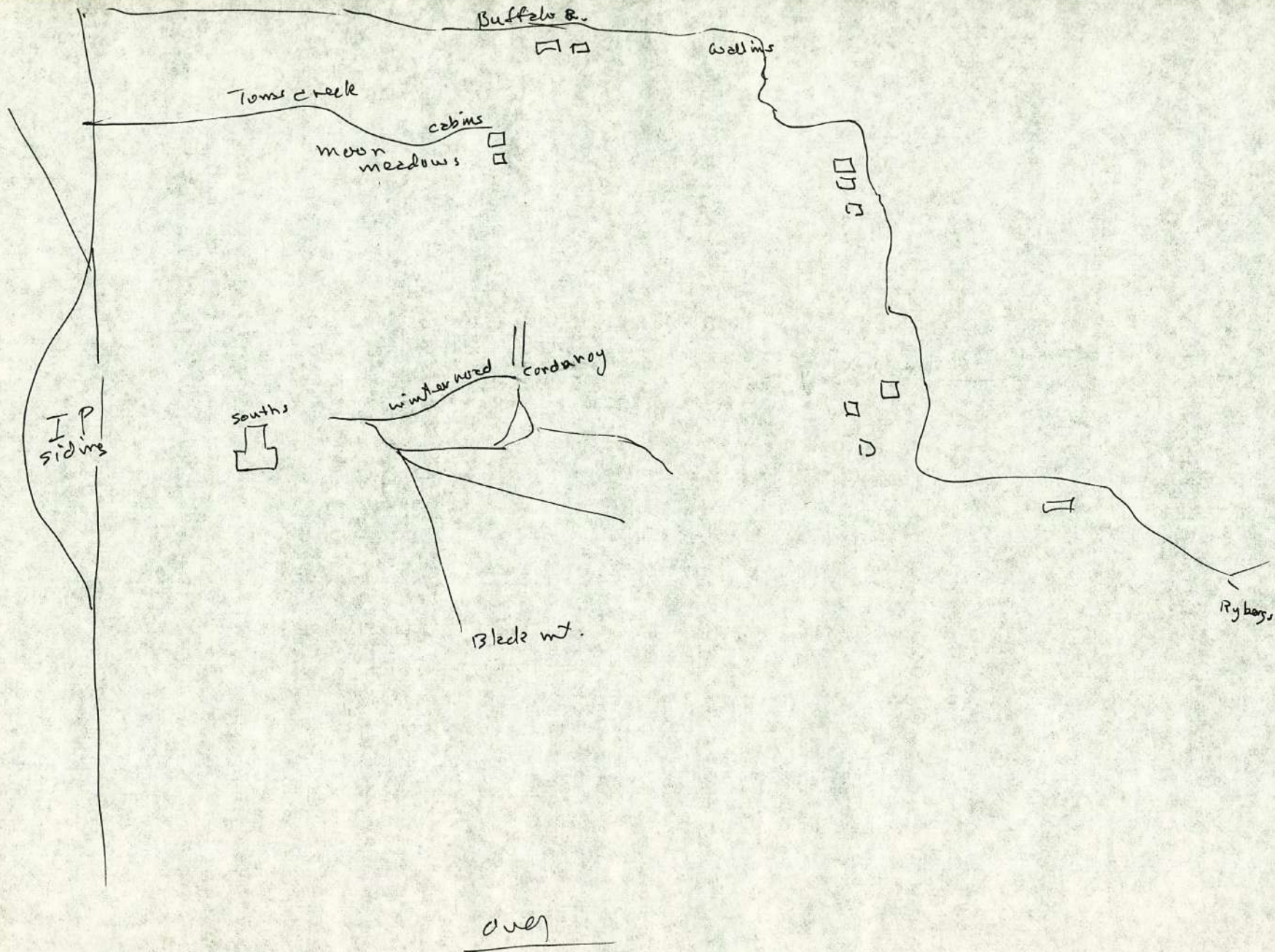
South

well

bunkhouse

cabin

Ren's
house



Trail canyon

Skinnerville cabins

split creek

Betty's cabin

old moose

twin
cabins

well

trail canyon

section
6 cook house