

The Memoirs of

Bernard Elden Knapp

Island Park Memories

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ISLAND PARK MAPS	3
ISLAND PARK – IDAHO FALLS	9
BUFFALO LAKE & SPLIT CREEK	30
RETURN TO ISLAND PARK	44
ISLAND PARK AFTER ARMY	50
ISLAND PARK WINTER	77
ISLAND PARK AFTER MISSION	90
ISLAND PARK HONEYMOON.....	109

I have attempted to organize these files in chronological order, as best as could be determined. However, there are almost no dates and some of the files overlap in time lines. These files were found in separate folders, so I was not able to organize them the way Bernie might have. —Morgan Knapp April, 2020

For more stories and memories from Island Park, refer to the file
“Early Memories – Trapper Keeper”

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

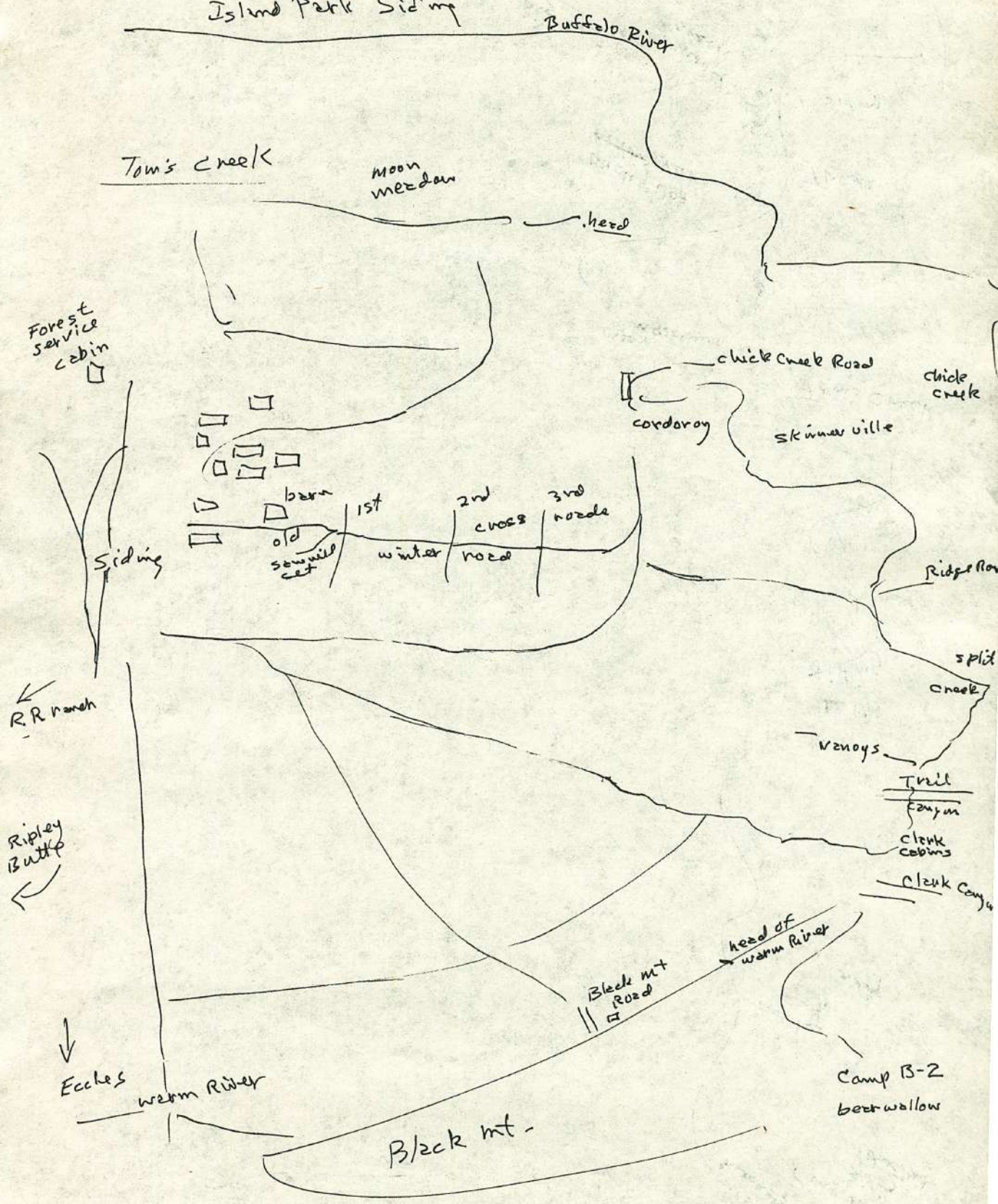
Osborn Springs

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

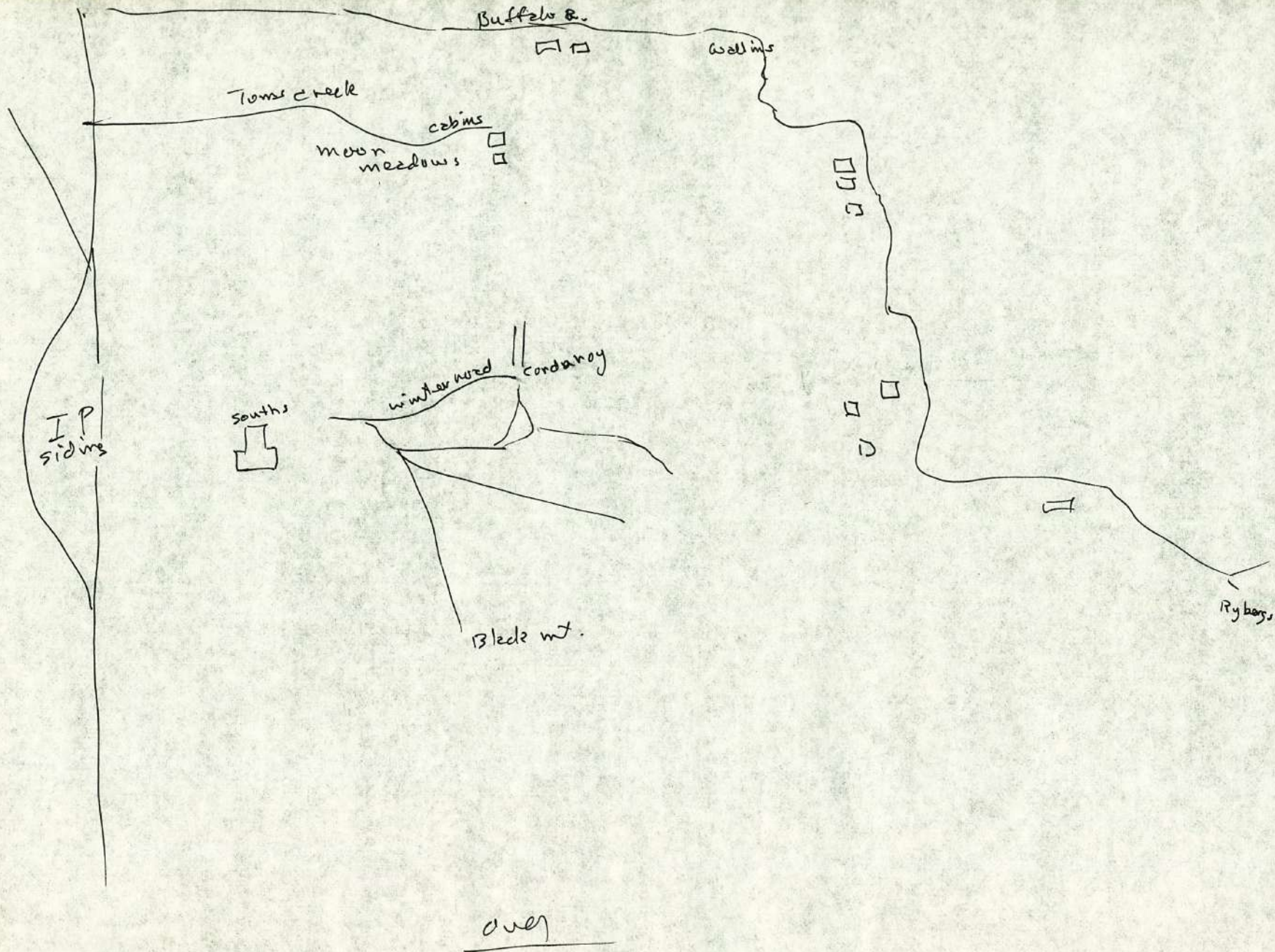
South

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

Island Park – Idaho Falls

I P. Places

1

If I could go back to I. P. and vacation I'd enjoy doing several things. I'd like to go down the Buffalo River by canoe. I've always wanted to do it. I've known of some people who did. Usually someone drives the car or truck back to the highway and it is essentially a float trip.

Along a ridge below Walline Cabin there are the remains or wrecks of some old cabins. No doubt these were occupied by tie hocks, they may have floated a good portion of their ties to the railroad and hauled them a mile or so north to the ~~Trude~~ Trude Sidling.

I'd like to visit the old cabin sites along the river. One where Claudia & Mary once stood around a fire while their clothes dried after a drenching in the river from Dad's house, Pungo.

Above section six there is the old cook shack. There is Ryberg's place of course on the spring on the Buffalo river. There are the cabins at Skinnerville. There is where a small cabin near the warm river on the Black Mt. road crossing. There are numerous old sites at I.P. the old Ranga station - the old sawmill sit. also a Split Creek. I'd like to find some ties stashed in the woods and at Split Creek Falls again. There is Betty's cabin. twin cabins in Trail Canyon and there was a Central Cabin. maybe on Split Creek.

most of these would no longer be standing and maybe the only remains would be some charred foundation logs where the Forest Service burned the cabins down. In some areas the new process of clear cutting and then tearing the earth apart after logging would have destroyed all evidence

of the former buildings.

I'd like to visit the old cabins at Chick Creek, Ham remote that place used to seem. I'd like to go there again and see if it seemed as wild as it used to seem. I'd like to camp there with my boys and hear the bugling of the elk as I did with Dad & al.

I'd like to snoop about these places with a metal detector - not expecting any buried pots of gold but hopeful on artifact or two. I'd always hope the head of a broad ax might be unearthed. The old sites in IP of blacksmith shop and commissary etc would seem fascinating to rediscover.

I'm sure as some place didn't appear the same going back by my father that even greater change have occurred in the ²⁵~~30~~ years I've been away. The last logging operation I saw in IP a machine was moved up to a tree. It clamped about the trunk - sent a sharpened ring to near the tip cutting branches as it went by extending arms attached to the ring. Then the tip were cut off. The ring dropped part way down the tree. - At this point a scissor like shear bit off the trunk of the tree and the arms holding the ring and the tree remained full length to rest upon the ground.

I'd snoop around the old sheep camp sites, and visit Pine view - and the cabin at Middle Creek, maybe a steel pair of elk antlers awaits there again on the lone hillside.

Return to
IP
page
5

IP

1937
after living in Island Park the year I turned 8 yrs old. I went to Idaho Falls.

Our family moved into a basement apartment in Sam South's apartment house on Ada Ave. ^{New years eve 1937} ~~1938~~

The folks had come down to J. F. once during the summer and arranged to buy a lot. In fact 2 lots. So the lots were on Cleveland St. which was across the rr tracks from South's. We attended the 4th Ward where I was baptized in Feb. First time we'd lived in a ward since moving to IP the previous spring from Rexburg.

During the past summer my father and all of us went about Island Park getting out dry timber (red tops and other dead trees). When Dad had enough out he arranged to saw out a set of logs. Now Barney helped and probably Charles and they built a log house on the lots. Started Jan 1938

I would walk from school (on Emerson Ave and one city block between 4th and 5th street had the Emerson school) to Cleveland to eat lunch with my dad. Al helped also but he was in school as well. Sometimes the roads were pretty muddy and filled with ants.

It worked out well for our family to build. It was a rather mild winter. Not a lot of snow. In fact it may be didn't snow the first month. They got the building up to square in nothing flat and the roof on before it stormed (I think)

Then they got a storm in it.

As they were talking and planning the house on the spot - I recall Dad telling Barney - he would like to have two windows in each

of the rooms - Why you might want to look out and see a dog fight.

the ~~city~~ city came along and ~~put~~ ^{hooked up} a water line. We had an outside hydrant just at the east corner of the house. The house had to be 3-4 feet from the property line. And it was from the east line. The house was facing south ~~but~~ ^{It sat} on a prominent place so the drive way was quite steep down to the road. Gradually over the years the ~~the~~ road was gravelled and regavelled, until finally it was paved - probably while I was away in the army.

It was the 3rd house on the north side of the street from the corner of Emerson Ave. and Cleveland. The corner house belonged to McKenzie. And elderly widow - Later taken over by a son. Another son lived north across the alley. He always kept a dog chained in his back yard. It always barked when ~~was~~ anyone passed by. That was Gladstone street. East of ~~him~~ him on the next place was Baker. A small unclown house and next to it another small house - Baker's daughter lived in it.

Across from it there may have been a couple of basement houses. One belonged to a blacksmith named McCluskey. He had a shop on the corner.

Next to us was a house about the size of ours. It was framed and siding. Del Flitton lived there. His wife Althea was a red head. They had one little girl a year or two younger than I. Caroline may have been her name.

to the east of us there were no houses until the last 2 ~~blocks~~^{lots} on the block, each had a basement home. Who lived in the end home I don't recall but by the time I was a deacon (12 yrs old). Ross Rock moved into it. He was a builder. My father knew of him. His family originates around Rexburg.

Next to them were Packs. Leland Pack and his wife Eva. Their oldest girl Nedra was my age. A year behind her in school a red headed girl Phyllis. Then Dick another 2 years behind her in school and Joan too young for school³⁻⁴⁻⁵.

The folks had known the Packs in Goshen or Shelby. George, the father had a small farm on 1st Street east of town 3-4 miles. He'd sold Dad two lots.

Across the street from Packs a large white house with 4 gabled ends was quite prominent on our street. Behind that house on the alley was a log building - originally a shed or coop it was converted to a house and rented. Van Orden's a second generation son from the Goshen Van Orden's lived in it. And maybe before that a Benson family. Benson married Packs daughter.

The Swain family lived in the big white house. Merwin Swain. They adopted a boy - 4-5 yrs old later on when I was in 6th grade or 7th. He was a hyper sensitive kid. Today that's what we'd call him. I used to baby sit there.

East of Swains in the corner was an old frame house - no paint on it. About the size of our log home. An old man named Pleaman lived there. Dad got the first shubert starts

from Bert Pieman^{sp.} ~~for~~ He had a big garden. Swaine had lots of raspberries, McKenzies had berries too.

Across the alley from Packs were two nice homes, white frame. One on the corner was Kings. He ran a road grade for the city. He used to go up and down all our streets, north of first street was not paved for many years. One of Mrs. relatives lived in the next house. Young was their name. King's daughter married Young. They had a set of twins - triplets and another set of twins (I think) One died very young.

The only other houses were across from us were three basement homes. One was unfinished. On the corner James Webster. He had several boys and an older daughter. One boy Dorcel was near Al's age. An older son later became a police man on the local force. He was a big man. He married a nice girl. One boy was younger than I a year or two.

My mother didn't let me go over and play with them. They did go to our wood, through the block south across the alley were a family name named Deverous (sp.) They had a girl a year or two ahead of me in school. And Billy was 2 or 3 yrs behind me. They were an attractive family to me because they had a canal behind their house. In the canal were Shetland ponies. Some were spotted (pinto) some solid colors.

Looking out our front window then place was always in plain view. They had several large old shade trees. the biggest and oldest in our neighborhood. Across the street from them was another house with large trees

There was a girl a year ahead of me in school and a boy a year or two younger.

names

With the basement houses across the street we had a clear view. Two other houses east of Devex -- I had Brownings They had two boys near all age older than I. the mother was a Webster or sister to Webster. then another Webster family - Leonard. His wife was my primary teacher for many years. Their oldest girl Lila, was in my grade at school. Then a younger sister and brother still younger. Later they moved onto a farm on east first street - Paul and Anna lived on that farm when Sandra was starting school. One boy was mas Webster but I can't remember which family - A Bala family and Hancocks too

the Dev. family took their Shetlands to West Yellowstone each summer and rented rides to tourists - They also dressed people's kids up in colourful chaps, vests and cowboy hats and took their pictures on the Shetlands.

I remember Ruth South having pictures of Dan and Burton each on a Pinto pony all decked out in cowboy outfits, they were Devex pictures.

On holidays and Sundays they would set up in Reno Park and do the same thing.

Or else just give rides for a dime or more for longer. I was so fascinated with their ponies, I'd ~~go~~ cut thru the block to the alley on my way to school sometimes just for the chance to get a closer look at ~~their~~ ^{them}.

They had a Cocker spaniel dog. I got to be friends with Billy some - eventually I got to ride one of the Shetlands. It was a sort of dun colored one. He rode a spotted one he called Doll. It got sort of old. I rode to Reno Park with him a few times on Saturdays. But I was in jr high by that time.

I remember once his spaniel went into a farmer's yard near the park and chickens started making a ukeus. Billy headed for the dog. The farmer ran out shouting.

Billy headed down the ~~road~~ road for home on Doll galloping and bellowing. get far home Smithy. The dog was on lead.

I came along behind on a shetland not very anxious to hurry.

In the next block east of us were 2 cinder block houses, and then a cinder block plant. It belonged to Clark. Eventually it became Clark Concrete & Pipe co. They had a girl Evaline a little older than I, and one or two considerably younger children.

At the end of the street was Hart's bakery. Mr. Hart had two kids. Jack - was a good basketball player. He played while at was still in school. The daughter younger than ~~at~~ was Jean. Later they put out a head in a wrapper Jack & Jean.

Some of their rolls and special ties were also labelled Jack & Jean. Eventually before the bakery went out of business the name of it may have been changed to Jack & Jean.

Well Jean married ~~for~~ Lloyd Ricks - who became bishop of ward when Barney died he had a lot of influence over David & Barney for a while in their teen age years.

along the alley next to the bakery were a half dozen small log cabins. It was the forerunner of our motel. Even today there are still many similar units.

Waver & Carol lived in one of these for a time. They were rented to families in the off season. The next house belonged to a Minn. He was a plasterer. He had a girl my age ^{Elinor} ~~Maxine~~ and a boy a few years younger - James.

James followed me to Ricki College 4-5 years behind me in school. He grew up to fill a mission. He married a girl from his mission field (Michigan) the younger sister was Maxine.

The father was a non-member. I often went there gathering fast offerings. The mother was faithful member. They were poor. Eventually they did build on to their house making it more livable.

As I walked to school along Emerson avenue I'd pass between their house and Websters. There were no other houses until Lomas street. Gladstone was the next street south - Deaver - lived on it.

On the corner of Lomas was a basement house. Then the city had a garage-shop

for equipment. across the street was a white house - a young family lived there. Had two boys - Gary - 3-4 years behind me in school. and Steve - 3-4 years behind Gary.

Gary played basketball at Ricks intermural when I was ~~an~~ manager of Assoc. men students. Steve was at BYU after I came there following my mission. He was in an Ed. class. Because of his show & tell item in Dr. Ed, I got my first introduction to Dr. Ed - its requirements - etc and began to get a minor in that field.

On the corner of 1st street was a service station and a store combination. You could get candy there, bananas, etc. They also had a motel unit. Off season people lived there. One girl from star valley (Leavitt) lived in one of the units - a cabin.

West one block probably on Lee Ave. was a Japanese school. Japanese children from all over the county came there. You could go by and hear them reciting inside at times. a wrought iron fence in a cement retaining wall surrounded their yard all in lawn.

A Japanese style building. it was quite large. Kittie Rameel was 1st Street Market. It was operated by Joe Armstrong and

Kindred. We bought our groceries there. They sold coupon books. We could go there pick out our items and they would tear out coupons. They also made deliveries at times. We were in the same ward. They lived on 3rd street.

Next to them was the 1st street barber shop

next to the barber shop was 1st street confessional.
You could buy kites - candy and varieties of things
there.

One of the houses across the street was
Clarence Hunter.

Our bishop was Grant Omond - he probably
lived on 4th street, between Halmer & Higher.
On that street too lived Wes Green. His
wife was a Hendricks related to mother.

Also a Rasmussen family prominent in
our ward.

A counselor was Clarence Hunter and Kindred.
Kindred's store partner Joe Armstrong married sister.
They had a sister that married Marion S. Romney.
When he became a general authority that became
big stuff. The bishop was special to me. But
Bro. Kindred was always laughing and jolly in
a deep voice. He had to be a favorite.

Bro. Hunter was just a quiet behind the scenes
work horse. No splash - just work, all business.

He had a son Al's age, a girl about Anna's
age and a boy David, a few years behind me
in school.

Armstrongs had a girl Al's age - maybe a
year ahead in school. Beth. She was a real
special person. They had a girl in my grade
and class in school Alene. In the second
grade she had to be it!

Once while we still lived in South's
basement I called her on the phone. I'd
never talked on a phone before. The phone
was upstairs in South's living room.
May had helped me find the number.

Gave the number to the operator. Someone answered - I asked for Alene. They said they'd call her. While she was coming I panicked - dropped the phone and ran out of the room - 'May!', 'May!' I don't know what happened on the phone, must have just got hung up.

One other time it was streaming and May, drove down to the 2nd ward meeting house to pick me up after primary. I wanted to give Alene a ride home. But I guess we couldn't spot her among all the kids running along on the sidewalk. Anyway I can't remember ever giving her a ride.

A brother to the mine of Armstrong + Kindred was Jensen. His mother lived in a large house next to the confectionary. Once a nephew, Jensen, came up and lived with his grandma and attended school - like the last 2 years of high school. He was a very unusually likable kid. Good - good example to yourself boys. Wasn't getting into trouble or goofing off -

Back to Emerson + 1st corner, a big 2 story frame home with high completely fenced yard was Chessbos. This very well to do family ran the music store by the same name.

A girl Joan was a year behind me in school. She was large for her age - not homely but not really attractive either. A gangly brother 2 years behind her in school was not very well known. Among kids I got to know there were hardly some of them, I'd see them at school

of course but their families affluence separated us from non school activities and since they were non-mormons we had no other ties. Often they seemed ^{to} be popular among classmates but this was probably due in part by their affluence. Little girls probably looked at her loom in nice dresses and clothes - like I looked at Billy D's pointer.

They would be somewhat attracted just to see the nice stuff she wore. Teachers too had a way of treating such kids on a little different level. Probably the very articulation was evident and enjoyable to the teachers. Some of the rest of us didn't even have radios at home. What did we have to talk about to a teacher.

On 2nd street several small houses ^{facing} north ~~west~~ west of Emerson. The corner house always had a nice Buick parked in either their garage or driveway. Next to them one or two houses was Squires. A boy in my grade in primary and a boy a year younger in my grade at school - Kenneth.

We went all thru school together. ~~One~~ One the ~~west~~ east were several cabin type rental units. A Binkman family lived in one of those, a tall slender boy Richard was in my class, a brother 2 or years ahead of us and a younger sister.

The next block was 3rd street. East was a large home belonging to Tuckers. Ray Tucker was a heavy set boy my age.

He wasn't always popular with other ^{boys}.
He tried to be friendly to me. And he was
helpful. He gave me some hints when I
first passed the sacrament.

Across the street from him was Larsons.
They had a boy older than I (2 years) Don.
A boy in my grade Keith and a sister
younger - in fact another younger than her.

On the corner ~~near~~ of 4th Kitter-cornered from
the school grounds was Hildebrandts. He was
a chiropractor. Had one or two kids, there
was a retaining wall along the sidewalk
by their house.

One day I was walking with mother
south next to this retaining wall. A
chow dog lived there. It sat there on
the ~~wall~~ lawn back 8-10 feet from the
sidewalk as we approached. Another
dog came trotting along the lawn went up
to the chow sitting there and cocked its leg
as if to a fire hydrant and went on its
way. Neither dog paid any other attention
to each other. This was once when I
saw mother lose her composure. She
really cracked up laughing.

The first time I ever walked toward
school with mother we were on Emerson
going south and at the corner of Lomax.
As soon as she saw the corner street
sign and ~~read~~ read it aloud she cracked
up laughing. She had pronounced it
Lumox (lummax). A derogatory
noun "you big lumox" was a

colloquial expression.

Once several years later we were together sitting in our 1936 Chevy sedan parked on main street in Driggs. Dad had gone there to see as regional work director of the I F temple to see a stake pres. about a temple work assignment. He had gone into the Cannit house perhaps to see his mom, while we waited in the car.

It was of the noon and school ^{as} let out. Kids were passing on the street. One girl called to another see you tomorrow Enid. Mother had a fit of laughter, Phil never heard that name before. Later the youngest of George Pack's daughters moved into a house moved onto the lot next to us. She and her husband, Woody Mellie, named their first daughter Enid.

On the corner of 2nd street and Higbee a new church was built. At first we met in the rec. hall. It had a stage. We used folding chairs. Finally it was completed and we moved into the chapel. At the rear of the chapel sliding doors separated the rec. hall. It was plastered on the outside white. Dad spent a lot of time working on it.

It was nice not to have to go to 9th street for church and primary.

On the corner of Third street and Lee Ave there was a small grocery store - Cuddles.

Jay Cuddle was a year ~~younger~~ younger than I and Charles was ~~1 or 2~~ 1 or 2 years ahead of me in school. Later Jay was teaching school

~~at~~ a history and a counselor at AF. high school when I did my student teaching. Charles was athlete of the year his senior year. He did real well in track.

This sort of gives an idea of our neighborhood. North of us over the hill was the stock yard and livestock auction.

Now back to building our house. One day I left school at lunch town with my lunch in a paper sack. I started across the school lawn toward home. The janitor grabbed onto me and told me I couldn't leave the building. He put me into a lunch room into the school building. There were two buildings at Emerson. A small single story building with 2 1st grades and 2nd grade. I attended 2nd grade but in the other building. By the time I was put into the room where they ate lunch I was sobbing uncontrollably. Finally a teacher got me calmed down to where I could explain what I wanted to do. They explained the janitor thought I was going out onto the lawn to eat lunch. Eating on the lawn was not allowed.

So I left and went home. I ate lunch with Dad. We ate a lot of scrambled egg sandwiches.

On the corner of 5th street and Emerson lived Milton Christensen. Dad had known him from Goshen. His wife mother had known as a girl - maybe at Ricks. she may have been a

Peterson. They had at least one daughter older than I. One girl, Colleen, in my class and a boy 2 or 3 years younger. Later he was patronized gave Warren & Steve their blessings. Colleen & Alene were buddies. They were a little snobbish. Colleen talked constantly in Sunday School classes. She was very nice to teachers - some were run out.

In our senior years at school two boys transferred to I F from Iona to play ball. Leo Parker and a _____ Gardner. The Gardner boy became very interested in Alene and married her probably before she began college.

Her sister Beth, married Walt Jausi. She met him at Ricks. He was an outstanding athlete at Ricks. In his 2nd year there he was in many sports. He was a star basketball player and on the boxing team as a champion in his weight the same year. He went off into the service to the South Pacific. They were married before he went overseas. She led the singing in our ward until after he came home. Then he played basketball in the ward between attacks of malaria. He was kind to help younger kids in the ward at school as well as in the 1st street market.

Later he was a butcher. (Even for Paul Bauer in Shelley). First Street Grocery went broke. Joe Armstrong went into real estate.

Bro. Kindred died of an unexpected heart attack at an early age. He had a girl a year or two older than I, Kathleen, and then a

son Jay. Jay became a doctor and was the one that delivered Tim in the I F hospital. A boy Hal was several years younger than I.

Owens had a girl Joan about 3 years younger than I. Both after we were in different wards they had 3 more girls - no boys. Sister Owens lived in I P, each summer. She had a hay fever problem which was relieved by living there. At first it was Big Springs later a cabin on the Buffalo R. just below the bridge at Ponds Lodge. Their girls worked at Ponds sometimes.

In the 500 block of Cleveland lived George White. We got milk from them sometimes. People complained about the freshness of the milk. They were quite old. They had never had any children. Sometimes they would stop on Sunday morning and give us a ride to church in his model T Ford, ~~when~~ before the new church was ready for use. Al rode his bike a lot.

When I was in Taiwan they gave some books to my folks to send to me. They are treasures.

Farther up Cleveland lived Thomases, Danielsons, and Millers. Louise Danielson Thomas was in my grade. We competed as baby sitters for Swaine. Also for reading the most library books in 3rd grade. Her older sister was very fair and was always chosen to be Mary in all the school Christmas & nativity scenes. Dean Danielson was biggest boy in our school but didn't seem to like sports. He went inactive in church by joining

graduation. I thought he was a twin of Pearl his sister because they were in same grade. Later I found he was older - had just been held back a grade or two. Guess that's why he wasn't interested with other boys in his class at school - he was older.

I often had Cleveland at my fast offering table so I went to their home a number of years. also went teaching to some of them.

I was really interested in playing marbles. We called them "wigs" We often traded. Bullseye flints were the most coveted ones. If you played on the sidewalk "steelies" were used. They rolled without bouncing so much.

The cheapest marbles were "corks" they come in two sizes. They were rough and uneven. When you put a good marble in the ring it was unfair to have someone else put one against it. There were a myriad of rules governing marbles. One game was lag - another pots. Barney and Charley played pots with kids in their neighborhood.

In second grade we studied Indians. I made a clay pot and painted it an Indian design. We had a different teacher come in and teach singing. a Mrs. Owens. a little short rotund teacher from the other building.

at recess it was jump rope, marbles and soccer. I like soccer but didn't like softball. The janitor was Mr. Crow. Lots of kids liked him and hung around him or his wife on the playground. Our school had none but no savings.

My second grade teacher must have been Mrs. Walz.

When summer came we prepared to go to Island Park.

That spring - Ben South got up one morning and loaded up and pulled out of Idaho Falls and headed for Wyo.

He took his team clip + Dick, and the International truck. We moved to Island Park. But things did not go well for Souths. No one was buying any lumber or logs, after about a month we were back in I. F.

I remember going to 100 Street Grocery with Al. Ben Kindred said "Will you work?" I said, "yes, they got fired" Al was pretty chagrined. Ben Kindred laughed heartily and said he sort of puts it the hard way doesn't he?

Al went back before the summer was over. He couldn't find any work in I. F.

We helped Dad, he cleared the lot of weeds - mostly tumble weeds - Russian thistle. We had a big bon fire. Dad planted a garden. As he spaded up the back plot there were a lot of old tin cans and other things along the west side of the property. He figured an old canal maybe had been filled in there.

He was proud of the tomatoes that came on a little later. He enjoyed putting in raspberries. A lady in Goshen had told him how to plant them. He was anxious to try her method of growing them - and it turned out to be very successful -

Buffalo Lake
&
Split Creek

I P Buffalo Lake.

Probably near the 4th of July one year when Dad & I and the boys were running the mill - one of David's friends came to visit from Ft. A miller, the eye doctor miller's son. He was in a Land rover jeep. We decided to make a hike to Buffalo Lake.

Dad was upset expecting to run the mill that day - He hated to be ready & planning to work and then have us change plans. It was 9-10 a.m. May. intervened and prevailed with Dad and I went with the boys. We drove to Nobleberry hill on Section 6 and hiked on. We carried fishing poles. I had my camera. We crossed the South Fork of Split Creek Canyon. I saw the first columbine flowers I'd ever seen along the west slope of that canyon in the rocks that day. It was a spectacular flower for me to discover that day. ~~too~~

We climbed up the rock slide on the east side of the canyon to where we could see the pool of water from where the Split Creek Falls cascaded down. It wasn't noisy even in the springtime as it had been the first fall that as I came upon it, the water dropped off some rocks from a ledge 8-10 feet high into this pool. We hiked ~~on to the~~ eastward and where there were shallow drains still wet from spring runoff all sloping toward the canyon. Later a mile or so east we saw many patches of snow. Some snow banks in the shaded ~~as are~~ areas were 3-4 feet deep. There were many low places wet from melting snow and small clear tricklets running over the moss covered ground. Some times we stopped with a hunting knife carved into the snow. Beneath the ~~crust~~ dirty crust the inner snow was crystalline and icy but served as water for our thirst. We didn't need

I P Buffalo Lake.

Probably near the 4th of July one year when Dad & I and the boys were running the mill - one of David's friends came to visit from I.T. a Miller, the eye doctor Miller's son. He was in a Land rover jeep. We decided to make a hike to Buffalo Lake.

Dad was upset expecting to run the mill that day. He hated to be ready & planning to work and then have us change plans. It was 9-10 a.m. May. intervened and prevailed with Dad and I went with the boys. We drove to Huckleberry Hill on Section 6 and hiked on. We carried fishing poles. I had my camera. We crossed the south Fork of Split Creek Canyon. I saw the first Columbine flowers I'd ever seen along the west slope of that canyon in the rocks that day. It was a spectacular flower for me to discover that day. ~~to~~

We climbed up the rock slide on the east side of the canyon to where we could see the pool of water from where the Split Creek Falls cascaded down. It wasn't noisy even in the springtime as it had been the first fall that Al & I came upon it. The water dropped off some rocks from a ledge 8-10 feet high into this pool. We hiked on ~~to the~~ ^{the} eastward and where there were shallow drains still wet from spring runoff all sloping toward the canyon. Later a mile or so east we saw many patches of snow. Some snow banks in the shaded ~~area~~ ~~area~~ areas were 3-4 feet deep. There were many low places wet from melting snow and small clear ticklets running over the moss covered ground. Some times we stopped with a hunting knife carved into the snow. Beneath the crust dirty crust the inner snow was crystalline and icy but served as water for our thirst. We didn't need

Finally we hit a plateau where the timber was heavier and the trees generally taller with mature timber stands interspersed among the smaller ~~new~~ ^{new} growth. Within a short distance we hit a trail. We walked south along the trail. It was an old established trail but there was no indication that it had been recently used. High above us the trees were well blazed on both sides. We recognized it as the park trail. We hadn't gone far until we saw markers placed on trees designating the park boundary, the Yellowstone to the east - the Targhee National Forest to the west. The blazes on the trees were marked in an exact line while the trail snaked slightly around clumps of trees and brush.

Within $3/4$'s of a mile we came to the familiar wooden signs used throughout the park designating locations. The trail split. One sign indicated ahead on the trail Becker Meadows - so many miles. Becker River & a sign with arrow in a different direction. A number came into the wooden sign indicated miles. Another sign with arrow in a different direction indicated the fork in the trail led to Buffalo Lake. We took this trail of course. It wasn't far inside the park line to the lake. The lake was situated in a low place on this plateau. There seemed to be quite an open flat area with small pole sized timber surrounding it. Some low timber covered ridges were farther away but no high ridges were evident in any direction. We'd climbed a great deal as we hiked in from the west.

The first thing we saw as we left the trail in the edge of the timber was a small cabin. In front of the cabin a tall lodge pole pine pole was set. It looked like a flag pole at 2-3 inches diameter extending

15-20 feet in the air at least. tied to the pole above the height of the pitch of the roof was a short handled scoop shovel. It was there so that rangers patrol the park boundary in winter time could shovel down to the door for entrance.

I don't recall windows in the cabin. I'd guess there were one or two small ones. Likely some type of supplies were stored inside but I don't suppose the windows were left unboarded or else bears or other animals might gain entrance to the food caches.

One time my father went elk hunting before he was married and they tracked some elk into the park. They happened to meet a park ranger who told them if they were tracking a wounded animal he would let them go after it but since they were not they would have to go back across the line which was well blazed on the trees and hunt outside the confines of the park.

We discovered there were probably no fish in Buffalo Lake. Except for a little seep seepage into a moist area that extended for a ways along the trail there ~~was~~ ^{was} no outlet to the lake such as a creek. Without walking around the lake which maybe covered 4 acres we could not see any stream flowing into it. It simply was a collection point in ^a the low spot in this basin.

In later years I inquired concerning fishing in it from Prof. Lowell Biddulph. Dr. Biddulph was coach at Ricks and later athletic director. He ~~was~~ also taught Geology at the college and had worked at Yellowstone as a ranger during the summers for many years. He told me the lake was probably too shallow to

I P Buffalo Lake

5

service
sustain fish in winter. The water may have frozen over so completely that the oxygen would be depleted before spring thawing. He wasn't sure that the park planted that particular lake ~~to~~ for summer fishing. It was quite remote.

As we looked at the lake it had a very gradual bank and we could not cast our net very far into it. The surface of the lake wasn't entirely still. It had some ripples and waves and a loon was sitting in the lake. I assumed it was a summer nesting area. The loon was a nice sight. It's interesting to see birds and animals that you read about in books and then exciting when you see them first hand.

We didn't waste any time fishing. We'd have liked to have had time to make a raft or figured some way to determine if there was fishing farther out from the shore. One big thing we noticed was that from the time we crossed the Spotted Creek Canyon to where snow laid along the trail it was like another season. It was like La Park a month earlier. Everything was just breaking spring. Some butterflies, probably some glacier lilies and melting snow banks. That meant the first weather warm enough at that elevation to bring out the mosquitoes in large numbers. This species was smaller than what we'd been used to seeing but seemed even more ferocious. We suffered a real deluge. At the lake they made the task of setting up fishing tackle real uncomfortable. Eating lunch was no pleasure either as we hurriedly ate our sandwiches - after no more than an hour during which time we snapped a few shots with my 35 mm camera we rushed back down the trail. We were able to see to the west

for many miles. The sun was getting into the afternoon sky well after noon. We passed on the rim of Split Creek Canyon and looked out across the IP flat. We could see the vast expanse in panorama. The flats of the Railroad ranch. Henry's lake & Shotgun valley beyond the IP reservoir. The IP flat looked close and small. Tall spine like trees silhouetted the nearest timbered ridges. It was a clear day and the panorama made the entire trip worthwhile. We did take some slides also.

Climbing ^{out} of the canyon I lost the huge filter (in the rocks and bush) ~~in the~~ off my camera. It was of a clip on type. I looked around for it a bit among the rocks and bush and columbinas and then we climbed over the top and put some old piece of bawn tie and slash pile of shavings to the road leading down section 6 dug way. We made that descent rapidly and rode home in the land rover.

One time Steve, David, Barry & I drove up to Split Creek near the camp where Gene's crew had been. All the 8x16' shacks had been removed. We parked there and hiked up the north Fork of the Creek. It is a canyon with steep walls. Rock outcroppings and rocky ledges overlook the small boulder stream creek. There are a lot of balsam fir in this upper part of Split Creek. A wide grassy bottom below the camp with scattered mature pines grows lush grasses and fern like plants. The islands and banks along the stream are thickly covered with horse tail and

7

Buffalo Lake
Munton Fork Split Creek

monkey flowers and nigger heads, a deer or even a moose or elk laying down in these lush grassy meadow-like wide creek bottoms would be practically hidden from view only yards away by a passerby.

Up stream the canyon quickly narrows. The almost vertical sides to the south rise several hundred feet above the creek bed. The stream cascades and at places hardly seems to have a channel with the large rocks and windfalls strewn at occasionally along its course. Toward the upper end the gorge is even more Vee shaped and the large obsidian rocks seem larger and more numerous. Some balsams grow out from among the rocks. Finally the roughness increases into a sort of box canyon. Climbing up and out is like climbing out of a shield. The stream disappears as such where water comes out from among strewn rocks. Climbing out over the top a small stream flows and mostly sinks into rocks. Some in ledges, others scrambled one on top of the other.

Once on top we circled the canyon to the north and came out on the slope of a tall ridge extending north for maybe a mile or more. On this south slope there were some large aspen groves. There were some rather open areas of grass and shrubs also. We ran down the last part of the hill in giant leaps from rock to rock and grabbing and holding on to bushes and shrubs to slow or halt or speed. Keeping

once balance and footing is very important. ~~It~~ When coming down such a steep slope one may suddenly find themselves going faster than they would normally go on a dead run on the level. In order to keep balance and control one must slow their speed. On a bare ~~steep~~ slope trying to slow would only mean a fall since your feet would slip on the dirt, grass or rocks.

By concentrating on watching your footing you can jump below placing your feet firmly against a small tree trunk or shrub root or land squarely against a large rock with a flat surface. Even jumping onto a windfall will help if you are careful to land squarely. You have to be very careful not to place a foot where it is uneven or an ankle could be turned ^{or} broken.

When landing one absorbs the shock of the jump with the knees and thus the knees break the ^{celleration} deceleration until the momentum is controlled almost to a stop yet leaving enough momentum to carry one into the next step. Sometime this may be a giant leap off both feet carrying one over another windfall or to the next place below where there is another spot that will ~~provide for the feet~~ may be planted securely - or at least securely enough to allow a leap to the next landing place. Placing a hand out to grasp the dead ~~limb of~~ limb of a

North Fork
Split Creek

9

windfall or a stump or branch of a sapling to steady one's self ready for the next leap.

Trying to run on a downhill slope is very difficult. In a very short time one gets too much speed to control running where for just place one foot ahead of the other. This also does not allow any reasonable resistance to the forces accelerating one's speed. Hopping and jumping allows control of speed and that allows for balancing and continued forward motion without the same energy as running where one legs stride ahead of the other. The effort to descend is much less. Gravity does the work and momentarily the body is suspended in the air or momentarily as the feet are planted it is in a resting state except for balancing and bending the knees. Little leaping effort is required to jump from one place to another. Occasionally in an open area one will stride and then a site must be selected to plant both feet and cut down the speed in order to keep it under control.

Well it is fun but it is a bit little reckless. One could easily slip on the bark of a windfall, or catch a part cuff on a limb or dead branch or misjudge and ~~shut~~ stub a toe when leaping a down fall or limb. Landing uneven on a rock or any place ~~where~~ where one sets down a foot could turn an ankle. Sometimes one can alertly avoid turning an ankle if when they feel the feet in an uneven position allowing the ~~the~~ knee to suddenly

North Fork
S. M. Creek

10

hard or go limp keeping sudden pressure weight or force off the ankle. Then an extra bit of foot work may be necessary to avoid a fall.

Near where the car was parked there would not have been a big problem getting the rest of the way to the car and home with a sprained ankle or a ~~to~~ bruise. However, if one was several miles from the road such as when we were hiking into Buffalo Lake and were climbing and crossing slides and rough terrain miles from assistance ~~it~~ traveling in such a reckless manner would be foolhardy.

But it was fun and we had a good time. We hiked and explored some more of S. P. land never seen before. The obsidian boulders were ~~unique~~ ^{unique} in this area. Throughout S. P. there were formations of volcanic nature. The lava outcroppings ~~are~~ west of the high railroad and the cones in Ripley Butte were appeared more like the lava of the areas of lava in the Snake River Valley. The rivers as Fall River & Snake coursed thru there from St. Anthony to Am. Falls, etc.

But the sandy ~~soil~~ nature of the soils on the flats was a ~~coarse~~ coarse sand mostly black. Close examination showed that the ~~particles~~ particles were somewhat crystalline appearing with many faceted sides appearing shiny. Yet the rock was not the pure shiny obsidian such as ^{Indian} Arrow heads were made of. Mostly ~~it~~ this rock appeared to be made of a more granulated composition. As these forms were

North Fork
Split Creek

11

broken down and ground smaller the entire coarse sands of Island Park appeared to be of such a parent rock.

When you think of digging a well anywhere in I.P. on the flats and finding this sand to the bottom of the hole - 12 - 16 - 18 - 20 feet deep you wonder about the geological history of ~~the~~ these vast flats and how this was deposited here above the clays or whatever substrata held the ground water in the aquifer of the entire I.P. county.

Mary quite a few years later placed half a dozen of these large obsidian boulders on the perimeter of the lawn of her new home built on the sandy soil of Sand Creek in Taylor - south of I.P.

Some of the rock in the North Fork of Split Creek had a brownish cast to it and darker black spots were dispersed in some of it. It didn't appear to break up in angle as the Obsidian like the Indians used. In Yellowstone there is an Obsidian Mt. where large rocks and formations appear more glass-like than this rock. Perhaps a temperature difference in the making and/or cooling in the geological history of the rocks made the difference in the final rock. Many different substances existed as the rocks were formed. Anyway they are unique and one feels it would be nice to take these rocks for a fire place or to take it home. It's I.P. It's native. It has an special appeal.

Hike to Split Creek
Old Steam engine

1

One time Barney's friend De Lyn Russell came to J.P. and we went up ^{on} the Split Creek to the old mill set. We left the car at Betty's cabin and walked up the creek, all places we followed the old road which went up the creek bottom crossing occasionally at old bridges. Along the banks house tails were numerous even back 20-30 feet in the moist areas. About $\frac{1}{4}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ mile from the Old Moose the south fork joins from the rugged Split Creek Canyon. At the mouth it has gentle pine covered hills and then quickly narrows as you follow the creek south. As the canyon narrows the creek is covered with numerous windfalls and boulders are strewn in the bottom of the draw.

On the east side the ridge coming to the creek is ~~gentler~~ ^{more} gentle and timbered. To the west the canyon walls are steep with almost vertical rock ledges and little timber growing on its side. Another $\frac{3}{4}$ of a mile south we had crossed this canyon on our hike to Buffalo Lake. In a short distance to the south the road left the creek bottom and angled up the side hill to the east.

I had often heard of the old mill set. I had heard how Al had at one time visited it with Barney and there were some logs floating in the old mill pond. On this day I didn't see any pond although a small stream ran past. I can't remember the steam engine other than a boiler. If it had was mounted on a chassis or wheels I didn't see them. Possibly they were

Hike to Split Creek

Old steam engine

covered by the natural settling over process of pine needles and bark and debris from the mill set. As we approached a wood chuck was sighted among a pile of slabs still standing after so many years. I was packing my 22 9 shoot pistol. I made a successful shot and drilled him. D. Lynn got another shot with the pistol. The rear sight was set between two small set screws in a slot. Shooting vibrated the set screw so that we had to be very careful to prevent it from getting so loose it would fall out.

The sawdust pile was much smaller than I had expected it to be. It had of course settled over the years. The mill pond - I don't know unless it had filled in with bark and the water had emptied. I don't recall much of anything else concerning it.

Later on an old man from Rupert who was a bachelor came to see Mayorie concerning her old steam engine. He went to the old set east of the siding and looked over the Case that had been left sitting there when the Souths backed it out of the mill shed and drove the double cylindered Rumley into its place. He bought it. He also wanted the Rumley and took it to his place in Rupert. We understood he had collected quite a few on his place there.

Then he even went to the old mill set at Split Creek and got the Nicoles - Sheppard out of its resting place and hauled it off.

I was not around at the time but wished I had been. I'd never been around the old set except

2

the
ever got
whether he
had died.
engine running as he expected I never heard -

had died.
engine running as he expected I never heard -

last

the one time

Return to Island Park

Return to I.P.

Steve Knapp worked on the R&A power line and lived in West Yellowstone for several years. Here he was quite active with the senwiche, a Jacobson who had once worked for the railroad ranch and later got started with his own place on Henry's Lake flat with a home at the upper end near Sunset Lodge worked with Steve in the West Yellowstone branch.

Later Steve was transferred to Ashton where he built or had built a new house. On our honeymoon we visited Steve and he took us out to the West Yellowstone garbage pit where we saw Snizzlice feeding from car head lights and flect light. Walking over to the edge Warren shined a powerful flashlight down over the edge where two half grown cubs were unesthing and playing.

I spent some time in I.P. with Bam one year after he left school at the Y. and he was staying in Gene Jones old cabin with 3 other guys. They were all married, none of their wives would move up for the summer. They logged and ran the mill. They didn't know much about the woods. They just fooled around a lot and had a good time. One worked for the railroad and two were school teachers - coaches - so they left for school and Bam was alone to try to make things go.

They built a large lodge on the flat on some of the 40 Acres that Barney had traded to the state of Idaho to acquire. The state wanted some land and so they told Barney of it. It was located near Spencer. He bought

it and traded for 40 acres just south & west of where Charlie Smith built his mill. It took in part maybe most of the old house pasture that Barney had fenced years before.

There lodge was built out beyond any trees nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ mile. after the lodge was built they moved there and batched in it. Then they gave up on the partnership and settled accounts. Benny came out some what of a loser. Benny would admit to making mistakes but he didn't sit around and complain about his bad luck. He just kept going. The last year or two they ran the mill Randy worked with Benny. He had a pretty good mill going and had a planer set up to go and a pretty good front end loader.

David told me once he drove up to see Benny. He was sawing and laying next to him on the skidway was Benny's ³²⁰⁶. He asked what the rifle was doing there and Benny pointed to a tree back beyond the truck a ways and there was a man sitting propped propped up against the tree.

Seems some guys had come into the mill at night or nearly dark and had stolen some gas. One of Benny's partners saw them and gave chase. They were in an old pickup and headed east across the flat. Benny knowing there was probably no other way the guys would know of to get out had the guys wait at one or two locations and sure enough. after a long time they came driving out in the dark. They were met and detained at the railroad crossing I believe. They

were ordered out of the car on truck and then told to leave on guy there and the others (2) two could go on and report to the sheriff to come back after their buddy.

By the time David arrived the next day to see Barry no one had come back for this 3rd guy and so Barry was holding him there while he worked with the rifle. Someone finally came to get him but the details of that I don't have accurately -

I worked for Barry for a few weeks expecting to earn credit with him for a set of house logs.

I spent 2 weeks there one summer. There was a pack rat in the attic of the bedroom part of the house which really kept people awake and a squirrel also which made an alarm clock unnecessary. One summer I got some big jacks and jacked up Dad's cabin. Mayj was going to give it to me. The bottom most logs were rotted. I got it up on skid logs $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet high. I'd hoped to get skids under it and hoped Barry would be able to move it with a cat onto Mayj's 40 acres somewhere. As I was digging away along ~~side~~ ^{the south} in the pine needles I found an Indian head penny. First one I remembered seeing. Billy Walker's wife came past that day and we visited for an hour or two. Someone had taken all of the wooden stoves from the cabins. The old majestic was missing. I saw one in an antique store at College Ave & Norton Yellowstone in T F for sale for \$500 - As I stood and looked at the old stove there in the store it seemed so familiar I just had a feeling I'd known the old stove. I suppose it wasn't just another majestic

range but the majestic range. But beyond feeling there was no way of proving it. The stone out of here and Elmer's cabin was great nice enameled stone with an excellent oven and a hot reservoir. It was tanked away also.

Barry got a trailer house and moved onto a lot in near Last Chance east of the highway. The first trailer in the lane was occupied by Sheila & her husband.

One night while living here Barry observed his garbage cans were tipped over by a bear. He decided to watch for the thief. The next evening he sat in a car facing the cans, when the bear appeared he turned on the lights. It was a young but mature (grown up sized) grizzly. He had his 30 carbine and decided against shooting it since it could have easily been wounded and run off if he didn't make a clean kill and the area was heavily populated with summer homes.

A few days nights later a lady heard a bear in the back yard. She looked down upon it (into their garbage cans below) and from the upstairs window of their chalet she shot it with a shot gun. When the wardens came the next day the hole she put in its head ruined it for mounting.

Barry had his trailer at the KOA campground at Last Chance at least 1 year. He and Elmer ^{and} enjoyed the I.P. branch. One time while they were there they received a call from the state pres. of Yellowstone State in St. Anthony. He had asked a verification of the number of temple enclosures

Return to I. P.

5

He'd received a report and wanted to verify it. The I.P. branch had done more endowments during one of the winter months than the rest of the state combined.

One of the plans of Barry's partners was to operate a lumber yard and hardware store at Last Chance. When they split up their partnership they let one guy - who was with the railroad take it over. The other 2 partners took over the lodge and some acres.

Then they Barry & David acquired a building at Last Chance with highway frontage. It had hot gas pumps. It had a lumber yard with roof in the rear. It had been badly vandalized. A cabin was moved onto the rear of the property. It was sold and moved off I believe.

May sold her cabin. The fire place had to be dismantled before it could be moved. Its separate foundation was about centered in the building. It was heavy at least 40' long and nearly 30 wide. on 7 or 8 foot ceiling with $\frac{1}{3}$ to $\frac{1}{2}$ pitch roof. It was peeled 5 inch logs and knotty pine throughout on the inside.

When Barry left Last Chance he moved his 4 frame chalet from behind Sheila's trailer over onto the property fronting the highway. Up until the time it was sold it was used as a summer home by Souths. Our family stayed there on 2 occasions. Once Mother went with us. Our kids loved the loft area. It had one or 2 bedrooms and one bedroom down stairs plus the bath. It had methans on the outside of the 2" decking roof.

Island Park *After* the Army

I. P.
after army

1

after returning to I. P. they still had old Dick and we used him for skidding. We cleaned up on some timber on the ridge above Split Creek and the two upper Dugways - at George's camp and at the corner of the section. Dick died. I can't remember the circumstances - after wards his body was dug away from the manger and he was left on a ridge near the upper dugway - where Cliff Jensen went to watch for a bear to shoot. A bear came and fed on the old horse but Cliff never happened to see it there. So the old horse that had spent so many years in the woods in I. P. was left to rest under the pine ^{near} on a section of land where he'd spent many days and ~~so~~ many nights under the stars tied with a rattling halter chain to a 6x4 wooden manger.

He'd chewed on green pine cones occasionally until his breath had a terrible stench. Unlike other horses that had been acquired earlier in the sawmill's history he'd never been turned out to graze hobbled ~~or~~ unhobbled. At some time in his earlier life he'd been foundered because his hooves were hard and brittle and ^{slightly} cracked with rings. He'd skidded a great many logs and pulled a loading derrick a great many times. More than once he'd been placed on the front end of the Ford or Federal trucks to pull them from a loading derrick ~~or~~ located in soft ground out to the main road when otherwise the truck would have remained stuck.

One time someone shot a rifle near his head ~~and~~ which resulted in ~~his~~ temporary loss of hearing for several days.

† P after army.

Chub

2

Mayaui had acquired a black gelding which we called "Chub." He was a willing little horse to pull. He had a wide chest and was not afraid to lean into the collar. It was said he'd been used as a skid horse before they got him. He worked out quite well. He learned a lot. One thing, he was eager to bow his neck and give it a good try.

It is fun to skid with a horse that will move out. I'd put ^{the} ^{hatter} chain ~~that~~ thru the bit rings and w'd go to the skid trail from the tree. With a fast horse you need to move quickly. You have to watch both front and rear as you go. When you pass a tree next to the drag you either have to go with the horse between the horse and tree or pass the lead chain from hand to hand around the tree on the go. The horse may be on a swinging trot. Maybe a large lumbering draft horse weighing 2000 lbs would walk along with a drag but the horses 1500 ~~to~~ lbs or thereabouts we used soon learned to take advantage of all the momentum they could get. In this regard Chub was no slouch.

I often held ^{to} the rear hame and lifted my feet above stumps and jackpine. Sometimes I'd step from stump to log and walk along a windfall parallel to a drag trail. Always one was safer near the shoulder of the horse and if footing was ever doubtful a hand on the hame was insurance against a fall which could place you in the path of a drag. One tea-son

learned to watch for any loose poles or snags along the skid trail that might swing around and catch the heels of the horse or the man. This was the biggest draw back against skidding with lines when driving a single horse. If a span of horses were being driven which was necessary for saw timber the teamster had to be on constant watch for them so he didn't get tripped ~~up~~ by one of them, that is what happened to Dale Irwin when he broke his leg driving old Dick.

Along side the shoulder of the horse the skidder needed to move back and forth slightly along the skid trail from his position next to the horse. If you approached a tree next to the trail you would try to pass between it and the horse so that you were past the collar with your body as the horse passed the tree. Sometime a ~~fast~~ horse would be unexpectedly jerked sideways if the drag caught a root or stump or some other obstacle, and you wouldn't want to be ^{caught} ~~lost~~ between the collar and the tree if the horse swung into it.

Sometime a horse would hit a tree and skin it pretty good with the collar & harness. So timing became important when skidding with a fast horse.

Dad skidded with "old Tops", the roan mare acquired from Rameys. Dad always carried a pickaxe to help in hooking the skid chain and in pulling a log end around to the trail. He also used the back to trim occasional knots or limbs - especially dry ones, usually only a few inches in length. A skidder could do a lot to clean up logs on

LP after army
Dick & Jane

4

the drag trail. An ax usually was kept handy near the loader for the green limbs that persisted. Some dry limbs - short stubby ones would be thrust off along the trail as the drag passed over down timber and passed by stumps and trees.

Dad often walked ahead of Toke after the drag was secure. She wasn't too good to go ahead of the skidder down the trail. Usually there were too many directions she could find to go other than to the truck. She was slow enough not to run up on Dad ever, and yet to need a little gentle persuasion which usually came from the flat side of a pickanoon on a slab sided rib cage or over the hip as a gentle persuader.

I don't know when the bay ^{bally} mare Jane was purchased. She was a chunky little mare. She worked okay but she didn't like shots. She developed ~~pneumonia~~ ^{pneumonia} and the vet suggested a shot of penicillin twice a day. She got to the point she just plane and simply didn't appreciate it in her muscle. She even got a little violent to where they try to jump her back end around in your direction when she suspected you were coming up with the needle. Usually it was placed in one of the heavy muscles at the base of the shoulder or even the upper muscle of the front leg. I believe we lost her to the disease one day that on the hill. We drove out one morning to find her down and not breathing. Not too far away from where Dick had breathed his last also.

I don't really remember if there were two horses or if the tall slender light colored mare acquired with Chub was called Bally or both Jane & Bally.

Any way we did drive her with lines because she wasn't too trusting to stay with the trail and wasn't very eager to lead with a drag or go in the direction of the truck. We drove her to move stuff away from the mill such as cellar timber and ridge logs & rafters. For lumber piles we used the 6x6.

The one year we went to get the horses after calling Arie Peterson at Spencer where he agreed to have them corralled in the stock yards there. We arrived, Barry, David & I. We caught Chub and the mare. She had a colt. A big brown colt. Dad had told me about how you catch a colt. You get them into a corner and place your right arm over their withers or back and put your weight on them. You grab the nostrils with your left hand and cut off the air supply. They will fight. They'll rear and jump and maybe step on your toe. They'll even fall down but you hang on regardless and you'll finally wind up on top. Then you can put a halter on them. Even though they don't appreciate it they do learn that you're not really going to hurt them although that may come more after the halter is applied.

So I tried it in the aisle of the stock yards. We didn't know how many weeks old the colt was but he was 2 weeks at least and being of work or draft horse stock $\frac{1}{2}$ at least he was a big tall colt. So we did go the

rounds. I held on and he basked around and around. When he'd bask against a gate then he'd eagerly ~~than~~ ^{shift} from reverse to forward. He went down with me once and I lost my hold and had to begin again. But finally we had him and with a halter got him up the chute and into the rack along side his mother.

In I.P. one day I caught him in front of Dad's cabin near the big old tree in the center of camp. I held onto him. He stepped on me and we went forward and reverse. Dad watched I'm sure amused. Again I finally won out and got a halter onto him. He got to eating a little grain and tamed down quickly. After that we could get up to him and then grab the halter ring.

I fixed up a sheepskin nose band on the small halter I customized for him. I started him leading with a loop from a $\frac{1}{4}$ " manila rope looped over his rump. After he got coming along well I'd sometimes take him along side the small bicycle the boys had - an orange 20" bike - I'd pedal them camp and over the tracks and along the ponds road past the end of the stock yard and back again. If I got him to a gallop ~~he wanted~~ ^{he acted like he} to play so I kept him usually on a jog. Well this made up for some of the times earlier in my life when I had yearned so much for a pony.

Benny spent some time with the colt. He seemed to have an interest in fooling with him. In the fall when we were getting ready to load the horses and haul them to the

valley on a snowy day in Nov. likely we took the chey trucks to the stockyards. The railroad had built a loading chute for trucks on the north end finally. They usually trailed their dude horses back to the ranch beyond Last Chance after their cattle drives to the railroad. But finally they started hauling them and as a consequence of that built a ~~loading chute~~ for loading trucks. Up to this point they seemed to jealously guard the use of the yards by shippers other than railroad using their facilities. Occasionally after maintenance crews painted the scale house they'd post no trespassing signs and padlock the door. Usually in a short time ~~they would~~ the lock or hook would be ~~picked~~ ^{pry'd} off. Sometimes people coming to load and sell lambs would want to weigh the lambs and start using the scales before any section or train people arrived with a key. We never saw any malicious damage ^{done} to the premises however over the years.

~~It~~ On this particular day as we went to the loading chute with the horse a large bull moose stood out several hundred yards to the north on the edge of the flat. He was about where the old railroad spur had dead-headed when it was there. He acted awfully strange as if he was on the prod.

He wasn't afraid. He'd trot in small circles and he seemed as intent on looking at us as we did him. He finally ^{dis}appeared and we wondered if he'd been disgruntled as the result of a fight with another bull.

I'll jump back several years to where Barney dropped one of the old pole trailers in the front yard near the porch of his house. It was sitting with one end of the reach down of course and Barney and David swung it around to where the end of the reach sticking up was pointed at the stock yard like a cannon barrel. Then they rigged up a super sling shot or giant rock flipper using inner tubes fastened to the stakes - one on each side. I don't know just how they pulled it back to stretch it but they did. They gathered some of the larger rocks from the pile around the siding where section crews had hauled in rocks and gravel for sanding cattle & sheep cars. The largest rocks were 2-3 inches in diameter. Possibly by scouring the camp and the right of way and barrow pits some larger rocks could be found.

Anyway they pulled it back and to bombarded the railroad one time after a string of several stock cars had been left at the siding. It made a real bang when the rocks hit the cars. Barney wasn't long getting them stopped. At that range the force of the rocks could have cracked or broken some of the ~~boards~~^{boards} on the racks of the cars.

The kids used to also visit the siding after a string of cars were unloaded and do something to uncouple the cars. It made a lot of noise as the air escaped and each car probably had to be hand coupled again when the next engine hooked on. The brake system was flexible hoses. Perhaps the mechanical

IP after 2000

9

knives to the core could be screwed down also by turning the wheel at the top of the car.

We bought and cut some timber west of the tracks for rafting poles and house logs. A Walker kid attending school at the U of I in Massacou marked the timber for us. It seemed weird to me that he would leave some of the straightest trees. He said it was because the straightness was hereditary and they needed to leave some as seed producers. He dated a Catmull girl from Rexburg. Her father George had a very deep bass voice. He may have been a brother to Joseph the speech prof. from Rich.

But as a major in forestry I figured he was off base thinking straight lodge pole pines were the result of heredity rather than environment.

We left the horses in the woods therefore we would have to drive up and water and feed them on the days we didn't log. Usually we went in the evenings. It was cool then. Old Dick used to tank up on water. At one time when we were hauling water in 55 gal drums - we'd pour out of the ^{bung} into a barrel cut at the $\frac{3}{4}$ mark. I've seen him put his head in and never bring it out of the barrel until he could be heard slurping at the bottom of the barrel because it was so near empty.

Sometimes they'd be so thirsty that when we'd open the bung they'd lap at the water coming out of the bung. Those were earlier times before we were logging near the creek. We didn't put the houses right on the creek however because the mosquitoes and deer & horse flies would have been too bad.

The deer flies were going with occasional ones

I. P. after army

with red or green eyes in parts of their heads. Some house flies had green heads while others were grayish. Occasionally the big black house flies would come around. They had a large white spot near their heads, when they sat down on a horse he responded. He'd twist and turn and try to reach them with his lips. They usually went for the middle of the back. They were slower and if you could get up to the horse before he got too excited you had a good chance of hitting them.

Sometimes nose flies were bad. A horse will change the shape of the nostrils when nose flies are sticking. A horse too must be respected when flies are really bad. They will strike with their front feet at nose flies. They often stand with the weight off one front foot ready to strike. They hold their head low with the nostril near one knee.

The nose fly comes up from between the legs front legs and flies up toward the chin. If you watch patiently you can often ~~sometimes~~ slap both hands together and catch the fly as it comes up between the legs toward the chin. If you miss you watch carefully and in a short time the fly will circle and try it again.

In mid summer until fall when the gnats hit the bot flies also come. These lay eggs anywhere on the front legs and neck and beneath the neck and chin. Often the easily recognized fly - a small black & tan

fly with a posterior curled under and a distinctive stinger pointed forward flies against the larva to attach an egg to a hair.

The cycle of the bot is to be taken into the mouth after the horse scratches with its teeth, then the warmth of the body once ingested and moist causes hatching. The hatched larvae attach to the stomach lining or intestine and unless treated with chewing tobacco or drenched with Turpentine-linseed oil mixed or a prepared warming solution remain in the body until near spring time where they loosen their attachment to the inner ~~lining~~ lining and are passed on to begin a new cycle where pupation leads to an adult fly.

The nose fly hatches outside the body, while the larvae migrate by crawling until they make their way into the nose or mouth. In some species at least the migrating larvae have been known to make their way into the brain of deer. Apparently migrating thru the sinus areas may cause mental discomfort and real trauma for an animal.

We often ~~came~~ ^{went} up in after dark and of course many times did not return until after dark. Barry & David took turns driving. Who got to drive up and who back never seemed to be a big problem. They seemed to have it worked out and the one going up never gave any problems changing to come back. Maybe some times there wasn't always agreement on who would drive up. Their dog Cocoa often went along. On the way home one night

There were some problems with the brakes on the 41 Chevy and it when they pulled up to the side of the house it didn't stop like expected and the bumper hit the house. Inside the piano rolled a foot or two away from the wall at the point of impact.

Once an immature muskrat ingrated thru our camp and we caught it. It just sort of played possum when approached. For a time it just stayed on the back porch of the house and Susan & Randy watched it. They were quite interested in it.

In the woods one day we jumped a nest of little snow shoe rabbits. We ran down about 4 of them. I don't think we ever saw an old one. They were real cute. Being members of the true hares they don't have long ears like jack rabbits. They are real cute when they are little. We finally released them.

One one side hill one day I fell a tree into another and it lodged. Another tree was fell into the first. One forked tree finally lodged tight. I fell trees into the "dog pile" until finally there were no other trees on the hillside ~~steep~~ close enough or long enough to reach the pile.

I wouldn't let Barry or David go in the pile. Finally I went in the middle of them with my ax. The boys watched and were alert to let me know if they saw any developments. I carefully stepped off a path in between leaving tree trunks to a place near the standing tree where I could

calculate the steps out as soon as I heard a sound. I'd carefully measure out the stroke of the ax and get ready for a single hard swift blow. I'd strike and run. I had to do this several times before the familiar sound - a loud cracking and popping of wood finally leading to more cracking and popping, then the entire mass went crashing down. My ax was tossed flat to the ground as part of the calculated plan to get out without danger and damage to ax handle or chain saw. There was something like 9 or 14 trees hung up in this one big pile on the hillside that day just south of Betty's Cabin on the west slope of the ridge.

Sometimes when a single tree was hung up it could be lodged by turning it with a cant hook or pulling the butt back from the stump. In pole cutting a man or two could carry the trunk off to dislodge it. In heavier timber a skid horse could pull the tree back or sometimes a rolling hitch with a log chain would get the tip of the tree loose. And sometimes the standing tree was simply cut to fall the same direction as the lodged tree.

When the other tree was cut someone really needed to stay back and keep their eye on the tree and let the cutter know as soon as anything started to change or move.

Sometimes a faller would misjudge the direction a tree naturally was inclined to fall and it would lean back and pinch the saw.

With the cross cuts a wedge employed could usually get the same feel. With a chainsaw unless it was quite a large diameter tree and the blade was well into the cut a wedge could not be used. Sometimes a hard wood wedge could be used. But it was hard to start a wooden wedge into a cut when the tree was leaned back and the cut was bound closed.

The end of the measuring pole - a small 1-2" dry pole 8 feet long used to measure lengths of logs for bucking up trees in the woods - could be pointed or Barney at times drove a cut off spike into the end of the pole. This end could be placed against a knot or a limb up the tree or the spike jabbed into the tree so it wouldn't slip when someone pushed on the end of it. Sometimes one man couldn't push a tree back once it leaned the wrong way. Then the one with the saw would need to help. Once the tree started to fall in the right direction the sawyer would rush forward and grab the saw from the cut.

Sometimes a longer pole would need to be located and brought to the tree so that a purchase higher in the tree could be used and then a pretty big disadvantage could be overcome. If a wind came up just at the wrong time and from the wrong direction it could be very hard to overcome. Occasionally when this occurred the tree would come back so far it couldn't be pushed over. Then the tree might have to be renotched if possible or just cut off the stump from the notched side and let fall. This provided the greatest danger

to the saw.

Felling a tree in the midst of other trees isn't nearly as easy as one might think. And after the delays and dangers of long ups one really tries to avoid lodging a tree. When felling spotted timber - that is timber that the forest ranger marks is a little more difficult. You could cut other trees first and get them out of the way but when you can only cut the marked trees there are less choices.

When a marked tree lodges into an unmarked tree it is usually considered a legitimate reason to steal a tree in order to harvest a paid for tree. The old marking method was a blaze put on the trunk with a hatchet. The blaze was at least 8 inches long and 2-3 inches wide all facing in the same direction probably toward the road. Another blaze was cut onto the stump next to the ground and then the back of the hatchet had the letters U.S. embossed on it. This the back of the hatchet was hit onto the trunk blaze eliminating a cutter from making his own blazes. The trees were counted - sometimes lumber chalk was used to mark the count on the blazes.

The size of the tree was figured from DBH diameter - breast high. Sizes ranged from various inches - like 6-9-9-11 or 12. etc. If the size was considered saw timber or lumber logs then a scale was used to determine how many 1000 board feet were in a tree and the charge for stumpage was figured by a certain price per M (thousand board feet.)

I.P. after army.

16

In later years paint in a squirt can was used and a little stream of yellow paint was squirted onto the tree trunk and also at shoulder height.

After Barney got rid of or stopped using the 2 man mill saws the little yellow McCulloch saws were popular. They were difficult to keep running. Finally the Homelite saws came along. Barney of course hated to lose so much time - when a saw was broken down the entire crew stood around in the woods. So Barney got 2 identical saws, this way there were always a spares or spare parts at least. But they still seemed hard to keep running.

I don't know just when the Homelite came to I.P. but I know it was a welcome change. It was reliable. We even got an EZ model and it ran and ran for years. Maj had one or two older models, they ran very good. When I cut pulp I bought one. I actually got paid enough the few weeks I was there to pay off the cost of the saw. It was assigned to me by the company (^{Edgson} pulp wood company) and I worked off the cost of the saw. It was a used saw, it was in good shape, a former cutter had used it and then quit. They were also dealers for Homelite saws and carried parts and files etc, so it was convenient for their crews. ~~They didn't have men~~ their men didn't have to leave the woods for service or parts on their saws.

So it was a good saw. When I finished cutting pulp Maj. bought the saw ^{from} me and that was about the total of my wages.

for the pulp cutting. But I did have a good fall hunting that year. my best ever.

Maj took the girls out to the school bus where they rode to Mack's. The boys stayed with Grandma Knapp and went to school in I.F.

One morning I rode with Maj to meet the bus. Randy & Susan weren't in school. Part way over to Cub Creek we met the Railroad Ranch cattle. The old man (foreman) Dan Clark was riding ahead of the cattle. He rode up on his horse and asked Maj to pull off to the side and turn off the engine so ~~he~~ it wouldn't frighten the cows. He rode in full regalia - a large bandana and chaps. He was a tall guy with white hair.

He talked to the cows as he rode on "Come Cows". It sure seemed funny that a cowboy called to his cows as if they understood and yet figured they were too wild and spooky to pass a car with the engine idly. This old guy had been foreman of the ranch for years.

Any other herd of white faces you'd pass you'd have driven thru the middle or near one side and the cattle would have funneled right back into the road behind your car. Well I think we still made it in time to catch the bus at the highway or at Ponds.

In the fall the coyotes would ~~hang~~^{howl} around the barn and move in near camp. Maj got some comfort from their dog running out in camp and barking. She figured he'd warn her of intruders in camp. At night whenever you

how drove in Cocoa would run out toward the clearing behind the toilet and gas tank and back. Sometimes he'd run and back around camp in the middle of the night.

Late in the year that May sold the mill the people that bought the Moon Meadow Ranch a year or two earlier named Ashley - ? decided they wanted to buy her 6x6.

So I went with her to get it. I guess we went in on snow shoes. The one fall up until we moved out I'd run the 6x6 along the flat road 15 to 20 feet to the west of the regular road. I'd do this once or twice a day as weather conditions seemed to dictate. This seemed to catch enough of the snow drifting from the prevailing south westerly winds that the main road stayed more clear.

May had left the 6x6 parked near the warehouse for the winter. Then she got sale for it. So we went in to get it. It started up. I don't know if we pulled a tobogan in with a battery. It was a nice starting old truck usually. It also had the advantage that you could bend crank it. The drive shaft to the rear tandem had gone out on it and laid in the snow somewhere around the warehouse steps. We got it started and I drove. We had to back several times and push forward to pull the grade to the rail road tracks. The section crew had removed the planks from between the rails and so there was 6-7 inches from the rails to the

ties. the width between the rails was just the same distance as that of the front and rear tandems. So once the axle dropped between the two rails we sat there, with only the front axle pulling and spinning against the cold steel we were trapped. I got a shovel and dug thru the snow near the road side at the barrow pit and threw snow under the ties. Maybe even sand was placed under the front wheel ties. And we got out. We were able to make it across the flat and onto the Tom's Creek flat. Here the snow was deeper. We'd spent a lot of time also.

Possibly we'd driven her '54 Chevy to Cut Creek with chains on it and walked on in from there. About half way from the neck of timber between the two flats to the next timber we stopped. the truck wouldn't move. we shoveled a bit and then backed in our tracks. we could drive ahead a foot or two and then had to back again. we tried walking ahead and breaking a trail for the front tires. this helped but we didn't get very far without stopping. we were nearly pushing snow with the front bumper. It was a high bumper too.

then we got stuck because I drove off the road into the barrow pit on the left side of the road. Everything looked white and the same. we couldn't follow the road. we couldn't see it. Finally I walked ahead and could tell if I walked off because the snow was deeper under foot in the

banner pit. So I walked ahead enough we could make a proper trail. Then we discovered if we'd drive forward but stop before reaching the point the truck wouldn't go any ^{farther} ~~farther~~ we could back up without getting stuck. If we drove until it was stuck then we had to dig to get the truck started backing again.

So stopping short of getting stuck made it so we could ^{go} back and forth and not have to shovel or push. We only made 18" - 24" at a time doing it but we didn't have to get out anymore. So we finally reached the timber. At this point the snow depth was less and we were able to go ahead again. The heavy trees sheltered the road and we were able to drive along fine after hitting the timber. We turned on our lights. The heater in the old truck helped a little. Dorothy acted tired and May probably imagined about how the trip affected her.

We got to the car and turned it around and I believe we left the truck at ~~Ashton~~ Ponds rather than at Ashton. It was a long day and it was good to be finished. Later May informed me about the piece of drive line left buried in the snow by the warehouse and decided that was because we had gone in on a Sunday to do it.

Once we were driving the Federal down the Chick creek road with a load when an axle or a joint broke. This time the truck bose. It just rolled of course. We were

fortunate it didn't happen on one of the dry ways. So we towed it in with the army truck. David drove the towing vehicle. We were on the ridge where Ryberg's road left the new graded road about $\frac{1}{4}$ - $\frac{1}{2}$ mile south when it rolled to a stop.

As David was starting to pull me he was turned looking out the back window to check on the tightness of the chain and to see how everything was going and got headed off the road for a big tree.

I tried to signal to him to "look out" as soon as I saw what was going to happen. But I was too late and the front of the army truck hit the large dead tree at the road side. Although his speed was slow the jar snapped a dead branch high above which came crashing down breaking his windshield. The windshield may have been open and tilted forward making it even more vulnerable. He backed up straightened the truck into the road and we were again on our way.

Near this same spot we had logged when I was first married. We kept oaks in the $\frac{1}{3}$ barrel end with an old piece of door panel over it for a lid. There was one knot-hole in one of the boards however and when we arrived in the morning after a chipmunk would come running out of the hole when we approached. So one day I carefully walked up to the barrel and quickly placed a ^{an empty} quart fruit jar upside down over the hole. A chipmunk ran out the hole and into the jar. I slid the jar away from the hole and to the edge of the panel where I slid it over the lid and

then screened it on trapping the chipmunk.

Around the mill and particularly the
ware house we had a lot of old extension
pipes. They were made of cutting drive
shafts and housings off with a torch.

Often when a chipmunk was surprised
near a pipe they would run into it. So
if you had gloves on you could hold a
hand over each end and trap the animal.
Then you could turn it on end and dump it
wherever you wanted - a pen - a cage or bottle.

Cocoa was like most dogs always barking
and running after chipmunks and squirrels.

Once up on the section we ran out of water
in the water bog. Barney let David & Barry take
the bog and go over the hill to the creek.
He also let them take fishing poles. They
came back with a surprise they had a
baby porcupine with every intention of
keeping for a pet. They'd made loops
in their fish line and had it in a
loop around the middle and just half
led and half carried it along with
them up over the hill to where we were
working.

Barney led to G.I.'s cutting once for him and
they were eating lunch at the bottom of a
hill. There was a beaver tree there. All the
bark was stripped off for 7-8 feet in the
air. A black bear went rushing past
them followed closely behind by a larger
bear which they were certain was a
grizzly.

I went with Dad fishing to some of his old spots but I didn't enjoy fishing so much and also I had no Idaho license after teaching in Wtdh and it wasn't worth it to me to pay for an out of state license to fish a few times. Dad became progressively fearful of many things as he grew older. One was being in the woods unarmed. He knew he could not out run any bear or wild animal or climb a tree perhaps so he carried the .22 pistol on his hip when he fished his old spots along the Buffalo.

May while selling real estate got wind of a sale of the Wallin's cabin by the Wallin's family of Pocatello. She tried to sell it to Horace Pond. He really wanted it but his wife Elizabeth did not want to stay in I.P. When they sold the lodge she wanted to get entirely away. They did go off to Arizona finally.

Before they left however Jay & Jennie spent their summers there helping at the lodge. Jay was a high school band teacher in the Ogden area & Jennie also lived there. May used to sometimes go to a movie with Elizabeth, Horace's wife, in West Yellowstone of the Bonney child. Another son, who ran the ~~caf~~ cafe died at a rather early age. The grandsons all left the area and probably had no interest in the place.

Some Deckers from IF bought it but it has since that time been listed for sale.

Pat Knappe son, was always a smiling happy round faced cut. He contacted May and wanted to get some Idaho vacation property. He expected to retire at an early age and he and his family came to I.P. to see the Wallin's place. There were

three people interested in it. The last of the three Majr wanted to have it the least - Claude Malin. But he did have the money. The other probably didn't. Horace could have gotten the money and his wife wanted to get out of I.P.

So Malin got the 20 some acres for around \$1000 per acre. Big price for land was just starting then. The place had some drawbacks. It was ~~not~~ accessible by river and vulnerable to vandalism. It was old and starting to show rapid deterioration and the Wallins had not kept it up in recent years. They were getting old and it was a big chore for them. The road in past town Creek became progressively worse each year.

There was an old slab garage on the place. One day as Majr was looking the place over with Wallins he opened the garage. In it was a miniature store. Cast iron - wood range complete with joint-seized tea kettle and waffle iron. He said to Majr - Do you have a little girl - I'd rather not sell the store with the place. It had belonged to 2 old ladies when they were just small girls. Well of course Majr told Susan and she was delighted to have it. She was also glad Claude didn't learn of it or see it since he was such a fanatical collector of things.

With Malin it was all or nothing. Had I been able to buy a few acres off it I would have. Majr probably would have also had she been given the chance. With the Knapp boy that would have been a real probability but he finally decided he couldn't put out that much money for a place I guess -

I P other carries.

A man in the east - Penn or one of those eastern states had invested in some western land. about 120 Acres in I P on the flat. He decided to sell it off. He didn't realize any profit from it. Griffith was running cattle on the old Simmons ranch and he grazed it along with everything else. It was surrounded by BLM land. The guy would sell it for \$10 - per acre. Maj. decided to take it. Some of it Barry put the lodge on and ended up letting two of the partners have it, that is an acreage where the lodge stood.

She tried to trade some to the people from Menom or Lewisville that bought the ranch from Griffith but they weren't very interested. Stinson was interested in another piece hoping to trade for land adjoining them on the east end of the flat. I don't know if this was ever accomplished. J.C. thought he could put in a landing strip if he could acquire all the little flat where he put his saw mill. He also petitioned the state for a license to build a pond on his land along the Warm River He expected to have summer homes there. He and his wife built a home on the top of a knoll overlooking the place where he clear cut the land to build a lake.

J.C.'s adopted sister once kept a saddle horse wintered at Warrens and she spent time in I P and went to Richs College. J.C.'s mother died of cancer and John (Jure) remarried after a few years. What happened to Susan, the daughter I never heard. Before J.C. could develop all the plans for the lake etc at I.P. some Las Vegas property they had in the mountains blossomed. They built a private golf course and every year cut lumber and logs to ~~IP~~ Las Vegas to increase the buildings on their place there. Warren not only ran their

I P after service.

26

will for them in I P but spent at least part of 2 years in Las Vegas in the winter time helping build buildings there for J.C.

The land was acquired for $\$10.00$ /acre adjacent the land Barney traded to the state for. So she had 3-40 acre parcels side by side or end to end in a row across the plot. Later they tried to sell it off as an investment property of 10 acre parcels. Now it has sold I don't know.

~~Then they acquired a building at Last Chance with highway frontage that had had gas pumps. It also had a roofed area underneath. Then Barney just moved his A frame cabin from behind Sheila's road onto the property and sold it finally. One other cabin was moved onto the back of the property and sold.~~

go to
Return
to I P
page
H

Island Park Winter

I. P. in winter shoveling off snow

1

The buildings in I. P. needed to have the snow shoveled off sometime in midwinter.

Barney had gone to I. P. to do this for years. It was often a 2-3 day trip. In Jan usually, possibly in Feb. some years. On a year like the one where Gene's man old Jack stayed in all winter he did it.

Possibly Warren may have helped some years when he stayed in. Some of the Natives in I. P. did it for summer home owners for a fee and some additional cash incomes.

In 1955 Barney went in with Barry & David & a friend - Tommy (Hawk) Hock ("Tommyhawk"). On this trip Barney got real sick and the boys took him out on their toboggan. It was a store bought one Barney got. They were living in their new cabin then. It had a brick fireplace around a heater in the middle of the cabin. Except for the hearth - the ^{to} kitchen and living room was just one room the walls were all covered with knotty pine. There were two bedrooms off the living room - one off the kitchen and a cooler or ~~storage~~ room off the off the kitchen in the north east corner of the room. It had a large attic which it used was only for storing empty boxes.

The boys took Barney to the highway. It was quite an ordeal for them to take him 4 miles. David was about 17 or 18 and Barry 15 or 16 or nearly that old. They drove him to the Ashton Hosp. Here the doctor & attendants sent the boys home.

Barney had had a heart attack. When May was talked to on the telephone from Ashton no alarm was expressed. They indicated the m. he come up the next day to see him. That But he passed away during that night. May wasn't too alarmed because within

IP Shoveling snow

6 months before Barney had had a good physical and his heart was checked and indicated he was in real good shape. I assume Dr. Krueger did it. People in Acton, & IP had a lot of confidence in him. Many went to him for Susan & Randy I'm pretty sure.

So one year when I was not involved in school I went to IP with David & Barry & 2 friends of theirs ^{Barry} Delyn Russell. We picked up Steve Knapp in Parker. We drove up in their 1953 green & white 2 tone Chevy. We took snow shoes & skis and the toboggan. It was a trip I'd always wanted to make but never could because of school - finally I made it.

We took some groceries in - things like potato chips bread, tuna, cereal, maybe milk or some dried milk even. We may have had a few potatoes and some eggs. Candy bars.

We took some things boxed on the toboggan and at least one small pack pack was carried by David. We ~~may~~ took sleeping bags but not necessarily one each. Those wearing snow shoes took turns pulling the toboggan and breaking trail. We followed the road after checking in at Ponds we left the car parked at a rather wide spot near the edge of the snowbank. It seems that near the ~~near~~ station a little wider spot was cleared, the snow plows used by the highway road dept. were of a rotary type which throw the snow off to the side and left the banks quite vertical.

We walked our way up the steep bank of snow at a rough ~~even~~ ^{uneven} place and got the snow shoes and toboggan with boxes up and loaded and started out over the snow which was over 5' feet deep on the level. I enjoyed

wearing the snow shoes. One soon learns to walk with the toes elevated. You have to use rather high knee action to make sure you don't stab the front of the shoes in the deep loose snow. The back of the shoe tracks. The extended tail of the shoe helps to keep it pointed straight ahead. Steve may have had bear paws (a kind of shoe that is oval without a tail) there is some of a tendency for them to turn somewhat during a step or stride from the slack in the bindings.

Seems several stops were made to readjust or retighten the lacing or bindings. We seemed to make pretty good time. ~~The~~ ^{my} maybe removed outer Lemmy coat (mackinaw) and carried it or put it on the ~~the~~ tobogan. There were two small hills near cut creek. ~~Each~~ ^{Each} made a noticeable difference with the tobogan.

At the town creek flat we crossed in a straight line to the neck of timber leading to the big flat and from there we just sighted a straight line toward the stockyards. We came near the timber at the siding and crossed the tracks just below where the siding railroad switch was located. The snow was high around the stockyards. These curbs on 7-8 feet high and not a lot of fence was exposed above the level of the snow.

It was several hours before sundown when we arrived. First (we had one shovel with us at least) First upon arrival we began shoveling snow away from the back

- door of the new cabin. There was only a few feet of snow leaning against the bottom of the kitchen door where it had blown and drifted on the ^{uncovered} porch. So we ~~stomelled~~ our way down to the level of the porch. A screen door swinging out required quite a bit of shoveling before we could get the door ajar enough that we could swing, swing it out and get to the kitchen door. One of the boys carried a key to that door.

We got the door open and someone went in, where ~~they~~ found a great surprise. The front door of the cabin was open. Snow had drifted in thru the door from the front porch - (also an uncovered porch) out onto the linoleum maybe 6-7 feet. It wasn't over 3 feet high and tapered quite a bit. It was a cold temperature and we were able to shovel out the cold dry snow with no melting. Then we swept out the remaining snow. It was easy enough to do - just a little time consuming. Someone began to start a fire in the fireplace. ~~Quickly~~ the room filled with smoke very quickly and we learned that the chimney was filled and covered with snow. A ladder was left purposely where it could be ^{easily} found and someone went onto the roof and shoveled the chimney free of snow. Soon the fire was going. There was a wood supply left in the cabin in preparation for this trip and we soon started a fire in the kitchen range which sat back to back with the fireplace using the same chimney.

It took some time to warm the cabin, the temperature inside was the same as that outside. So we simply put our coats back on and it was sort of interesting to just look around. In we closed all the bedroom doors. One dresser was near the fire place which we moved away from the inside wall and let it down the back.

In the storage room we found bottles of jam and some other foods such as ~~cold~~ cold cereal that were of course as good as any food stuffs we brought. We found at least one orange that had been left on a shelf. It was frozen solid. It was as hard as a baseball or a block of ice.

We began to melt some water by placing a pan of snow on the range. I learned one thing about melting snow to drink that surprises a lot of people. You can burn snow. If you put snow into a hot pan or a hot stove it can burn. Before the snow melts enough to cover the bottom of the pan it can actually burn and I can attest to the fact that when you try to drink any of it from that same pan or batch it does carry ^{that} ~~a~~ nasty but characteristic burned taste to it.

So we either threw that batch out and started over or used it ~~for~~ for washing or rinsing purposes. So you establish a pan for melting snow but slowly melting snow in the pan on the back of the stove (away from the fire box, the snow melts but not rapidly. Once the bottom of the pan is filled with water additional snow can be added. It floats and doesn't come in contact with a real hot

pan bottom and no scorching takes place.

So once we established some water in one of the larger dish pans. (a silver one may. kept especially clean - usually as a rinse pan - we just kept adding snow and hot water on hand the entire stay. Snow water is near tasteless when not scorchd. and we used up some Koolaid to flavor it for drinking.

The first snow taken off a roof was on their old house. It was fairly easy. We shoveled a section of snow off the roof so we could get up on the roof, then with a place to work from we used cross cut one man saws from cooler where they were stored and sawed vertically touching the tip end of the saw against the roof. We would cut a block about 2' x 3' rectangle and then put a scoop shovel under it at the base or next to the roof and pry it loose. then with the weight of it on the shovel we'd push the shovel to the edge of the roof and the chunk of snow would tumble off. Being cold, the snow would hit with "crunching" noise into other blocks that fell off the roof. Working of course along the eaves or at least from the eaves to the top of the pitch. The other side too of course had to be started from the eaves. It could be done from on top too. One could walk around in the snow. We had boots - we would leave our snow shoes stuck up into the snow near a spot we climbed from onto the cabin. I enjoyed this new experience and stayed out a on this cabin long after the lamps were lighted

inside and the boys had gone into be by the fire.

It grew noticeably colder near sunset. Then there was that typical period when the temperature dips near sunset and then it warms again. I enjoyed working on the cabin, this cabin had trees surrounding two sides and ~~front~~ end had several trees. It had two porches. The trees provided a wind break and I worked there quite a lot. Finally however the bitterness of the snow began to overcome the feeling of exhilaration from the new experience and I went inside. It hadn't bothered me that the boys went in earlier. I just enjoyed ~~being~~ ^{being} there alone doing something a little different than I had ever done before.

We placed our sleeping bags on the floor in front of and near the fireplace. Mattress or two was brought from the bedroom and the sleeping bags placed on them and the couch. The fireplace was a large one. It would take a block of wood over 4' feet long. There was some blower up to maybe 10-12" diameter so we banked a fire and kept comfortable all night. Someone occasionally awakened and stoked up the fire during the night. They were certainly all good companions and nothing was said that any of them would have been ashamed to say in front of their mothers.

There was Rev's cabin - Dad's - the one Al built, the chicken coop and warehouse, then Al Smith's cabin and the barn and mill shed and the deer shed. The new cabin had a green tarpaper (green crushed rock (grit) covered heavy asphalt roof. We had to be careful not to puncture the paper. The other

I P Snow removal

buildings had 1 inch boards and a layer of tin paper ~~and then~~ ^{covered} with another layer of 1 inch boards. Occasionally a nail may have worked its way up so that a head would protrude and catch a shovel but usually it was easy to move the blocks. ^{On} Some of the steeper pitched roofs the blocks slipped off quite easily. On some others it required more pushing.

One the ware house we had the steepest pitch nearly $\frac{1}{2}$ pitch. It had some old tin on the roof. We took a long piece of galvanized clothesline wire and one person pulled on each end. It was long enough to reach over the end roof from gable ~~eave to eave~~ eave to eave and each pulled on the wire back and forth in a sawing motion - moving from one end to the other. This cut the snow from the roof and eventually it would slip off in large chunks.

I took two cameras with me, in a carrying case I'd bought in Germany, ~~which~~ I carried all of it in a small cardboard box on the tobogan. I took several rolls of slides. The weather was sunny and it was comfortably warm in the daytime.

We shoveled usually together going from one building to another. The old Ford truck had been left sitting near the mill. It was completely covered with snow except a little bit of the windows of the cab were showing and of course a pile of snow sat on top of the cab.

We may have shoveled snow off the kitchen

I P snow removal

9

portion of the cabin where Gene & Glenra lived the last few years they were there. The bedroom was a small 5 in log cabin. It was quite small and there wasn't much chance that small roof would give way to the snow. The old on kitchen was also however standing on edge. One or two of the 8' x 16' shacks built by Gene sitting behind between the barn and Al Smith's cabin was left unshoveled.

The Smith Cabin was large. It had one partition - a dog one. We found before we could get all the snow off we had snow blocks piled against the eaves so close that we had to push some out of the way in order to get the last ones off. After finishing, the blocks of snow were much higher than the edge of the roof at the eaves.

Then we all went to the barn. I took the tobogan to carry my camera equipment. I used a light meter also and a tripod. The barn had a few bales of hay in the loft. The barn was built with ceiling joists at about 2 foot centers. At one time Barney had ~~put~~ added some beams of round logs from inside and blocked up under it with an upright post. It had a clear span inside the full width.

The taller corner posts extended up thru the ceiling to support the roof which was above the sides of the barn about $4\frac{1}{2}$ or 5 feet at the eaves. At the center of the pitch the roof it was maybe 8 or 9 feet. It could hold a semi load of baled hay, along the sides of the loft

fir slabs had been nailed to the stringers. The ends had some cross bracing with 2x6's and some planks and slabs. The ~~west end~~ ^{west end} was mostly filled in with a single cover of slabs but no batts were used so it appeared slatted. The ~~west~~ ^{east} end was open except for the cross pieces added by Barney to stabilize the building. It seemed top heavy.

With the heavy snow it was top heavy. We got some one up on the roof and started on a corner. We were using at least 2 cross cuts and the others had shovels. It was fun because the blocks we cut larger nearly 4 feet square. We'd pile up on these larger ones with two shovels and they fell a ways off this taller building into the snow below. This was more spectacular, and they'd fall and crunch against each other.

We did have to be careful to take some snow off one side and then some off the other side and we worked evenly from center to each end in order to keep the weight of snow somewhat evenly distributed. Had one side been taken off independent it very likely would have tipped.

The snow on the barn was just about even with my chin. The 5 or 5½ foot cross cuts ^{just} ~~ext~~ ^{reached} to the roof and you'd get your gloves into the snow on the down stroke. I got off before the last snow was removed at the east end. I put on my snowshoe and positioned for some slides. I took pictures of chunks of snow in sequence catching some just falling from the roof. I could shoot fast enough to stop the motion on Kodachrome. I also got the boys in the air after tossing their tools

down or handing down their sacks they ran along the roof and jumped off. I caught them in mid air. The next shot shows them in snow to their armpits where they landed.

I took a picture of the old steam engine covered with snow. Some pictures of cabins (before & after shots). The last cabin was Marj's new one we'd stayed in. We used a wire on the north end and I got shots of the last blocks falling off. We arranged to have everything out and loaded ready to make our trek back to the highway before we took the last snow off. The last blocks were removed from the pitch of the gable and dropped down against the door. No one moved open the door without a good deal of shoveling. One evening while we were there a snowcat (by the telephone company) had driven past. We were surprised to hear an engine. We saw its track like tracks later when we passed the railroad line. They had been checking out the telephone line on the RR right-of-way.

It was in the afternoon as we left. Before crossing the Tom's Creek Flat I had to cover one ear. The temp was cold enough that an own movement and a very gentle breeze would catch one side of my face. I did it to keep the skin from freezing. I put my hand on my ear to warm it. Once inside the timber the air was still and I was relieved from this cold from one direction.

There were sort of bawls around some of the trees near the road with the heaviest ~~snow~~ and most spreading branches so that the snow depth near the timbers was perhaps only 2 1/2 - 3 feet deep.

My Dad had always told us if we bobbed our ears by always keeping them covered as with ear flaps

Snow removal

that it would make ones ears tender, then the problem would arise if you were ever out in the cold and forgot your ear wraps you would really suffer from the cold. So we never covered our ears more than we needed to. Also as we kept moving on snow shoes our bodies produced a lot of heat and a balance had to be reached on how much clothing- the layers of shirts, jackets or heavy coats, we shed the outside heavy coat and carried it. As we stopped to rest or slowed our pace we'd put the coat on again. I wore a Tee shirt and a flannel shirt with a jacket or sweater. I wore a pair of wool army pants over a pair of Levis. I tied the legs against my 5 buckle overshoes with a shoe lace.

As we left the camp I took a delayed action picture or two with the Roliflex with all of us standing in front of my basketball hoop. I rushed to the side of the boys and jumped and pivoted on the snowshoes just in time to get in the picture but a flurry of snow was in the picture as the snow shoes slid into place.

We loaded things into the '54 Chevy and drove home. As we climbed out of Warm River there was a sunset. I stopped long enough to get a shot of it with the Snake River below. It looks cold. The temperature did drop down that night.

It was a nice experience with the boys. I'd always wanted to go. Sometimes they had gone in with Explorer groups from their ward and did so after this on other years.

Once Barry used a trowel to turn eggs in the absence of an egg timer. We had a good time.

Island Park After
Missionary Service
in Taiwan

IP after Taiwan

1

I arrived home from Taiwan in ^{Nov} Dec 1960. Barry left within weeks on ^{his} a mission to Texas. His first while was spent in Boyer. One of the coldest spots in the Pantarell. On national weather maps it was indicated as one of the coldest spots in the nation, and certainly in the south -

I spent the summer with Dad running the mill in I.P. after attending By U one term where I did my student teaching.

Dad lived in the cabin al had built and now it was referred to by everyone as Dad's or Grandpa's cabin. Wamen was sometimes at the Railroad Ranch and sometimes at J.C. Stinson. Wamen moved two of the 8x16 lumber stacks from Gene's operation over onto a small clearing next to a sagebrush flat situated between the large IP flat and the head of Warm River just inside the flat. Stinson & Malen had built a large jack fence which extended far enough to each side of the road to keep people in vehicles from driving around and into the property. Wamen lived there giving them caretaker service and yet was free to go out and work like at the railroad ranch.

Majorie got a young man from Digge to haul the timber off the state section and clean up what was left along a hillside opposite on the north side of the creek at Beth's Cabin. A bridge had been built there by the boys. During the previous 2 summers they had logged some fir off that rather steep hillside. They had set up an overhead cable system to bring the logs off down the hill. It required someone go up the tree selected for the cable hook up and top the tree. This was done with an ax or maybe a chain saw. Vick Erikson a boy David or Barry knew at school had

climbed up to do it with a pair of climbers like they use ~~for~~ climbing power poles. There was one steep road down off the hill but it probably was used for skidding and not hauling.

This guy had a diesel truck and trailer so he hauled the logs in full length. He also had a tractor for skidding. He hired some relatives or friends from Dodge to cut part time. There was a time when he was broke down and we nearly ran out of logs.

He'd dump the loads around the skid ways at the mill. The boys had set up two methods of moving logs at the mill. One was an old homemade farm hand off a Chevy chassis-pickup or 1 ton truck. It had the wide fork such as it is used for horse hay. The arms were just wide enough to clear the rear tires. The seat was set backwards to the normal operation and when you moved to get a log with the forks you went in reverse. The faster forward gears when used had you steering backwards.

It was fun to operate. It was a bit tricky however because the weight of a log or two out on the end of the fork with 16-18 foot long arms gave tremendous leverage to the ~~to~~ load. The long base would sway and one had to be careful not to raise the load too far above ground. Also in turning from the front wheels which were behind made it operate like a grocery cart on with casters. This would cause the load to swing at a high speed on pivot and greatly increased the centrifugal force and put a lot of side pressure on the arms which actually were attached about 8'

off the ground. This raised the center of gravity. And if too heavy a load were placed on the forks the ~~at~~ actual front wheels used for steering would be lifted off the ground.

So it had to be used carefully, the weight of the logs needed to be carefully balanced on the front end forks also or they would fall off (tilt and drag on the ground on the low side. Also there was danger of a twist in the arm breaking something. The forks could be raised 8-10-12 feet in the air but the higher a load was raised the ~~the~~ ^{greater} the danger of ~~the~~ tipping the thing over. So it usually was used within inches of the ground.

The old hydraulic pump leaked and quite often hydraulic fluid had to be added to the main tank which held several gallons. Some of the hoses and hose fittings also leaked especially under pressure. The engine ran poorly - often on about 4 cylinders. It sounded neat - didn't sound like it had a ~~rough~~ ^{rough} after. Often the spark plugs had to be cleaned. At least one old coil failed us and it progressively ran worse during the summer until finally we abandoned it.

The old dump bed that Charlie Souter had on about a 1935-6 Chevy truck chassis for a waste slab truck was now mounted on the old 37 Ford. It ran fine but the front fenders had sagged down very low upon the wheels and the steering mechanism had been neglected for so long a time that it was all one could do to steer the old thing. It took an acre to turn it around in it seemed. But the engine was good.

The other new innovation for I.P. was a quick way.

It had a nice little 4 cylinder Albi-Chalmers engine inside. The back axle had been taken off and a log boom replaced it, the old chassis that it had been mounted on was poor. It had a bad engine. So David picked up an old Mack truck ~~from off~~^{thru} Al ~~a~~^{the} Holmes and we took it to IP to mount it on the back. I guess the quick way had been on a half truck originally.

The Mack truck for some unique reason had few actual miles on it. The day David hauled it to FFI P I accompanied him. We had to stop several times, the thing quit on us. I believe we had to change spark plugs and it turned out changing the plugs was a unique experience on that engine. They were in a trucked away had to get at piece or something. Maybe had never been out either. I drove behind David in a Volkswagen pick up. The old style where the cab looked like a VW bus and it had a front and rear seat in the bus and a small bed behind the elongated cab.

I started to pass some cars that day and pulled out to pass when the VW ran out of gas. I was surprised - even though I signalled the cars I was attempting to pass wouldn't give an inch to let me back. Other cars closed in from behind. Finally I was able to get over just before the oncoming traffic reached me. It seemed like a long trip that day just from Rexburg to F.P. We had to go into Chester for gas for the VW.

The Mack engine was supposed to be so good and make the quick way much more versatile, but it didn't work out and for some reason it was soon down. It wouldn't start nor run.

after one rain storm in which one didn't remember to put a tin can upside down over the exhaust pipe on top of the Quick way cab it wouldn't start. This lasted for days. One day when the log hauler came along in his pickup & he jumped it for us with his 12 Volt system. It really made that old allis-Chalmers whine and finally it started. It ran after that just fine. It normally was easy to start.

It was the most interesting piece of equipment to run I'd ever run. If you got the rhythm of it you could raise a log with the tongs on the end of the cable with the boom and catch the end of the log as it swung forward. Then you could raise the entire log and the cab could be turned on its own platform which actually was a motorized 5th wheel with roller bearings.

If one was running the tongs who was agile and knew ~~ledge~~ about timbering the operator had a big advantage and it really speeded up the work of moving logs. We'd often cut the logs from the decked piles with a chain saw and then move them with the farm hand up onto the skidway. When this worked properly it was real good and fast because 2 or 3 logs could be rolled onto the forks on the forks could be pushed under the pile to pick them up. When the farm hand wasn't used then the quick way could be set at the back corner of the skidway and the cable ran out 75 feet or so if necessary and snake a log into the boom where it was pivoted and placed on the skidway.

Often we used the quick way to move the full length tree from the pile where they were

unloaded off the truck onto into a position where they could be logged-up (cut into log lengths). This was difficult with a chainsaw unless some of the logs was taken off the piles.

The most efficient use was when a wheel was near the skidway and the quick way could just be swung around right and left without having to turn the cable out and skid the logs the full length. In a near pile the operator could sometimes drop the tongs onto a log and eliminate the man on the ground having to set the tongs.

Often if the man setting the tongs could place them in a choking position just off center of the log about 6-8 feet and ^{simply} ~~told~~ ^{block} the cable until the quick way reeled in the cable to set the tongs it worked the fastest. Dad used to set the tongs - He was slow and very awkward. So the operator had to be especially slow and cautious. Sometimes being slow would even allow the tongs to loose their grip. This made Dad very unhappy. In disgust, he'd often blame the operator for the tongs slipping and he'd have to make them the log ~~for~~ pile to reset them. This ~~circumstance~~ circumstances were very disappointing to me because Dad could be so great to be around. In good working conditions, our men were more conscientious about doing their share of the work. Dad never shirked. But he did not understand power equipment and in his old age he was much more impatient than ever before. He'd always feel bad after and apologize.

Once or twice when David was up from the tongs and it was satisfying to be able to keep

the thing humming, humming.

Myrna & M'Jean traded off a little bit during the summer, ~~to~~ coming up and cooking, Myrna for the first while and M'Jean most of the summer. They were to cook. One time M'Jean went to the barn and got some green alfalfa from a bale and cooked it up like a stew - apparently the intention was for a tick or to see if it would actually be eaten. I suppose she practiced a great deal on the piano except the piano may have been an old player piano which may not have been the best to practice with.

During the summer a sort of Hippie guy (maybe the hippie name wasn't used then) came to I.P. He had an old car and he ~~made~~ ^{apparently} made some sort of a lean to in down around Pine view. He also had an old yellow giant collie dog. He'd park the mill on the road to Ponds in his old Plymouth or Dodge sedan. He'd stop by the mill and go to the well. He started to strike up a conversation with M'Jean. He'd hang around the house some and seemed to ~~work the~~ ^{make it a} point to stop looking for something to use to fix his car or haul water from the well or something whenever he went past to Ponds. He seemed to give some line to M'Jean that he was working on writing a book.

I can't remember if he left first or if M'Jean did. I can remember several years later I was driving along 1st East in Provo between 1st & 2nd North when a Kadar girl riding in the back seat of the Dred car suddenly exclaimed - Oh! Look there's a hippy!

There's a hippy. And there was a scowling looking guy with beard, unkempt hair and walking barefoot along the sidewalk.

Well this guy had a sort of beard. He was

unfamiliar at least and wore big mountain climbing boots (clog hoppers) and didn't look like he had an ounce of energy nor ambition about him. They appear like they could use some food. Maybe he was an early drug user and we didn't recognize such people at that date. He had come from Calif.

Well Vic Erickson was the off-bearer. I didn't really enjoy him. He was sort of out of place there, with Barry gone there was no one to associate with his age. He could talk a little to M'Jean but he had a girl in I F. He was interested in. He often went to I F on weekends.

I felt he was a little lazy and as an off-bearer a bit careless. I didn't help him much because I ran the saw and the quick way to the farm hand. He wasn't really very good with machinery and he couldn't even handle the tongs very well. He was awkward and slow. One time ~~he~~ he looked the tongs on a log about 3 lengths back and as I started pulling it and the slack in the cable snapped out the end of the log caught a small stick 4 or 5 feet long and about 2" in diameter. One end of the stick caught the end of another log and so the other end swung forward. As it swung ahead it came up behind his heels and took his feet out from under him about as pretty as you please. He just wasn't watching at all and by the time I saw it start to swing and jerked the control lever off the momentum kept it going. I suspect he figured I just didn't watch out for him.

Then I came to a point I felt like one

were't very productive at the mill. One of our inefficiencies was logging up the trees. He didn't understand logging up a tree so I had to show him every place to make a cut if he had the measuring pole. He was slow on the chain saw so I usually ran it. If he watched instead of seeing where a pinch was going to occur, he'd either wait until told or until the log pinched the saw before acting to pry it up.

So I started going out early and measuring up a bunch of trees before breakfast and taking a half hour lunch break to do the same thing. This irritated him a little since I think he felt I was cutting him out of time. He did keep his own time. When he settled he was still way over on time compared to what I'd estimated for him and turned in to May.

I hated to hurt his feelings or have him leave feeling bitter. He expected to go on a mission in the fall. His dad was a non-member and we tried to make Vic feel we were unfair with him. And no one wanted to be but the figures were far apart. I spent a lot of time in the evenings with my gas lantern sorting nuts - bolts, misc stuff throughout the warehouse. I figured on that being a bonus for May.

One time David came up and there was a large fir log out near the sawdust pile at the end of the track. He picked it up with the Quick way. It was at least 38-40 inches and maybe 45". It was probably 12' long. It had butt rot and that's why it was never placed onto the skidway. It took all the boom would do to lift it.

Finally J.C. and his dad decided to buy May's mill. She told J.C. I'd help pick it up and arrange to set it on their property. I did. I figured J.C. could stand to pay for the consultation. I told him \$3.50 an hour. He was real reluctant at that price. David came to help me ^{load} the carriage. It too was all the quick may could lift. In fact a chain slipped or broke and the carriage turned 180 degrees and partly dropped while we were lifting it onto a truck.

We lifted the GMC diesel on also and they took the old Ford. We sawed out the timbers they'd need for a shed and for the track and they set the mill back on cement. Then I had Dad come over and run the saw on the last log. He appreciated that. It meant he'd cut the first and the last log sawed at that mill set. So J.C. ended up with the Quick may also and May was out of the saw mill business.

She worked with Conley Christensen in Real Estate sales. She sold a ranch in Montana which had something to do with Alvin Munne. David kept working in building subdivisions for a time. Vic left to back to school or take a job in the valley until school going on a mission.

On one occasion Dad, Steve, and I rode to Yellowstone. I had a year pass for the car. This may have been one of my Mercurs - 1953 - We pulled into the parking lot at Tower Falls. Dad wanted an ice cream cone. I went inside and stood in a line at the counter to be waited on. ~~They~~ It was rather busy. They sold souvenirs and gifts

J.P. after turmoil

as well as hamburgers, potato chips, & ice cream and other confectionaries. While I was waiting in line I saw a black bear appear in the parking lot near the door where I'd be walking out of. When it was my turn I ordered an extra ice cream cone.

As I left the store the bear focused on me and as I neared where the bear was standing on all four I just gently tossed a cone well beyond the bear in a rather leisurely manner. The bear turned away and went for the cone laying on the parking lot black top. By the time the bear finished off the cone I was in the car and he didn't attempt to follow me. The most amazing thing about the incident was the looks some of the ~~some~~ tourists gave me.

Of course they didn't know I'd bought the extra cone so they supposed I was giving up a cone planned for someone else. But I wasn't about to have a quarrel over one of the other three cones nor did I want to go back to the store for another trip. These tourists didn't know all of this had already gone thru my mind.

During the last summer in J.P. some people came on vacation ^{from} ~~from~~ southern Texas near the gulf coast that were recent converts and Barry had met them in a branch where he worked there. They met May and then came on to J.P. They sort of bedquarttered at the mill I imagine using May's new house. But they'd go out each day to different places such as Big Springs.

After a trip to Yellowstone they told us about an interesting experience with a bear. A bear with cub had stopped a line of cars

I.P. after Tammien

along the road. People were out taking pictures and the cubs were scattered among people and parked cars. One car came driving along quite fast past the row of parked cars when a cub suddenly darted out from between cars into the road. The tires squealed on the pavement as the driver screeched to a halt next to the cub. They said the old bear reached the cub in a moment and cuffed that little ole cub. It makes you wonder why she wouldn't have gone after the car or a human.

I was similarly passing a row of stopped cars one time when mother & Dad were riding with me and a cub darted out. I didn't have any trouble getting stopped but I did have to stop suddenly. I remembered Dad cautioning me that there might be a danger to the people standing around were a cub to be injured and perhaps start crying out in pain, causing the old bear to get angry.

These people from Tefal really enjoyed Dad. They'd come around where he sat on an old car seat from his 36 Chevy on the porch of his cabin after finishing his supper ~~dishes~~ dishes. A lot of time he didn't cook supper to avoid warming the cabin before retiring for the night. He often sat on this seat and held a fly swatter in his hand. From his seat he could see any cars coming across the flat before they reached the stockyard from the west. He could see any traffic cross the railroad crossing and if they went south, east, or turned in to the mill of course. If they went on east he could see them after they passed the sawdust pile.

I.P. after Taiman

So he'd meet visitors coming in to camp inquiring about directions, or buying lumber or logs etc. this man and his wife and girl & boy between 10-12-13 I'd guess would find it interesting to visit with Dad. He'd tell them all the stories they wanted to know. He'd tell them about the history of I.P. etc. They probably went thru the temple while on this trip and that gave Dad a chance to tell them some history of the IF temple. Who could have told them more about that building.

The lady said once - Oh it's so interesting listening to him talk. It's just like listening to a general authority. I guess to the rest of us who had heard some of Dad's favorite stories so many times it sort of like the scriptures indicate in the new test - A man is not without honor - same in this own country.

In the early spring Dad moved up to IP to keep an eye on things. In spring or fall if someone wasn't around the camp and the roads were open there was danger of junk haulers coming along and loading up equipment or anything left laying around and hauling it off. Once Charley or Barney or both caught some guys along the road with a load of stuff. mostly iron I suppose and made them unload it (I believe)

So Dad was in early enough that there ~~was~~^{were} still some snow banks here and there. One bank of snow lay on the north side of the Al Smith cabin. Probably it was more from snow shoveled off the roof in mid winter than a bank made by wind and drifting snow. Dad had brought a little hamburger in with him and buried it in a wrapper in the snow to keep it fresh.

One morning as Dad opened the door to throw out the water from the wash basin he saw an animal by the side of the Smith cabin. The wash stand was near the door and from inside the door you opened the door with your left hand and it swung toward your left. As you stepped across the threshold you'd swing the basin toward the left throwing the contents to the east of the cabin in an open spot near a large tree. As you did so you would pivot to the left facing east. So Dad happened to see this animal there. He had just washed as was his habit when first arising in the morning. So he'd washed his face and hadn't yet put on his eye glasses. ^{pine}

He went back to the shelf above the bed just inside the second room of the cabin, and took his glasses from the shelf and went to take another look. There was an open space between the ^{floor joists} logs of the Smith cabin running north to south. Also beneath the porch on the west end of the cabin was open. Dad saw the animal again. He even wiped his glasses as he wasn't sure what the animal could be. He couldn't recognize it. He wondered if it was a skunk. It did seem to be striped a bit. He thought it was perhaps larger than a skunk.

I don't recall it had eaten any meat but it left tracks in the edge of the snow and it had disturbed the area when he investigated. He watched for it with his 22 rifle in hand and it didn't show all of itself again but it did poke its head out enough that he got a shot at it.

After he shot it ducked back under the building. As he described it it may have bucked or jumped in such a way as to appear hit anyway. He walked over and looked around but couldn't see anything back under. He put some bait out expecting it might venture out but after that he never saw it again. After a few days he supposed it traveled off.

I've often wondered about it and thought perhaps it was a wolverine, just about any other animal Dad would have been familiar with and recognized. Then I've thought from the descriptions given in stories about wolverines if it was one may Dad was fortunate it withdrew rather than fighting as legends might have them do. Although nearly extinct it is possible that near the Yellowstone & Teton parks one might drift into Island Park.

A few years later Grizzlies were sighted in at Lost Chance, Moose Creek summa some area and a Barry-backed one in spring snow across Tim's Creek Flat.

After we were practically finished with the last remaining timber on the section the state forester came to check over the section and approve the release of the timber sale contract.

Originally Barry got a lease for so many years and later Mary got an extension or renewal for a portion of the section. The last wedgepole taken off full length came mostly along the north hillside of Split Creek near Betty's Cabin.

I went out and walked over the area with the state forester. The old

gentleman that retired as state forester several years before was a congenial old fellow who was quite level headed. This new man was a typical right-out-of-school forester. As we walked over the hillside checking piles of slash (stacked limbs from felled trees) he commented on a few high stumps, there were one or two on the steepest part. The cutter from Digge was there too and agreed to go back and cut off several high stumps.

The forester said he couldn't figure out why they didn't cut them lower in the first place. He said it would be easier if they would just set the saw down on the ground and cut them off low in the first place. It's almost pathetic that a person is employed in such a job and has never even had any more exposure to actual timber cutting than to stand there talking to men whose business it is to cut timber for a living and not realize how assinine ^(sp) assinine such a statement is.

Anyone who has cut timber knows that if you allow the chain saw to rest on the ground as you make a cut you cannot keep the blade straight in the cut and it would pinch before you could finish the cut. Also you couldn't get the saw out of the way if you needed to suddenly on a tree that falls back (leans back the wrong direction).

When it is necessary to cut a low stump such as clearing a road it is the most miserable way to fall a tree there is so you

(17)

first cut (fall) the tree, then cut the stump off next to the ground. Then you are forced to put the saw on the ground and you soon realize what a miserable mess it is to cut a stump low.

We just looked at each other and shook our heads at his statements. Ignorance is bliss as they say.

1 go to other side →

#18 The same way. A song leader was selected. It may have been Leland Pack. He and his wife had a summer home there and came up from Pocstello ^{on weekends} where a Rev. & Sister Magelby ^{from} ~~had~~ Repling ^{who} had a summer ranch ^{on} Henry's Lake flat conducted the adult S.S. class. After the Sea Service had speakers from among the seamen who conducted and special speakers were invited.

I never talked to Gordon again about working in the S.S. presidency and I didn't attend always regularly and he never talked to me about it after that so I was never sustained in the position. I never conducted another meeting there. The youth and jr. Sunday school groups met out in the open in the nearby surrounding area sitting on chairs folding chairs, ^{on} the grass and on logs.

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(18)

There was a new building constructed at Mack's Inn for a church. It was a temporary branch under the direction of the Yellowstone State Seventies Q. Golden Andrus was the senior president of Seventy. They had sought some donations from summer vacationing tourists and the natives and usual summer home residents pitched in. Crews from among the natives and the seventies worked to peel logs and construct a large A frame chalet type building just east of the old Church of the Pine that for many years had been too small for the LDS meetings but was built by perhaps by old "Dad" Meek as a non-denominational church of logs with a little belfry steeple.

A young returned missionary Gordon Zolinger whose father owned the Elk Creek ranch was asked to run the Sunday School at the branch.

One day ^{ago} I was digging a new toilet hole near the old outhouse behind Dad's cabin. Gordon came driving up in his little 1951-3 Ford sedan. He walked over to greet me and asked what I was doing. "I'm going back to the mission field" I replied. "That's pretty good" he said. He asked if I would be his counselor or assistant in the S.S. I told him I'd like a little time to think about it.

I did conduct one service. I arrived with a loaf of bread. No one else was there. Just before time to begin I asked for a pianist from the audience and Bearn Jones' daughter sitting in the audience with her father came up. Deacons and priests to officiate for the sacrament were picked

Island Park Honeymoon

I.P.

Honey moon

July 22, 1965 following the temple ceremony in the I.P. temple Louise and I checked into the I.P. Lodge.

Within a few days we were met in I.P. by her parents, Jim, Ken and his girlfriend, ^{Nita} Nilda Lewis. Ken had his VW. Her oldest sister, Erma, and her husband were there in a Rambler station wagon. They brought their youngest children, Ed an infant, Lyle, Anita, and Clint. The older boys remained at home as in Lava. John & Margie Andrews sent Linda along to be with her cousins. Oh yes Liene young was there. She's Linda's age. And Maxie Lee came.

We utilized the cabins in I.P. Dad's, maybe Rena. and Mary's cabin had not yet been moved away. Several of the other cabins had been burned down by then. Barry was in ^{in Denver} ~~in the~~ at if he was even there then.

We visited Warren's place. We went to Big Springs. And we took one long day to go to the Park. We visited the bear ~~feeding~~ and saw grizzlies at the West Yellowstone garbage dump. We visited Steve Knapp and his wife and they had 3 boys at that time.

In the park we saw several bears and one stopped to see some moose rather far away (1/2 mile) perhaps) crossing a river amid a large rose huck flat. We saw geese and swans and maybe a deer. Likely some elk along the Madison.

One morning we all gathered around in Mary's front room for prayer before leaving for a days outing and Magie was called on to say the prayer. She said, "Bless this community honeymoon." Well it nearly brought some snickers. She's only been in the U.S. about a year. When they all left and headed home Ken & Nilda took some kids with them and cruised over from Ashton to Diggins to go to Jackson.

at IP lodge we had a second floor room toward the east end of the lodge. We were in the U W squareback. We spent several nights & days at May's cabin. We were visited there by Warren on one occasion.

At the temple we had all of Louise's family with recommended attend except Harold and Dorag were in the mission field.

My folks, Al & Loie, Claudia, May. (maybe Warren & Beth)? Benson Allen & his wife showed up and Aunt Elsie Larsen. In the dressing room before the session in visited an andress from Thornton, near Rexburg. He was Hyrum's father. "Where's the Andress." I hear there is an Andress wedding today." He was excited. He may have been a member there or just come of ten. I recognized him from seeing him at Leadership at Rexburg. A sister younger than Hyrum attended Riecke at one time while I was there.

President Kilpack performed the ceremony. He did a good job and the folks both seemed pleased and no feelings against him.

During the time he was president an unfortunate incident occurred. One day something happened in one of the main hallways near the recorder's office perhaps or beyond the linen room. Something unknown (unbeknown) to Dad occurred. Apparently a mess was made from someone spilling something. It didn't get cleaned up right away. The president came along with voice raised and called Dad down about it in the hall in front of many of the workers.

Aunt Lella was a witness. She worked in the linen room or laundry room I suppose. She felt he let loose in a tirade. She said,

Honey moon

"I'll always respect the office of the president of the temple but I'll never have any respect for the man, himself. (meaning pres. Kilpack).

Dad didn't say anything in defense of his position. He completed the work that day and ~~and~~ at the end of the day submitted his keys and told them he was ~~then~~ ^{there} working there. It ended a long career for him having been the first man hired by the church to work at the I.F. Temple site, after preparing the temple for dedication. He being in charge of cleaning and caring for the temple throughout construction and the open house prior to dedication, Pres. Smith had asked him to stay on and be the custodian he loved the temple. Following this incident rather than being bitter he attended and did many many endowments. Mother continued to work. at first she worked in the laundry room. Later she was transferred up stairs to the linen room. Her physical condition became evidently worse. She had some problems with her health but stayed on until retirement. After going to the linen room she especially enjoyed the association of greeting people as they came. She of course met many former and longtime friends from ~~throughout~~ ^{through} the valley and enjoyed that opportunity to see and meet the patrons. She was respected and loved by those that worked ~~came in~~ with her. Some widows, some immigrants. A sister Ruf from Switzerland who spoke some broken English but was treated well by mother. The temple mother loved her. Sister's Smith & Kilpack. And the ~~reorder~~ ^{reorder} - Williams Dye. Then following the Admiree trip to I.P. Louise and I

took the folks and started thru Yellowstone a 2nd time but Dad soon tired of the long drive. We were going to drive over the Cook City - Red Lodge highway and heard so much about the splendor of that scenic road for years. At the outset the road was under construction and I did not have some minor indication of car trouble so we turned back.

The brakes went out of on the VW. So we went back to I.F. I had the park brake. We learned that during the evening of the reception in Lava ^{some of} the kids put rocks in the ~~the~~ hub caps so they would rattle. But the problem was the rocks got thru the wheel drum into where the linings are and rapidly and prematurely ate them (wore them) out. There is an open inspection hole into the drum on that model VW normally protected from rocks and dirt by the hub cap. There were no brake tin shoes for a 1500 Series VW in I.F. maybe not even in SLC. So a brake outfit in I.F. finally riveted some linings on the steel as a customized service for us and we were able to get the car running, this sort of spoiled some of our travel plans and ended our ~~trip~~ tripping & tripping around.

Our reception at Lava featured a Chinese motif. Maggie was there which meant a great deal to Laurie. Nicki Laurie and Martha Leon Lambert stood in the line Laurie roomed with them in SLC when I met her.

David Smith emceed the affair. Helma didn't come and I can't remember if Warren & Beth came. Harold at Hannam Winter ton took some pictures for us with my Rolliflex. We had a dance rather than standing in line. I didn't want that. Al stood in as best man. I believe Helma planned to come but Warren or someone goofed and didn't pick her up. Ann I can't remember.

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Honey moon

There was a program. Dennis Crossley gave a reading. Ron Payne whom I'd known in Taiwan stopped in. He was on his honeymoon.

Also while in L.F. we saw Judy Smith perform in the lead of the 24th of July stage production of Annie Get Your Gun. The leading man, Bob Beershtam, the radio announcer was both our bishop of the Pompton Ward. Judy did a good job.

My family held an open house one evening at Mary's new house in Tangle. Aunt Elsie, Lauren Hillman, Uncle Joseph Hall's daughter came. And Dad's sister from Plano. So it was nice for the folks to. We were practically on our way back to Provo by this time. I arranged to haul Larina from Waukena at I.P. Larina had Brian Young with her in the ^{VW} Saanchedale with her to Provo.

Upon arrival at Provo, Mrs. Olsen, the lady we were buying our place from hadn't been able to get everything out of the house so we went on to Sterling and stayed with Keith & Emma. We came back the next day and went into the house.

I'd accumulated vacation time over 2 years at the college so I had nearly 4 weeks by taking advantage of the 24th of July holiday in the midst of the other days. The school Goodwill Association a faculty-staff voluntary organization provided floral gifts for funerals of family members and wedding gifts for appropriate occasions of members and family members. We received a very nice electric grill-waffle iron from the association.