

Childhood of LaVerne Casper Whiting

At Crystal, Power, Idaho

Dedicated to Theodore Verne Whiting

Lyla May Whiting

Oswyn Danielle Whiting

And

Anna Rose Pine

And any other Great Grandchildren who may come.

Taped 30 Jan 1977

I am Verne Whiting, and in order to comply with the prophet's request that we get our genealogy in order and that we write our life history, I endeavor to tell some of the things as I remember as reflections of my childhood days.

Beginning back almost as far as I can remember, I will express some of the feelings and thoughts which come to mind at this time as I talk into the tape recorder.

For a beginning back I will endeavor to start at the time when I was about 2 years old. Before that I figure that I can't remember very much because I was born on 22 April 1918 according to the record which my parents have left me. I was born at a place called Crystal, Idaho on a dry farm in a log cabin.

In reflecting back, as memories cross my mind, I remember being in a log cabin, and then not being there again. I remember returning to this place. There was a big flour bin which my father had made. I remember this flour bin was in this house, that I had been there and seen it. It was at this time when I was two years old that we moved to another home the log cabin from a home which later became the Post office. Martin Hayden was the Postmaster. We were living in a

little log cabin that had a shanty porch on one side and an old well hole dug inside the shanty which was covered over. The door of the shanty was one entrance and it had a door made out of boards which had a latch. You would pull the string and it would pull the latch up. You could then open the door in. When you wanted to shut it you dropped the bar and it went down in and locked the door. On the other side of the log cabin was another entrance with a doorknob. In the middle of the side of the log cabin of which I remember going in and out. It was in October or September when we had moved into this cabin.

We were there prior to moving into a house which my father and mother had purchased from some people by the name of Kellogg or from the bank or anyway we had acquired it. The home was known as the Kellogg place. It was a very nice house for that area. The last time I was there was a couple of years ago and it was still standing and in fairly good shape. This would be about 56 or 54 years later. Most of the other homes have been demolished or torn down.

I had an older brother, Elmer, and sister, Zella. While we were living in the log cabin my sister Verona was born. We had moved in the log cabin just a very short time before she was born. I can remember when she was born. Her birthday was on the thirtieth of October. This tells me approximately how old I was, because I am almost two years older than she is. So I must have about two years at the time.

We were only in the log cabin one winter. The Christmas we were there, I remember that my brother, Elmer, received a little wind-up locomotive train. And somehow something had gone wrong with it when he was winding it up. He caught his fingers in the gears of the mechanism, and I can remember that my Dad was very put out with the situation. My brother's fingers were cut by the gears, so the locomotive was demolished and that was the last of the train engine.

When it was winter time the snow got fairly deep from three to four or five feet different times in the year and in different years. I can particularly remember this year in the log cabin my father went hunting and shot a big snowshoe rabbit that they call the white hare. The white hares were good to eat. There were also

cottontails, but there were some black tail rabbits too, which were very plentiful in the area. They seemed to get diseased, however, having bubbles under the skin. When you skinned them the bubbles would break, and they would shoot you in the eye or anyplace. Luckily none of us ever got diseased from this as far as I know.

We ate the white hares or the snow shoes, so my father went hunting, and I can remember that he came home with a big snow shoe hair. The snow was deep outside, and he brought it in, hung it on the door in the shanty and skinned it inside the house. He put some things down for the blood to drip in, and then we had rabbit to eat. We sold the hides. Later in my youth I would go hunting with my father and brothers and uncles, and we would get the hides to sell so that we could have some money.

But anyway, I can remember Dad going hunting and as we were there my mother would sing this song: "Bye baby bunting, Daddy's gone a hunting to get a rabbit skin to wrap the baby bunting in."

It would start snowing approximately in October or November and it would keep snowing off and on. It seemed to me in later years that we would be snowed in for a big portion of the year. But I suppose that it was only about 4 months. The snow would get very deep and it was hard to get around. When spring came the next year we went up the trail from the log cabin where we had been living. Later this log cabin was converted into a church house. That's where we held church. Later as we grew up and we'd go to church we would say that we were going down to the log cabin instead of saying to the church house.

In the spring we went up to the Kellogg place. We didn't have a key to the front door, so, it being locked, we pried the screen off one of the windows, got the window up and went in the house. Mother had made a lunch and as we went up there she cleaned the house and later we moved our furniture and things in the house.

My reflections from there on are mostly in the area of my youth. It seemed like the first 13 years of my life were very important. It seems I lived three or four life

times in comparison with the rest of the time I have lived since. There seemed to be so many exciting things to do and so many places to go at all times of the year. And it seems that it was a great education which we generally don't get in the city of things to do.

Of course, I was a little fellow, and it seemed as my parents tell me that I did a lot of crying. I was teased a lot by my older uncles to hear me cry. I seemed to have lots of pains in my young years as I went to school. Later I would set in school and wonder how long I would live because I had so many pains. I figured that I would die before long. My father took out life insurance, and he had some life insurance money left in a refund from a credit. There wasn't enough money left to get life insurance for the grownups and times were hard. So, I being the one most likely to die, they put life insurance money on me. As I reflect, this is what I thought. So anyway I was covered with life insurance for a small period of time until the time ran out where I wasn't covered any more.

On the property at the Kellogg place, there was a big barn about 100 or 85 yards from the house. There was a granary, a chicken coop, and I think there was a cellar when we moved there. I'm not certain. Anyway if there wasn't one we made one. I'm sure there was because in the cellar there were some old bottles wrapped with silver wire, so to speak, in a crisscross shape that if we had today would really be worth a lot of money. They had the glass corks and all the things that go with them. When the spring came my parents would plow up our land for planting potatoes and corn and things of this nature. By the way, about 100 feet from the house, over a bank and down into a little gully was a fresh water spring which ran all the time we were there. So we always had nice fresh water. We stayed there about 11 years, I would say, because we left there when I was 13, and we moved there when I was approximately two, which seemed to be a lifetime.

In this period of time there were many things that transpired. My Grandfather Fannin who lived up the creek from us was the Bishop of the Ward at that time as I remember for a few years. Then my father was called to be the Bishop. My aunts and uncles lived different places in the area. The ward was made up of

them and other members of the church that lived in the area that had dry farms. Grandfather Fannin baptized me in a creek just below our raspberry patch. We dammed up the water a little bit in the creek and a few of us children were baptized. This would make me 8 years old at this time. After the baptism I was allowed to swim around in the water a little bit. We were confirmed the next Sunday.

As far as planting potatoes, I can remember that my father would plow a furrow with the horses into which we would drop the potatoes. Then he would plow another and we would drop the cut up potatoes into it. As he plowed the next furrow he would bury the potatoes we had dropped into the previous furrow. We continued this process until all the potatoes were planted.

We had strawberry plants, tomato plants and raspberry plants. I can remember how hard it was to get water on the strawberries to keep them going. We would haul manure from the manure pile and put around the plants. Mother used to grow rhubarb and she would get old tubs and cans to put around it to make it grow taller. I can remember times when the tomatoes were big and green right behind the house. We had to get water from the ditch to come around back of the house to water them. As they grew toward the fall or the middle of the summer, the tomato bugs would get great big like big caterpillars. They would come on the vines and Mother would have to knock them off with a stick or put stuff on them to kill them.

As we grew older, Dad was, of course, working on the farm all the time, or going to help somebody with their farm. We didn't go away from home much. He had a blacksmith shop set up in the barn, and he would make whatever people wanted made. In his earlier life he was a full time blacksmith while he lived in a place called Robin near McCammon, Idaho. So the trade was with him. He could do almost anything. He could fix the automobiles. I can remember that he took the automobiles apart. When the rods were knocking he would make new babbit bearings and scrape them to fit the crankshaft. He would go down and turn the crankshaft and see if it would fit and put more shims in. He always kept the cars running and in good shape.

Of course, he had his tools and things on the workbench and tool rack and when he wasn't there I would want to make something too. So I would wear out his hacksaw blades, bust them or nick them or get them caught because I wouldn't run them straight. I can remember that between the ages of 6 and 10, along in there, I was making bridle bits and hammering them out, burning up all his coal in the forge trying to split the iron and hammer it around on the forge horn. I can remember making these bridle bits. I wanted to make something fancy like my Uncle Ralph had for his horses. He always had a bunch of fancy things, and so I thought they would be real nice. I was always trying to make something, either that or something else. I had made a lot of things, and had a lot of experience. Of course Dad would be kind of put out once in a while for burning all of his coal which he had gotten to sharpen plow shears and things like this. He would not be upset to the extent that we would get a spanking for it, but as I am older now and reflect back, I can see myself. I'm sure that my patience wouldn't have been as much as his, was at the age he was. I feel that I would have lost my temper a lot easier. I give him credit for many, many things as I grow older, as I look back and see the things that really did transpire and all the patience and how good he really was to all of us children, especially to me.

Most of the time we would have to make our own entertainment. We would find things to do. Dad taught us how to make darts out of shingles and string with a whip type string which would hook in a notch on a shingle and make a dart. We could send it way high in the sky. It wasn't too accurate because we didn't know how to control it, but it was fun. Dad would make us bows and arrows. He would use sarvas berry bushes which were quite a hard wood. We would get a good sized stalk and whittle it down fine and thin, but wide. Then he would put linseed oil on it and run it through the forge fire. The oil would boil on the sarvas berry bush stick and temper it so that it was really stiff and tough. Then he strung it up with buckskin which he always had on hand as he would go deer hunting and would tan the deer hide. He would always have this buckskin on hand for shoelaces and things like this. He seemed to never run out of energy. He'd cut us some strings and make us some arrows.

I never was too proficient with shooting the gun. However, in some cases I was too good for the judgment that I had. I reflect back how my misjudgment might have ended up in a serious accident for my younger sister, Verona. One time I was shooting, and I was shooting at her for a target. But of course she was supposed to duck to miss the arrow. One time she didn't duck or get out of the way. I had shot an arrow that had the brass part of a shell, a 30-30 or 3—40 stuck on the end of a stick. It hit her on the forehead between the eyes. And that really sickened me. I saw it hit her and the blood come out. The judgment I had in doing something like that really worries me now. How we ever escaped serious injury? It really makes me sick today to think about it.

I started milking cows before I went to school, and when I was six years old, I thought that this was a big thing to learn to milk. I was getting to be a big boy. In later years I reflected how much of a mistake that was to ever learn. I milked cows from then until I was approximately 21 I guess. I thought I'd milked enough cows and I didn't care to milk any more. Later in life, when I was about 21 or 22, I went over to Corvallis, Montana where my brother, Elmer had moved and helped him milk a few times. My father-in-law, John Elmer Brimhall, was living on the same ranch later. At this time I was probably about 23. I helped him milk a few times, but in the intervening years, I had milked too many cows. Every place you'd go like you'd work at a farmhouse, they'd expect you to help them pitch the hay and do all this stuff and when night came they'd expect you to help with the chores and this meant milk the cows. Farm life wasn't really what it was cracked up to be. It was working all the time. I was always tired. It was drudgery. In later years I felt that I didn't want to have a farm. However, at this time I might have one, but I still can't see any happiness in farming. Gardening is something different, where you can do something and get some vegetables back and see things grow. But milking cows the way we had to, and clean the barn and get up so early! It was terrible! I can remember that many times when my father and mother would be gone to town or someplace else and they wouldn't get home by the time it started getting dark. It was my job to go get the cows and get them in. I would go get the horse, and round them up and get them in the barn. When they still hadn't arrived I would start milking. We generally had somewhere

between three and six cows. When you have 6 cows and you are a little fellow, your hands get tired. Some of the cows are so hard to milk that it was just terrible. You're so tired, I was so tired that I had to stop and rest. Then the cow would kick you, and then kick the bucket. Or the cow would put her foot in the bucket. Next she would swat you with her tail which was all loaded with manure. Things like these bring back unpleasant memories.

I can remember many times in the summer that my parents would be gone and wouldn't get home until late. So I'd go get the cows in and start milking them. When they didn't come and I was half done, then I'd hurry and quickly get the rest of them done. When they hadn't come by then, I'd rush and get the separator going and separate the milk from the cream. I would feed the pigs and get everything done so that when they came home they could give me a little praise and to let them know that you were really a big person. My sister Zella was older than me. A lot of the time she would be there when my parents were late, but she never learned to milk. I don't remember whether my sister Verona learned to milk or not. I had to milk and so this is what was done. I also had to feed the cows, the hogs and the chickens. I didn't gather eggs so much because it wasn't necessary since Mother and the girls would come where the nests were and gather them. I can remember many times I'd clean the chicken coop. In my reflection, I guess I was the only one that really did any work. Of course that isn't true. But I seemed, however, to always have plenty to do.

In winter times my Dad would make skis for us. I can remember winter after winter my father would go in the barn where his workshop was and get some fine grain lumber and taper both ends of a board. The board would be approximately 3 or 4 inches wide. He would taper it in on the center, on the sides and he would taper it down on both ends. Then leave it high in the middle so it was kind of bowed. He'd make it like a ski and put holes through the side. Then he had a machine with which was kind of a grooving machine with which he would put grooves in the bottom of the skis. He usually made two or three pair. After putting in the grooves, the next step was to turn the toes or tips up. We'd go out on a Saturday morning or a weekday morning or whenever we happened to be home. We had a 50 gallon barrel cut in two and we'd fill it full of water and get a



big fire going under it. We'd stick the skis in the barrel haves and boil and boil and boil them. It seems to me that they'd boil for maybe half a day. After this we had to have some big blocks of wood which I would say were about ten inches wide, about a ten by ten. Dad took and chipped the ends of them in a rounding form so that the ski could be put in there. Then he had a two by four going across the end sideways and a bolt through the middle. Up on the top, there were two more rounding parts. He'd stick the skis down in the end one at the end of the block where it started to round. He'd tighten that up down on the ski. He'd tighten that up on the bolt. Then he'd push the ski down and put the next cross bar on and tighten it down, and then the next one down and then tighten them up. That would bend the ski around the block. They'd leave the ski there for almost a week until it dried out real well. When we took it off it would spring back just a little. Dad would put varnish on and linseed oil. Then the skis would stay curled for a long time. In two or three years they'd lose about 1/3 of their curl, but this process made very good skis and we sold them sometimes to people who wanted them.

I can remember in the winter time we would use the skis if there was a bobsled going to the store or to the neighbor's ranch or where ever we might be going. We'd hook a rope on the back of the sled as the horses pulled it along. We used a rope and the skis and we'd ride along on the skis over sagebrush in the snow and the tracks and across the field. We'd swing out way wide on each side. We'd swing back and forth across the road and we'd get up a terrific speed by this action. We would climb the mountains and ski down like they do today. We didn't have ski poles like they use now days, but we did fairly well without them. We had ski jumps and a lot of times we would fall. At times in the winter the snow was so deep that we could ski over the tops of the fences without anything to bother. We couldn't see the posts or the fences. Most of the bushes were covered over. All we could see were the taller tips of the taller sarvas berry bushes or Cedar trees.

I remember one time that I went over to stay at my cousin's , Billy Denning's, place which was approximately 4 ½ miles away from our place. They had a bunch of horses. They lived on a dry farm on a windy hill and had a windmill to water

their stock. This particular time they had a colt that was probably about a yearling. He was pretty foxy so my cousin wanted to break him to ride. We got some of the other horses and got saddled up. At this time I think that we were about 9 years old. We saddled up the gentle horse and ran the other horses into the barn. We got a rope around the colt's neck which we made into a hackamore. It is a wonder that we didn't get trampled to death with these big horses. I just can't see how it didn't happen, but it didn't. Anyway, we got a rope on the colt and got him snubbed up to the saddle horn of the gentle horse. We got a rope around the colt's belly and thus made a surcingle. We didn't get a saddle on the colt, but we got a surcingle on him. I would get on the broken horse and have the colt snubbed up to my saddle horn. We got the colt outside of the barn and one of us got on the saddle horse. Billy got on the colt and got hold of the surcingle, and I let the rope loose from the saddle horn thus giving the colt its head. Then the colt would buck and buck, and we'd hang on to the surcingle to keep from being bucked off. After a while the colt quieted down as long as you could hang on that long. We thought we were doing pretty well. We had the two horses, and we'd ride one with the rope up to the horn of the other.

Sunday morning or Saturday night, we rode the colt up to our place about 4 and a half miles away. The ones we played with were a little younger than I was. They came with their wagons and horses and of course we told them about breaking this colt. We told them what a bucker he was, but how we could ride him. They came up to our house from the log cabin or church house which was about half a mile away to see the colt. We got the colt out of the barn and got him snubbed up to another horse. Billy got on the colt and was going to show how he could ride this bucking horse. First thing he started bucking! He reared clear over backwards! Billy slid off sideways just as the horse was coming down on the back of his neck. He came so close to getting killed, yet we didn't think anything about it. After that episode we put the horse back in the barn and put the other horses back in the barn and went back down the trail from our house to the church. I can't remember how we got the horses back over to this place again, but I can remember going over and getting the horse and breaking it and bringing it over to our place.

I always wanted a fancy bridle as I said before. Uncle Floyd had some head stars that go on the side of horses that were quite fancy and had buckles.

I thought that they were pretty nice. They had a bit to go with them. Anyway, I maneuvered around one way or another, and finally I traded Billy out of Uncle Floyd's side stalls for his horse. I got a bridle bit that Dad or someone had and put it on. It wasn't very fancy, but it worked. I can remember that in later years this side stall laid up on the top of the shed for a long time. I'd see it up there in the wood shed.

There were many growing experiences, many desires, things I wanted to have at that time. I remember some hatbands, leather hat bands were in style and I always wanted one. I'd see these guys going around with them. Of course their heads would be sweaty and the bands would leave marks on their hats.

The leather bands would tighten up or loosen to fit most head sizes. I also admired fancy belts. Then in my earlier days, my uncles like Uncle Ralph and Uncle Reece would come riding up to church always wearing a pair of chaps. Some of them were made out of long goat hair it looked like. They'd keep their legs warm when they'd ride for the cattle through the brush. Also, the conches and other paraphernalia that was on the bridle bits and the sides and the reigns were really elaborate. To a young mind, this was really one of the things that impressed me. I always thought it would be nice to have something like that, but I never did acquire such things to that degree.

I don't think that such elaborate stuff really appealed to my dad very much because he didn't seem to have many of those kinds of things. He had a saddle. The bridles we had were functional, and we had some good harnesses. In my younger years we didn't even have any horses. After we lived at the Kellogg place for about 4 or 5 years he got a couple of horses which I think he owned before or traded. I believe he got them from Uncle Ralph. One of them had a ring bone in its foot and limped all the time. They were a couple of mares which we called Darky and Molly. They were small horses but very gentle. We rode them for a long time.

We lent the team to Grandpa Fannin. Evidently while he had them Molly ate some poison wheat or something because when Grandpa brought them home that night she lay down and died the next day. Grandpa Fannin gave us another horse that had a hump on its head. I'm not sure, but I believe he bought it at an auction. It was a horse that had a high breed background of some kind which was hard to control. It was very head strong, a small wiry mare which we called the black mare, but it seems like her name was Bessy.

My Aunt Ella lived down the creek from the log cabin at this time, about one quarter mile. She was married to a fellow by the name of Charley Rigger. It was her second marriage. Aunt Ella ran away from him because of some of his bad habits. He spent most of his time in Pocatello where he was a bootlegger. Because of this my aunt and her children, Clifton and Theo, decided to leave him one year in the middle of winter. Charley had threatened to kill Aunt Ella if she left him and he ever found her. She was afraid to go, but things got so bad that when Clifton got big enough to drive their Model T truck with the big tires in the back, they loaded all their furniture and left one night in a blizzard. They went to Nevada. That night when Charley came home and found them gone, he came to our place and asked a lot of questions. He thought we were in on it, but we didn't know anything about it. Later Charley gave us some of his furniture and possessions that he didn't want to haul to Pocatello. One of the things he gave us at this time was a buckskin mare, outfitted with its saddle and bridle. I got to ride her a lot of the time. She had a buckskin colt which later grew up to be a stud and bred this mare that Grandpa gave us. The resulting foal was a sorrel, a very beautiful sorrel. It had very good movements. Later on I sold this colt to Clint Whiting when I was about 17 or 18, I might have been 19, for \$35, and paid a down payment on a 1935 Plymouth. This was my first automobile. My dad helped me pay the rest of the payments on the car. Now this was after we moved to Salmon. Anyway this buckskin mare was very headstrong. She'd take the bit in her mouth and start running down through the field with badger holes in it. You couldn't stop her. It was a wonder we didn't get killed more than once.

The black mare we got from Grandpa was very wiry and a very good cow horse. One day I found a spur and of course our horses were very gentle, and of course

wanted to be a cowboy. So I got this spur and put on my shoe. Without spurs you made the horse go by kicking them in the ribs with your shoes or your bare heels. I went barefoot a lot of the time. I got on the horse. Some of the kids from the next farm were over. I think their names were Humphrey. We were going to ride up the field with the horses and have a little horse race. To try to get the horse to go real fast, I was kicking it in the ribs, but I forgot that I had a spur on. I jabbed that horse a couple of times real hard instead of raking him like you're supposed to if you want him to go – to tickle him. She was a gentle horse, but this was too much! She didn't go anyplace but up and threw me right off. I took off the spur and got back on the horse and rode and it was fine. Animals are quite intelligent, and these had grown quite patient.

Children growing up have a lot to learn. And living on a farm was a chance for a big education. We learned many things on the farm. I can remember my older brother, Elmer, digging a hole up the side of a hill. He was going to make a mine. He wanted me to help him. We'd dig and then take the dirt in a wagon, haul it along the side of the hill and make a road. We'd dig some more out of the mine and then haul it through the sagebrush and dump it again, continuing to make a road. We kept digging and digging, until we finally had dug quite a sizeable hole back into the hill. Dad kept watching us. Once in a while he'd come up there. When he saw that we had a pretty good size hole he told us to quit. Of course Dad had been a miner and had coal mines down on the Indian reservation. He'd been way down in the hill. He had these mining lanterns and things that you would carry candle sticks in and stick in the side of a bank of dirt as you were mining. He had a lot of experience that way and didn't want this mine to cave in on us. And of course if a horse or a cow happened to come running down the hill right in that spot they'd have tumbled right down into the hole. But as far as I know, this didn't happen. When winter came, the snow would blow over the opening, filling the opening but still leaving a big cave down below in which there was no snow. So we would go up where the mine was and dive into the mountain. We'd go in the hole and be in a room with frost hanging out of the dirt all the way around over our heads. When our cousins or uncles, Lester or Delbert,

would come from the ranch up above, we'd have snowball fights and then go into this cave. In later years when we were back at Crystal the cave was filled in.

As I reflect back, my brother, Elmer, liked to build roads then, and dig holes and mines. This is what he has since done as a profession and made a good living with bulldozers, cats, carry-alls etc. in the construction business. I feel that he probably still enjoys it today. I didn't follow that trade, although I worked with him for a while when I was about 24 years old down at Pocatello working for Morrison Knutson Construction Co. just prior to being inducted into the army. I was a mechanic 8 hours and two hours a grease monkey. I worked 10 hours a day. We worked there 3 and a half months when I got drafted. But Elmer followed the trade and went on working with diesels. Finally he bought his own tractors and is still in the business. At the present time he is over in the Rexburg area, specifically in Idaho Falls where they are cleaning up after the Teton Mountain Dam disaster with his two sons, Leon and David. They each have their own equipment and their own business.

Getting back to my younger days at Crystal, there seemed to be more really fun things to do in the winter. When the snow would get deep and there would be a little thaw around February and the nights would get real cold again, the snow would be real heavy crust about one half to three inches thick on top, we'd get up early in the morning before the sun got out to melt this little crust and in the moonlight we would sleigh ride down the hillside for miles around. We would drag our toe on one side or the other or on both sides if we got going too fast. We would ski down or sleigh ride down these long slopes toward the house. It was all really a lot of fun. Sometimes we'd hit a hole or soft spot where there was a sage brush that the sun had shown on melting the snow around under it. Then the sleigh runner would cut through and the sleigh would stop – sending us sliding off down through the crusted snow, cutting our faces in the snow until we finally stopped. We were having so much fun, that we didn't even think of possible dangers.

I can remember times when we'd go rabbit hunting when we weren't in school on Saturdays. My brother had a 22 Winchester with a hammer on it. It was a

pump rifle and would hold 15 or 20 shells. I was 6 years younger than my brother, Elmer, and my uncles, Lester and Delbert, with whom we would go hunting, who were also older than me, but after a few years, my Dad went to town and bought me a rifle. It seemed that the other boys being older got to where the rabbits were, and with their age being better shots, always got the rabbits. We'd hunt from our house across the mountains to the Wright place trampling through the sagebrush all the day. It was warm, but as evening drew near about 3 or 4 o'clock in the afternoon it would get cool again, and we would have to start coming home. By this time our energy was pretty well spent and our pant legs were beginning to freeze and our overshoes were full of snow.

I can remember one day, we got over to the side of the hill where the Wrights lived. I was pretty tired and everybody was looking for rabbits to shoot. I thought, "I'm going to make them believe that I can see a rabbit. So I took my gun and pulled it down like I was going to take aim on something. I pulled it down and looked right down the sight about 175 feet away. There was black spot on the snow right in a sparse clump of sagebrush. I kept looking at the spot and aimed like I was going to shoot, when all at once, I realized that it was a cotton tail rabbit right exactly in my line of sight. I can remember that the front sight of the gun had been filed to kind of a sharp point. It seemed to me to be very hard to get an exact bead or to hold it that still, especially when you're a young child and you had been hunting for four or five hours. Then also as I realized it was a rabbit, the excitement of it kind of overwhelmed me! Then I could hear my uncles, Lester and Delbert saying something from the sidelines in some brush where they were hunting. I kept aiming, and I got the barrel pointed where I thought it was. The other boys with me hadn't been finding any rabbits either then, and I thought, "Gee, now is my chance. The barrel of the gun I had was worn out from quite a bit of shooting. It didn't always shoot exactly shoot where it should. If I'd had the exact bead on him I may have missed him anyway because of the barrel. When I pulled the trigger the bullet did knock some fur off of the rabbit, but he got away down the hole. I ran over to the hole, and all I could find was a little piece of fur. But it was quite an exciting experience because what started out to be just a show off to get my companions excited – to make them

thing I was seeing something, really turned out to be something. I may have been 9 years old at this time.

We'd have a lot of fun on these hunting trips. Most generally my mother would fix us a lunch and pack it in a little army knap sack we had. She would usually make Norwegian Coffee Cake for the lunch which was a special treat. One time I had gone hunting with Elmer and Lester, and I got kind of cold. They said, "Why don't you go home", but they didn't tell me that they had any Norwegian Coffee Cake. As soon as I went home they ate it. Mother asked me when I got home if I had had something to eat, and I told her, "No". Then she told me that she had given the boys some lunch and a cake. Brothers are full of tricks sometimes.

One time we were hunting on the side of a hill. We saw a rabbit, but he went down a hole. We were hunting for skins, so we got a piece of barbed wire of a fence, twisted it up, ran it down the hole and kept turning it down in the hole. It hooked on the rabbit's skin and would up in it until we could pull it out.

We would also hunt for badgers or coyotes. It was exciting. There were many rabbit trails and many rabbits in those days. They ran free and plentiful over the cedar covered hills.

At the end of the wheat harvest, Dad would line up all of us children in a row and take the \$2000 or whatever he got from the sale of the wheat and put the total amount in each of the children's hands to hold to give them the feeling of what all of the family members efforts had produced. He wanted them to feel of the success of the harvest that they had helped to produce.