1950 Fishing

The Teton Valley was known worldwide as one of the best stream fishing areas. As a young boy living in the valley we never thought about the World Fame but we just took it for granite. Trail Creek came down the Jackson Pass and on the south side of town. There it divided into two streams for farm irrigation. After the main spring runoff and the water level dropped, then head gates were used to send all the stream ether down one stream or the other. The gates were changed about every two weeks. That would leave one stream without water and the water would be reduced until there would just be pools of water in the deeper holes. When this happened the fish would be forced to remain in the holes and became pray to fox and raccoons. Also the kids would go down to the holes and swim in catching fish by hand or in tee shirts used as nets. You were allowed to catch all you could without worrying about fishing limits. One day Irven, our neighborhood friend, Blair Holms and I went down fishing. We had a large string of fish as we walked back to town. A car with California license plates stopped and asked us where we caught the fish. We told them we had just been down to the creek. He then asked if we would like to sell our fish, he offered us each a dollar and we were excited for the sale. We gave him the fish and then we went back down to the river and caught that many again.

The following day I went down to the drug store to see what I could spend my dollar on. I remember spending a long time trying to decide what I could spend a whole dollar on and get the most that I could. I finally decided that I could buy Double Bubble Gum at 2 for 1 cent. Now I had been told by my mother that I was not to ever buy bubble gum, as it was bad for my teeth. When I got home with my sack of 200 pieces of bubble gum, my mother simply took the sack and through it into the stove. Well, I was stunned, disappointed, shocked and mad. The next day mother went to Rexburg shopping, and that meant that she would be gone all day. I decided that I would show her and would run away. I went to the store and got me a large cardboard box to pack my personal items in. I planned on putting the box in the wagon and I was leaving home. I had things perfectly planned as dad would be at work, Mom took Irven with her and I would be alone at home. I forgot about Roy being home. He always went to one of his friends anyway so that wouldn’t be a problem. Now you have to realize that Roy and I never got along with each other. Whenever we came into the same room, fists, toys or plates would fly. We just did not get along together. Well, I had just brought my box into the house when Roy came home. He asked me what I was doing with the large box. Thinking quickly I said that I was going to build a barn with it. To my surprise he asked if he could help, and the two of us played all the rest of the day. I forgot all about running away. As far as I can remember that was the only time that Roy and I every played together as children.