

The Memoirs of

Bernard Elden Knapp

Barry South

Some highlights of the early life of Barry South (By Bernie)

When Barney and Marj returned from working at defense plants in Az, Calif. Nev and Cedar City, Utah, David and Barry were quite small. David just over 2 yrs and Barry was walking. They had traveled about towing a trailer house behind the '37 Ford truck. After arriving in Idaho Falls, they left the two boys with Grandma Knapp and went to Evanston, Wyo and on to Ft. Bridger and then another short distance to a little community of Robertson where Ren and Ruth South lived. Marj stayed with Ruth and her family while Ren took Barney up in the woods to a place called Mill Creek where he was setting up a tie mill. It was over a mile from the main road and so the first while there we built a road into a meadow and located on the near side on ground higher than the meadow. We were in a large tent for the first while. Another tent set near the first one was used by the cook. He was a cutter, but cooked from the tent until after the mill was running, then a cook shack was the first building put up.

After completing the road some cutters began cutting the timber that was all around the millset. I helped skid logs into the skidway. Barney brought his carpenter tools with him and immediately started setting up the mill. We used horses to skid and pull jackpines while clearing the road. Ren had a couple of young bays with a driver (teamster) he brought up in a large stock truck. He also brought up 'Ol Dick' from Island Park days. I used him to skid logs directly into the mill. Many were so close it was only necessary to turn them around and pull them onto the skidway. The sawmill was a left handed one. It was the only one my father had ever used. But he soon got used to it.

When we first arrived going up there in my dad's '36 Chevy 2 dr sedan we parked it at the edge of the road. A tent was put up nearby and it rained every day it seemed for several days. After the road was finished into the mill site the tent was moved. Then other things were hauled in and the tent was moved again. We often saw deer on the meadow in the evenings. There was a small stream meandered across the meadow. On the far side there was an abandoned cabin with the roof partly caved in. Ren had borrowed a black mare from a rancher he knew to use while we built the road. She was a nice animal. My father commented on what a nice looking animal she was several times. I could ride her. When we were not too busy on the road at times, I'd ride her across the meadow where I explored around the old cabin. Next to the cabin there were lots of large Spruce trees. I rode a ways beyond it and found a dugway that led up away from the meadow. Later I found out there was a lake several miles higher up with some good fishing. Near the millset there was also a lily lake with an outlet. Glen Harding who went with us from I.F. built a little crude raft and went onto the pond. We saw a pack rat above our heads in a tree.

After it stopped raining and things dried out quite a bit it got pretty cold. It was over 9,000 ft, elevation they claimed at the lake. So it was cold at night even though it was the 1st part of Aug. In the mornings there would be ice in the water buckets by the cook's tent.

Once the mill was running lumber was sawn to build a cookshack. It was long and narrow but could easily seat up to a dozen men. Then Shorty, the cook stopped cooking and began cutting when his wife showed up. They lived in one end of the shack and as soon as enough lumber was sawn it was planned to build some bunkhouses for the men. Ren brought a saddle horse up and did some timber cruising on it. He also told me I could use the saddle and ride it whenever I wanted to when he wasn't using it. I'm sure Dan was sad having it up in the woods. But it was a treat to me to have a saddle and horse since I'd always before been relegated to using

a skid horse. The mill worked out fine. Barney worked around a few days to make sure it was running right and then he took dad's Chevy and we drove to Robertson where we picked up Marj and headed for home via Randolph. I stayed overnight there with my sister, Thelma where I got to see Shirley Ann and Danny. Barney and Marj stayed with his sister, Elgie and the next day we returned to I.F.

The title indicated the subject was Barry. So now here goes!

At our home on Cleveland St. parents and boys were united.. Grandma Knapp tells of Barry's stay with her. He was very intensive in looking things over and checking them out. The house was of 3-sided logs sawn at the mill in Island Park. We moved out of Island Park on New Year's Eve 1937. I turned 8 that Nov. 14th. After we were in I.F. a few days Barney, Dad and Al started putting up the logs. It was rather unusually mild weather for Jan. that year. They were able to work on the house and had it up to square in a short time. Then they got the roof on before much storm. Marj took me to school across town from where they lived on Ada Ave. We stayed in a corner basement apartment of South's from New's Year Eve on until our house was finished and we moved in. Using wide wood chisels we chinked the logs with strips of Gunny sacks from Spud sacks. Anna, Grandma Knapp, we all helped with this project. When it was done they put a type of rolled paper on the inside of the log walls. It was light blue in color. After several years it faded a lot. Any place where it overlapped, the beneath paper was darker in color. Barry found that he could tear it away from the big headed tacks if he persisted and proceeded to do that as a favorite past time. As much as grandma tried to watch him he still managed to get out of her sight and get it done occasionally. She thought he was the most persistent little kid she'd seen.

No it's a few years later. In I.P. Barry is playing with David and they are in and out and around some of the lumber piles near the mill or in the yard drying. A tall stack tips over and pins Barry's leg. It was broken and he spent some time of his young life with one leg in a cast.

One year in the fall Barney's crew including Warren, Paul Walker and Fred Wardell were sitting in the woods eating lunch when they started thinking how much money they could make if they would go cut all the wild hay on Charley Simmon's place. So they talked Barney into going to the valley and buying some mowing machines, hay rakes and Warren bought a team and a wagon and they started haying. I felt bad since school just started and I had to go to the valley. I always wanted to be around where horses were involved and anything new was being used. Charley Simmons was willing to let Barney come cut the wild hay. He raised sheep and they hardly touched the meadow hay. In the spring and summer they would graze the flat. I did come to Island Park on some weekends with my father to fish or to visit. It gave him a lot of relief from hayfever to go to Island Park during the summer time.

On one such trip Barney was sitting in front of the old bunkhouse filing mower knives with a file. It was near where he usually filed his crosscut saws. As he turned the knife over to file it end to end Barry darted up closeby just in time to run under the knife as it came down. One of the sections caught Barry right in the middle of the forehead just below the hairline. Another trip to the doctor's office in Ashton. Grandpa Knapp was always nervous with Barry around because he was so quick and could suddenly be right in the middle of whatever was going on.

Some years later after Berdett came to work for Barney the boys started going to the woods each day. Barney bought each of them a light weight double-bitted ax. They helped trim some of the logs. They became involved in riding skid horses and other things. One of the favorite stories I heard Berdett tell was how one day we were up on the load binding the last load for the day. Then we would ride into the mill atop the load. As Barney was tightening the front binding

chain with the come-a-long binder, Barry had his toe in between a couple of logs. As the logs began to come together, he calmly stated. "Hey Barney", "You're crampin' my toe."

One day when we were in the woods up on Gene's road. The road he had graded up to the upper part of Split Creek, Barney let the boys take their fishing poles and hike down over the steep hill into the creek. Later they came back with a baby porcupine tied to the end of the line of the poles. Barney made them take it back and turn it loose. Some questioned that Barney would let his boys wander away from the logging area like that when there were moose and bears and even a grizzly bear had been in that area a few summers before. Gene's road as we called it went up over the old ridge road past the draw coming out from Skinnerville and on the opposite side a road down to Ryeborg's and the head of the Buffalo and also down a dugway to Chick Creek. On ahead it lead to a dugway on the state school section down to the level of Split Creek and then on up and down a second dugway into the North Fork of Split Creek. This place was called from the Targhee Tie days Ole Moe's Cabin. Apparently named for a Swede that had been a cutter or tie hack with a cabin in that location where the two canyons came together and springs of water were abundant.

On this ridge Old Dick died. His remains were no doubt visited by bears. Barney had had him for many years. As a 4 year old he was brought there by Dave Jones from Rigby when getting out some cellar timber. And his dam, Ol Bell was also a black Percheron and Barney had her for quite a few years. South and Jones also put a portable mill in the bottom of the swale there at Olly Moe's for several years. Jay Whaley sawed there for Gene. Later they moved the mill on up over the hill into some heavy stands of tie timber. And hauled the ties out on Army 6 X 6's.

One time Barney's crew went looking to see if they could spot a deer. They were walking thru the woods and suddenly Barry hollered, Hell, Look at the Rabbit. They saw a spooked fawn run off. One member of the crew at least thought he botched their chances.

One summer, Danny Snowball came to visit a few days. He was a daredevil and loved the attention he got from others. The kids took an old truck tire up on the sawdust pile and rolled it down toward Charlie South's cabin. It used to be Ren's cabin. After a few times Danny crawled up in the tire, bowing his back to fit inside. Then the others rolled it down. It came off the sawdust and rolled into a tree near the corner of the cabin across a small road from the sawdust pile. It hit the tree just as it turned so that Danny's head was against the tree. The impact pushed his head past the tire bead so far that both his ears ended up inside the tire. The tire bounced back away from the tree and flipped onto its side. The other kids ran up and by getting a hold of the tire bead they all pulled and Danny was able to pull his head and ears out.

When they first put the sawmill in next to the railroad after the other mill burned down they brought a ditch down to the mill for water for the steam engine from the upper millset. As it came into camp it had several small foot bridges and ended up near the railroad right-of-way near the tracks. Here it ponded and ran along the right-o-way toward Tom's Creek to the north. There was one wooden square culvert north of the sawdust pile. There was another bridge near Barney's house. Eventually after the steam engine was abandoned the ditch was no longer used to bring water cross the flat. In fact, the last few years the engine was run a well was dug just outside the engine shed to supply water to the engine so the ditch no longer was needed.

Once Marj was trying to get her boys to eat their spinach and she told them if they would eat their spinach they would be strong and able to tear down bridges. Not long after that all the foot bridges in camp were missing.

One spring Barney took two old cars to I.P. He let Barry have one and David the other.

The^y drove them all around camp. They drove on every road in and about camp. They even carried some small tool sets around with them and of course stopped to fill up at the gas tank at times. One car was a 1941 2 door, the other a Dodge or Plymouth (late 30's)

The year that Al and Lois were married, Al had just finished a log house across the street from his folks on Cleveland St. That spring when he and Lois went to Island Park, they went early to keep an eye on things before school was out and Barney and his family moved up. It was a sort of honeymoon for them. If they went anywhere they went on the wagon with Nig and Bally, such as to Pond's. The first project was to build a cabin. They built it out of 5" logs gathered from around the camp. By the time the rest moved up, the cabin was up to the square and the ridge logs were ready to put in place. And in a very short time the roof was on. That cabin was lived in over the years by Warren, and me and eventually Grandpa Knapp. It took on his name from that time on.

That summer, M'Jean must have been two. Often Lois would tend her while her parents went some place. She also tended the boys. I boarded with Al and Lois that summer. Before that year I had boarded with Barney and Marj. But Al and I were close in those days and he offered me the chance to board with them. Often Lois would invite Warren and Steve to eat with them. One day Barry and David were there sitting at the dinner table and Barry asked, David, Please pass the pepper. David kept pushing the salt shaker toward him. David at that time had gone to school. The two shakers were white square ones with large letters. Finally, in disgust Barry said emphatically, S A L T, does that spell pepper?

One spring Barney bought a '57 Chev truck and equipped it with a semi-trailer. He also got an Army 6 X 6. He had bunks put on them. A fifth wheel on the Chevy. It had a three-speed Brownlite transmission also. Barney let the boys drive them empty to the woods. I'll always remember the first trip to the woods. Barry had a little friend from his ward in I.F. up visiting, Linden White. He left first in the Chevy. I followed in the Federal with my dad. who was nervous about Barry driving. He urged me to hurry and get ahead so Barry would have to follow to the woods. But when we got near the culvert on our road, Barry went sailing past on the main road east of the railroad crossing from in back of the mill. It was all the old Federal would do to keep up crossing the flat to the timber at Vanoy's cabins. We got into the timber and grandpa urged me to take another road running parallel up past some mud holes on the other road. I hurried but Barry again got there first. There wasn't much we could do but follow. Dad was about fit to be tied. I'm sure he envisioned finding Barry wrapped around a tree someplace along the way. In time we all learned that Barry was a fast driver, but he was also a very good driver.

Some years later Barry and I each drew a moose permit. He was 16 that year. It was quite nice and he got a good bull. We had fun road hunting. Prior to getting the moose we both were walking up the side of Black Mtn. on an old logging road, (dugway) from out of Clark's Canyon when a cow elk stood up just above in the berry bushes. Then a good averaged sized bull stepped onto the road just above us. Barry had his dad's 300 Savage with a scope. He took a good look but had to let it go. It was hard. Elk season started in one or two days. Neither of us wanted to incur the wrath of Marj. We were hunting with a moose permit. The week before Al was with us at the bottom of the Skinnerville Lake. We were below the beaver dams and there is a swamp there and lots of tall grass. A nice buck deer came out and was feeding in the edge opposite us. I took out my camera and began to take a picture. Just as I snapped it, two guns blazed above my head. I was surprised. We had to drive around to the edge of the flat and walk in and retrieve the deer. After that happened Marj certainly would not have put up with any more shooting ahead of

the season.

Perhaps another season, I had gone with my dad and Barry over near the Wallin's cabin on the bend of the Buffalo River to hunt elk. We separated and Barry and I went together along a draw parallel to the river downstream. We hadn't left the road but a little ways when we spotted two large bulls standing and watching us right from the middle of the trail. I said to Barry even though he had his rifle to his shoulder, wait, let's get a little closer. Only one step forward and they were in flight and in the timber we had no chance for a shot. I've always felt bad I did that. Barry was a crack shot and probably would have got one of them, maybe both.

Barry was really good at shooting bats. When Barney, Berdett or others would shoot bats in the evenings, often Barry would go out with the little .410 and get more bats than they.

One time grandpa Knapp got a real kick out of watching Barry. He had dropped off a drag of logs by the loader and started out the skid trail for another drag. Barry leaned far ahead over the hames and placed a hand over each of old Top's eyes. She plodded slowly along for several strides and then walked squarely into a tree. She stopped of course and then staggered just a little. Barry sat silently amused as did grandpa.

I returned from my mission to Taiwan only a short time when Barry left. I remember that his seminary teacher, Irvin Wirkus was the main speaker. I think Barry was proud of that and also many priesthood leaders from his ward were very supportive during those years after Barney had been gone.

One time I walked up the railroad tracks toward Tom's Creek and decided to cross over through that thick small timber to the road to ponds. It was a very overcast day with several inches of snow on the ground. I hadn't been walkin too long when suddenly I could see the railroad in front of me. I had just left it. I couldn't believe my eyes. I walked closer to get a better look! It seemed too unreal. One day I told Barry about it. I remember how he laughed. He really laughed almost in unbelief also. Some years later I was talking with Barry. He treated the subject different now. He'd had a similar experience and came to know the feeling. It is quite unreal.

Well, Barry someday this may bring back a few memories, hopefully good ones just to remind you of the old times...just for old times sake.

As ever,
Bernie