

Bernard & Louise Knapp
Family History

Justin Willis Knapp
and Pungo

FROM THE FILES OF BERNARD ELDEN KNAPP

Pungo

coet of fly -

When J.W. Knapp was still a boy he acquired a shiny new dime. It was something very special and rare.

Once Gubln (Pres. Heber J. Grant was speaking at a ~~general~~^{state} conference in Rexburg he asked if any boy could come up and recite the 13 articles of Faith. Warren was asked by his father to go up. He did and after he recited them he was told that he would be taken to the store after the meeting by Pres. Grant. Pres. Grant was no doubt a member of the twelve. He walked to the store and bought a sack of oranges and gave them to Warren following the meeting. They used to hold meetings on days other than Sundays. This story was told in 1981-82 by Elsie Larson Kepner

So he had a new shiny dime. An older sister, Jenny had been given a filly by her parents. She saw the shiny dime and told her younger brother that she would trade him the filly for the dime. So the trade was made. He took the sorel filly - he staked her around their place. Some of their place was fenced.

They turned the come out in the daytime and they went along the roads, not far from their place was a lot of river bottom land. There were many sloughs. There was a school section nearby also. It was owned by the state of Idaho. When Idaho gained state hood out of each township 2 sections were ~~do~~ designated as school sections - the numbers

2

designated I don't know - In Island Park the state forester directed those timbered sections lying within the Targhee National Forest. Barney bought the timber from one such section near ~~the~~ S. Betty's cabin on Split Creek. Part was on the trail Canyon side and was accessible by the trail Canyon road - the other half was reached by extending the ridge road on the north side of the creek. Later Gene Jones built a road from the chick creek road across to the corner of this section and then made a dug way down into a dry canyon and followed up that canyon to a ridge above Ole Moe. Then another dug way went down to where the north fork of the Split Creek came down just a quarter of a mile or less above where ~~the south~~ it joined the south fork.

The cows were either taken to the school section or they just meandered along until they wound up there. ~~at any~~ Anyway it was a daily chore for the family to gather the cows and bring them home at night. They could go around the road or they could also cross over the teton river. This was of course a short cut. The teton had two forks.

There is one story about Grandma Knapp crossing on a cow's back. When she went

down a steep embankment to the river she stopped abruptly at the edge and came having no ~~was~~ prominent withers or shoulder blades as a horse and no more he fell over her head and neck into the water.

So he (J.W.) kept the filly staked ~~to~~ near the house so he could ride her for the cows.

She was a yearling. He was slender so he wasn't heavy for the yearling. When she was a two year old she had her first colt. She tried to raise 20 consecutive colts. She died from an injury suffered when another horse got loose in a stall in the barn. Fly was tied up and cornered by this other horse, and kicked.

While J.W. was on his mission his dad took care of her and her colts. When he returned home he had several head of horses. His folks sold at least one cow to raise money to keep him on his mission.

Before he bought Fly his father bought or traded for an Indian pony which he gave to him. His first horse. He had been trained by the Indians so that if he threw his rider he would stop face the rider and snort.

He did this several times. But one time he shied and did not stop but galloped for home. He was a fast pony and was raced against neighbor boys ponies. He was a light colored horse. He was named Pingo. Many people referred to

a horse as a Pungo about the same as a dog being referred to as a mongrel.

In the summer Grampa Knapp sent his horses out to Camas Creek. It was west of Rexburg in the Hanna area.

It would have been beyond the sand hills and Junipers. The horses were branded and turned out there until fall. When they rode out there to gather horses they could be seen and recognized a long ways off because they were uniformly chestnuts. Some were dark. Some had flaxen manes and tails.

One of their horses was called "Old Chess". The name came from the dark Chestnut color. This horse was referred to as an original. He was a well built horse. He may have been a stallion for a time. He may have sired some of the colts raised on the ranch in Hibbard. And for what reason I don't know but was castrated but as it sometimes happens with some older horses following castration there remains hormones produced to cause the horse to act like a stallion in some respects such as controlling a band of mares and fighting over them against other horses. They may also at times attempt to cover a mare (an attempt to breed).

On one occasion this magnificent horse was on the summer range. His long mane hung to the point of his shoulder. His instinct to

protect the band caused him to attack a rider going through the range country. The story was that the rider was a Mexican. When Chase charged him the rider was able to get a wrap of his long flowing mane on the horn of his saddle and worked him over with his other hand using a quiet until when he released him he was through fighting and left the rider alone.

It seems like he was driven on a two wheeled cart. He may have carried the family to church on the cart. Once riding to church in the cart the family had to return home because one of the girls dresses was soiled by the horse before they got to the church.

Many people with horses put them out on this Camas Creek range. It is likely there were some fenced areas or maybe some drift fences at least at certain points.

Usually the colts raised were left on the range until they were 4 or even 5 years old before being brought in to be broke to harness. During the first winter they were kept in the barn where they were fed grain and hauled some. When they were put in the barn again as 4 year olds they were broken to harness. During the winter this was often done by hooking the colt with an older steady (well broke) animal on a sleigh. Then taking the team

into a large field so there was no danger of hitting fences ~~that young team~~ the team could even run. The broke horse could be made to circle and in time the young horse would tire and wear down and become used to the harness and the sleigh following behind.

They preferred not to break the horses at 3 year olds because for one thing - they shed some of their baby teeth at that year and may have a sore mouth. Today that isn't considered by horse trainers generally it seems.

Usually the horses could run on the range until the 4th year before it was necessary to castrate.

One of Fly's colts was a seal brown. Reports came to JW that this colt was bothering on the range - Some others were concerned that he would be breeding their mares. For this reason he was brought in early from the range. So it was decided he needed to be used. They didn't keep horses about idle in those days. So, JW saddled him opened the gate and headed him out and down the road. He buckled of course but the rider took his hat and fanned his ears as he bucked. After a bit he stopped bucking and he never bucked again.

He was a smart little horse. He was rangy built, (that is he was a little long

7
legged rather than chunky. He had a great deal of life and spirit. From all the reports he was a very unusual animal.

As with humans there are some that develop as genius - so it seems in this case this horse was unusual in ~~its~~ his mentality compared to normal horses.

He very quickly learned that he could buffalo kids and men (if they were not horse men) and get his own way.

Dad had his nephew Roy Walters come to tend and had some pigs for him. He gave him this horse to ride. One day he came ~~to~~ and leading the horse and said Uncle Jess, you'll have to get me another horse if I'm going to herd those pigs. The horse, Pungo, had quickly learned how to frighten LeRoy so he did not dare try to ride him. He wasn't mean by nature.

To show how silly he was - a hired man, Ern Larson, brother of Charles M. Larson who married Elsie, worked around the place. He was according to mother a kind of a boob. He would lead Pungo from the barn to water and he got so he would always jerk away ~~and~~ from Ern and get loose. ~~People~~ Men used to lead a horse that was being stalled out to water and often allow the horse to roll. Horses enjoyed doing this in a soft dusty area when they got a chance. They learned they could often jerk

2
a short lead rope free from their handler while rolling and then quickly get up and ~~to~~ keep the person from getting hold of the rope by wheeling and running.

So Ernie complained about Pungo to J.W. One day in winter time J.W. decided "well well give him more work he's so lively." He was hooked with an older horse on a bob sleigh. J.W. had some registered Halsteon cows and went to the sugar factory at Sugar City - 4-6 miles away to haul an occasional load of beet pulp. So Pungo was driven there and on the way back they came to a place where they crossed a grade ~~over~~ crossing of a railroad (or ~~just~~ perhaps a similar place) and there was a bare spot where the snow was melted. This made a sudden hard pull for the team. This little brown horse gave it his 100% and broke a brand new double tree that had just been bought and put on the sleigh.

From then on Pungo wore a collar as well as a saddle.

One time J.W. got up early in the morning and took the horses out to the Camas Creek range. He opened the gate - ran them out onto the road and then started them off with a hook and a roller and off they went. When night came he was home again. He got off and lead

uncle Joe Halsteon training colts to make hands.

the horse the last way home because he was so stiff from the many hours in the saddle. The next morning the horse was a little stiff in the front legs.

Mother used to tell when he came home from an evening meeting riding this horse because of the sound of his hooves with the characteristic gait he had.

This horse was one of those taken to Island Park and used for 2 years in the timber there. One time he was taken on a fishing trip to the Buffalo River. While Dad & Wagon were fishing, Marjorie and Claudia was riding Pungo. He came to a rather deep hole and laid down in the river soaking the girls. Dad hurried to them to get them up when he heard their squeals. Then they built a fire inside an abandoned cabin so the girls could dry their clothes.

In Island Park, Pungo was driven with a horse named Rowdy which Dad had raised, could have been a half brother. One time coming out of a hollow on one Chick Creek road there was a rather steep pull. Usually about half way up a team would be stopped to give them a chance to get their breath. When they were rested and spoken to to start up again he hit into the collar so hard that he broke a "Dee"^Ding in a tug or broke the "Dee" out of the tug. It was the outside tug so it spun him around completely and he ended up facing the other horse.

There was a man hauling in I.P. with a team of mules. He was always bragging what his mules could pull. He said he could out pull any horse team. He agreed to put \$50⁰⁰ up that he could out pull Dad's team.

One day coming down trail canyon this man's team went off the road and between two trees in a narrow space. The ground was soft and the man couldn't get out. The more he pulled the more it pulled his wheels into the mud. He didn't get all the way off the road so other outfits couldn't get ~~by~~ past with their loads until his wagon was moved. He unhooked and hooked onto the back in an attempt to pull it back out onto the road. He hadn't been able to do that either.

He asked Jw when he came along if he would hook on with him. Dad asked him to just take his mules off. Dad put Pingo on alone and he pulled it out.

The man said - I'd have been a fool to have pulled against that horse. So Dad figured he got cheated out of that \$50⁰⁰

Dad used to talk about loading ties along the timber roads. He'd say alright Warren lets bring your team up and well load it. Before Warren ever got the lines picked up Pingo would be on his way bringing the wagon up.

He understood what was going on. One time perhaps in Goshen Warren had

an occasion to hook Pungo with Cap. Cap was a heavier bay horse Dad acquired after he went to I.P. Cap weighed 1350 lbs and when they leaned into the pull Pungo was smart enough to take the double tree and wouldn't let Cap have it. Dad has said - "If Cap could have talked he'd have said why what is a little fellow like you doing?"

Al Smith from Repling hauled ties in I.P. He told me Pungo was the only horse he had ever seen that could walk with all he could pull. That is to say besides pulling a heavy load he could not only stretch and budge it but he could keep it moving. And that must have been very unusual.

Once I asked Warren to describe Pungo. He weighed about 1150-1175 lbs. Warren said think of him as the fastest saddle horse you would see. He was stout, he was quick. Dad went to turn some horses one time and Pungo turned so fast that it broke the strip strap.

Warren said once Dad went to the valley from I.P. during the summer and Pungo was out on the I.P. flat grazing. Dad returned on a new wagon and with a strange team. Quite a ways away Pungo looked up and saw him and meeked (whinnied) Warren said that horse loved Dad.

When the family left I.P. and moved to Goshen they put some of their livestock in a box car. They had belongings in it too.

Dad ^{rode in} joined the box car. When the train crossed main street in Rexburg the doors on the box car were left ajar so that they would have light and air. Pungo looked out the window - saw main street and whimmed. He hadn't been in Rexburg for 2 years.

Dad used to say if there were horses in Heaven maybe he could have him or see him there.

When Dad got Cap he was told never to put back him in shafts. He never did, and he never knew why he was told not to do so. He was a steady old horse. Dad acquired a mare called Jip. He used them together in I.P. When Warren wasn't in school they would haul with 2 wagons. Dad took Cap & Jip. Warren took Pungo & Rowdy.

One time they stopped near Clark cabins on the way out of trail canyon. There was no bridge. They pulled the middle from the team so they could drink. When they finished drinking - Dad spoke to them to move up so they could bring the next team ahead to water. When the team started up and saw the load and wagon following them they halted and tried to run. Dad was able to talk to them and get them stopped.

Jip was blind in one eye so she was hooked with cap with the blind side in or against the tongue.

After they family moved to Goshen Dad hauled wagon belts in the fall.

they used to haul to a beet dump along a railroad spur below the Goshen townsite about 1/2 mile. When a car was filled another car was moved into place. Quite often when Dad would get there he'd be asked to unhook his team and bring them over and move a car. They used to have a special lever that was placed on the track and could be used to help start the box car rolling. They probably used gondola cars. Anyway Dad said oh, I don't think you need to bother with that jack. So they didn't. Cap & Jif would stay and pull and pull as long as Dad asked them. The unusual thing about starting a railroad car is it is so heavy that it will not start rolling suddenly. It starts very slowly. So this old team would stay and stay until the car rolled.

This one day Dad arrived and someone tolded - Well bring that balky old team and pull these cars. He needed to move several loaded cars up out of the way for more empty ones to be moved in.

He moved several cars, there were two left. The team leaned into it and stayed and pulled and pulled and stayed and stayed and finally it started rolling. Dad looked back and both cars were moving. They hadn't unhooked the second car. After that he never heard anyone

say anything about that team,

Once Wilfred Christensen a man dad worked for asked Dad to go into Shelley and help move a house. He took Cap and Pungo. That's when Dad hooked those two together.

I remember Cap & Jip. I remember getting up on the wagon or being left up on the wagon. It had a hay rack. I started smacking my lips in such a way as to start the team. They started up. They must have been along side our house and moved out toward the street. I remember being told or corrected or warned not to do that again. J. Berggren

I don't remember when they were actually sold but I do remember the one particular time here. I remember Dad hauling quacking aspen wood from the foot hills but he may have borrowed a team and wagon from Wilfred Christensen.

Walter tells of finding Cap & Jip once after they had been sold somewhere. Someone was using them and they would not pull. Walter went over and took the line and spoke to them and then they pulled - whatever it was they were hooked to. But even fine honest horses can be fooled by foolish, mean or even well-meaning persons who are ignorant to the fine finesse of teamstering.